

## Runaway 201

### Chapter 201

“Don’t call me that. Say my name,” Isaac demanded.

“I would never-

Before Irene could refuse, he had jammed his lips on hers, stopping her from talking

However, she clenched her jaw to stop his tongue from advancing!

As Isaac pulled away, he found her glaring at him stubbornly.

“Are you really not letting me kiss you?” He chuckled coolly. “Who would you rather kiss, then? Harvey Gooding?”

Irene stiffened her neck, and lied outright despite thinking otherwise “Yes”

Isaac glowered horribly right then, and snorted coldly, “Don’t even think about it!”

He started to lean forward again, and Irene fought back in turn—but this time, he bit firmly down on her lips, and Irene winced in pain.

“Oof-”

Embarrassed, she suddenly pretended to be receptive. Isaac was surprised as she took the initiative, but before he could revel in that sensation, Irene was biting his lip at the next instant, and her teeth

closed a lot harder on his lips than when she did it to him.

Isaac, however, did not resist or even bat an eyelid.

He endured it as she vented her frustration, and she must have broken his skin—the scent of blood was

thick in the air!

Naturally, his tolerance bored her, and she let him go.

“Can’t bear to hurt me?” he asked.

“Dream on.” Irene snorted.

“I would have considered letting you go if you proved compliant, but you really don’t have tact.”

He rose to his feet, suddenly towering over her, while Irene was left in shock. “What are you talking about? Are you keeping me here?!”

“You never listen,” he said simply.

Irene lost composure right then. How long was he going to keep her here?!

No, she had to get out!

She promptly got up and ran, but Isaac simply grabbed her by the waist, holding her tightly against himself. She could feel his scorching body heat through the thin fabric separating their skin, and it felt almost burning.

She kicked and screamed, “Let me go!”

Isaac caught her hands to stop her from hurting herself in agitation.

“I’ll never let you go.” Isaac carried her back to bed and picked up the rope he used before to tie her up.

Irene’s eyes widened and she shook her head repeatedly. “No, stop! Don’t tie me up!”

He did it anyway. “You’re too smart, and I have this feeling that my guards would never be able to restrain

you There is no chance I would allow you to marry Harvey Gooding.”

Irene was seething through tears. “I hate you!”

Isaac stiffened, but smiled. “Hate me all you want. You’re not getting away from me.”

She bellowed furiously, “You’re too much! You’ll have your just deserts!”

Isaac stared at her for a while, and though he was chuckling, there was a glimmer in his eyes that looked almost like tears.

“I already have it. Do you think there’s anything that can hurt me more now?”

Irene was taken aback, her rage subsiding a little when she saw the look in his eyes.

Her voice calmed considerably as well. “When will you let me go?”

“That depends on you.” He replied.

Bzzt-

That was when Isaac’s phone, which he left at the bedside shelf, started vibrating

He picked it up and answered the call, which was from Stan.

Stan appeared rather worried. “We have a situation, sir.”

“What is it?” Isaac asked.

## Chapter 202

“What do you mean he didn’t die in the car accident?”

“When I got there, I checked and saw Ben’s head smashed.”

Zyla frowned. “After the accident, his rib cage was crushed by the front seat. There was severe internal bleeding, but there was a small chance that he could be saved.”

Olivia’s heart twitched. Her legs went limp, and she slid straight down.

“Ha, it’s Dorothy! She had him smashed to death to make sure he couldn’t speak again.”

Olivia supported herself as her pale lips said through clenched teeth, “After all, only the dead can keep secrets forever.”

However, it also proved that everything Ben said was true.

Including the fact that Uncle Wallace was killed by Cole!

She narrowed her eyes, took a deep breath, and lifted her spirits. "Zyla, come with me to see Zac."

"Sis Liv..."

Zyla tried to persuade her to rest, but she swallowed the words before speaking.

However, the two met a pair of deep dark eyes as soon as the door opened.

"Jerk John? F\*ck off. Get out of the way!"

Zyla disliked John, so she was not nice to him.

Especially now that Olivia was so weak. Anything could happen if anything triggered her.

However, John had no intention of leaving. He glanced coldly at Zyla.

It reminded her that she had slapped him last time, and she could not help feeling guilty.

However, Zyla did not want to lose. "You..."

Olivia stopped her. "Zyla, go out first."

"Sis Liv.."

"Go out"

Reluctant but also did not want to upset Olivia, Zyla walked out obediently.

Olivia turned and sat back on the bed. Without looking at John, she asked indifferently, "Mr. Freeman, what are you doing here?"

The last time they saw each other was in the hospital.

John answered her insistently, forcing her to admit that she had done something she never did.

John came just after Dorothy left today. It was hard not to associate the two.

“Have you come to defend your little lover?”

John frowned. His dark eyes were deep, and people could not tell his emotion.

When he received her phone call last night, he thought she had come to apologize. He was full of joy, but she hung up without saying a word.

Just as he was about to rush over to pick on her, the hospital called and said she had been in an accident.

His heart instantly paused at that moment. He postponed his meeting and ran to the hospital.

He only left when he knew she was all right.

He ran to the hospital after being up all night and finishing a meeting, but what was her attitude?

“Olivia, what attitude is this?”

‘Attitude?’

Olivia sneered. “Mr. Freeman, what do you think I should do?”

He never wanted to trust her, and he hurt her repeatedly, leaving her heart full of holes.

What attitude should she take?

John reached out and grabbed her jaw, forcing her to lock eyes with him.

Olivia felt like her heart was breaking at that moment.

The face she once yearned for made her so disappointed in just one glance that she was also breathless.

Therefore, she looked away.

“Why won’t you look at me?”

“You’re not good-looking.”

The man sneered, "I'm not good-looking? Olivia, who do you think looks good then? Zac or Aaron?"

Olivia frowned. 'What the h'll is he up to?"

He sounded jealous, but he did not love her anymore. How could he be jealous?

After a long standoff, Olivia suddenly asked, "John, would you believe me if I told you Dorothy set up the car accident?"

"Why would Dolly do that?"

"To silence Ben."

Olivia looked up at him. "There's a man named Ben Wilson in the car. He knows who killed Uncle Wallace and the truth about what happened two years ago, so he was silenced.

"He was also the driver who hit Zac last time, which Dorothy also set up."

Chapter 203

Isaac took two steps backward, avoiding Kathy.

Naturally, she was disappointed to miss, and asked Isaac tearfully, "How could you do this to me?"

As Isaac remained impassive, she bawled miserably. "I saved you, didn't I? Those men almost had their way with me!"

"I will not work at the branch company!" she cried hysterically. "Even if it kills me!"

Isaac frowned in disdain just then.

"You were raised overseas, weren't you? I could arrange a job for you at a foreign company instead," he said-not relenting despite her tantrum.

Kathy was left in disbelief.

Was his heart made of stone? Could he not see the bruise on her face? Why was he insisting on making her leave?

"Why can't I stay at headquarters? Was my performance lacking? I can improve-"

"I arranged a job for you because of my grandfather and because you were the owner of that silver crucifix. Do you think I would be here otherwise? I'm already being kinder than I should be just by being

here, and if your answer is still no, you can forfeit it entirely ”

Kathy was speechless-that was not what she wanted!

“I don’t want that. I just want-”

“Money?” Isaac suggested, cutting her short.

He really did not want anything to do with her—in fact, he wanted her gone soon.

Kathy shook her head. Even if her family was no dynasty like the Jeffersons and her parents died while she was a child, the family fortune was solid.

She did not want money-she wanted him!

“I don’t want money,” she said, tearing up as she remembered that Moneypenny had advised her not to cry all the time, but to do so strategically.

But was this not enough to win his sympathy? Or was he simply no gentleman?

Should she not be crying right now?

She felt aggrieved just then—women’s tears were supposed to win the sympathy and affection of men, but Isaac remained unmoved! He had a heart of stone, and chivalry was dead with him!

“Please, I’m begging you—just let me stay at the branch company. I won’t show up around you again... for the sake of this silver crucifix!”

She held up the silver crucifix at Isaac’s face just then.

Before this, she hated it because it was an eyesore—no respectable young woman would wear

something as out of fashion as that, and she preferred fashionable jewelry.

However, Moneypenny had told her to wear it at all times, and Isaac may be less cold toward her if she did

That was why she kept it around her neck.

And just as expected, Isaac seemed to see that pair of bright eyes he saw as a child when she held it at

him

“Fine. Get better soon, and go to work when you feel you’re fit enough.” With those words, he turned and left her ward.

As Stan followed him, he instructed, “Arrange a position for her where I won’t ever see her.”

“Yes, sir,” Stan replied.

Isaac suddenly threw his car keys at him. “You’re driving.”

Stan caught it and glanced at his own car-guess he would have to send someone to drive it to his house.

As he drove Isaac’s car out of the hospital, he asked, “Office, or-”

“Office.”

“Yes, sir,” Stan replied.

They drove along a route passing through a certain hotel.

There were many cars parked outside, and the main entrance was decorated into a wedding aisle that extended into one of the ballroom.

They could see the bride and bridegroom from outside, and Isaac recognized the latter.

“Stop,” he said quietly.

Stan moved the car to stop by the road despite his confusion, asking, “What’s wrong?”

Isaac gestured for him to look outside.

Stan followed his gaze, and when he saw the newlyweds stepping out of the hotel, he raised his brow in surprise!

Chapter 204



“Isn’t that Chad Ross?!” Stan exclaimed in surprise. “I thought he was in love with Whitney Cox, and he looked like he could die after she went missing. He’s marrying someone else already?”

“I told you to watch him—you never noticed that he was going to get married?” Isaac asked icily

He had been anticipating reprisals from Chad because he drove Whitney presumably to her death, and therefore told Stan to always keep an eye on his movements.

“But my boys are watching him,” Stan quickly argued. “He wasn’t doing much, and I don’t even recognize that woman.”

Worried that Isaac would snap at him for failing in his responsibility, he quickly tried to change the subject. “Hold on, sir. Don’t you think the bride looks just like Whitney Cox? Maybe it’s a rebound relationship?”

Isaac was not interested in the bride, but he was surprised that Chad would marry another woman so soon.

He certainly did not hold back from challenging Isaac just to protect Whitney, and there had to be actual love involved.

“Call off your guys. There’s no need to watch him now,” Isaac said flatly “Let’s go

Chad’s marriage was proof enough that he was over Whitney—Isaac therefore did not have to watch his back for him now.

“Yeah,” Stan replied, and drove off.

Unbeknownst to them, the bride had been staring at their car the instant it arrived and stopped outside, and was still watching as they drove into the distance.

The unrepressed spite in her eyes was certainly sinister.

“What are you looking at?” Chad asked just then.

“I saw Isaac Jefferson’s car,” the bride replied unhappily.

Chad patted her hand then. "It's our happy day—we don't have to get upset over him."

The bride nodded in agreement. "Yeah"

Over at Jefferson Manor, Moneypenny hurried into Henry's study, informing him, "I have done what you asked, sir."

Henry was satisfied with his performance—he had people tailing his butler after he asked him to find leverage against Harvey Gooding, and Moneypenny did so without contacting Harvey.

"Good. Contact him now," Henry said.

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

After he was gone, Henry called out, "Timmy."

Timmy was his professional bodyguard, but was also adept at intelligence work.

"Leak news that Moneypenny was the one behind the abduction," Henry said.

"Yes, sir. Right away, sir," Timmy said and left.

Henry moved a black chess piece, checkmating the white side.

He leaked the news because he just wanted Harvey to know that Moneypenny had abducted his mother.

If they were still in league with one another, that would drive a wedge between them.

Moreover, it was necessary to be wary of Moneypenny after his betrayal—he would have fired him if he were younger.

After all, betrayal was betrayal—coercion notwithstanding.

However, he was now an old man and had become a little sentimental, a shadow of his ruthless self during his younger days!

Meanwhile, Harvey was still busy looking for Irene, only to realize that another fire had just ignited in his backyard

He almost jumped from sheer frustration when he got the call.

“Who is it?! Who has a death wish, kidnapping my mother?!” he demanded in frustration.

“We don’t know, sir...”

The answer left him even more frustrated, and he snapped, “Did I pay all of you to goof off?! Find them!”

“Yes, sir.”

He flung his cellphone away the instant he hung up, and it shattered into pieces with a loud crack.

He had no idea who it was, when Isaac came to mind...

“Enrique!”

His assistant entered the room. “Yes, Mr. Gooding?”

“Get my chopper ready. I need to leave right away-” Before he could finish, the phone on his desk started ringing.

Chapter 205

Harvey quickly answered the telephone, believing that there was news about Irene.

“Hello...?”

“We have your mother. Come meet Master Jefferson if you want her freed.”

“Money Penny?!” Harvey remembered the butler’s voice, and narrowed his eyes. “He took my mother?”

“Yes,” Money Penny replied.

“Where?” Harvey growled through clenched teeth.

“Hibiscus Garden.”

“I’ll be right there.” He snarled every word, his face contorted with rage.

Even if there were times when he was unreliable, he cared for his parents very much—especially his mother—and he had never committed any unforgivable crimes!

“Get the car. We’re leaving.” Harvey growled urgently.

Enrique was left confused.

He wanted the chopper a moment ago, and now the car? Which was it, exactly?

“Mr. Gooding...?”

“The car!” Harvey barked.

Having confirmed his order, Enrique quickly said, “I will go right now.”

After Enrique left, Harvey was left scratching his neck in frustration.

Forget not finding Irene—even his mother was now taken away.

How could he not be furious?

His stress had certainly been piling over the last few days. He had actually lost weight, as well as grown dark circles under his eyes from last night!

He was absolutely livid!

As he got in the car, he urged Enrique to drive faster.

Still, he arrived at Hibiscus Garden before Henry did, and therefore had to wait.

Waiting was never something pleasant, and the look on his face was terrible as he kept glancing at his watch

When he had almost had enough of waiting and was about to leave, Henry slowly arrived at the scene, approaching him while Moneypenny supported him.

Harvey rose to his feet, instantly demanding, “What is this? Why did you kidnap my mother?!”

“You messed with me first, didn’t you?” Henry asked in return.

Harvey was silenced!

Meanwhile, Henry was taking his sweet time to be seated and cut straight to the point, "Give me Irene's child, and you'll have your mother back."

Harvey frowned

He had been cautious against Isaac, but had forgotten his grandfather.

He realized how big of a blunder he just made then!

Still, he tried to play dumb. "I don't know what you're talking about."

"Oh, you're a funny one." Henry smiled. "Did you think I'm the type of person who would make a move without knowing what I'm getting into?"

Harvey was left in a dilemma right then—he would have no leverage to coerce Irene into marrying him once he surrendered her child, and he absolutely did not want that.

However, there was no way he could abandon his own mother!

"Did Irene put you up to this?" he asked, trying to perceive if Irene was hiding with the Jeffersons.

Maybe Henry knows where she is, and she might even be the one who thought this whole thing up!

Nonetheless, Henry replied, "No."

Harvey was doubtful. "Really?"

"Why would I lie to you?" Henry asked in return.

Harvey realized that he was right just then—lying was meaningless

"Have you made up your mind now?" Henry asked just then

Harvey knew right then he had no choice, because he could not abandon his mother.

"Fine. You can have the boy."

“Bring him with you to Jefferson Manor,” Henry said, and rose to his feet, with Moneypenny quickly moving to help him again.

Harvey left soon after Henry did, and told Enrique, “Find out who went to Sunny City and kidnapped my mother.”

“Yes, sir,” Enrique replied.

One way or another, Harvey’s plan—which he spent so much time, money and effort to put together—had now fallen apart.

He was seething, but he had no choice but to exchange hostages with Henry!

He drove to the location where he had hidden Tommy!

## Chapter 206

Harvey had kept Irene’s child at a nursery to avoid attention. He also hired a professional nursemaid to care for the baby.

Having no choice now, he hurried to the nursery, handled the paperwork, and left with Tommy.

Since he was driving, he kept the baby in the backseat—fortunately, Tommy just had some milk and was asleep, or he would be crying if he was awake.

Harvey glanced at the rearview mirror from time to time.

The child was less like Irene than Isaac, and the thought left him aggrieved.

He managed to steal the boy and used him to coerce Irene, only for all his plans to be foiled in an instant!

Even though he did not like the outcome, there was nothing he could do—he could not abandon his mother, and had to exchange hostages with Henry.

The old man’s plan to retaliate at Harvey with a taste of his own medicine was certainly effective, hitting him where it hurts the most in an instant!

Harvey eventually arrived at Jefferson Manor, and carried Tommy himself out of the car.

Henry was seated before a tea table and calmly sipping tea, appearing rather relaxed.

Soon, a servant arrived and informed him, "A Mr. Gooding is asking for you, sir."

Henry remained calm and unaffected. He took another sip of tea, seemingly savoring the aftertaste for a while before finally putting away his cup and telling the servant, "Show him in."

Soon, Harvey entered with Tommy in his arms.

"Bring her in, Timmy." Henry said when he saw the child.

Soon, Harvey's mother was led into the room.

It turned out that Henry and his people never harassed her, and took good care of her after bringing her here.

Seeing that his mother was fine, Harvey said, "Here."

Henry gestured for Moneypenny to take Tommy, while Rosa—Harvey's mother—called out to him in delight.

Henry gestured for Timmy to release her, and Harvey promptly rushed to her side. "Mom, are you alright? Did they hurt you?"

"N—No..." Rosa replied—she did not want her son to worry.

Still, there was no question that she had received a fright, since people she had never met had taken her here.

Harvey turned toward Henry then. "So? Are we even now?"

Henry finally turned toward Harvey, his seemingly turbid gaze suddenly sharp. "I hope you won't try anything funny with Irene ever again."

Harvey chuckled "If I recall, she and your grandson are divorced, and you were the one who finalized the paperwork yourself. Why can't I go woo her when she's single?"

Henry shook her head-Harvey was being such an amateur.

“Do you think you can leave this place if you say no?”

“What, are you reneging on our deal?” Harvey growled, but soon turned to find more men appearing at the doorway.

“Our deal was that I’ll give you your mother when you give me Irene’s child. Didn’t I give her back to you? How am I reneging on our deal?” Henry asked in return.

Harvey was speechless, but he had to bear with it-this was not his territory, and his mother would get worried if he lost control.

“Fine, you’re not reneging—you’re just being out of line.”

“You went out of line first, Harvey Gooding. You abducted an infant to coerce a woman who didn’t love

you to marry you. Do you think what you did is in any way reasonable?” Henry asked sharply then.

Harvey could not offer a retort—everything Henry said was the truth.

“Is that true, Harvey?” Rosa was at once caught in shock and disbelief. “You told me you were getting married soon, and you would show me your bride soon... But you were actually forcing her to marry you?!”

“No!”

Harvey was certainly not going to tell her mother the truth.

She wanted him to marry soon, but he had never met any woman he liked—saved for Irene.

In fact, he seemed to get crazier about her with each passing encounter!

He was earnestly interested in her, and it would also satisfy his grudge against Isaac.

Forced to compromise, he growled, “Fine. I won’t try anything with her ever again.”



"I hope you're a man of your word," Henry said. "Or a man could only get that far in life." With that, Harvey quietly left with his mother.

## Chapter 207

Rosa had no idea what had happened, but she was aware that Jefferson Manor was not the place to talk.

Once inside Harvey's car, she took her son's hand and said, "Tell me. What was all of that about?"

She certainly felt uneasy about all that.

"Look, Harvey—your father left the company to you in its entirety, and I don't know much about business so I can't help much with that. I also know that things can get difficult for you, but even so, you

shouldn't force a woman who doesn't love you to marry you. You would never find happiness that way."

While Rosa was being considerate for her son's sake since he would not find happiness in a marriage where coercion was involved, she was also a woman—she knew that from the perspective of the bride,

being compelled to marry someone she did not love was misfortune too.

"I wish I could have a daughter-in-law who is kind and understanding, but most of all, loves you for who you are. If you love her too, your marriage will last. That's why I've been so worried."

Her advice was heartfelt and sincere, and Harvey certainly understood

That was why he told her that the woman he loved was in Cloud City. He wanted to marry her there before bringing her back to Sunny City, because he was afraid his mother would find out he was coercing Irene into marrying him!

"Do you hear me?" Rosa's tone became more severe as Harvey did not respond, and she gave him a smack!

"Yes, Mom," Harvey replied despite his reluctance.

"I won't urge you to marry, but you have to find a woman so that there is mutual affection in your relationship"

Rosa was certainly a kind mother who was genuinely considerate toward her son

"I know," Harvey said.

"I understand that your father's passing was a huge blow, and you've been indulging yourself with vices for a long while ever since, messing around with all sorts of women and doing outrageous things. I

understand that you did not mean to and was just avoiding grief to keep yourself jaded I saw that you were pessimistic, but you slowly improved—you know that I have high hopes for you, right?"

As she tugged at Harvey's hand, he lowered his gaze and murmured, "I know, Mom Let's get you home."

Rosa nodded "I've been feeling a little ill lately Stay a while with me"

She wanted to keep Harvey with her, so that he did not do anything dangerous.

While their encounter with the Jeffersons proved to just be a near shave, who could tell what would happen next time?

She did not fear for herself—she worried that her son was in danger

"Harvey, you have to keep your father's company standing after he entrusted it to you," Rosa said, telling him to focus on work just then

Harvey replied, "I know"

"Good I don't want to have to worry about you"

"You won't have to

It seemed that he would be staying home to care for his mother for a while, or she would really worry about him.

Bzzt-

His phone started ringing.

It was Enrique, his assistant. "Sir, Moneypenny was the one who took your mother."

Harvey lowered his gaze. "I know."

Back at Jefferson Manor, Henry asked Money Penny to bring Tommy to him after Harvey left, his eyes twinkling when he saw the child. "Don't you think he looks just like Isaac when he was a child?"

"Yes," Money Penny answered with no hesitation.

"It's uncanny!" Henry was basically certain then that Tommy was Isaac's son, and the more he looked, the more he was pleased to see his first great-grandchild.

He was old, and was naturally hopeful to have ankle-biters around him.

"Do we do a paternity test?" Money Penny asked just then—the resemblance to Isaac was striking, and could basically be confirmed from looking.

"Let's do it to avoid any mistakes," Henry replied.

"I will make the arrangements," Money Penny said.

Henry nodded.

Henry headed to the hospital, and had his bodyguard Timmy carry Tommy so that he could have ease of mind, but he also kept a close eye!

They had the results under an hour, with Henry handing Money Penny the report sheet. "Sir, here it is."

Henry took it, and there was no mistaking it this time!

"He really is Isaac's son!"

A man was approaching them, but froze right then, his expression changing in an instant!

He strode towards them regardless, greeting, "Grandfather."

Chapter 208

As Henry looked up, he frowned when he saw that it was Ian. He folded the report sheet and slipped it into his pocket while asking, "Why are you here?"

"Just keeping a friend company..."

Before he could finish, an alluring woman walked up and linked her arm around Ian's, but he quickly pulled his arm away and quietly told her, "Leave."

The woman did not seem to understand and smiled. "Ian

"I told you to leave, didn't I?" His expression turned cold right then.

Finally noticing that he was hostile, she became flustered and hung her head as she left.

"Grandfather..." Ian began.

Henry, however, was watching the woman, and told him solemnly. "You're not a child-you should be getting married, and not surround yourself with unseemly women."

Ian smiled. "Of course, Grandfather—by the way, I just heard that the child is Isaac's"

As he spoke, he glanced at the child in Timmy's arms

Henry stepped between them right then.

"You must be hearing things. Why would Isaac have a child?" he asked, and changed the subject right then. "What were you doing with that woman in the hospital? You know that our family should always

keep our bloodline pure. The mother of your child must be someone of equal social standing"

Ian pursed his lips, but smiled again. "Grandfather"

It was certainly true that he came with that woman as she got checked, but she was not pregnant.

Ian knew very well that his potential partner must be rich or powerful. Even if he liked the woman just now, she was at best entertainment and not marriageable.

He knew the importance of alliances, and he needed his wife's family connections and other resources.

"Fool around all you want, but there is a time to stop. Also, tell your parents not to mess around ever again. -I'm old now, and I won't live that long to protect the three of you-"

“You were the one who handed off everything to Isaac, Grandfather, and you’re now telling us to stop fighting too?” Ian slipped his hands in his pocket, but he was feeling aggrieved despite looking sloppy!

He felt that Henry was playing favorites. They were all Jeffersons, and both of them were his grandsons- why should Isaac be given the entire dynasty?

He was certainly dissatisfied, and convinced that he was capable of what Isaac could do, but Henry refused to give him a chance.

“I have my reasons,” Henry replied. “You can ask your mother if you really want to find out.”

“What’s that supposed to mean?” Ian was smart-he sensed that Henry was clearly telling him that his mother had done something wrong, and Henry had given Isaac everything in recompense.

“I’m leaving now, Ian. I’m really tired.”

With that, Henry walked away with Moneypenny’s help.

“I will walk with you, Grandfather.” Ian went up, and Moneypenny stood aside so that he could hold

Henry’s hand.

Henry could not refuse, and gestured for Timmy to leave with the child first.

As Timmy nodded and left, Ian asked, “Who is that child, Grandfather?”

He had clearly heard Henry say that the child was Isaac’s, and Henry was deliberately sending him away to prevent any contact between them.

After walking Henry to his car, he said, “I have something else to do, Grandfather. I won’t be heading home with you.”

“Okay,” Henry replied.

However, seeing that Ian was heading back inside the hospital, Henry told Moneypenny, “Tell the doctor to keep his mouth shut.”

“Yes, sir.” Moneypenny promptly made the call...

## Chapter 209

In the hospital, the doctor who had just performed the paternity test on Tommy had just put away his phone when he found Ian standing before him.

“Mr. Jeff-”

Before he could finish, Ian had caught his collar. “Cut the crap. Tell me—why did my grandfather come to the hospital today?”

“It’s a routine examination-”

“Do I look like an idiot?” Ian growled with a menacing glare. “Say that again, I dare you”

The doctor was left shaking in his boots.

Henry had pressured him into silence, but the man before him was no pushover either—leaving him treading on thin ice. “I would never dare.”

“So you do think I’m an idiot,” Ian growled. “You think I wouldn’t know? If it’s a routine checkup, why would my grandfather be here at the genealogical department? Also, this hospital has the DNA of every

Jefferson in case of emergencies. The only reason for using that would be for a paternity test for that baby my grandfather brought, no?”

“That’s true, but I hadn’t heard of any paternity test..”

Ian snorted and shoved him aside. “That is Isaac’s child!”

The doctor stumbled backward and slammed into a door, but as he straightened himself, he cried, “I don’t know anything... Please don’t make life harder for lowly people like us...”

Still, he felt as if he had fallen into an abyss!

Ian could already tell—Henry’s evasiveness and the doctor’s silence only pointed to the fact that something fishy was going on.

Did they think they could hide it because they wanted to? Dream on!

He turned and left the hospital, a plan hatching in his mind.

Over at the Light Group office, Isaac Jefferson was working when he received a call from Irene's guards, saying that she was slamming the door and breaking things.

They had to call him because they did not dare to get too close.

Isaac promptly rushed to Rose Garden, and opened the bedroom door to find it a mess. Irene was lying on the ground, still tied up and her hair a mess. Her shirt only covered her from waist up, baring her long legs, and she looked up to glare at him when she sensed someone entering!

Isaac hurried toward her and picked her up off the ground.

Irene bellowed, "Untie me! Let me go!"

Isaac did not, and instead told her, "Calm down."

Irene was speechless, her eyes bloodshot.

"Let me go!" She snarled every word from between her teeth.

She was too agitated, so Isaac had someone administer a sedative, only releasing her when she was calm enough

"Isaac Jefferson!"

She suddenly leapt up at him and grabbed his neck, choking it.

Isaac was surprised by her strength, but simply allowed her to do it, landing on the floor after she slammed into him.

"Are you going to kill me? Do you hate me that much?" he asked as he looked up at her.

Irene kept a vice-like grip over his neck regardless—her madness came from a dream of a beast

running off with Tommy, and she could not catch up even as her soles bled, and she had to watch as the beast ate Tommy...

She was terrified, and had to find Harvey right then.

She must see Tommy safe, or she would die!

"I hate you! I'll kill you right now, but I can't let my child become a murderer's child, or let people tell him that his mother killed his father!"

Isaac's heart skipped a beat, before suddenly pounding with excitement with the surprise. Even as his spirits soared, he exclaimed, "W-What was that? Ouu child is still alive?!"

Chapter 210

Irene appeared to be at a loss.

Pain and helplessness showed in her eyes. "I shouldn't have told you. A cheater like you doesn't deserve

to know."

Isaac held her shoulders. "Are you telling the truth?"

"Why would I lie to you?" Her lips trembled even as she appeared deflated as she straddled him. "I had twins, but the infection from Whitney Cox's amniocentesis meant I would have lost one even if you didn't beat me up. The other is safe-that's why I was hiding for months, to deliver him."

Isaac's heart pounded wildly, his breath and mind a mess right then.

He wanted to raise his hands but could not feel his strength.

"Where's our child?" he rasped.

"Harvey Gooding took him. He was using him to coerce me into marrying him " Irene sobbed

Isaac's surprise and delight disappeared right then!

"What?!" His voice turned cold and his expression was sinister.



“Let me go! I have to look for him-”

Isaac promptly put her on the bed right then. “Debbie will soon come by with your clothing. Leave our child to me.”

With that, he got up and left.

He would find his child!

“Tommy is still very young! Don’t let him get hurt!” Irene called out.

She was worried that Isaac would offend Harvey in his rage, and cause harm to Tommy.

“I know,” Isaac said, and left the room.

He went searching for Harvey without a plan—something he would not have usually done.

Unlike before, he was going in blind, but this was different.

He cared—perhaps too much—and therefore could not think straight.

However, he soon found out that Harvey had returned to Sunny City.

“We’re going right now.”

“What?!” Stan thought he was hearing things. Why was Isaac being so impatient?

Presuming that Isaac missed what he said, he repeated, “Harvey returned to Sunny City... Are you saying that we’re going there right now?”

Isaac gave him a look. “Yes, right now.”

Stan stopped asking questions right then and went to work.

As Isaac and his people rushed to Sunny City in the night, he calmed down considerably in the journal.

realizing that he had no leverage against Harvey to win a negotiation.

If Harvey were to be forced to release his child, he would have to do something drastic... which he did

by abducting Harvey, throwing a sack over his head and beating him up!

Harvey was cursing furiously. "Who the fuck are you people?! Come fight me if you dare—oof!"

He felt a kick in the gut, and curled up in pain!

Still, he snarled when he recovered, "Kick me elsewhere, bastard!"

He was kicked in the gut as soon as he finished, leaving him speechless.

This was too much! Did nobody fight fair these days?!

"Take this sack off if you want a real fight!" Harvey snarled through gritted teeth from the pain in his gut!

"I don't, though," Stan said.

Harvey was speechless again.

Hold on... Was that Stan Hill?!

"Stan Hill?! Let me go!" Harvey bellowed furiously. "Did you go nuts?! I'll kill you!"

Isaac gestured for Stan to take the sack off Harvey's head, and when Stan did so, Harvey's expression

became even more terrible when he saw that Isaac was there too.