

Runaway 281

Chapter 281

Irene wanted to build her career steadily, and Isaac chuckled.

“Alright, if that’s what you want... but,” he said, his tone changing sharply, “Come to me directly if you feel doubtful again. Don’t bottle it in and stress yourself out.”

“Yeah, I should’ve trusted you,” Irene murmured softly-this was certainly her own shortcoming, because she should not have doubted him over nothing!

If Isaac never noticed and she kept acting suspicious, their relationship definitely would have been affected-since they had just started, they did not hold absolute faith in each other yet.

Picking up a piece of pie and holding it inches from her lips, he said, “Try this. It’s good.”

Irene felt a sliver of embarrassment, but ate it eventually. The crunchy crust and the sweetness of the filling unfurled in her mouth, and she held a hand over her mouth as she said, “It’s good.”

She then picked up another slice, and Isaac watched as she stuffed her cheeks like a hamster. Unable to resist smiling in amusement, he picked up a napkin and wiped some crumbs off the corner of her lips. “Slow down. No one is taking it from you.”

Irene finished the slice in a few chomps before picking up another slice which she held near his lips. “I’m not that greedy.”

Isaac grinned, happy that she was feeding him, and not because of the food.

After they ate, Irene said, “I’m heading to the hospital. I’m worried Ricky would think that you really killed Samantha and tried to hurt you, and I don’t want him to do anything stupid either. I’m hoping that he can really become family now.”

She was certainly worried that Ricky would run astray.

“Okay,” Isaac replied. “I’ll have Jimmy drive you,”

Sheryl had already helped Ricky get discharged from the hospital by the time Irene arrived, and they were packing his belongings in his ward before heading home.

Seeing that, Irene asked, “You’re leaving this early? Your arm still isn’t better yet.”

“The doctor told me that I can, and all I do is lie around here.” Ricky smiled. “Getting to stand and walk is so much better, and I’m still keeping the tourniquet on anyway. You’re a doctor too, aren’t you? I can count on you if anything comes up at home, right?”

He looked like he was in a much better mood, as if nothing had happened before.

“Broken bones aren’t my specialty,” Irene said, staring at him for a while before adding, “Still, if the doctor says that you can leave, you must be fine.”

In fact, she thought that it was good that Ricky was getting discharged. Being left alone in a room would make his mind wander.

Since Jimmy was with Irene, they conveniently had a way to return to Spencer Mansion.

Sheryl told Irene to call Isaac over for lunch, but Irene quickly refused, since he must be busy at the moment.

“Next time, Mom.”

Sheryl knew that Isaac would not be free either, though for some reason, she admired everything about him ever since she accepted him.

Just like a fawning mother-in-law, she had an increased appreciation for him.

Meanwhile, Irene was watching as she retired to her room, and her expression turned solemn as she turned to Ricky. “Listen, Ricky. Isaac has no grievance against you, and he has even less reason to hurt your mother. Please don’t listen to the people who are trying to deceive you.”

“What are you talking about, sis? What does it have to do with Isaac?” Ricky quickly cut her short. “I’m not suspecting anything.”

Irene was skeptical. “Really?”

“Yeah. Oh, that reminds me,” Ricky said, and headed to the study before returning with an invitation. “Here’s an invitation to a medical forum. I thought you’d be interested.”

Irene took it, her eyes twinkling. “Where did you get it?”

Ricky averted his eyes. “I overheard someone talking about it at the hospital, so I pulled some strings.”

Irene clapped him on the shoulder.

“Oh, you shouldn’t have... Hold on!” she suddenly cried out.

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Ricky asked, “What’s wrong?”

Irene had already sprung to her feet. “Look at the date-it’s today, and it starts at nine... but it’s 8:50 now! I won’t make it if I don’t go now. I should attend it too, since it must’ve been. hard to get this. I can’t miss it.”

“Thanks, Ricky,” Irene said, not forgetting to thank him as well.

“It’s nothing,” Ricky replied, watching her. “You’re my sister, after all.”

“I’ll treat you to a nice dinner next time,” she said as she reached the doorway. “Bye!”

Hurrying to Jimmy, she said, “Quick, take me to the Central Hospital.”

Although Jimmy started the car right away, he asked in curiosity, “Again?”

“Something came up,” Irene said patiently. “Hurry, or I’ll be late.”

“Okay,” Jimmy replied.

They arrived at 9:25, but when Irene reached the conference hall of the hospital, she found it empty.

Puzzled, she glanced at the address on the invitation, but she was at the right place....

So why was it empty?

She whipped out her phone to call Ricky, but that was when she picked up the faint scent of a drug. However, she was so accustomed to smelling it that she could not identify what

it was...

When she realized what it was, her body was already losing strength.

Did she just fall for a trap?

“Jim-”

She was going to call for Jimmy, when someone clasped something over her mouth.

Turning around, she saw that it was Ricky, and her eyes widened in shock. “What are you. doing, Ricky?!”

“I don’t want to hurt you, sis-you’re my only family left after my mom died...”

“But I cannot forgive Isaac.”

His naive demeanor from before was completely gone-now, there was composure and maturity that Irene had never seen before.

“I told you, he has no reason-

“He does,” Ricky said, cutting her short. “He knows that my mom used to make life hard for you and your mom, so he’s killed my mom for revenge.”

Irene froze, but soon noticed a contradiction. “He doesn’t know about Samantha, Who told you about that anyway?”

“It’s none of your business. Just relax-I won’t hurt you.”

“Ricky-”

Irene tried to reason, only to feel a dull hit on the back of her head. She quickly blacked out and fell unconscious, and Ricky promptly got his people to take her to his car on a stretcher.

Once he closed the door behind Irene, he turned to look at the woman standing nearby under a tree, keeping her back to him.

“I don’t know what you want, but I won’t hurt Irene. She’s my only family now.”

The woman only turned around after Ricky drove off-it was Chad Ross's recently wed wife, and she was glowering!

She had tried to hurt Irene along with Isaac, and she was now smart enough to deceive others for her own ends instead of doing things herself.

And this time, Ricky was the one she managed to deceive.

She thought that Ricky hated Irene like Samantha did, but it turned out that he actually cared.

She murdered Samantha and framed Isaac with the crime. That way, she would have pushed Ricky over the brink, but although he was supposed to destroy Isaac along with Irene, Ricky refused to hurt Irene-it makes her efforts as puppeteer only half-successful.

But in spite of her dissatisfaction, she did succeed to some extent.

Moreover, she had planned this for a long time.

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Chad's wife had executed her plan meticulously-she even managed to misdirect Stan, who had traced the message she sent to Isaac back to Ian's casino ship.

Now that Isaac had turned against his family and were on the brink of conflict, she could naturally place the blame on the other Jeffersons.

Moreover, everyone believed that she was dead.

No one would even suspect her.

Jimmy the chauffeur started looking around the hospital as the skies darkened, but Irene was nowhere to be found.

Hence, he called Isaac, who had just returned home and was standing just outside the door, to inform him of that. "What?!"

"Mrs. Jefferson is missing," Jimmy repeated, sweat forming over forehead just then-he was worried that Isaac would be furious if harm came to Irene.

"How long has she been gone?" Isaac demanded.

"It's probably been seven hours now. I parked the car after she left, and I never saw her since. I thought she would be busy, so I waited, but she never came out, and she wasn't anywhere when I looked..."

Isaac snapped, "Didn't I tell you to keep an eye on her?"

Jimmy might be a chauffeur, but his main profession was as a bodyguard...

But he had lost her!

Knowing that he had been careless, Jimmy apologized. "I'm sorry."

That was not what Isaac wanted to hear just then. "Where did you lose her?"

"Central Hospital, over at the Second Militarized Zone."

Isaac promptly hung up and turned around, calling Stan even as he strode back to his car. However, someone called his phone before he could call Stan, and it was from Irene's number.

He quickly answered it.

"Irene...?"

"It's Ricky," Ricky said icily over the phone. "Come to the unfinished building at Big Short. You'd better come alone if you want to save her, or I can't promise that you'd actually see her again."

"Don't you dare hurt her," Isaac said calmly and steadily.

There was a lack of emotion in his voice, and Ricky could not even see his face, but he felt an intangible yet suffocating pressure nonetheless!

Clearly inexperienced and unable to match Isaac's assertiveness, Ricky had to feign composure. "That depends entirely on you."

Isaac promptly got in his car and drove to the address Ricky gave. It was a grim and barren place, its surroundings littered with cracked boulders, moss-covered bricks, and rusted steel frames.

He alighted and strode into the building, but found no one.

That was when his phone rang again with another text from Irene's phone: [Sorry, wrong address. It's the East Docks.]

Ricky had clearly sent it, and he was obviously messing with Isaac.

He scowled, but decided that he could not do anything to him, since he had Irene.

Returning to his car, he drove to the East Docks, but his phone jingled again with another text from Ricky when he was about to get down.

[Oh, I'm so sorry. I made another oopsie.]

Isaac simply kept staring at the screen, knowing that Ricky would keep texting him.

[Go back to the first location.]

Restraining his temper, Isaac started his car again and returned to the unfinished building.

As he stopped, he did not get off immediately-who knows if Ricky was 'childish' enough to make another 'oopsie'?

He alighted when Ricky did not, and headed upstairs via the bare concrete stairs. This time, he found Irene!

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Irene was still unconscious. Ricky had tied her to a pillar, and there was a bomb tethered to her waist.

Isaac glowered when he saw that.

Ricky then showed up with a detonator in one hand, while holding his phone out at Isaac with the other. "Tell me, how did you murder my mother?"

"I didn't," Isaac replied.

"I really doubt that," Ricky laughed coolly. "Why were you there where she died if you didn't? Am I that young and gullible to you?"

"You're young?" Isaac cast him a sideways glance. "Though you're simply immature."

Ricky growled in annoyance. "That doesn't matter. The point is right now, what I say goes."

Isaac did not appear upset. "Of course, though I really want to ask: is my being there proof enough that I did it?"

"Of course," Ricky replied.

Isaac was on the verge of flipping out at Ricky's sense of logic. "I was sent a text. That's why I was there-check my phone if you don't believe it."

Isaac held it out to Ricky, but Ricky could not reach for it since one of his arms had yet to heal, while both hands were already busy with the detonator and his own phone. "You must be tricking me."

That was when Irene suddenly woke up, having realized that he never believed her.

'Ricky! You have to believe me-Isaac and I didn't do anything to Samantha. We would've killed her in prison if we wanted to, instead of getting her out of prison first! Wouldn't that just complicate matters?'

Irene tried to reason with Ricky, convinced that someone was using him in his grieving state, since it was his mother they were talking about!

However, while Ricky could not refute Irene's words, he shook his head. "It has to be Isaac."

Irene was left fuming. How could he be so stubborn?

Still, she kept trying to persuade him. "It's obvious someone is using you against Isaac, Ricky! Don't be stupid!"

Ricky was actually a little shaken then, since he could not refute what both Irene and Isaac said.

"Ricky, I promise we'll find out who killed Samantha, and bring them to justice," Irene promised. That left Ricky in confusion.

He had been in so much grief when he found out that Samantha was dead. When he received that video showing Isaac at the location where she died, along with the text claiming that he had reason to do it, his earlier suspicion and anger toward Isaac for beating him up all erupted at once, and he easily bought the lie.

Now that he calmed down and thought about it, it appeared that someone had been framing it so that he would think that way, and then used him like a tool.

Like Irene had said, they could have hurt his mother in prison if they wanted to, instead of extracting her out of prison first. Doing it otherwise was illogical, though there was only one reason for doing that- the culprit wanted to utilize his mother's control over him.

Still, Ricky did not give in right away despite coming to a realization.

In fact, he was even more staunch now, and growled viciously, "I don't believe you. Don't try to brainwash me-I won't fall for it. I know very well that you're different from my mom, Irene, but you're not so saintly that you wouldn't hold a grudge after all my mother did to you. That's why I'm sure you had a hand in my mother's death, and I'll have my revenge!"

As he lifted his finger over his detonator, looking like he would press it soon, Irene's eyes widened in disbelief-not because Ricky would blow her up, but instead, because he never trusted her.

"Ricky--"

"Stop! I don't want to hear any of that!" Ricky snapped, cutting her short while turning toward Isaac. "You love her, don't you?"

Irene turned toward Isaac right then, as if Ricky's words were odd for the situation... or because she had never expected him to say that.

Isaac was staring at her.

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Even as Irene and Isaac's eyes met, Ricky asked, "Why aren't you answering? Hah! You don't love her, do you? After all, a man like you can have any woman you want-why would you even get worked up over one woman? If anything, you're keeping my sister... No, you're keeping Irene just because she gave you a child!"

Irene never considered that, and when Ricky suddenly said it, it somehow made sense.

Was Isaac being nice because he loved her, or because of Tommy?

Ricky's words certainly affected her, and if Ricky knew that, someone as smart as Isaac should know that as well.

That was when Isaac started walking toward her.

"Don't come!" Irene exclaimed "The bomb!"

Isaac did not seem to hear her, however, and kept walking.

Irene blinked even as she watched him, blinking back tears as she smiled faintly and sobbed, "I'm sure you love me."

“You’re really stupid, aren’t you? He hasn’t said a thing and you believe him already?” Ricky exclaimed with a tone that said ‘I’m-doing-this-for-you.’ “It’s only proof that he loves you if he dares to die with you!”

Irene turned toward Ricky. “Wait, what are you doing?”

“Testing him, of course.” Ricky said, looking at Isaac. “If I press this button and he still doesn’t move, I’ll believe that he isn’t responsible for my mother’s death, and that he truly loves you.”

With that, he pressed the button.

The timer on Irene started to count down in turn.

60, 59, 58, 57... They did not even have a minute!

Irene screamed at Isaac, “Run! You have to run!”

She did not need Isaac to prove his love like this-if they both died, Tommy would be orphaned.

And would Tommy survive, with all the enemies Isaac had?

The answer was almost certainly no, but if Isaac survived, he would be able to protect Tommy.

Nonetheless, Isaac merely smiled at her with a mysterious expression, leaving her speechless.

Was he crazy, laughing at a moment like this?!

“Think about Tommy oof-”

Isaac had leaned in to kiss her before she finished, while the timer kept ticking away.

45,44, 43...

“I know you’d be afraid if you were alone. So I’m staying with you-so you won’t be afraid,” Isaac whispered beside her ear then..

Irene’s heart skipped a beat, her eyes widening even as her lips trembled.

“You’ll die...” she rasped.

Isaac simply embraced her in turn. “I’m so happy to have met you, Irene.”

Irene’s throat turned parched and scratchy right then.

She was afraid, but with him staying with her, having someone face death with her did not make it that horrifying.

At that very moment, she believed that Isaac loved her.

“I’m sorry,” she said, resting her head against his chest. “I shouldn’t have doubted you.”

Isaac put his wide palm over her cheek, stroking it gently.

His hand was firm and warm, and calmed Irene’s heart as if magically.

The bomb continued to tick away.

10, 9, 8...

3, 2, 1.

Irene closed her eyes then, feeling no conflict or fear-because Isaac was with her.

And yet, seconds passed... but nothing happened.

What?!

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Irene opened her eyes to find the timer on the bomb staying at zero without detonating.

Just as she was puzzled, Ricky spoke.

“Sorry, sis. I was just using you to force Isaac into admitting that he killed my mom, and give that evidence to the police to arrest him. But I had no intention of hurting you-that’s why it won’t blow up.”

Irene could hardly believe it. “Ricky...”

“I accept what you told me, and I understand now-if Isaac wanted Mom dead, he didn’t have to get her out of prison to do it. It’s clearly someone who was using me,” he said, as he walked up to untie her.

“Are you angry at me?”

“No.” Irene shook her head.

After all, her heart was filled with unexpected warmth-Ricky was in grief after Samantha’s death, and it was understandable that he resorted to extreme actions.

Even so, he used a dud bomb, making it clear that he did consider her family and did not want to hurt her.

Hugging him, she said, “Even though our father left us, you’re my brother, Ricky. We’ll definitely find the one who killed your mother and put her to justice.”

Ricky nodded. “Thank you... But don’t you hate me?”

Irene did not, since any grievance she held against Samantha died with the latter. There was no way she would obsess over the past, and letting go of it was being kind to herself as well.

Moreover, Ricky and her were family, and she had no cause to hurt the living over the departed.

“Why would I? You’re in grief, and that’s how they exploited you.” Irene smiled. “Let’s do our best together from now on. We’ll seek justice for your mother.”

Ricky nodded.

“By the way, do you know who texted you? Have you met them?” Irene asked just then, intent on finding out who put the whole plan together.

If Ricky really believed that Isaac killed Samantha and did not use a dud bomb, the consequences would be unimaginable.

"I have. She-"

"This isn't the place to talk. We should go," Isaac suddenly said.

Irene then realized that she was being impatient, and that this was not the place to talk. "Yeah, we should."

"Okay," Ricky agreed.

However, as they passed the patch of grass near the entrance, Isaac heard a faint beeping sound, and turned to find a bomb hidden in the grass.

3, 2, 1...

"Bomb!" Isaac cried and promptly threw his arms around Irene, pushing her down to the ground!

The bomb detonated with a resounding boom the instant they fell, and the resulting flame shone like a second sun.

Ricky reacted too slowly, and was knocked unconscious by the resulting shockwave.

Irene regained consciousness first, and when she tried to move, she realized that Isaac was on top of her -he was shielding her with his body.

"Isaac..." Irene called out as she pulled herself out from underneath him. He was unconscious, and she could see that the explosion had sent bricks and other shrapnel flying, with even a rock 'embedded' on his back.

She quickly checked his breathing and pulse, and went to check on Ricky after ascertaining that they were knocked out.

Ricky was worse off than Isaac, so Irene promptly found a phone to call an ambulance, and then gave them first aid while waiting.

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When the ambulance arrived and rushed them to the hospital, Irene had to wait outside. Although she could help, she did not have a medical license and was not allowed into the examination room.

After over an hour, both Ricky and Isaac were found to only suffer minor injuries and were treated accordingly. Still, they were admitted for observation since it was a bomb.

Since they were admitted to different wards and Irene could not care for them both at the same time, she called Sheryl to help take care of Ricky.

She then called Mrs. Watson, saying, "Isaac and I won't be home tonight. Is Tommy doing alright?"

"Yes, he's such a good boy. Don't worry, Mrs. Jefferson-I will take good care of him."

Irene was naturally relieved since it was Mrs. Watson. "Okay."

After that, she called Stan on Isaac's phone.

She wanted to tell Stan that Isaac was unavailable and could not work for a while, and to have Stan call if something important came up. However, the instant Stan heard what she said, he promptly pressed, "Why? Did something happen?"

"He's hurt," Irene admitted, and told him where they were.

Stan arrived in half an hour, along with Debbie, Isaac's secretary.

Seeing her, Irene was reminded of how entranced she had been when she touched herself on Isaac's desk.

Right now, she was utterly serious-even grim-as if she was a completely different person from before.

If she had not seen it with her own eyes, Irene would have doubted it if someone had told her what Debbie did instead.

"How did he get hurt?" Debbie asked just then.

"Yeah, what happened here? Why did he get hurt out of the blue?" Stan quickly echoed.

"There was a bomb, and he tried to save me," Irene said.

"A bomb?" Stan exclaimed in surprise. "How? Was it the Jeffersons-"

"No," Irene replied. "I don't know-we'll have to wait until Ricky wakes up to get an answer."

Only Ricky and Isaac knew that she had been taken to that unfinished building. Anyone else who knew where they were and plant that bomb must be the mastermind who goaded Ricky, and he probably knew

who it was.

"Ricky is involved?" Stan asked.

Irene nodded.

That was when she caught Debbie sneaking a look at Isaac. Irene stayed impassive as she said, "We don't need that many people around here. You both should head home to get some rest."

"I can stay to help care for Mr. Jefferson. You should rest after what happened," Debbie said then.

"No," Irene refused. "He's my husband, and I should care for him. I'll contact Stan if anything comes up."

"Yeah. You should go," Stan joined in.

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Debbie lowered her gaze, and started to head out of the ward. "Okay."

Still, she looked up again, seemingly to take another look at Isaac, only to find Irene staring at her instead. Composing herself instantly, she said, "See you around,"

Irene stayed quiet, and simply stared at Debbie impassively.

While it had only been a theory before, Irene was now completely sure that Debbie was in love with Isaac. "Stan, how long has Debbie been working for Isaac? Does he trust her a lot?"

"Both of us have worked for Mr. Jefferson for a while now. She's good at her job, so Mr. Jefferson trusts her considerably."

As Irene nodded in understanding, he asked, "Why would you ask that out of the blue?" "Nothing," Irene replied. "Just asking since I'm not familiar with the people around Isaac."

Stan naturally did not dwell on it, and she said, "I'll stay here. You should go too."

She then turned to find that Isaac had already recovered without her realizing it, and he was staring at her!

Chapter 288

Walking up to Isaac, Irene asked, "You're already awake? How are you feeling?"

Isaac did not answer, however, and kept staring at her-she was not hurt, but she had yet to change her clothes, which were now a filthy mess.

Noticing him staring at her clothing just then, she shrugged, "Didn't have time to change."

"If you don't like Debbie, I can have her transferred elsewhere."

He had clearly heard her conversation with Stan, and she had asked him about Debbie before as well.

Perhaps she did not like women hanging around him?

Meanwhile, Stan frowned.

What had gotten between these two? Why was Debbie suddenly involved?

Naturally, he voiced his own opinion on the matter. "She's serious with her work, and I don't think she's ever made any major mistakes."

In reality he was hoping that Isaac did not transfer Debbie since he would need time to develop a new partnership if a new secretary came.

Moreover, they had been longtime colleagues and their partnership had been great, so he was thinking about it from a completely professional standpoint.

Meanwhile, Irene gave Isaac a look. "I don't hate her or anything-I was just asking Stan about her since she's one of the people close to you. I simply wanted to know more about her."

It was a good enough explanation, and Stan felt that Irene was not that petty. In fact, he came to find her smart and easygoing, and she was not the type to harass anyone, let alone Debbie.

Isaac, on the other hand... was acting like a total slave to her.

Here Irene was, just asking about Debbie, and he was already thinking that she was jealous?

The man was not like that before-love certainly changes a man, and this was the first time Stan had ever seen Isaac being so eager to earn a woman's favor.

What a rare sight!

Isaac then turned toward Stan and saw the eagerness on his face to gossip.

His gaze darkened, and he growled, "If you have so much free time, why don't you clean up every toilet at the headquarters?"

Both Stan and Irene were speechless, though the former was soon throwing up his hands in surrender.

One must never poke their nose into their boss's private affairs, it seems.

Chuckling fawningly, he said, "Actually, I'm quite busy."

On the other hand, Irene was utterly confused as to why Isaac suddenly turned his crosshairs on Stan.

She just did not know that Isaac was very familiar with the people around him, and had immediately seen that Stan was keen on gossiping.

"Keep an eye on Quincy Moore's movements," Isaac said.

"Yes, sir. I'll personally see to it," Stan replied. "Also, I've passed the document to Kathy York and told her

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to deliver it to Quincy Moore. I think she's convinced that the document is genuine, and would now be contacting Light Group's various shareholders to prepare a coup."

"Good. Now go about your business," Isaac growled.

Stan hence tactfully left the ward, carefully closing the door behind him.

Irene arched her back, staring at him as she asked softly, "Are you hungry or thirsty?"

"Neither," Isaac replied, and held out a hand.

Irene put hers on his, and locked fingers with him!

"Thank you," she said, her eyes a little red just then..

She remembered how she felt when she saw that rock wedged on his back, which got there because he was shielding her, keeping her unscathed.

She would certainly not have been fine otherwise, and she had never felt this protected in her life.

At that very moment, her emotions were burgeoning, and her heart raced uncontrollably-she was almost. rejoicing.

If Ricky's dud bomb did not really test him, the real one certainly did.

Sitting on his bed, she gently placed her head over his chest, listening to his strong, rhythmic heartbeats!

Chapter 289

Isaac lowered his gaze just then, but he was only able to see the top of her head. "Would you be upset if I told you that I knew Ricky's bomb was fake?"

Irene looked up in surprise. "What? You knew?"

"Yeah," Isaac replied-he knew it was a fake the instant he saw it.

Nonetheless, Irene smiled. "So what?"

After all, he was definitely tested when he tried to save her.

Even if the first one was a dud, the second one was real.

So this was the warmth of a person.

As a child, Sheryl had been too meek while Lionel was too overbearing, so she never felt much warmth from her family.

"I never expected this when I married you..."

In fact, Isaac himself did not either.

Knock, knock.

Someone knocked on the door just then, and Sheryl's voice could soon be heard. "Irene? Ricky is awake."

Irene had told Sheryl to inform her right away when Ricky recovered, since she had questions for him.

She quickly sat up and said, "Got it."

Sheryl was going to leave, but remembered that Isaac was just as hurt as Ricky was, and so asked in concern, "Is Isaac up yet?"

"Yeah," Irene replied, glancing at Isaac.

"Is he alright?"

"He's fine. He just needs a few days' rest."

Sheryl breathed a sigh of relief.

She certainly did not want anything happening to Isaac-it was not easy for her daughter to find someone she belonged to. What would happen to her if Isaac was really hurt?

*See? My mom cares about you," Irene said with a smile. "I'll go check on Ricky-I'll be right back."

"I'm coming too," Isaac said, sitting up as well.

Irene helped him up, but said, "You're hurt."

"It's no trouble," he replied, since he was not all that hurt anyway.

Irene had no choice but to help him.

Although he was wearing a patient's garb, he still towered over her, and he chuckled as she put his arm over her shoulder. "I'm very heavy."

"I can take it," she replied.

"Are you sure?"

Irene did not see the mysterious look on his face, and replied, "I'm sure."

However, she had barely spoken when Isaac pushed her down on the bed beneath himself.

Her eyes widened in surprise before she blinked. "What-"

Biting her lip, she whispered, "We're in a hospital. Get off me."

She was worried that others would see them.

Isaac, however, stayed on top of her, his gaze tender yet blazing.

Irene somehow felt thirsty from his stare-no one could resist that look.

She reached up with her lips to kiss him, wrapping her thin arms around his neck.

Isaac passionately kissed her back, and soon there was tongue involved.

As they embraced each other, they were bent on conveying their feelings in the most primitive way... when the door suddenly swung open!

Chapter 290

A nurse came in with fresh bandages and other medicine, holding a tray in one hand as she opened the door with the other.

Irene was utterly embarrassed when she heard the nurse come in, and buried her face in Isaac's chest.

The nurse naturally did not expect to catch them at such an awkward moment either, and was left freezing up at the doorway, unsure if she should enter or leave.

Isaac turned around and leveled a cold glare at the nurse. "Out."

Coming to her senses and realizing that she did not knock, the nurse quickly closed the door behind her, patting her chest to calm herself.

Isaac's glare was so cold it could freeze her blood!

However, Irene pushed him off shyly inside. She refrained from doing it too forcefully since he was hurt, and it looked just like a love tap. "See? She saw us. This is so embarrassing."

"We're married." Isaac got up, straightening her wrinkled collar.

Irene smiled at the tender man on top of herself.

The nurse was still there when they stepped out, and Irene told her, "Just leave everything on the table inside. I can do it for him."

"Okay," the nurse said, did as she was told and left.

She was traumatized by Isaac's glare-even if he was really good-looking, she was too afraid to let her stare linger!

Later, both Isaac and Irene arrived at Ricky's ward, where Sheryl was helping him drink.

Ricky greeted Irene the instant she saw her, and gave her a pleading look as if asking her not to tell Sheryl what happened-Sheryl would not be this nice if she knew, not to mention that she and Irene were Ricky's only family now.

To Ricky's relief, Irene nodded, gesturing that she would not tell Sheryl.

Sheryl noticed their exchange since she was looking at Isaac, and then disapprovingly at her own

daughter. "He's hurt and should be resting. Don't you know how to care for a patient? Hurry, Isaac, go sit on that couch."

While Irene was left speechless, Isaac insisted, "I'm fine."

"No, you're not," Sheryl said. "And you should be resting."

Isaac pursed his lips, his gaze darkening even as Sheryl gestured for Irene to make him sit.

At the same time, Irene whispered to him quietly so that only both of them could hear, "I think Mom appreciates having you as her son-in-law."

Isaac held her gaze. "Who wouldn't appreciate someone as outstanding as me?"

Irene was left speechless. How narcissistic could he get?

However, it was not the time for that. Turning toward Ricky, she asked, "Did you see that person's face?"

"I did not," Ricky replied. "She kept her back to me and she was dressed like a man, but I have the feeling that she's a woman from her figure and the way she's dressed, even though I never saw her face. She must have put on a disguise to fool me."

"A woman?" Irene was not actually surprised, and immediately thought of Robin Lynd and Kathy York.

Isaac said nothing, although he appeared pensive.

"I have an idea," Ricky said just then.

"What is it?" Irene asked.

Ricky glanced at Isaac and said, "Let's keep this between us."

Irene noticed that he did not want Isaac to know, so she walked up to Ricky's bed. "Tell me." Ricky beckoned for her to get closer..