

Runaway 191

Chapter 191

"I'm busy. Get back to work," Isaac snapped impatiently.

Kathy, however, was still not giving up. "Your grandfather is asking us to go. He's probably—"

"I will talk to him myself," Isaac said and started to leave his office, heading to the conference room since he was reluctant to stay and talk to her.

She quickly gave chase and asked, "Why are you being so cold to me?"

Isaac wheeled on her, frowning. "What, giving you a job isn't enough? Am I supposed to take care of you for the rest of your life now?"

Kathy was stumped for a moment, and she quickly explained, "No... I just heard from your grandfather that I saved you, and that's why you had my silver crucifix. I remember saving a drowning boy as a

child, too—aren't you being a little cold to your savior?"

"Then what do you think I should do?" Isaac asked coolly in return, chuckling and dissing even before she could reply. "I gave you a job for that, or is that not enough? What more do you want?"

Kathy shook her head. "I don't want anything—"

"If that's the case, then go back to work and don't stray out of line. Also, I'll have your department manager deliver necessary documents to me himself. You don't have to show up ever again."

Isaac was not showing her any mercy.

The girl who saved him had been constantly on his mind, and he often dreamed about seeing those eyes of hers.

Even so, Kathy was here right in front of him, but his heart was completely unaffected—those past feelings seemed completely nonexistent.

After all, he knew that she had her motives, and keeping her now was mercy.

On the other hand, Kathy's fair cheeks turned ashen and then darkened in an utterly horrid manner.

How did she manage to lose way more than what she gained?

Not only did she fail to bridge the gap between herself and Isaac, but he was now also basically sick of her!

"Mr. Jefferson..."

Isaac, however, simply ignored her and strode off.

Kathy was left standing there, her chest heaving and her body shaking from rage!

Once inside the conference room, Isaac beckoned at Stan and quietly said, "Transfer Kathy York to our branch."

Stan was left taken aback. What could have gotten into him this time?

And why did it seem like there was no end to all this drama?

"Did she offend you?" he asked, hoping for gossip.

Isaac pursed his lips. "What, are you really that interested in my private life? Perhaps we should sit down together, and I'll slowly tell you everything?"

"Haha," Stan chuckled in fear. "It's fine, sir. I will get it done right away."

"Let's get started." Isaac went ahead and took the main seat, not bothering to waste his breath!

The meeting lasted over two hours, and Isaac left work at five.

He drove to Rose Garden, where he had a residence not many knew about.

As he alighted, the security guard watching the door greeted him respectfully when they saw him. "Mr. Jefferson."

Isaac nodded. "Did she cause trouble?"

“No, sir. We sedated her per Mr. Hill’s instructions, and she’s still out.”

“Okay,” Isaac replied, and the security guard opened the door for him.

Isaac entered and headed straight to Irene’s room.

Her hands and feet were tied, and red marks could be seen on her thin wrist—it was necessary, since she might cause a mess upon waking up.

Isaac walked up to her bed, and reached out to brush off the bangs covering her forehead.

She was still in her wedding dress, and the massive train lay sprawled over the bed, while her dainty form lay in the middle of the whiteness.

“Urgh...”

Chapter 192

Irene felt muddle-headed and almost conscious, but her eyelids felt too heavy for her to her eyes.

She was vaguely struggling against the darkness, but soon groggily fell asleep again.

Isaac breathed a sigh of relief at that she would not be this peaceful if she woke up.

Still, the thought left him scowling, and her wedding dress was certainly an eyesore.

open

She looked so beautiful in that dress, but wore it to throw herself into another man’s arms... the very thought left his face ashen!

This woman...!

He hence started to rip off the wedding dress, unable to lean in to kiss her lips after ogling her naked form for a while, and pulled a blanket over her.

Dragging what remained of the wedding dress out of the room and closing the door behind him before leaving the house, he handed the torn dress to the security guard. “Throw this.”

“Yes, sir.” The security guard promptly did so, while Isaac returned inside and took a shower, changed into fresh clothes and lay down beside Irene.

Lying on his side, he held her tightly in his arms, nuzzling her ears and greedily reveling in the sensation of having her in his arms.

Night soon arrived, but he was sleeping soundly for once!

He woke up early in the morning, and gave orders to stop Irene from leaving the room.

Naturally, the security guards took his orders seriously!

The peaceful scene at Rose Garden was a far cry from how things were with Harvey Gooding.

Both Ricky Spencer and Sheryl Harris were knocking on his door, demanding that he returned Irene.

Harvey’s reaction was almost colorful.

“I’m looking!” In fact, he had been doing that without food or rest over the last 24 hours!

He was already flustered to have lost Irene!

And there was no one he could go to!

“You took her out of Spencer Mansion. You have to give her up!” Ricky said staunchly.

The boy had matured considerably following Lionel Spencer’s death and Samantha White’s

incarceration. With Irene’s earnestness and trust, he had begun to slowly accept her.

The intent for revenge he had been harboring at first was not as strong as before, for he realized that if they went for each other’s necks as well, their family would be destroyed.

And he would have no place to go!

As such, he began to accept Irene instead of goofing off, and did everything she told perfectly.

He was no fool, even though he had made mistakes because of Samantha's excessive

pampering and goading. His wits certainly proved sharp now that he had turned over a new leaf!

Now, regardless of whether Irene had really been abducted or staged it so that she could escape, this was the best opportunity for them to take Tommy back. That was why he was here, working with Sheryl!

"I don't have her!" Harvey snapped.

He had already been overwrought because of the whole incident. Ricky and Sheryl's visit was undoubtedly fuel to fire!

"Well, didn't you take Tommy too? If you won't give my daughter back, at least give my grandson back!" Sheryl retorted.

"No way!" Harvey laughed icily.

Without Tommy, he would have no leverage against Irene: If they somehow managed to find her, and she learned that her son had been returned to the Spencers, would she still marry him?

Certainly not!

Ricky shot him a glare just then. "You took my sister and her son, and refused to give them up. Do you think we're pushovers just because we don't have numbers?"

However, despite his maturity, he was no match for Harvey, who had fought ferociously to survive many setbacks in business, and eclipsed the boy when it came to knowledge and experience.

Calming down soon enough, he threatened, "I don't mind giving up Tommy. Get me Irene, or I won't release that child!"

Harvey certainly knew that the Spencers could not do anything as long as he refused to release Tommy—they would even help him look for her!

Chapter 193

Ricky bellowed furiously, "You lost my sister yourself, and you want us to help you?! You should be feeling lucky that we're not calling the cops on you!"

Harvey, however, calmly replied, "Believe it or not, Irene has been taken away from me. Help me look if you want Tommy back, and I'm not returning the boy until she's found. I have no leads or evidence

here, but I have a feeling it's Isaac Jefferson. If you can get something out of

you think?" that man, I'll return Tommy to you immediately once I recover Irene. What do "Do you really

think Irene would fall for you, coercing like that?!" Sheryl snapped at him. She's a mother, and she was just marrying you to keep Tommy safe. She hated you the instant you took him from her!"

Harvey, however, did not care—he had already thought of that!

And he learned that the end justifies the means... from Isaac Jefferson himself!

"I'm going to keep looking," he said, and called in his men. "Get them out of here!"

"

Ricky and Sheryl were walking out of his mansion right then, with Ricky yelling, "Is stealing kids all you can do?! You'll pay for this!"

Harvey completely ignored whatever he said, let alone took it to heart.

"That's enough, you're just wasting your breath," Sheryl said, tugging at the boy's sleeves. "It doesn't

mean a thing to a heartless man like him. Being yelled at was the least of his concerns when he decided to kidnap Tommy."

"Just using the opportunity to vent a little," Ricky replied—he certainly knew that.

Sheryl was suddenly left staring at him.

Without Irene around, the son of the woman she hated most was now staying with her—and helping.

Truly, one never knows what tomorrow holds!!!

"So,

do you

think Irene ran away on her own?" Sheryl asked just then.

"I actually thought so too..." Ricky replied—both because he really thought so, and to assure Sheryl in a way.

After all, Sheryl would be very worried if it turned out that Irene was really taken that would do him no good!

away,

and

Moreover, things were already getting restless at Spencer Holdings in Irene's absence. If he and Sheryl were to mess up now, their family would fall apart!

"Do you think we should talk to Isaac Jefferson?" Sheryl proposed.

After all, she was genuinely concerned that Irene would come to harm. While Tommy was still in Harvey's custody, the baby would not be in danger because Harvey's goal was to marry

Irene.

"I'll come with you." Ricky agreed.

Sheryl nodded, and they took a taxi to Light Group, and they both alighted downstairs.

1/2

Ricky did not dare to drive ever since getting into that traffic accident before, and would usually take a taxi—fortunately, it was convenient to do so these days.

On the other hand, Sheryl was gasping at the grand view of the Light Group headquarters. She knew that she was nothing in comparison to Isaac, but she had to find out if he had taken

Irene away.

However, just as they were about to go in, they found a woman standing at the door, stopping a car heading inside the underground car park!

It was Kathy.

She lost her mind the instant Stan informed her that she was transferring to their company's branch.

There was no chance of seeing Isaac there, and how could their relationship bloom without contact?!

That was why she had been waiting early in the morning outside the building, and did not hesitate to stop Isaac's car when she spotted it.

"Why?" she cried, tears welling in her eyes.

Isaac frowned but did not get out of his car, and contacted security immediately to take her

away.

However, she was crying a fit and grabbed hold of the car bumper, refusing to let go.

Naturally, Sheryl and Ricky were both nearby and saw everything.

"Isaac really messes around with the ladies, doesn't he?" Ricky muttered, raising a brow. "It's not surprising that Irene would divorce him!"

Sheryl gave him a look and said, "We can go now."

"What? Why?"

Ricky was confused—they were already here, but they were leaving without questioning Isaac?

Chapter 194

"Well, as you can see for yourself—he's busy messing around with women," Sheryl explained. "Would he spare the time to abduct Irene? Maybe you're right, and she's on the run."

Sheryl was confident that she knew men.

In fact, after marrying Lionel and being betrayed by his adulterous behavior, she came to the conclusion that all men were pigs. And with a man like Isaac who could get any woman he wanted...

Would he even bother stopping Irene's car and abducting her?

If there was actual affection involved, why did they get a divorce?

If they were really in love, would Irene hide Tommy from him?

It was obvious that like Lionel, Isaac did not have a heart, leaving Irene disenchanted enough that she could agree to marry Harvey just to protect Tommy...

That actually reminded Sheryl of something else just then.

“Wait! Irene wouldn’t have abandoned Tommy to run away alone!” she exclaimed.

“Maybe she wants to get away first, and then try to rescue Tommy after?” Ricky suggested.

Sheryl considered that, and it actually sounded reasonable.

“So... Are we heading back?” Ricky asked.

Sheryl nodded. “Yeah. Even if there’s a chance it’s him, it’s not like he would admit it even if we asked.”

“Yeah, I agree,” Ricky replied, and they took a taxi home.

“You should go to Spencer Holdings and hold down the fort. Let’s wait for now—if Irene really ran away, she’ll contact us eventually,” Sheryl said.

Ricky nodded, giving Sheryl a look just then.

She had no intention of meddling with company affairs, and seemed to fully trust him.

He became less wary of her just then.

Meanwhile, Isaac was completely unaware that Sheryl and Ricky had seen everything.

Kathy was hysterical and a lot less reasonable than usual, because this meant that thing would not progress between her and Isaac.

She certainly could not accept it, but the more hysterical she became, the more guarded Isaac

was.

He would never have known if he did not compare them, but Irene was so much calmer.

In fact, she was capable of being so calm that Isaac felt helpless when he remembered that.

Could she not be a little less tenacious? Would it hurt to be a little more docile?

It was as if she could not stop upsetting him!

Remembering his own vulnerability, he wound down the car window and snapped at the security guards, "Can't you do your jobs already?!"

It was not as if the security guards were failing—they simply presumed that Kathy was just having a lover's quarrel with argument, and therefore did not dare to be rough with her.

Naturally, they felt no qualms once Isaac had spoken and firmly pried her away from his car, leaving her with cuts on her fingers!

With that, Isaac jammed his foot on the gas pedal, and his car bounded down into the basement parking lot without pause.

Kathy was left staring as he left, her tears gushing out.

Biting her lip, she then snapped at the security guards who were still restraining her, "Let go of me!"

The security guards did so—Isaac was already gone anyway.

Still, her clothes were now a mess and she looked utterly miserable, but more than that, she was indignant!

She knew that only Henry Jefferson would help her now. Wiping her tears, she drove straight to Jefferson Manor.

Chapter 195

Over the last few days, Henry had been sulking.

Although Moneypenny had voluntarily apologized and admitted to what he did, he had been coerced

and actually deserved sympathy.

However, Henry still allowed himself to be talked into splitting up Irene and Isaac's marriage!

He had wanted someone to take care of Isaac, to give him a woman who can offer him a family

Only for everything to end up a mess!

He did not even want to imagine how Isaac would react once he found out that he and Money Penny had a hand in his divorce, along with the kidnapping of his son!

What respect and kinship he held would vaporize, would it not?

"Honestly, what should I do now?" It was not as if Henry had gotten senile—Money Penny had spent of

his life serving him and more than proved his loyalty. He was not about to send him to the gallows over one mistake!

"Sir." Money Penny bowed reverently then. "Perhaps I should confess to Master Isaac..." "Forget it. Do you think you'd live with that temper of his? And with your withered body?" Henry snorted. "What has happened has happened—let there be no next time."

"Don't worry, sir. There won't be," Money Penny promised.

"So, any leads on Irene Spencer?" Henry asked.

He was aware that Irene had been abducted on her way to get married too.

"No, sir. It's an absolute mystery," Money Penny said, shaking his head. "The culprits left no traces at all, and I could not find out who they were at all!"

"Do you think it's Isaac?" Henry mused.

Money Penny considered it. "He does have feelings for her, but does he desire her so much that he doesn't care if she was marrying someone else, and would take her even if it meant crashing a wedding?"

"Indeed. They were married for little over a year, and Irene had been missing for months as well. Even if he loves her, his feelings would not be that strong," Henry guessed.

"That's true. You know Master Isaac, and given how rational he can be, he would not get this obsessed over a woman," Moneypenny concluded.

Henry thought about that a while, and decided that Moneypenny was being reasonable.

He had never seen Isaac resort to outrageous behavior over any woman thus far!

"That said, I find Ms. Spencer a little too headstrong if we want someone who can take care of Master Isaac. Won't you agree?" Moneypenny said just then.

Henry narrowed his eyes. "they?"

"She's a doctor. And most ladies these days are the same, aren't

Moneypenny shook his head. "Won't you agree that Kathy is more controllable?"

"I know you're trying to get me to pick Kathy York, but you've seen for yourself last night- Isaac didn't even bother to show up at the dinner with her. You could tell right then how difficult it would be to get him to warm up to her," Henry said.

Even though he thought that he had made a mistake at first, now that he had really given it careful thought, he realized that he was worried about not seeing Isaac being with a person he loved, not to mention that he was old now.

If he still could not understand love, he would become even colder and crueler after Henry's death!

"Actually, I don't think we need a woman with brains. She just has to love him and take care of him, and that's enough. Won't you agree?"

Henry gave his butler a look. "You want me to continue getting Isaac to warm up to Kathy?"

"You did agree to Mr. York's request to look after his granddaughter, and you suggested the coupling in

the first place. How would you explain to Mr. York that you're giving up halfway?" Pausing for a moment, Moneypenny continued, "Moreover, is there anyone better suited than her at the moment?"

"Ahem--"

Henry started coughing just then, and Moneypenny quickly brought a glass of water. "Here, sir. Take your time."

Henry had a couple sips wet his throat, but it still hurts.

"Should I ask for Dr. Slate?" Moneypenny asked.

Henry waved him off. "No!"

A servant suddenly entered the room. "Sir, Ms. York is here."

Henry was just feeling irritated, and frowned. "What is she doing here?"

"I don't know, but she is having a crying fit—maybe she was somehow given grief?" the servant replied.

Moneypenny quietly said, "I will get her to leave..."

Henry waved him off. "Forget it. Let her in."

Cedric York was a close friend of his and Kathy his only granddaughter. He could not bear to face Cedric if he could not even take care of her a little.

"Henry..." Kathy was sobbing, putting up a miserable look as she entered.

"What is it?" Henry asked, already feeling impatient inside!

Chapter 196

Henry was already feeling ill and irritable, but he still had to comfort Kathy as she continued her crying fit.

That alone made Henry think less of her than Irene.

Women could be delicate and their vulnerability might tug at the heartstrings of men, being exceedingly spoiled would get on anyone's nerves.

but

Henry was already feeling irritable, and he certainly did not have the patience to comfort someone else!

“You told me you wanted me to get together with Isaac, right?” Kathy sobbed.

Henry kept his patience as he told her, “Sit.”

At the same time, Moneypenny reminded her, “Say what you have to, but no one would understand you if you cry louder than you speak.”

Kathy glanced between him and Henry just then. Even though Henry was not visibly angry, he was a lot less mild than usual. She was naturally smart enough to notice Moneypenny’s kindness, and quickly stopped sobbing.

Having ensured that she was calm, she said, “Did you know? Isaac transferred me from the headquarters to a branch office! I won’t be able to see him, let alone get him to warm up to me

Henry was not actually surprised—that was Isaac’s style.

He then remembered that he had basically pushed Irene to Isaac as well, but she had never come to

him bawling like Kathy. In fact, she had never complained to Henry about any grievance she suffered, nor shed a tear even when Isaac made her bleed right here in this manor!

He would never have been able to tell if he never compared them, but once he did, it became apparent to him that Kathy was a far cry from Irene!

Even if most men would agree that a woman with looks and a caring side was good enough, Isaac covered so many bases that he did not need someone that extraordinary—but a crybaby certainly would not do!

Henry actually felt awkward just then.

He was the one who had proposed the match in the first place, and if he reneged now, he would have broken a promise to both Cedric and Kathy.

And if she held a grudge...

What a dilemma!

Moneypenny could tell what he was thinking, and hence thought of an idea.

“Ms. York, Master Jefferson has already assisted you plenty, even making you Master Isaac’s savior.

You should be using it to your advantage—what do you think Master Jefferson can do even if you came crying to him? Tie Master Isaac to your bed?”

Kathy flushed and lowered her head in embarrassment.

At the same time, Henry glanced at Money Penny—his words lacked tact, but Henry did not refute it.

After all, it was almost reasonable: Kathy should be coming up with ideas of her own to make Isaac fall for her.

How much could Henry help, when Isaac was already upset with him?

“How can I help?” he asked just then.

Kathy certainly had no idea because even drugs failed to work on Isaac. What else could he do?

Her womanly wiles? That would only work if they spent time together, so that he noticed her virtue!

“Could you stop Isaac from transferring me to the branch office? He’ll definitely fall for me if I stay with him.”

Kathy believed that she had the looks—and while it was no lie, she also believed that Isaac would fall for her as long as she could stay around him!

“I don’t think I can help you,” Henry said earnestly. “You should be using your own advantage to the fullest.”

Kathy was puzzled and mistakenly believed that he was talking about her looks. “But he’s not much of a gentleman—”

Henry frowned even before she finished—she was a little stupid, was she not?

Money Penny had already told her outright, but she still could not get it.

“Isaac values sentiment. You are now the person who ‘saved’ him, aren’t you? Learn to use that.”

Kathy vaguely understood, but said, “He already chased me off... How do I use that? He clearly doesn’t care about me, even though I’m supposed to be his savior.”

Henry suddenly felt that speaking with her was tiring! He decided right then to just flip a coin, and that

the position of Isaac’s wife is up for grabs to anyone, as long as they had what it took!

”I

may have suggested setting you up with him, but you must have been interested in him in the first place to agree to it, right?”

He was just too old to care!

Chapter 197

The more Henry tried to control Isaac, the more his grandson strayed away from him!

Still, Kathy was smart enough to hear the ominous meaning in Henry’s words. “What do you mean, Henry? Are you giving up on me?”

“I’m old now,” Henry sighed. “There’s a limit to how much I can help you. Whether you win Isaac’s heart depends entirely on yourself, so you would have to make him fall for you, so that he willingly spends

the rest of his life with you. Am I supposed to keep helping you if you keep running to me whenever there’s an issue?”

Kathy bit her lip miserably, even as Henry continued, “Who knows? Your transfer might fall through if you had an accident or you got hurt on the way to the branch office. Try to buy time, and go on from there!”

Henry could not have made himself clearer—the rest was up to Kathy.

“I’m tired. You should go.”

Finally realizing that she had come at a bad time, Kathy said, “Oh! I must have disturbed you... I really came at a bad time. Please take care of your health, Henry. I promise to handle any problems on my own from now on.”

Henry waved her off. “Go.”

He made sure that Kathy left the manor and was out of earshot before he finally spoke, "Do you really think Isaac would be interested in her?"

He certainly did not think so—she was too stupid!

Kathy had all the advantages Irene never had, but somehow failed to use any, even coming crying to him for help!

He really wondered what had gotten into him to help her in the first place.

"Sir, you're stressing yourself with worry. Let's get you some rest," Moneypenny said, helping him walk just then.

"Oh, I'm just old and weary," Henry groaned emotionally.

"You shouldn't say that, sir. You will still live for a long while."

"And that would still eventually come to an end."

Suddenly, Henry turned toward Moneypenny. "Now, help me set up a meeting with Harvey Gooding."

"Why would you want to meet him, sir?" Moneypenny asked.

Henry had made up his mind—he could ignore Irene's situation, but not a scion of his family.

Irene had promised to deal with the situation herself before, and he decided he could refrain from meddling.

However, with her now missing, he must take back the child from Harvey.

"You've spoken to him before, haven't you? Tell me, what is he like? A pushover, or a tough nut?" Henry asked.

Moneypenny dropped to his knees, stammering, "I'm so sorry, sir..."

"Oh, get on your feet. I know you were coerced, but you've spoken to him and know what he's like so tell me."

As Moneypenny stood up, he said, “Well, he’s not an unstoppable storm like Master Isaac, but he can hold his own.”

Henry knew then that he should not meet Harvey recklessly—the man would only be open to negotiations with sufficient leverage.

“Any weaknesses?”

“I’m not sure,” Moneypenny lowered his head, and explained, “We were not that close...”

Henry suddenly chuckled, and it somehow gave Moneypenny the creeps. “Do you have an idea, sir?”

Henry smiled at him. “Let’s return his favor—an eye for an eye. That’s just fair, don’t you agree?”

Moneypenny understood right then. “You mean, we should abduct someone he cares about, and demand Irene’s child in exchange?”

Henry nodded that was exactly it, but he also had another goal in mind.

The child was Irene and Isaac’s, but Isaac had no idea.

It therefore made Henry doubtful—how could he not know?

That was why he must take back the boy and conduct a paternity test! Nothing must be left half-baked when his family was involved!

Likewise, he would never allow a Jefferson to be abandoned, let alone be threatened!

“Go on. Find out who he cares about the most,” Henry said.

“Yes, sir,” Moneypenny said, and left.

Still, as he watched his butler leave, Henry’s almost turbid eyes twinkled!

Chapter 198

Moneypenny had served Henry for years, and Henry still trusted him—but he could not deny that he had doubts after what happened recently.

This counted as a test!

Still, he could only hope that Moneypenny had really been coerced and nothing else...

Over at Rose Garden, the sedatives had worn off and Irene had regained consciousness.

However, her limbs were still bound to prevent her from moving, and the sedatives left her lethargic.

Having no idea who her captors were, she yelled, "Is there anyone out there?! I'm hungry!"

There was no response—Isaac had instructed the guards outside to call him once she woke up, but also forbade them from entering the room.

If she started screaming, let her scream all she wanted!

When they heard Irene, the guards made the call.

Isaac was in a meeting within a conference room that could accommodate a hundred people.

Most of the others present were executives and department chiefs—it was a full house since it was a quarterly meeting.

Isaac was leaning forward at the chairing seat, leaning sideways as he rested a hand on the table. He was twirling a Parker pen between his fingers, occasionally swiftly and tapping it audibly on the table

when he heard something that did not sit well with him!

When one of the branch company's reports proved clearly sub-par, he remained impassive but suddenly slammed his pen on the table.

However, his phone rang just as he was about to speak, and he whipped it out to answer it.

"She's awake, sir, and she's yelling that she's hungry..."

"Ignore her," Isaac growled.

"Yes, sir."

Hanging up, he said, "Continue."

He was letting Irene starve on purpose—it was her fault, dumping him to marry Harvey!

He was merciful enough not to kill her already!

She needed a lesson to remember, because she seemed to lack the ability to remember, challenging the limits of his tolerance constantly, while he had to keep bearing with her as her behavior escalated for the worse!

He chuckled despite himself as he remembered everything.

The gloomy atmosphere in the conference room quickly cleared thanks to that.

Someone who thought that he was in a good mood actually asked, “Did something good happen, Mr. Jefferson?”

Isaac looked up at the person who asked. “Yes, but I’m afraid I can’t share it. Let’s hope that your report is satisfactory so that I will stay in a good mood.”

Naturally, the person was confident enough in his report to ask-Isaac’s words actually boosted his confidence instead of leaving him fearful of his life!

It was not until four hours later when the meeting finally concluded, and everyone’s drinks must have been refilled over six times in that period.

Everyone was exhausted, but they waited until Isaac left before leaving.

He was loosening his necktie as he headed to his office, telling his secretary Debbie as she followed, “Get a set of confectionery. Make sure it’s good.”

“Yes, Mr. Jefferson,” Debbie replied and left, while Isaac dropped on his couch once he was in his office, throwing his necktie aside.

He flexed his neck before leaning into his seat, his posture nonchalant as he napped to recharge.

Over at Rose Garden, Irene’s throat was parched after yelling for a long while without response.

She could not move either, and it felt as if she was meat on the chopping block!

She had no idea who her captors were either, and that felt absolutely terrible!

She started to wonder who it could be, with Chad Ross being on top of the list of suspects.

Isaac never crossed her mind, because she believed that he would be reluctant to mess with her now that she was getting married.

Chapter 199

Isaac always carried himself as if he was above the rest. Stalking a married woman cheapened him! It definitely would not be him!

As for Chad, who was Irene's prime suspect, she believed that they had no feud.

Moreover, Chad himself said that he wanted to get back at Isaac for driving Whitney to her death, and would use her to that end.

She laughed bitterly at the thought—Isaac had already divorced her, and found himself a new lover. If Chad wanted revenge, he should be abducting Kathy instead.

Why her?

She looked around, studying the whole room, but did not recognize it as she had long since forgotten about it.

The curtains were left open with a foot wide gap, and light was spilling in, illuminating the room. She blinked, suddenly not interested in moving while feeling dryness in her entire mouth!

She closed herself to sleep—maybe she would not be that thirsty afterwards.

Still, it took her a long while to doze off!

When she finally opened her eyes again, she picked up the scent of food and spotted the confectionery on the table nearby. The exquisite appearance alone was mouthwatering, and it only tempted a famished person like her further.

Her lips parted, and she found the insides of her mouth sticky—she would rather drink than eat at the moment, but she was definitely hungry too.

Also, the confectionery was not there when she woke up just now. Whoever brought it must have done so after she fell asleep.

Was it bait? Could it be poison?

Why else would they make her starve, and suddenly put food there?

She turned around despite much difficulty—out of sight, out of mind.

But she was certainly suffering! Was anyone ever coming to save her?

Meanwhile, Isaac was watching her every move from the living room.

Her lips were dried and she looked withered.

It hurt Isaac to see her like that, but he steeled himself and closed his laptop so that he did not have to.

“Thirsty...”

Irene narrowed her eyes in the darkness as night arrived.

Her voice was almost as quiet as a mosquito, and she might soon be mute.

Isaac picked her up, and helped her drink the water left on the table.

“Water.”

She started to gulp it when her lips touched the moisture, and felt alive as it reached her stomach.

Isaac held her in his arms and rubbed her back. “Sleep.”

He had untied her, but the discomfort from being bound lingered, and she felt as if she was dreaming because of her thirst. There was no way water would have come to her otherwise!

If it really were, she hoped the dream would last longer.

“Tommy...” she mumbled in her sleep, missing her child too much.

Her voice was too small for Isaac to hear, and she started to blame herself for not protecting him.

“Mommy is sorry...”

She parted with him soon after he was born, and even afterward, they were repeatedly separated, and he was repeatedly exposed to danger!

She had failed as a mother.

A tear trickled from the corner of her eye down to her nose, dropping quietly onto her pillow and disappearing!

Isaac heard her just then, and thought that she was crying because she dreamed of their lost children.

He could understand how she felt—he was the twins’ father, after all.

He gathered her in his arms within a warm embrace, as if that alleviated the misery in his own heart as well.

If only they could have more children...

It was a long night, but Isaac could not fall asleep no matter how he tried.

And in the morning, Irene woke

up...

Chapter 200

Irene was left gaping when she saw the face that was inches away from hers.

“Isaac Jefferson?!” she cried in surprise, but she was still too weak and was not all that loud, and therefore did not wake him.

He only fell asleep when it was almost morning, which was why he was sleeping soundly.

That was when Irene saw that she had been untied, but was only in her underwear, leaving her utterly confused.

Did he strip her?!

“Bastard!” She could not help cursing—he always did this to her!

Also, why did he abduct her in the first place? Did he have nothing better to do, or did he really think that she could be bullied so easily?!

She really wanted to strangle him just then, but she was too weak to do so. However, he was now defenseless, and she must do something for herself!

She quietly left the bed, keeping her breathing quiet so as to not startle Isaac. As her bare feet touched the floor, she looked around for something that she could use to cover herself, and resorted to picking

up Isaac’s clothes since there was the only thing around.

She basically lunged at the food and water on the table, popping the cap of a bottle of water and

chugging it right then, only stopping when she finished half of it. Then, staring at the food for heartbeats, she eventually gave in and started to stuff everything into her mouth!

She had no idea who her captors were, and was therefore afraid to eat the food.

Somehow, she was relieved to know that it was Isaac—despite knowing his terrible temper and abusive nature, she was sure that he would not kill her.

Which was why she was not worried at all.

Still, she was too hungry and ate without restraint, and her stomach was so full it hurt.

As she was left clutching her belly, an alluring voice asked, “Is your stomach hurting?”

She looked up to see that Isaac was already standing before her.

And it was all his fault she was like this!

“You really are that horrible, aren’t you, Isaac Jefferson? What good would staving me do to you?” she

demanded—but she was still too weak to make herself sound threatening.

Isaac reached out to grab her chin just then, and she had to rear her head—her neck and chin were almost forming a single line. It certainly hurt and almost suffocated her!

“Let me go!” She breathed through her teeth.

At the same time, she reached out to try to push him away, but he simply caught her hands.

“What do you want from me?!” she cried.

Isaac’s lips were almost touching hers, and they were looking into each other’s eyes even as their breaths swirled around each other’s nostrils.

“Have you asked for my approval before marrying someone else?” he growled quietly, withholding the sense of helplessness he felt.

Only Irene could make him run in circles like this, and he could not do anything about her not even yell!

Irene, however, found him crazy.

He was hooking up with Kathy already—so why was she not allowed to marry someone else?

“We’re divorced, and I can marry anyone I want! Why do you care?”

Isaac kept himself calm. “Sharp-tongued, aren’t you?”

Irene pursed his lips. “I would never hope to match you in that department, Mr. Jefferson! Why did you even take me here? Am I your prisoner?!”

“Mr. Jefferson, you say?!” Isaac growled.

Anger appeared on his face, and it looked just like the omen of an impending storm!

He did not like being called that—and very much so!