

Runaway 161

Chapter 161

Suddenly, Irene felt as if something was stuck in her chest, suffocating her.

“You’re not insisting on staying, are you?” Henry growled, seeing the look on her face. “Are you really making a bastard called Isaac daddy? Would he accept that? Do you think I would?” Irene suddenly realized that she had missed out something important—Isaac was the heir to his family’s inestimable wealth!

The greater the dynasty, the more selective they were about bloodlines.

Even if Isaac insisted that he did not mind and was willing to raise Tommy as his own, would Henry

allow Tommy in the family, when the blood of the Jeffersons did not flow in his veins? It was maybe acceptable for the average family, but not for a dynasty, especially with a throne and money at stake.

Irene realized that she had been delusional. Having focused on herself and Isaac, she had ignored

innumerable external elements, along with the environment where Tommy would be raised, or if she would hurt him spiritually.

She was so obsessed with herself that she had neglected him.

She was obliged to provide a stable, comfortable environment for Tommy, not a dynasty with convoluted relations.

Meeting Henry’s gaze, she said, “I’ll leave.”

Henry was naturally satisfied with her attitude. “I won’t harass you since you’re being

agreeable. I’ll handle the paperwork for the divorce, since I was the one who registered your marriage anyway.”

“Of course.” Irene hung her head. “I’ve let you down, even though you saved my mom…”

“Save it. Words mean nothing after that mess. One way or another, I don’t want to see that child in my house, and I have a task for you.”

Henry's tone was becoming increasingly impolite, but he believed that Irene was obligated to help after the mess she caused.

"Of course," Irene was willing to help, since he did save her mother—if nothing else, she did not have to feel guilty afterward.

"There's a woman named Kathy York who is working for Isaac. She'll replace you, but Isaac is unwilling to divorce you. As such, I want you to make him hate you."

"Can I ask for something else?" Irene asked.

She did not want things to be so bitter with Isaac even if she had to leave.

"Fine," Henry replied with no hesitation. "Get Isaac to fall for Kathy."

Irene frowned—the first one was actually better! How could she bear to play matchmaker for the man she loved?

"What, you think you can't do it?" Henry asked icily, convinced that she was already making excuses and not actually willing to help him.

"I'm sure you know Isaac's temper, sir," Irene pointed out. "Do you think I really have what it takes to control him? I can only promise to do my best, but don't blame me if I don't succeed."

Despite what she said, she knew that she could not refuse Henry, and must repay him for saving her mother—otherwise, he would use it persistently as leverage against her in the

future.

On the other hand, Henry mused to himself for a while. "You're right. Isaac's temper is not to be trifled with... Just do your best."

Then, turning toward Moneypenny, he growled, "Send orders to everyone who saw or heard what happened here. Tell them that Isaac is not to be informed."

"Yes, sir," Moneypenny replied, and left.

Henry then turned toward Irene. "That means you too."

"I know," Irene replied.

Satisfied, Henry left the mansion, and Irene headed downstairs as well—she had to lean.

against the scaffolding, since she felt as if her whole body had turned soft.

Worried about her, Lulu quickly went to her after Henry left, and helped her stand. "Are you alright?"

Irene nodded.

"Yeah," she replied, while trying to look her best. "Where's Tommy? Is he still crying?"

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"I've fed him and coaxed him to sleep," Lulu replied.

Right now, she was worried that Henry had made things difficult for Irene, especially after she saw the horrific look on his face as he left.

Irene shook her head. "We have to go."

"Go? Go where?" Lulu asked.

Irene certainly had no idea... All she knew was that she must leave with Tommy, and she needed Lulu's help again.

"Are you really fine?" Lulu could see that she looked terrible.

"I think I've made more than a few mistakes..." Irene murmured darkly.

Henry's visit made her aware of a great many things, and the worst of all was that she had allowed her sentiment to take control of her!

She was so deluded she believed she could stay with Isaac, when Tommy was the impassable rift between them—the Jeffersons would never allow a child who was not of their blood!

For her part, she will not allow her son to suffer, and he most certainly would if she left him with the Jeffersons!

"Mistakes? What are you talking about?" Lulu asked.

"I shouldn't have brought Tommy here. Henry Jefferson was being nice today for my grandfather's sake, or we would have been thrown to the curb."

She was the one who did not think things through, and Henry had every right!

Lulu sighed, and patted her on the shoulder to comfort her—Lulu certainly had no words to offer her here.

"I'm fine," Irene said, understanding that she was at fault, and she could not blame the old man for his requests either.

She had not been thinking straight!

They left to stay at a nice hotel, and as Lulu helped her pack, she asked, "This won't do. Have you thought about where you'll settle down?"

They were adults and being constantly on the move was fine, but not for an infant like Tommy.

"I'll buy a house after my father's funeral, so that my mom and Tommy have somewhere to stay," Irene said, sitting beside the bed and staring at Tommy. "I won't pursue a relationship when I have Tommy."

"Don't be silly. You can fall in love even if you have a child!" Lulu exclaimed, finding Irene suddenly pessimistic.

She sat beside Irene. "I've been worried at first since the Jeffersons were a dynasty. That's why I suggested that you keep Tommy a secret.

Like Irene, she was being ousted by a dynasty, and therefore understood Irene's situation.

Still, thinking about that left Lulu depressed too.

"You're much better off, y'know." Irene smiled. "Zachary earnestly loves you."

In other words, Lulu was not facing the tribulations at hand alone.

As for herself...

Irene took a deep breath and stopped thinking about that. She did not have the time, since Lionel's funeral was not settled yet.

"Could you babysit Tommy over the next couple days?"

"Of course," Lulu assured her. "Don't worry, I'll take good care of him."

Lulu was Irene's only best friend, and Irene trusted her enough to leave Tommy in her care.

"You should make things quick, but don't forget to take care of yourself," she told her.

Irene nodded she must stay strong for her son.

"I'm worried my mom would be harassed back home. I should go now," she said.

"Okay. Don't worry, just do what you have to," Lulu told her.

After leaving the hotel, Irene headed straight to Spencer Mansion.

The instant she entered, she found Samantha blustering at Sheryl.

"Lionel already dumped you! Who do you think you are, presiding over his funeral? I'm the rightful Mrs. Spencer!"

Sheryl, however, was not enduring her nonsense in silence like before.

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"Who do I think I am? I should be asking you that-Lionel never divorced me." Sheryl spoke calmly and quietly, but it was enough to leave Samantha speechless!

The fact that Samantha was not legally married to Lionel would always be her Achilles' heel. Sheryl telling her that also hurt her even more than when Irene had told her that. Coupled with Ricky's injury,

her frustrations piled and she flew into a rage.

However, just as she raised her hand, ready to slap Sheryl across the face, Irene strode up and caught her hand. "My dad just died. Don't act like a fishwife at his funeral."

Samantha's eyes were bulging when she turned and saw Irene. "Well done! Neither of you were here to visit or care for Lionel when he's sick, but you're here to get a cut of his inheritance as soon as he

dies?! I'm telling you, everything in this house belongs to Ricky!" Murderous intent showed in her eyes. "And you dared to hurt him! I'll destroy you!"

"Just stop already!" Irene snapped and shoved her aside, not bothered to argue—everything could wait until after the funeral.

Naturally, Samantha had to bear with it, since she could not beat Irene and Sheryl by herself.

Still, she remembered her own son—as long as Ricky was around, she did not have to fear them.

Sheryl, however, was not inclined to keep arguing with Samantha.

Pulling Irene to a corner, she asked softly, "Why are you here? Where's Tommy?"

"I asked Lulu to babysit

"

"Irene." Sheryl cut her short before she could finish.

"What is it, Mom?" Irene asked in confusion, and saw that Sheryl was staring fixedly behind her.

She turned, and found Isaac standing nearby, and exclaimed in surprise, "Why are you here?"

"To see you," he replied.

Sheryl gave her a pat on the arm and told her, "I'll take care of things. Go on."

"Okay," Irene said, and saw Isaac walking up to her just as she was about to go to him.

“If you need anything, just ask,” he said, though it seemed like he was addressing it to both Sheryl and Irene at once.

Sheryl was aware that their marriage was not one of love, and that her own daughter had to give birth to Tommy in secret.

But even if their marriage was troubled, she had no right to pull rank with Isaac, just as she had no intention to add to Irene’s troubles.

As she turned to leave, Irene pulled Isaac aside and asked, “What are you doing here?”

Isaac was actually puzzled by her question. “We’re married, and your father just passed away. Shouldn’t I be here as your husband?”

The mention of their marriage left Irene’s heart clenching and her eyes watery.

“It’s going to be fine,” Isaac said as he pulled her into his arms, presuming that she was sad about Lionel’s passing. “I’ll take care of you now.”

Irene closed her eyes in pain.

Lionel’s funeral was over after three days, and his lawyer called for a meeting of all family members at the living room.

Ricky’s head was still bandaged—he had yet to fully recover from his head wound.

He seemed uninterested in what the lawyer was going to say, even lethargic.

It was obvious from his face that he was still mourning his father.

“Mr. Spencer left a will after learning about his illness-

“He’s giving everything to Ricky, isn’t he?” Samantha pressed.

“Please stay calm,” the lawyer said flatly, taking out a folder as he spoke. “Here it is...”

Before the lawyer could read the contents of Lionel's will, Samantha snatched it away impatiently. There was joy and eagerness in her eyes as she opened the folder and scanned through it, because it meant she could get her hands on the Spencer estate now...

And yet, the more she read, the paler her face became—eventually, all color drained from her face.

“No, this is impossible! Lionel wouldn't do this to me! This has to be fake!” she cried hysterically and tore the papers into pieces.

The lawyer did not stop her, however—that was just a copy and not the original. It hardly mattered.

“You must be working with them!” Samantha continued, glaring between the lawyer, Irene, and Sheryl. “You two... You put him up to this!”

Irene, however, was not bothered with her raving, and asked the lawyer to read the will. Samantha was not about to let it rest, when Ricky caught her and said, “Stop it, Mom. Mr. Cooper is a man whom Dad trusted when he was alive, and he won't lie to us.”

“Ricky, I'm your mom-

“I know, but do you think you can change a thing now?” Ricky asked in return.

Samantha was immediately silenced, and forced to listen to Mr. Cooper read Lionel's will despite her reluctance.

“I have been asked by Mr. Lionel Spencer to read his will, which dictates the distribution of his inheritance. Spencer Mansion, as well as any monetary possessions, are to be passed on to his wife,

Sheryl Harris, while management and shares of his company are to be split between Irene Spencer and Ricky Spencer...”

Mr. Cooper paused at that point for a moment, before continuing, “Please note that there is a condition to this split: Without Irene Spencer's permission, Ricky Spencer is not to meddle in any company

affairs, and she will head the company in the interim. In other words, Ricky Spencer has half the shares to the company but not authority over it. Irene Spencer has her own discretion on when she will grant

him said authority.”

Ricky remained aloof despite hearing all of that—there was neither anger nor disappointment in his face.

It was a clear contrast from Samantha as she sat beside him, because her face was contorted with rage!

“There is another item addressed to Ms. Irene Spencer,” Mr. Cooper said, and handed Irene an envelope.

She looked at him quizzically, and he suggested, “Perhaps Mr. Spencer had something to tell you?”

Irene opened the envelope, and closed it again after calmly reading through it.

“You knew?” she asked Mr. Cooper.

Lionel must have trusted him very much to leave this with him.

“I do,” Mr. Cooper replied. “Just say the word, and it shall be done.”

“Do it,” Irene said casually.

“Do what?” Sheryl asked in curiosity.

‘Samantha White tried to murder me but failed,’ Irene explained, “But it’s a crime nonetheless. It seems that Lionel has evidence against her, and Mr. Cooper will bring in the police, as well as assume the role of my legal advisor.”

Samantha dropped limply to the floor in sheer terror.

Not only did Lionel leave her with nothing, but he wanted her dead!

The injustice, the hatred she felt just then... Was everything she did for naught?!

“Mom, did you really do it?” Ricky asked in disbelief.

Even if he knew that she was cunning, he would never believe that she would resort to murder!

Nonetheless, Samantha snarled in grief, “Yes, I was worried that she would take everything from you...”

and in the end, your father was playing favorites anyway! He gave everything to them, and left nothing for us! He even wants me dead!”

Ricky’s eyes flashed, but he quickly hid it and pushed Samantha away.

“How could you do that?! Even if Irene is not your daughter, Lionel is her father too. You’re heinous—it’s not surprising why Dad wouldn’t leave you with anything. He’s punishing you for your crimes!”

Samantha’s eyes widened in disbelief. Even her son was now faulting her too?

“Argh!” she cried as her heart shattered. “Why?! Why do I bother?! After spending my life with a man with nothing to show for, and now my son hates me too... I should just die...”

Samantha started to bawl miserably, and her tears were genuine this time—Ricky’s words cut her to the quick.

Meanwhile, Irene rose to her feet and stared at her for a while. “Accept your punishment for your crime.

That would count as doing something for your son, at least.”

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With those words, Irene turned to Sheryl. “Let’s go, Mom.’

Sheryl quickly followed Irene out of Spencer Mansion, which had become a bleak place since Lionel’s death.

“What did your father say in that letter?” she asked when they were out—it had been gnawing at her for a while, but she did not ask immediately since Samantha and Ricky were around.

“Dad asked me to take care of Ricky,” Irene replied.

Sheryl laughed icily. “What is he thinking? Entrusting you with that boy? Is he that sure that you can

accept such an arrangement? Even if you do, I won’t.”

After all, Samantha had groomed Ricky since she was a child, and he was therefore heavily influenced to become just like her.

“That’s why Dad gave me evidence of Samantha attempting to murder me. He’s trying to appease me.”

In reality, Irene thought that Lionel was a little heartless—Samantha had been with him since her youth, even giving him a son despite having no legitimate ties to him.

But in the end, he left her with nothing.

It was certainly tragic, and it made evident how cold people could be.

Sheryl understood then. “He was siding with you, just so that you have reason to take Ricky under your wing?”

Irene was certain that was Lionel’s intention.

“Mom, have you ever loved him?” she asked.

Sheryl’s lips trembled, and she spoke with melancholy after a long silence. “Of course. I wouldn’t have married him otherwise—I’ve even been delusional about him, not demanding a divorce when I learned that he has a mistress.”

“Do you hate him?”

“What is there to hate? He’s gone, and my head is clear as if I’d just escaped death myself.”

Even if Sheryl had felt hatred and lamented, she was now mostly feeling magnanimous.

With Lionel’s death, all the grievances between them were also written off.

It turned out that Mr. Cooper worked fast—Samantha’s case was done and dusted in just a few days. With the evidence of her attempted murder and her disenchanted state, things went very smoothly.

Irene had lived at Spencer Mansion as a child, and Lionel clearly intended to keep it within the family, which was why he passed it down to Sheryl.

Irene understood Lionel’s intention, and moved in with Sheryl and Tommy—with this, she did not have to buy a house.

Still, she was left with a headache because she did not know anything about business

management. Lionel's decision to leave the company under her management might not have been a good idea!

Still, Lionel had entrusted the company in her hands, and she would assume that

responsibility. Once Ricky was mature enough and could stand on his own, she would give it to him she wanted to work as a doctor again.

Lionel's arrangement was for Irene to hand over the company to Ricky once he was older anyway, though the boy would need to be groomed in more than a few aspects.

Knowing that it was what Lionel had been determined to do, she would realize his wish as his daughter.

Still, the only businessman she knew was Isaac, who was usually very busy. Reluctant to impose, she headed to Light Group to speak with Stan instead.

"Come to my office," Stan told her, and Irene nodded.

As they took an elevator upstairs, Stan asked, "Why me? Wouldn't it be easier to ask Mr. Jefferson?"

Irene had not asked Isaac for a divorce, but she never forgot what Henry Jefferson had told her to do the other day.

That was why she tried her best to avoid contact with Isaac, or she would feel more attached to him—it would hurt worse when they finally split.

Ding!

The elevator stopped, and Irene followed Stan out to see Isaac nearby, accompanied by a certain woman...

And Irene had met that woman before!

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Irene quickly averted her eyes and tried to avoid them, but Stan suddenly said, "Mr. Jefferson is here.

Aren't you going to greet him?"

His voice drew the attention of those nearby.

As Isaac turned to look, Irene had nowhere to hide. Meeting his gaze and flashing a smile, she said, "I was going to consult Stan..."

"About what?" Isaac asked, despite knowing the answer.

He just wanted to know how she was going to answer.

Moreover, he had the feeling that she was distancing herself from him. She kept claiming that she was busy and never returned to the mansion, even stopping him from attending Lionel's funeral.

"It's nothing important," she said flatly.

Remaining impassive, Isaac told her, "Come with me."

With that, he headed inside his own office.

Irene stood where she was, hesitating if she should follow.

Seeing that she was not moving, Stan quietly told her, "Just go already—Mr. Jefferson is being nice, but that doesn't mean he doesn't have a temper."

"I know," Irene replied, taking a deep breath mustering a smile, before turning to Kathy York. "Wasn't she fired? Why is she still here?"

Stan glanced at Kathy as well, and replied, "She was, but Mr. Jefferson told me to arrange a job for her afterwards. She's now working in the PR department, and she just came by to deliver some documents..."

It was confusing for Stan too—Isaac was clearly only interested in Irene before, and regarded Kathy with disdain.

That was why Stan was left confused about Isaac's intentions in rehiring her after she was

fired.

Could he have feelings for Kathy too?

Still, Irene smiled. "Weird, huh?"

Stan nodded, but quickly came to his senses and shook her head. "Please don't misunderstand -he's not like that."

Irene remained calm and kept smiling. "Women love him, don't they?"

Stan stayed silent—it was the truth anyway.

"Surrounded by babes, he'll eventually get sick of boring women like me..."

"No, you're different," Stan quickly said.

Irene smiled but thought nothing of it.

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Was she different? How so?

Nonetheless, she chuckled self-deprecatingly and headed into Isaac's office.

Kathy was holding a document folder and flashed a grin at her. "We meet again."

Her visage appeared harmless, but the provocation in those eyes were apparent.

Irene naturally knew that she was into Isaac.

When it comes to women, it takes one to know one—Irene had also sensed as much when Kathy visited them at Isaac's mansion.

With Henry's support, it would not be difficult for Kathy to become the next Mrs. Jefferson anyway.

"Yes, what a coincidence." Irene smiled, and entered Isaac's office.

Kathy's smile faded in turn, her fingers clenching on the folder as jealousy and envy clouded her eyes.

Naturally, she envied Irene's relationship with Isaac, and was jealous that she had his love.

Isaac was standing before the curtain wall of his office, and turned when he heard the door open.

Irene had an impeccable smile on his face. "What's the matter?"

Isaac stayed silent, but his eyes never left her.

"What's with that look?" Irene asked, feeling uneasy from his stare and touched her own cheek. "Something on my face?"

"Why not me?" he suddenly asked, and started toward her.

Irene backed away to keep her distance, but kept smiling. "I don't know what you're talking about!"

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"You were consulting Stan about business administration, weren't you? Because you know nothing about that?"

Isaac's voice was quiet, even calm—but the undercurrent in his voice was violent!

Irene braced herself and met his gaze. "My dad left the company under my management, but I studied medicine and know nothing about business. I also thought that you'd be busy and didn't want to impose, which was why I asked Stan—"

"Really?" Isaac chortled coolly. "Tell me, what's gotten into you this time?!"

Irene smiled. "But I'm just fine—"

"Still keeping up that act?" Isaac snapped, cutting her short. "Did my grandfather talk to you?"

Irene's smile faded right then, and her lips curled downward.

“Did he tell you to leave me?” Isaac asked.

Irene hung her head, but said, “No.”

“Then why are you being so cold?” he demanded.

Irene suddenly looked up, her face suddenly pale. “Because I don’t want to...”

Fall for him, and be lost in her attraction to him.

“Don’t want to what?” Isaac took another step forward, and Irene quickly backed away.

However, the more she tried to run, the closer Isaac got, and soon she was averting her eyes from him, saying, “I have something to do...”

Isaac was left fuming that she was not being truthful even now, and he shoved her angrily against the door!

Thud!

Irene felt the back of her head hitting the door, and seemed to hear a ringing sound while she was left dizzy in pain!

Isaac then caught her chin with a vice-like grip and kissed her ferociously!

Ouch!

The first sensation Irene felt was pain—it was more a bite than a kiss!

He was being brutal, and claiming her possessively.

She did not resist, though she probably could not, and had to quietly endure his wrath.

At the same time, he wanted more, and started reaching underneath her blouse, caressing her waist, and her eyes widened from his touch. “We’re in an office building! Your office, in fact- someone will see!”

Isaac simply scooped her up in his arms and carried her to the couch. “No one enters without my permission.”

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Irene felt her throat turn parched, and she averted her eyes. "My dad just died. I can't..."

Isaac paused, the blaze in his eyes cooling slightly.

As he relaxed his hold, Irene struggled, slipping out of his grasp, and ran out of his office.

She was moving too quickly that she crashed into Kathy.

As she looked up, Kathy could see the obvious bite marks on her lips.

After Kathy left Isaac's office, Irene was alone with him, and it was apparent who was biting Irene.

She scowled right then, but Irene had already left!

After Irene was gone, Isaac told his secretary to call in Stan, who quickly arrived.

Loosening his collar, he growled, "Help her with whatever she needs."

Stan understood what he meant. "Yes, Mr. Jefferson."

However, he remembered just as he was about to leave, and turned to tell Isaac, "Actually, Mrs.

Jefferson saw Kathy York in your office, and asked why she was still working here. I could tell that she was a little upset... Maybe she's jealous?"

The gloom on Isaac's visage cleared slightly.

Was Irene really jealous?

Despite his joy, he acted nonchalant and said, "I know. Go back to work."

Stan nodded. "Yes, sir."

Once he closed the door behind him, a faint smile appeared on Isaac's face.

Irene was truly the source of his joy and rage!

Outside, Kathy was flashing a seemingly harmless, innocent smile at Stan. "Where are you going, Mr. Hill?"

There was no way Stan would tell her about Isaac's personal assignment, and simply replied, "Just work stuff."

He started to leave, but Kathy followed. "Could I ask you for a favor, Mr. Hill?" "What is it?" Stan asked.

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"You've been working for Isaac for a while now, so you should know his favorite food. Can you tell me about it?" Kathy smiled.

Stan, however, was wary—she addressed Isaac on a first-name basis, and not by 'Mr. Jefferson.

"Why bother asking? You know that Mr. Jefferson married Ms. Spencer, who just left."

Stan was certainly sharp enough to tell what Kathy was up to the instant she asked, and weighed down on 'Mr. Jefferson'—he was telling her to know her place as an employee, and not get out of line!

Kathy murmured meekly, "I'm just..."

"You're here to work, so do your job and quit messing around. Have some dignity as a woman, and don't lust after a married man!" Stan warned her, and turned to leave.

Kathy's innocent expression turned to a hateful glare—in her opinion, he was meddling in her business.

A mere assistant, talking to her like that?

Her hands clenched into knuckles at her sides as her desire to become Mrs. Jefferson became even stronger!

One day, she would have Stan address her respectfully as Mrs. Jefferson!

After leaving the building, Stan drove straight to Spencer Holdings.

Irene was sitting in her office, and there were stacks of documents covering her desk. She barely understood most of it, since she lacked knowledge in the field and the jargon used.

She was at her wit's end when someone knocked on her door.

"Come in," she said.

Her secretary opened the door, saying, "Ms. Spencer? This gentleman is here to see you."

Irene rose to her feet when she saw that it was Stan, and said, "Let him in. You may get back to work."

As Stan entered and saw the documents on her table, he asked, "Not used to your new job?"

Irene nodded.

"Well, I can only help you once for now," Stan replied. "I'll send a couple guys I trust after this to instruct you while helping the company's management."

Irene said gratefully, "Thank you."

"You should be thanking Mr. Jefferson," Stan replied as he walked up and picked up one of the document folders. "He's the one who asked me to come... I should also mention that he asked me to

look into Spencer Holdings after your father's passing, and it seems that he had enough foresight to remove any unstable elements in the company. That said, you need to pressure

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those under you, or they will forget their place."

Irene lowered her gaze.

Stan was Isaac's trusted assistant, and he would not be here without Isaac's permission.

She kept this favor in mind.

Taking a seat, Stan continued, "It seems that your company's operations are quite smooth. Here, let me show you..."

Irene was studious under Stan's tutelage.

Time flew, and it was soon dark outside.

"Allow me to buy you dinner," Irene offered. "You've been working the entire day."

"Of course. Thank you," Stan replied.

As they stepped out of the building, Stan unlocked his car, and said, "We can go

"Mrs. Jefferson."

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my car-

A car had stopped nearby, and Money Penny stepped out.

Irene's expression stiffened when she saw him, and she promptly turned to Stan. "I think dinner will have to wait. Money Penny must want to talk to me."

"Okay," Stan said, and drove off.

Chapter 169

After Stan left, Money Penny started to address her differently.

"Ms. Spencer, you have not done what Master Jefferson asked you to do, have you? We even heard that you went to Master Isaac's office."

"I wasn't looking for him," Irene replied. "I needed to talk to Stan Hill-

"

"It doesn't matter who you were looking for—you're not doing your job!" Money Penny snapped. "Since you're not up to the task, Master Jefferson insists on doing it himself. Now, you just have to lure Master

Isaac to a designated location, and it would be mission accomplished."

“Where?”

“Hotel Langdon, specifically the penthouse presidential suite,” Money Penny replied.

Irene could not believe her ears. Henry Jefferson was already attempting to make Isaac sleep with Kathy?!

“What, are you refusing?” Money Penny asked.

Irene certainly was reluctant. How could she bear to make the man she loved sleep with another woman?

“Did you forget your promise to Master Jefferson?” Money Penny reminded her, and paused for a moment as he remembered something else. “I forgot to tell you, but Master Jefferson has already

finalized your divorce papers. You can’t blame him—you forgot his grace and let down his faith in you.

Please be tactful enough to not break another promise to him.”

Irene did a double take.

Henry was the one who registered their marriage despite Isaac’s initial reluctance to marry her.

Now that Isaac was reluctant to divorce her, he finalized the divorce even in the absence of both parties.

In the end, money talks, and the rich will always stand above the rest.

Knowing that she had already reneged on an earlier promise, Irene said, “I understand.”

“Master Jefferson hopes that you will be compliant-”

Before Money Penny could finish, Irene’s phone was ringing.

The instant she answered, Sheryl was crying out loud, “I’m sorry, Irene! These people just came and took Tommy away!”

“What?!” Irene paled right then, her voice quivering. “Who?!”

She then met Moneypenny's gaze, and saw the look in his eyes. "You?!"

"Master Jefferson hopes that you'll be compliant, and will thus take your son under his care over the next few days," Moneypenny said nonchalantly.

Irene composed herself and told Sheryl, "Calm down, Mom. I know what's happening."

Once she hung up, however, she growled at Moneypenny, "I told you I'll do it—now return my

son to me!"

"You'll have him once you do what Master Jefferson has told you to. Don't blame him if slip up!" Moneypenny threatened.

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Irene was shaking with rage. "No, I'm going to him right now. He has no right to take my son especially when he's just two months old. I'll kill every single one of you if anything happens to him!"

"That won't happen, but only if you do what you were told!" Moneypenny snapped impatiently.

Irene's lips were trembling—she certainly had more to say.

Still, she realized that she would not get Tommy back even if she threw a fit at Henry.

He had taken her boy away exactly because he wanted her to do her job—even if she was reluctant!

"Does that mean I can have Tommy back if I lure Isaac to the hotel?" Irene asked.

"No, they must do the deed," Moneypenny replied.

Irene laughed coldly. "What, you want me to strip them naked and tie them up? Do you they'll do it even if I did that? You're asking the impossible, don't you think?"

think

“You’re a doctor—you know the right drugs for the situation,” Moneypenny countered. “Just trick Master Isaac into taking it, and that would be water under the bridge. I’m sure you’ll do well, for your child’s sake. I’ll be waiting for the good news.”

Irene froze, while Moneypenny returned to his car and drove off, leaving her standing and staring blankly for a long while.

The winds were ruffling her hair, and her feet were starting to get numb when she slowly hailed a cab back to the mansion.

Isaac was not home yet, so she headed to Light Group again.

He was in a video conference with an overseas branch manager, but called it off when his secretary announced Irene’s arrival.

“Show her in.”

Chapter 170

Irene entered and greeted him. “Mr. Jefferson.”

Isaac glowered at that title, but Irene was not in the mood to fawn over him, let alone notice his expression.

“Are you free tonight?” she asked stiffly.

Isaac leaned against his chair and asked flatly, “Why?”

“I’ve booked a room at Hotel Langdon,” she said, her hands clenching and relaxing repeatedly before she could finally calm down and speak. “It’s the penthouse-

“Wait.” Isaac cut her short before she could finish. “What was that again?”

His aloofness was feigned—he could barely hold back his excitement.

How could he not be pleased with an invitation from Irene, after all?

It was his ego that stopped him from expressing it.

“So, are you busy tonight?” Irene asked.

“No,” he replied so quickly that it betrayed his mood.

Irene wanted so much for him to say yes.

But she was even more afraid that he would.

What if harm came to Tommy if he did not play along?

She was at once conflicted and hurting.

“I will wait for you there. Finish up your work for now.”

She turned to leave, but Isaac followed her and said, “Let’s go together.”

Irene hung her head.

Isaac held her hand then. “Are you getting shy? You’re the one who came on to me.”

He did not mind being a loser around her, and was willing to throw everything aside if she took the lead.

Grinning, he asked, “When did you become so open?”

She had never been so direct, but it did not matter if she was being chaste or passionate—he liked it either way.

His heart raced as long as it was her.

“Do you still have our marriage certification?” Irene suddenly asked.

Isaac’s fingers tightened just then.

He had been reluctant to marry her before, and his grandfather had been in charge of everything.

As a matter of fact, he had never seen their marriage certificate.

“Why are you asking that out of the blue?”

Irene smiled. “It’s nothing. I just remembered it for no reason.”

Once they left the building, they got in Isaac's car, and he drove her to a diner. "Let's eat first."

"Okay," Irene replied flatly.

It was a gourmet diner, and Isaac had a private room since he was a VIP.

The dishes served were scrumptious and unique to this diner, but Irene simply had no appetite.

"You're not hungry?" Isaac asked.

"I've eaten. You can have my portion," Irene replied without moving her fork at all.

Isaac noticed then that she was not in a good mood, but did not dwell on it. "Are you tired? If it's fine

with you, I'll have someone take over administration of Spencer Holdings..."

"No," Irene said, forcing a smile. "I should be doing my best because my father entrusted it to me. I have to keep an eye on Ricky Spencer too, or I'd worry."

"I thought you didn't like him," Isaac said as he took a sip of soup.

Irene pursed her lips. "My father asked me to take care of him, so I have to."

Isaac did not argue—in spite of everything, Irene still felt a bond with Lionel. Otherwise, she would not

have helped him look after his mistress's son, or take over management of his company.

She was a really sentimental person.

After dinner, Isaac started driving them home, and Irene became flustered when she saw that it was the route back to the mansion.

"I told you I booked a room at the hotel, didn't I?"

"Our home is better, no?" Isaac chuckled.

“No, we should go to the hotel,” she blurted.

Isaac turned toward her. “What...”

“Come on, we’re married. Shouldn’t we occasionally spice things up a little?” Irene quickly said.

“You’re being weird.”

Isaac noticed that something was out of place despite her persistent fawning.