

## Runaway 261

### Chapter 261

As Isaac kept laughing, Irene was left mystified. "What are you laughing about? Me?"

"No," Isaac replied. "I'm laughing at myself for falling for your dad's ploy."

Irene was silent for a while, and laughed as well when she came to a realization.

"You like that about me?" she asked.

"I do," Isaac said, composing himself as he continued, "And I like that it's you."

Even if Irene knew none of that, he would have fallen for her anyway. Knowing that simply made her a more

colorful personality.

Irene naturally did not try to nitpick, since it was her either way.

"She may have been foiled this time," she said, returning the conversation to Robin. "There's no telling what she'll be up to next."

"I'll have Stan keep an eye on the Jeffersons," Isaac replied calmly and quietly-as if they didn't matter to him.

Irene knew she couldn't be of help when it came to work. "I'll do my best to not get in the way."

"Right, I should go to the hospital," she added, since she had yet to check on Ricky. "I know you hate him because he poisoned Tommy, and I do too. But my father entrusted his care to me, so I can't abandon him."

Isaac didn't respond, but drove her to the hospital anyway.

They soon arrived. Knowing that Isaac would not want to see Ricky, Irene said, "I might stay for a while. You should go."

Isaac certainly didn't want to see Ricky, and so said, "I'll tell Jimmy to come take you home."

"Okay," Irene replied, and stayed at the entrance, watching as Isaac drove off before heading inside.

Irene called Sheryl, and quickly found Ricky's ward. When she entered and found him lying in bed, she saw that his face was still swollen, his right eye purple, and his arms and feet were all bandaged.

Irene certainly knows Isaac's methods-she was once his victim, after all.

“How are you feeling?” she asked.

He was awake, and when he saw her, he quickly asked, “Did you know?”

Irene knew he was referring to Isaac sending his people to beat him up.

“I didn’t,” she admitted.

Ricky scowled anyone would feel miserable after getting beaten up.

Walking up beside his bed and pulling out a chair to sit, Irene asked, “How bad is it? What did the doctors say?”

Ricky didn’t answer, and instead held her gaze and asked, “Would you have stopped him if you knew?”

Irene turned quiet, because she had no idea.

However, Ricky didn’t seem to blame her since her son came first.

“One broken arm, while the other are just bumps and bruises. I guess Isaac just wanted to rough me up a little as reprisal for Tommy. He wasn’t trying to kill me.”

“Alright,” Irene said and helped him pull his blanket up to his shoulders. “I’ll keep things together at Spencer

Holdings for now.”

Ricky nodded. “Okay.”

That was when his phone suddenly vibrated. Instead of checking it, he told Irene, “I’m thirsty. Can you get me a glass of water?”

“Okay.” Irene went over to the thermos flask nearby, but it was empty. “I’ll get it from the dispenser outside.

Ricky nodded. After Irene left, he whipped out his phone to see that it was another text from that anonymous sender.

[Do you want to see your mother?]

Ricky replied without hesitation: [Can I?]

[You didn’t succeed in your task, but you at least did it. I’m kind enough to let you meet her.]

[Thank you.]

[12 a.m., Timberwest Road. The Equestrian Club behind.]

[Okay.]

Ricky was actually thrilled -he had been worried about Samantha all this while.

She was safe in prison, but it wasn't the case now that she was out.

Irene happened to return just then and saw the look on his face, and asked, "Did something good happen? You look lively."

Chapter 262

Ricky quickly tried to hide it. "Nothing..."

"Really?" Irene asked as she passed him his glass of water, clearly sounding doubtful.

Ricky averted his gaze, but soon came up with an excuse. "The logistics issue we had? It's been resolved."

Irene nodded. "You did well."

"But you came up with that idea," Ricky reminded her.

In fact, he was a little jealous. He must admit, their father had insight.

Even though it wasn't one of Irene's strengths, Lionel left Spencer Holdings in her care anyway, and she learned quickly enough to resolve a potential crisis.

"I'm not that older than you. Just keep your mind working, and you'll surpass me in a few years," Irene said encouragingly the boy had matured considerably since Lionel's passing.

Ricky flashed a rare smile. "Alright. Anyway, I think I'm fine here. You still have to take care of Tommy, don't you? You should go."

"Okay. Contact me anytime if something comes up," Irene said as she stood. "Don't forget your water."

"I won't," Ricky replied, reaching out with his good hand.

Irene nodded and left the ward, closing the door behind her.

She then ran into Sheryl on the walkway, who was carrying boxes of food.

"Were you visiting Ricky?" she asked, happy to see her daughter.

Irene nodded, glancing at the food she was carrying. "You made those?"

"Of course," Sheryl replied. "The food is as bland as it's unwholesome here."

Irene was surprised by how much Sheryl was caring for

Ricky.

Did she now consider him her own son?

Sheryl seemed to read Irene's mind, and gave her a tender look. "Jealous?"

Irene shook her head. "No. In the end, he's still Samantha's son."

It couldn't be denied that Samantha was the reason Sheryl and Lionel's marriage soured.

Sheryl, however, had long since gotten over it since Lionel's passing, while Samantha received her just deserts for her heinous deeds.

Ricky was just a child-he couldn't have chosen his birth, and he wasn't a bad person. Living with him more or less

made Sheryl care about him as well.

Moreover, Sheryl had lost a baby too, making her more sympathetic even though she still had Irene.

Still, Irene thought that Sheryl was reminded of her unpleasant past, and so said, "Don't worry, Mom. I'll take care of you when you get older."

"Oh, so petty even you're a mother yourself now?" Sheryl

smiled and gave Irene a gentle smack before asking, "Are you leaving now?"

"Yeah," Irene replied. "I've already checked on Ricky.

"Okay. You don't have to worry about anything with me here, actually. Just take good care of Tommy," Sheryl told

her.

Irene nodded. "I'll be going."

"Yeah," Sheryl waved. "Run along now."

However, Irene was just about to when Sheryl suddenly remembered something and stopped her, "Wait-I've actually thought about when you should get wed. What do you think about October, when the climate cools? I think it'd be nice."

Sheryl had actually asked others' opinions about that, and all of them agreed that it was a good idea.

"I'll keep that in mind," Irene replied.

She was in no hurry since Tommy was still an infant and needed much care. Also, Isaac was busy with his family issues, and the near future wasn't a good time to tie the knot.

"I think we should do it earlier. I'm worried more things would pop up," Sheryl said, hoping that they would tie the knot-it meant one less thing to worry about, at least!

"I'll discuss it with Isaac," Irene replied.

Sheryl nodded.

Jimmy the chauffeur was already waiting for Irene when she stepped outside the hospital, and she got in, asking casually, "Isaac sent you?"

"Of course," Jimmy replied.

"Let's go," she said, leaning against the door.

Episode 263

When Irene returned to the house at Rose Garden, she washed her hands before going to Tommy. She was surprised to find someone carrying her baby.

"Mrs. Watson?" she exclaimed.

Mrs. Watson smiled. "Mr. Jefferson sent me. He said there must be someone caring for Tommy at all times."

Isaac certainly wouldn't be comfortable with asking a stranger's help, and hence sent Mrs. Watson.

Irene was pleased that it was Mrs. Watson, since the latter had always been a kind person who was also genuinely nice to her at Isaac's other mansion.

"I'm so relieved to have you here!" Irene smiled.

Mrs. Watson then passed Tommy to Irene. The baby was wide awake, but suddenly started to frown.

Knowing that he had just pooped, Irene pinched his button nose. "Made a stinky, did we?"

"I'll get him changed," Mrs. Watson offered.

"No, I'll do it," Irene insisted—in her mind, she owed her own son much for being unable to care for him before.

Now that she had all the time to do it, she certainly would.

“Very well. I’ll get a bucket.”

“Okay,” Irene replied. She lay Tommy down, taking off his diaper and throwing it away, before getting some wet wipes to clean his backside.

“Is Isaac out?” she asked casually.

Mrs. Watson nodded. “Yes, he left after receiving a call.”

“I see,” Irene replied as she continued to clean Tommy, who appeared perfectly comfortable now and not at all interested in sleeping.

He could sit up now, so Irene sat down on the couch and played with him, amusing him with a toy.

Mrs. Watson suddenly said, “Mrs. Jefferson, I must give it to you – you were staying at the mansion with us for so long, but I’ve never known that you were pregnant.”

Mrs. Watson was stunned when she first saw Tommy, and left speechless to learn that he was actually Irene’s son!

Irene smiled but stayed silent, since the matter was quite complicated.

“I’m just so happy,” Mrs. Watson then added. “I’ve never seen Mr. Jefferson so gentle.”

She was certainly dumbfounded when she came over and saw Isaac holding Tommy in his arms!

He had always been lofty and aloof, but he carried the baby so carefully that she thought she was imagining things.

Naturally, she knew that he changed because of Irene. In the years she worked for him, he was slowly becoming a new person ever since Irene came to his life.

Irene kept playing with Tommy, and said offhandedly, “He’s just a little cold and empathetic.”

Mrs. Watson shook her head. “Not really, ma’am. Mr. Jefferson simply lacked familial warmth because he lost his parents as a child. He may seem aloof, but he actually has a lot of empathy.”

Sighing, Mrs. Watson continued, “You’ve heard recent developments, haven’t you? His grandfather wants him

to step down as CEO so his uncle could take over. He

respected his grandfather all this while, only for his only family to betray him too.”

Irene knew that Isaac was having trouble with the

Jeffesons, but not that much.

Mrs. Watson’s words made her realize that she didn’t care

or understood Isaac enough.

“Well, you’ll get along just fine with Mr. Jefferson now that you have a child together.” Mrs. Watson smiled.

In the end, Isaac was just aloof in appearance—he wasn't heartless, but he had to stay distant because of his

environment.

Irene nodded. "I know."

"I'll wash Tommy's clothes now," Mrs. Watson said. She

left, while Irene was pensive.

She could feel Isaac's yearning for kinship for quite some time, and she realized that she wasn't showing enough

concern.

The clock on the wall kept ticking, and soon, it was already 1 a.m.

Isaac hadn't returned, while Tommy was fast asleep.

Irene, who had been waiting for Isaac, was feeling a little drowsy as well. But just as she closed her eyes, the door clicked and opened.

Sitting up and turning towards the door, she called out, Isaac?"

Chapter 264

Isaac entered, and asked, "You're not sleeping yet? Did I wake you up?"

"No, I was waiting for you," Irene replied. She got off her bed and gave him a hug, resting her face on his chest.

The move surprised Isaac, and he stiffened for a while before asking with a smile, "What's gotten into you?"

"Nothing," she replied. "Just wanted a hug."

Isaac looked at her, "Let go. I'll be back after a shower. I'm filthy right now."

Irene tightened his embrace instead, gluing herself to

him.

"What is it?" Isaac asked quietly, feeling as if she was not

in her right mind.

Irene rubbed herself against his chest. "From now on, I'm your family wherever you go. I love you."

His quiet voice turned raspy right then. "Really, now... What's gotten into you?"

"Nothing. I just missed you and wanted a hug," Irene

stood on the balls of her feet to kiss him.

He was stunned, and though he responded enthusiastically, he pulled away spoon enough. "I need to take a shower."

Irene actually found that odd about him. He would have hugged her back if it was any other day... Had he lost interest in her?

She was naturally flabbergasted by the thought. "Did you fall out of love already?"

"What are you talking about?" he exclaimed, but he still was not touching her. "I saw a corpse on my way back. It's bad mojo, and I don't want you to get it."

Irene wasn't surprised, since as a doctor, she saw many herself.

Moreover, not a day went by without a patient passing away in a hospital.

Therefore, she was less afraid than curious.

"A corpse? This late at night?"

Isaac was silent for a while, before answering, "It's Samantha."

Irene spaced out for a long time at his answer, and thought that she was hearing things. "Who?"

"Samantha, Samantha White. I received this text giving me an address around 10:30, saying that I'd find her there. I brought my people along and headed there around eleven, where we found her dead on the scene. After that, we searched the area around and tried to trace the sender, but we got nothing. That's why I was late."

Irene smelled a rat as well. "When Ricky was told to poison Tommy, it was the same thing: an anonymous sender that can't be traced..."

Isaac agreed. "What was their point in luring me there?"

Did they just want me to see her corpse?"

Irene frowned-it could not be that simple. "Did Stan find anything?"

"Not yet. The Jeffersons are quiet," Isaac replied.

In reality, it was not as if they were being quiet—they had made their move, but Isaac simply found out beforehand and foiled them.

It was why he had been busy. However, he didn't tell Irene to spare her from worry.



“It’s not their style. Maybe they’re being quiet but actually making a move in secret?” Irene guessed.

Isaac wondered if it was a misdirection as well.

Were they trying to use Samantha to cause a stir?

It couldn’t be, because he and Samantha were not close.

Irene was confused as well.

“Ricky would be devastated if he finds out his mother is dead. Do you want to check on him?” Isaac pointed out.

“Let’s leave that for tomorrow. He probably doesn’t

know, and it’s already very late,” Irene said, glancing at the clock which showed that it was 2 a.m. “I’ll go to the hospital early tomorrow.”

“Okay. Go to sleep for now. I need a shower,” Isaac said. “Yeah, alright.”

Chapter 264

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Chapter 265

Irene did not get in bed immediately. She went to check

on Tommy instead, just taking a look since Mrs. Watson

was taking care of the baby.

Tommy was sound asleep, so she tiptoed out of his room

and returned to the master bedroom.

There she sat on the bed, unable to sleep, resting her hand on her head and wondering who their adversaries were. However, she could not come up with anyone other than Robin and the Jeffersons.

Meanwhile, Isaac stepped out of the shower to find her sitting on their bed. He made her lay down as he moved on top of her.

As he retained warm, moist kisses on her, the mood was getting just right when they heard Tommy's sudden

cries.

Both of them paused, though Irene came to her senses first and tried to push Isaac off. "Tommy's hungry."

"Mrs. Watson would feed him."

"But..."

Her comeback was stopped by a kiss right there and then.

Soon, she was drowning in a night of unending passion.

The lights were still up at the Jefferson Manor—both Henry Jefferson and his son Greg were looking grim since they failed to topple Isaac.

Greg's wife—Quincy Moore—was with them as well. After all, Henry wasn't even bothered to hold old grudges

now.

He was too old for that.

“Nothing is going smoothly, huh?” Greg grumbled.

Isaac had pretty much destroyed his son Ian, giving no chance of bailing Ian out as Ian appeared headed for

prison. Moreover, Isaac’s current position in Sky Group seemed untouchable.

Henry appeared somber, since Isaac’s influence was not to be underestimated.

“What do you think we should do, Dad?” Greg asked frantically.

“Didn’t Ian’s girlfriend have a plan to embarrass Irene?

How did it go?” Henry asked.

It would’ve been better if he did not mention it—Robin’s case had been another cause for grief.

She was actually forced to wipe the floor of the sporting complex as she promised, with people constantly keeping an eye on her to ensure that she did so.

It seemed she would have to continue tomorrow as well, since it was at least a two-day job, given that she was doing it with her bare hands.

Not only was her plans foiled, she ended up paying dearly for it—even with Quincy Moore’s help, since she never had much influence to cause trouble in the first place.

While they believed that the people watching Robin were offended parents, they were actually Isaac’s people.

“So, a dud?” Henry understood immediately just from the awkward look on Greg’s face.

“Isaac’s no pushover. You had to give him so much power that he got full of himself, Henry. Now, he wouldn’t even listen to you,” Quincy complained.

“Shut up!” Greg snapped and immediately shot her a glare—things just improved for them since his father was now on their side.

Quincy went quiet, but not out of fear; it was too late to say anything now.

The only thing they could do for the time being was to work together and topple Isaac—that was the only way

they could rescue Ian.

“Sir, I have an idea, but I don’t know if it’d work,” Moneypenny chimed in..

“Tell us!” Greg exclaimed before Henry could say anything – he was so desperate, anything would do for him right now.

Moneypenny, however, kept his eyes on Henry.

He would only speak with Henry's permission.

Henry raised a hand. "Tell us."

"Well..."

Chapter 266

Money Penny took a moment to find the right words before saying, "Master Isaac is only able to focus on confronting us because he has no domestic concerns. If he did, he would be distracted, and that would afford us

an opportunity.

"Oh, Money Penny is right!" Quincy exclaimed.

Though she was middle-aged, no one could tell because she did her best to look younger.

She nudged her husband with her elbow. "Come on, say something."

"It's a good plan, but how do we do that?" Greg pointed out.

Henry had stayed quiet exactly because of that – Irene and Isaac were getting along wonderfully now, and their child only strengthened their bond.

"That's easy. Just drive a wedge between them!" Quincy exclaimed, an idea occurring to her. "Any couple in a relationship would always be wary of homewreckers. Things would get shaky once one showed up, right?"

Nonetheless, Greg found it was difficult. "But Isaac is smart. Would that really work?"

Quincy shot him a look.

If only he could get his act together... the entire Jefferson estate wouldn't have fallen straight into Isaac's hands in its entirety!

Naturally, she would never say that out loud since all men had their ego, and she would allow Greg to keep his

. because they couldn't afford to fight amongst themselves

right now they had to form a unified front to topple Isaac first!

"Henry, didn't you have the right person for the job?" Quincy smiled, turning to the elderly man.

"You mean Kathy York?" Henry shook his head immediately. "I'm afraid that won't work."

Quincy was puzzled. "Why not?"

"I had her pass herself off as Isaac's savior and even arranged for her to work in the same building with him,

but he showed no interest and actually threw her to a

branch company. How could she affect them at all when Isaac refused to even look at her?"

Quincy's eyes twinkled right then. "That's easy. If Isaac thinks he owes her for saving him, he'd definitely do

something if I threatened her."

After all, Quincy was the one who tried to drown Isaac before. As it turned out, someone rescued him after she left. Now that everyone assumed that Kathy saved Isaac, it was only natural for Quincy to hold spite for Kathy.

Henry watched as the others schemed, and eventually

said, "Do as you see fit. I'm tired."

"Of course, Henry. You should rest."

Quincy walked up to him eagerly, but she was just about

to go and help him to his feet, Henry told her, "

Money Penny will help me. Just do what you have to do."

Quincy took no offense and told Money Penny, "Take good care of him."

"Of course," Money Penny replied.

After they were gone, Greg came up to her and asked, "Is your plan really going to work?"

"Why not?" Quincy was brimming with confidence. "Isaac isn't heartless—he may not like Kathy, but he'd do something if I threatened to hurt his savior."

"But how's that going to drive a wedge between Isaac and Irene?" Greg asked.

Quincy rolled her eyes. She really wanted to ask where he put his brains.

Nonetheless, she patiently explained, "All women are petty, especially when it comes to their partners."

Chapter 267

Ricky looked up at her and asked, "You're early. You knew, didn't you?"

"Yeah," Irene admitted.

Ricky's eyes were unfocused as he stared into the

distance. "The cops were asking if I saw her, and if I knew anything."

Irene quietly listened, but she knew that someone got Samantha out of prison—she never could have escaped by herself.

Not sure how to assure him, she said, "You need to take care of your health."

Ricky suddenly turned towards her. "She just died last night... How did you know?"

"I—"

Irene was about to say that Isaac told him, but quickly changed, "I overheard the cops telling you."

"Ah," Ricky murmured, but he knew that she was lying.

Was she hiding something? Why? Because she knew that Isaac killed her mother?

Beneath his blanket, Ricky's hands balled into fists.

"My condolences," Irene said quietly.

Ricky forced a smile. "I know. She's never coming back..."

By the way, was Isaac with you before midnight last night?"

Irene shook her head. "No, he's busy with work."

"I think I'm sleepy," Ricky suddenly said.

Irene helped him pull up his blanket. "Okay. I'll be right here with you."

Ricky said nothing, but quietly closed his eyes.

Around eight in the morning, Sheryl arrived with Ricky's breakfast.

Irene gestured for her to put the food aside, and pulled Sheryl outside without waking Ricky.

"Samantha's dead."

"What?!" Sheryl was bewildered.

"Keep it down, Mom. You'd wake Ricky—he must be feeling miserable right now."

Still, Sheryl was confused. "Shouldn't she be in prison? How did it happen?"

The situation was not exactly clear, so Irene didn't tell Sheryl much. "I don't know. We'll see what comes of the investigation."

Sheryl nodded.

"Please take care of Ricky over the next few days, and be mindful about his mood," Irene told Sheryl.

"I know," Sheryl replied. "I'll take good care of him."

Meanwhile, in the ward, Ricky did not actually fall asleep.

He was pretending because he did not want to talk to

Irene or see her.

He had slipped out of the hospital last night, wanting to see Samantha, only to find an ice-cold corpse.

He whipped out his phone to once again review the video of the place where Smaantha died.

When he asked Irene if Isaac was with her, she told him that Isaac was busy with work.

And yet, he showed up there, where Samantha died.

Click!

Suddenly, the door opened.

Chapter 268

Ricky hid his phone under his blanket, and moved so quickly that neither Irene nor Sheryl noticed it.

Sheryl walked up to the food she left on the bedside shelf. "You must be hungry, right? Come have some breakfast."

As she spoke, she unboxed the food she had cooked meticulously.

"I'm not hungry. Can I be alone for a while?" Ricky's expression and tone was flat, but he didn't appear too

miserable.

Sheryl tried to talk to him, but Irene stopped her. "Let's give him some space, Mom."

As such, Sheryl restrained herself. However, she told

Ricky, "I'll leave everything here. Eat it when you're hungry."

Ricky did not respond, however, leaving her sighing.

"Alright," Irene said as she pulsed Sheryl along. "Take your time, Ricky."

Closing the door behind her, she told Sheryl, "Ricky

needs time to accept reality. He won't be eating, but don't

try to be pushy. Samantha's his mother, and being unable to take it is normal."

Sheryl understood. "I'm just worried about his health. He's still hurt, and he'd harm his own health if he gets

too depressed."

Irene stared at her mother lengthily. Sheryl was much too kind for her own good. Irene was surprised how Sheryl



could bear no ill will towards Ricky, the son of the woman who ruined her marriage, and genuinely treat him like

her own son.

For some reason, Irene felt that something changed in Ricky today. She couldn't tell what it was, but it was there!

Naturally, she was worried that Ricky would get confrontational with Sheryl and hurt Sheryl.

"Mom, you should really know when to quit."

Sheryl understood what Irene was getting at, but did not take it to heart—she genuinely believed that Ricky and

Samantha were different.

For Irene's part, she did not persist. She soon left since she had other things to do.

She went to meet Miss Lang, who treated Irene to

breakfast at a good diner to thank Irene for her help the

other day at the dance competition.

Over at Sky Group, Stan was already waiting when Isaac arrived, having found the location where the anonymous

text was sent.

"It's actually from Ian's casino ship. Someone took it out to sea even though it had been confiscated—when my men and I found it, we searched it again and found the computer which sent the text. All clues and evidence point to the Jeffersons."

Isaac sat behind his desk, lounging against his chair.

He listened to Stan's words, but said nothing. He was preoccupied with his thoughts—even if the Jeffersons did this, what was their point? Did the death of Samantha serve any purpose?

Suddenly, Isaac narrowed his eyes—Samantha was survived by her son.

He connected the dots right there and then.

They had lured him there so he would show up at the place where Samantha died... So that Ricky would think that he murdered Samantha, and then use him against

Ricky.

1

That meant Ricky would have evidence he killed Samantha, which was mostly likely a video since it was both direct and incriminating.

Once they had a video of Isaac showing up where she

died, all they had to do was send it to Ricky and tell him that Isaac killed his mother.

Rising to his feet, Isaac said, "We're going to the hospital.

"Why?" Stan could hardly keep up.

Isaac didn't have time to explain. "Let's just go.

"Okay." Stan quickly followed.

However, they had just taken the elevator and arrived downstairs when Isaac's phone rang. He hurriedly

answered it.

"Hello, Isaac. It's your Aunt Quincy--"

Isaac hung up before Quincy could finish.

Within the minute, Stan's phone rang—it was Quincy again. "Tell Isaac that I have Kathy York. I'll have her deflowered if he still doesn't answer my call!"

Chapter 269

Stan had to pass Quincy's message to Isaac, who stopped and turned to stare at him. "What?!"

Stan repeated Quincy's message, and asked, "What would she want with Kathy?"

Isaac held out his hand. "Give me the phone."

Stan did so, and he asked coldly, "What do you want?"

Quincy went straight to the point. "I heard Kathy saved you from drowning that one time. Everything you owned now would've been my son's if you died back then—did you think I'd spare her after she ruined my schemes?"

"What do you want?" Isaac repeated.

"Cutting to the chase already? Good. Since Kathy saved you, she must be important to you, right? So let's make an exchange—Kathy for my son. How about that?"

After Quincy had met Kathy, she found out that Kathy was fond of Isaac, and they had agreed to work together.

As she carried out her scheme, Quincy remembered that she could use this to force Isaac to make an exchange, and save her own son.

"Your son isn't with me," Isaac said, while giving Stan a

look—the latter understood and quietly left to track

down Quincy.

“Oh, you’re smart, Isaac—but I’m not stupid either. Don’t interfere, and I can save my son without issue.”

“What if I said no?” Isaac growled.

“Then my people will take their turns having their way with Kathy York. Could you really bear to see that happen? She’s your savior. Are you really not going to lift a finger?”

She breathed ‘your savior’ with emphasis—she had

always denied pushing Isaac into that pond since there was no evidence against her, and now, she was basically bragging about it.

Isaac naturally knew it was her, but she remained

untouched because of Henry.

Now that the truce was broken, there was no reason for

her to hide it.

Isaac laughed coldly. “Wrong number, ma’am. You should be talking to the police.”

With that, he hung up. Stan had already got her position.

“Gather your men,” Isaac ordered.

Stan promptly did so, and they all arrived half an hour

later.

Quincy seemed to be expecting their arrival, and didn’t appear at all surprised.

“That was quicker than I thought,” she smiled. “I actually expected you to take an hour to get here.”

Isaac didn’t bother with the preamble. “She did save me, but if she dies, I’ll just get her a good coffin.”

With that, he turned and started to leave. “How heartless! Not helping your savior? There’s no reason for me to hold back, then.”

She clapped her hand, and the curtain behind her parted, revealing a glass wall, behind of which was the room where Kathy was kept—tied to a table, her limbs spread wide apart while six men stood around her.

It took Quincy considerable effort to set this up.

Rearing her chin at Isaac, she snapped, “Leave, and those men will each have a turn with her!”

Stan himself almost snapped right there and then. Quincy

Moore was certainly a monster—she was a woman too! How could she do this to another woman?! Was she really not afraid that she would suffer the same way?!

Isaac, however, merely gave them a passing glance without so much as a change in expression.

Remaining impassive, he said, “Do whatever you want- we’re leaving, Stan.”

As he strode off, Quincy gestured for her men to get going.

While Kathy and Quincy had agreed to work together, the men weren't playing around.

"No!!!" she screamed in fear as they tore off her clothes.

Chapter 270

Isaac left without pausing for a moment, even as Kathy started to bawl behind him.

Stan was puzzled.

Isaac wasn't heartless, especially to those who helped him.

"Mr. Jefferson?" Stan called out in uncertainty.

Isaac finally paused just as his fingers reached his car door handle. "Tell Quincy I won't interfere if she rescued

his son."

He was unmoved before, because he believed that the whole thing was an act—that Quincy and Kathy were working together.

And they certainly were—Quincy had even promised Kathy that she would be untouched.

Naturally, it was just deception on Quincy's part; she knew that if they wanted Isaac to believe them, a mere act would never be convincing.

The instant Kathy agreed to play along, she was going to be deflowered.

Stan quickly returned inside the house, but he was already too late—Kathy was wailing tragically even as he passed Isaac's message.

Quincy was laughing, as if she knew this would happen. Why walk away in the first place?"

As she entered the room, a crazed Kathy screamed at her, "You ruined me!"

All Quincy cared about was saving her son, but she took the time to walk up close to Kathy and whisper, "Did you think Isaac would've given in if I didn't do this?"

Kathy stared daggers at her. "Did you think I'm an idiot? Do you think he would still like me after what you did?"

"Tut, tut. Think smart, kiddo, you can use this to guilt-trip him!" Quincy said charmingly. "You're his savior, so act vulnerable and miserable—always remind him that you're like this because he didn't lift a finger to save you when he could. With that alone, you can hover around him. Though it depends on you if you could steal his heart."

Kathy actually believed Quincy. "Really?"

“Of course! Why would I lie to you?” Quincy said, continuing to bewitch Kathy. “Just do what I tell you, and he’s all yours. I mean, have you ever heard of my husband having an affair?”

Kathy shook her head vehemently.

“Then trust me, and I can teach you how to win a man’s heart.” Quincy helped Kathy to her feet.

“Remember – don’t say anything to Isaac, and just keep crying.”

Quincy naturally did not want Kathy to talk to Isaac, because the girl was so stupid she would definitely let slip something.

One must still concede that Quincy was as smart as she was ruthless, or she couldn’t have repeatedly made attempts on Isaac’s life.

Kathy nodded. “Fine! But you better promise me that Isaac will be mine!”

“I promise,” Quincy assured her with absolute

conviction, and Kathy believed her.

“Now, remember—just act miserable in front of them, as if you could die right this instant.” Quincy kept goading Kathy, to which she nodded.

“Don’t forget that now,” Quincy added.

“Okay.” Kathy nodded again, and Quincy finally handed her over to Stan.

Stan did not reach out to her—even if she was a victim, he still found her disagreeable.

“Come with me,” Stan said flatly.

As Kathy stepped out of the house, she was clutching her

own arms, her clothes now no more than rags and haring her shoulders. With her disheveled hair, her puffy eyes and her cheeks stained with tears, she was a tragic sight!

“Mr. Jefferson,” Stan said as he led her to him.

Isaac didn’t even look at them. “Have her sit in another car.

“Yes, sir.”

Meanwhile, Kathy took Quincy’s advice to heart and kept sobbing as miserably as possible.

Stan had someone give her a jacket to drape over her shoulders. After settling her in, he returned to Isaac and asked, “What now, sir?”

He believed that this was their chance—Quincy was right inside, and she deserved death just for making more than a handful of attempts on Isaac’s life. The people they brought were perfect for the job too, since Quincy’s people looked like they could hardly hold their own.

