

Runaway 26

Chapter 26

Harvey nodded—he really was interested in Irene, though he could not describe what he liked about her.

Who knows? He might just be stirred by his impulse after being denied twice.

Moreover, the fact that she had wounded him repeatedly makes for a strong memory!

On the other hand, Isaac's anger eased a little when he found out that Harvey did not manage to have his way with Irene... but he was furious again to find out that he liked Irene.

In fact, he was even more furious than before!

"What do you like about her?" he asked, wondering to himself what was likable about that woman aside from cheating in relationships.

"I don't know, but one way or another, I want her," Harvey replied without hesitation.

Isaac frowned, feeling as if his possession was being coveted.

"Stay away from her!" he warned sternly, which left Harvey befuddled,

What was going on here?

Feeling like gossiping just then, Harvey asked, "Are you interested in her too, Mr. Jefferson?"

Stan was standing behind Isaac, and turned toward Isaac as well just then—his boss was certainly behaving strangely. What did he really think of Irene? Nonetheless, Isaac looked like he was being utterly serious as he snorted coldly. "Why would I be interested in her?"

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Harvey pursed his lips. "Everyone has different tastes – you may not like her, but I do, Mr. Jefferson .

As long as she isn't married, I'm allowed to pursue her."

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Isaac narrowed his eyes, and coldly said, "She's married, so don't even think about it."

With that, he returned to his car, leaving Harvey speechless and gaping behind him.

She was married?

Well, it did not matter—everything banked on what Harvey himself did, not to mention that he liked her, and that was enough for him.

At the same time, Stan found the entire situation strange as well – his boss was getting a little too enthusiastic about Irene, was he not?

Nonetheless, he rushed ahead of Isaac and opened the car

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door for him, greeting, "Mr. Jefferson." There was no mistaking the flames of fury in the man's eyes, and even Isaac himself noticed that he was getting excessively agitated over Irene. Still, he soon found an excuse for himself — she was his wife, and he would not allow anyone else to covet her!

It was perfectly reasonable for him to dislike her, but he would never let anyone else touch her!

After all, this concerned a man's pride!

He then turned to look at Harvey, who was standing there stupidly. "Don't even think about laying a finger on her. If there is a repeat of what happened at Blue Bridge, I'm not going to hold back."

Harvey was speechless once again.

Issac was basically throwing Irene at Harvey's lap when they first met, was he not?

Licking his lips, he wondered if Isaac had changed his mind and wanted Irene for himself, which was why he warned him to stay away.

Be that as it may, Harvey would not play along, for he always got the women he desired!

However, after Isaac drove away, Stan started to leave as well, leaving Harvey where he stood.

Blinking, Harvey felt like he was missing something

Then, as he started to leave, he realized that he came in Stan's car.

How else was he supposed to leave?!

"Stan Hill!" he bellowed.

Stan simply ignored him, and drove away alone!

Back at the mansion, Irene returned to her room after Isaac left, and looked in the mirror to check on the red marks where Isaac strangled her.

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It fueled her desire to leave sooner, or he would really strangle her to death if she stayed!

Taking a deep breath, she took a shower, intending to go to bed early. She could not rely on her resume now—she should start job hunting by tomorrow.

After undressing and getting her hair wet, she suddenly remembered that she did not bring her pajamas into the washroom. Still, she did not have to worry since Isaac never came into her room, so she focused on showering, and stepped out only in a towel.

Drying her hair, she walked up to the mirror... and met Isaac's icy glare.

She promptly turned around, clutching her chest in panic. "W-What are you doing in my room?"

Isaac was lying nonchalantly on the couch, studying her without a care. “Who are you trying to seduce with your womanly wiles, Irene?”

The thought of Harvey declaring his interest in her frustrated him, and he was convinced that she had seduced Harvey.

Irene’s crystalline gaze widened as her curled eyelashes twitched, but she feigned calmness and snapped, “It won’t be you, so you don’t have to worry!”

Isaac snorted. “Who is it, then?”

At the same time, he was studying Irene’s fair skin and voluptuous figure—which seemed to stir his impulse.

“Trying to seduce someone with that getup? Who is it? Is it me?” Restraining himself, Isaac tried to pretend that he was relaxed and leaned on the couch, projecting even more contempt and conceit. “A flabby waist, blemished

skin, and mosquito bites? You’re never going to tempt me.”

Irene pursed her lips. She really wanted to snap at him again, but instead, she played it cool. “I guess you prefer Whitney, so I’ll seduce any man other than you!”

Seduce any man?!

Incensed, Isaac sprang to his feet.

Irene immediately sensed danger, but before she could

hide, he caught her wrist with a vice-like grip.

It was pure agony—it felt like he was going to crush her bones.

“Let go...!”

Even before finished, Isaac firmly pulled, and she lurched into his arms. She yelped when she came in contact with his muscular, warm chest, and held up her hands against him when she came to her senses. “What are you doing?! Let me go!”

Isaac did not—instead, he wrapped his hands around her waist, and held her firmly in his arms.

Then, he leaned downward and whispered into her ear, “What wife pushes their husband away? Hmm?” He deliberately allowed his last syllable to trail off flirtatiously, leaving anyone who heard it blushing.

Nonetheless, Irene simply turned away, wanting nothing less than to get away from him. “We’re not really married.

“Then what would make it real?” he asked clearly and softly. “Perhaps you want a real marriage with me?”

Irene flushed – he was being unreasonable, even though he clearly knew what she meant! Why would he warp her words? Still, she simply withstood his pressure and feigned

composure. “I would never. I know my place, and would never step out of line—you have nothing to worry about, Mr. Jefferson.”

Isaac was furious!

Why did he feel so upset the more she tried to keep her distance?!

“You give yourself too much credit!” He pushed her off right then, knocking off her towel.

Irené felt a chill and looked down to find herself naked!

“Argh!” She fumbled to keep herself covered...