

Runaway 29

Chapter 29 Irene froze when she saw Isaac's burly figure entering the room.

At the same time, Mark got up and greeted Isaac respectfully. "Mr. Jefferson."

Somehow, Isaac's eyes darted past Mark's face and landed on Irene.

Ever since he knew her, she never put on any makeup, and her usual sense of fashion tended to be conservative.

In fact, he never saw her in anything with straps—but now, she wore a dress so red it seemed to accentuate the blush in her skin.

Mark noticed that Irene was not moving, and reached out to tug at her. "Come on, please stand and greet Mr. Jefferson."

However, when Mark's fingers touched Irene's hand, Isaac's expression darkened. If he was not sane, he would have rushed forward and pulled Irene toward himself.

At the same time, Irene stood up, her dress accentuating her perfect figure, adding layers to her coquettish side for no reason.

Batting his eyelashes, there was a brief flash that quickly disappeared from Isaac's eyes.

On the other hand, Irene was nervous—she did not expect that they were going to meet Isaac! If she did, she would never have agreed to this!

"Mr. Jefferson..." she stammered.

TA

LL

"This is Ms. Spencer." Mark smiled as he introduced her, and beckoned for her to pull out a chair for Isaac.

Irene clenched her fingers. She was sweating bullets from her palms, just as she was unsure why she was so afraid of Isaac.

Perhaps it was because he constantly humiliated her, bullying her and compelling her to tiptoe around him.

Either way, she was on edge, even as she pretended not to know him and pulled out a chair for him.

"Mr. Jefferson."

After Isaac sat, Irene was about to leave when Isaac caught her by the wrist.

L LL

Still, it was a common scene when it came to beauties hovering around the negotiation table.

In fact, most parties who had a favor to ask tended to have something like this ready—these ladies were pawns to be sacrificed, and Irene was one of them.

His wife, reduced to offering her body!

Hmph.

He chuckled darkly, even as Irene felt as if he was going to crush her wrist.

She was shivering in pain, and wanting nothing less than to escape his grip and turn to run. However, she would draw Mark's attention if she did, so she had to stay and flash pretty smiles, or even fawn over Isaac.

Stan, who was standing behind Isaac, glanced at Irene just then, while wondering what she was playing at.

If she showed her face in public like this, what would people think of his boss if they found out that she was his wife? Would Isaac have an ounce of dignity left?

Isaac looked up at Irene coldly then, and turned to Mr. Wickers.

Despite knowing the answer, he asked, "Why did you bring a woman like her here, Mr. Wickers?"

Mark smiled, sensing that Isaac was interested in Irene. "She's a dance instructor at my wife's dance school, and I thought she could join us to liven things up."

"Dance instructor?"

Isaac was surprised. Was Irene not a doctor? How did she suddenly become a dance instructor?

"Yes. Would you like to see her dance?" Mark smiled.

Isaac wiped his fingers with a napkin then. His hands were not dirty, but he was simply uncomfortable.

Then, he rose to his feet and said, "I would prefer a personal performance."

With that, he pulled Irene along by the wrist and told Stan, "You're in charge now."

Mark quickly asked, "What about the investment...?"

Isaac had already looked into Mark's research results and was willing to invest before.

Now, however...

"That depends on Ms. Spencer here," he replied with a meaningful smile.

Mark had more to say, but Stan stopped him.

"Shall we continue, Mr. Wickers?"

He certainly knew what his boss was thinking, after working as his assistant for a while now.

After they left the private room, Isaac pulled Irene along and left the diner, before shoving her into his

car. "I've really underestimated you, Irene. How much lower can you sink?!"

To think that he felt intoxicated with her that night...

In truth, his will and emotions had never been so warped and captivated by a woman to the point that his heart and mind were affected.

He felt indignant that something that crushed his

rationality so resoundingly would happen.

He had never been this weak, nor been so afraid to face a person!