

Runaway 331

Chapter 331

Kathy was flailing wildly, pushing Quincy away by brute strength.

Even so, Quincy was relentless.

Bang!

Crash!

The house was a mess, even as Quincy finally caught the hem of Kathy's clothing with one hand, while the

other stabbed toward her.

Kathy could not evade it in time and was first stabbed in the stomach. That left her at Quincy's mercy, and Quincy stabbed her repeatedly until she stopped struggling.

Quincy rose to her feet then, wiping the blood that splattered on her face while her lips arched into a cold, demon-like smile. Trying to beat me? Who do you think you are? I would've made your life a living hell if I hadn't fallen for Isaac Jefferson's trap. I don't have much time, but even if I end up dead, has betrayed and humiliated me will die too."

everyone who

With that, she let the knife drop out of her hand with a loud clang, but it seemed that it was not enough.

Ripping Kathy's dress into shreds, she started to stomp and kick Kathy's body over and over again!

After that, she calmly headed to the washroom to clean herself up, then left the house.

As she got into her car, she took one last look at the floor where Kathy lay before driving off to the Light Group headquarters.

Ian had already returned from Eastdawn, and was sitting in his office limply, as if his soul had left him.

When the door suddenly opened, he snapped unceremoniously, "I said I don't want to see anyone--"

"It's me," Quincy said as she walked up to him.

This time, Ian did not try to hide or feign composure. "This is bad, Mom. The component that Eastdawn was developing was suspected to involve the use of contraband--"

"Calm down, Ian. I know everything." Quincy said, her eyes filled with tender motherly affection. "Listen, we were set up. Eastdawn was just bait."

"It's Isaac, isn't it?" Ian had come to his senses too. "I'll find him and--"

"No," Quincy said, catching her son by the wrist, perfectly aware that her son was no match for Isaac. "I

don't have much time, so do everything I tell you to. Have someone put together an agreement in which you'll hand over Light Group to me in its entirety."

Ian caught on immediately. "No, I can't make you my scapegoat-

"Ian!" Quincy snapped. "You'll be on your own soon-I won't be able to stay at your side anymore. Remember always think carefully, never rush into things, and always be wary of Isaac Jefferson. You mustn't let your anger get the better of you, especially now."

Ian's eyes widened at Quincy, even as she put an assuring hand around him. "There's no way out for me now, and I've decided that I'll shoulder everything. I'm going to make sure that your hands are clean."

Despite being a grown man, Ian's eyes were welling with tears. "Mom..."

Quincy breathed a long sigh. "What goes around comes around. It's just my karma-even so, you're my son, and I'll keep you safe."

Then, letting go of him, she said, "We don't have much time. Get moving right now."

Ian remained rooted where he was, reluctant to do so.

"Please, or it's going to be too late!"

Quincy shoved him, so Ian had to do it.

From the very start, she had planned to do this anyway. That was why she was willing to murder Greg and Kathy.

Because she knew she was not going to survive this.

Still, Ian was her only attachment to this world. "I'm sorry I can't give you a brighter future..."

Ian shook his head. "No, Mom. I get it-everything you did, you did for me."

That was when police sirens echoed downstairs, and the entire building was quickly surrounded by cops!

Quincy just had the time to sign the agreement when they kicked down the door!

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Ian was still a little confused as to why there were so many cops, with each of them armed with rifles and tactical shields.

The instant they rushed inside the office, they promptly moved to surround him and Quincy!

"What...?!"

On the other hand, Quincy pulled him up, keeping him behind her as if afraid that he would get hurt.

"I'm now the person in charge, so all the blame is on me," she told him quietly. "Remember-don't fight Isaac Jefferson directly."

"Mom..."

"They're here for me, but I regret nothing."

Quincy looked at her son longingly. Though she was reluctant to part with him, she had made her choice. and could no longer turn back

With a look of resolve, she walked up to the officers with her hands raised.

“Quincy Moore?” one of them asked as he walked up and cuffed her. “We are arresting you as a suspect of two murders.”

Ian’s eyes widened in disbelief, but he seemed to understand right then.

As Quincy was being taken away, she took one last look at her son.

She smiled, knowing that she had no regrets.

While she faced her own doom with flair, there was no question that someone must take the fall after what happened to Light Group, and she did it to save her son. Moreover, things would be no better even if she refrained from murdering Greg and Kathy.

As such, instead of letting herself suffer Isaac’s torment, she would rather take the path of a quick death, especially since she got the pleasure of slaughtering an ungrateful Greg, along with Kathy, for daring to humiliate her.

News of Quincy’s arrest took the city by storm—terms like homicide and crimes of passion showing up on top searches repeatedly.

Naturally, Kathy and Greg’s affair was exposed in its entirety as well. In fact, some netizens sympathized with Quincy, saying that Kathy was a homewrecker and deserved it for what she did.

Meanwhile, Irene was at Melville Hospital, assisting Stephen Carr with a heart surgery.

Once the surgery was over, she headed to a quiet place to call Isaac.

Isaac happened to be in his study with James and Stan.

The trio were watching the news on the giant flatscreen TV on the wall, none of them surprised by any of it

-as if they knew it would happen.

Bzzt-

Isaac’s phone started to vibrate over his desk.

Once he picked it up, Irene asked from the other end, “I just helped the chief surgeon save Greg Jefferson.

“Was it successful?”

“Yes, he was stabbed in the heart but we repaired it and saved him for now. He’s currently under close observation, but if he makes it through the next 24 hours without SFTS, he’s basically fine.”

“I see,” Isaac replied, leaning back on his chair. “Did you call just to tell me that?”

“Yeah.”

After all, Irene was aware of what Isaac had been up to recently.

Although she was no help, Greg himself was somehow rushed to her hospital, and she should tell him, at

least.

Isaac smiled. “I thought you just missed me.”

Irene was speechless—she was being serious here!

“Anyway, you know now. I still have work to do.”

With that, she hung up.

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Isaac grinned even as he stared at his own phone.

Stan turned around just then and saw that, and asked in a nosy tone, “Was it something amusing, sir?”

Isaac’s expression turned serious instantly. “Interested?”

Spooked right then, Stan pursed his lips. “Not particularly,”

James almost laughed at his fearful reaction, and moved closer to ask him quietly, “Can’t you toughen up a little?”

Stan rolled his eyes at him. “What, and talk tough to the boss? Why don’t you do it?”

“I won’t, but at least I won’t be as spineless as you were.”

Stan had no comeback, so he rolled his eyes at James again.

Meanwhile, Isaac was watching them. “Now isn’t the time to slip up. Keep a close eye on the company.”

“Yes, sir, James replied, since he was the one in charge.

Meanwhile, Quincy’s arrest and Eastdawn’s bankruptcy directly brought to light the investment that Light Group made on the latter.

The board was in an uproar the instant they found out, and promptly convened for another meeting. However, although Henry was supposed to preside over it, he was taken ill from shock upon being told about Greg’s near shave with death.

He was still in the hospital when they called the meeting, and so was not in the condition to do anything.

That was why the meeting went on without anyone taking the chair—not even Ian, who was silent amid the cursing and abuse.

“Why would you invest in Eastdawn?! You know nothing about the field, but you still poured millions into it and sold off two of our most profitable projects as well! The folly... Either way, you’re going to have to make up for this!”

“Yeah! We thought you were a diamond in the rough, but it turns out that you’re just rough! The whole company is now on the brink of collapse—if the investment into Eastdawn ends up destroying us, you’re going down too!”

“To think we’d pick the likes of you.... We must’ve been blind. In the end, Isaac Jefferson is the one who can lead any other Jefferson is just trash.”

Ian, who was quiet all this while, shot the last shareholder a furious glare, his knuckles clenching.

The board member was not afraid of him at all, and promptly shot back, “What are you looking at? Did I say anything wrong?”

Ian smashed the glass on the side of this table right then. “Don’t you forget—I was CEO because you all backed me. Even if the company is in a free fall right now, you all deserve just as much!”

With that, he stormed out, kicking the door wide open with a loud bang and leaving the board members trading glances.

Soon, they were all scowling—Ian was right, since they had all agreed to his mother’s recommendation to promote him.

They were just as culpable for the current state of affairs.

“What if we spoke to Isaac? He just might be able to turn things around,” one of them suddenly suggested.

The room was quiet for a while after. “We toppled him mercilessly. He’s not going to be too keen to help.” “But what can we do other than ask him? It’s obvious that there’s no Jefferson around who can lead the company, let alone Ian. Our numbers are a mess, and our capital chain might rupture soon...”

“Going to Isaac when we’re in trouble? When we didn’t think of the bonuses he raked in for us when things were just fine? Everyone here has been ungrateful and disloyal, and I’ll be the first to admit that I’m too ashamed to go to him. I never held that much shares anyway, and Light Group’s fate doesn’t matter all that much to me. See you around.”

One of the board members simply got up and left.

However, while his shares were a minor amount, the others held much more significant cuts.

And once the capital chain ruptured, what good would their shares be?

What used to be pure gold was now a ticking time bomb.

“Does anyone know where Isaac lives?” One of them stood up just then. “We can go to him—together.”

The others were silent, seemingly considering the thought.

Nonetheless, that was when the door to the meeting room opened, and the entire board turned and became spirited when they saw who it was!

All of them rose to their feet in respect!

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Henry was still the head of his family, and there was no one better to ask Isaac to return.

That was why the entire board pinned their hopes on him—his very appearance at this moment gave them hope!

“Henry...

Though Henry was taken ill from stress by recent events, he rushed here anyway because he heard about the board meeting, and was worried that Ian could not keep the board in line.

Even so, he was still very sick. He was very pale, and he would not be standing if Money Penny was not helping him.

On the other hand, the board did not care—their money was at stake.

They swarmed Henry right away

“You’re the head of the family. You have to give us something to work with after what happened.”

Henry did not come unprepared, naturally.

Quincy had given him a call before she was arrested, insisting that she would take responsibility for what happened to Light Group.

He also learned that Ian had signed an agreement with her to that effect. It additionally stated that she had made all company decisions and was hence culpable for all consequences, including the Eastdawn

investment.

However, even though Henry showed the piece of paper in question to everyone, they understood that Quincy was merely scapegoating herself for her son’s sake.

Obviously, that would not satisfy the board.

“Henry, surely you don’t think this is over with just a scapegoat? The company has suffered serious losses

“Well, who else would you want to take responsibility after what happened? Ian? Or perhaps me?”

Henry was still able to keep the board in line, and they were silent just as he continued, “None of us wanted this, but it happened anyway. All we can do is work together and weather this—if this is about losses, my family has suffered the most.”

None of the board members could say anything against that.

The Jeffersons were the majority shareholders, which was why they had control over the company.

That was why none of them could deny what he was saying.

“May I offer a suggestion?” one of the board members asked just then.

“What is it?” Henry asked.

“We think Isaac is the right man to lead us. What do you think?”

Henry’s gaze darkened.

He stayed silent—but it was no silent approval.

It was not as if he had never thought about it... but there was no going back for him now!

He had burned all bridges when he chose to side with Greg’s manner, inadvertently cutting his own means of escape.

It was even less possible for him to go begging to Isaac!

Eastdown’s debts amounted to over 2 billion, and because Ian held 80% of the shares, his debt was relative to that amount.

And with James keeping a keen eye on legal proceedings, Ian and Quincy’s agreement meant nothing, because James and Ian’s agreement was signed before Ian signed one with Quincy.

And Quincy was incarcerated and awaiting trial.

There was solid evidence implicating her role in murder. Even if Greg did survive, Kathy was killed, and the fact that she was pregnant only doubled her guilt.

Given how it affected society as a whole, it would not end well for Quincy—especially not when Isaac himself saw to it.

And now, Ian would be punished by law if he did not pay his debts, because the capital he played with was no laughing matter. He was the CEO of Light Group at the time, meaning that he was the company’s representative.

That in turn made the departments involved turn their crosshairs on Light Group.

As such, the board was getting more vocal as they voiced their wishes to bring Isaac back, but there was no way Henry could have put aside his pride to beg the man!

Irene had just returned from the hospital when she saw James.

She was not actually surprised—he had been coming in and out of the mansion so often lately that Tommy became accustomed to him.

The baby did not cry or pout even in James’s arms, and was happily fiddling with his little toy.

After washing her hands, Irene held out her hands. “I’ll carry him.”

James passed Tommy to Irene and said, “When I get married and have a daughter, let’s have our children get married.”

Irene was left at a loss of words—Tommy was just a baby!

“Tut, tut...” Stan heard that from the door and pursed his lips. “Keep dreaming.”

James rolled his eyes at him. “I’ve been here for ages. What took you so long?”

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Stan entered. “I’ve got caught up with something.”

After greeting Irene, both he and James headed to Isaac’s study, which was basically their office these days.

Irene tactfully refrained from intruding, while Mrs. Watson just happened to finish preparing dinner. “Should we ask them to have dinner together?”

“I’ll ask if they’re busy,” Irene said, carrying Tommy as she headed to the study.

Holding Tommy in one arm, she was about to knock on the door when she heard Stan exclaiming in surprise, “What? It wasn’t Kathy York?!”

Inside, Isaac was staring at the silver crucifix on the table, which James had recovered from Kathy’s apartment.

Isaac’s gaze was lowered, and no one could tell what he was thinking.

“Thank goddess it wasn’t her.”

There was rejoicing in his words—Kathy could not have been the girl with those beautiful eyes.

In fact, the reason he realized that Kathy was not the girl who saved her as a child was because of his own scheme. As a part of his honey trap for Greg, Isaac had told her to get in a bikini and seduce Greg at the swimming club he frequented.

However, Kathy could not swim—in fact, she was afraid to get into the water.

Once Isaac found out, he realized that Kathy was not his savior, and investigated the matter again to find that it was another one of Henry’s ploy.

Nonetheless, Stan sighed. “No one deserves to die like that...”

He did not feel sympathy, but Isaac was as cold as he was ruthless.

Even if Kathy was not the one who saved Isaac as a child, she had helped them a lot in their plan to destroy Light Group.

However, although Isaac knew that Quincy might get violent when desperate, he did not warn or protect Kathy, allowing Quincy to murder her.

After he put the silver crucifix in his safe, he turned to see what he thought was remorse in Stan’s eyes. “If she doesn’t die, Quincy won’t.”

That was why Kathy was going to die a fool anyway once he found out that Kathy was not the one who saved him.

Stan promptly shook his head. "I'm not feeling remorse... but you were a little harsh on her. Still, she deserved it for trying to impersonate the one you care about the most."

Before Irene showed up, Isaac had indeed cared the most about the one who owned the silver crucifix.

But once Irene came to his life, what did Isaac think of the girl from his past?

Stan was certainly curious. "Sorry to ask this, sir, but does that girl still matter to you?"

James shook his head—Stan was constantly dancing on the edge of death.

Still, he was curious as well, and slid a glance at Isaac.

The fact that Isaac keeps the silver crucifix in his safe proved that it still mattered to him, or he would not have gone out of his way to ask James to recover it.

And if it held that much importance to him, the girl must still hold weight in his heart, did she not?

Isaac looked outside the window, seemingly seeing those bright eyes once more and growled, "I'll hide her in a tiny corner within my heart."

The rest was for Irene.

Outside the door, Irene heard that and froze.

Who was she? Isaac was clearly not talking about Irene herself.

The one he cared about most?

Hiding her in a corner of his heart?

Everything indicated that 'she' mattered a lot to Isaac..

Kathy was certainly not the one, for Isaac was cold enough to let her die.

Nonetheless, Irene felt as if her heart stiffened.

Who could 'she' be?

Thud!

Tommy suddenly dropped his toy on the floor!

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The thud drew Irene back to her senses. Her hand, frozen in the air, moved again as she knocked on the door.

She composed herself as quickly as she could, while James soon opened the door for her, averting his eyes a little when he saw that it was her.

James himself did not understand why he did that... perhaps Irene should not hear their conversation, and it was a sign of guilt?

Nonetheless, Irene was smiling. "Are you guys done here yet? Mrs. Watson has made dinner."

James studied her then, but her smile was impeccable.

He was relieved inwardly. Maybe she did not hear them, and there were no unnecessary misunderstandings

“We’re just finishing up,” he said.

Irene looked inside, meeting Isaac’s eyes and quickly putting on a smile, though she did nothing as she turned away and took Tommy back to his room.

Isaac sent Stan and James to the kitchen while he followed her into the room, where she was changing Tommy’s diapers. Looking up when she heard a knock, she smiled. “You should go eat. I think Tommy is dozing off. I’ll coax him to sleep.”

Even so, Isaac sharply sensed that Irene was restless, and asked, “Did you overhear us?”

Irene quickly shook her head. “No, what were you talking about?”

She could tell that Isaac had caught on to her, and made an act of touching her own face and asked, “Do I look pale or something?”

Before Isaac could answer, she added, “I do feel quite tired from work.”

“I’ll watch Tommy. You should have dinner now so that you can rest soon.”

“Yeah.” Irene was done changing Tommy’s diapers just then, and headed outside.

Isaac caught her wrist as she did. Her hand was very soft and cold to the touch, and he held it in his own. If you’re feeling burned out, you can give up-”

“I love this job.” She wheeled on him, looking into his eyes.

As he pursed his lips but said nothing, she smiled. “I’ll go have dinner now.”

With that, she pulled her hand out of his grasp and left the room.

However, her relaxed expression faded the instant she closed the door behind her.

She wanted neither Isaac’s lies nor the truth.

She was afraid that his answer would hurt her, and decided to remember that Isaac had genuinely put his life on the line to save her when she could have gotten killed.

That important person in his heart? It did not matter—Isaac would have more than his fair share of secrets after surviving this long. Moreover, he was perfectly healthy, and it made sense if he had been with other women.

Still, she needed time to digest the information... and to forget it.

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After composing herself, she headed to the dining room.

Both James and Stan were already seated, but they had not started eating yet.

She sat down and said, "Isaac is with Tommy. We can start without him."

"We could wait for him..."

"It's fine." Irene started to eat right then, even adding, "You two should start too." With that, Stan and James began to eat as well.

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Irene then asked, "Do you boys want something to drink?"

Stan said nothing—he was fine either way.

James refused politely, "I'm afraid there's still work tomorrow. Boozing might complicate things."

Irene did not try to push him—it was just a question..

That was when James's phone rang, and he moved to the living room to answer the call.

Irene glanced at him, thinking to herself just then that James was more prudent and sharp than Stan.

If she wanted to find out the identity of the woman Isaac kept in his heart, she would have to find out from Stan.

Pushing a plate of Mrs. Watson's signature dish to Stan, she smiled. "Here: Mrs. Watson's finest Chilean sea bass, and it's even better than what they serve at fine dining restaurants. Have some."

Stan was actually overwhelmed, and quickly ate—it was certainly great.

"Oh, it's fantastic," he praised endlessly.

As for Irene, she was keeping her eye on him as she asked, "How long have you been working for Isaac, Stan?"

Stan mumbled as he munched on food, "It's been a while. Didn't keep count."

"Oh, then you would know everything about him, don't you?"

Stan nodded. "More or less."

"Well, he's not exactly young, so how many girlfriends did he have before me?"

Stan paused right then, and watched Irene eat for a while before saying, "Mr. Jefferson had never been in a relationship before he met you."

He was not stupid—he could tell that she was trying to trick him into confessing...

But what he was saying was the truth anyway.

"You don't have to be paranoid. I'm being honest when I say that Mr. Jefferson has never been="

"How would you know?" Irene asked, slowly chewing on a piece of eggplant just then. "Is he really going to tell you about the women he had?"

Stan was speechless.

Suddenly, the food on the table did not look as appetizing as they had been a moment ago.

“Look, Mr. Jefferson wouldn’t tell me about his private life, but I still know enough because I’m always with him. I promise, he’s never had another woman-”

“Calm down, Stan. I’m not upset or anything—it’s just that I don’t know much about him, so I’m trying to find out,” Irene explained. “He’s still bearing the injury from saving me, so I’m not going to fight him over something so trifling. Like I said, I just want to learn more about him.”

Stan was skeptical. “Really?”

“Really,” Irene answered simply.

Stan patted his chest as he relaxed, worried that he had misspoken.

However, as he breathed a sigh of relief, he let down his guard as well. “I won’t lie—Mr. Jefferson had always been busy with work with no time for anything else. He never flirted, and always ignored the many ladies who tried to woo him. There was even a time when I wondered if he didn’t swing that way, or was simply wired differently... That is, until he met you. Since then, we realized that he’s fine, but simply hasn’t found the right person.”

“I see,” Irene said as she pushed more food to him.

“Yeah, I wouldn’t lie,” Stan replied. “If anything, the only other person he can’t let go of is this girl he met as a child=”

“What are you talking about, Stan?”

James happened to return after taking his call just then, and could tell immediately that Stan was saying something he should not.

Shooting him a look, James said, “Can’t you keep your mouth shut when you eat?”

Stan rolled his eyes. “You shut up.”

James chuckled as he sat. “Don’t listen to him, ma’am. Mr. Jefferson has always stayed disciplined, and certainly would never get involved with women with loose morals. Both Stan and I can testify to that- isn’t that right, Stan?”

Stan seemed to catch on right then, and quickly nodded, “Yeah, of course.”

“Oh, why are you boys getting so antsy? It’s just dinner gossip... Fine, if it’s really that concerning, I won’t ask,” Irene said, changing the subject right then.

She was not going to find out anything with James around anyway.

“By the way, how’s the plan going on at the moment?” she asked.

Stan became excited at the very mention of that. "Well, it's over for Quincy Moore. That woman sabotaged Mr Jefferson's parents' car, causing it to crash into the river and killing them both, just so that she could take control over the Jeffersons. She's even crazy enough to have tried killing Mr. Jefferson although he was just a child, but fortunately, he managed to survive."

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Irene did not really have an appetite in the first place, and even less so after learning hints about Isaac's past.

As a child, Irene herself had been constantly pushed around by Lionel. She could not do everything as she wanted, and life was less than happy.

But when compared to Isaac, she was—at the very least, her parents were not murdered.

Considering that, and the fact that Isaac himself was almost killed too, she could imagine how harsh life had been for him and could not help sympathizing.

James perceived her mood right then, and said, "Well, we're going to return the favor soon."

Irene nodded, but since she was eager to eat, she got to her feet and said. "You boys finish up here. I'll go check on Tommy—Isaac is probably hungry now."

When she returned to their room, however, Tommy was already asleep.

Isaac was in bed, his eyes closed—there was no telling if she was asleep or napping.

She walked quietly up to him, arching her back to get a look at his face.

"Isaac?" she whispered.

When he slowly opened his eyes, she said tenderly, "You should have dinner. The food would get cold."

Isaac, however, did not move, and merely watched her quietly.

Irene pursed her lips. "What's that look for?"

Isaac remained silent, even as he reached out to fiddle a dangling lock of her hair.

"Irene... Have you fallen in love before you met me?"

Irene blinked—Lionel had forbidden her from getting into relationships, just as she never had the time anyway.

Qualifying for a medical license was no easy feat.

Still, for Isaac to suddenly ask about it... what reason could there be?

Perhaps she wanted to know if she had someone else because he did? So that it was fair because she kept someone in her heart too, so that they could let bygones be bygones?

She lowered her gaze just then, blinking her starry eyes as she softly said, "Yeah."

Isaac's gaze darkened a little, but he quickly pressed on. "What's he like?"

Irene looked away and lied. "He was an upperclassman in med school."

"Is he handsome?" Isaac asked.

"Of course. He was the hottest guy back then. All the girls wanted him."

Isaac snorted. "If he's your upperclassman, he's a doctor right now, yes? He's not as rich as I am, is he?"

Irene almost laughed in amusement from his childish behavior.

Turning back to him and letting her smile fade, she asked, "Have you been involved with other women?"

"I'm hungry. I should get dinner," Isaac suddenly said, evading the question by instinct.

Irene stopped him. "You haven't answered me. Be honest—did you fall for anyone before me? Like someone you've kept hidden in your heart."

She put much emphasis on that last part.

However, Isaac simply could not forget about the girl who saved him.

As a child, how could he tell between love and simple admiration?

They had just met once, and it had been years since—there would have been no evidence of her if not for the silver crucifix.

Moreover, since Irene had someone before, would it not be demanding to himself if he said that he did not?

He was the CEO of Light Group, and was as handsome as he was rich. How could he not have a woman

before?

Would Irene not be laughing herself silly if she realized that he had a clean slate on relationships?

Hence, being the tsundere he was, he said, "Yeah."

Irene felt stung even as she held on to his wrist.

Still, it was understandable—only someone like her would never have relationships.

And it was all in the past anyway. Why get petty over it?

It was just a little corner of his heart, but he belonged to her.

Why obsess over it?

Though the thought still left her restless, she refrained from letting it show and smiled. "Well, since both of us have had someone before, we're even, right?"

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Isaac was quite irked.

“Yeah,” he grunted coolly and left.

And the instant he was gone, Irene’s face fell.

She breathed a long sigh and told herself not to be petty—it was not worth it.

Even so, it felt like she had something stuck in her heart, and she could not stop herself from imagining what the other woman was like.

Was she beautiful?

Did she stand out of the crowd?

Were they innocent playmates? Childhood friends? A match made in heaven?

Why else was Isaac unable to forget about her?

Messy thoughts poured into her mind like an endless spring. She shook her head firmly to stop herself from imagining it, and started reading a medical textbook to calm herself.

Unsurprisingly, her thoughts were soon completely drawn to the contents of the book, and the hours ticked past before she knew it.

Meanwhile, the situation at Light Group was taking a turn for the worse, with Ian being remanded for investigation while things appeared bleak in the company.

Everyone else was speculating if this would lead to their bankruptcy.

For Henry, his concern to save face was now moot as his entire family was humiliated, with no ounce of dignity left to speak of.

The evidence implicating Quincy’s murder of Kathy was concrete—her trial was merely a formality. As such, Henry was not going to bother helping her, not to mention that she attempted to murder Greg as well.

From that point alone, Henry was already being merciful in refraining from making things harder for her. Still, it was only because Greg survived that Henry did not get involved.

That being said, her doom was her just deserts—especially when she was not a Jefferson.

On the other hand, Henry could not afford to neglect Ian, whose fate was now bound to Light Group. As Eastdown was defaulting on a debt well worth over a billion, Ian must take up 80% of said debt because he owned the exact amount of shares of the company.

Once the concerned departments finished their investigation, all of Ian’s assets would be confiscated or shut down, including Light Group.

As things stood now, Henry’s only way out was to ask Isaac for help. Still, even if Isaac had not shown up for a while now, he could tell that Isaac was the one behind everything Quincy did—if she was able to tell, he certainly could too.

But with his dynasty on the brink of collapse, he had to put aside his pride.

However, when he tried to contact Isaac, he could not reach his grandson at all.

It seemed that Isaac might have predicted that and turned off his cellphone.

Not bothered to get involved no matter how lively things were getting out there, he stayed at home, peacefully tending to his son as if none of it concerned him.

Having no other choice, Henry sent Money Penny to check every property Isaac has, while he visited Greg.

Although Greg survived, his heart had stopped for a while, and oxygen deprivation caused permanent nerve damage, leaving him crippled from the waist down.

“Where is that bitch now?” he growled the instant he woke up, unable to accept that he was now paraplegic.

Henry seemed to have aged a decade, his hair now completely white and his gaze unfocused. “The cops took her Isaac has her exactly where he wants.”

Greg was not having any of that, and started ranting endlessly about Quincy.

Not bothered to listen, Henry pushed himself up with his cane and slowly left.

It felt like his body started to fall apart overnight, and he was now hanging by a thread.

Irene just happened to be doing rounds with Stephen, and was stepping out of a ward when she spotted Henry.

She did not greet him, instead following Stephen as they continued visiting other patients.

However, Henry saw her!

“Irene Spencer!”

Chapter 340

Irene pretended not to hear Henry calling her name, but Stephen turned around and gave her a look, asking, “Is someone calling you?”

“Is that so?” She turned reluctantly toward Henry, who seemed to have aged a century in a day and appeared far from spirited.

“Go on. You have ten minutes—we’re scrubbing up later,” Stephen told her.

Irene had no choice but to nod then. “I’ll be right back.”

She walked toward Henry, but did not even greet him.

He spoke before she could. “Take me to Isaac,”

He was very direct.

Irene frowned. If he wanted to see Isaac, why was he asking her to take him?

“As you can see, I’m working right now,” Irene said evenly.

Henry’s fingers clenched over his cane, even as he hid his anger behind his turbid gaze—because he had to. “Do you think I’d ask you if I could see him whenever I wanted?”

Irene understood right then.

Isaac was refusing to see Henry, and in that case, why would she lead him to Isaac?

“I don’t know where he is,” she said.

Henry narrowed his eyes and grabbed her wrist, but he was too weak to make himself look intimidating. Irene easily freed herself and flatly said, “I’m now Isaac’s wife, so I’m sure that if you touch me again and upset him, things won’t end well for you.”

With that, she turned and left, leaving Henry standing there but unable to do anything to her.

He wanted to see Isaac so that he could ask for leniency toward Ian and naturally did not dare to offend her, not to mention that he had no leverage against Isaac.

Suddenly, he wobbled and started to lose his footing, but Moneypenny reached him just in time, catching him so that he did not fall.

“Are you alright, sir?” Moneypenny asked in concern as he settled Henry on a bench.

“Have you found where he’s staying?” Henry simply growled.

“We’ve searched every house he owned but came up with nothing,” Moneypenny answered. “He’s hiding somewhere we don’t know.”

“How big is Cloud City? Do you think he vanished into thin air?!” Henry snapped in annoyance.

Moneypenny thought about it. “We could set a bait and wait for him to show up.

Henry did not get it. “Is there anything that could make him?”

“Quincy Moore,” Moneypenny replied. “She was the one who murdered Master Isaac’s parents and nearly killed him too. There’s only bitterness between them, and with her trial being soon, he would definitely want to see her before that.”

Henry thought about it. “Guess that’s our only option.”

With that, Moneypenny helped him to his car, and once inside, Moneypenny said, “About Kathy York’s death

I’m sure Master Isaac used her to seduce Master Greg and drive a wedge between Quincy and Master Greg. But that’s different from the Master Isaac I know, because he’d never use Kathy like a tool and then allow Quincy to murder her.”

Henry snorted. “It’s nothing complicated. He must have found out that Kathy wasn’t the girl who saved him, and he must be fuming after realizing that he had been tricked. There’s nothing to stop him from that point on, and he must have used Quincy as well to remove Kathy. He’s only too happy since the murder charge on Quincy will definitely stick.”

Money penny sighed. "We've made a mistake back then. We should never have turned against Master Isaac..."

Henry turned toward Money penny right then!