

## Runaway 291

### Chapter 291

Irene gave Ricky a look, but moved closer so that Ricky whispered into her ear.

“Ask Isaac to play dead-”

“What?!” Irene exclaimed, losing composure before Ricky could even finish.

“Oh, calm down-let me finish,” Ricky assured her.

Irene glanced at Isaac, and returned to Ricky.

“You’re really overreacting there.” Ricky chuckled.

Irene rolled her eyes. “Save it. Just tell me already.”

Ricky grinned-he knew that Isaac had utterly won Irene over after what happened, which was naturally a good thing for him.

After all, it was a blessing in disguise, considering that a bomb was involved.

“Ask Isaac to play dead, so that I can request to meet her and tell her that. We can apprehend her during the meeting, and we’ll know who it is-if Isaac didn’t kill Mom, it must be her. She must be planning to frame Isaac to set me against you two.”

Irene thought it was possible too. “Okay.”

“Then could you talk to His Iceness over there?” Ricky asked.

Irene turned toward Isaac to find him scowling as always-Ricky certainly had reason for that moniker, rude though it might be.

Hence, she went to sit beside Isaac on the couch, smiling because she was unsure where to begin.

That was when Isaac suddenly said, “It won’t work.”

“What?” Irene did not understand.

“Your plan won’t work,” Isaac repeated.

“Why not?” Ricky argued impatiently. “You’re her target, and she’ll definitely agree to meet if she thinks you’re dead. When she does, we can set an ambush.”

“Do you really think she’d fall for it?” Isaac countered. “We didn’t issue a gag order, and she might already know that I survived.”

Irene realized with a start. “Yeah, I have to agree... It’s no secret that Isaac was hospitalized. She would have been observing in secret, and must have known by now that he’s fine...”

Ricky felt disappointed just then. He had thought his plan flawless at first, but after Isaac’s argument, he realized that the culprit would have known by now that they survived.

As he breathed a long sigh, Irene told him, "We have all the time we need. Don't try to rush things."

Then, helping Isaac up to his feet, she said, "You should go back to your room to rest. We have to change your bandages too."

They did so, but Isaac had just sat down when his phone started ringing.

Irene passed it to him and he answered.

It was Stan. "Quincy Moore really worked fast-she has already convinced your grandfather to call for another board meeting."

"When?" Isaac asked.

"At 8 a.m. tomorrow." Stan replied.

Isaac grinned. Quincy had always been prudent, but she was naturally impatient this time because she believed she had Isaac's Achilles' heel, and really wanted to claim Light Group for herself.

Still, she moved so quickly that it somewhat surprised him.

"Got it." He hung up.

Irene was worried. "You're still hurt."

"It's just a flesh wound," Isaac replied-the meeting was going to be very important.

After all, it was not just Light Group in the balance-he wanted Quincy behind bars! She had been let free for years, and it was time she paid for what she did!

Turning toward Irene, he said, "Bring me a set of fresh clothes. I would need to be there."

Irene did not know what he was going to do, and tried to reason, "Anything could wait until you're better."

"I need to do this."

He made a serious face just then, something he rarely did around Irene.

She could tell from his eyes that it was very important, and thus said, "I'll go right now."

"Wait." Isaac suddenly stopped her.

Puzzled, she asked, "What's wrong?"

Chapter 292

Isaac said, "Forget it, I wasn't thinking straight. We could just give Mrs. Watson a call-"

"I should go back," Irene said, cutting him short.

She wanted to go home and check on Tommy anyway. Moreover, Mrs. Watson would be busy caring for their baby, and would not have time to bring Isaac a change of clothes.

She walked up to Isaac, and since he was sitting on his bed, she appeared much taller than him-his face was just reaching her chest.

Still, he reached out to gather her in his arms.

Irene smiled as she gave him a gentle shove. "Not afraid to be seen again?"

"Let them see," Isaac growled.

Looking at him tenderly, Irene leaned in to kiss his forehead. "You're hurt, so get some rest. I'll be right back after checking on Tommy."

"Okay," he said softly.

Irene headed out and returned to the mansion in a taxi.

Naturally, Mrs. Watson had been caring for Tommy meticulously. The baby could recognize faces now, and he was so happy to see Irene that he flailed his hands for a hug.

Irene did not, since she was still in her dirty clothes.

"Mommy needs a bath. I'll be right back, okay?" she said as she headed to the shower, and Tommy started bawling because of that.

Irene had to make the shower quick and pick him up, and he was still sniffing miserably in her arms.

Giving him a peck on the cheek, Irene comforted him, "It's alright, baby. Mommy's here.

"Mah... Mee..." the baby blurted.

Irene's eyes widened in surprise and delight. "Did you just say 'mommy'?"

It was almost unintelligible, but it did sound like 'mommy'....

Her eyes welled with tears of excitement, and she showered Tommy with more kisses.

Oh, her little darling! Only mothers would understand how her spirits soared at that very moment!

Perhaps because he had been crying too hard, Tommy began to doze off in Irene's arms. Isaac was waiting for her at the hospital, so she had to carefully hand him over to Mrs. Watson again, who asked softly, "Are you going out again, Mrs. Jefferson? What about your husband?"

"Something came up, so it will be a few days before he comes back. I'm counting on you to look after Tommy."

"Don't worry, ma'am," Mrs. Watson assured her. "I won't leave the house. I'll ask Jimmy to buy anything we would need."

Irene nodded.

"Wargh!"

As if sensing that it was not Irene holding him, Tommy started to bawl in Mrs. Watson's arms. As such,

Irene had to take him back, gently rocking him and coaxing him to sleep.

That took a long while, and two hours passed by the time Irene got Isaac's clothes and returned to the hospital. She took a taxi again, since she told Jimmy to stay and help Mrs. Watson with what she needed. When Irene returned to Isaac's ward, she found him lying on his side on his bed with his eyes closed.

Unsure if he was asleep, she tiptoed inside, but Isaac opened his eyes as she closed the door behind herself.

"Kept you waiting?" Irene asked.

"Nope," Isaac said as he sat up. "You were taking your time, though."

"Tommy just said 'mommy', and was being a little clingy. Took me a while to coax him to sleep," Irene explained as she put down the bag she brought and took out the shirt, suit, and pants in it, placing them evenly on bed.

She then unbuttoned Isaac's patient garb, gradually revealing his muscular chest.

Irene kept her eyes fixed on him. "What are you going to do? Is it dangerous?"

Isaac met her gaze with seriousness. "Nope."

Irene was slightly relieved, and eventually stripped off his garb to help put on his shirt, looking just like a domestic goddess as she slowly buttoned it, caring meticulously for her husband!

Isaac liked it... but suddenly caught her hand.

Irene asked, "What?"

"Nothing," Isaac replied as he released her.

"You have to stand up now," she told him-or she would otherwise not be able to take off his pants. Isaac was stupefied.

Chapter 293

Although he had always been in charge, Isaac somehow felt uneasy-even though they had been together for a while and long since familiar with each other's bodies.

However, as Irene was going to take off his pants, he suddenly felt a little embarrassed for some reason!

"I can do it myself," he said, taking the pants off her hands.

Irene giggled when she noticed that his ears were flushed.

Goodness! He actually felt awkward and embarrassed, after he had been so clingy with her and acting as shameless as he had been?

And now, he was suddenly an innocent, self-conscious pubescent boy?

"Isaac..." Though Irene hid her lips behind a palm, she was shaking with laughter!

Isaac feigned composure as he growled, "Is it really that funny?"

“Yeah,” Irene said after taking a moment to calm herself. “It really surprised me.”

Left speechless, he cleared his throat to hide his embarrassment and threw the pants at her, snapping like a tsundere, “Help me wear it”

Irene stared at him. “Are you sure?”

Isaac nodded, and tried to make himself imposing and proud. “I’m hurt. You have to help me!”

Irene was speechless.

Fine.

He really changed his mind as quickly as one turned a page on a book!

And he was just so embarrassed about it just now!

Still, she walked up to him, deliberately breathing at his face while he kept her hands on his hip. “I’m doing. it now, okay?”

“Yeah,” Isaac replied, keeping his eyes glued to the ceiling.

He could feel Irene’s cool touch against his skin, and stiffened just then.

Irene sensed that, and could not hide a smile.

Isaac frowned.

Was she laughing at him? Was this really that amusing?

“You love to laugh at me, don’t you?” he asked.

“Yeah,” Irene admitted. “This is amusing...”

She then met Isaac’s bright gaze, and her smile promptly stiffened as she quickly corrected herself, “Wait, I mean, not really...”

But it was too late-Isaac had already wrapped his arms around her slender waist and pulled her toward himself.

He held her so tightly she almost could not breathe!

“Let me go. You’re going to get your clothes crumpled.”

Isaac narrowed his eyes. “No.”

Irene was speechless again.

Fine, she did upset him!

Smiling fawningly, she said, “Sorry.”

“Why?” he asked.

“I shouldn’t laugh at you.”

He then leaned in to bite her on her lips.

Ouch!

Irene gasped from pain, because he was really biting down on her.

"I'll punish you in bed next time," he whispered into her ear.

Irene blushed right then.

Honestly, this man!

As they dilly-dallied, it took Isaac half an hour to get dressed.

He said, "I'll be right back."

Irene nodded. "I'll be waiting."

Isaac nodded and left-he did not have a moment to waste!

Irene watched him leave, and turned away when the door closed behind him.

Sitting on his bed, she thought she should return home to take care of Tommy. However, Isaac's doctor had insisted that he stay for three days for observation, since he had been struck by a bomb.

That was when the door suddenly swung right open, and she stiffened upon seeing who it was!

Chapter 294

Irene quickly rose to her feet, asking Ricky, "You're hurt! Why did you come here? What's with that look?" Ricky's eyes were welling with tears, and he appeared unable to speak.

Beside him, Sheryl said, "The police just came, saying that they're closing the case on Samantha White, and requesting that we claim her body from the morgue."

"What?!" Irene exclaimed in shock.

Why would the police close the case on Samantha?

However, it made sense when she really considered it-the culprit would naturally want that since they/ had failed to pin the crime on Isaac.

As Irene walked up to Ricky and helped him stand, he told her, "The police said that the verdict will be formally announced at court tomorrow. Will you come with us?"

"Definitely-the culprit would definitely be worried about leaving a mess. That's why they want it to end soon."

"But can I really find them if they close the case?" Ricky was almost hysterical.

"Of course, once we have evidence to build a case," Irene told him. "But right now, we have nothing to go on at the moment, let alone how they got your mother out of prison. That means we have to accept that for the moment, and wait for them to let their guard down before reopening the case."

"It must be the person I saw!" Ricky snarled with spite.

Irene clapped him on the shoulder to calm him. "Right now, you need to get better. Once you've recovered, we'll work together to find your mother's killer."

"Yeah." Ricky nodded.

In a certain mansion, a man was holding a woman in his arms and assuring her, "Alright, calm down. Things didn't go as planned, but they still don't know who you are. We wouldn't have gotten off this easy either if Isaac Jefferson wasn't busy with family issues, so just lie low for a while."

The woman gave him a cold look. "But I went through all that, and couldn't even make Ricky my tool. That bomb also somehow missed Isaac although it was so close! What a blunder! Do you think we'd have another chance?!"

Isaac's hunch at the time was right-she was watching them when the bomb went off, and she knew right away that they survived.

She would not have fallen for it if Ricky had really contacted her!

Her eyes were burning with spite. "Well, I guess this is it... But it's so frustrating!"

The man kept trying to calm her down. "There's this nice restaurant I know. Shall we go there together?"

He was being patient, and knowing that he genuinely loved her, the woman did not pout too much despite her bad mood.

Smiling as she threw herself into his arms, she said, "Okay."

The man happily showered her with kisses, and it escalated soon enough.

When it was all done, they were on the couch naked, with the man exhausted and lying sprawled on his back.

The woman looked at him, but there was no tenderness in her eyes-only indifference!

In spite of his love, she did not seem to care for him at all!

The next day, the woman arrived at court, disguised as a journalist.

Irene and Sheryl were there accompanying Ricky. Irene was only there for Ricky, and would not have cared less that Samantha was gone, if not for her stepbrother.

Soon after they took their seats, a notary announced the closure of the case on Samantha's murder.

The short version was that Samantha had feigned illness to get out of prison and escaped at the hospital, but killed herself out of guilt and fear that she would be recaptured!

Chapter 295

Any idiot could have told that there would have been people watching Samantha even though she was transported to the prison.

The only reason she had escaped was because someone well-connected got her out.

Ricky was agitated even as he listened to the verdict.

Seeing that his hands were balled into fists, Irene tried to assure him, "Just calm down."

"I can't." Ricky wanted to stay calm too, but he could not-his mother was murdered, but they were now saying that she killed herself!

Knowing the truth he was unable to accept the verdict... but he had no evidence either!

Despite his knowledge, he could not do anything, leaving him utterly indignant!

Irene sighed softly-she understood how he felt, and said nothing.

He was going to need time after this.

The verdict announcement ended soon enough, and they were allowed to take Samantha's body to bury it.

Ricky left and Sheryl went with him, while Irene waited outside.

That was when she saw a female journalist walking nearby. Though she was not paying the latter much attention, she somehow found her familiar but could not put a finger on where they had met.

Then, as the other woman walked past her, she turned to look.

Irene was taken aback by the look in her eyes-she thought she saw spite, even though they were not acquainted!

Still, just as Irene wanted to talk to her, Sheryl called out from inside, "Irene? We need a hand here."

Irene took one last look at the other woman and headed inside.

When she turned, she missed the naked spite in the woman's eyes!

Sheryl was watching as people carried off Samantha's body, and they had already arranged for a hearse.

Ricky was still injured and could not do much aside from signing papers, so Sheryl asked Irene to lead him to the car.

After being kept at the morgue for quite a while, Samantha's body had to be buried quickly. Ricky had planned for her to be interred at the same graveyard as Lionel Spencer, but the spot next to Lionel's had been purchased.

Still, Ricky wanted to bury her with Lionel, so he asked, "Would you be upset if I buried Mom with Dad?"



“She was with him for over twenty years, hasn’t she?” Irene said. “She’s pretty much his wife even if they weren’t actually married.”

Ricky cheered up a little. “Okay... I’m relieved that you’d say so.”

Still, Irene held his gaze, her expression suddenly serious. “Since we’re talking about this, I’m going to tell you something... Please don’t get upset.”

Ricky rarely saw her being serious, and his heart skipped a beat.

Was she hiding something from him?

“What is it, Irene?” he asked, his throat feeling a little parched just then.

Irene said, “About the grave-”

“The grave? What about it?” Ricky interrupted before she could finish.

Irene really wanted to roll her eyes at him just then.

“Could you let me finish?”

“Oh!” Ricky exclaimed right then. “Alright, I’ll stop. Tell me.”

Chapter 296

Clearing her throat, Irene said, “You see, I’m the one who bought the graves next to our father’s.”

She had been wary toward Samantha, though it was not to say that she was helping Sheryl retain her place as Lionel’s legally married wife. After all, Sheryl was over Lionel, and Irene wanted her mother to live a long, fulfilling life-she did not want a grave for her so soon.

In fact, Irene had bought it just because she did not want Samantha to be interred beside Lionel.

On the other hand, it took Ricky a long while to actually realize what Irene meant. “You did that for Sheryl?” “More or less,” Irene said.

“Huh.” Rick sighed, realizing that he was too late.

It seemed that he was not as smart as Irene, who showed foresight while he only thought about his mother’s funeral matters now.

“You’re really smart, Sis. Dad was right to leave Spencer Holdings in your care,” he said.

At that very moment, he was not actually jealous-instead, he was impressed with Irene’s consideration.

She had also been the one who resolved a crisis for the company before, and he must admit that their father had shown foresight in leaving matters to her.

In fact, the reason Lionel had not divorced Sheryl was probably not just because he still had feelings for Sheryl, but also because he acknowledged Irene as his daughter.

“Yes, but Spencer Holdings is in your hands now,” Irene said. “That’s why you should pull yourself together soon to lead everyone again. Your mother had been hoping for you to inherit the family’s estates, but you have to know that money and real property aren’t alive. On the other hand, if you do well at the company, you would earn the money and respect. I’m sure your mother wants you to be successful too, so you should really do well so that she could be at ease.”

Ricky nodded at her encouragement. “Yeah.”

He had always known that Samantha wanted him to inherit the Spencer estate, and Irene was also right in that Spencer Holdings was the family’s lifeblood, and could bring him more value!

Samantha might even be at peace now if she knew that it was in his hands.

Still, he would not have control over Spencer Holdings if Irene did not give it to him.

“Thank you, Irene.”

“There’s no need to be so polite. We’re family,” she replied.

Over at the Light Group headquarters, Quincy was presiding over the board meeting.

Naturally, Henry had to show up since Quincy would have no right otherwise.

However, things were different today, since no one was siding with Isaac, while Ian was present as well.

Quincy had managed to take him out of police custody because Isaac did not interfere, and here he was now, showing up at the board meeting!

As the meeting started, Henry promptly threw a stack of reports on the table. “I think everyone should see this.”

He had already told Ian to prepare printed copies and distribute a copy to each board member.

Everyone was furious after they read it, and promptly turned their crosshairs on Isaac.

“We trusted you, Isaac. How could you burn our money like this?”

“That’s right! I even defended you before!”

“That’s hundreds of millions of dollars lost, and you hid it from us! Who do you think we are?”

“Explain yourself, Isaac!”

At the same time, Ian was smiling smugly. “Didn’t expect this, did you, Isaac? Did you really think you could fool everyone?”

On the other hand, Henry was very direct. “I propose to remove Isaac from his position as CEO. Does anyone have anything to say?”

This time, the board members were quiet-unlike before, none of them were defending Isaac because they were doing this for the money. Now that their wallets were hurt, they certainly would not want

him  
as CEO anymore.

Moreover, Quincy had spoken to everyone in private, promising higher bonuses should Ian successfully replace Isaac as CEO.

The only reason they were recommending Greg Jefferson before was because Ian had been arrested, but now that Ian was here, Quincy was going all out to support her son.

Even if she had been so sweet with Greg before, she was much more at ease having her son take over.

Chapter 297

That was the reason why Quincy was so eager to have Ian take over as Light Group's CEO. After she cajoled Henry, it was inevitable that Ian was here today!

And now that they had leverage against Isaac, Henry could actually be harsh with Isaac.

"What about you, Isaac? Do you have anything to say?"

Isaac was busy pretending to be shocked and upset, as if he never expected this to happen.

He even made a show of scolding Stan in front of everyone. "What do I pay you for? How could you let this document leak out?!"

"Sorry, sir... I don't know what happened either!" Stan exclaimed.

Ian snorted coldly right then. "Just give it a rest already. This isn't the time for you to scold your boy for being incompetent-everyone would inevitably find out the moment you decided to keep this from us... To think that I always believed that you were above the rest, but I guess this is all you amounted to." Stan appeared upset and argued, "What are you talking about? Everyone makes mistakes, and don't you know how valuable Mr. Jefferson made this company?! What right do you have to speak like that?"

"Sure he did, but the company also lost hundreds of millions because of him. That's reality, and a man like that is not fit to be CEO, and no one would buy into his policies anymore."

One of the board members bribed by Quincy quickly spoke up for Ian, "That's right! I think Ian is more capable of leading Light Group to a better future, and he is a Jefferson too!"

Isaac began, "I've been leading the company to new heights over the years--"

"Save it. That's all in the past now." Someone promptly cut him short.

No one would have spoken to Isaac like that before, but they all grew a spine now that they knew the Jeffersons wanted to topple him!

However, this was exactly what Isaac wanted, and so he acted as if he could not do anything against the current situation and said with despondence, "In that case, I resign my position as CEO."

Rising to his feet, he told Stan, "Let's clear everything out by today."

"Yes, sir," Stan replied, and cast a cool glance at the board members, snorting.

They were certainly snakes-after Isaac worked so hard to build so much for them, they turned against him at the drop of a hat, showing zero inclination to overlook it for old times' sake.

After they left, however, Isaac did not actually head to his office. He was already at the elevator, ready to leave, while Stan made a show of going to his office to clean up, even though they had already moved out everything important.

It was just cheap theatrics.

"Mr. Jefferson..." Debbie the secretary called out as she approached him.

"Talk to Stan," Isaac told her. "He'll make the arrangements for you."

"Okay," Debbie hung her head, even as the elevator jingled and Isaac left.

He was already gone when she looked up, but she kept staring at the elevator doors for a long while!

When Isaac returned to his hospital ward, Irene was lounging on the couch when she heard him come in. She quickly stood up, walked up to him, and asked, "Did everything go well?"

"Yeah," Isaac said lightly.

"I have to look at your bandages now," Irene said as she helped him unbutton his suit.

He should not be wearing anything tight given his injury, since it would rub against his injury and affect its recovery.

Once it was off, Irene immediately saw that his cuts and bruises were once again swollen red, and it was just as gruesome as it had been when she first saw it. It pained her heart to see that, and she slowly reached for it, apprehensive about touching it.

She laughed at herself inwardly then-she was a surgeon and often wielded the scalpel. Why was she being afraid? She had seen worse cases than this during surgery.

However, it was likely she felt this way because she cared about him, and it was natural that doctors never operate on family members. They would let their colleagues do it instead, because nerves might get to them and cause them to make mistakes.

"Lie down," she said.

Isaac hence lay on his stomach over his bed, since he was hurt in his back, making it easy for Irene to tend to his injury.

Irene took a deep breath to compose herself, and managed to do so quickly thanks to her experience as a doctor. She quickly prepared the medicine and went to work, cleaning his wounds while telling him about her day... and that was when she remembered the journalist she met in court, and suddenly remembered Whitney Cox as well.

Right! That woman resembled Whitney so much!

"Could it be her?" she mumbled.

Isaac missed what she said. "What?"

## Chapter 298

Irene replied, "When I went with Ricky to court, I saw this woman... Huh, maybe it's nothing."

Some people just bear a striking resemblance with others, after all, and she did not want to add to Isaac's troubles since he was very busy at the moment.

Nonetheless, Isaac frowned. "What is it? Aren't you going to finish your sentence?"

"Like I said, it's nothing." Irene laughed. "Anyway, we can put the matter aside after Samantha White's funeral tomorrow."

Knock, knock.

Irene had barely finished when someone knocked on her door.

"Come in," she said, and the door only opened at that.

It was Stan, and he was carrying a box containing a mess of documents and random items.

He put the box on the table before coming to them and said, "They appointed Ian Jefferson as CEO." "Yeah," Isaac grunted in acknowledgement-he was not surprised by the outcome.

It was all part of his plan anyway, since Quincy would only let down her guard once he was gone from Light Group.

Still, Stan felt indignant. "Those board members only care about their money! It's just so frustrating to see -how much money do they think we made for them over the years? But they couldn't wait to kick you when you're down!"

Though it was their plan all along, their heinous behavior left Stan disenchanted and sick to the stomach, and he growled spitefully, "Well, this suits us just fine. They'd actually ruin our plans if they get sentimental -now, I'm looking forward to the day Light Group goes bankrupt."

While the document stating Light Group's losses was genuine, Isaac had Kathy deliver it to Quincy anyway.

That was because only he and Stan knew that the supposedly lost capital was diverted to a company called Remy in Franconia, and it was the last moveable asset Light Group had.

Right now, Light Group was nothing more than an empty husk without any profitable projects, while any industry that was making money at all had been diverted to foreign soil as well.

Ian's competency notwithstanding, he would never lead Light Group out of the red.

And what would he tell the board during the mid-year and year-end reviews?

It was clear that the board would swallow anyone whole, and they only wanted their profit regardless of how difficult it was!

"Still, now that I think about it, we can do anything without anyone telling us otherwise. It honestly feels cathartic."

Stan cheered up at the very thought-Light Group might be rich and had plenty of resources, but the board's approval was required for any megaprojects that might cost upward of a billion. There was no chance of implementation if no approval was given.

On the other hand, everything Isaac said goes at Remy. They were certainly in for a much more pleasant time in contrast to Light Group!

In that respect, Stan was actually happy that the board was being that cold. They would actually feel tied down if someone sided with Isaac after all that, and they would not be able to leave with such a clear conscience!

"Go home," Isaac said just then. "There's nothing to do for now. You'll be in charge when they call for a transition."

That reminded Stan about something else. "Oh, right-I asked Debbie to move to Remy so that she could keep working as your secretary, but she's not interested in moving out of the country, and was demanding to see you. What do you think?"

Irene's ears pricked up at the mention of Debbie.

Maybe women are just sensitive, or maybe it takes one to know one, but Irene knew right then that Debbie, was definitely getting funny ideas about Isaac!

"He's already left once today, and his injuries are getting infected. He shouldn't go out again."

While she personally did not want Isaac to see Debbie, what she said was still the truth-he just had to wear loose clothes for a few days for his injury to start healing, or it would not heal even after two weeks.

Feeling awkward just then, Stan asked, "Well, what can I do? She's not listening to me."

"I can talk to her," Irene suggested.

Isaac turned toward her, seemingly reading her mind right then.

She averted her eyes, afraid to look at him just then!

Chapter 299

Turning his face so that half of it was buried in his pillow, Isaac said, "You can go if you want."

Stan pursed his lips, understanding what was going on just then.

Truly, what goes around comes around... to think that the day had come that Isaac was kept on a leash- and on a very tight leash at that!

Despite what she said, Irene remained focused as she bandaged Isaac. "Stay here and rest."

Isaac then took her hand and gave it a squeeze. "Come back soon. Have Stan stay with you."

Irene nodded and left the ward.

Stan was ready waiting outside.

"Let's go," she said.

Stan quickly followed, appearing hesitant to speak his mind despite holding the car keys.

Unable to stand his fidgeting, Irene said, "Just spit it already."

"It's not much, but... I just wanted to say that you might be paranoid. Debbie and I are both indebted to Mr. Jefferson, and we're definitely loyal to him--"

"Why do you think I'm paranoid?" Irene asked in return, cutting him short.

Stan became quiet since he had no response to that.

Even as he drove, they never said a word as they soon arrived at Debbie's home.

When Stan knocked on the door, and Debbie opened it to see that it was him, she scowled. "Like I said, I'm not leaving the country. I'm just a secretary, so what can I do over there if Mr. Jefferson isn't there--"

She soon trailed off as she spotted Irene behind Stan, and her eyes flashed briefly in wariness. "What are you doing here?"

"She came to talk to you," Stan replied, answering for Irene.

"About what?" Debbie's gaze was certainly evasive.

"About leaving the country," Irene replied, and told Stan, "Wait for me outside. I'll speak with her alone."

Debbie appeared resistant. "Stan could pass your message. You didn't have to come all the way here."

"You are Isaac's subordinate, and he's hurt, so he couldn't come. It's only logical that I represent him as his wife to try to persuade you, or am perhaps not welcome here?"

Irene's words were utterly dominant!

Unable to find an excuse, Debbie looked up to meet Irene's gaze and stood aside. "Do come in."

Irene entered and cast a sweeping glance over the interior-anyone earning an average salary could never afford a house of this scale, with its location and the furnishing inside.

Debbie was apparently quite rich, and Isaac had been kind to her.

Seemingly reading her mind just then, Debbie said, "Mr. Jefferson has always been good to his own."

Irene nodded in understanding, and Debbie brewed her a cup of tea-it was obvious that she was uncomfortable with Irene around, although they were in her own home.

"Here, have a drink."

"Thank you." Irene smiled, taking a seat on the couch.

With that, Debbie was once again lowering her gaze, afraid to meet Irene's eyes. "There's a reason I don't want to leave the country."

“Do tell,” Irene said as she took a sip of the tea.

In reality, Debbie was bright and outstanding, but she seemed to lose her glow in Irene’s presence.

Anyone would be looking at Irene first if they stood together, as Irene outshone her in both looks and flair-her cool composure and the way she carried herself appeared affable, but people would still know enough to keep a respectful distance.

Looking up at Irene just then, Debbie asked, “Do you know what my job as a secretary entails?”

She was trying to fend off Irene by using her job as an excuse!

Chapter 300

Irene was not intimidated however, and asked nonchalantly, “Does this have anything to do with your insistence on staying?”

“I’m not your run-of-the-mill secretary in charge of answering calls, preparing for meetings, and other measly errands. I am always on standby, waiting for any instructions from Mr. Jefferson as well as planning his itinerary. I also have to keep a constant eye on any documents submitted by other departments and appraise them before getting Mr. Jefferson’s signature. Since I have many tasks, I would always have to prioritize, but what I do is primarily to pave the way for my boss. If Mr. Jefferson isn’t leaving the country, what would I even do there?”

Debbie’s words were prim and her message clear, and Irene patiently listened and waited until she was finished. “Oh, so you’re mainly worried you have nothing to do over there?”

“Yes, that would be the case if Mr. Jefferson isn’t there.”

Irene nodded and smiled. “What if I offered you a different position?”

Debbie’s face fell immediately.

“No, I can’t,” she promptly said without hesitation.

Irene was not surprised by her reaction, and kept smiling faintly. “Why not?”

“I’m used to this job-I’m worried of criticism if I fall short, and that I’d become a liability to Mr. Jefferson...”

“You don’t have to worry about that. I’ll make the necessary arrangements,” Irene simply said.

Debbie clenched her fingers. “Is that what Mr. Jefferson wants?”

“It’s what I want,” Irene admitted.

“He won’t agree to this.”

“He left this matter in my hands.”

Debbie was left speechless at that.

“So, will you be going?” Irene asked then.



Debbie lowered her head in thought.

If she left right now, she would keep her position.

If she insisted on staying, Irene might really make her switch jobs.

When that happens, she would not be able to see Isaac anywhere.

That being said, Franconia was their new base-their new battlefield-and Isaac would be heading there eventually anyway.

Holding back her grief and frustrations, she said, "Alright, I'll go."

Irene kept smiling. "Very well. I hope it will be soon, too-how about tomorrow?"

"Of course." Debbie nodded.

Irene then checked the time. "Oh, it's late now. I should be going."

As Debbie escorted her out, Stan quickly came up to Irene, smiling awkwardly.

He had been very worried as he waited outside, afraid that things would get hostile.

Even Isaac himself had called to ask how things were going.

When he told Isaac that he was not in the room with them, however, Isaac snapped, "You're useless! I had you follow Irene so that I could have an ear on what they're saying... But you're not even in the room?!" Meanwhile, when Irene and him finally got in his car, he asked, "So? How did it go? Was there a fight?"

Irene really wanted to roll her eyes at him, but simply snorted. "A fight? We're civilized people here-or maybe you were wishing for that to happen?"

"Of course not!" Stan quickly flashed an apologetic smile. "I was just worried you'd get hurt, since Mr. Jefferson wanted me to come with you so that I can protect you. I wouldn't be able to defend myself if you really got hurt."

"Really?" Irene was skeptical.

"Of course. Would I lie to you?" Stan replied. "Anyway, serious question: did Debbie say yes?"

"Yeah." Irene said quietly-it was still a headache to have a woman like Debbie around Isaac.

It was not over even if Debbie agreed to head to Franconia-she would always lust after Isaac as long as she remained his secretary.