

## Runaway 231

### Chapter 231

The doctor almost jumped in shock from Isaac's glare, and asked gingerly, "There's formula milk available over at the pediatrics. Why don't we go there?"

Irene nodded.

However, Tommy refused to drink the formula milk from the hospital. He was bawling so hard, he was almost

rasping.

Realizing that it could be the issue of the formula milk, Irene was forced to take him home to the Spencer

mansion.

"Is he sick?"

Beside himself with worry, Isaac was absolutely on edge on the journey. He kept urging Jimmy the chauffeur to

drive faster.

That put Jimmy on edge as well, but he did his best on the congested road, all the while driving as safely as he could.

It was after quite a while when they reached the Spencer Mansion. Sheryl was nowhere to be seen, while Ricky was

at work.

Once inside, Irene handed Tommy to Isaac. "I'm going to heat some milk for Tommy."

Tommy must be crying so much because he was hungry, and Irene was too anxious to care if Isaac knew how to

hold a baby or not.

And Isaac certainly did not—this was his first time doing so, and he stayed frozen, afraid to move even an inch. As he looked at the soft, tiny child in his arms, he felt that his heart could melt at any second.

This was his baby! His heart was screaming in his chest, constantly reminding himself of that fact.

Irene prepared milk for Tommy and returned to them, only to find Isaac staying motionless. He clearly had no experience in holding a child, but was still exceedingly careful with the baby.

It was obvious Isaac cared and loved the child. Suddenly, Irene was suddenly internally at the very least, Isaac acknowledged Tommy and loved him.

That was good for both herself and the child.

Walking up to them, Irene said quietly, “You can give him to me now. I have to feed him.

Isaac did not, however. Instead, he asked, “Can I feed him?”

Irene passed the bottle to him. “You should sit first.”

Despite the request, Isaac was clearly nervous—there was a vein bulging over his temple, and Irene couldn’t bear to look at it. Thus, she took Tommy from Isaac and ended up feeding the baby herself.

“You’re not used to it. You’ll be after some practice.”

“Yeah, okay.” Isaac sighed.

Tommy finally stopped crying as he finally had his preferred brand of formula milk. However, his eyes and cheeks had turned red and puffy from all the crying, and he was still sobbing a little.

Having been starved for too long, he wolfed the milk he had desperately craved for and ended up drinking too much. Irene had to give him gentle back rubs as he started spitting milk.

“What’s wrong? Why is he vomiting?” Isaac asked

nervously.

“It’s nothing,” Irene replied. It was normal for babies to

do that.

Eventually, Tommy appeared comfortable, if not a little drowsy. Irene took him to the bathroom. “He needs a bath.”

“I’ll help,” Isaac said without hesitation.

Irene stared at Isaac—he had always appeared so lofty, as if he was above everything. Yet at this very

moment, he looked just like an ordinary father from an ordinary family.

She smiled. “Okay. You can help me prepare a bath...”

However, Isaac barely stepped inside when his cell phone started ringing again.

Irene frowned immediately. “You should go. I can handle

this.”

Isaac wrinkled his brow, unhappy that he was called repeatedly he had just met his child, and he didn’t want to part so quickly.

He wanted to look at Tommy more!

“I’ll be right back.”

Irene smiled. “Okay.”

Once Isaac left the Spencer Mansion, the gentle look on his face was quickly replaced by an expression of ice.

Getting into his car, he told Jimmy to drive him to Jefferson Manor.

Money Penny was already waiting outside the front door for him. Once he saw Isaac alighting from his car, he walked up and greeted him. “Master Isaac...”

Isaac remained impassive. As he walked, he asked, "Why did he call me here so eagerly?"

"I'm not sure, sir." Moneypenny smiled, but he wouldn't

have told Isaac even if he knew.

As Isaac strode into Henry's study, he found the old man

sitting in front of the chessboard. When Henry saw Isaac, he put down the chess piece he was holding.

"I heard the cops were involved with Ian?" he asked, but his tone was damning.

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Isaac stood, tall and towering.

"Yes," he replied, having no intention of apologizing.

Henry scowled -being advanced in age, he cared much about kinship.

However, he cared about the family's reputation more.

He had given all of the family's estate to Isaac to appease the latter, but in actual truth, his chief interest was

maintaining their reputation.

What happens in the family should stay in the family—he had been constantly worried that Isaac would expose the family's dirty deeds to the public's attention.

He rarely tried to throw the weight of his seniority onto Isaac, but now, he asked, "Do you understand what you've done?"

It was a rare instance, but Isaac pursed his lips coldly and growled in dissatisfaction; it came from the bottom of his heart. "Grandfather, you knew Ian took my child and my woman, but you didn't tell me. I

was going to ask you why. Do you agree with his actions, or were you a part of

it?"

Henry was stunned. “H—How did you know?!”

Henry thought that he had kept things discreet—only Moneypenny knew.

As he turned to throw a sharp look at his butler, Moneypenny quickly defended himself, sputtering, “No, sir! I hadn’t breathed a word…”

“How did you think I found the ship, grandfather?” Isaac asked, his gaze turning icy. “I saw you returning to Southport with my own eyes, and I simply retraced your footsteps.”

Isaac took a seat on the chair, leaning back as he folded his legs nonchalantly, “So, Grandfather. Tell me, what were you thinking?”

“I was going to tell you, but you found them—”

“Really? Can’t even give me a phone call?”

Clearly, Isaac doubted Henry’s words. If he had any intention to help Irene and Tommy, he would have demanded that Ian release them.

Moreover, Henry could have called Isaac about Ian.

holding his family hostage. Yet, Henry decided it was

more important to rebuke him instead.

Naturally, all this wouldn’t make sense unless Henry

tolerated the actions of Greg’s family. Now that Isaac’s child and beloved woman were involved, Isaac

knew he wouldn’t be a man if he did nothing about it.

“Ian should take responsibility for his own actions,” Isaac declared resolutely, rising to his feet.

“Are you ruining the family’s reputation over a child and a woman?” Henry could not accept that attitude. Isaac was allowed to care about his family, but he should not tarnish the Jefferson family’s reputation!

Were they going to lose all semblance of dignity now that Henry had grown so old?

“Reputation? All of that was gone when my parents were killed,” Isaac said, finding it ironic even as he turned to

leave.

For a long time, he had been repressing his hatred

towards Greg’s family and respected Henry as an elder.

Henry’s behavior today, however, left him disenchanted.

“Are you turning against me?” Henry asked in shock.

“I’m not, but you’re clearly siding with your son,” Isaac

replied icily, just like how he found this so-called family

now.

As Henry was left stunned, Isaac strode out of Jefferson Manor. He paused for seconds at the doorway before continuing to his car without looking back.

His only attachment to that family was Henry, now, and it had vaporized completely.

“Where to, sir?” Jimmy the chauffeur asked softly.

Isaac stared outside the window, his cold expression holding no emotion for a while. Finally, his emotions resurfaced when he remembered someone else.

“The Spencer Mansion.”

“Yes, sir.”

After they arrived, Isaac alighted from the car and said, “You can go. Just leave the keys here.”

“Of course, sir.” The chauffeur did as he was told, and Isaac headed inside after getting the keys.

The living room was quiet, and no one was in sight.

Seeing that Irene was not around, Isaac frowned. Did they

leave?

Still, he thought it unlikely since Irene had just recovered her child. Thus, he looked through every room.

Eventually arriving upstairs, he opened a door and found Irene, laying beside Tommy and gently patting his belly to coax him to sleep.

Isaac entered quietly, but Irene turned and saw him

anyway. Pulling a small blanket over Tommy, she sat on the edge of the bed and asked, "Why did Henry call you home?"

"Nothing much," Isaac replied.

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Irene raised a brow, clearly doubting Isaac's words.

Henry wouldn't call him twice if it was 'nothing'.

Still, she knew shouldn't ask if he did not want to tell.

"Don't you have work?"

"No."

He walked up to her and wrapped his arms around her, and tightened his embrace when she tried to struggle.

"Don't. Let me hold you for a moment—that's all I ask."

Irene stopped struggling, her heart skipping a beat.

She was still sitting on the bed even as he held her, and

her face was against his waist.

She could sense that he was dispirited for some reason, and couldn't help wrapping her arms around

his waist. Concerned, she asked, "What's wrong?"

Isaac said nothing, but he was brushing his fingers over her hair. There was only warmth in his heart when he held her, and he felt like he was actually standing on solid

ground.

"I'm so thankful you were the one that night," he suddenly said softly.

Irene, however, stiffened. This was the first time they spoke about it after that revelation.

She actually felt awkward and embarrassed.

"Hey..."

"Weren't you afraid?" he asked.

Irene lowered her gaze—there was no way she wasn't

afraid at the time.

However, she could tell that Isaac was no villain from the fact that he held a blade, but did not harm her. Therefore,

she decided to help him.

"Why didn't you push me away?" he asked again.

Knowing that he was referring to their intimacy, the most indulgent moment in her life, Irene actually found no

regret at all.

In fact, she actually felt regret when she realized she had

fallen for him.

She just didn't know that he was the man she had been

with. Somehow, what she once thought was a mistake turned out not to be one at all.

It was clearly a rebellious act—a gesture of dissatisfaction she made against Lionel's threat.



However, she didn't tell Isaac that. Instead, she smiled at him. "Because I get to make you a cuck."

Isaac grinned in return. "Do you really hate me that much?"

"Yeah." She nodded as hard as she could.

Isaac lifted her chin, and as she was forced to look up. Their eyes met mid-air.

He somehow felt like he knew her crystalline, watery gaze -as if he had met her before. Yet, he was unable to

remember.

"What's in your mind?" Irene asked.

Isaac came to his senses, but said nothing. His fingers brushed against her cheeks, and then her ear, which left her blushing and heating up a little.

As he slowly leaned downwards, Irene seemed to sense a tenderness she didn't usually see against the warm glow

overhead.

His eyes sparkling like the stars in the night, Isaac said, " I want to kiss you."

His searing lips met hers as he spoke.

Irene did not dodge him. She answered him, accepting

him.

As she raised her hand, she inadvertently knocked on the photo frame on the bedside drawer.

It landed with a loud clatter, interrupting them.

Isaac looked at it and asked, "What's that?"

"A photo of me as a child," Irene replied.

Isaac's interest was piqued. "May I have a look?"

“Sure.” Irene picked it up and passed it to him.

When Isaac took it and saw the person on it, his brow visibly creased.

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Isaac asked, “Is this a photo of you?”

Irene nodded firmly. “Yeah... When I was around seven, if

I remember correctly.”

Isaac couldn’t help laughing at that.

Irene scowled, feeling like she was being mocked. “What’s so funny?”

Isaac passed her the photo. “Are you sure this is you?”

Irene was left speechless the instant she saw it. Tommy was in the photo, not her.

“My mom must’ve changed it,” she explained.

It had to be Sheryl. No one else would do it!

Isaac’s gaze followed the photo as Irene put it on the drawer again. “Come back to the mansion with me, Irene.

“Okay,” she replied after a brief hesitation.

Footsteps could soon be heard, and they could hear

Sheryl calling out, “Irene? Are you home?”

Irene promptly got to her feet—she felt a little guilty, perhaps because Isaac was in the room with her.

Even though there was no reason to feel guilty...

“Mom,” Irene called out.

Hearing her voice, Sheryl arrived at the door, asking, “Have you found Tommy?”

Sheryl was surprised to see Isaac there. Immediately, a scowl crossed her face. "Why are you here?"

From her perspective, Isaac was as irresponsible as he was cold.

How much trouble had Irene gone through to give her a son? And yet, what did he do in return?

"Waaaah..."

Suddenly, Tommy burst into tears.

"Oh! Tommy's back?" Sheryl glanced at the bed when she heard his cry, and ran up to him without a care in the world.

She was naturally sentimental about the baby, since she had been caring for him ever since she was born. When he was abducted, she lost a lot of weight as she could neither sleep nor eat well.

Scooping up Tommy in her arms, she breathed, "Oh, sweet boy..."

One moment, she was looking joyfully at the infant, poking his cheek. However, her expression suddenly cooled and she snarled through her teeth, "He lost weight ... Harvey Gooding, that animal!"

"Mom." Irene prodded Sheryl—there was someone else

with them.

Sheryl, however, did not care. Let Isaac watch as much as he wanted! Impression didn't matter when she was so worried that her grandchild might die!

For his part, Isaac felt that Sheryl was against him.

He wanted to defend himself, but was unsure of what to say—he was not used to explanations, because

he never

had to.

However, he felt like he had to explain himself to Sheryl, since she had been taking care of Tommy all this while.

Sheryl was also Irene's mother. He must respect her and be mindful of what she thought of him.

Irene could tell what he was thinking, and so said, "Let's head downstairs. You still have things to do, right?"

Then, she moved to link arms with him; a sign to Sheryl

that they had made up.

Though Isaac still appeared hesitant, Irene said, "I'll talk to Mom later."

Isaac finally conceded and followed her downstairs. As he walked with her to the door, Irene said, "My mom's

going to need time to accept you. I mean, she knows we didn't marry for love, and there was so much that happened. She must be upset with you, since I had to deliver Tommy in secret."

As Isaac stayed silent, she continued, "She has no idea about us, since we don't know each other. I had no idea Tommy was yours, so I went into hiding to give birth. She still thought that you were cruel to me. Could you not hold it against her if she's a little...prejudiced?"

Isaac certainly would not—he actually felt gratitude towards Sheryl for caring for his child.

"Why aren't you saying anything?" Irene thought that Isaac couldn't accept that, and promptly pulled away from him. She snapped, "My mom didn't know! Why are you getting so petty? I explained everything!"

Isaac smiled, amused at the sight of Irene's pouting,

indignant expression. "Are you angry?"

'What do you think?!'

Irene wanted to bellow at him, but instead turned to leave.

Isaac caught her by her wrist and said, "I'm not angry. I'm grateful for everything you and your mother have done."

As Irene turned towards him, Isaac tugged at her and said, "Come to my office. Stan might be done by now."

Irene was certainly reluctant—she hadn't spent much time with Tommy ever since she brought him to this world, and she wanted to do just that since she had nothing else to do now.

"No."

"I'll have Jimmy drive you home soon," Isaac said, ignoring her. He dragged her to his car and stuffed her inside, leaving Irene speechless.

## Chapter 235

Irene was at a loss for words—why did she have to go to Isaac's office with him?

"How could you be so childish?" She was at once tired and amused.

Somehow, a man as indomitable as him could be adorable

Although the journey was quiet as they headed to Sky Group's headquarters, the mood between them was relaxed, even a little sweet—as if they were dating.

Arriving downstairs, Isaac parked the car and said, "Come on. Let's get you a drink since you're here anyway.

Irene was speechless.

She could tell what he was going to say later: you already had a drink, so just stay and we could leave work together

later.

He couldn't get more childish than that, but Irene felt a little happy inside at the thought of how clingy he was

being.

Taking the elevator straight to his office on the top floor,

Isaac told Debbie the secretary as they walked past her

desk, "Two coffees, please."

"I can get them." Irene smiled. "How do you take yours?"

Debbie butted in, saying, "Dark."

Isaac gave Debbie a cool look, and she promptly lowered

her gaze.

"I didn't know that before," Irene said, as if jealous.

Isaac's lips quickly curled up in a smile—he liked it when

she cared.

Irene's eyes met his, and she quickly turned away. "I'll

make our coffee."

Debbie had shown Irene around the floor, so she knew

where the lounge was.

After Irene brewed their coffee, however, she saw Kathy

at the doorway.

Stan had demoted Kathy to a low-level administration personnel at one of the branch companies, and

employees of her rank weren't supposed to enter the offices of executive personnel. However, Kathy was here. again because of Isaac. It was only natural since she did everything she could just to stay in Sky Group—as long as

she was still around, she had a chance.

In order to make him fall for her, she even brought the silver crucifix. It was the reason Isaac allowed

her to stay in his company before. She was planning to make Isaac allow her to transfer back to headquarters, so that she

could see him more.

Be that as it may, she immediately became wary when she saw Irene, and promptly hid the silver crucifix underneath her blouse. “Why are you here?”

Irene reared her chin at Kathy. “Why can't I be here?”

“What...?” Kathy's face dropped. “Get out of here!”

Irene wouldn't have bothered with her before, but things were different now—she wanted a family for Tommy and wanted to seize her beloved Isaac. Therefore, there was no way she could abide with another woman who wanted

Isaac as well.

“Sorry, but my husband told me to come. Now, if you'd

excuse me...”

Calling ‘husband’ was naturally a provocation to Kathy- unsurprisingly, she was infuriated and promptly raised a hand against Irene. “You stinking bitch! He already divorce you know your place!”

Kathy's reaction was exactly what Irene wanted.

Just as Kathy was about to reach Irene, Irene suddenly turned away and dropped to the floor, splashing her coffee on herself.

Kathy was dumbfounded —how did Irene fall before she reached Irene?

For Irene's part, she made sure that the coffee wasn't hot before falling—though her skin was reddened and she felt slightly burned.

At the same time, the loud shattering of the coffee mugs alerted Isaac from his office.

When he stepped out, he found Irene sitting on the ground drenched miserably in coffee, frowning at the stains on the face and her blouse, which was sticking to her lingerie due to the wetness.

"What happened here?" he asked as he held out a hand to her.

Irene beat Kathy to it. "I sprained my foot. It has nothing to do with Miss York."

There was an edge to her words—despite sounding like she was defending Kathy, she virtually stopped short of

saying that Kathy did it.

As she looked up at Isaac's palm, she gently put hers on his. He held it, pulling her up to his arms.

Kathy was livid, but tried to explain, "I didn't touch her."

Irene knew she shouldn't say a word, and simply pressed herself against Isaac's chest. She asked gingerly, "Should I go?"

Isaac turned to glare at Kathy and snapped angrily, "Who let you in here?!"

Chapter 236

Kathy was stunned. While she did come here on her own volition, she never expected to run into Irene here.

Even so, she did not lay a finger on Irene!

"I—"

Isaac didn't bother to listen to Kathy. "Debbie, see her



out.”

“Yes, Mr. Jefferson.”

Debbie the secretary stepped in front of Kathy right then and gestured, “Please.”

Kathy tried to explain. “I didn’t touch her!”

Isaac simply ignored Kathy and turned away with Irene. still in his arms, though he soon paused. “If this happens. again, you won’t be working for this company anymore.”

Kathy felt a chill running down her spine.

She had done so much, yet Isaac still had no interest in

her.

Plus, Irene’s provocation actually worked?

Isaac himself had chased Irene away from his mansion! How did that woman return and seduce him? What tricks did Irene use to make him favor her so much?

Kathy was absolutely livid!

As Isaac returned inside his office with Irene, he picked up some tissues and helped her wipe the coffee stains on her. “You could tell me if you don’t like her, and I’ll chase her out. What if you burned yourself?”

Irene looked up then, her pupils dilating in disbelief.” What are you talking about?”

“There are cameras everywhere in this building,” Isaac replied. “I checked out the footage once I heard the commotion.”

He had seen that Kathy didn’t lay a finger on Irene, while Irene was doing everything she could to provoke her- Kathy was just stupid enough to fall for it.

“Also...” His lips curled up with indescribable delight. “I liked it when you called me husband.”

Irene was speechless with embarrassment.

“Actually, I...”

She tried to explain, but Isaac put a finger on her lips. Shush. I like it when you do that.”

She was being mean to another woman for him, and it pleased him to see that.

Irene looked at him. “I want a family for Tommy.”

Isaac’s smile stiffened and slowly faded—she did that for their son?

Not because she loved him?

“Irene,” he said quietly—had he not been clear about his own feelings? Or maybe she had a heart of stone?

Noticing that he was upset, Irene asked tentatively, What’s wrong? Are you upset?”

Isaac didn’t answer, and instead pulled her to himself so that she was leaning completely against him!

With just the fabric of their clothing between them, Irene actually felt his scalding warmth.

Suddenly feeling a dryness in her throat, she couldn’t help gulping as her heart pounded.

Putting both hands against his chest, she whispered, ”

You’re holding me too tight. I can’t breathe...”

Isaac didn’t stop despite her words, and instead tightened

his hold—Irene had to stand on her toes to be able to

breathe.

Their dank, warm breaths were tangled, swirling around

each other.

“Can’t you fall for me?” Isaac asked quietly.

“I can,” Irene answered quickly, inadvertently telling him her truest thoughts.

Pursing her lips, she said, “I... No, I mean, I want to stay with you, not just because you’re Tommy’s father, but... because I have feelings for you too.”

“Really?” Her answer left him overjoyed.

She had feelings for him... Did that mean she loved him?

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At once, Irene was hit with a wave of awkwardness and embarrassment.

“Yes, I love you,” she admitted grumpily as she struggled against his hold. “Can you let go of me now?”

Isaac chuckled. “Nope.”

“You’re going to smother me if you keep holding me like this,” she complained.

“I would never,” he said quietly, and kissed her on her forehead.

His kiss was as gentle as a summer breeze, tugging at one’s heartstrings.

Irene felt her heart skip a beat, and leaned against his chest.

He was the first man whom she fell for—they were two individuals who would never have crossed paths, yet events brought them together almost by force.

Perhaps this was their destiny...

Bzzt-

Isaac’s cell phone on his desk began to ring, and Irene pulled away from his arms, saying, “Your phone is ringing.”

Isaac heard it but did not take it, so she picked it up instead. Seeing that Stan was calling, she said, "It's Stan. Something must be up."

Isaac finally answered, and Stan quickly told him, "Take a look at the news, sir."

Isaac turned on the big screen on the wall he used for video conferences.

It turns out that the media was now aware of Ian's casino ship, and every channel was reporting about it—they were all now setting their crosshairs on the Jeffersons due to Ian's involvement.

They were certainly saying anything they wanted, but most of it was harsh criticism—that the Jeffersons had plenty of money, yet would still take up such illegal

activities that harms families and societies, and would

suffer retribution for it.

Isaac raised a brow. "What happened?"

He only called the cops, not the media—how did the media find out?

"Someone talked. Everyone knows about the casino ship,

" Stan replied.

"Someone talked?" Isaac became pensive.

Ian would never dig a hole for himself by revealing his own crimes, so who could it be?

Harvey Gooding, perhaps?

"Check if Harvey's on the move recently," Isaac said.

"Alright, but this is huge. I think your grandfather would be upset if he finds out," Stan pointed out, aware how much Henry cared about reputation.

The casino ship would disgrace the Jeffersons and turn them into public enemies. Henry would be

throwing a fit

once he found out!

Isaac, however, did not care what Henry thought—that old man hadn't deserved his respect for a long time!

All Henry cared about was to keep up appearances without regard for his own family. He was no human, but a cold-blooded reptile!

"Don't bother," Isaac said, disenchanted with the old.

man.

"Alright, sir. I'll be right back once I'm done here," Stan

said.

Isaac had just hung up when there was a knock on the door. It opened before he could say "Come in."

Henry was standing menacingly at the doorway, with Debbie the secretary hanging her head behind him, saying, "I'm sorry, sir—I couldn't stop him."

Isaac simply waved, dismissing her.

While Debbie left, Henry glanced at Irene before sitting

on the couch.

"Good, you're here too," he said, waving at Moneypenny to put her divorce papers on the desk, "I was the one who registered your marriage, so I'll help you with your divorce too. Come."

Irene was just about to walk to Henry, but Isaac caught

her wrist. "Don't move."

Releasing her right after, he walked up to the desk and picked up the divorce papers. After scanning through it, he tore them apart with a deafening rip.

"What do you think you're doing?!" Henry snapped.

## Chapter 238

Isaac acted as if he did not see Henry's indignation, and threw the scraps of the torn papers nonchalantly into the trash can. "If I want a divorce, we can handle it ourselves. You don't have to worry, Grandfather."

With that, he sat opposite the old man, folding his legs casually. "Did you come to show me this? If that's so, I've

seen it and showed you what I think."

Henry's face was ashen. "Do you know who you're talking to?!"

Before Isaac could respond, he continued, "You've seen the news, haven't you? Do you see what you've done? What good came of it?"

"You mean I should let Tan keep my wife and child, and let that be?" Isaac asked sharply in return.

Henry was left speechless right then—his one mistake lost Isaac's patience and respect.

It wasn't as if Isaac never distrusted Henry. They both know how Isaac's parents died, but Henry persistently defended Greg.

Even so, Isaac never turned against Henry—Isaac still regarded Henry as his grandfather despite his parents' murders, but what did Henry do?

He knew Ian had Irene and Tommy hostage, but did nothing.

That was what Isaac cannot abide with.

Isaac had already lost his parents, and he wasn't about to let the same tragedy happen to his new family.

"Sir, our stocks—"

Stan rushed into Isaac's office the instant he returned, but clammed shut when he saw Henry. He then walked to

stand beside Irene.

Henry was basically huffing. He couldn't do anything to Isaac, but being the previous CEO, he still had

some tricks. up his sleeve and held stature as previous head of the company.

“Money Penny, go find out—what happened to our stocks.

“Yes, sir,” Money Penny replied, and left the room for just five minutes before returning.

His expression was somber. “It seems Sky Group stocks plummeted because of the news...”

Henry, however, knew that beforehand -it was leverage

he can use.

“Isaac, I trust you. That is why I left the company in your hands. However, you’ve made a mess of things because you made it personal, so don’t blame me when I take back management,” he said as

he rose to his feet. “You have three days to sort this out.”

With that, he strutted out of the office on his crutch, with Money Penny helping him.

When they got in the elevator, Money Penny finally asked, “What are you doing, sir?”

“Can’t you see his attitude—how he spoke to me?” Henry snorted, clearly disgruntled with Isaac but not at all aware of his mistakes.

It was understandable if he wanted someone competent helming Sky Group and wanted to give Ian a chance since Isan was his grandson, but he shouldn’t have abandoned

Isaac’s child.

Money Penny asked, “Are you siding with Master Greg?”

Henry stayed silent, but that was clearly his intent.

Coming to Isaac’s office and throwing the divorce papers. made it obvious that he had changed his mind—he

wanted Irene to marry Isaac because he believed she

could help Isaac give up on his grudge, but now, she was the reason Isaac turned against him.

It was no different from shooting himself in the foot!

“I wish he’d give up on his hate for Irene’s sake, but Ian took his son,” Henry sighed. “He must hate Greg’s family to the bone now, and he’ll definitely make a move... All that appeasement! Wasted!”

Money Penny reasoned, “I’m sure you can still turn things around.”

“How?” Henry shot back.

“I believe Master Isaac still holds on to old sentiment ...”

“Even if I keep appeasing him, what will happen after I die?” Henry asked.

## Chapter 239

Money Penny clearly wanted to speak, but refrained from doing so.

As he lowered his gaze, Henry snorted coldly, narrowing his turbid eyes. “You know very well that Isaac will definitely destroy Greg’s family the moment I die. I need to take away all his power while he still can.”

As long as Isaac didn’t have that much power, it wouldn’t be easy for him to ruin Greg’s family.

Money Penny, however, believed Henry shouldn’t give up on Isaac so soon, rather than be harsh on

Isaac. “Master Isaac had been helming the company over the years, and you were hardly present although you are board

chairman. There’s not much you can do, is there?”

“I’ve only given him leadership of the company, not the shares,” Henry growled.

He naturally had backup measures in place, because he could never get a read on Isaac—even if Isaac never

sought revenge on Greg Jeffersons and his family.



Money Penny, however, believed that Henry was being paranoid, even misunderstanding Isaac.

After Isaac's parents died so early in his life, Isaac was denied warmth and a sense of security—had Henry

treated Isaac with genuine kindness, there was no question that Isaac would be swayed.

Now, however, Henry had allowed Ian to kidnap Isaac's son, for Ian was bent on using the boy as

leverage against Isaac. It would be bizarre if Isaac wasn't seething!

"What?! Do you think I'm wrong?" Henry demanded.

Money Penny quickly shook his head. "Of course not."

In the end, there was no way he would go against his own master.

Back in Isaac's office, Stan walked up to him and said, "He's really upset this time, isn't he?"

Isaac was scowling—mostly out of disappointment towards his grandfather.

"Sir, we have to come up with something right now—we

have to stop the stocks from dropping,"

Stan appeared anxious, but Isaac seemed to think nothing of it.

Rising to his feet and taking Irene by the hand, he started to head outside as he said flatly, "Leave it to PR."

Stan was speechless.

Leaving such a momentous task to PR? Is Isaac really not going to care?

"Oh, wait!" Stan exclaimed just then, almost forgetting something else. "I've looked into the matter, but it

wasn't Harvey who leaked the news. He's been busy at his office and he's been staying in Sunny City, so he won't have time to mess with us."

Isaac stopped right then, instantly smelling something fishy. "Get to the bottom of this."

"Yes, sir. Also, the man we threw overboard is dead. Still, he deserved it since his criminal record is as long as my arm: robbery, rape assault and battery—he's done it all. He just recently got out of prison and immediately worked for Ian, resuming his life as a career criminal."

"I see," Isaac replied.

Stan grew a little worried. "But I don't think your grandfather is happy with this. Is he going to side with Ian?"

He was certainly surprised by Henry's reaction—he expected rage, but not that much.

On the other hand, Isaac seemed to expect that, and thought nothing of it.

"His warning just now, and if our stocks really do keep dropping, I'm afraid—"

"Stan," Isaac growled, cutting him short. "Do you remember why we set up a branch in Franconia?"

Stan shook his head. "You've never told me, and I still have no idea..."

Hold on!

Just then, something clicked in Stan's mind.

Chapter 240

As the realization dawned upon him, Stan exclaimed, You were prepared for this? So long ago?"

Naturally, the thought gave Stan confidence. It meant that they did not have to worry about Henry

impeding them in any way. At this, even his tone lightened up considerably. "I didn't think he could be that heartless..."

Henry would actually take back management of Sky Group!

Isaac, however, remained impassive.

It wasn't as if he was pleased that the insurance he had prepared kept him safe—in truth, he was sorely disappointed.

Irene could sense that Isaac wasn't in a good mood, and had a rough idea why.

Taking his hand, she said quietly, "I won't ever leave you.

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Even if those around him betrayed or deserted him, she would always stay by his side!

Isaac looked into her eyes and gathered her into his arms,

while Irene wrapped her arms around his slender waist.

Self-aware as ever, Stan promptly stepped out of the

office with his eyes averted, even closing the door behind him and telling Debbie the secretary, "Don't let anyone disturb them."

"Okay," Debbie replied, though she hesitated for a moment before stopping Stan. "Do you think this will hurt Mr. Jefferson?"

Stan clapped an assuring hand on her shoulder. "It'll be fine. Don't worry."

Debbie still appeared worried. "I could tell that Henry Jefferson looked upset. I'm afraid—"

"We just have to do what we're supposed to do, and leave the rest to Mr. Jefferson—think no evil and talk no evil, or everyone else in the office will start panicking too," Stan advised her.

Debbie quickly understood. "I guess I was paranoid."

Stan nodded in satisfaction and started to leave. "Good. business I should do the same too."

Now go

about your

"Stan..."

"What?" Stan turned around.

"It's nothing. I'll get back to work." Debbie smiled.

Stan and her had been working together for years and were basically Isaac's limbs, their loyalty beyond question.

Still, Stan did not dwell on her hesitation and left.

In Isaac's office, Irene was looking up to Isaac's eyes as she said, "Let's go home."

Isaac nodded.

Tommy was awake when they returned to Spencer Mansion, and Sheryl was carrying him around the living room, amusing him with a toy.

"Mom."

Sheryl had been too preoccupied with Irene to notice them coming. Her smile stiffened when she saw Isaac after Irene called out to her.

Irene whispered to Isaac, "I'll talk to her. Just stay in the living room—Tommy's up, so you can get to know him."

"Yeah, okay," Isaac murmured.

"Mom." Irene then walked up to Sheryl, taking her by her hand. "Come with me for a while. We should talk."

Sheryl, however, already understood—she had seen how the two were behaving in the morning. Now, they had returned home together.

Rolling her eyes at Irene, she said, "No, we just have to talk here."

Irene felt uneasy.

Sheryl seemed to be unhappy with Isaac... She wouldn't say something out of line, would she?

"Tommy's a baby, and he needs a family and parental love. He was born unlucky and went through a

lot, and I'm naturally happy for you two since you're together now. You have a child together. Even if I'm unhappy about it before, I'll let it go for Tommy's sake. Also, now that you two have decided to be together, make sure you can make this work—the most important part about living together is trust, and I

hope you both have that. Alright, it's late now and I have to cook. Just stay here and take care of Tommy."

With that, Sheryl headed to the kitchen.