

Runaway 181

Chapter 181

Irene smiled.

After that, Zachary told her to get some proper rest before leaving with Lulu.

However, Irene felt that she was no longer sleepy, though when she left to find Harvey, he had already arrived at Spencer Mansion.

He was smiling and appeared spirited.

Irene remained impassive, and asked curtly, "When can I see my child?"

"Like I said, after our wedding. Now, which card do you prefer?"

He had brought several wedding cards, each having different styles so that she could pick one she liked.

Irene found the man's behavior bizarre just then—she insisted that she did not love him, and had only promised to marry him to save her child.

Was he crazy? Picking an invite at a time like this?

"Just do whatever you like. You don't have to ask me about anything," she said, planting herself on the couch.

very

"Fine, that'll do," Harvey replied. "Once the invitations are prepared, I'll send the first one to Isaac Jefferson."

Irene was not in the mood to play around, and simply nestled on the couch.

"Are you sick?" Harvey walked up, but she sprang to her feet the instant he sat beside her.

He raised a brow. "Do you hate me that much?"

Irene snorted. "What do you think?"

“You should be trying to get used to me—weren’t we getting along just fine back in Sunny City?”

Patting the spot beside himself, he said, “Come on, sit here.”

Irene sat opposite him. “You don’t have to go through such lengths. I could go with you to register our marriage right now.”

“No way,” Harvey chuckled. “I’ll have a grand, flashy wedding so that everyone will know you’re mine. Anyway, I’ve asked some foreign tailors to prepare your dress—which do you prefer, a conservative one, or a modern one?”

“Whatever.” Irene could not stand his ramblings and had no interest in any of that.

He could do anything he liked for all she cared—she just wanted her baby back.

“I get to decide everything? Come on, you have to work with me.”

Irene was heading upstairs, and scowled at his words. “Promising to marry you is already my limit. What more do you want?”

Seeing that she was getting grumpy, Harvey did not push her. “Alright, I won’t bother you.”

He wanted to appear before Isaac with Irene to brag, but gave up since she was on the verge of snapping.

“Get some rest over the next few days. Just be my beautiful bride on the day of our wedding,” Harvey said as he rose to his feet. “I’ll be going now.”

Irene wanted nothing less, but could not risk upsetting him for the sake of her child. “Take care of my son.”

Harvey grinned. “You don’t have to worry.”

Three days later, Harvey brought his first wedding invitation to Isaac personally.

He appeared spirited and strutting as he asked, “Mr. Jefferson, you must be free this Saturday, yes?”

Isaac was not even bothered to look his way. “If that’s all you have to say, you can leave.”

There was no way that would happen because Harvey was there to brag. Pushing the invitation in front of Isaac, he said, "I'll be marrying Irene Spencer. You'll be there, won't you?"

Chapter 182

Isaac finally looked up from his work when he heard Irene's name.

Harvey naturally became smug at that, and opened the envelope to Isaac so that he could see the photo enclosed inside and their name. "See?"

Isaac remained calm and unaffected. "I dumped her. Take her with you all you want."

However, Harvey knew by now that lie was too good at pretending, and did not even mind his dissing.

"Of course you dumped her, and that's on you. I don't mind that she's been with other men, and she'll

be mine from now on. For that, I have to thank you for letting go, but don't worry, I'll give her some proper loving."

"Get out!" Isaac snapped, scrawling a signature on the bottom of a document and throwing it aside.

Harvey was grinning ear to ear at his response, as if challenging Isaac to hit him. "It's this Saturday, Mr. Jefferson! Don't forget!"

Isaac's lips curled up savagely as Harvey put down the invitation. "See you there."

With that, he whistled a tune cheerfully and smugly left Isaac's office.

The instant he was gone, Isaac's calm turned into rage!

"Irene Spencer!" he snarled through gritted teeth.

So, she was pushing another woman to him so that she could marry Harvey Gooding?!

Well done!

He had kept telling himself that she did not deserve himself, but he was still upset once he knew that he was marrying another man.

It felt as if something was stuck on his chest, suffocating him.

“Mr. Jefferson...”

Kathy had just entered his office without knocking, but Isaac was already furious, and immediately snapped, “Get out!”

Startled, Kathy promptly closed the door—her heart was racing, because it was the first time she had seen him being that furious. Deciding that she should not try her luck just then, she turned to leave when Stan rushed toward Isaac’s office.

When he saw her, he asked, “Did you make Mr. Jefferson upset?”

Isaac had just called him—he sounded like he was ready to kill.

Kathy shook her head. “I was bringing a proposal, and he chased me out before I could What’s wrong with him?”

get

in.

“How should I know?” Stan snorted—he was almost scared witless from Isaac’s call.

Taking a deep breath, he entered Isaac’s office with a smile, asking gingerly, “Mr. Jefferson?”

“Harass Harvey Gooding,” Isaac growled, heaving as he took off his necktie, threw it on his desk, and freed his collar. “I don’t care what you do—just make sure he’s not having a good

time.”

‘Did Harvey upset him again?’ Stan thought.

“He would have smartened up after we did it to him twice. We probably can’t do anything to his company now...’

Isaac looked up, his eyes flashing like a dagger. “You’re really getting incompetent, aren’t you? If you can’t harass him at work, then find some other way!”

Stan nodded. "Understood."

"Now get it done!" Isaac bellowed.

He had never been this irritated—it was almost killing him!

His collar was clearly free, and he even took off two more buttons, but he somehow felt like he was still suffocating!

He had never suffered so much over anything, but Irene left him a mess repeatedly, and he even stopped acting like himself.

He hated himself being like that!

Why did he have to get in a bad mood over that woman, who seemed not to have a conscience?!

Did she deserve it?! Certainly not!

He worked hard to breathe, attempting to calm himself.

Stan had to pat himself on the chest after he left Isaac's office, having no idea what had gotten his goat.

Did Harvey somehow upset him again?

"What's wrong, Mr. Hill?" Kathy asked—she had been waiting there for him, intent on finding out why Isaac was upset.

Chapter 183

Even if Kathy appeared to be special to Isaac, Stan could not help frowning each time he heard her referring to him by his first name.

Did she think she could lord over everyone already, saying Isaac's name like that at the office?

For some reason, he could not bring himself to like her.

"He's always like that," he flatly replied, and strode away.

Kathy, however, gave chase, "Don't go, Mr. Hill. Do you think he'd still be upset if I went in now?"

“You can try.” Stan smiled—he knew that Isaac was still furious, and anyone who went in would be bringing trouble on themselves.

Still, Kathy was not that stupid. “I think I’ll wait... I’d just be getting into trouble if I went in now.”

Stan snorted. “Smart.”

“I just don’t want Isaac to be angry.” She strode off.

Isaac, however, was in a bad mood for the entire day since Harvey showed up!

He could not focus at work, even making mistakes until he finally decided he was too distracted to work, and left early, canceling all appointments for the day as he returned to his mansion.

The place was just the same—Mrs. Watson prepared his favorite food.

It was just that Irene was no longer there.

She was just one person and she had not even been there for a couple years, but Isaac had grown used to her presence and felt as if he lost so much.

He found that laughable.

“Mr. Jefferson...” Mrs. Watson greeted him gingerly—his temper had been terrible ever since Irene left, and she was constantly on her toes.

“What is it?” Isaac growled, taking off his jacket and taking a seat on the couch.

Rubbing between his brows, he added, “Give me a glass of water.”

Mrs. Watson did, holding it up with both hands.

Isaac had a couple sips, and when he finally put it down, Mrs. Watson asked, “What about the painting upstairs, sir?”

Irene's possessions had been cleared away, leaving just the painting.

Isaac's expression changed when he remembered it, but he quickly hid it. "Cover it."

"Yes, Mr. Jefferson."

"No, nevermind," Isaac growled, suddenly rising to his feet. "I'll deal with it myself."

With that, he headed upstairs, though he was standing before it instead of covering it.

He must admit that K was a good artist—they had given life to Irene in that portrait.

He studied the person in the painting for a long while, as if she was right before him.

Time flew, and it was soon Friday.

Irene was busy with Spencer Holdings while taking drills.

However, Samantha had spoiled Ricky too much and his grades were terrible, so Irene had to keep an eye on him so that he studied properly as well. He still stood a chance at the moment!

She was entirely focused at work to protect what Lionel passed down to them, and hand over Spencer Holdings when he could stand on his own.

She would not let Lionel down.

Irene was driving Ricky home in the evening when they got a call, and Irene turned the car around.

"What's wrong?" Ricky asked when they arrived.

"One of our clients returned the last batch of goods we delivered," a logistics supervisor answered.

"Is there a problem with the goods?" Irene asked.

"No, there isn't."

Ricky lost his calm and asked rather loudly, "Then why are they returning the goods?"

The supervisor appeared fidgeting but did not answer.

Seeing that, Irene said mildly, "You can tell us. We can't solve the issue if you don't." "Word has it that Isaac Jefferson was involved."

Chapter 184

"Isaac Jefferson?" Ricky became indignant. "Isn't he your husband, Irene? He even sent his assistant to help you, but he's suddenly harassing you?"

"That are you talking about, Ricky?" The supervisor appeared surprised. "He's not married, let alone to your sister..."

After all, Irene and Isaac's marriage was not publicly known, and not many people knew about it. Less important people like the logistics supervisor here were certainly not privy.

Irene smiled. "Ricky just got a little drunk. Don't listen to him."

With that, she started dragging Ricky to her office while telling the supervisor to leave work for now. "We will come up with something tomorrow."

"Oh, okay." The supervisor thought nothing of it, presuming that Ricky was really drunk. "Irene." Ricky frowned. "Why are you dragging me? And you

did marry Isaac—"

"Ricky." Irene cut him short. "We're divorced, so don't ever mention that to anyone."

"When?" Ricky gaped. "Is he abandoning his son too?"

"He doesn't know that Tommy is his," Irene explained. "You have to keep it a secret too."

Ricky appeared taken aback. "What, did you think I'd break my promise and tell Isaac about Tommy?"

"Ricky, we share a father, even if he's gone now and we had different mothers. That makes you my brother, and that will never change. I hope you deserve my full trust."

Irene had been doing her best to bridge the relationship between herself and Ricky for a while now, and hoped that he would not disappoint her.

Ricky pursed his lips and lowered his gaze, as she continued, "I'll come up with something. Don't worry."

"Okay," Ricky replied.

Irene sat behind her desk, knowing then that Isaac was up to no good.

Did he want her to suffer? Or perhaps he wanted her to go to him, crying for forgiveness?

She would do neither, let alone try to cajole him.

Resting her chin on her hands, she wondered what she should do about the returned goods. It basically meant losing capital!

She then checked the time. Since it was not at all late, she called Harvey.

Harvey was actually surprised that she called. "I didn't think you'd call me first—I was just about to do it myself. It seems that we're really meant for each other."

Irene was not in the mood. "Did you tell Isaac we're getting married?"

"I personally sent the invitation too. What, is he harassing you? Where are you now? I'll come.

"You don't have to, and he's not harassing me. He just gave me a little issue at work... Wait, he's not harassing you?"

Given Isaac's temper, both of them should be suffering right about now.

Harvey chuckled. "He got me twice before, but I'm fully prepared this time. There's no way he can mess with me aside from causing minor annoyances."

"Hold on, is that concern I'm hearing?" he suddenly asked.

“I’m not in the mood for that. It’s just a question.”

“Well, is he bothering you? Do you need help?”

“No,” Irene replied, and hung up.

She had already come up with a solution, and dialed Ricky’s number.

“Ricky, can you approach internet celebrities? Let’s ask them to help retail the returned goods ourselves instead of selling it wholesale.”

Ricky had been gloomy over the issue, and became spirited immediately. “Right! Wholesale prices are low anyway, but we’ll earn more on retail even after paying the celebrities commission! That said, it’s a lot of goods... when could we sell everything off?”

Chapter 185

Irene had made up her mind. “It won’t take that long. Livestream promotions are all the rage these days, and that’s why we’re going the route of viral marketing.”

“Alright, I’ll make the call,” Ricky replied.

“Good.”

Irene hung up but did not leave immediately. Instead, she asked several trustworthy employees to move the returned goods out of the warehouses.

Since Isaac wanted to bully her, he had the money and influence to make it an issue as well if he were to find out that she was using viral marketing for retail.

That was why she must do things quietly.

It was daybreak when everything was done, but just as she returned to Spencer Mansion to rest, Harvey’s makeup artist had arrived. She pressed Irene on a chair, and started to do her bridal makeup.

Her eyelids weighed a ton—she could fall asleep right then.

Ricky poured her a coffee and pulled out a chair to sit beside her. “Irene...”

“Don’t ask. You have more important things to do,” she said as she turned toward him. “You have free rein on this issue, and sign the agreement if the revenue distribution is right. But remember to keep

everything a secret—if anyone in the company asks, I’m still thinking.” “Why are we keeping it from our own people?” Ricky was actually confused by the need for secrecy.

“To prevent others from messing up our plans,” Irene replied.

Ricky understood right then. “You’re worried that they would find out and sabotage us again.”

“Well, now you know. Get it done.”

“Irene...” Ricky appeared hesitant, but eventually mustered her courage and asked, “Is there really no other way to save Tommy? You don’t like Harvey Gooding—you won’t be happy marrying him.”

Irene stared at her reflection in the mirror, spacing out for an instant.

Still, she smiled, “Happiness doesn’t matter. I want Tommy safe, and I’m not interested in relationships anyway even if I didn’t marry him. Right now, I just want everything to go well at Spencer Holdings, so don’t worry about me. Now hurry off and do what you have to—that cannot wait.”

“Okay,” Ricky got up and left, while Irene asked someone to bring her a pillow, allowing her to slouch.

Isaac was sitting on a chair before a curtain wall, the curtains nearby half closed and allowing some

light to spill in, illuminating his face as he stared at Irene’s portrait.

After sabotaging Irene’s company, he was waiting for her to come to him, begging.

And yet, it was already half-past seven on Saturday, but she was not coming.

Was she really marrying Harvey Gooding?!

He had never felt this annoyed!

Suddenly, he sprang to his feet, seemingly abandoning dignity as he went looking for her.

Arriving at Spencer Mansion, he found that she had already put on her wedding dress, with several assistants adjusting the train.

The wedding dress was a perfect fit to her figure, hugging it and presenting the stunning curves of her body!

He certainly had to admit that she was beautiful in that dress.

Standing at the front door, he demanded, “Your company is in trouble, but you’re ignoring it to get married?!”

Irene turned toward the voice, and was surprised to see him there.

Still, she smiled brightly and dazzlingly. “Harvey’s rich. He can support me even if Spencer Holdings falls.”

Chapter 186

Isaac’s expression turned icy, and the air around him seemed to cool as well.

“Irene Spencer! Did you really think Harvey Gooding loves you? Don’t forget that you were married to me, and consummated-

“Isaac Jefferson!” Irene snapped, cutting him short.

“What, can’t take it already?” Isaac mocked, holding out a hand to her. “You can still walk away with me now.”

Irene was laughing despite her indignation. “You were the one who demanded a divorce, and it has

been finalized. Also, aren’t you with Kathy York? Are you sure she won’t get jealous that you’re here? Oh, and I also heard that you gave her your most prized possession—I guess you really love her, congratulations!”

“I’m just returning that thing to its owner,” Isaac replied without thinking.

Irene raised her brow. “So it’s hers. I guess you two really go a long way back.”

Isaac pursed his lips but could not deny it, since she was the one who saved him as a child, or he would not have rehired her—even if his grandfather had asked.

“My husband will be coming to get me soon. Please leave.” Irene was exhausted, but was somehow pleased that Isaac came.

Isaac held out a hand again, his tone commanding now. “Come with me.”

Irene slapped his hand away unceremoniously. “I’m getting married to Harvey. Go to Kathy, so that we won’t be a part of each other’s lives again.”

“But I want to,” Isaac said and walked up, putting one arm around Irene’s waist and pulling her firmly into his embrace. Even as he restrained her, he greedily admired her beautiful visage and growled, “Are you so bent on marrying?”

“Yes, I am!”

With that, she turned, her curled lashes brushing lightly against his cheeks. “If you’re here to give me your blessing, I gratefully accept it—if you’re just here to insult me, please leave.”

“Mr. Jefferson!”

Harvey was suddenly striding in through the front door, grinning ear-to-ear. “Thanks for coming, but the way you’re touching my wife is impolite. Surely a man with a reputation to uphold like you wouldn’t want people to talk?”

Isaac’s hand, however, was tightening around Irene’s waist. He leaned in then and whispered beside her ear, “Are you really marrying him?”

“Yes!” Irene exclaimed as she pushed him firmly away.

Isaac stumbled backward raggedly, appearing calm, but he was restraining his rage. “Are you sure you won’t regret this?”

Irene reared her chin. “N–No.”

Even if she had been forced, the thought that Isaac was already hooking up with Kathy left her repulsed.

If he was allowed to have another woman, she could marry another man!

Even if she was trying to get even, she was hardly impulsive—she could not stand Isaac and Kathy.

“You will regret this, Isaac Jefferson,” Irene said as she nonchalantly straightened her gown which was not actually messed up.

Isaac’s ego was gnawing, but he refused to yield. “I will regret?”

“Yes,” Irene replied curtly.

“Dream on, Irene Spencer. Plenty of fish in the sea.”

With those words, he strode off, but anyone looking closely would see a vein throbbing over his temples—he was not as calm as he looked.

Irene remained impassive, not particularly pleased after he left.

Harvey, on the other hand, was thrilled.

“I guess you really are splitting up with him.”

Irene gave him a look. “Does it please you?”

“Anything that upsets him pleases me,” Harvey admitted.

Irene snorted. “Does he look upset to you? He already has a new woman and is beside himself with joy, unlike you...”

“Unlike me? How?” Harvey asked.

Raising a brow, she said, “I’m his ex–wife, but you somehow act as if you’ve won, picking up his rejects.”

“What are you talking about?” Harvey frowned. “You’re being mean to yourself too.”

Irene did not care, however—right now, she did not care what happened to her, as long as what she cared about was safe.

“I know you did all this to annoy Isaac Jefferson, so could we hurry along your so–called wedding since

you got what you want? I've promised to marry you, but if you want me to go through all the motions of a real wedding, I refuse."

Chapter 187

"But we're having a real wedding here. What's fake about it? We'll get our marriage certificate after as well."

Harvey had never considered that any of this fake—he wanted Irene, and upsetting Isaac was just a bonus.

Still, he would not push Irene too far. "It's a simple wedding anyway, and would be over before you know it. I don't mind going along with any requests either..."

Irene gave him a look but said nothing.

"We're late. Shall we?" Harvey asked.

"Okay," Irene said simply.

The wedding was neither lively nor joyous—only Harvey himself was pleased about it.

There was nothing to dilly-dally about at this stage. Still, she could see her child soon when the wedding was over.

As she stepped out of the door, Sheryl Harris came downstairs.

She did not want to see her own daughter marry someone she did not love, but could not help coming downstairs when she saw her leaving in a wedding dress.

"Irene..."

Irene turned and smiled at her. "I'm getting married, Mom. Please be happy for me."

There was no way Sheryl would be—it was a miracle that she was not crying.

Harvey put a hand around Irene's shoulder. "I'll be nice to her, ma'am."

Sheryl was not about to believe him—he had kidnapped an infant and forced this wedding in the first place!

Was his definition of nice forcing Irene to marry him when there was no love there? How was that nice?

Also, this was basically his second time holding Irene against her will. There was no way Sheryl would believe anything he said.

Irene forced a smile so that Sheryl did not have to worry, "Just watch the house for me, okay?"

With that, she turned toward Harvey. "Let's go."

Harvey walked up to her and quietly said, "Just trust me this one time."

Irene pushed him away right then. "You don't deserve my trust the instant you kidnapped Tommy."

Even as Harvey stared gloomily from behind, she strode towards a Rolls-Royce Phantom, which was decorated elaborately with flowers and looked the part of a bridal carriage.

It looked like a wedding to Irene too, but it just seemed to not be hers.

Getting into the car, Harvey asked her, "Are you upset?"

"No," Irene replied, but she clearly looked annoyed.

"It's our wedding day, so look happy," Harvey said as he sat beside her.

Irene frowned. "I agreed to marry you, but don't you dare think that there's anything real

between us."

"Okay." Harvey was unaffected, because he was convinced that feelings could grow.

And with them staying together, they would have all the chance to groom it.

He was certainly confident about that.

Nonetheless, as the Phantom drove on steadily along the highway, several armored Hummers suddenly came charging from the opposite end, clearly targeting the Phantom and crashing straight into it.

However, the Phantom was certainly worth the money—it was a violent crash that actually dented the hood, but everyone inside was safe.

But immediately after they stopped, several men got out of the Hummers and barged into the car, and started to make a grab for Irene.

“Who are you people?!” Harvey promptly moved in front of her!

Chapter 188

Although Harvey looked masculine as he shielded Irene, he had always led an easy life and had never been in a fight. The men from the Hummers, however, were all as burly as they were strong, easily dragging him out of their way!

While grabbing Irene would have been an easy task after that, Irene had grabbed on to the car door and refused to get out. “Who are you people?!”

“Don’t ask. Just come quietly, and we won’t hurt you—resist, and we will have to resort to violence.” The men’s faces were stiff and impassive.

Naturally, Irene refused to let go since she had no idea where they came from, or who she had offended enough to send them!

“What do you think you are doing?!” Harvey was losing his temper—one of the men had restrained him, but none of the others were being violent, and it was clear that they were only after Irene.

“Don’t bother,” the man restraining him then told his friends, “take him away and be quick. Don’t leave any traces either.”

With that, Irene was dragged away from the Phantom and stuffed inside one of the Hummers.

Through it all, Harvey could only watch. He could not do a thing as his bride was stolen during his own wedding. Who could be behind this?!

The men moved as one, too—once they got Irene, the man restraining Harvey released him and left with the others.

“After them!” Harvey quickly bellowed at his men, but he had no one but himself to vent.

Moreover, it was too late when his men came to their senses—the Hummer convoy had also clearly

been prepared to intercept Harvey's car in the first place, making any effort to pursue futile.

Naturally, his wedding had to be called off in the absence of a bride, and the guests were all wondering what had happened.

Even so, Harvey did not even care what they were saying, and left the mess to his assistant while he and his men tracked down Irene.

However, the Hummers seemed to have left the city and there was no trace of them since, which meant it was a dud for Harvey.

He then headed to Spencer Mansion and spoke to Ricky, asking if Irene recently had a beef with anyone.

"No, but..." Ricky paused.

"But, what?" Harvey pressed urgently.

"If there is one person I had to name, wouldn't that be you?"

Harvey was speechless for a moment, but quickly said, "Look, I may have demanded that she marry me, but I've never hurt her..."

Ricky cut him short. "Forcing her to marry you is hurting her."

That left Harvey speechless again.

Forcing her to marry him when there was no love involved was certainly immoral!

Still, this was not the time for that—finding Irene took priority.

"You lost her, so look for her yourself." Ricky appeared unconcerned, however he was only concerned with doing what Irene bade him to do before at the moment.

Harvey snorted, knowing right then that he had approached the wrong person. "You may be step—

siblings, but she's still your sister. You call yourself family, showing no concern when she's taken away?"

“She’s basically your wife, and you’ve failed to protect her,” Ricky promptly retorted. “You took her out of this mansion too—shouldn’t I be asking you where she is now?!”

Harvey was left speechless, and turned to leave—he had no clue where Irene had been taken to, and instead got dissed endlessly!

Ricky then added relentlessly, “You lost her, so you’d better get her back unscathed. I’ll hold it against you if she’s hurt.”

Harvey honestly did not mean to hurt her this time—he just wanted to marry Irene, and had even hired a professional babysitter to care for her son.

“You don’t have to go that far,” he growled as he strode off. “I’ll do my best.”

After he left, however, worry finally showed on Ricky’s face—he was as puzzled as he was anxious.

Chapter 189

Ricky believed that Irene was very smart, and that her actions were governed by rules and reason.

Could this whole thing be her ploy? To stage her own abduction after leaving Spencer Mansion, so that she did not draw suspicion on either Ricky or Sheryl?

Did she only pretend to agree to marry Harvey?

The more he thought about it, the more Ricky thought it was likely!

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On the other hand, Harvey was racking his brains in his car after he left Spencer Mansion.

Who would want to abduct Irene?

However, just as he was at wit’s end, Isaac’s name came to mind.

“It must be him!” Harvey exclaimed, gaping and smacking himself on his lap. Why did he only remember that now?

After all, that man certainly had the power to prevent him from finding out anything. In fact, who else could?

Having come to a conclusion, he drove off to Light Group's office building to recover his bride, arriving in just half an hour.

He stormed inside furiously, pushing away the front desk receptionists who tried to stop him!

He took an elevator straight to the top floor and strode toward Isaac's office, pushing open the heavy doors with a loud bang.

"Isaac Jefferson!" he bellowed as he charged toward Isaac's desk. "You give me back my bride!

Isaac raised a brow. "She's your bride, isn't she? Why are you asking me? Had too much to drink?"

"Don't bother pretending. I know you took her! No one else would have done that!" Harvey was almost hopping from utter frustration.

"Do you have any evidence?" Isaac asked nonchalantly.

Harvey was stumped right then—he certainly had no proof. It was just his hunch!

"I guess you don't."

Isaac rose to his feet. "Debbie, call security to escort Mr. Gooding out of the building."

The way he said escort was certainly hostile, while Harvey's face turned green. "You're despicable, Isaac Jefferson!"

Isaac gave him a look of disdain but thought nothing of it, while security soon arrived.

Harvey's teeth were gnashing, but he had to give in because he was in Isaac's territory. "I'll definitely find evidence that you took her," he growled and pushed the security guards

who were in his way, cursing at them, "Fuck off."

Stan arrived at the door just as he was about to leave, and Harvey shot him a look and snorted.

Stan took no offense—it was no skin off his back, and he had work to do.

After everyone else left, Stan closed the door and told Isaac, “It’s done.”

“Got it,” Isaac replied.

Stan hesitated then, but eventually asked, “I don’t get it, sir. What is the point here?”

If Isaac really did not care about Irene and was into Kathy now, why would he abduct her on the way to her wedding?

“Do you actually care about Irene Spencer, but were just upset that she tried to push Kathy York to you by drugging you?”

Stan certainly could not repress his impulse to gossip!

Chapter 190

Isaac looked up at Stan just then, but did not deny it!

As Stan came to a realization, he carefully suggested, “Sir, you shouldn’t have rehired Kathy York in that case. Women are petty, and Ms. Spencer must have been upset to see her around. That’s not going to work in a relationship.”

Isaac snorted. “A relationship? After she pushed me away to another woman?”

Stan was stumped, but it was true—if Irene really was in love with Isaac, she would not be able to bear her man getting cozy with other women.

People get territorial in relationships, after all. No one would be willing to share their partner if there is love involved!

“Well, if she’s not interested, you can just let her marry Harvey Gooding. Nothing good comes out of coercion, and you’re not going to keep her confined for life, are you?”

Isaac’s visage turned cold. “I will not let her be with another man even if she’s not interested.”

Stan was speechless.

Did he just basically say 'if I can't have her, no one can?'

How much more unreasonable could he get?

While he actually felt sympathy for Irene, he also found her tactless.

How lucky was she to have Isaac falling for her? And he had been tolerating her so much. How could she not see it?

"There's nothing about Harvey Gooding that's better than you. What does she see in him?" Stan asked in confusion.

"She's just blind." Isaac snorted.

Stan blinked, but Isaac was right!

"Are you going to see her?" Stan asked.

"No. What time does the meeting start?" Isaac asked.

"Half-past one," Stan replied.

"Go get ready," Isaac said, his tone remaining flat and inscrutable.

Once Stan stepped out of his office, Kathy had just arrived.

"Mr. Hill." She smiled.

"Why are you here?" Stan asked.

"I'm looking for Isaac," she said, still smiling pleasantly.

For some reason, Stan was uneasy whenever she said 'Isaac.' He somehow found her rather unreserved and danced on the edge of slutty!

He found women like her who threw themselves at men unlikeable—they were unlikeable and had no charm at all.

The only reason Isaac did not kick her to the curb like other women was probably because of the silver crucifix.

He remembered that it was very precious to Isaac, but Isaac said that he was returning it to the owner when he gave it to Kathy. If anything, his tolerance toward her was only thanks to that object.

He sighed Isaac usually steered clear of women, but there were suddenly two in his life!

And it was clear that Kathy loved Isaac, but Isaac loved Irene.

What a complicated web of relationships!

“Go on in,” Stan said and left.

Kathy did not go in immediately, however. She checked her makeup with a mirror, ensuring that she looked impeccable, and straightened her skirt before heading inside.

“Mr. Jefferson...” she greeted Isaac—she only used Isaac around everyone else so that they would get the impression that he and she were close.

However, she would not use his first name personally... Even when they were alone.

Isaac remained impassive to her arrival—in fact, he was a little cold. “Is there a problem?”

Kathy smiled. “No, it’s just that your grandfather is asking us to have dinner together at the manor.

“I’m busy. You’re on your own.” Isaac refused right then.

Kathy was disappointed, but she was not giving up. “But I’ve asked Debbie. She said you’re free tonight-”

“I hate it when others ask for my schedule.” Isaac glowered right then.

“I didn’t mean to,” Kathy quickly tried to explain. “I was just asking-