

## Runaway 41

Chapter 41 The atmosphere in the car was suffocating! Once they returned to the mansion, Isaac headed upstairs and asked casually, "Is she asleep?"

Mrs. Watson answered softly, "Mrs. Jefferson hasn't returned yet." Isaac stopped in his tracks and checked his watch. It was already 9 PM, long past her work hours-where could she have gone?

There really was not a dull moment with her, and it always got him unnerved!

He abruptly turned and stormed out of the mansion angrily!

Meanwhile, Irene had actually been taken elsewhere by her taxi driver when she left work.

It was only when they arrived that she realized Harvey Gooding had paid off the driver – she had been abducted to Harvey's personal residence! There, he had his men tie Irene up and throw her unceremoniously on bed. Sitting on a chair beside the bed while twirling a glass of red wine, he watched admiringly as Irene struggled against her restraints.

"Let's see how you're going to run this time." He grinned.

Irene glared at him. "Kidnapping is a crime!"

"I know, but you actually forgot another crime." Harvey laughed smugly, and continued without waiting for a response from her. "Like, I don't know... sexual assault?"

Irene actually slinched in fear, and it was the first time Harvey saw her being afraid.

Arching his back to lean toward her, he said, "So you can actually feel fear. I thought you sear nothing." "Anyone would be afraid of someone like you, wouldn't they?" Irene glared at him warily, worried that he would do something else.

Harvey could see what she was thinking, and chuckled. "You're nothing but meat served on a silver platter now. I can do anything to you-get it? Fool me twice, shame on me! So don't think I'll let you escape from me for a third time!"

Putting down his glass of wine, he rose from his chair and took off his casual jacket.

He was on the tall side and appeared rather slim, but he did not look delicate at all. He had been wearing a T-shirt underneath, and Irene became flustered as he started to

Take it off as well, but she forced herself to stay calm. "Isaac and I are together. Just let me go."

She had no choice but to use Isaac's influence. However, Harvey simply pursed his lips.

"I knew it. Isaac was interested in you! To think that he'd lie to me that he would never like women like you."

Irene did a double take.

Isaac did not like women like her? She felt disappointment for some reason, but that only lasted a split second. It was only natural, since women like her had nothing going for them. "Oh, and I'll let you go,

but not now." Harvey laughed then. "Doesn't matter how many times you say Isaac's name, he was the one who gave you to me when we first met. Right now, I'm just taking what I'm owed, so I'm not worried

if this comes for me." Irene bit her lip in despair. How could she have forgotten that Harvey started to stalk her because of Isaac?

Also, she should not be moving too much-after the latest checkup today, she was showing signs of miscarriage and needed proper rest to avoid that. Since throwing out Isaac's name was hopeless, she needed to think of something else. Forcing herself to stay calm, she said, "I get it-there's no escape for me now. I surrender... But can't you untie me already?"

"Nope." Harvey refused right then-there was no chance, because she was too cunning,

Nonetheless, Irene pressed on, asking, "Do you really think it's fun to have me while I'm tied up?"

Harvey raised a brow. "What, are you going to play along if I untie you?" "Yes, only if you untie me."

Irene smiled. "You're not that ugly anyway, and I'm no maiden."

Harvey frowned. "What..."

"I've been with men before," she said, intent on making him feel contempt toward her. And yet, Harvey had clearly learned his lesson and remained unconcerned. "It's fine. I don't care."

Irene was speechless, even as he leaned toward her and reached out to unbutton her blouse!

Irene was trembling all over. "Wait..."

"What are you scared?" Harvey laughed.

Irene shook her head. "Actually, no-I just happened to have some party drugs in my bag. If we're doing it anyway, why don't we make things more exciting?"