

Runaway 271

Chapter 271

Isaac certainly wanted Quincy Moore, but he wasn't that impulsive.

"It'd just dirty our hands," he growled after weighing his options. "Let's go."

Stan quietly got in his car and left.

They took Kathy to the hospital. She wasn't hurt, but she would still need a checkup and some comforting after what had happened.

Since Isaac had always been cold to her, she was actually surprised that he was suddenly so kind and caring.

As she sat on her bed, she didn't forget what Quincy told her—act miserable and tragic to curry sympathy.

"I can't live like this... Sob..."

"Such a shame," Isaac said impassively.

Kathy looked up. "W—What is?"

"You have a pretty face, and you could've married an upstanding man. I wonder who'd want you now?"

Then, deliberately giving her a look of disdain, "Did you really think I'd fall for you after what happened?"

Crash!

The dream Quincy envisioned for Kathy shattered right there and then.

Isaac was right—what man would like an immodest woman?

Even if he felt sympathy, it wouldn't translate to

affection!

"Either way, I saved you and that makes us equals, so I hope you don't ever try to use that with me again," Isaac said, and beckoned to Stan. "Give her some money to live in comfort."

"I don't want that!" Kathy promptly leapt off her bed and grabbed Isaac's arm. "I don't need money—all I need is you!"

Isaac glowered and firmly shook her off. "You're dirty."

He certainly felt so much disdain towards her that he almost knocked her off her feet—he was a little too

forceful, but there was no helping it since he was genuinely repulsed.

Whether Kathy had been innocent or in league with Quincy, he couldn't feel sympathy towards her at all.

Before this, he had always remembered—even obsessed over—the girl who saved him from that pond, but here she was, standing right there...and he felt nothing.

"It only happened because of Quincy. Don't you want revenge?" Isaac asked.

Kathy finally came to her senses then, but stayed quiet.

Revenge? She was working with Quincy!

The look in her eyes allowed Isaac to see through her with ease.

So she really was putting up an act with Quincy, even at the cost of her modesty?

Still, Isaac was impressed by how manipulative Quincy could be.

"You helped her, and she got her son back. But what do you get?" he pointed out.

Kathy finally thought about it. Isaac was right—she got nothing except spite from Isaac, and how he knocked her away just now was proof enough.

You only do that to someone you were earnestly disgusted with!

"What do I have?" she asked herself.

And the answer was nothing.

Before this, she had her looks and her chastity... But she had nothing left after working with Quincy, let alone a chance to make Isaac hers!

"She's the reason you have nothing now. I can help if you want revenge, but if you don't, take the money, and move someplace else no one knows you."

With that, Isaac strode out of the ward. Kathy hesitated for a moment before running up and catching the hem of his jacket, screaming, "I want revenge!"

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Isaac wheeled on Kathy with an icy glare.

She flinched, and quickly let go of him.

His severe expression faded, and he said, "I'll let you keep your job."

"Really?" Kathy exclaimed in disbelief.

"If Quincy asked..."

"I got it," Kathy said, her mind suddenly sharp. "I'll tell her that you are warming up to me."

"Good," Isaac said.

Kathy then asked, "How will I get my revenge?"

"Win her trust. I'll slowly teach you how to get back at her."

"Really?" Kathy asked stupidly.

"Of course."

Kathy was certainly overjoyed, so much that she was forgetting what had happened just hours ago.

Nearby, Stan was raising a brow—is Isaac going to use Kathy against Quincy?

One must say that his method of turning Quincy's scheme against her was devastating!

"Take your time to get better," Isaac said, and left.

Stan followed Isaac and asked softly, "Sir, she did save you before... Using her like this is a little cruel, don't you think?"

Isaac glanced at him and snorted. "Does she deserve anything? She's in league with Quincy."

"That's just her being stupid," Stan pointed out. "She was simply manipulated and exploited."

After all, she was being used like a tool by Quincy, and had her chastity taken in the process—what was she if not stupid?

"Yeah, she ruined my image of her," Isaac growled as he got in his car.

Stan missed that. "What was that, sir?"

"Nothing," Isaac said flatly, clearly reluctant to speak further. And so, Stan stopped pressing him.

From Stan's perspective, Isaac had become so sick of Kathy that he didn't feel protective towards her even if she did save him before.

But after working for Isaac for so long, Stan was used to Isaac's cold nature.

After breakfast with Miss Lang, Irene headed to Spencer Holdings. Since Ricky had kept things going

and resolved the previous crisis, everyone was more or less staying in line and not causing trouble.

It suddenly occurred to Irene that Ricky might stop thinking about Samantha if he was busy, and she quickly headed back to the Spencer Mansion, gathering all the materials she had and consulted Mr. Cooper, Lionel's

lawyer, to come up with an agreement.

When the draft was done, she took it with her to the hospital.

"You're back already, Irene? You're worried, aren't you? I'm honestly fine," Ricky said, though he was a little surprised to see her return.

Irene glanced at the food on the table, which had been untouched, and walked up to take them away.

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"It's cold now, so you shouldn't eat these," she said as she cleaned them up. "Is there anything you're craving? I can buy it for you."

Ricky thought about it and said, "Apple pie."

"Alright, I'll get it for you." Irene promptly left, and traveled some distance to a restaurant with good viral reviews to get it.

"It's good," Ricky commented after finishing one slice.

Irene was keeping an eye on him. Knowing that he was feigning composure, she said, "You can cry if you want."

Ricky simply picked up another slice and ate in silence.

Seeing no outburst from him, Irene took out the agreement, "Take a look at this after you're finished. You can sign it if you find no issues."

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Ricky looked up abruptly, his eyes widened in surprise after he scanned through the agreement.

"What...?"

"Our father wanted you in charge of Spencer Holdings anyway," Irene told him. "He didn't give it to you right away because he's worried about your lack of experience. I went to check on things today, and it's obvious you've proven yourself. Plus, I'm too busy since I have to take care of Tommy. So, I'm handing the company to you right now. You know I was never interested anyway—my lifelong ambition is to be a doctor."

Irene simply wanted Ricky to know that she had no intent on keeping Spencer Holdings for herself, and that she would not meddle once he took over.

Still, Ricky was actually suspicious instead of happy that she was giving him Spencer Holdings at this time, and wondered what her intention was.

Was it because she knew Isaac had murdered his mother, and the company was given to appease him?

"I'm still young, Irene. Dad wanted you to manage it, so you do it," he said, and continued eating his pie.

Irene was aware he wanted Spencer Holdings dearly before... Yet, he was turning her down?

"Look, Ricky—your mom and I had our differences, but she's gone now, and every grievance went with her. We share the same father even though we had different mothers, meaning that we're connected by blood. We're family from now on.

"You've always been family to me," Ricky simply said.

Irene clapped him on the shoulder. "That's why you have every reason to sign this."

"Okay." Ricky picked up the paper, but Irene realized that she did not even bring a pen.

She borrowed one from the nurse's station, and Ricky signed it.

Suddenly, he looked at her solemnly and asked, "Irene... If your lover and I are both in danger, who would you save?"

Irene was dumbfounded, and considerably embarrassed with Ricky's use of love.

Still, she smiled. "That's not going to happen. Also,

you're both big men. If either of you were in danger, I won't be in a position to help.

Ricky didn't give up, however. "I'm just saying—in a situation where Isaac and I need your help, but you can only save one of us... Who would you save?"

It was certainly a dilemma for Irene.

Isaac was her lover, and she wouldn't give up on her easily since they had a child together—she had every intention to spend the rest of her life loving him.

On the other hand, she and Ricky shared a bloodline—he was basically family.

She didn't want to give up on either of them.

"What's gotten into you—"

"Sister, please." Ricky deliberately used the word.

Irene joked, "Fine. I won't help either of you—you're

both on your own.”

Ricky was naturally disappointed.

“But I’m your younger brother.”

Irene smiled, pretending to miss the point. “That you are.

“Well, I’m keeping this,” Ricky said, glancing at the agreement.

“It’s yours in the first place.” Irene told him.

They chatted for a while before Irene left the hospital.

She had the feeling that Ricky was acting strangely, and kept thinking about him, leaving her distracted on her way home.

Did Ricky just make her choose sides?

She refuted the thought, since Ricky and Isaac weren’t even acquainted—there shouldn’t be grievances between

them.

So why would Ricky test her? Or was she just paranoid?

Ding-

Her cell phone jingled just then, and she picked it up, tapping on it distractedly. She saw a photo.

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Isaac was in the photo, along with Kathy!

They were standing outside a hospital ward, with Kathy holding the hem of Isaac’s jacket—he had turned around, so his expression could not be seen.

Irene did not flip out when she saw the photo, since the fact that she was sent it made one thing clear: someone wanted her to see it.

Their objective was also obvious—they wanted a misunderstanding between her and Isaac.

Thus, Irene refused to jump to conclusions and decided to listen to what Isaac had to say instead.

Though she blackened the screen and turned to look outside the car, her mood soured by the minute.

Suddenly, she seemed to forget entirely about Ricky. The photo was all she could think about.

Although the rational part of her mind insisted that

someone was deliberately attempting to drive a wedge between her and Isaac, the emotional side of her mind was still worried.

After all, Kathy was beautiful... And why was she tugging at Isaac's clothes?

Nonetheless, she was soon back at Rose Garden.

Tommy was wide awake, and Mrs. Watson was carrying him around the living room.

Irene washed her hands before taking Tommy off Mrs. Watson, and the baby nestled against her collarbone, as if knowing that she was his mother.

Irene's heart almost melted right then. She leaned in to give him a peck on the cheek as warmth unfurled in her

heart.

Life was indeed a miracle.

She played with Tommy for some time. Though he eventually got hungry, he fell asleep halfway through his

bottle of milk.

Irene tucked him in his crib. In the evening, she headed to the kitchen.

Mrs. Watson was already there. "You don't have to come, ma'am. Just leave this to me."

Irene smiled. "I wanted to cook tonight. I think Isaac will come back soon."

Mrs. Watson was naturally smart enough to catch Irene's hint that she wanted to cook for Isaac, and so quickly said, "I'll help."

"I'm fine on my own," Irene insisted.

"I'll take care of the laundry, then." Mrs. Watson finally left the kitchen.

Irene worked alone, and was done after ninety minutes- just in time for dinner.

Isaac had yet to return when the last dish was completed, however, and Irene took out her phone. She wanted to call him and ask if he would be late, but just as she hesitated, she heard the front door opening.

She walked over and found Isaac entering, wearing the same jacket Kathy had been tugging on in the picture.

Nonetheless, Irene smiled. "Hey."

Isaac looked up at her in turn.

She had tied up her hair into a ponytail and wore a simple white T-shirt matched with blue jeans, with an apron tied around her slender waist.

It was a simple and modest getup, but perfect in his eyes.

The air suddenly seemed rife with hormones.

“Hey,” he replied.

“Go wash your hands—dinner’s ready.” Irene said as she returned to the kitchen, and brought the food to the dining table, even setting down fork and knives as Isaac entered.

She sat down in front of him after he did, and popped a bottle of beer for him, pouring it for her.

Isaac raised a brow. “Did something good happen?”

“Not really,” Irene replied. “Just wanted to drink with you.”

She was perfect to Isaac in every way.

Taking the bottle off her hands, he said, “I’ll do the honors.”

Irene pursed her lips. “My mom just told me that she thinks we should get married in October. I sort of agree since we’ve really been busy lately—we should wait until things settle down before we tie the knot. We’re in no rush, anyway.”

Isaac was quiet for a while, but eventually agreed. “Yeah.”

Now was certainly not the time to tie the knot. They were already living like a married couple, anyway.

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Taking Irene’s hand in his, Isaac said, “Is there anything you want? I can give it to you.”

Irene giggled, “Don’t worry. I’ll get my one pound of flesh.”

Then, she steered the conversation away while acting casual, asking, “Where have you been today?”

“The office, of course.” Isaac grinned, since she rarely asked him about his whereabouts. “What, worried about

me?”

“Of course. I was worried you’d have an affair,” Irene replied.

Isaac chuckled softly in amusement.

Irene shot him a glare. “What’s so funny?”

“I just liked it that you asked. That’s all,” he replied.

Irene was left speechless for a moment, and then suddenly remembered something else.

“I’ve put together an agreement to hand Spencer Holdings over to Ricky. He’s alone now that Samantha’s

gone, and I hope that the company would encourage him to keep himself together—maybe he’d forget his misery if he’s busy.”

She thought it necessary to Isaac.

They had now decided to live together, and be involved in each others’ lives—that meant honesty, and no secrets!

Isaac put down his fork at the mention of Ricky—the issue with Kathy had delayed his visit to the hospital. Actually, I’ve just realized something. The person who texted me and lured me to Samantha’s body wanted me there, so that they could frame me as Samantha’s killer. Did Ricky tell you anything when he visited you today?”

Irene came to a realization right there and then.

So Ricky was acting weird because he thought Isaac was involved with Samantha’s death?

Was that why he seemed to want Irene to pick a side

between them?

“I’ll talk to him, or he’d really think that you did it,” Irene said, considerably cheerful now that things came to light about Ricky’s weird behavior.

Hold on...

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She had other serious business!

Resting her chin on her palm and staring at Isaac, she slowly asked, “Have you been around a woman today?”

Isaac was sharp enough to get what she really meant, and looked up to return her gaze. “What is it you’re asking?”

“Just a question,” she smiled, while nonchalantly fiddling with the cell phone she left on the table.

She did not want to tell him about the photo—instead,

she wanted him to take the initiative to be honest.

Moreover, he would certainly understand after she was being so direct, wouldn't he?

Naturally, Isaac quickly noticed that she was testing him.

"Yeah."

"Who?" Irene asked in reflex.

"Ian Jefferson's mother."

Irene was caught off guard—she never expected that.

From Isaac's perspective, however, he had to get involved with Kathy today because of Quincy. He was less than reluctant to mention the degeneracy of what happened.

In fact, he would've chased Kathy away if he did not want to exploit her.

He was certainly cold enough to use his own savior like a tool!

On the other hand, Irene was quite disappointed, but didn't keep questioning Isaac.

As she cleaned up the table, afterwards, Tommy had woken up, and Isaac left to check on him, not noticing that she wasn't in a good mood.

Soon, she decided to find the truth for herself.

While Isaac took a shower, she told him that she needed to go out since Sheryl was calling her.

Isaac didn't seem to worry, and had no reason to stop her visiting her own mother. "Tell Jimmy to drive you there."

"Okay," Irene replied.

Thankfully, the photo was informative and easy to place, and she had determined that Isaac and Kathy were in the hospital at the time.

She arrived at the hospital and found the ward, where Kathy was still staying.

Still, Irene didn't confront Kathy directly, and instead, went looking for Kathy's attending physician. Irene still had connections as a former doctor, and had no trouble

finding the doctor in question—fortunately, they turned out to be acquainted before, or Irene wouldn't be able to access Kathy's case file.

"Here. But keep this a secret. You know the rules- patient confidentiality."

"I know, don't worry," Irene replied. "I'm just having a look."

She flipped through the pages, and scowled when she saw the list of tests Kathy had been subjected to.

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Kathy's doctor asked, "Who's she to you?"

Irene actually did not hear the doctor, because what she read was too shocking!

They actually checked her for that?!

"When was she admitted? Who brought her in?" she asked, when she eventually looked up.

"Just today," the doctor replied. "Kathy York, was it? She was brought in by this heartthrob -I heard he's the CEO

of Sky Group and the most eligible bachelor in the city. Her clothes were in pieces, and there were clear signs of foul play."

Irene was disgusted, and hid her lips behind her hand as she retched.

"Are you alright?" the doctor asked in concern.

"I'm fine, thanks for asking." Irene waved it off, and returned the clipboard to the doctor.

"It's nothing," the doctor said.

"Next dinner is my treat," Irene added.

"Thanks," the doctor smiled.

Once again, Irene avoided meeting Kathy at her ward, because her mind was a mess at the moment.

She didn't want to doubt Isaac, but she did ask, and he didn't tell her that he was the one who sent Kathy to this hospital, even getting her checked.

Why would he bring her here if he wasn't involved?

She did not want to be paranoid, but she had to give the mountain of evidence.

The fact that a man and a woman going to the hospital together would already be giving cause for the mind to

wonder.

And given what Kathy was tested for...

Irene closed her eyes to restrain her churning emotions and compose herself.

Still, even as she stood at the entrance of the hospital, she felt as if her legs were jelly and had lost all strength, unable to stand straight.

Jimmy the chauffeur came to assist her to the car. "Are you feeling ill, ma'am?"

Irene shook her head. "I'm fine. Also, don't tell anyone. that I've been here, understand?"

"Yes, ma'am." Jimmy replied.

Taking a deep breath to steel herself, she said, "Let's go home."

On the way home, she worked hard to relax her body and expression, and managed to calm down by the time they

returned to Rose Garden.

After Jimmy parked the car, she got off herself and said, " Please don't forget what I've said."

"Of course," Jimmy said.

Irene nodded in satisfaction and headed inside.

The interior was quiet, and she headed to the master bedroom, which was duly lit.

She could see Isaac's slender figure, arching his back slightly as he leaned against his pillow, seemingly asleep with Tommy in his arms. From her perspective, it looked as if their baby was embedded in him.

Entering and sitting beside him, she watched Tommy quietly, though the dull glow meant she could not see his

little face clearly.

She reached out to stroke his cheeks—it was smooth and

tender to the touch, and the sensation on her fingertips. leaves her heart skipping a beat.

Her child.

The apple of her eye.

"What are you looking at?" A quiet voice spoke then, and she looked up to see that Isaac had opened his eyes, watching her.

She did her best to keep her voice calm. "You're awake."

Isaac held out a hand. "Come."

Irene did not take it, and instead rose to her feet with a smile. "I need a bath. You should sleep."

With that, she headed to the washroom.

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Isaac stared at Irene from the back.

She had smiled at him, but he felt no warmth from it.

In fact, it felt icy.

What had gotten into her?

Suddenly not drowsy at all, he kept his eyes widened, his eyes glimmering in the dark room.

On the other hand, Irene was sitting on the toilet although she turned on the shower sprinklers, and her clothes were still on.

She had calmed herself on the way home, but for some reason, seeing Isaac left her flustered.

She was afraid something really did happen between Kathy and Isaac.

If there really was nothing between them, Isaac would've never allowed Kathy to be that close to him.

Irene took out her phone to see that photo again: the angle was perfect, and it looked just like Kathy was

pouting at Isaac as she tugged on his jacket. While Isaac

was not facing the camera, anyone would think that they looked just like lovers.

Irene felt a pain on her chest, and suffocated a little.

She patted herself on the chest. Steam soon swirled all over the bathroom, leaving the room stuffy and hot.

As she started to sweat, she finally undressed and took a shower.

She only emerged over an hour later, and Isaac sat up as she approached their bed.

He wrapped his arms around her waist, pulling her to him.

She struggled, but that only made Isaac tighten his hold on her.

His warm, dank breath tickled her ears as he asked, you having problems? Do you need my help?"

"Why'd you ask?" Irene asked.

"You seem upset," he replied.

"Are

Irene hung her head. She thought she managed to hide it, but Isaac found out anyway.

"I'm not upset. Just tired," she said quietly, doing her best to sound calm.

"Then I'm hugging you to sleep." Isaac said as he lay down, while she took Tommy in her arms in turn.

A pale ray of moonlight trickled in through the white curtains, sprinkling on top of their blanket, the floor and the table.

Irene was unable to sleep at all, but kept her eyes closed so that Isaac thought she did.

She dozed off and woke up just before daybreak, and couldn't fall asleep again.

As she stared at the window, she heard a buzz—Isaac's phone was vibrating on the table, waking him as well.

He promptly took it and hung up, afraid of waking Irene and Tommy.

He then quietly got off bed with it and headed to the balcony, closing the sliding glass door behind himself and calling Stan back.

"What is it?"

"You told me to keep an eye on Kathy, right? Our men saw her leaving to meet Quincy,." Stan said.

Isaac narrowed his eyes. "What were they discussing?"

"They couldn't get too close. You know how wary Quincy is, and they didn't want to be noticed..."

"Got it. Save the details for later."

He hung up and returned inside, and just as he put down his phone, Irene asked, "Who was that?"

It wasn't as if she was being sensitive—she couldn't help being suspicious after she found out what happened to Kathy yesterday. It felt like a splinter was stuck in her mind, hurting her deeply.

Moreover, Isaac even hung up that call beside her, and only called the other person back when she was out of

earshot.

It simply made her even more uncomfortable.

"It's Stan. Something came up." Isaac sat beside her and helped straighten her disheveled hair. "It's still early- you can sleep in. I need to see to something."

Irene bit her lip. "Is it really that urgent? The sun isn't even up."

Isaac chuckled softly, his morning voice hoarse yet exceeding alluring. "What, don't want me to leave?"

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"I'm not..." Irene denied it at first, but soon became silent for a while.

Eventually, she admitted, "Yeah, I don't want you to go."

Isaac loved that she was being clingy.

"Okay," he replied quickly without hesitation.

That actually left Irene doubtful.

Was it possible that she misunderstood him?

After all, he really loved Tommy.

"What's in your mind?" Isaac reached out to gather her in her arms while she was left conflicted.

Irene evaded him by instinct even though she didn't mean to her suspicion of him getting it on with Kathy made her repulsed by the notion of being intimate with him.

As Isaac's hands were left hanging mid-air, she quickly tried to divert his attention. "Hmm... Where's Tommy?"

Isaac glanced at the bed, where their son was sleeping soundly. It looked like Tommy wasn't about to wake up anytime soon.

He had actually noticed that Irene was being weird, but did not point it out. Even so, he calmly lowered his hands. and pinched her button nose. "I won't get upset with you."

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Irene pretended to wince and shot him a glare. "You're such a bully."

Isaac checked the time. "Go back to bed. I'm getting a drink from the living room."

Irene nodded, and he stared at her for a while before leaving the bedroom.

He sat on the couch, picked up the phone on the table and dialed a number, which was soon answered.

“Mr. Jefferson?” A sleepy voice asked from the other end.

“Come over right now,” Isaac said.

“Yes, sir.”

Isaac hung up and leaned into the couch, appearing tired as he rubbed the spot between his brows.

Soon, Jimmy the chauffeur entered the front door.

“Mr. Jefferson.”

Isaac slowly looked up but otherwise did not move. Where did she go last night?”

11

Jimmy lowered his head awkwardly. “She told me not to say...”

“What?” Isaac growled, raising a brow in clear dissatisfaction.

Jimmy gave in right away—it was not as if he wasn’t trustworthy, but Isaac was the one paying him, and he had to answer as he was Isaac’s employee. “A—A hospital.

“Which one?” Isaac asked, though he had an idea.

“Evenal.” Jimmy replied.

Isaac closed his eyes. “I see. You can go now.”

“Yes, sir,” Jimmy said, and left.

Isaac sighed lengthily, and slowly got up, returning to the bedroom.

He opened the door to find Irene lying on her side, staring at Tommy.

Isaac walked in and scoop up the baby in his arms.

“What are you doing?” Irene exclaimed softly in surprise. “You’re going to wake him.”

“I’ll keep it down,” Isaac said, and left.

Irene got off bed, following him without caring how she looked just then. "Where are you taking him?"

"To Mrs. Watson."

Irene caught her arm. "It's almost morning, anyway. He'll wake up soon."

"No, I'm leaving him with Mrs. Watson," he insisted with a serious look. "We need to talk."

Irene released Tommy, quietly approving Isaac's gesture.

She stood by the door as Isaac left Tommy to Mrs. Watson's care. Isaac soon returned to Irene.

"What are we going to talk about?" she asked.

Isaac did not answer, however, and instead grabbed her slender form, pulled her back into their room, and shut

the door with a bang.

Irene shoved at him. "What are you doing?!"

Once more, Isaac didn't answer, and simply belted her with kisses.

However, Irene was feeling too uncomfortable to get intimate with him.

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Irene struggled, not eager to go with it 'Mmph, Stop it. Isaac

Isaac didn't let her go, however, and instead kissed her even more fiercely

Unable to resist, Irene turned into jelly in his arms

After a long while, she finally gave up on resisting, he let go

Irene slowly looked up, crystalline tears lingering on her thick, curled eyelashes. "Why are you doing this?*"

Her voice was hoarse and tearful

Even though she didn't like to cry, she felt utterly miserable at the moment.

Isaac held her gaze. "Does it hurt? Your heart, I mean.

"What?"

*Couldn't

you ask me if you have a question? Did you think I was cheating on you?"

Irene was stunned, her gaze watery just then. "H-How'd you know?"

Isaac did not answer, and instead asked, "Did you talk to Kathy?"

Irene shook her head. "No."

"Really? Isaac was doubtful.

"You know I'm a doctor, and I have doctor friends," she explained. "I've only checked her medical records."

"And you thought it was me?"

Irene simply slipped out of his arms, picked up her phone from her table and showed him the photo. "See? I went there because of that. I had no trouble finding her, but I never spoke to her."

Isaac did not take her phone, but a glance was enough.

"Is this why you suspected me?" he asked, despite knowing the answer.

Irene sat on the bed. "Wouldn't you, if you were in my place?*

"Get dressed," he growled.

Irene did not move. "Why? You didn't explain anything."

"Easier to show you," he replied, and when she did not move, he added sternly, "Now."

Irene did as she was told, after which Isaac took her to his office at Sky Group headquarters.

Stan was already waiting, and appeared stunned to see Isaac arrive with Irene.

"Just tell us what happened," Isaac said, putting a hand over Irene's shoulder as they settled on the couch.

Stan glanced at Irene, and soon realized why Isaac brought her. Hence, he said carefully, "Kathy was meeting with Quincy Moore. We don't know what they talked about, but I visited Kathy and managed to get everything out of her. She's not siding with Quincy, and I don't think she's lying."

With that, he took out his phone and played the recording of their conversation.

Stan was feigning concern as he visited Kathy, saying, "Hey, just checking in on you. I can help you get discharged if you feel better. Mr. Jefferson also arranged a better position for you."

Kathy appeared emotional and grateful, so Stan pressed his advantage, "Oh, right. The nurse told me that you left?"

"Yeah," Kathy replied. "Quincy asked to meet me."

"What did she tell you?" Stan asked with a smile.

"The first thing she asked was whether Isaac knew we're meeting, and she became much relaxed. She then told me that she took a photo of me and Isaac and sent it to Irene to drive them apart, and that she'd help me win over Isaac if I obeyed her. But, y'know, I'm not stupid-she took away my chastity. I'm not going to believe her ever again!"

Stan chimed in, "Of course. All men care about their ladies' modesty."

He deliberately twisted the dagger so that Kathy was reminded that Isaac would never fall for her, especially now that she was impure.

Naturally, whatever he said would make Kathy hate Quincy all the more.

Stan saw the fury and hate towards Quincy in Kathy's eyes.

Back at the present, Irene came to a stunning realization.

Quincy had sent her that photo exactly to drive a wedge between her and Isaac.

Still, Irene had no idea how Kathy became involved with Quincy, so she asked, "What's the story here?"

Isaac gave her hand a light squeeze. "Keep listening."

As such, Irene had to stay patient and listened as Kathy spoke once more in the recording.

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Kathy asked, "Is Isaac not going to fall for me now?"

'He wouldn't even if you weren't defiled,' Stan thought to himself. 'Why are you still not giving up?'

He couldn't say it, however, and instead said, "Yeah. You have no chance now after what Quincy did to you."

Even if Stan didn't continue directing Kathy's spite to Quincy Moore, Kathy absolutely loathed the woman now.

"I hate her."

With that, Stan stopped playing the recording. "My observation is that she really hates Quincy now. That spite can't be feigned."

Irene promptly asked them, "So? Can you now tell me what happened?"

Stan glanced at Isaac Jefferson then, and seeing his approval, began, "Well, it started with..."

When he was finished, Stan summed up, "And Kathy's now still at the hospital."

Irene patted her chest as he finished.

Thank goodness Isaac wasn't involved!

So Kathy believed in Quincy and was exploited. The thought that Quincy was willing to ruin her chastity on a whim left Irene wary.

She must be cautious towards that woman!

Since there was no way Quincy would make peace with Isaac, now that Irene is Isaac's lover, Irene knew she would be dragged into it as well!

On the other hand, Stan saw that she was relieved, which confirmed his hunch.

“Did you think that Mr. Jefferson did that to Kathy?” he asked jokingly.

Irene was quiet, but she certainly did think so.

Her silence was nothing less than a quiet admission, and Stan suddenly appeared to be an eager bystander.

So that was why Isaac brought her here. To clear the air?

Oh, to think that the big man had to do this like a mere mortal...

Stan wanted to laugh, but Isaac shot him a cold glare.

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Cowing immediately, Stan excused himself by saying, “I still have work to do, so...”

“Wait,” Isaac stopped him. “Pass the document on the table to Kathy, and tell her to deliver it to Quincy. Do you know what to tell her?”

“Don’t worry, sir. I know what to do.” Stan assured him.

“Good. Now, go.”

After Stan left the office with the document, Irene asked, “What’s the document?”

Isaac squeezed her hand again. “Bait that Quincy would definitely fall for.”

Irene glanced at him sideways. His facial features had always been pronounced, and his confident look only made him even more mesmerizing.

She realized she was getting even crazier about him now.

There was a diner that started business early opposite Sky Group headquarters.

The food was exquisite, and since it was a business district, one would often see people meeting up there, having breakfast while discussing work.

“I want to start work again,” Irene suddenly blurted out.

She had handed over management of Spencer Holdings to Ricky, and now that she had nothing to do, she could return her focus to her dream job and fulfill her ambition.

“I can be your sugar daddy.” Isaac said.

“No,” Irene rejected him swiftly—there was no way she would stay at home for the rest of her life.

She had her own dream, and an ideal to strive for.

Isaac held her gaze for two seconds. He soon decided that keeping her at home might be a dishonor to her, especially since she had a speciality.

“Alright, which hospital do you want to work at? I’ll help-”

“No,” Irene said, cutting him short. “No string pulling. I’ll depend solely on my own abilities, and tread as far as I can.”

Unlike other professions, getting higher qualifications as a doctor without actual merit would only hurt others.