

Runaway 401

Chapter 401

Isaac looked up at James, staring at him for a couple seconds and growled, "He survived,"

James replied. "Yes, but the driver didn't."

"Clean up the mess. Compensate the driver's family generously."

"Yes, sir," James said.

In fact, he felt guilty because the staged traffic accident was meant to kill Mick, only to end up hurting an innocent.

"Also, you should take the trip to Franconia to check on the company for a while, sir," James added.

"Yeah," Isaac flatly replied.

His face was impassive, and the air around him seemed cold enough to freeze.

He raised a hand, gesturing to James that he could leave.

He had been sulking for days, and James actually became careful with his words around him.

As he closed the door to the study and saw Irene in the living room, he asked, "Could you show more concern to Mr. Jefferson?"

The atmosphere everyone had to work in was suffocating—even Stan was refusing to show up at Isaac's home. He used to hate going to the office, but he was now basically camping there and refusing to leave. However, it was not as if Irene did not want to care—Isaac needed time to let his mother's death sink in.

After all, Yvaine had just died a few days ago. Was Irene supposed to make him laugh already?

Was that even possible?

He had never been that type of person, and there was even less chance of it happening now.

She understood his pain too.

"Give him time," she said softly.

"I just think it's worrying that he stays like that," James said earnestly, feeling that Isaac was brooding too much.

He could vent his heartache by yelling at someone, but he stayed silent instead, creating a suffocating atmosphere for everyone around him.

James was worried that he would get ill if he kept holding it in..

"Yeah," Irene said.

James sighed. "I'll be going now."

Irene nodded, and after James left, she started toward the bedroom when the door to Isaac's study creaked.

Isaac had opened the door, and seeing her, he said, "Come in. I have something to tell you."

"Tommy is asleep. I'll tuck him in first." Irene replied.

Isaac said nothing, so she took it for his silent approval.

As Irene headed to Tommy's room and put him in his crib, he started to twitch and looked like he would wake up, so Irene picked him up and patted his back gently until he slept again.

Her hand was numb by the time she put him down and left, though Tommy was not waking up any time.

soon.

She gently closed the door as she left, and flexed her wrist as she headed to the study.

When she opened the door, Isaac turned toward her, his towering frame shrouded by the radiant glow of the sun behind him, illuminating his face and portraying him as even more lofty.

Irene hesitated for a moment before slowly entering.-

She had never studied him in such silence—he was not even thirty, but he carried an air of maturity, composure, and passion.

His visage was as serene as a placid lake, devoid of any ripples.

Even so, Irene's chest hurt—she did not like this feeling.

She walked up to him as she repressed her bitterness, and looked up with a faint smile.

Isaac then frowned, his expression unfathomable.

"You said you have something to tell me?" she asked.

"Yeah. I'm going to Franconia," he said, before adding, "It might take a while."

"Will you attend Zacahary's wedding?" Irene asked.

"I don't know," he replied.

She suddenly threw her arms tightly around his waist. "I'm going to miss you."

Isaac did not move or say anything—his body actually stiffened just then.

Irene then stood on the balls of her feet to kiss his icy lips, but he moved away as soon as their lips touched.

“Attend Zachary’s wedding in my stead if I’m not back by then,” he said, and pried her hands off himself . “I still have stuff to do.”

In other words, he was telling her to leave.

Irene was left standing there, his rejection and coldness cutting her like knives.

She could not stand this feeling, nor did she want to suffer with him like this.

“I have something to tell you too, Isaac, about your mother’s death...”

Chapter 402

There was a clear twitch in Isaac’s calm gaze right then, as if he was hopeful about what Irene was going to say.

However, before Irene could tell him that Yvaine’s death had nothing to do with her, she remembered the letter Yvaine left her.

Caught in a dilemma just then, her lips trembled as she murmured, “I– I’m sorry. It was an accident... believe me.”

She hung her head with those quick words, and left the study as if fleeing.

Quickly hiding herself in the washroom, she pressed a hand firmly over chest to restrain herself. However, her nostrils were already moist and her tears were flowing without control.

She clasped a hand over her mouth to stop herself from crying out– so that no one would notice her misery.

Still, it took her a long while to compose herself,

At dinner, she sat away from Isaac, keeping her head down and not tasting her food at all.

Isaac never spoke, but he put a glass of milk Mrs. Watson prepared in front of her, and left the dining room.

Irene stared at the glass for a long while, spacing out.

Seeing that, Mrs. Watson urged her, “You should drink it while it’s warm.”

Irene came to her senses then, but as she turned back toward the milk, a crystalline tear trickled off her cheek and disappeared within the milk..

Even so, she picked it up and chugged it.

As she headed back to her bedroom, she found Isaac in Tommy’s bedroom. She stood at the doorway. without entering , before quietly turning around.

After taking a shower, she lay in bed, staring blankly at the ceiling and feeling not at all drowsy.

However, she quickly closed her eyes and pretended that she was sleeping when she heard Isaac open the bedroom door.

Many feelings struck her at once—she was not sure how to face him, and she was worried about being awkward along with the pain of seeing his calm gaze again, so she simply pretended to be asleep.

She then heard splashing from the shower, and heard his footsteps before feeling his weight press down on his side of the bed.

Before this, he would always reach out to her in bed gathering her in his arms.

But now, he simply lay beside her, and even though she was close enough to hear him breathe, there seemed to be miles between them!

Unable to sleep, she stayed up the whole night.

She could not tell if Isaac fell asleep, only that he woke early without startling her.

As instructed, Mrs. Watson had already packed his luggage, and James also arrived early.

Isaac was standing in the living room in his tailored black suit, which accentuated his figure perfectly. From his broad shoulders down to his long legs. Even from the side, his facial features were distinct and robust.

Just looking at him from the back was enough to leave one coveting.

Still inside their bedroom, Irene stood barefooted, watching him from a slit on the door.

Isaac told Mr. Watson, “She’s always busy, but make sure that she eats punctually.”

“Okay, I will,” Mrs. Watson replied.

“Let’s go,” he then told James.

As he reached the doorway, however, he paused for a moment—but he did not look back.

On the other hand, Irene’s fingers clenched over the doorknob.

She wanted so much to run toward him and hold him.

However, she stopped herself and stayed in her room, sobbing alone.

What was she supposed to do now?

She missed him already...

Leaning against the door, she slid downward until she dropped to a crouch and buried her head between her hands while her shoulders shook as she cried.

www

Mrs. Watson had already prepared breakfast before Irene could leave, and told her, “Come on—eat something before you go to work.”

Irene felt her nose getting wet again as she remembered Isaac's instructions to Mrs. Watson, and did her best to flash a smile at M. She sat down at the dining table and only left after finishing breakfast.

Her complexion was terrible since she stayed up all night, and even Stephen could see that her condition was poor. He told her, "I can give you time off anytime you want."

Irene shook her head—she did not want to stop, because she would think of Isaac whenever she did.

That was why she was deliberately keeping herself busy, so that she would not have the time to let her thoughts wander.

Stephen

sighed. "I've done some work on Yvaine's body to stop Isaac from finding out that Yvaine did not die from natural causes. He's far less merciful than I'd thought."

He knew that Isaac would definitely investigate Yvaine's death, and it was easy for him to fool forensics by

He was under the impression that the plan was perfect, but...

"What did he do?" Irene asked.

Chapter 403

Stephen was left stunned. "You didn't know?"

Irene laughed dryly. "Do you really think that he would still talk to me about his affairs?"

"No," Stephen quickly said, and sighed. "Mick had an accident on his way to the airport. It was horrific—the taxi driver died on the spot, while Mick was critically injured. Luckily, help reached him in time and he survived. Still, don't you think that it's too much of a coincidence? Don't you think Isaac Jefferson is behind that?"

Irene pursed her lips in silence—she would not be surprised if Isaac was, given his character.

She at least knew that much about him.

"You shouldn't jump to conclusions without evidence," she said coolly nonetheless. "Mick's lucky that he survived."

Stephen thought about it and agreed. Mick had been a dead man walking ever since Yvaine's death, and somehow managed to survive despite the horrific accident—it seemed that it just was not his time to go.

"Well, I've done all I can for him," Stephen murmured.

In fact, he had exhausted all his favors for Mick since Yvaine's death.

Starting with staging Yvaine's death as a surgical mishap, Melville Hospital's reputation had taken a blow, and it was only because he had the chief's respect and favor that he was not placed under inquiry.

In addition, in such cases, should the deceased family press charges, the doctor in charge would be taken to court. It was only because Irene was Isaac's wife that he did not do anything to her, or she certainly would not still be working here.

"Dr. Carr?"

Harvey Gooding called out as he approached them from the walkway. Pretending not to see Irene, he spoke directly to Stephen, "I was going to get my mother discharged, but the front desk said something about needing an agreement from you, so could you help me sign this?"

"Okay," Stephen said as he took out the pen in his chest pocket, turning toward Irene just as he was about to sign the paper, "Are you sure the patient can be discharged?"

"Yes," Irene replied. "She has been recovering well, and she can be allowed to return home."

As Irene was the one who operated on Harvey's mother, Stephen should ask for her opinion.

Stephen signed it following Irene's assurance.

Naturally, that meant she got to ignore Harvey again, although he was waiting for her to talk to him.

Harvey huffed, "You really are cut from the same cloth as Isaac."

"And do you know why I love him so?" Irene asked coolly.

Harvey's interest was actually piqued. "Why?"

"Because he never talks as much as you do, and would rather do than talk."

Harvey was speechless, but there was no doubt that she struck him where it hurt!

Did she have to be so direct? Could she not save him some dignity?!

"Hmph! He's just a little better looking than I am-don't make him sound so noble when all you like is his face, Harvey snapped in dissatisfaction, and wanted some degree of verbal satisfaction since he would never beat Isaac outright.

Not bothered to waste her breath with him, Irene simply did what she was supposed to do. "I'll go check on your mother now."

Harvey quickly jogged after her. "Okay."

Arriving at Rosa's ward, Irene saw that she had been recovering well. The color had returned to her cheeks and she was quite spirited, and Irene also examined her surgical openings to see that it was healing nicely.

Irene told Rosa, "Try not to get upset and avoid stress. A little exercise and a plain diet would do wonders as well."

"Okay, thank you." Rosa smiled.

Harvey looked at Irene just then. "We will be leaving today."

“Safe travels,” Irene replied.

Harvey pursed his lips. “I thought you’d say the next part too.” Irene was actually puzzled. “The next part? What is it?”

Chapter 404

“...Don’t ever come back,” Harvey finished.

Irene was actually left stumped for a moment, and chuckled in amusement when she realized what he was talking about. “Do you think everyone is as childish as you are?”

“Me? Childish? How so?” Harvey protested, standing at her side and giving her a nudge with his elbow.

Irene simply sidestepped and pulled away, while telling Rosa, “You’re recovering well, so there’s nothing to worry about-don’t burden yourself over it.”

After all, people tend to get paranoid after heart surgeries, convinced that their hearts are now fragile and that they could die at any moment.

However, the truth is that the human heart is the strongest and most resilient of human organs-it never stops beating the instant formed in the fetus.

Harvey pursed his lips just then. “Why are you running? I’m not going to hurt you.”

Irene pretended not to hear him since she did not want to argue. “You may be discharged now.”

With that, she turned and left Rosa’s ward, while Harvey quickly told Rosa, “She’s a friend. I’m going to say goodbye.”

Rosa nodded.

She could tell from the way Harvey tried to get closer to Irene that he liked Irene, and could not help sighing as he left.

“Hey, could you not be so cold?” Harvey asked Irene as he followed her out of Irene’s ward.

“I still have work to do. Don’t bother me,” she said, never pausing in her tracks.

“Is your heart made of stone? Are you even human?” he huffed, but Irene pretended not to hear him.

“Stop,” Harvey called out, chasing her down and catching her by the wrist. “Why are you being so cold to me?”

Irene did not like him touching her, and shook him off firmly-the recoil sent herself stumbling backward.

Moreover, her health has deteriorated since she had not been sleeping or eating well over the last few days, and she almost lost her balance, but Harvey caught her in time.

“What’s wrong? Are you sick?” he asked in concern.

“No,” Irene growled, pulling her hand out of his grasp.

Harvey was skeptical. "You are. Do you even see how pale you are?"

Irene looked up at him just then. "Is it that bad?"

"Why don't you look in a mirror?" Harvey growled grumpily.

Irene firmly rubbed her cheeks right then, attempting to make her complexion look better.

However, all she did was fool herself, while Harvey felt sympathy as he watched, and he snorted.

"What is your boyfriend doing? Doesn't he care about what's happening to you? Also, you could just stay home since he's so rich. Working out here like this, and such a difficult job at that... Wait, is he so petty that he's refusing to support you?"

Harvey had no idea what happened, since Melville Hospital had deliberately covered up Yvaine's death,

even more so in the case of other patients and their families in the hospital. After all, the administration was worried that they would get restless over the incident.

In fact, only the higher ranked personnel could discuss it-any average personnel would be slapped with a warning if they did.

Irene looked up at Harvey then, which gave him the creeps.

"W-What's that look for?" he stammered.

Irene, however, said solemnly, "Come after me if you're unhappy with me. Don't keep involving him."

Harvey was left at a loss for words, and almost breathed an expletive right then. "Why are you still defending him when you're like this? Are you really telling me not to talk about him, even now?"

"Yes, I am," Irene replied seriously. "Now get your mother discharged. It'll soon be noon, and you'd have to wait if the staff leave for lunch."

With that, she strode off, but Harvey worriedly followed her, holding her up supportively. "Look, you need some rest. I'm fine with waiting."

Irene simply pulled her hand out from his again. "No, you don't have to. All you do is trouble me-if you're really grateful that I saved your mother, stay away from me."

Her words were sharp and wounding, and Harvey was certainly not invincible-he had his dignity too. "Well, since you've put it that way, I'm despicable if I keep bugging you, right?"

With that, he turned around to find a couple walking toward them, and the woman was mocking them the instant she spoke!

"Tut, tut... Are you arguing, or actually flirting?"

Irene's brow furrowed when she heard that voice, and she turned around.

Chapter 405

Irene turned around to find Whitney Cox and Chad Ross, with two bodyguards escorting them.

However, Harvey was already in a foul mood, and Whitney's mocking only irked him further.

"Mind your own business," he snapped in retort.

Whitney's face fell right then. "Watch your mouth!"

"I could say the same to you," Harvey fired back-he was just feeling very frustrated and had no place to vent, and naturally aimed his crosshairs on Whitney since she was clearly trying to mess with them.

"What..." Whitney stammered.

She had been feeling frustrated after falling for Irene's trap, especially since Chad became utterly disenchanted with her after learning that she had deliberately caused her own miscarriage.

Now, he offered her no leeway or freedom, and kept two bodyguards with her wherever she went, essentially keeping her under house arrest as well.

He also told her that she would regain her freedom after she got pregnant and delivered the child, and would not allow her to do anything before that-let alone help her..

It was only evident how much she had hurt him by aborting their child.

Naturally, without her freedom and unable to do anything against Irene or Isaac, Whitney was not going to be nice now that she saw Irene.

And yet, her attempt to throw shade at Irene was foiled, and she was left seething.

Glaring at Harvey, she snapped, "Look who's talking-you're just a lapdog, a bootlicker!"

Harvey chuckled coolly. "At least I'm not licking your boots."

Whitney's hands clenched into fists, just as Chad spoke.

However, he was just reminding her, "You're here for a checkup, not a fight."

Nowadays, he was a lot less docile and obedient toward Whitney.

Cowed-even a little scared-she turned quiet.

"Let's go," Chad said. "It's time for your appointment."

"Could we not come here again?" Whitney asked-she hated this place.

Chad refused straightaway. "No. I'll keep tabs on your health until you deliver the baby."

Whitney was fuming, but pursed her lips, afraid to argue or even let it show on her face.

As she left, she leveled glare of spite at Irene-the thought that Irene was the reason she lost her freedom and was used by Chad as if she was just a breeding tool left her seething.

"You did this. Just you wait."

Irene simply ignored her-Whitney's contempt for her was nothing new.

With that, Chad left with Whitney, while Irene went back to work, leaving Harvey standing.

He watched as Irene left, and heaved a deep sigh.

Despondent, he returned to his mother's ward to get her discharged.

Stephen did not give Irene much work to do for the door so that she could rest.

However, she was too restless to stop, and start to read the notes Stephen gave her-it was certainly useful, what with the preclinical experiences he gathered along with the mysterious symptoms he encountered over the years.

Bzzt-

Her phone suddenly started to ring.

Isaac?

She quickly checked, and felt a little disappointed when she saw that it was her mother.

As she answered it, Sheryl Harris asked over the other end, "Are you free tonight? Bring Tommy over if you can-I miss him."

"Okay," Irene replied.

"Also..." Sheryl paused for a while before adding, "Bring Isaac too. I'll try to cook more for him."

The mention of Isaac left Irene hanging her head. "He's abroad for work..."

"Don't lie to me!" Sheryl snapped-she was once married too, and could tell immediately that there was something wrong with Irene's tone!

Chapter 406

Irene quickly ran through what she just said.

She did not say anything wrong, did she?

"How am I lying, Mom?"

"Did you have a fight with Isaac?" Sheryl asked sharply.

Irene quickly mustered herself and said, "No, we're doing fine, Mom... or maybe you don't want me to be fine?"

"Of course I do, but I'm worried

"You're being paranoid. Things are perfectly fine between us," Irene said, beating her to it.

"Really?" Sheryl still sounded a little worried.

"Yeah. Why would I lie? We are doing very well, so don't worry over nothing."

Sheryl thought about it, and decided that she might be paranoid.

"Okay," she said, though she sounded a little disappointed just then. "I was hoping to see you both since it's been a while."

Irene said, "It's the same if I just bring Tommy along."

"No, it's not—you and Isaac are married, and that makes him my son-in-law. That basically makes him my son too."

Irene, however, became gloomy as she remembered how things were between her and Isaac, but tried her best to sound normal. "I still have work to do, Mom. Anyway, I'll bring Tommy over once I leave work, and do cook more anyway—your grandson and I have to eat too."

"Okay," Sheryl said tenderly.

Irene hung up then, and returned to reading Stephen's notes.

After work, she brought Tommy to Spencer Mansion as promised.

Sheryl had certainly cooked a lot, covering the table with scrumptious food. Irene could tell that it took considerable time and effort, and could not help feeling grateful.

"Oh, Tommy," Sheryl exclaimed as she studied the baby from head to toe. "Getting rounder, taller and fairer, aren't we? You look just like Daddy now!"

Irene glanced at Tommy too, and the boy did indeed resemble Isaac.

"Oh, and did you remember when you asked me to decide when you two should get married? The weather

is cooling these days, so it would be good to do it soon. You and Isaac should get ready now."

Irene's heart skipped a beat.

Isaac must have forgotten about that, had he not?

Even if he did not, this was definitely a bad time.

As such, Irene changed the subject, "Speaking of weddings, I have to attend one. What do you think I should wear, Mom?"

"Whose wedding?" Sheryl asked.

"Zachary Slate's," Irene replied.

"What?!" Someone exclaimed from the doorway, and Irene turned to find Ricky Spencer standing there! Stumped for a while, she eventually asked, "When did you come back?"

"Just now," Ricky replied as he hurried inside and grasped her arm. "Are you serious? Zachary Slate is getting married?"

Irene nodded, "Yeah, but don't tell Lulu."

"Hah!" Ricky laughed. "Why not? He's made his bed and should lie in it."

"No, I'm the one telling you not to do it, not him," Irene explained. "He just broke up with Lulu, and she probably would be overwhelmed if she finds out..."

“Exactly! She would only give up if she finds out, and she needs the pain to make her forget! Why hide?” Ricky countered.

Irene was left silenced—Ricky actually spoke reason.

“I’ll call her right now, so that she’ll give up and not hold any delusions,” he said, whipping out his phone right then.

Irene wanted to stop him, but Sheryl caught her wrist and shook her head. “Let him do it.”

“What?” She was actually puzzled by Sheryl’s stance, even as her mother leaned in to whisper into her ear

Chapter 407

“Lulu was staying with us a while ago, wasn’t she? I sensed that Ricky became infatuated with Lulu after that.”

Sheryl was quite experienced herself, and had seen through Ricky’s thoughts for a while now.

And after what she said, Irene started to look at Ricky differently, while the boy did not sense the women’s looks as he called Lulu.

Soon, his call was answered.

“Lulu? It’s me.”

On the other end, Lulu smiled as she asked, “Hey. Have you reached home already?”

“Yeah, I had something to ask,” Ricky said, but paused for a moment. “Wait, hold that thought.”

Covering the receiver, he turned toward Irene and asked, “When’s Zachary Slate getting married?”

“In two days,” Irene said.

With that, Ricky returned to the call, “In two days, please come over first thing in the morning.”

Lulu said, “I’m busy.”

“Actually, this is something important and I need your help. Just this once, and I won’t bother you anymore. Pretty please?”

Lulu was still reluctant. “I’m really busy...”

Nonetheless, Ricky persisted, even humbling himself to do so. “Come on, Lulu, just say yes. Show some pity since I just went over to visit you myself?”

Unable to say no, Lulu said, “Fine, but you have to promise me that you won’t act on a whim, and do something like coming over at the drop of a hat.”

“Okay,” Ricky agreed to it chipperly, and hung up.

Irene then asked, “Why would you want her to come over?”

“Just telling her won’t have much impact. She must see it herself, that Zachary is at the altar with another woman—it’s the only way to get her to give up on him.” Ricky said, and his idea certainly covered all fronts.

Still, Irene stared at him for a while, and asked the obvious, “You really care about Lulu, don’t you? Are you

that into her?”

“Doesn’t matter even if I am. Neither of us are married or in a relationship.”

Ricky did not hide the fact that he was interested in Lulu and wanted to woo her.

“She’s older than you, y’know,” Irene told him.

“Older ladies are all the craze with young boys these days,” Ricky countered—age clearly was no issue for him.

With that, Irene stopped going on about it. She should not meddle in their affairs, not to mention that her own relationship was a mess.

“Wash your hands before you eat,” she told Ricky.

Ricky was in a good mood and did so, and when he saw that the dining table was covered with food, he

1/2

asked, “What day is it? That’s a lot of food.”

“Then eat more,” Irene told him..

Ricky smiled, and played with Tommy a little. “Tommy, can you say ‘uncle’?”

Sheryl countered, “Not before ‘grandma’.”

“We won’t know for sure. Maybe he loves his uncle more, right?” he said, and held out his hands. “Let me carry him for a bit.”

Irene did so, and Tommy was not actually scared and allowed Ricky to hold him.-

“He’s just in a good mood today,” Irene said. “He’d be bawling if he wasn’t—he couldn’t stop crying just days ago.”

“We’re men. We’d shed blood before we shed tears,” Ricky said, and gave Tommy a peck on the cheek.

That left the baby frowning and pouting, seemingly hating it.

“Oh, it’s just a little peck. Don’t cry,” Ricky said, but quickly returned him to Irene, worried that he would start crying.

Taking back Tommy, Irene said, “See? He hates you.”

“Come on, I brush my teeth everyday. My breath is fine,” Ricky chuckled.

As they ate, Irene pretended to enjoy the food despite her lack of appetite, since Sheryl was there with them. Still, as Sheryl served her a bowl of soup, she asked, “Is work tiring, Irene? You don’t look too well.”

“Yeah,” Ricky chimed. “Are you exhausted?”

Irene quickly said, “Yes, actually, since I have plenty of work to do lately.”

“You should be careful about your health, so that you can have a daughter with Isaac when Tommy is older. Complete the set, so to speak.”

Irene lowered her gaze, “Mom, I’m eating.”

Ricky was there with them—it was not the time or place.

Sheryl smiled. “Fine, I won’t force you.”

Tommy was asleep after dinner, but Irene turned down Sheryl’s offer to let them stay the night, saying that the baby’s sleep would be affected in an unfamiliar bed.

Sheryl could not insist since she said that..

On the way home, Irene had a hand on her phone while she carried Tommy with the other.

Myriad colored street lights shone over her face as she stared at the screen.

After hesitating for a long while, her curled eyelashes batted as she texted Isaac. [I miss you.]

Chapter 408

Irene stared at her phone after texting Isaac, expecting a reply.

However, she did not receive anything even as the car drove into the front porch.

Irene tried to tell herself that he was busy, just to seek some solace..

Nonetheless, Isaac was actually busy, and he was in a spacious conference room that could accommodate over a hundred people with dozens of executives.

Many of them were foreigners, but they were all fidgeting despite being seated.

While Remy had been founded recently, they had many of Light Group’s profitable business and projects. Moreover, with Isaac’s sharp sense in commerce and the trends of the market, his precise investment and exceptional judgment elevated Remy as a trustworthy investor in no time at all, and was making waves among their circles.

In fact, one showbiz company that he invested in scouted up to four internet celebrities. Within two years, they built fanbases for themselves which numbered up to dozens of millions, but the executives of the company remained an enigma despite its name being known to everyone in the country.

After all, it was unnecessary for Isaac to present himself publicly for something like that. His executives could handle the day-to-day administrative tasks, and Isaac would only get involved in vital decisions or company strategizing.

Remy also held the majority of the shares in Bramble Automotive, an automobile company which Isaac invested in back when he was CEO of Light Group. He had always held them in high esteem, and after years of hard work and development, they forged a flagship brand as a producer of luxury electrical automobiles and traditional automobiles, and some of their models included KST5, KST6, KST7, WS1, and WS2. Just last year, they launched an IPO on the New York Stock Exchange as well.

Remy's investment in medical research had significant developments as well, and today's meeting involved the executives of various main companies and its branches.

One of Isaac's main priorities in traveling aboard was also to meet the various heads of departments, and he had no time to check his phone in the five-hour meeting, not to mention that he left it in his office.

Even as she showered, Irene kept her phone near her in the bathroom, worried that she would miss a reply from Isaac.

However, hours had passed since she was done showering, and she still did not receive a reply.

She could not begin to describe her bitterness.

Sliding her phone beneath her pillow, she tried to stop herself from thinking about it, but her mind refused. -he was all she could think about.

She was left clenching on her blanket and throwing it over her head, and tried her damndest to think about anything else.

That was when her phone chimed

Her breath seemed to leave her lungs right then, and she quickly reached under her pillow to take her phone out... only to see the reply: [Yeah.]

She stared at it without tapping on it-what was that one-word reply supposed to mean? To tell her that he saw her message?

1/2

Even if she understood why he was being distant, she could not help feeling heartache.

As she put down her phone, she suddenly wondered if Isaac would dump her after Yvaine's death.

His coldness certainly pointed to that.

Irene was left clutching her head as her thoughts were a mess.

It was yet another sleepless night.

She did not text Isaac over the next two days, and nothing came over the other end either.

It was now the day of Zachary's wedding, but Isaac still did not tell her if he was returning.

Irene put on heavy makeup before she left, to hide her weary face that was a result of her losing sleep recently. Her long dark hair was tied up carelessly, though the dangling lock beside her ear added a gentle look.

She put on a sky blue gown that hugged her body and accentuated her figure, matched with a simple pair of heels that bared her dainty, fair feet. It was a conservative, polite appearance that would not steal the limelight from the bride.

It would certainly earn her full marks as an attendee.

When she arrived at the venue and alighted, she saw another car stopping just as she was about to go in.

Isaac alighted then alighted, and his eyes quickly found her.

Irene actually panicked just then, and was left clenching on her skirt as her throat suddenly turned dry.

Although she did her best to stay calm, her voice choked with tears the instant she spoke. "Welcome back."

Chapter 409

As Isaac made his way towards Irene, her expression stiffened further, and her fingers dug further into her

skirt

They were no strangers, but she was so nervous she could not speak.

She missed him so much too, but she wanted to run away as he approached.

"You're going to leave your skirt wrinkled and unseemly if you keep creasing it," Isaac said as he reached her, and reached out to pry her fingers off her skirt.

Feeling the coolness of her fingertips, he asked softly, "Are you cold?"

Flustered, Irene nodded, and then shook her head.

Isaac smiled. "It's not the first time you're meeting me. Why are you so nervous? Anyone who didn't know better would think I'm bullying you."

Irene lowered her gaze. "No... I'm just surprised you suddenly came back."

Isaac lifted her chin and smiled faintly, "You pretty yourself so much. I wouldn't miss it for the world."

He was being so tender, and yet she felt that there was something between them.

"Come in, let's go in." He lifted her hand and put it around his arm.

As Irene held on to him, she did her best to compose herself and sound normal. "Are you finished with work?"

“Not really,” he replied—there were still things to be done.

Irene was left disappointed. Was he deliberately avoiding her?

It has been days since he left, but he was still busy

“Does that mean you’re going to leave again?” She tried to sound as calm as she could.

Isaac was silent for a moment. “I won’t leave if you don’t want me to.”

Irene pursed her lip—she did not want him to go, but this was about work.

There were times when she was busy with work too.

Moreover, there was still a rift between them, and keeping him with her would not change things back to how they had been.

They both needed time—he needed it, to be precise.

Hence, flashing a bright smile as she kept all her reluctant bitterness restrained at a little corner of her heart, she told him, “I understand that you have work to do, so you should go. I’ll always support you.”

Isaac held her gaze for seconds. “Not going to tell me to stay?”

“You’re making money for the family,” she joked. “I won’t have anything to waste if I make you stay.”

Isaac chuckled. “Becoming a gold digger, are we?”

Her bright, starry gaze was sparkling and clear as her eyes narrowed from her smile.

Her makeup fit her. Though she had a simple attractiveness without makeup, she appeared devilish with

it.

Reaching out to brush the dangling lock of hair behind her ear, he quietly said, “You look so beautiful today.”

Irene smiled in earnest then—any woman would be flattered by their man.

Central Tower—the venue of the wedding—was grand and lively. The Slaters and the Lindts carried influence in Cloud City, and a strategic marriage between their children naturally drew equally important people.

Four staff members were standing at the register placed outside the front entrance, dressed in the same uniform as they welcomed every guest.

Since Isaac and Zachary were close, a wedding gift was unquestionably compulsory.

Irene had brought something as well, but decided against it since Isaac brought his. However, she was not being petty, but since she was here with Isaac, giving two separate gifts would make it look like they had separated.

The interior of the wedding hall was decorated with dreamy romance, and naturally grand—it made obvious that both families regarded the wedding with great importance.

As Isaac led Irene to take a seat at a quiet corner, her phone rang, and she took it out to see that it was a text from Ricky.

[Has the wedding begun?]

Irene was a little worried, remembering that he would be bringing Lulu. [Has Lulu arrived?]

[Yeah.]

Irene sighed.

[Not yet.]

[Okay. I'll bring her in when it starts.]

[You can't come in without an invitation.]

[We slipped in already, actually.]

Irene looked around her right then—they were hiding here already?!

Chapter 410

There were too many people in the wedding hall for Irene to track down Ricky.

"Mr. Jefferson." Someone approached Isaac Jefferson when he noticed Isaac just then—Isaac did not want to socialize, which was why he had brought Irene to a quiet corner in the wedding hall.

"I heard that you left Light Group, so Isaac would suffice now, I believe? Honestly, Light Group is now a real mess, and after rumors swirled that Ian Jefferson owes a mountain of debts, he was not heard from since... but I'm sure you know if it's true, don't you?"

Everyone used to revere and feared Isaac in the business, because he was as swift as he was decisive and merciless.

However, now that he left Light Group, there were those who believed that he was nothing—just like Mr. Little here who would address him by his first name.

Moreover, after Ian made such a serious blunder, the Jeffersons were no longer the dynasty from before and were far from untouchable.

Isaac looked up coolly at Mr. Little right then and spoke with cool disdain. "Ask him yourself if you're that interested."

"You're his cousin, aren't you? That's why—"

"Mr. Jefferson." A man in a well-tailored suit joined them just then.

Mr. Little looked up. When he saw that it was Mr. King, director Skyrock Productions, he promptly smiled. "Oh, if it isn't the man of the hour! Surely the internet celebrities under your label are making you filthy rich, Mr. King?"

Mr. King chuckled. "More or less."

"Now, now, there's no need to be so humble. Everyone knows that Skyrock is the pioneer when it comes to internet culture. With things advancing so much on that front, none of us could take a bite out of your cake, let alone compete with you." Mr. Little spoke with a note of irony.

After all, he was involved in the business of tangible goods, and with the economy deteriorating by the year, businesses like his had to rely on internet celebrities to promote their products.

To make things worse, they would barely get a cut of the revenue, while the internet celebrities would make off with the majority.

Mr. Little was certainly eager to negotiate a deal where the top-billed internet celebrities working under Skyrock's label promote his products, while retaining a sizable chunk of the revenue. "Would you be free tonight to discuss the prospect of a partnership?"

"Sorry, but I'm busy." Mr. King promptly refused, while walking up to Isaac and asking, "Will you be coming to the office, Mr. Jefferson? There's something I would like to discuss."

Isaac's style had always been to never doubt his own, and to distance himself from those he doubted.

"It's your call," he simply said.

"Very well, sir," Mr. King replied and sat down beside him.

Mr. Little was actually confused why Mr. King would show such deference to Isaac. After all, Mr. King undoubtedly eclipsed Isaac in position and reputation. Why would he ask Isaac... for permission?

"Mr. King, are you partners with Isaac?" he asked.

1/2

Mr. King gave him a look. "Nope."

"Then, what...?"

"Mr. Jefferson owns Skyrock. Of course I would have to ask him when it comes to important decisions," Mr. King smiled.

Mr. Little's smug expression stiffened in turn—Isaac owned Skyrock?

He still owned businesses after leaving Light Group?!

"Ah, Isaac." An elderly man approached as well. He used to top rich lists, and still carried authority despite being far past his prime, and everyone always showed their respects everywhere he went.

Naturally, he addressed Isaac by his first name because they were equals despite Isaac being younger, and not out of rudeness.

"I heard that you've founded a company issuing venture capital. It wouldn't be successful without abundant riches, and that makes you the most accomplished amongst the young 'uns."

Isaac actually rose from his seat in respect, pouring the elderly gentleman a drink and sharing a toast

with him. “You flatter me, Mr. Townsend—but your accomplishment still stands tall.”

Old Mr. Townsend shook his head and waved him off. “Nah, I can barely stand as it is. The world is now at the feet of you youngsters, while old people like us must make way.”

Meanwhile, Mr. Little was left dumbfounded.

Mr. Townsend was quite the character himself, but he was flattering Isaac to no end?

Did he miss something?

He asked gingerly, “Mr. Townsend, didn’t Isaac—I mean, didn’t Mr. Jefferson leave Light Group?” So how did Isaac manage to build an investment company and take ownership of Skyrock?!