

Runaway 361

Chapter 361

Irene had seen the person in the photo before—she was sorting a patient’s file for Stephen, and he had told her that the patient had special privilege.

However, the patient’s photo left an impression on her because she resembled Isaac’s mother.

But why did Isaac have a photo of this woman too? Was she the reason he went abroad?

She spaced out as she pondered when the door suddenly opened.

She looked up and found Mrs. Watson standing there, asking, “Ma’am? Sorry, I thought you were asleep, and I saw a light in here...”

Irene tucked the photo inside the envelope and returned it on top of the desk. “I was asleep, and was thinking about reading a book.”

“I see...” Mrs. Watson replied, but she was clearly skeptical.

Irene smiled. “It’s true.”

Mrs. Watsons smiled in return. “And here I thought you can’t sleep because Mr. Jefferson is away.”

Irene was speechless—did Mrs. Watson read her mind?

Simply plucking a book without really looking, she started to leave. “You should turn in, Mrs. Watson. I’m going to bed too.”

Mrs. Watson simply kept flashing that I-know-everything smile of hers. “It’s fine, ma’am. You should do whatever you want to do. I won’t impose.”

Irene smiled feebly—was Mrs. Watson under the impression that she was here to reminisce about Isaac since all his stuff was here?

She was not that desperate!

He was not gone that long anyway, while she herself was busy and there was also the mess with Whitney. She only got to miss him around bedtime!

With that, she returned to her bedroom with the book, and fell asleep after reading a couple since she was already quite tired.

She slept soundly all the way to the next morning.

When she was going to call Stephen, however, she remembered that her phone was still being charged in Isaac’s study.

She went over to get it, and could not help feeling a little disappointed when she turned it on to find no missed calls.

Naturally, she got a little obstinate as well and decided against calling Isaac, and instead called Stephen.

“Sorry, Dr. Carr—I have something to do this morning, so I’ll be coming in late.”

On the other hand, Stephen thought that the issue with Whitney got to her, and said. “It’s alright—just take the day off. You don’t have to come in today.”

“No, there’s just something I have to do. I’ll come in later.”

“That’s up to you.”

After ending the call, Irene fed Tommy, who was now weaned—thanks to Mrs. Watson patiently weaning him every day.

He already resembled Isaac, and would only become more so when he was older, since he was still quite the pudgy baby at the moment.

Soon, it was eight, and Irene left Tommy with Mrs. Watson before leaving the house.

She was heading to court—Isaac was absent, but she should make the trip there as his wife.

Quincy appeared utterly enfeebled, with her lips dry, her eyes lifeless, and her cheeks sunken.

She was a shadow of what she was before.

None of the Jeffersons were there—Greg was still bedridden, while Ian had his own trial to attend.

“The defendant, Quincy Moore, is hereby found guilty of first-degree murder. In lieu of her horrific crimes which have an adverse effect on society, the defendant is sentenced to death immediately...”

Quincy did not appear affected at all.

They were all just going through the motions—even her lawyers were there just for show.

She wished she were dead every day that she was kept under police custody, since it had been hell for her.

It was hence almost understandable that she actually laughed when she heard the verdict.

As the police escorted her out of the courtroom, Irene picked up the scent of rot from her, and she looked physically hurt.

She probably could not get treatment inside...

However, Irene felt no sympathy because Quincy deserved everything coming at her.

It was not as if karma never applied—it was just not the right time.

Nonetheless, as Irene stepped out, Quincy called out to her, “Irene Spencer?” Irene turned to find her smiling darkly. “Could you pass my message to Isaac?”

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Irene narrowed her eyes and asked coolly. "What is it?"

Quincy was already a dead woman walking, and naturally did not mind that others heard whatever she was about to say.

Grinning, she said, "Yes, I was the one who had Isaac's parents murdered, and if he had not offered evidence to the court and pulled strings behind the scenes, I wouldn't have been sentenced to be executed, and so quickly at that. However, I don't regret anything I've done, so why don't you ask Isaac- even if he killed me, does that bring his parents back?"

"So that's why he said you're heinous." Irene gave her a cool look. "You should have known that what goes around comes around.

Quincy snorted in disdain. "Yes, but you see—I've done so many terrible things to Isaac, and yet I've gotten off scot-free for years. Even if he did manage to kill me, he's just a poor orphan! Poor boy... Haha!"

It was the first time Irene met someone as repulsive as Quincy, and her hands balled into fist as she glared at her. "Go to hell. Also, you may think it's over when you're dead, but have you forgotten about your son? He's going to suffer now."

No matter how cold Quincy could be, she was still a mother, and Ian was the only thing that could hurt her!

At the same time, Irene chuckled as she continued, "Do you think Ian would get to enjoy life with Isaac hot on his heels? Do you think he could beat Isaac? We should thank you for making Isaac so wary...

so cold and calculating. You merely honed him by hurting him—if you'd allowed him to grow up in a happy, fulfilling family, he might not be as strong and ruthless as he is now. On the other hand, you must've been pampering your son since he was a weaning child. What can he do without you?"

While Quincy mocked Isaac for being parentless and therefore unhappy, Irene could now knock her off her high horse because the same applied for Ian too.

Her words had its intended effect as well—Quincy's cheek was twitching in the realization that everything that she had done, including murdering Isaac's parents, was merely helping Isaac grow.

Shaking with rage, she growled, "You little..."

Irene remained impassive. "Rest in pieces. Isaac will take good care of your son now."

She put emphasis on 'good care', and Quincy knew what she meant.

However, even if Quincy was going to die, she wanted her son to live well!

She suddenly dropped to her knees!

"It's all me... Just tell Isaac to spare Ian, okay? They are cousins-

“Exactly. They’re cousins, not family.”

Irene certainly would not stop Isaac from destroying Ian. All she said was expressly to provoke Quincy, especially since she was acting so high—and—mighty even in the face of the death.

Feeling crushed just then, Quincy screamed, “Go to hell! You, and Isaac!”

Irene merely curled her lips into a smile and turned to leave.

“Irene Spencer! You bitch! You must be one, because you keep yapping for Isaac! Mark my words: if he cold enough to expend Kathy York like a tool just to get me killed, he’ll do the same to you eventually—”

“Bye.”

“You will suffer your just deserts, Irene Spencer! I’ll be watching from the afterlife as he dumps you, so that you lose everything...”

Nonetheless, Irene walked away, leaving Quincy behind to rave on her own.

Arriving at Melville Hospital, Irene went straight to Stephen, who was grinning ear-to-ear.

“Ah, you’re here. I was just going to call you.”

“I’m here about yesterday. Whitney Cox—”

“The issue has been resolved.”

Irene was stunned. “What? How?”

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Stephen said, “Don’t ask. Just get back to work—oh, right, I have arranged a surgery for you, so start prepping. I’ll be bringing you to meet the patient soon.”

Irene, however, was still confused as to how the drama with Whitney suddenly became inconsequential, and so asked, “How was the matter resolved?”

“I’m not going to tell you, so don’t ask. Look—I trust you, Chief trusts you, and that’s that. Just don’t worry and continue working under me.”

Since Stephen made himself very clear, Irene decided not to ask. “Alright. I’ll prepare for the surgery now.” Stephen smiled. “Good.”

Harvey came looking for Irene during lunch break, and asked worriedly, “What’s going on? Why did Whitney Cox leave the hospital already?”

Irene told him. “It somehow got resolved.”

“How?” Harvey pressed.

Irene shrugged. “Beats me.”

Harvey was left speechless for a moment, and grumbled, "Well, your hospital is quite impressive... to think that I don't even get to show my party trick. Won't hurt to tell you now, but I was going to get you a

witness to testify for you. Since she kept insisting you did it but no one actually has any evidence, they can't say anything even if we clearly brought in a false witness. That would save you, naturally."

Irene almost rolled her eyes at him. "That was the idea you had?"

Harvey actually appeared quite confident. "Yeah. Is there a problem?"

"Yes," Irene said, but refrained from elaborating. "Anyway, your mother will be leaving the ICU today. Although she recovered well, aftercare is equally important, so take good care of her."

"I know. Thank you for everything," Harvey said gratefully.

"I've told you—I'm a doctor. You don't have to go so far..."

"No, I wanted to help you with Whitney Cox, but ended up doing nothing. That means I still owe you one. How about dinner tonight?"

"I'm busy." Irene refused summarily.

Harvey insisted. "I'm going to keep bothering you every day until you say yes."

Irene was speechless.

"You're crazy," she said and strode off, though she stopped to shoot him a warning look. "Don't follow me or bother me while I'm working. You can thank me by staying away from me."

Harvey was speechless—was he really that unseemly that she always kept her distance?

"Do I look like some animal that's going to eat you up?" he cried, only for Irene to hasten as she left.

Harvey naturally could not bother Irene after she entered the operating room.

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The surgery was also rather risky this time, and lasted for eight hours.

Irene was exhausted when she stepped out, and threw herself on a chair as she chugged a bottle of water.

Stephen walked over to sit beside her, saying, "You may be young, but you're the most talented among all my students. There's a bright future ahead for you."

Irene quickly put away her bottle and said, "That's because you taught me well."

"No," Stephen said heavily. "Even if I'm eager to teach, I would not have assigned such a difficult surgery for you if you lacked the skills. I did it because I know you can do it."

"Thank you." She lowered her head a little just then—she was certainly pleased to be acknowledged by Stephen.

He clapped her on the shoulder just then. "Don't think you can slack off just because I praised you. Keep doing your best—any doctor I've taught must make a name for themselves."

"I will," Irene said.

She stretched her hands a little after that and prepared to leave work when Harvey latched up to her like glue. "Let me drive you home?"

Irene simply ignored him.

However, Harvey was relentless. Seeing that she was not playing for long, he added, "I'll hover around you every day until you get sick of me."

Irene was at a loss for words. He was nuts!

"You're just going to piss me off," Irene snapped, her expression making it clear that she was not joking around.

Harvey was speechless. "Honestly, how could you be so stubborn?"

Irene ignored him again, and stepped out of the main entrance when she heard someone call out to her.

"Irene?"

Once she saw who it was, she appeared taken aback for a moment, before running up to the other person.

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Unlike with Harvey, Irene sounded apologetic this time. "What brought you here, Lulu? Ricky told me that you're leaving, but I was too busy although I wanted to check on you."

Lulu's eyes were unfocused and swollen, and she rasped, "Irene..."

Irene felt her chest tighten when she got a good look at Lulu's face. "What's wrong?"

"Zachary cheated on me," she said, choking with tears just then.

Irene promptly put a hand around her shoulder. "Let's talk elsewhere."

It was a chance for Harvey to be helpful, and he naturally took it. "I know a place where you won't be disturbed, and you could get a few drinks there as well."

Irene was concerned about Lulu, and gave him a brief look before saying, "Fine. Take us there."

"Alright." Harvey promptly ran off to get his car, while Irene kept her hand around Lulu even as they got in.

Soon, they arrived at an exclusive nightclub, where Harvey had a private box reserved all year round. After Irene brought Lulu inside, Harvey started to follow them, only for Irene to shoot him a glare. "Why are you following us? This is girls' talk."

Harvey was speechless—did he go through so much just to be kept outside his own room? Nonetheless, he took two steps back and said, “Alright. You two stay inside. I’ll wait here.”

“Thank you,” Irene said—Harvey was annoying, but he was definitely helpful this time.

He chuckled. “Oh, you don’t have to thank me. I should be thanking you for such a successful operation on my mom. The reason she is—”

Bang!

Irene suddenly shut the door in Harvey’s face, not bothered to hear the rest and leaving him on the other side of the door!

He suddenly felt like singing ‘It’s a sad, sad situation...’

Meanwhile, Irene sat down and quickly asked, “What happened? Zachary has always been loyal to you. Why would he cheat on you?”

“Loyal?” Lulu laughed dryly, biting her lip for a moment before bursting out, “If he’s loyal, he won’t end up in some other woman’s bed, and she’s even pregnant now!”

Irene was speechless. That was undoubtedly a bombshell!

“Could there be a misunderstanding?” she asked.

Lulu shook her head. “Zachary did it. He admitted it himself.”

Irene was actually left bewildered then. “How did it turn out like this?”

“You know why. I wasn’t going to quit my job, so his mother got in our way again. It was obvious she despised me, calling me a jinx because I touch dead people everyday...”

Irene pursed her lips. “Actually, you could have compromised and quit. Zachary definitely would have taken care of you-”

“Irene,” Lulu snapped sternly, giving her a look. “I didn’t want to quit not just because I was afraid that he would cheat on me and I’d lose everything... but I actually don’t believe in marriage in the first place.”

She paused for a moment before continuing, “Did you know that my father remarried less than a year after my mother died? That woman had a child too. Although he did love my mother before, and I can understand that he wouldn’t want to spend the rest of his life alone, I can’t accept what he did. He neglected me completely after getting a new wife!”

Lulu remembered seeing how her belongings were thrown away, and her room occupied by her stepbrother.

She had been as shocked as she was furious, but her father said, “You’re going to marry anyway, and you don’t often come home. It’s fine to let your brother stay in the room, right?”

What brother? She was an only child. How could he treat someone else’s child like his own?

Meanwhile, Irene held an assuring hand around Lulu, but she did not know what to say to comfort Lulu.

She understood how Lulu felt, because it was just like her own father and Samantha White.

“Who’s the woman anyway?”

Lulu laughed coolly. “The daughter of Centric United’s CEO. Zachary’s mother wanted her as his fiancée anyway, and with a bun in the oven, they’d just tie the knot soon.”

Irene frowned. “Was Zachary’s mother behind it?”

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Lulu asked, “Does it matter?”

“Of course it does,” Irene said. “If Mrs. Slate was the reason Zachary got in bed with that woman, it means it was against his consent—that he didn’t mean to cheat on you.”

Lulu breathed a long sigh. “Doesn’t matter now. Even if he wasn’t willing, she’s pregnant with his child. Do you think he’d demand that she get an abortion?”

Irene became silent—Lulu was right.

With the other woman being pregnant with Zachary’s child while also being Mrs. Slate first choice for Zachary’s fiancée, Mrs. Slate would definitely urge them to tie the knot soon.

“But what about you?” Irene asked.

Lulu turned to look elsewhere, but her gaze was unfocused.

After a long silence, she finally said, “Maybe we’re destined to never be together. It’s as if fate wants to keep us separate even after all that we’ve been through—we’re never getting back together.”

As Irene sighed, Lulu wiped her face firmly and said, “Drink with me, Irene. I’ll still be me after tonight, but no more tears or heartbreak for Zachary Slate!”

“Okay,” Irene said, and headed for the door.

Noticing that Harvey was still waiting outside, she gave him their order, and Harvey quickly told an attendant to bring it..

At the same time, he peeked inside. “Drinking off your sorrows?”

“You can leave already,” Irene told him. “Lulu and I are going to be here for a while—you don’t have to stay here.”

Harvey was worried, however. “What if you two run into some perverts after you get drunk? Just enjoy yourselves—if you really get drunk, I have rooms ready where you can rest.”

Irene leaned against the doorway as she stared at him. “Perverts, huh? Takes one to know one, I guess.”

Harvey was speechless for a moment, but soon tapped himself on the chest. “Pervert? I am as good looking as I am gentlemanly! I’d never do something as underhanded as laying a hand on vulnerable women.”

Irene actually smiled. "Really?"

"Scout's honor." Harvey held up a hand in solemn salute.

The attendant brought Irene's drinks just then, and as she took the tray, Harvey smiled. "Would you like some company?"

"Nope," Irene replied shortly, and shut the door in his face again.

Placing the tray on the table, she picked up two glasses and gave one to Lulu, who said, "Once I return to Sunny City, I'll focus on my work and forget about him."

Irene stayed silent.

After all, true love could not be easily forgotten, and it was a painstaking process.

Although her eyes were red, Lulu added, "Thanks for staying with me, Irene."

"No worries, we're friends!" Irene exclaimed. "Cheers! Let's drink to the good life!"

Lulu sniffled and picked up her glass. "And it will only get better!"

Clank!

They chugged it at once, and Lulu poured them more. "You're stuck with me tonight."

Irene naturally would not refuse. "We're going home drunk, or else."

Lulu laughed.

Soon, they finished an entire bottle, and were clearly drunk.

Lulu was lying sprawled on the table, but she grabbed the other bottle to refill her glass. "Do we even need men? What are men to us? Another!"

Irene was already lying on the couch, the world around her spinning and multiplying. Although she could not even muster her strength, she was still keeping up with Lulu. "Another!"

"Chug!" Lulu burped.

Irene then suddenly clasped a hand over her mouth, and almost threw up right then.

Her cheeks were a peachy red, and she complained, "All men are scum..."

Isaac was gone for days, but he did not even call!

He must have forgotten all about her already.

"Yeah... Dogs, all of them." Lulu said, not picky with her words now that she was intoxicated.

Cheers!

Another glass down the gullet, but this time, Irene could not take it.

Her stomach was churning and in flames, leaving her entire body burning. "I think I'm going to be sick..."

The door suddenly swung open, and she looked up with muddled eyes to find a towering figure standing at the doorway.

He looked a little familiar, so she narrowed her eyes...

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Harvey snapped, "What's that look for? Are you so drunk you can't tell who I am?"

Irene was disappointed. "Could you shut up? I thought you were Isaac..."

Harvey was speechless, before snorting in frustration and rolling his eyes. "Why, so that you can keep pretending I'm him? There isn't an ounce of resemblance between us."

"Of course. You're not as handsome as he is..."

Harvey was left speechless again.

"Could you stop talking about him? No matter how great he is, I'm the one who has to take care of you now."

"Why can't I talk about him? He's my husband, and I miss him. I can talk about him as much as I want."

Irene had no filter now that she was drunk, and could easily say what she usually would not.

Her words left Harvey utterly speechless in turn—could she stop hurting her ego like this?

"Go home and flaunt all you want," he said with a snort.

Did she not get embarrassed from mentioning Isaac so many times?

Irene wobbled up to her feet just then, but just as she tried to head to the washroom, she inadvertently knocked over a bottle, which shattered on the floor with a loud crash.

It caught her by surprise and she lost balance, almost tripping—Harvey, however, reacted quickly and caught her in time.

As he was holding her firmly in his arms, Irene frowned. "Let me go."

Harvey was speechless.

"Hey, I just saved you from kissing the floor. Can't you be nice?" he growled, stopping short of calling her ingrate.

Nonetheless, Irene shoved him away, not keen on getting too touchy—feely with another man despite being drunk.

Helping her stand straight, Harvey then asked, "Can you stand?"

"Yeah," Irene nodded, and then burped in his face.

Harvey frowned at the smell of alcohol that struck his nose right then, just as Lulu picked up her glass.

“Come on, Irene. Let’s keep going,” she said as Irene returned from the washroom, and they both clinked their glasses again.

Harvey was left staring blankly at them. What were these two women doing?!

Bzzt-

A phone suddenly started ringing, and she nudged Lulu. “Your phone is ringing...”

Lulu waved at her dismissively. “No, it’s yours.”

“Mine?” Irene started to fumble around until she got it out, and it actually was hers.

“Hello...” She answered it.

“Is Lulu with you? I couldn’t reach her.”

Irene’s eyes widened. “Zachary?”

Before Zachary could say anything, however, Irene snapped, “Hey, Zachary! How could you hurt Lulu like this?”

Zachary actually sounded unhappy. “Where is she?”

“I don’t know.”

Irene was going to hang up when Zachary said from the other end, “I know you do, Irene. Don’t get emotional with me—this is serious.”

Irene turned toward Lulu, who was much drunker than she was and almost unconscious.

“Where are we?” Irene turned toward Harvey.

Harvey helped out a hand. “I’ll tell him.”

Irene was fine with that, and Harvey hung up right after he gave Zachary the address.

By then, Irene was lying sprawled over the table, not about to get up.

Zachary arrived in half an hour, and did not appear surprised to see both women passed out drunk—he could tell that they had been drinking from the call anyway.

He scooped Lulu up in his arms, and while he wondered what he should do with Irene, Harvey said, “I’ll send her home.”

Zachary suddenly began to study him.

While he did not mean to be judgemental, Harvey quickly explained. “I brought them here. I’m quite close with Irene and won’t harm her in any way, not to mention that she’s just performed a vital surgery that saved my mother’s life. I’m not that much of an ingrate.”

Zachary nodded. “I’m counting on you, then.”

Harvey said, "Irene is a friend too."

After Zachary left, Harvey was left standing in the private box for a long while, before walking up to Irene and shaking her. "Irene?"

"Urgh..."

Irene winced, suddenly retching.

She got up, but before Harvey realized it, she tripped over the corner of the table and knocked him down

to the floor.

At the same time, she could not hold it in any longer!

Bleurgh...

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'Stop!'

Even as Harvey was screaming inside his head, Irene was already throwing up... right in his face! While Harvey was left utterly flabbergasted, Irene herself was disgusted by her own carnage, and promptly rushed to the washroom where she kept throwing up.

Harvey was left outside, unable to even begin to describe what he was feeling.

It was the first time he had someone throw up in his face...

No, there would probably not be more than a handful of individuals who had ever experienced this!

And there was no way he could flip out! Who could get petty with a drunk woman anyway?

In fact, doing so would cheapen him!

Fortunately, he had a room in the nightclub as well, so he took a bath and had one of the attendants buy him a set of clean clothes.

After he cleaned up and returned to the private room, he found Irene asleep on the couch.

Glancing at the clock and seeing that it was already midnight, he sighed and carried her to his room, tucked her into bed, and pulled the blanket over her.

Then, he stood beside the bed and watched her—she was certainly beautiful when she was quiet.

Moreover, she had always been the type who was beautiful even without makeup, stirring the juices in a man with her bare skin.

Harvey smiled evilly just then. "If Isaac Jefferson knew that we're alone in a room, and with you unconscious... He's going to throw a fit, isn't he?"

He really wanted to take a photo and send it to Isaac.

“Should I, or shouldn’t I?” he asked.

There was no way Irene could answer.

As Harvey pondered, he remembered all the things Isaac had done to him before, and decided to upset that petty, despicable man!

At the airport, Isaac was getting into the car while James put his luggage in the trunk.

“We are behind schedule. That was unfortunate,” James complained a little, and then gingerly added, “That said, we can confirm her identity once we have the DNA test results. Overall, the trip was worth it.”

Isaac remained impassive, even a little cold.

He went abroad because Henry suddenly sent him a photo of a woman who resembled his mother.

His memory of his mother’s face was actually murky by now, and the person in the photo was older.

Even so, the striking resemblance stunned him!

At the time, Henry told Isaac, “Cedric York gave me this photo. He met your mother before, and took a photo of this woman when he met her by chance. Spare Ian and Light Group, and I’ll give you this photo and tell you where she is.”

“Remember,” he continued after a pause, “your mother never had siblings, and after her parents passed away, her lineage was basically cut off. Genetically speaking, there’s no one who would look like mother... so yes, she might still be alive.”

Cedric, Kathy York’s grandfather, had returned to the country to retrieve Kathy’s corpse.

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Although he was livid, Kathy was already dead, so he had no reason to fight Henry. He also calmed a little after Henry told him that Kathy’s murderer was definitely going to be executed.

As for Isaac, he agreed to Henry’s deal with no hesitation, and headed abroad immediately after getting the photo and the address.

He had been investigating the woman over the last few days, even managing to obtain a lock of her hair for a DNA test.

With the results of said test soon due, James believed the deal with Henry, as well as the trip, was worth it.

It was certainly good news if Isaac’s mother had really survived—it would surely make Isaac happier than getting payback against the Jeffersons?

The only flaw was that Irene did not go with him, and her absence seemed to leave him in a bad mood, and he never once smiled.

Soon, they reached Isaac’s mansion.

As he aligned, he gave James a neutral look and said, “You should go now.”

“Yes, sir.”

Isaac then entered to find Mrs. Watson is still up. She had been waiting for Irene since she was not back yet.

“Sir?” Mrs. Watson greeted him in surprise.

Isaac loosened his collar and asked, “Where is she?”

Mrs. Watson quickly understood, and replied, “She’s not home yet.”

“Not home yet?”

Isaac checked his watch. At this hour?

That was when his phone chimed!

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Isaac reached out for his phone and saw that someone sent him a photo, and tapped on it to find a photo of Irene sleeping.

His expression stiffened right then, and he frowned as he soon received a text.

[She is with me.]

Harvey settled into his couch and folded his legs, shaking it after sending that text.

Isaac was abroad, so he could do nothing but worry when he saw the text, right?

Even if he rushed back right away, he would still be left feeling antsy throughout the journey.

Bzzt-

Irene’s phone started to ring just then.

Unsurprised at all, Harvey held back a smile. “Guess someone’s worried.”

He glanced at Irene, who felt something moving on her and fidgeted in irritation.

Harvey took the phone out of her pocket, whispering, “Keep sleeping. I’ll take this for you.”

Irene was feeling muddled-headed—any sound was a source of irritation, and she simply turned her back to him.

As for Harvey, he chuckled when he saw that it was Isaac.

The man was anxious!

“Haha...” He laughed, and stood by the bed as he answered the phone. “Hello?”

There was silence from the end, but just as he was about to speak, Isaac growled, “Tell her to answer the phone.”

Harvey chuckled. “I’m afraid I can’t. She’s asleep.”

The smugness in his tone was undoubtedly infuriating, and Isaac was certainly seething!

However, he was not upset with Harvey's provocation—but with Irene.

They were together now, and yet she was still getting intimate with other men, sleeping away from home and with Harvey at that!

Even if he doubted that anything serious happened, he still felt repulsed.

"What should I do? I think she likes to hang out with me. Why don't you just give her off to me?" Harvey gloated.

There was silence from the other end again, and the call was suddenly disconnected.

Harvey was left staring at the phone screen and lifting a brow. "He didn't get a heart attack, did he?"

With that, he put Irene's phone on a table, and turned unwittingly toward Irene, pursing his lips. "If he dumps you, you can come to me—I'll marry you."

However, Irene was sound asleep and could not hear a thing, whereas Harvey got himself a mat and slept on the couch.

He stared at Irene for a while under the moon's glow, his lips curling up unwittingly.

Soon, he closed his eyelids... but just as he was about to fall asleep, the door was kicked open with a violent bang!

Harvey's eyes were wide open as he sat up on the couch, and was just about to turn and snap at the intruder when the lights turned on with a click.

Be that as it may, he was left blinking, dumbfounded when he saw the person standing at the door. Isaac was supposed to be abroad—how did he show up here so quickly? There had to be a mistake!

"You're back? There's no way you'd fly home so quickly! Did you project your soul here after it was disembodied because you're too upset?"

Nonetheless, Isaac started to stride toward Harvey menacingly.

Harvey retreated by instincts and stammered even as he tried to explain himself, "L-Look... She was drunk, and you can tell. I was sleeping on the couch—"

Isaac punched Harvey in the face before he could finish!

Harvey had deliberately hugged Irene in front of him the last time, and now she was drunk!

Was this his doing too?

They were never getting rid of him, were they?

Harvey backed two paces from the punch, and wiped his lips—it was cracked and bleeding.

Looking up at Isaac, he said, "There's no need to get so violent, is there?"

Still, Isaac merely spared Harvey another glance before turning toward Irene.

He noticed by then that Irene was sleeping like a log since all that commotion did not even wake her. And when he got close, the stink of alcohol wafting from her left him frowning. "How much did she drink?"

"Those two? It must be around two bottles—" Harvey began.

"Did you make her drink?" Isaac growled, cutting him short.

"Urgh—shut up already!" Irene suddenly turned around, opening her eyes groggily to see two familiar figures before her, one of which resembled Isaac.

However, she quickly told herself that it was not him—why would he show up out of the blue?

Believing that she had mistaken Harvey for Isaac again, she sighed and closed her eyes. "I'm so done."

It was as if everyone looked like him now.

Did she miss him so much she became delusional?!

"Irene Spencer," Isaac growled in a deep, rumbling voice.

Irene promptly opened her eyes when she heard him!

Chapter 369

Irene took a good look at the person in front of her—that angry face looked just like Isaac!

Suddenly, her heart was racing, and she wanted to run.

"I—Isaac?" She gulped, and tried to touch to decide if it was reality or fantasy.

However, before she could reach him, Isaac turned and stepped out of the room, growling, "Come with me."

Irene was left at a loss of words, and was left sitting on the bed, her thoughts barely keeping up.

She looked at Harvey, and then at Stan and James who were standing at the doorway.

Her head suddenly hurt, and she rubbed her temples—it still took a while for her headache to subside.

As her mind cleared up, she thought that since James and Stan were both there... Isaac must have returned.

So, it really was him just now?

Panicking, she leaped off the bed and ran out of the room without stopping to put on her shoes.

At the same time, Stan and James shot Harvey a look, and snorted with contempt—what he did was despicable and ungentlemanly!

Harvey, however, reared his chin at them provokingly.

He may fear Isaac, but not these two. "What are you looking at? You should be thanking me—she would've been left on the streets if not for me."

Stan had always borne a grudge against him. "I've really been soft on you back at the hospital. If this happens again, I will make sure all your teeth end up on the floor. Let's see if you would lust after married women after that."

Harvey shrugged, unconcerned. "You're just an assistant, and you think you can discipline me? And are you really meddling with your boss's domestic affairs?"

"You wanna go?!"

Stan saw red and was already advancing toward Harvey, but James caught his arm and told him, "Don't

bother."

"What, can you stand that face?!" Stan struggled a little, clearly bent on violence.

"You'd cheapen us if we did fight him. Let's just go," James said, and dragged Stan along as he left.

Harvey was left speechless for a moment, before snapping at them, "Hey! What was that supposed to mean?!"

Who did they even think they were talking to?!

Stan wheeled on him with a glare and snorted. "Did he stutter?!"

Harvey shut the door with a loud bang, because he was furious and sick of Stan's punchable face!

Still, as he calmed down to think, he decided Isaac must suffer more than he did.

His own woman, in a room alone with another man?

Isaac would definitely still be upset even if they did not do a thing!

Oh, he was on top of things all along!

He lay in bed then, which still had a faint smell of alcohol from Irene's body, and her warmth lingered on the mattress as well.

Harvey pulled the blanket over himself and put his head on the pillow where Irene slept, even caressing it.

He actually thought that it was perverted, but assured himself, "I just love her that much."

"Yes, that must be it."

With that, he closed his eyes and slept soundly, his lips suddenly not hurting at all.

Meanwhile, Irene chased after Isaac and got into his car.

As she took her seat, her fingers clenched over her knees, somehow feeling a little guilty.

She actually did nothing aside from getting drunk... and with Harvey?

She had no shoes and had run to the car barefooted, so she started rubbing her dusty soles.

Also, her throat was miserably dry.

“When did you come back?” she rasped.

Isaac stayed silent since he was still feeling grumpy—she got drunk and was hanging out with a man who had always been coveting her?

He did not want to think about it, because his head would hurt otherwise.

Irene turned to look at him since he was being quiet.

“Are you angry?”

Why else was he ignoring her?

Isaac slowly turned to look at her just then. “Finally sober, are we?”

Chapter 370

Irene thought that even if she had yet to actually sober up, Isaac would stir enough fear in her to make her

sober.

Giving him a meek look, she asked again, “When did you get back?”

From Isaac’s perspective, the repeated question was a sign that she was not sober.

“We’ll talk when we get home,” he said flatly.

Irene was left speechless—he was still angry with her!

Firmly rubbing her cheeks, she began, “Actually-

“Talk when you’re sober.” He cut her short, leaving her at a loss for words again.

Well, that suited her just fine since she was sick anyway.

Although she was now thinking straight, her stomach was uncomfortable.

She leaned against her seat as the car drove on steadily, and since her eyes were heavy, she slowly closed her eyes.

Isaac studied her from head to toe just then, and scowled when he saw that her clothes were wrinkled and she was not wearing shoes.

Still, she looked exhausted, and he refrained from snapping at her.

There were not many cars on the road, so they returned to the mansion in no time at all.

Irene did not move, seemingly having fallen asleep.

Isaac breathed a sigh. Despite his frustration with her, he could not ignore her.

He got out first, and kept the door open to carry her out.

Irene was woken up by his touch, but did not open her eyes—she was happy that Isaac did not abandon her despite his anger.

So, he still cherished her?

That must be it.

The thought relieved her, and she snuggled comfortably against his shoulder to keep sleeping.

After carrying him to her room, however, Isaac was a little disgruntled since she was dirty, and brought a wet towel to wipe her down.

Irene simply lay comfortably, and just as she was about to fall asleep again, she felt someone wrapping their arms around her and she picked up the sweet scent of soap, which was easy on the nose.

She snuggled against him, and heard a deep voice speaking beside her ear. “Missed me?”

Of course—so much so it was killing her.

Turning around to press herself against his chest, she murmured, “Yes. So, so much.”

She felt his arms tighten around her, and smiled faintly in the warm tenderness.

Irene slept soundly that night thanks to Isaac, and she woke up first this time.

He had taken her clothes off and even wiped her down.

Still, the smell of alcohol lingered, so she took a hot bath.

Feeling spirited as she stepped out, she found Isaac awake, leaning against the headboard nonchalantly. His gray silk pajamas were loose around his chest and his hair a little messy, but it actually added to his animal magnetism instead of hurting his appearance. Moreover, his vaguely exposed chest made him even more alluring!

Looking up at her, he beckoned, “Come here.”

Irene stopped in her tracks before trotting over to him, smiling as she asked, “You’re awake?”

Isaac stared at her impassively as if he was not the one holding her in his arms last night.

He was clearly not upset last night, and he suddenly changed his mind now?

‘So, men are as volatile as women now?’ Irene thought to herself.

Either way, there was no harm in apologizing, and things would improve once his temper subsided.

“I’m sorry. Please don’t get upset with me.”

Isaac asked flatly, “What are you sorry about?”

Irene quickly answered, “I shouldn’t neglect you because of work. I should have gone abroad with you.”

“And?” Isaac may be upset with her at the time over that, but he was now much more frustrated that she got drunk with Harvey. 1

So, she was trying to weasel her out of this?

No chance!