

## Runaway 251

### Chapter 251

Isaac did not slow down or turn to look at Greg as he left, leaving Greg seething, “You see, Dad?! You spoiled him—he has no manners at all!”

On the other hand, Henry was pensive.

He understood Isaac’s temper.

Does Isaac really not care about staying as CEO of Sky Group? Perhaps he had some trick up his sleeve?

“Dad-”

“Shut up!” Henry shot Greg a glare. He wondered to himself how his own son could show next to no composure, completely losing in style to his own nephew.

Nonetheless, he noticed that things weren’t going his way, and quickly decided to call off the meeting. “Since everyone has their own thoughts on this matter, we won’t be coming to an agreement so soon. Let’s call off this meeting for now.”

However, some of the board members were still vocally supportive of Isaac.

“Henry, I’m sure there is a reason for this. Isaac has always managed the company

flawlessly, and everyone can see that—moreover, nobody’s perfect. I’m sure we don’t have to change CEOs over this.”

Henry nodded, but clearly had other plans in mind—such as working on Isaac instead.

“I’ll consider it,” he said.

Grey panicked, convinced that his father would side with Isaac again.

Didn’t that mean he came all the way for nothing?

“Dad-”

“I know what I’m doing.” Henry cut Greg short.

Greg kept quiet, but on the inside, he was frantic.

Meanwhile, Irene was staying at the residence in the Rose Garden and taking care of Tommy. She

couldn’t bear to put him in his crib even though he was asleep, and kept him.

in her arms.

Meanwhile, Isaac had arranged for doctors to check on Tommy from time to time. The doctor Zachary chose to be Tommy’s attending physician had yet to arrive.

After finishing his milk, Tommy appeared a little spirited and was blabbing happily. Irene spoke to him in turn, “When can you say Mommy, dear? Hmm?”

“Bah, bah-”

Irene held him and gave him a peck on the cheek. “I wish you’d grow up fast, darling.”

That was when her phone vibrated on the table.

Glancing at the screen, she saw that it was from home, so she answered.

It was Sheryl. “Irene, Ricky’s in trouble...!”

“What happened?” Irene asked.

“I don’t know. I just got a call from the hospital, saying that he’s in the ER...”

Irene had a hunch. “You should go check on him, Mom.”

“What about you?” Sheryl asked.

“I can’t go now.” Irene replied—she couldn’t leave Tommy right now, and she had to confirm if Isaac was involved first.

“Alright. Just take good care of Tommy—I’ll call you if anything comes up,” Sheryl told her.

“Okay,” Irene replied, and hung up.

She lounged on the couch for several seconds before taking Tommy with him and left the house, telling

one of the bodyguards keeping watch outside, "I need to go. Please get the car for me."

"Where to?" he asked.

"To see Isaac," Irene replied.

"Very well," the bodyguard said.

This time, it was not Jimmy the chauffeur, but two of the bodyguards who brought the car- one of them was keeping an eye on everything around them, while the other drove.

Along the way, Tommy was a little restless as he lay in Irene's arms, flailing his little arms. and grabbing everything from her hair to her blouse.

Soon, the car arrived at the headquarters of Sky Group.

Before Irene could reach for the door with Tommy in her other hand, one of the bodyguards had opened it for her.

As such, she kept both hands around Tommy and alighted from the car before heading

into the building and taking the elevator straight to the top floor. She knew where Isaac's office was and

quickly arrived, but when she opened the door, she found a woman pressing herself sensually against Isaac's desk.

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Irene froze instantly.

On the other hand, the woman didn't notice her, and was still engrossed with caressing the desk...while imagining Isaac sitting there at work.

"Bah..."

Tommy suddenly murmured, and Debbie the secretary promptly snapped out of her fantasy.

She turned around but saw no one, although she found the door slightly ajar.

Still, as she quietly walked up and opened the door she found nobody in sight. Breathing a sigh in relief, she straightened her clothes and left, closing the door behind her.

Irene, who had been hiding behind a corner, appeared weirded out by Debbie's behavior.

She looked down at Tommy, and took a deep breath to relax herself.

The baby was blinking his large eyes and staying fixedly at her in turn, understanding none of it.

Irene leaned in to give him a peck on the forehead, adjusted her hold on him, and then turned to take the elevator downstairs.

It wasn't until she returned inside the car that she relaxed.

Even so, she felt the creeps and cringed hard when she remembered what Debbie had done.

At the driver's seat, the bodyguard asked, "Heading back, ma'am?"

Irene nodded. "Yes."

As they drove home, she got a call from Isaac.

"Where have you been?"

"I'll be back soon," she replied.

"Okay."

As Irene hung up, she glanced at Irene and saw that Tommy appeared a little sleepy, and seemed to be dozing off in her arms.

He was fast asleep when they returned to the house at Rose Garden, and as Irene entered, she found Isaac with Zachary and the doctor Zachary had recommended. Isaac walked up to take Tommy from

her and headed further inside the house, and the doctor followed him.

Irene was just about to speak when Zachary told her, “Don’t worry—Dr. Kyle is just giving Tommy a checkup. I think Isaac’s just a little worried.”

Irene knew that and actually felt the same, so it was what she had in mind as well.

Moreover, a doctor that had Zachary’s confidence would be no pushover.

“I’m going in,” she said anyway.

“Yeah, I’m coming with you.” Zachary agreed.

They both entered to find Dr. Kyle examining Tommy from head to toe, and took a blood sample because the baby had been drugged.

“I’ll inform you right away if I find something,” Dr. Kyle said as he put everything back in his briefcase.

“I’ll walk you out,” Zachary said.

After they were gone, Irene finally asked, “Was there a problem?”

Isaac looked into her eyes. “No, Tommy’s fine. Do you think I’d let his poisoner live?”

Irene stiffened, and tried to explain, “Ricky was threatened...”

“He was the one who did it. His reasons don’t matter,” Isaac spat icily.

“Well, have you calmed down now?” she asked.

“What, you’re not upset?” Isaac studied her. “Are you siding with him just because he was threatened?”

From Isaac’s standpoint, causes did not matter—Ricky did it, and therefore must pay the price! Not killing him was already mercy.

On the other hand, Irene wasn’t feeling particularly sympathetic towards Ricky, but...

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Anything goes, as long as it appeases Isaac.

“Well, has Dr. Kyle agreed to work as Tommy’s attending physician?” Irene asked.

“No,” Isaac replied.

In fact, Peter Kyle did not appear attracted by any offer, no matter how much money he was promised.

It seems that ambitions are just like Zachary’s and Irene’s, though he promised to come immediately should Tommy fall sick again.

Zachary recommended Dr. Kyle because he had come into the country to further his career -to be

precise, his girlfriend was local, and he decided to take up a career here to stay with her. Anyway,

someone as talented as him was bound to find success anywhere he

went.

Dr. Kyle’s reason for not working as Tommy’s attending physician was because he has to help other children as well—such was his obligation and compassion as a doctor.

Irene was sure most doctors shared that compassion, and wasn’t surprised by Peter’s

response.

Bzzt-

Irene’s phone suddenly started to ring, and she answered it outside.

It was Miss Lang. “I need a favor.”

“What is it?”

“There will be a dance competition held in the city’s sports complex. I’ve been picked as a judge, but I

had something come up so I can’t attend. I was thinking you can take my place.

Irene quickly refused. “I don’t think I could.”

“Why not?”

Irene said, “I don’t have the qualifications for one, and I’m quite busy at the moment.”

“It won’t take that long,” Miss Lang pointed out, “It’s just one afternoon, so please help me out here.”

Irene glanced at Tommy, who was lying in his crib. She couldn’t say yes to Miss Lang’s request because she hadn’t really taken good care of Tommy. Now that she had plenty of time to do it, she didn’t want to do anything else. “I’m sorry, but I really don’t have any time to spare...”

“Oh, I guess I should come clean—Robin Lynd actually asked for you. She’s quite keen to have you adjudicate.”

Irene narrowed her eyes immediately. “What?”

“You asked me for an introduction before, right? She told me you’re a friend now. Why else would she ask me to request that you adjudicate?”

From Miss Lang’s perspective, the request itself held no drawbacks. Only individuals who reached a certain qualification can be a judge, just as it was confirmation of their abilities.

As such, she was sure that this was a good thing, which was why she agreed to help ask Irene to attend the competition as a judge.

Irene, however, was quick on her feet.

She immediately realized that this could be a trap!

“Did she mention anything else about me?” Irene asked.

“No,” Miss Lang replied.

“Have you told her that I’m a dancer myself?”

“I knew you might be busy, so I tried to turn down her request when she first approached me,” Miss Lang explained. “I told her that you’re not a dancer, but that seemed to make her more eager. It struck me as odd, but I also thought that she might be trying to help you as a friend.”

Irene was almost laughing inwardly.

Now, she understood everything.

“Alright, I’ll be there,” Irene said. “But please don’t tell her that I’m a dancer. Also, I have a favor to ask...”

“Of course. Just shoot.”

After Irene told Miss Lang what she had in mind, she asked, “Can it be done?”

Miss Lang thought about it for a while before saying, “Of course.”

“Thank you.”

“Oh, both of you really shouldn’t be so polite,” Miss Lang laughed.

They then chatted a while longer before hanging up, and Irene turned to find Isaac watching her.

Looking around the living room, she asked, “Where’s Zachary?”

“He left,” Isaac replied.

Irene nodded, and suddenly remembered what she saw in Isaac’s office. “Have you ever wondered if... Debbie is into you?” she asked gingerly.

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Irene’s question left Isaac Jefferson frowning—it seemed to come out of the blue.

Why suddenly mention Debbie? That change in conversation was too quick and too

random.

“She’s just my secretary. Why did you ask that?” Isaac replied, realizing then that he had never observed Debbie.

Irene’s brow was wrinkled as she remembered what Debbie did with his desk. “I saw her in your office when I went there...”

There was an edge in her voice, but Isaac thought it was fine since Debbie entered his office from time to time while he was away. “So? What of it?”



Irene's lips twitched—was she being paranoid?

But she clearly saw Debbie laying on Isaac's desk, and what she did was...

Maybe she was imagining it?

But she clearly was not!

Still, Isaac's permanent scowl turned to a smile. "Are you jealous, Irene? If you feel insecure that I have a woman working closely with me, I can get a change in personnel."

Irene blinked. "You think I'm being jealous?"

"Aren't you?" Isaac chuckled.

While Irene would admit that she was shocked to see what Debbie was doing and cringed at it, she wasn't actually jealous. Moreover, she was doing it to herself while Isaac was not

in the office!

"I'm not jealous."

Isaac pulled her to him and gathered her in his arms. "Really? Hmm?"

As he leaned in beside her ear, his dank, warm breath sprayed all over her ear. It tickled, so she shrunk

into her shoulders and gave in. "Fine, I'm jealous, okay?"

Isaac gave her a peck on her cheek and nuzzled her ear. "Well, that's just proof that you love me."

His voice was a little quiet, and noticing that, she quickly said, "You hadn't been eating, have you? I'll go cook right now..."

With that, she pushed him away and headed to the kitchen. Mrs. Watson wasn't here, so no one was cooking for them.

Irene opened the fridge to find that it was empty.

"Should we go to the mall?" she asked.

Isaac entered and wrapped his arms around her from the back. "We can just eat outside."

"Not right now," she said quietly. "We can do that, but Tommy's almost weaning. Not having anything in the fridge is just a little inconvenient."

Isaac couldn't say no since their child was concerned. "I'll go with you."

Irene suddenly looked up at him, noticing that he hadn't been busy with work for a while

now.

"Why do I get this feeling that you have a lot of free time lately?"

Isaac simply smiled. "That just means I have more time to spend with you. Isn't that a good thing?"

Irene smelled a rat, but did not press the issue since he wasn't going to say anything.

"Yes." She smiled.

"Good. Now, let's go."

They left the house, and told the bodyguards to inform them right away should Tommy wake up.

"Of course." The bodyguards nodded. Isaac put a hand around Irene's shoulder as they entered his car.

"There's something else," Irene told Isaac after some thinking. "Ricky poisoned Tommy because someone abducted his mother from prison. That's why..."

As she continued, Isaac appeared impassive as he drove, but he was actually listening intently.

"I'm thinking that they must hate the both of us. That's why they want Tommy dead—but I have a clue now," Irene said, summing up what she learned from Miss Lang. "I have a feeling it's Ian."

"Why him?" Isaac asked.

"Do you remember his girlfriend, Robin Lynd? She wants me to be the judge in a dance competition. I don't think it's as simple as it looks—there must be a trap, but I also want to find out if it was her and Ian who tried to hurt Tommy."

“I’ll look into it myself. You don’t have to go,” Isaac said, worried that Irene would get caught in danger.

“I’ll be fine—there’ll be many people at the sports complex. Plus, she’d never do anything in public,” Irene countered.

When Isaac still disagreed, she wrapped her arms around him and quipped, “If you’re still worried, you can put on a disguise and keep an eye on me from the darkness. You happen

to be free the next few days, right?”

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Isaac could never resist Irene when she was being so charming.

Smiling begrudgingly, he said, “Fine.”

Irene beamed, and he lifted a brow. He asked, “Are you really that happy about this?”

“I just wanted to see what she’s up to,” Irene said.

Isaac turned to study her—she was as indomitable as she was a risk-taker, but he liked that about her.

He never cared for women who were too soft, something which Irene was not.

She was actually tough and smart, but she wasn’t hard as nails—her body was just so soft that he didn’t want to let her go whenever he had her in his arms.

She certainly was the best of both worlds.

They soon arrived at a mall, and Irene got a trolley once they alighted from the car.

Mrs. Watson had always been making Isaac’s meals, and all his other needs were seen by other personnel too—he had therefore never been to a mall himself.

Since he wasn’t used to it, he stayed quiet as he watched Irene and followed her around, eager to stay

close and so he wouldn't be worried about losing her.

Irene took his hand with her free hand, asking quietly, "Never been to malls much?"

Isaac nodded, but was not about to give in. "Rarely."

Irene laughed. "Just say you've never been. You're a Jefferson, and people see to your needs since you're a child. You don't have to hide the fact that you've never done this."

Isaac gave her hand a squeeze, asking quietly, "Do you really find that funny?"

"...Alright, it's not funny." Irene gave in right away.

Isaac gave her a look. She had always been smart with him, teasing him and then giving up soon after—there was no way he could bring himself to punish her.

And he couldn't help loving that about her.

They strolled along and shopped, and it wasn't until an hour later that they left with two bags full of purchases.

In the evening, Irene cooked, while Isaac carried Tommy around after he woke up.

They seemed to be a normal married couple, with the wife cooking and the husband taking care of the child.

Isaac asked, "Has your mother picked a day for our wedding?"

"No," Irene replied. "She's going to be busy the next few days."

Isaac frowned. "Why?"

"She has to take care of Ricky," Irene gave him a 'you-know-why' look.

Isaac was speechless.

Was this his fault?

Absolutely not—anyone who hurt his son would pay the price!

The next afternoon, Irene arrived punctually at the sports complex. Most of the children who took part were girls.

Robin approached her, smiling upon seeing her. “Hey, you’re here.”

Irene smiled in return. “Thought I should help, so I came anyway.”

She pretended to be a little worried, even guilty.

To no surprise, Robin was smiling smugly. Miss Lang told her that Irene couldn’t dance, and so Robin said confidently, “See you later.”

“Yeah, see you later.”

Anyone could put up a guise, anyway!

Chapter 256

Irene was staring at Robin from the back, her lips curling in a smile as she was almost certain what Robin was up to now.

While the other personnel were timing their clocks, Irene waited at the break room, where a man approached her.

“Are you an instructor?”

Irene shook her head. “No.”

“A fellow judge, then?” He continued—he was one of the judges as well. Like most male dancers, he was slim and exceedingly well-groomed, with his hair combed meticulously. The getup did not seem to make him shady, however, thanks to his sunny disposition.

Irene was just about to answer when she spotted Robin nearby, and quickly pretended to look guilty as she whispered, “I’m a judge, but I’m actually acting as a stand-in.”

“Oh! I was just wondering that I’ve not seen you before, since I’ve been judging most competitions and met most of the other judges. You’re not exactly a familiar face.”

Irene hung her head low. "Actually, this is my first time, so I don't know much about anything."

"It's fine. You can sit beside me later," the man offered warmly.

"Okay," Irene replied softly and meekly. "Thank you."

The man chuckled. "Oh, you don't have to be that worried—you just have to watch if the contestants are doing well, if their movements adhere to the rules. Just ask me if you're not sure about something. I'm

sure I can be of help."

Nearby, Robin was making a show of checking the contestant's dresses to disguise her eavesdropping. Irene naturally knew that Robin was doing that, and so started to whisper shadily as if afraid that others would hear.

At the same time, Irene leaned towards the man to pretend to be sneaky, though she spoke just loud enough so that Robin could hear. "I mentioned that I'm a stand-in, right? I actually don't know a thing about dance, let alone be a judge. Please keep this a secret—only you know about this, but I don't even know how to dance myself.",

The man appeared perplexed.

She became a judge even though she didn't know anything? That was a little too much, wasn't it not?

"But you..." He couldn't find the right words.

"Please, you have to keep this a secret."

Irene still looked very worried that she would be exposed, and the man actually understood why.

Seeing her vulnerable look eventually convinced him. "Alright. Your secret's safe with me."

"Thank you."

The man grinned. "Well, I have to help a woman as beautiful as you. That said, I think you have the figure of a good dancer. Even though starting young is ideal, you can take up dancing now as an exercise and maintain your body shape. I can be your instructor if you're interested."

Irene smiled. "I'm afraid I can't spare the time—I'm married, and things can get busy with my child."

The man did a double take—he certainly didn't expect Irene to be married with children!

"You don't look that old to me... You said you already have a child?"

Irene said, "I'm not that young, actually."

The man appeared disappointed for a moment, but soon smiled. "I couldn't tell. Anyone who didn't know better would take you for a university student... Well, I'm guessing you're an employee at some company, since you weren't involved in dance?"

Irene shook her head. "I'm a doctor, actually."

The man was once again surprised. "What's your specialty?"

"I'm a surgeon," Irene replied simply.

The man's eyes widened. Her figure was so dainty that she didn't appear to be the type who wielded a scalpel, not to mention that all surgeons needed a strong heart and stomach.

A lady who appeared as delicate as her certainly had no business being a surgeon.

"Then, what could be your strengths?"

Before he could finish, one of the helpers entered and told them that the event was starting.

The man had to stop, and helped Irene get her score cards. He even taught her how to use it. "The contestant will take to the stage in rounds, and each pair would have a number tag. Just give a tick to the pairs whom you think have done well."

"Thank you." Irene smiled.

The contestants quickly filed into the stage and took their positions.

The lights overhead flashed as the music started, signaling the start of the competition.

On the sidelines, the cameramen would capture perfect snapshots of the contestants, while their parents watched from the seats above, keeping a close eye on their own children.

Passionate jazz, bombastic latin and alluring cha-cha—as the rounds proceeded, the thrill of the competition peaked. The cheers for the contestants were thunderous.

Nonetheless, the host suddenly announced before the last round, “Ladies and gentlemen, although the competition has proceeded to the last round, we must apologize as the results of the competition will not be counted...”

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The entire sports complex erupted in an uproar before the host could finish—every parent was absolutely livid, while the contestants were dumbstruck.

They had been sitting there and waiting for so long, only to be told that the competition didn't count.

“Why?! Our children had practiced so hard and did so well! Why shouldn't this count just because you said so?”

“That's right! I even applied for leave to watch my kids!”

“Are you calling the entire competition moot? What happened? We need an explanation!”

The parents were soon filing out of the audience seats and entered the court, causing pandemonium.

“Please calm down, everyone. We've just received word that one of the judges is an impersonator, which is why we cannot accept the scores legally.”

The voices of discontent only grew louder.

“What's happening? How could someone impersonate a judge?”

“It's your own oversight, isn't it?”



As various complaints were belted at the organizers, the man who spoke with Irene just now came to a retaliation. Leaning in to whisper into her ear, he asked, "Do you think you've been found out?"

Irene, however, was certainly aware that she was being targeted.

Right now, Robin must be hiding somewhere, watching and anticipating Irene making a clown of herself.

Pretending to be terrified, Irene asked, "What should I do?"

"Why don't you leave for now?" The man suggested.

Irene knew she would never escape, but agreed nonetheless. "Yeah."

As she started to move, however, Robin darted out of nowhere and caught her by her wrist, while

shouting to the disgruntled parents, "It's her! She was pretending to be a judge although she doesn't know how to dance, let alone adjudicate! She's the reason this competition is moot. Blame her if you want!"

At her voice, everyone turned their crosshairs at Irene.

Irene hung her head as if petrified, but only Isaac—who just entered—saw the coldness in her eyes from the distance.

She was brimming with confidence, so he simply watched without interfering.

"Who died and made you judge? Why take the chair if you can't do the job?"

"She can get anything with that pretty face of hers..."

Believing that Irene knew nothing, everyone was convinced that she took the role of judge through unsavory means.

"My daughter practiced for over a month before this competition, but it's all for nothing! How are you going to make up for our time and our children's efforts?"

Some of the agitated parents were starting to get ahead of themselves, but the friendly male judge stopped them.

“She just came as a stand-in. She didn’t mean any harm,” he tried to explain, but it only made things worse—everyone became even more unhappy!

“What right does she have to be a stand-in? Also, she means no harm?! She’s hurting everyone anyway!”

“Yeah! She must compensate us and apologize...”

“Compensation and apology? That’s letting her off easy...”

Robin was grinning as she watched everyone scorn Irene, but just as she thought she had won, Irene

suddenly looked up, meeting the upset parents and said, “Have I ever said I’m not qualified?”

While everyone was left stunned, Robin simply thought that Irene was making a last-ditch effort to slip away.

“You’re qualified? Who do you think you’re fooling?” Robin laughed. “Just apologize already!”

“Not just an apology! She must compensate everyone!”

As pandemonium ensued again, Irene calmly took out a card, “You can verify if this is real.”

It was her teaching license, which Miss Lang gave her a while ago.

Robin was left in disbelief. “How could you have one?”

Irene simply waved it at her face. “But I do have it.”

Robin thought then that it must be a mistake—no one could get a teaching license

overnight, just as you could learn to dance overnight.

Bolstered by the thought, Robin snapped, “Even if you have that, it doesn’t prove you can dance! It’s nothing more than a fake!”

## Chapter 258

Feeling as if she had caught on to Irene's vulnerability, Robin's arrogance rose as she continued haughtily, "I can guarantee everyone that you don't know a thing. You're a swindler, and you're pretending to be a judge and waste every contestant's hard work as well as their parents' time! I just want to know, how did you get here in the first place?"

Her words were hardly vague, and someone promptly chimed in, "Just look at how weak she is. Most definitely the casting couch-"

Before the man could finish, Irene turned and leveled him a glare so sharp that he stopped immediately.

Even the male judge who had been siding with Irene since the start was stunned by her glare—her delicate air seemed to fade right away, and there was fire in her eyes.

A far cry from the delicate kitten just now!

"You've been insisting that I can't dance, but what if I can?" Irene asked.

Robin naturally doubted that. "There's no way you can. If you prove that you can, I'll wipe this entire building with my bare-hands."

Irene suddenly became delicate again. "R—Really?"

Irene's fear made Robin believe that she was on the money, bolstering her confidence once more. "Of course. Everyone here can be my witness."

Someone chimed in, "Yeah! We're all watching!"

In reality, everyone was hoping for a miracle that Irene was a qualified judge, so that their children did not have to take part in the same competition twice.

There were some parents who thought that their children should have a second chance. since they weren't doing well just now, but they were very much the minority!

Beside them, the male judge could see that Irene had been pretending to be vulnerable. She must be confident enough to accept Robin's challenge, or she would have tried to refuse.

"So? Do you have a tune in mind?"

Irene quickly picked the tune she knew best, and that left Robin dumbstruck.

"A—Are you really going to dance?" Irene took off her jacket, revealing the dancing dress she was wearing underneath.

Robin finally realized that Irene was prepared for this—why else would she have that dress underneath?

"What-"

The male judge stopped Robin, saying, "Let's not sabotage the competition on a whim. Let's see if Miss Spencer can prove herself."

Everyone else agreed, and watched expectantly as Irene took center stage.

Soon, the music started.

Irene had no love for dance, but it had been drilled into her as a child and therefore was all too easy.

She seemed to float along to the tune, slowing and hastening according to the rhythm with perfect choreography. Her movements were elegant; with her good looks and stunning figure, it was a feast for the eyes!

The male judge's eyes widened in wonder.

Isaac, who was sitting in a corner, appeared astonished too. He knew that Irene could dance, but he had to see it to know that she was great at it.

Her confidence was certainly bewitching!

Naturally, everyone's eyes seemed glued to Irene. On the other hand, Robin's expression turned from disbelief to sheer ashen!

Once Irene was done, no one doubted her qualifications. With her license, she certainly was not the uninitiated and unqualified judge Robin said she was.

She simply proved herself by actions.

The male judge suddenly said, "It seems that someone was intent on humiliating Miss Spencer."

Everyone quickly agreed, since Robin was so adamant and vindictive just now. It was obvious that she wanted to embarrass Irene.

As everyone turned to stare at Robin, Robin realized that Irene had turned the tables on her, and that Irene had planned everything from the first place.

Irene pretended that she could not dance, and then pulled the rug from under Robin's feet.

Robin had never suffered such ignominy!

Clenching her fist indignantly, Robin glared and spat angrily, "You've messed with me again, Irene Spencer! This isn't over!"

Irene looked sharply at Robin in return. "I agree... But what was that you said earlier? That if

I proved I can dance, you'll wipe this entire building with your hands?"

Chapter 259

Robin was shaking with rage. "You tricked me! That doesn't count!"

The sporting complex they were at was so huge she would never finish wiping it for days, not to mention that she had to do it with her bare hands. Moreover, after suffering such ignominy, how was she supposed to stay in her department?

Most importantly, how would others see her now?

Robin wanted to harass Irene because Irene used Robin's naive trust in the first place, and that caused problems for Ian. Unable to stand the indignation, Robin wanted to humiliate Irene in public, only to let Irene turn the tables on her.

She wanted nothing less than to run at Irene and strangle her!

Irene walked up to Robin, unfettered. "I can let that go, as long as you answer my question truthfully."

"What is it?" Robin thought that she was saved as Irene offered an alternative.

"You sent those anonymous texts to Ricky, didn't you? Did you also extract Samantha out of jail and hide her?"

Those were questions Irene wanted very much to know, but Robin appeared puzzled. Ricky? Samantha? What are you talking about?"

Irene narrowed her eyes and kept watching for signs that she was lying. "Quit pretending."

"Why would I pretend?" Robin said, looking as if she didn't know anything at all. "Who are those people? Why would I hide someone, for that matter?"

Robin was denying it, and Irene couldn't find any telling signs of lying. Hence, Irene couldn't do anything about it.

"Since you're denying it, please do what you promised to do earlier and wipe the entire building. Everyone here is my witness—don't try to wiggle out of it."

With that, Irene returned to the judge panel and told the organizers, "It's late. We shouldn't waste time and proceed to the last round."

Even an idiot could tell what happened now—Robin wanted to humiliate Irene, only for

Irene to turn the tables on Robin!

Robin was crumbling on the inside, but forced herself to keep standing. She was flushed so hard, she was virtually bleeding as she had been made everyone's laughing stock.

She gained even more spite towards Irene, but she had to hold it in!

When the competition was over, Irene handed her scoring cards to the male judge. "I have to go now. I'll leave this with you."

The male judge was only too happy to do so. "Of course. Just leave it to me!"

"Thank you," Irene said and left.

However, just as she stepped out of a side entrance, Robin appeared out of nowhere and stood in front of her, snarling, "Irene Spencer!!!"

Irene wasn't actually surprised that Robin showed up. Calmly holding her gaze, Irene said, "I'm sorry I exploited you when we first met, Robin, but I'd do it again if I had to, since your boyfriend took my baby.

But you let your spite get the better of you and tried to hurt my baby again, and that makes us enemies!"

Irene was convinced Robin was the mastermind despite her denial, since she had been obsessed with getting back at Irene.

In fact, being Ian's girlfriend was plenty reason enough. Irene could not think of anyone else who would go the extra length to mess with her!

"Don't lie—I never hurt your baby! Also, I'll remember this."

"You'd better start wiping this entire building before that." Irene did not want to waste her breath, and brushed past her to head for the exit.

Robin was seething. She lunged at Irene, intent on tearing Irene into pieces without regard for herself.

"Irene Spencer!" she bellowed as she grabbed Irene's hair.

Irene knew Robin would be furious, but didn't expect Robin to grab her hair like a maniac. Just as Robin was about to pull Irene down to the floor, a dark blur suddenly reached them; it caught hold of Irene firmly around her waist while kicking Robin away.

Robin wobbled backwards for a few paces, but eventually lost her balance anyway and fell like a rag doll.

She couldn't get up for a long time afterwards as her thighs and rump burned, her face contorting and turning pale from the pain.

The agony from her belly where she was kicked was even worse, and it felt like someone had twisted her intestines into a knot!

Irene looked up to see the pronounced facial features of a man, who was glaring sharply at Robin.

At the same time, she smiled in relief, her body relaxing.

The male judge had seen everything that happened from a corner, stopping in his tracks for a moment. In the end, he walked towards them anyway.

## Chapter 260

The male judge had brought the jacket Irene forgot. He was about to help when he saw Robin grabbing Irene's hair, but someone beat him to it.

"Miss Spencer? You forgot your jacket," he said, holding it out to Irene.

Irene was going to reach for it when Isaac took it, casting a cool glare at the male judge and showing no inclination of thanking him.

He had seen how mesmerized the male judge was when Irene was dancing—the man was just using this as an excuse to talk to Irene.

Irene, however, thought that Isaac was being impolite since she did forget her jacket.

She smiled at the male judge. “Thank you. You’ve helped me a lot today.”

“It’s nothing,” he smiled back. “This gentleman is...”

“My husband,” Irene replied.

Isaac had been keeping a profile, which left the male judge thinking that he was an average Joe.

He couldn’t resist sizing up Isaac at that—deciding that Isaac was just a little taller and handsome, but nothing else, and certainly was not as gentlemanly as him.

Those cold eyes were also a clear sign of Isaac’s bad temper.

“Miss Spencer-”

The male judge tried to say more, but Isaac quickly put a hand around Irene’s waist and cut him short. “We should go.”

Irene glanced at Isaac but said nothing, and left with him.

It was only until they got in his car and drove off that she finally asked, “Why do I have a feeling you’re annoyed? Even a little hostile towards that male judge?”

Isaac kept driving silently. Knowing his temper, Irene did not press him since he wasn’t going to answer.

Changing the topic, she decided to dissect the current situation. “I’m sure Robin was the one who tried to hurt Tommy, but there’s another mastermind. Without help, Robin wouldn’t be able to do much on her own. She couldn’t have gotten Samantha out of prison. -the only people who can do that are Ian, your uncle, and your grandfather.”

It was her theory, especially since Robin had a motive.

Isaac agreed with Irene’s opinion—he wouldn’t be surprised with whatever they tried to do now.

“They want control over Sky Group,” he said. “Always have a bodyguard with you when leave the house.”

Irene nodded. “But what about you...?”

you

“I’m fine,” Isaac said, and suddenly stopped the car on the side of the road.

“Why are you stopping?” Irene asked in curiosity. “Do you have something to do?”

Isaac did not answer, and was simply staring at her.

“Is there something on my face? Why are you just staring?” Irene even reached up to feel her own cheeks.

Isaac suddenly leaned in and kissed her, leaving her eyes widening and her curled lashes twitching.

His kiss was firm but brief, though the single instant almost left Irene’s heart leaping out of her chest!

“What’s gotten into you?”

Why the sudden passion?

Isaac was still staring at her.

She rarely dressed alluringly, and wouldn’t put on makeup unless she had to.

As such, seeing her dance for the first time was especially bewitching for Isaac.

“You looked so beautiful on the dance floor,” he confessed quietly.

Irene was speechless.

Was that the reason?

“You have a lot of hobbies, don’t you?” Isaac asked—she always seemed to surprise her, shining bright like a star and was capable of charming any man.

Irene smiled feebly. “My father forced me into it.”

“He loved you,” Isaac started as he started the car.

Irene stared at him for a while, and said, “If I told you that my father had me learn all that to seduce you, would you still think better of him?”

Screech-

Isaac jammed his foot on the brakes. Once the car stopped, he asked, “What was that?”

\*Spencer Holdings was never in a crisis—my dad was lying. It was an excuse to have me marry you. In fact, he had me learn so many arts: dancing, piano, painting, and even swimming... Just to groom me as this multi-talented maiden to earn your favor. He keeps insisting there’s no future to being a doctor, and I should just get married instead.”

Irene sighed lengthily as she remembered Lionel Spencer.

She slowly came to believe that he wasn’t as terrible as she assumed, and that he actually wanted the best for her in his own strange way.

Even if things had been unpleasant between them, remembering him hurt her somewhat; and she actually thought she missed him.

Meanwhile, Isaac kept staring at Irene. Then, he laughed.