

Runaway 301

Chapter 301

Both Debbie and Spencer understood each other tacitly after their conversation!

Stan was curious. "How did you convince her anyway?"

Irene was not in the mood to answer, however. "Do you really have to gossip so much?"

Stan chuckled-he was certainly eager to find out, but her response made it clear that she did not want to tell, so he should not ask.

Soon, they returned to the hospital, and Irene headed inside.

"Mom, look at this."

Ian, who was now appointed CEO of Light Group, was almost losing his mind after seeing report after report detailing their losses.

Quincy was naturally scowling as well. "I know Isaac and what he's capable of. There shouldn't be this much loss..."

"Did he do this on purpose?" Ian was certainly surprised by the revelation that the seemingly vibrant and dominant exterior of Light Group hid an entity that was already at death's door.

Quincy thought about it. "I don't think so-maybe Isaac just wanted to hide it from the board."

"That just means he took us for a ride! We went through so much only to get this crap!"

Ian was certainly frustrated-the so-called financial giant he inherited was just a ship filled with holes, ready to sink in an instant!

Even so, Quincy told him to calm down.

With all said and done, she was still happy-how could she not be?

They did not fail, for her longtime wish to take over Light Group was finally fulfilled!

"It's only reasonable that we inherited his troubles after we took his place. You'd be disappointing me if you back down now, Ian."

Quincy thought then that Isaac must have deliberately positioned them in an awkward spot.

She knew the man, and he must have set a trap, or he would not have left so quickly.

It seemed that they were looking at the trap now-Quincy would actually be puzzled if he did nothing before leaving!

However, it did not cross her mind that Isaac had simply staged those losses and had siphoned away the company's capital instead. Being ignorant of that fact meant Quincy remained brimming with confidence. That they could turn things around and bring Light Group back on the right track, even trumping Isaac's achievements!

From there onwards, she would basically lord over the Jeffersons, since Henry was already old, leaving Light Group under her son's rule.

Under her assurance, Ian calmed down and thought Quincy was right.

"Sorry, Mom." He apologized. "I let my anger get the better of me."

Quincy clapped him on the shoulder. "I believe in you, son. You'd never lose to Isaac-you're the best
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Jefferson, and the right man to lead the family."

Ian nodded.

"Don't worry, I'll be helping you too," she assured him, adding to Ian's confidence, his frustration from reading those damning reports now waning.

"Once we win this, bring Robin Lynd along when we host a banquet to celebrate," Quincy then said.

Ian was actually surprised. "Wait, you're accepting her now?"

Quincy sighed. "She's not my choice for a daughter-in-law. I wish you'd chosen someone from another dynasty so that they could back you up. However, I saw how loyal she was to you when the mess with the casino ship happened, and knowing that she's genuinely in love with you is reason enough for me to accept her."

In the end, strategic marriages were a must for dynasties to strengthen alliances. That was the reason Quincy herself had pushed so hard to get Irene married to Isaac in the first place.

After all, be it in career or family background, Irene would be more trouble than she was worth to Isaac, which was why Quincy helped Lionel in getting Isaac to marry her.

"Thanks, Mom... though it's still too soon to celebrate. I need to get a handle on the situation as soon as possible," Ian pointed out.

Quincy agreed. "Call for a meeting with all heads of departments. That should make things quicker."

She was naturally a little buoyed now that they controlled Light Group, and eager to flex her authority soon.

"Yeah. Let's go with that."

With that, Ian had his assistant send word for everyone to convene... only to find out that the financial losses were just the tip of the iceberg!

Chapter 302

Any new leader tends to flex his newfound authority, and Ian was certainly doing that during his first meeting with his key personnel!

Every head of department was sitting with clenched buttocks, afraid to make a sound.

However, they were just wary of Ian since they were not familiar with him-with Isaac, they were earnestly

reverent instead.

Still, Ian was confident after his recent promotion.

“Starting with Finance, everyone will report any noteworthy events as well as department objectives over the last six months,” he said proudly and formally from the chairing seat.

However, his confidence proved a little excessive, as the Head of Finance rose to his feet and gave a lengthy account of everything the department saw through over the last six months.

The long and short of it was that there was no income, only investments.

“Here’s everything on the projects and investments we oversaw in that timeframe,” he said as he handed a thick document folder to Ian, who was scowling now.

The thick folder itself was a sign that the financial department had been overseeing many projects and investments, but none of them were worthwhile. Since only billion dollar projects or investments required the board’s approval, anything in that folder was below that threshold, meaning that it would escape the board’s notice.

After all, when Isaac brought the company to new heights and raked in billions, they decided to hold blind faith in most of Isaac’s decisions. That was why they never inspected anything, and never found out about the financial outflow and other projects!

And now...

Ian was working very hard to stop himself from flipping out at the crowd..

The rest of the reports from the other heads of department were largely the same: losses, halted projects, projects that require more capital...

There was no good news at all.

Naturally, Ian called off the meeting ahead of schedule, and waited until everyone left and closed the doors behind them before bursting out, “Isaac fucked us over!”

Meanwhile, Quincy had been remaining in her seat, quiet for a while now.

She knew that things would be bumpy, but never expected an apocalypse.

“Look, Ian-the board doesn’t know about this, just as we should not let them find out under any circumstances. They’d just point their finger at us, and we won’t even have a chance to argue... I’ve thought about it, and right now, we need to secure a few convincing megaprojects in the meantime to keep their mouths shut.”

Ian understood that too, but he had gotten weary after learning how bad things were currently.

Nonetheless, Quincy encouraged him. "Look-we're still managing many projects and businesses, so some of it has to be profitable. You're still young, and we have all the time we need. Don't give up just yet."

Ian did not want to admit he was no match for Isaac either, and so dived headfirst with Quincy into solving the mess, attempting to rescue and restore Light Group to its former glory!

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Since they were both busy, their dinner with Robin had to wait.

However, Robin herself was starting to get distracted because Ian was not calling her or seeing her. When she tried to ask him out, he would turn her down-which planted the idea in her that Ian was dumping her after taking over Light Group.

As she was having an unhappy cup of coffee at a cafe, Mrs. Watson and Irene arrived as well.

They were just done shopping at the nearby mall and came for a drink, running into Robin by sheer coincidence.

Irene saw that she appeared downtrodden and lethargic, even starting to lose weight.

Chapter 303

Irene was holding Tommy, and pretended not to see Robin as she went to sit with Mrs. Watson at a quiet spot near the window.

Robin, however, remembered how she failed to humiliate Irene last time, and ended up being punished. With having to wipe the floor of the sports complex over two days.

It made her the laughing stock of her department, and even her colleagues constantly reminded her of it.

She very much wanted to resign, but she had also lost her dependency since Ian was not seeing her. As such, she had to keep her job and bear with the contempt.

On the other hand, Irene had lost everything, but it somehow still felt like she was mocking Robin. Before Irene knew it, Robin was already standing beside her table, growling, "Don't get so smug, Irene Spencer. You were only lucky once-it won't happen again."

Irene was playing with Tommy, and slowly looked up when she heard Robin.

Even so, she was exceedingly calm in contrast to Robin's clear irritation. "I don't know if things will get bad for me, but I do know that you're having a terrible time-you wouldn't be sulking otherwise."

"What..." Robin's face darkened right then. "What are you getting so smug about? Your lover was basically kicked out of Light Group. Not that glamorous now are you, Mrs. Jefferson?"

"Even if he was, he didn't dump me. I don't have to go hungry, bodyguards escort me everywhere I go, and I still have chauffeurs and servants. Even if Isaac is not CEO of Light Group, he's still able to see to my needs and afford me a life of luxury. On the other hand, it's obvious that life is hard for you, seeing how much weight you've lost."

Irene never liked to brag or be nasty, but she knew that her words would have a devastating effect on Robin.

She had been listening to Stan and Isaac's conversations, and was made aware that Ian was busy working on Light Group. As a recently appointed CEO, he needed results to gain everyone's loyalty.

Add that to the terrible look on Robin's face, Irene could naturally tell that she was at odds with Ian, and so retorted against Robin in a way that Irene knew would sting her.

And that was exactly what happened. Unable to retort or do anything to Irene at all, Robin snarled, "Don't get so full of yourself!"

Irene smiled, unaffected. "I'm not, though you should be more self-aware, Ms. Lynd."

"This isn't over!" Robin snapped, and stormed off.

Mrs. Watson was pursing her lips disapprovingly. "Who is she? How could she be so rude? She acts just like a fishwife even with that pretty face."

"That's Robin Lynd. She's Ian Jefferson's girlfriend," Irene replied. "Who knows? One day they might marry, and we would become cousins."

Naturally, 'cousin' was a jibe-after everything that had happened, the Jeffersons were no longer family to her or Isaac.

Mrs. Watson understood, and did not ask more.

She always knew her place, and was privy to much information. As such, she never spoke or asked out of turn, or exposed the private affairs of others.

"Alright, I think we should go now." Irene rose to her feet then.

Mrs. Watson followed. "I can carry Tommy, ma'am. You must be tired after carrying him for so long."

"It's fine." Irene smiled-she had gone through so much to finally carry her baby in her arms, and would not ask for more.

Once they returned to the mansion, Mrs. Watson and Jimmy unloaded everything they bought and carried. It inside the house, and Mrs. Watson would put everything in the right place after.

Meanwhile, Irene carried Tommy and was going back to their room when he heard Isaac's voice from his study.

"What?!" He sounded surprised.

Stan was hanging his head and saying, "It should be Kathy York."

Chapter 304

Isaac asked, "Why her?"

"She's stupid and easy to manipulate," Stan replied. "She's not chaste anyway, and it spares us from having to choose a new person."

Isaac stared at him but stayed silent-Stan took it for a silent approval.

In reality, Stan only did that because he had come to understand that Isaac did not care about Kathy at all.

From his point of view, there were just two reasons why Isaac had not kicked Kathy to the curb-the first was that she had saved Isaac's life before, and he could not be too harsh on her despite his indifference. The second was that she was still useful to them.

Still, that made Stan think-why the difference in treatment between Kathy and Irene?

Both of them had saved Isaac's life, and yet one one was treated like a tool, while the other was being pampered to kingdom come. Seeing that certainly left Stan clicking his tongue.

Truly, it hurt to see the contrast!

"How are things going on over there?" Isaac asked just then, seemingly not interested in discussing Kathy further.

Stan had naturally been keeping an eye on Light Group. They had eyes and ears everywhere-it was certainly easy to embed their own people amongst their ranks after they managed the company for years. "Both Ian Jefferson and Quincy Moore are trying their damndest to save Light Group and looking for any viable projects right now. They have to rally everyone since Ian just became CEO, and his position would become shaky without anything persuasive. Quincy is staying with him whenever she can, and has no time for Greg Jefferson. This is exactly the moment he needs a more understanding female companion." Stan was being vague at the last part, but Isaac understood-they were just talking about Kathy, and they were now prepared to send her his way.

Kathy was young and beautiful. With Quincy busy at Light Group and having no time to care about Greg. this was the right time to sneak someone in.

After all, causing rifts between family members always inevitably breaks that family apart.

Right now, it was all going according to Isaac's plan, with everything falling in line like dominos.

"Got it. Keep an eye on their movements, and report immediately if anything comes up," Isaac said.

"Yes, sir," Stan said. "I'll be going now."

Even before he left the study, Irene had already returned to her room, putting Tommy to bed as she lay beside him. Fiddling with his baby, she said, "Your daddy is quite the womanizer, isn't he? First Debbie, and now Kathy-it's like there's no end to them. Your poor mommy has to take care of you, while fending. them off at the same time..."

Isaac had been discharged a few days ago, since he had his doctor's permission to rest at home. His injuries had since scabbed, and he would make a full recovery soon enough.

Ricky had been discharged and on the road of recovery as well, thanks to Sheryl's care. He had been sulking for a while after Samantha's funeral, but he had improved since, and resumed working despite his injury.

Irene did not try to talk him out of it, since Ricky needed to pull himself together, and his career was his emotional pillar right now.

"Boo... Ya..."

Tommy's little round eyes that were akin to black grapes were fixed on Irene, his pink lips yapping gibberish as if understanding that Irene was talking to him, and hence mustering a response.

Irene's gaze was utterly tender as she watched her baby, and her heart overflowed with warmth-any trouble that had been in her heart faded just from looking at Tommy.

"You're saying yes, right? That I should fend them off?" she asked lovingly, and gently pinched him on the cheeks.

Tommy giggled from amusement, but that was when Isaac suddenly asked, "Fend who off?"

He had appeared in the room without her knowing it, and she almost jumped in surprise.

Irene frowned. "You almost gave me a heart attack."

Meanwhile, Isaac arched his back and scooped Tommy up in his arms. "It's not my fault. You were so busy talking to Tommy you never noticed me coming in."

Tommy always liked being carried, and his little limbs were flailing as he babbled. "Mama..."

Chapter 305

Irene smiled. "My baby can say 'mommy' now."

Isaac shot her a look, and instructed their son indignantly. "Say 'daddy.'"

"Mama..."

"Da...Da."

"Mah... Mah..."

Isaac looked like he would keep going, and Irene could not bear to look-Tommy was just mouthing some syllables that sounded like 'mommy' and not actually saying it. How would he ever say 'daddy'?

Taking Tommy off Isaac's arms, she said, "Time for your milk, baby."

With that, she went looking for Mrs. Watson, leaving Isaac alone and speechless.

However, the more she was trying to cold-shoulder him, the more he wanted to stay with her. Following her downstairs, he said, "I'll carry Tommy. You can get the milk."

Irene quickly said, "Mrs. Watson can do it."

Isaac was once again speechless.

Did he offend her somehow?

Mrs. Watson hid a smile as she watched them, and took Tommy off Irene's arms. "I can feed Tommy. He's going to sleep soon anyway."

Irene sighed, and returned inside their room, while Isaac followed and closed the door behind him.

"I heard you talking about Kathy?" Irene asked directly.

Isaac stared at her for a while, coming to a realization.

She was pouting because of Kathy?

He could not help feeling amused just then, no longer flustered when he realized what was bugging her.

Sitting on the bed and lounging against the wall, he folded his legs elegantly while studying her from head to toe, which gave Irene the creeps.

"W-What's that look for?"

"You've gotten fatter recently, don't you think?" Isaac said rather seriously.

Irene was speechless, and wanted nothing less to scream at him that he was fat-and his whole family. too!

Still, he soon smiled. "Come, let me grope around a little to see who you are."

Speechless once more, Irene wondered if he was out of his mind!

She turned, ready to leave because she had no idea what nonsense would come out of his mouth next.

However, as soon as she moved, he caught her by the wrist, and pulled her firmly into his warm embrace. before she could react.

Keeping her tightly under his embrace, he asked softly, "Where do you think you're going? Hmm?"

Irene struggled definitely, but it only made him laugh alluringly. "You're so cute when you're jealous."

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Irene was speechless.

Her? Jealous?!

Absolutely not!

"I'm not," she growled.

Isaac mused to himself for a while, and then said, "Well, since you're being so understanding, I guess I should see Kathy since she's been helping me a lot lately--"

"Stop it!"

Irene had turned around, wrapping her arms around his neck before he could finish, warning him, "Don't you dare."

Isaac chuckled. "What if I do?"

Chapter 306

Irene was left speechless for quite a while before finally saying viciously, "I'll break your legs."

Isaac brushed his cheek against hers, chuckling. "Could you bear to hurt me so?"

Irene went further. "That's not all. If you really cheat on me, I'll break your legs, and then use your money to become the sugar mommy for some young 'uns..."

This time, it was Isaac who was left speechless.

"That's going too far."

Using his own money while cucking him?!

Irene reared her chin at him. "Yeah. So go on, cheat on me, and I'll make you the greatest cuck ever-"

"But none of them is as good looking as I am," he growled, pinning her underneath himself on the bed.

Irene tried to get away from his kisses since it tickled, shoving him. "The sun is still up-"

"Yep," Isaac answered distractedly, but was not inclined to get off her, even undressing her right then.

Irene panicked and gave in right then, "Fine, my bad. I won't hook up with other men. You're the only one. for me..."

Isaac leaned in to gently peck her on the lips. "Me too."

Irene then became serious. "So, about Kathy York..."

Isaac's expression stiffened.

There was just no end to this! Why did she always have to talk about that woman?! What a killjoy!

He sighed, but he knew that she was not letting it go if he did not offer an explanation, and so told her about his plan.

Irene stayed silent after a long while after hearing Isaac's story, and said, "You're so cunning, Isaac Jefferson."

Causing rifts between married couples, using people perfectly...

With Quincy now completely focused at work, Greg would be feeling lonely. Sending a woman to him would certainly drive a wedge between him and Quincy!

Once a married couple starts fighting, the entire family would start to fall apart, and Quincy would be overwhelmed since she would have to worry about Light Group.

Should she fail to calmly think things through, things could get nasty. Even if she had always been starting, this could get the better of her.

Still, Irene felt no sympathy-Isaac's enemies were hers, and she also understood that if Isaac was safe, she and her son would be protected.

Leaning on Isaac's chest, she said, "I actually feel guilty that I can't help you at all."

"That's not true. You helped me take care of Tommy and handled Debbie."

Isaac mentioned Debbie on purpose, and that left Isaac bristling right then.

"Did I even have to be bothered if you weren't so lucky with women?" She shot him a glare.

Isaac liked that about her, and his smile broadened.

Bzzt-

Irene's phone started ringing on the desk, and she picked it up.

"Hello. Is this Ms. Spencer?"

"Yes?"

"We're calling to inform you that your resume has passed our initial screening. You may come forward for an interview at 8 a.m. tomorrow if you're free."

"Of course. I'll be there," Irene replied excitedly.

She had submitted her resume to many hospitals, and this was the first one to finally respond.

Though she should be helping Isaac, she did not want to give up on her career either.

Moreover, she had been idling for too long, and that was no good for a doctor-she should start working again.

Isaac reached out to brush a lock of her hair behind her ear, quietly saying, "Just do what you want to." After all, his plans did not require a woman to sacrifice her career.

His support warmed Irene's heart. "Thank you."

He gathered her into his arms. "We're married."

Chapter 307

They were married, and it was reasonable that they gave each other their blessings, instead of having one of them make sacrifices.

Irene then mischievously fiddled with his collar.

Isaac was speechless for a moment before he caught her hand. "I thought you're reluctant since the sun is still up."

Irene rolled her eyes. "What do you think I'm doing? I'm checking your injuries."

He had such a dirty mind!

However, he could not restrain himself since she took the lead and took off his shirt-he was an ordinary, healthy man and certainly not impotent.

Meanwhile, Greg was boozing at an exclusive nightclub.

It had been days since he saw Quincy, since she was busy with work at Light Group with their son Ian, and had no time to care about anything else.

Feeling neglected, he came here to drink his sorrows away.

His eyes seemed to glaze over after a few glasses of whiskey, and he smacked several hundred dollar notes on the bar before wobbling up to his feet.

However, someone came running straight into him at the door.

He was already in a bad mood, and was going to curse at whichever blind fool it was who came crashing into him... only to find a delicate, beautiful maiden in his arms.

Kathy was shaking in fear even as he held her, and looked up at him with innocent eyes, sobbing miserably, "Please, help me... Someone is trying to abduct me."

"What? Who?" Greg asked even as he quietly sneaked his arms around her-Kathy's vulnerable look had instantly left his masculine protectiveness flaring.

Quincy might be smart and always kept herself well-groomed, but aging was inevitable and much of her skin had gotten baggy.

Kathy was naturally much different. She was young, exuberant, her skin tender to the touch... and Greg. could feel his juices flowing as he smelled her sweet scent and felt her softness in his arms.

At the same time, Kathy lifted a finger and pointed behind her, where several thuggish men were pointing at Kathy. "You'd better pay up, or it's the brothel for you."

Heading that it was just a debt, Greg asked, "How much does she owe you?"

"Two grand," one of them said.

"Two grand? And you have to chase her around for that much? You boys embarrass your fellow men," Greg growled, whipping out his checkbook and writing the amount. "Here. Take this and go-don't bother her again."

The thugs left right after they got the check-they were just paid actors anyway, pretending to be loan sharks pursuing Kathy for her debt.

Having done what they came to do, they naturally would not linger.

"Thank you for helping me, sir," Kathy sobbed then. "They were going to take me to the red light district. and my life would have been ruined... I'll definitely pay you back when I can."

"It's just spare change. It's fine."

“No, I must make it up to you,” Kathy said coquettishly. “You saved me. It’s a must.”

Greg could not help chuckling since he thought she was overstating matters.

Smiling mysteriously, he asked, “Well, how will you do that?”

“...”

Kathy’s voice trailed off, and hung her head. “I don’t have any money...”

“Look, I don’t need you to pay me back, but if you feel like you owe me, how about having a couple of drinks with me?”

“Okay,” Kathy replied without hesitation, so Greg led her into the nightclub.

He asked for a private booth seating, and told the attendants to send in bottles of wine.

Although Greg used to be a good drinker, he became tipsy and his head felt like it was spinning after a couple of glasses.

Kathy helped him trudge along, asking, “Where do you live? I can get you home...”

Greg waved her off. “No-no home.”

He left home to go boozing because he was upset with Quincy, and was certainly not inclined to see her... even though she would definitely not be home anyway.

“Well, I guess a hotel would do? You’re really drunk, sir...” Kathy suggested even as she carefully held on to him, while acting kind and understanding.

Greg licked his lips and suddenly grinned. “Okay.”

They soon arrived at a hotel!

Chapter 308

As Kathy helped Greg out of the taxi, it was clear that the man was really drunk.

Unlike before, the alcohol he had tonight seemed especially strong... even stimulating.

Kathy had no money, so he had to pay for their room.

Once inside, she made a show of helping him to bed, and said, “You should rest, sir-”

Greg suddenly caught her wrists.

Feigning surprise at first, Kathy resisted just a little before yielding to his advances, and what happened soon after was simply water under the bridge.

After the deed was done, Kathy was clutching at the sheets as she sat by the headboard, her eyes welling with miserable tears.

Greg was left staring at the blood staining the sheets in silence for a long while, before breathing a lengthy sigh. “I didn’t know that you were chaste... but I’ll definitely take responsibility for what I did.”

Kathy appeared afraid, and was averting her eyes.

However, the reason she bled was because Stan had her undergo a hymenorrhaphy at a hospital.

He told her that Greg would love and cherish her all the more if he found out that she was a virgin, and that had certainly been proven true now.

However, even as her fingers clenched on the bed sheets, all she felt was burning spite toward Quincy, who was the reason she lost her chastity in the first place.

That had also lost her Isaac's favor, and she therefore vowed to get back at Quincy-which was what she was doing right now, by stealing Quincy's husband!

With that in mind, she started to put even more effort into her acting, "I know... You didn't know. I don't blame you."

Kathy tried to get out of bed then, but fell into his arms again as if she was exhausted.

Greg never felt such thrill-he seemed to regain his youthful exuberance right then, and felt like he could. go a few more rounds!

After yet another round of ferocious lovemaking, Greg gave Kathy a generous sum of money. "Get a place to settle down, but make sure that it's somewhere hidden. You can get anything you want with the remaining."

Kathy tried to turn him down. "I can't take your money..."

"Now, now. I'm not just a stranger after all that, right?" Greg smiled.

Although the wrinkles on his face were distinct, indicating his age, Greg was still tall and manly. Even though he lacked youthfulness, he carried a mature sobriety that young men would not have.

Kathy actually did not feel repulsed with him, though it was not as if she cared-right now, she only wanted payback. After Stan had brainwashed her, and seeing that Greg really cared that he had taken her first time, she knew that her plan to exact revenge upon Quincy was on the right track.

As she lowered her head shyly, Greg reached out to caress her cheek.

"How nice it is to be young, such smooth skin..." he murmured, and then asked, "Do you have family? Is there anything I could help with?"

They had just met, but he was now acting like a longtime acquaintance after sex.

Stan had told Kathy to make her story as miserable as possible, so that Greg would love her all the more. "My parents died very early," she said, and it was no lie.

"I was just a child back then, and I had to live with my grandfather. We were poor, and we only had each other. That's why I had to borrow from those loan sharks when he was sick... But I just borrowed a grand, and after just a week, they told me I have to pay a 700 dollar interest! I couldn't get the money in time- that's why they were chasing me. They would have eaten me alive if I didn't run into you..."

Greg patted her hand assuringly. "Yeah. They would definitely have done their worst with someone as beautiful as you. Well, it's fortunate that you've run into me-I'll take care of you now." "...B-But aren't you married?" Kathy asked gingerly. "I don't want to cause trouble for your family..."

Chapter 309

The thought of Quincy left Greg grimacing. "Oh, my wife is old now. It actually irks me whenever I see her face these days."

Kathy raised her brows, feeling cathartic inside just then!

Even if Quincy had done her best to maintain her beauty, the way Greg called her 'old' made it clear that her place in their family was just for show.

"Oh, you're such a bad man, sir. How could you talk about your own wife like that?" she purred as she threw herself into his arms. "But do you think I'm prettier?"

"Of course," Greg answered with no hesitation.

In reality, Quincy was far prettier than Kathy in her youth, but age simply had not been kind to her.

If she were not that beautiful, Greg would not have been a loyal husband, let alone have zero scandalous affairs.

"Anyway, it's late-I should go," Greg said just then.

While he was certainly reluctant to leave her, Greg nonetheless feared Quincy, and was worried that she would throw a fit if she found out.

As such, he left his name card with her. "Contact me if anything comes up."

Kathy nodded, and he got dressed and left.

Later, Quincy happened to arrive home just as Greg did, and was frowning when she saw that he had not been home. "Were you out for the night?"

Greg averted his eyes in guilt. "Yeah. Had a little too much to drink, and fell asleep at the bar."

Quincy sniffed at him and picked up the scent of alcohol. "Go take a bath already."

She knew that she had been neglecting him for a while, and did not dwell on it-they basically spent half their lifetimes together, and Greg had never done anything to wrong her.

"Okay," Greg replied, keeping his distance from her as he dashed toward the bathroom.

Quincy stretched her back just then.

It was fortunate that she and Ian had managed to secure a major project after spending days working hard at Light Group.

Knowing that they would be meeting their potential partners tomorrow improved her mood considerably.

She headed to the other bathroom and took a shower, cleaning herself up and putting on an enticing dress in their bedroom, where she waited for her husband.

On the other hand, Greg was feeling guilty and did not dare to face her, so he dallied for a long while before getting out of the shower.

By then, Quincy was getting impatient and snapped, "What took you for so long? Trying to wash away some evidence?"

She had just been joking, but it left Greg shaking and bristling in fear.

Still, he quickly composed himself and pretended to be annoyed. "What are you talking about?"

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Quincy walked up to him then, and gave him a love tap on the chest. "I'm just joking. I'm sorry that we haven't seen each other much for a few days now-you know I've been busy working to keep Light Group together with Ian..."

As she spoke, she was basically pushing herself on to Greg, and her hands started to reach for his groin.

However, Greg had just gone a few rounds with Kathy. He certainly was not in the mood now, let alone able to get it up.

Quincy sensed his disinterest, but ignored it because she was confident she could get him aroused anyway...

But got nothing.

"I think I've been fatigued lately," Greg quickly explained.

Quincy stared at him. "What could you have been doing that got you fatigued? Do you even remember the last time we did it?"

In fact, she had come home early to make it up to him, and it was in broad daylight too!

Greg hastily came up with another excuse. "I know... I know you're tired for our family's sake too. I get it, and I don't want you to wear yourself out."

Quincy was skeptical. "Really?"

Would I lie to you? Well, I can swear it: if I'm lying, I would lose my man--"

"Fine," Quincy snapped, cutting him short. "Why would I doubt you?"

That was when Greg's phone started to ring, and he tensed up as he rushed to get it.

However, Quincy beat him to it, and was looking at him sideways. "Why do I feel that you're a little nervous?"

"Nervous? How so?" Greg asked, feigning nonchalance.

Quincy glanced at the screen. Seeing that it was an unknown caller, she answered it!

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However, just as Quincy was about to speak, Greg snatched his phone away. "Hey, it's my phone! What do you think you're doing?"

Quincy froze for seconds and narrowed her eyes.

Greg was clearly feeling guilty, but he had no choice but to do it-what if it was Kathy calling?

He would be exposed!

"Give it to me right now." Quincy held out a hand, looking dead serious just then.

When Greg refused, she demanded, "Are you cheating on me, Greg?"

"No way! Why would I do that? You're being paranoid-"

Quincy snatched his phone out of his hands before he could finish, and answered the call. "Hello?"

"Oh! Hey, Quincy! Is my brother from another mother over there?"

Quincy recognized the voice-it was one of Greg's close friends, and she was acquainted with the man as well.

Greg was relieved since he heard the voice too. Feeling confident right then, he snorted at Quincy. "Why would you suspect me? Come on, you're embarrassing me in front of my friend here-what if he told the others you're getting strict with me? They won't ask me to hang out with them now..." Quincy smiled. "Oh, I was just feeling concerned. Never doubted you for a moment." With that, Greg took back his phone and left the room to answer it.

Quincy sneaked closer to eavesdrop.

It turns out that there was nothing suspicious.

Even so, Greg was clearly being weird and fumbling to stop her from taking that call.

Nonetheless, as Greg returned inside the room after taking the call, he said, "You must be tired. I've told the kitchen to make you some chicken soup, and you should take a nap after drinking it. Have you seen how weary you look?"

Quincy was actually emotional that he still cared about her, and smiled. "Well, it's for you and our son's sake. We're all Jeffersons, so there's no reason Andrew gets to keep everything for himself... Either way, anything you say goes now."

Greg put a hand around her shoulder then. "I know it's been difficult since you've always been working hard for our family. That's why I would never do anything to wrong you-I mean, have I done. any such thing after so many years?"

Greg had certainly been dutiful and proper-Quincy could not fault him at all as a husband over the years. Rubbing her temples, she decided just then that she had been paranoid. Her nerves had certainly been worn thin after toiling at Light Group for days now.

“Thank you for being so understanding, darling,” Quincy said as she leaned against his chest.

Greg breathed a sigh of relief ever so discreetly, but kept smiling as he made Quincy lie down in bed. “I can give you a massage to get you relaxed.”

“Sure.” Quincy said as she sprawled herself on the bed, but she was soon sound asleep.

The next day, Quincy and Ian arrived at a fancy restaurant.

They had an appointment to meet Eastdawn’s representative there, but for one reason or the other, they were late to the meeting.

Ian was soon starting to get worried. “Do you think Mr. Cross is backing out?”

Quincy was much more composed than her son, and told him, “Stay calm. I’ve looked into the man-
he’s

a man of his word and holds an upstanding reputation in his circles. He won’t stand us up.”

And even as she spoke, James Cross was already walking toward them.

Both Quincy and Ian stood up in return. “Good afternoon, Mr. Cross.”

James was smiling and apologized humbly. “Sorry to keep you waiting-something came up.”

“Oh, it’s fine. We just arrived ourselves. Please have a seat.” Quincy smiled.

“I see,” James said and took his seat, handing them a document and cutting to the chase. “This is the mechanical component our company has developed for aircraft and large vessels. It will see a 30% reduction in fuel consumption, and I’m currently accepting investments due to some recent capital stagnation. I wouldn’t have done so otherwise, but I’m sure you can tell that once this component hits the market, it will definitely develop into a monopoly. Otherwise you wouldn’t have selected my company for a potential investment.”

That was certainly true-that was what Quincy and Ian were aiming for.

And they sorely needed something to solidify their authority over Light Group!