

## Runaway 211

### Chapter 211

“Isaac Jefferson?! What is the meaning of this?!” Harvey demanded

“Where is my child?!” Isaac simply asked.

Harvey quickly realized what he was talking about, and frowned. “Ask your grandfather! Why did you even come to me?!”

“Stop bullshitting!” Stan walked up, aiming another kick at him.

Isaac stopped, but his gaze was icy as he looked at Harvey “What do you mean?”

“What do I mean? What else could I mean? Your grandfather took the baby!”

Isaac frowned. His grandfather knew about his child?

He suddenly had a foreboding sensation—his child might have been safer with Harvey than at Jefferson Manor!

After all, Henry had kept protecting his uncle’s family, but if they found out...

He panicked right then, once again unable to stay calm because he cared too much

He whipped out his phone to call Henry right then.

“Look, your grandpa took my mom and demanded the baby in exchange. I wouldn’t have given him up otherwise,” Harvey growled as tried to sit up, but he could not do it since his hands were tied

Turning toward Stan, he snapped, “Aren’t you going to untie me?”

Stan actually felt guilty when he realized that Harvey did not have Isaac’s child He had beat the man up for nothing!

Still, as soon as he untied Harvey, the man promptly jabbed him in the face!

Caught by surprises, Stan was left dizzy and bled from his lip.

“You were the one kicking me, weren’t you?!” Harvey’s face contorted with rage. “Do I look like a pushover?!”

With that, he punched Stan again—who had yet to recover from the first. Harvey was also moving too quickly for him to dodge.

He gritted his teeth in pain and spat blood on the ground, and reached up to wipe the blood off his twitching lips.

He did not retaliate, however, and simply told Harvey, “We’re even now.”

“Even? Do you even remember how many times you kicked me?!” Harvey demanded indignantly.

His belly still hurt right now!

Stan naturally did not remember, not to mention that he was still a little dazed from Harvey’s punches

But he was not about to lie down and take his beating—if Harvey kept this up, he would fight back.

“Do you really think you stand a chance?”

Harvey did not keep arguing, however, and turned toward Isaac instead.

“You abducted Irene, didn’t you?” he asked, and continued before Isaac could deny it. “Wait, don’t bother-

I know what happened, but I won’t fight you for once. I don’t have time for this.”

Rosa, his mother, was keeping a very close eye on him, not to mention that he had been too busy to travel to Cloud City.

Isaac leveled a look of indifference at him for a moment, and said, “Let’s go.”

He had not said a thing, but Harvey knew right then that he had Irene—probably because he did not deny it.

With that, Isaac and his people rushed back to Cloud City as quickly as they left.

The two cities were relatively close, but the traveling still cost them considerable time.

Isaac headed straight to Jefferson Manor once they reached Cloud City.

His clothes were wrinkled because he did not have time to change, but it did not dampen the cold, menacing air around him.

“Grandfather.”

As he entered the front door, he saw that Henry was about to head out.

There was a look of panic in Henry’s eyes when he saw Isaac, and he quickly averted his eyes, as if afraid to look Isaac in the eye.

“Isaac-”

“Where’s the child?” Isaac asked.

Henry frowned.

He was not supposed to know—but here he was, suddenly aware that his child was alive, and questioning Henry.

“I don’t know what you’re talking about...”

Henry tried to lie, even if he did not want to—right now, he must.

“Return my child to me, Grandfather,” Isaac demanded.

Henry appeared insistent on feigning ignorance, so Isaac exposed him right then. “Should I bring Harvey Gooding here to corroborate my story?”

Henry became flustered then. “H—How did you know?”

“Where is the child?” Isaac simply and crudely ignored his question.

Nonetheless, Henry’s evasiveness left Isaac uneasy!

“You lost the child, didn’t you?”

Chapter 212

Henry’s eyes widened in shock, and he asked unsteadily, “H—How did you know?”

Isaac’s expression was as cold as ice. “Who was it?”

“I—I don’t know,” Henry blurted, and reached out to hold his grandson’s arm “Calm down, the child will be fine—”

“When did you find out, Grandfather?” Isaac demanded icily, knocking his hand away right then

Henry was taken aback. “Isaac...”

“Grandfather, you know how my parents died and why I almost drowned. I’ve been restraining myself not because I have forgotten, but because no parent should bury their child You can’t blame me for being heartless if they hurt my child.”

With that, Isaac turned around, leaving the manor and studying outside, instructing Stan as he walked. “I want to know everything happening over there.”

“Yes, sir.” There was a grave look on Stan’s face, but he quickly left to carry out his orders.

“Isaac...” Henry was murmuring back in the manor.

He certainly did not want to see his own family destroying each other while he was still alive

His hand trembled as he asked, “Moneypenny, do you think Ian took the child?”

“Maybe not,” Moneypenny said.

Henry, however, knew—he just did not want to admit it.

“No, it must be him. He saw us when we were carrying out that paternity test on the child at the

hospital, and we never could have hidden from him once he suspected it. He also visited us that night, and the child soon disappeared after—who else could it be but him?”

“You’re overthinking this, sir,” Moneypenny tried to assure him.

Henry wobbled, unable to stand and needing his butler's help.

"I don't think I can protect them now," Henry quietly said.

Money Penny, however, believed that Henry had done all he could "Sir, they have been relentless, and

I've even heard that Quincy Moore tried to kill Master Isaac on the day of his wedding. He did not retaliate, however, because he was being considerate to you."

"While you believed that they would not go that far if you gave them some of Light Group's shares, they

clearly wanted everything. You've been defending them for far too long, and you've also done everything you can to stop Master Isaac from seeking vengeance. The marriage, the bride you chose for him... Things may not have played out ideally, but you've done your best."

\*But now, they deserve whatever is coming to them."

Quincy was the one who started the whole mess, and Henry knew it.

Even so, they were all his family, and it hurt him to lose anyone.

"Sigh.."

"You're not that young now, sir. It is time to let go," Money Penny told him.

It was true—as he aged, Henry's health was a shadow of what it was

"Oh, let them do whatever they want," he sighed, feeling endlessly helpless and lonely just then.

When Irene was released, she was informed that Harvey had returned to Sunny City, and had to wait despite her anxiousness.

She returned to the Spencer Mansion to assure Sheryl she was fine, and found out that Ricky had done what she asked perfectly.

She was relieved to have Ricky keeping an eye on Spencer Holdings, while she placed all attention on

her child.

She returned to Isaac's mansion as well, telling Mrs. Watson to call her immediately when Isaac returned.

In fact, she had been making several trips to Light Group, repeatedly asking if Isaac had returned.

It was during one such trip that she saw Isaac's car, and quickly ran up to it.

"Isaac Jefferson--"

Isaac stopped the car and alighted, but Irene ran straight to his car to look inside.

Finding no sign of Tommy, she frowned and asked, "Where's my baby?"

Isaac appeared nonchalant. "I'm having a friend babysit--"

"What do you mean, babysit?!" Irene had grabbed him by the collar before he could finish.

He was too tall for her to look him in the eye, and had to stand on her toes even if Isaac leaned downward to help. "You're talking about your own baby!"

## Chapter 213

Isaac said, "I know."

"Then why are you leaving Tommy with someone else?!" Irene was utterly confused by his actions. "Are you abandoning him?!"

Tommy?

Isaac's heart clenched at the name.

So, the baby was called Tommy?

"That's his name," he murmured, doing his best to stop himself from rasping!

Irene, however, felt her insides turn cold. She did not care about his question—she just wanted her baby!

"Bring him back, or tell me where your friend lives. I'll take back Tommy—he's mine, and you have no right to leave him with strangers. You're just worried that he'll get in the way between you and Kathy

York, aren't you? Just tell me if you are, and I'll hide Tommy's identity from everyone while you mess around all you want, or get married-

Isaac's expression turned icy.

"Are you done? Then stop. I'll bring Tommy back, just give me a few days-

"No, it has to be right now!" Irene did not want to wait a moment longer.

In reality, Isaac himself was not sure where Tommy was, and did not want to tell Irene so that she did not have to worry—but he underestimated how crazy mothers could get!

"Calm down."

Isaac reached out to pull her toward himself, but she pushed him away "Give me Tommy!"

Isaac actually stumbled, and was left pursing his lips as he watched her

Suddenly, she said, "Wait, are you trying to keep him from me? Is that why you're leaving him with someone else?"

Isaac turned to leave—she was clearly not in her right mind, but Irene simply stopped him as she continued her ramblings "Why are you running? Feeling guilty? So, you want a child but not me as the mother? Is that why you're lying? I'm telling you, Tommy is mine—don't even think about taking him away, or making him call another woman mommy-

H

"Irene Spencer" Isaac snapped severely-she was getting increasingly hysterical

However, she was not about to give in either "What, upset that I'm right about you?"

Closing his eyes to calm himself, Isaac said, "No. The truth is, Tommy is missing—I didn't want to tell you because I know you'd worry But I guess I shouldn't hide it if it means leaving you hysterical."

"Look," he continued earnestly, "I'm as worried as you are, because Tommy is my child too However,

being calm is most important right now if we want to find him. Also, don't keep lumping me with Kathy York – didn't I tell you that there's nothing between us?"

Irene, however, was wobbling even as she stared at him "Tommy is missing?"

Her mind was ringing, and she was unable to listen to anything else he said!

The fact that her child was missing was stuck in her mind.

Was that why she had that nightmare?

"W-Who took him?" she rasped.

Isaac pulled her into his arms and stroked her back to comfort her. "Doesn't matter who it is. I'll find Tommy and bring him back safely."

Irene could not help shaking uncontrollably.

Her eyes welled with tears. "I'm scared. I..."

Isaac assured her, "He'll be fine. Trust me."

She looked up with teardrops caught in her curled eyelashes. "But what if he gets hurt?"

"He won't," Isaac said, wiping her tears.

Bzzt-

His phone suddenly started to ring, and he answered it.

"Yeah?"

Irene's ears pricked up in attention!

Chapter 214

Stan spoke from the other end. "I've checked. Ian Jefferson had been to the manor, where your child was kept. The boy went missing afterward, and it is most likely Ian's doing. Also, Money Penny had mentioned that your grandfather wanted to keep things quiet, but they bumped into Ian when they did a



paternity test

Isaac frowned. "What paternity test?"

"Your grandfather needed to ensure that the boy is your child, and it was proven that he is," Stan replied.

For Isaac's part, he never doubted that the child was his ever since he found out that she had a child—he was the only man Irene had ever been with.

On the other end, Stan hesitated for a while before saying, "Sir, we don't have any leverage against him..."

After all, Henry had disowned Ian and his immediate family to appease Isaac. They were not given anything from the family estate.

Even so, Quincy Moore had used her savings to start a nightclub called 'Charmed' for her son, Ian. It was only because she tried to kill Isaac again that he destroyed it

Right now, their only livelihood was rent on several factories and some shares

"Keep an eye on them constantly, and have them inform me the instant they notice anything. Also,

you're coming back to the office—there's something I need you to do," Isaac said, having come up with a plan. just then.

"Yes, sir," Stan replied.

Isaac had barely hung up when Irene asked impatiently, "Ian Jefferson? Isn't he your cousin? Why would he take Tommy away?"

Irene was aware that Henry had two sons.

The elder was Andrew Jefferson, Isaac's father.

The other was Greg Jeffeson, his uncle.

Irene also knew that Greg and his family were not living at Jefferson Manor, but she was not aware about the blood grudges between them and Isaac.

Naturally, outsiders were not privy to their family squabble, and mentioning it at all hurt the family reputation. Drama like this would inevitably become gossip for everyone else once it leaks out!

“Because Tommy is my son,” Isaac said casually.

Irene became even more confused just then. “But if he’s your cousin and you know he took Tommy, we should just ask-”

“This isn’t the place to talk. Let’s go inside,” he said, putting an arm around Irene’s shoulder.

Irene had calmed considerably, since worrying is meaningless now. Instead, they should find out what was happening, and why it took Tommy.

The first floor of the Light Group headquarters was very spacious. To the right was the front desk, several couches, and a water dispenser. At the center was a corridor leading to the elevators, and Isaac took one with Irene to the top floor.

When they walked past Debbie’s desk, Isaac told his secretary, “Cancel everything on my schedule and get us two coffees.”

Yes, Mr. Jefferson,” Debbie replied.

Isaac kept a hand around Irene’s waist as they headed to his office, and he opened the door. “Go in.”

Irene entered, and he closed the door behind her, freeing his collar and nonchalantly throwing his jacket

on the couch.

Irene had been too anxious to notice before, but she saw the dark circles under his eyes just then.

He had not been sleeping well... Was he worried, too?

Whatever the case might be, Tommy was his child.

“Do you love children, Isaac?” she asked, trying to ascertain his stance on Tommy.

Isaac turned toward her with a thoughtful look, seemingly reading her thoughts right then. “You mean, am I going to acknowledge Tommy as my own?”

Irene pursed her lips, but her silence meant that it was exactly what she thought.

“Of course I would love my own children.” He walked up to her, his expression serious even as he

pulled her by the wrist so that she could sit on the couch. "Irene—when we find Tommy, I'll marry you so that everyone knows you're my wife, and that he's my son."

Irene was actually surprised that he would suddenly say that.

Her heart rippled, as if a boulder had been thrown into a placid lake.

"You want to acknowledge Tommy as your legitimate son?" she asked.

Isaac's eyes were so tender they could melt any woman's heart just then, and he quietly said, "No, I want a family."

And in that family would be the woman he loved and their child.

Irene saw the yearning and hope in his eyes—it was the most vulnerable she had ever seen him.

Chapter 215

"You and me?" Irene exclaimed in surprise. "What about Kathy York?"

She still remembered the indignation when she found out that he was messing around with Kathy

Isaac was speechless. Why was she always capable of ruining the mood in an instant?

"Why do you keep mentioning people who don't matter? I've already told Stan to transfer her somewhere won't see her, and there was nothing between us at all."

He reached out to touch her cheek, but she avoided his touch. "You don't have to explain your affairs to me."

Isaac's hand froze in the air for a moment before he lowered it, and he asked, "You don't want to give our child a family?"

Irene certainly wanted Tommy to have both parents and to grow up in a happy family—it was ideal for the boy's development.

Moreover, she was in love with Isaac.

Perhaps she should win him over, for Tommy's sake? And he was clearly proposing to her too.

She understood now—she should not be running away, and instead should be striving for herself and Tommy!

“I do... Also, why did your cousin take Tommy away?”

“Do you remember the night we first met? That was his mother, Quincy Moore, trying to kill me,” Isaac replied.

He directly used their names, avoiding calling them ‘aunt’ or ‘cousin’ because they did not deserve it.

Knock, knock,

“Come in,” Isaac called out when he heard the knock on the door.

Debbie, his secretary, came in and left again after placing their coffees on the table.

Isaac always took his coffee black. The thick, raw flavor was very bitter, but also invigorating.

Moreover, he had not been resting much over the last two days, and weariness showed on his face.

Irene went behind him on the couch. “I’m a doctor-I can help you with your fatigue.”

As she spoke, she put her fingers on his temples.

Her fingertips were cold and soft, though Isaac stiffened a little at her touch.

“Is this too strong?” she asked as she massaged his temples.

“No,” Isaac rasped—she had great control on her strength, and she moved on to his shoulders and back, relieving him of considerable stress.

“You must have been exhausted,” she said. “Your muscles are very stiff.”

Isaac suddenly took her hand. “Irene...”

Irene was standing behind him, and his face as well as his neck seemed to form a straight line as she looked from above.

She could also see his muscular chest underneath his shirt.

Averting her eyes, she asked, "Will they hurt Tommy?"

Greg Jefferson's family were cold enough to make attempts on Isaac's life. It was clear how much they hated each other, and that in turn made Irene worried for Tommy.

Nonetheless, Isaac held her hand, his thumb brushing gently against her skin. "No, they'll hold him hostage so that I'll give up the family estate. They understand that if he gets hurt, they'd get nothing and I'll definitely take their heads. That's why you can be sure that he'll be fine."

"I'm still worried. It was so difficult for me to bring him to this world, I cannot bear to lose him. I'll promise you anything if you can bring him back safely."

"Including remarrying me?" he asked.

Chapter 216

Right after Isaac said that, he added, "Not for Tommy—but for me, and only me."

He was referring to the bond between them.

"Okay," Irene murmured softly, leaning downward to wrap her arms around his neck from behind, and nestled her cheek against his.

She loved him, after all—she could get upset if he messed around with other women.

She wanted him, not just so that Tommy had a happy family, but for herself too.

That was when Stan returned.

He was in too much of a hurry to knock, and realized that he had been reckless when he entered and found Irene having a tender moment with Isaac.

Still, just as he was about to close the door, Isaac said, "Wait for me at the conference room."

“Yes, sir,” Stan replied, and closed the door behind him.

Irene felt a little embarrassed, and released Isaac just then.

“Are you going to discuss how to save Tommy?” she asked

“Yeah Stay here if you have nothing else to do,” Isaac replied. “I’ll be right back once we’re done talking.” However, Irene was tugging at her own sleeve as she kept her anxiety in check. She must not

cause trouble now because Tommy had been taken away by another Jefferson. Isaac knew his own family well, and would therefore find a better solution

Not imposing was the only thing she could do right now

“Okay You should go. She worked hard to look relaxed, but her heart was still strung up.

As Isaac left, Irene watched him go, and soon the door closed behind him.

She stopped pretending the instant he was out of sight, her face drooping with worry.

She had acted calm because she did not want to burden Isaac

Taking a deep breath to ease her mood, she walked toward the curtain wall, where she could see the city.

It was a bird’s eye view, and one would miss nothing from up there—but she was too distracted to admire

the view

Debbie, Isaac’s secretary, suddenly entered. ‘Mr Jefferson asked me to show you around the office’”

It seems that Isaac was worried that her mind would go astray if she was left alone in his office, so he

told his secretary to take her on a tour around the building

Irene was not familiar with the place either. She would not have cared to learn before, but since taking over Spencer Holdings following her father's passing, she started to learn about business, and

naturally agreed to another opportunity to add to her experience.

Debbie first showed her around the floor they were on, explaining the layout. "There are just three offices on this floor, along with a conference room that could accommodate over a hundred. My own desk is over there, near the lounge

'This is a guest room, where some of the other business owners would meet with Mr Jefferson

As Irene looked, she was left thinking that major enterprises were simply different.

In fact, Isaac's office was already much larger than the conference room at Spencer Holdings. Even the guest room was half the size of that, let alone Light Group's conference room here.

"Let's head downstairs," Debbie said as she pushed the button on the elevator.

Arriving downstairs, she said, "There's three departments here: our PR department, finance department, and a private team of legal advocates. The PR department is naturally to maintain the company's reputation, conduct promotional efforts, and resolve any situation that potentially affects our image. I'm sure I don't have to elaborate about finance, and as for our private legal advocates, they offer legal advice and help handle any legal issues that may arise..."

Irene nodded—Spencer Holdings did not have a private team of legal advocates, just a small financial department.

She went with Debbie to take a look.

Upstairs at the meeting room, Isaac was alone with Stan as the latter reported, "I've found out that Ian has been really close with a woman lately. The reason he ran into your grandfather at the hospital was because he was accompanying the woman for a checkup, something he has never done. She is special to him."

Isaac was leaning against his chair, keeping his hands nonchalantly on the table. His wrinkled shirt was a far cry from his usual prim and proper nature, though it seemed to accentuate his attractiveness as a steamy, intense man instead of taking anything away.

“Where’s she from?”

“She’s just an ordinary girl,” Stan replied. “There’s nobody of note in her family-Ian is basically her sugar daddy.”

Isaac raised a brow. “He still has the money to do that?”

“Greg would. I mean, they’re not penniless, right?” Stan pointed out.

Isaac, however, knew Ian’s personality.

He was prideful and a wastrel-Greg’s wallet would never have been enough to support his spending.

Moreover, he always considered himself special, and would never stoop so low that he would depend entirely on his family.

Isaac suddenly seemed disgruntled even as he looked at Stan. “Were you only looking into his women? Did you

check for other sources of income, especially illegal ones?”

Stan did a double take. “Are you saying that... he has other businesses other than the nightclub we shut down?”

Chapter 217

Isaac appeared solemn. “What else would I be talking about? I want an answer before this evening

With that, he rose to his feet, pausing for a moment when he remembered something “Send me an email -show me what you have on Ian’s sugar baby”

“Yes, sir,” Stan replied

Irene had yet to return when Isaac returned to his office, so he sat down before his desk, turned on his laptop, and checked his email.

After scanning through the dossier Stan sent, he became pensive

It appeared that Ian had not had any affairs with other women for six months after meeting his latest sugar baby

This was certainly rare-Ian’s relationships lasted a month on average, but somehow he was with this one



for six.

He could actually be in love, but there was no telling for certain

Meanwhile, Irene had returned from her tour, and strode in when she saw Isaac, asking. 'Is there a way to save Tommy?'

"Calm down," Isaac said distractedly as he moved the cursor to delete the email, but Irene vaguely saw that it was a dossier on a woman.

"Who is that?" She asked.

Isaac frowned—her eyes were too sharp for her own good 'A woman

"Who?" Irene pressed when Isaac simply held out a hand to her

Irene stared at his palm. The lines on it were distinct, and after a moment of hesitation, she put hers on his, and he firmly held on it, gently tugging so that she walked around his desk toward him.

Then, pulling her by her waist, he made her sit on his lap

Irene was a little uncomfortable since it was a very compromising position, not to mention that they

were in his office. How embarrassing would it be if Debbie or his other employees entered and saw them?

She tried to struggle a little, but Isaac only held on tighter, even leaning in to whisper beside her ear, "Don't move."

He then moved the cursor and clicked on the email. "That is Ian's girlfriend."

Irene turned to look at him. "Are we working on her?"

Isaac shook his head—even if she was special to Ian, there was nothing decisive enough to be used against Ian.

However, he could still send a woman to approach her and get some information in turn.

“She and Ian are close, so I’m just thinking that approaching her might help us find out where they are keeping Tommy for now.”

“I volunteer,” Irene offered.

“No,” Isaac refused right then. “They know you—don’t forget that their family had a hand in getting us married.”

Irene blinked. “But I never met them.”

“Yes, but according to my sources, your father did.”

“My father?” Irene simply presumed that Lionel Spencer had wanted her to marry Isaac for his wealth

and connection, and was certainly unaware that Ian had a hand in the matter.

In truth, even Isaac had no idea that Lionel had a deal with Ian’s family, but Stan looked into the matter and found out that they made contact—even though Lionel had passed away since.

“That doesn’t matter now,” he said as he tightened his embrace on her. “I’m thankful that they brought you

to me.”

Irene flushed—though Isaac’s words were not cringeworthy, she still felt a little embarrassed...

And a little happy, too.

Was he saying that he loved her?

He had said as much before as well...

Shaking her head to clear her mind, she decided that her priority was to save Tommy.

Suddenly feeling inspired, she said, “Ian’s family knows me, but not this woman, so I could still

approach her. I just have to avoid meeting Ian and they won’t realize that I’m there—also, I have to do something because Tommy has been taken from us, right?”

When Isaac did not give a nod, she tugged at his collar, cajoling him, "Please?"

Her voice was hardly coquettish and her tugging almost stiff.

Despite her lack of charm, however, it simply worked on Isaac!

Her willingness to act cute around him was enough.

"Fine."

And with that, they headed out!

Chapter 218

Just as Isaac was about to get up, however, Irene moved the cursor and said, "Wait—let's get prepared as much as we can before we get started."

As she read through the dossier on Ian's sugar baby, Isaac watched her from the side, smiling faintly as he admired her prudence.

And after she was done, Irene said, "This might not be as hard as I thought."

"How so?" he asked.

"Look here—she's a dance judge," Irene pointed out "I happen to know some dancing, and that counts as a conversation starter, I guess?"

Isaac's eyes twinkled as he watched her.

Indeed, Irene was quite versatile, having learned the piano, painting, dance, and medicine.

"Wait, I think my friend might know here," Irene suddenly said as a person came to mind

She took out her phone and took a photo of the woman, while pulling Isaac along "Do you remember Mark Wickers? From Dorime Pharmaceuticals?"

Isaac followed as he replied, "I do. We're still partners

Irene appeared a little excited just then "His wife has a dance academy, and most students there are

involved in competitions. They might be acquainted”

Fortunately, Ms. Lang had not forgotten about Irene.

“Why the sudden visit? It had certainly been a while.”

When Irene arrived at her dance studio, she warmly invited her to her office, complaining a little as she poured her a glass of water

“That’s true,” Irene explained “But I’ve been busy, and I haven’t forgotten about you”

“Here.” Ms. Lang smiled as she handed her the glass of water.

Irene took it and placed it on the table, and took out the phone to show Ms. Lang. “Do you know this person?”

Ms. Lang got a good look and asked, “I do. Her name is Robin Lynd.”

Irene became a little thrilled just then. “Are you close?”

Ms. Lang shook her head, “We do meet often at competitions, but never spoke much privately.”

Since Ms. Lang had many students who took part in competitions to be graded, she and Robin were more

than simple acquaintances now.

“I’d like to meet her. Would you mind introducing us? Also, would you happen to know her interests?” Irene pressed, wanting to know more right then.

“I heard that she’s very interested in theater,” Ms. Lang replied, staring at Irene just then. “Why’d you ask?”

Irene smiled. “Just trying to make new friends.”

Still, Ms. Lang was smart enough to tell that it was not that simple-but she would not ask if Irene did not want to tell her.

“How about dinner together? That’d be easier for introductions.”

Irene, however, thought that it would sound like a deliberate setup-a chance meeting as colleagues would be more suitable and less suspicious.

Ms. Lang saw that she was concerned, and said, “Or perhaps you could play courier, and deliver the list of entrants from my academy to the judge committee?”

Irene’s eyes lit up. “That’s good.”

Ms. Lang smiled, picked up the compiled list from her desk, and handed it to her. “I’m counting on you.”

Knowing that Ms. Lang was going the extra mile to help her, she said, “I owe you one.”

“Now, now—I still remember that you helped me before,” Ms. Lang said.

“Alright.” Irene grinned. “I will be going now.”

Ms. Lang could see that Irene was in a hurry, and so did not try to stop her. “Okay. Also, the judge committee will provide certifications after the submission of the list. You don’t have to come back to deliver it if you’re too busy, though.”

Irene was certainly grateful that Ms. Lang was so thoughtful. “I am busy-let’s have dinner together some day, my treat.”

“Of course.” Ms. Lang grinned.

With the list of entrants in hand, Irene left the academy.

Isaac was waiting in his car outside, but Irene did not get in.

Standing outside, she told him, “I need to head to the community arts center. I can take a taxi if you’re busy.”

Isaac said, "Get in. I'll drive you there."

He was busy, but he would always have time to drive her around.

Irene did so, and put on her seatbelt....

Chapter 219

Isaac asked, "Can you do this?"

"Don't worry I won't cause trouble," Irene said confidently. "I won't endanger myself even though I want to save Tommy. Moreover, I don't think anyone would notice someone like me."

She was basically telling Isaac not to worry since she would be fine.

Isaac certainly knew that she was smart, but she was still a woman—she would not win in the face of brutes who could not be reasoned with.

"Don't be reckless."

"Yeah," she replied.

With that, the car turned silent and neither spoke.

Irene wanted to speak, but could not put any words together.

Soon, they were at the community arts center.

"Drive safe," she said as she alighted.

Isaac watched her for a moment, and said, "Okay"

After Irene entered the building, she was at a loss on where to go. She asked the front desk, and they showed her where she should go to hand over the list.

Luckily for Irene, Robin Lynd was on duty, and sitting in front of a computer.

Knocking the door to draw her attention, Irene explained, "Hello. I'm here to submit a list of entrants for a dance competition?"

“You can give it to me,” Robin replied

—

She did not have makeup on a far cry from her appearance at the hospital.

As a matter of fact, she had just wrapped up a stage act that day, and did not have time to clean off all

the makeup from her face. Ian had just found out that she had not been taking her morning after pills, and told her to get checked in case of a pregnancy.

Irene passed her the list, but before she could speak, Robin’s phone started to ring.

Robin picked it up and started to head outside. Seeing that Irene was still there, she said, “You may go now—just leave the list with me.”

With that, she headed for the nearest stairs.

Irene pretended to leave, but tiptoed behind Robin toward the stairs as well.

Robin was heading downstairs as she spoke over the phone, and eventually reached the back door, where she found Ian waiting by a flower patio.

Irene hid behind the door and watched them—it was her first time seeing Ian.

“Ian? What brought you here?” She smiled as she walked up to him, clearly happy to see him.

“I’m breaking up with you,” Ian said shortly.

Robin was caught off guard right then, and her mind seemed to blank out while her body suddenly turned

cold

“Why? I’m not pregnant! Why are you breaking up with me?” she cried.

Ian had told her that he did not like children, and Robin was certainly compliant as she did not want

children too—she would like to spend a few more years with him before any of that, at least.

However, she did not understand that it was not as if Ian hated children—he forbade her from getting pregnant because she was not fit to be his wife!

It was a hassle to explain, so he went with the simple explanation that he hated children.

Robin was just naive enough to believe him.

“Nothing much. I’m just sick of you now,” Ian said coolly.

Robin was earnestly in love with him, and begged, “Please, Ian. I’ll do anything you say—”

“I hate clingy women,” Ian growled and started toward the car he parked by the road.

Robin quickly ran up, grabbing his arm and sobbing. “Please, Ian! Was it something I did? You just have to tell me—please don’t do this to me.”

Ian shook her off impatiently. “I said, I hate clingy women. Don’t you understand?”

“Ian...”

Robin tried to reach him again, so Ian started to be a little more forceful as he shoved her away, knocking her to the ground.

Tears welled in her eyes as she looked up. “Are you really breaking up with me?”

“Yes,” Ian said coolly. As he headed for his car, he got a call.

“You found one? Is she reliable? Are you sure she’s delivered a child before?”

The word ‘child’ naturally caught Irene’s attention!

Chapter 220

Irene wondered to herself if Ian was talking about Tommy just then, but she was too far to hear what he was saying clearly—she just happened to be able to catch him saying ‘child.’

Ian was still standing before his car, speaking to someone on the other end. “Bring her to me I want to



meet her.”

He was looking for a woman who had recently given birth because Tommy had been crying terribly and refusing to drink formula milk. After reading various articles online, Ian concluded that the boy wanted

breastmilk, which was why he was looking for a woman who was lactating and could feed Tommy, so that the boy would stop crying.

In truth, Tommy was crying because the formula milk Ian was feeding him was from another brand. The change in flavor did not suit him, but he would have kept feeding if he was fed the original brand.

Ian, however, did not know that.

As he hung up and got in his car, he glanced at Robin, who was still standing nearby and sighed. He wanted to show concern, but was afraid that would give her hope, and so had to cruelly drive off, leaving her there.

Meanwhile, Irene was flustered

Was Ian talking about her child? Was Ian going to check on Tommy now?

However, there was no way she could chase after a car on foot.

Taking a snapshot of Ian’s car plate, she sent it to Isaac, captioning it [Can you look for this car? It’s Ian Jefferson’s, and I think he’s going to see Tommy.]

Isaac was speaking with Stan in his own office at the Light Group headquarters when his phone rang. He picked up and raised a brow when he saw the text from Irene, and replied. [Got it.]

“What is it?” Stan asked.

Isaac stared at him in silence—he had told him to keep track of Greg Jefferson’s family, even their maids, so that they did not miss a thing.

One of their people reported that Ian was looking for women who recently delivered babies, and Isaac had no idea why at first.

Somehow, Irene’s text gave him a spark of inspiration—Ian’s search must have something to do with

Tommy.

“Tell your people to keep a close eye on Ian,” he said.

“Yes, sir,” Stan replied

Meanwhile, Irene walked up to Robin and told her, “You’re bleeding. Let me help you.”

Feeling as if someone had been peeking at her vulnerable moment, Robin promptly wiped the tears on her face and refused her coolly. “It’s fine.”

“Look, I didn’t mean to spy on you, and I’m not laughing either. I’m a doctor—I’m sure I can help you,” Irene said evenly, without being particularly sympathetic or eager to please.

She just wanted to help, and started to leave since she was refused. “Well, since you don’t need me, I’m going.”

Robin felt too awkward to call out to her, and started to limp toward the stairs. Still, she was too

distracted and sprained her foot. “Ouch!”

Irene returned to her and helped her to her feet. “Sorry, force of habit.”

Robin pursed her lips. “Thank you—I was being mean, please don’t hold it against me.”

It was natural for her to lose composure, since she was just dumped and her mood was certainly unpleasant, and Irene understood that.

There was a first aid kit in Robin’s office, and Irene helped her with a simple bandage over the scrape on her knee.

Seeing that she worked with deft precision and experience, Robin exclaimed, “Wait, you really are a doctor?”

Irene chuckled. “Of course. Would you like my credentials?”

“If

you are, why would you be delivering Ms. Lang’s list of entrants? It should be her or maybe one of her fellow instructors—I don’t recall meeting you before either.”

Robin appeared even more curious just then. Why would a doctor show up at a community arts center?

"I'm just helping out," Irene replied without hesitation. "Ms. Lang is busy, so she had to ask me." Robin nodded.