

Runaway 601

Chapter 601

James glared at Zachary. "Be serious." "I'm very serious," Zachary replied.

James became quiet for a moment, before saying, "I suspect that Debbie the secretary was the one who orchestrated my accident. We have to tell Mr. Jefferson that as soon as possible, and you have to do this for me since I've not fully recovered."

"Debbie?" Zachary had been too busy with his own issues that he had no idea what Isaac has been going through lately.

Still, James's mention of Debbie made him remember what Ember said about Debbie before—could she have been on the money?

"Do you have any proof?" Zachary asked.

James shook his head—he would not be merely suspecting Debbie if he had proof.

"Well, what do you want me to tell Isaac?"

"Be wary of Debbie," James replied with coolness in his eyes .

If he found evidence, she would die by a thousand cuts!

Zachary became serious too. 'Til go right now."

Still, he had just reached the door when he turned around, having remembered something. "Ms. Gooding had been taking care of you since you were comatose. I can see that she really likes you, so be nice to her— don't let her down now."

In reality, James was surprised as well to wake up to Erin's face.

Naturally, he also thought that he should seriously think about his relationship with her now.

Still, he urged Zachary, "I got it, so get going now."

Seeing that James has his own considerations, Zachary did not say more.

Zachary soon arrived at the offices of Twinrise Enterprise, where the entire building knew that Debbie was going to marry Isaac.

Naturally, she wanted everyone to know—it would be a waste if she did not stroke her own ego, considering the lengths she went through.

As such, when Zachary arrived, he did not manage to meet Isaac, but ended up finding out about Isaac's engagement with Debbie.

He was puzzled, but did not lose composure like he would before—he could tell now that something had happened.

As such, he quickly dialed Isaac's number and asked to meet. "Where are you? We need to talk."

He rushed over once Isaac gave him an address, and the first thing that he said when he saw him was, "Debbie might betray you. You need to be careful around her."

Isaac looked up slowly with a cool gaze. "What?"

It was far too late to tell him that now!

"Well, James woke up, and he told me that Debbie might be the one who orchestrated his accident, but he has no proof... I was skeptical at first, since she has been working for you for a long while, though when I heard that you're going to marry her, it's now obvious that she's turned on you."

Isaac remained stoic despite hearing that James recovered, but he was relieved inwardly.

After all, it was the first piece of good news he heard for a while now.

Still, Zachary was slightly different—he was not as excitable as before, and much more perceptive to everything around him.

Isaac almost had to change his opinion of Zachary after being just days apart.

"How is Irene doing?" Zachary asked, worried about her just then.

Isaac did not answer, but instead asked, "What did the doctors say after James woke up?"

"That he's fine, he's healthy—and kicking in a few days," Zachary said, still concerned about Isaac.

Isaac was ever overbearing, and yet he was forced to marry Debbie? Whatever compelled him to do so must be a huge deal!

"I've been busy lately, but I've mostly settled what I have to do. So, is there anything I can help with?"

But right now, there is not much they can do.

They absolutely must not lay a finger on Debbie as long as Tommy has not been cured, and they had to wait for word from Irene.

Meanwhile, Irene had begun administering the antidote on Tommy.

Although Stephen Carr had tested the drug on himself and had not suffered any side effects, just as the data had been positive, there was still the individual's immune system to consider, as a child was more vulnerable.

Hence, Irene had to keep a constant eye on Tommy after using the antidote, since neither Sheryl nor Mrs. Watson were trained medical professionals.

Chapter 602

Irene was so worried that she cared for Tommy without slacking off at all, or even allowing her eyes to close once.

Everyone around her could see her working diligently but were unable to help. All they could do was to offer assistance wherever they could, even if it was just to relieve her a little.

Late at night, Irene was still sitting beside Tommy's bed, yawning from heavy drowsiness.

Needing to stay awake, she said, "Mom, could you make me a coffee?"

It hurt Sheryl to watch, but since there was not much else she could do, she sighed inwardly and left to get that coffee.

Still, Irene perked up a little after having her coffee and told Sheryl, "It's late, Mom. You should go to sleep."

"Why don't you let me watch Tommy instead?" Sheryl asked.

"I'm worried if I'm not watching him," Irene replied.

Sheryl therefore had no choice but return to her room and sleep.

Meanwhile, Tommy, who was fidgeting in his sleep, suddenly woke up.

Though still muddled, he was blabbering, "Papa..."

Irene scooped him up in her arms, gently coaxing him to sleep again. "It's okay. Mama's here."

He was sleepy but would wake up from time to time anyway, though he would not throw a fit in Irene's arms.

Naturally, he was feeling frail as well due to the mild fever that lasted for a while now, and Irene had to help him drink past midnight for the fever to subside a little.

Still, although he had no appetite for a few days now, he started eating in the morning and perked up as well.

Sheryl was holding him as she said, "He finally looks better."

Irene was relieved inwardly as she looked on as well.

Watching her just then, Sheryl asked, "Why don't you get some sleep?"

Irene stretched herself-she was tired, but it was not yet 24 hours, so she said, "I'll wait a little longer."

Being a mother herself, Sheryl knew what Irene was thinking and so, she did not keep trying to talk Irene out of it.

Still, Sheryl became delighted as she checked under Tommy's clothes. "Oh, look-his rash is fading!"

Irene saw it too and satisfaction showed in her eyes-the days of hard work were not wasted. She then picked up her phone and called Isaac.

Soon, her call got through, and her words were as simple as they were direct. "Tommy's condition is improving. The antidote is working."

In other words, she was saying that they could get rid of Debbie now.

Even as she spoke, there was a savage edge in her eyes like never before. "I don't care what it takes-I never want to see her again."

Isaac could not have agreed more.

The only fate that awaited those who would hurt Tommy was death!

"I'll get it done sooner," he replied, and Irene hung up.

Throwing her phone aside, she nestled on the couch.

Isaac's people were constantly shadowing Debbie to keep track of her whereabouts, as well as trying to find the antidote for Tommy.

However, they were beaten to the punch before Isaac could order a hit on her, and it turned out to be Ember Lindt and Winston Dickens.

Ember hated Debbie in the first place, and needed money urgently since Zachary refused to pay her anything.

It was the same for Winston too, and both of them hence planned the kidnapping together, with Winston luring Debbie out, knocking her out with a sedative and whisking her off to an unfinished building.

"I was just about to report in, sir, but someone beat US to it. They've taken her to an unfinished building out in the suburbs," one of the men following Debbie said.

Isaac's curiosity was actually piqued. "Let's go." They shall see how many enemies she had made!

Chapter 603

Zachary was actually puzzled. "Isaac, that woman has been working for you so long, but you never noticed her ulterior motives?"

Moreover, Isaac had always been wary toward others, which made it all the more curious that he never realized what Debbie was really like.

Still, the fact was that he never paid her much attention—James himself had recommended her, and she had always been prudent with her work, while James had always been reliable as well.

"James helped her to her position, but that was how she repaid him? She's beyond saving!" Zachary exclaimed.

Isaac remained impassive, his thoughts inscrutable.

Seeing that he was not getting any response, Zachary simply stayed quiet.

Soon, their car arrived at the unfinished building, stopping by a thicket.

The man who had been shadowing Debbie knew the specific position where she was held and he led the way.

Crumbling bricks and undergrowth was rife over the dusty floor that they passed through, heading up to the second floor.

They just had to turn a corner, and they would find Debbie tied to one of the concrete pillars.

Winston was glaring darkly at Debbie. "Look, just give US a mil, and we'll let you free right now."

Naturally, Debbie was frustrated. "You messed with me... I'll make you wish you were dead."

Furious, Winston slapped her across the face. "Still talking tough when I have you all tied up? You have a death wish, don't you?"

Debbie's cheek twitched just then. The palm print over it was bright and scarlet, and there was even blood trickling from the corner of her lips.

It was only obvious that Winston had slapped her as hard as he could!

"Why waste your breath? Just beat her up already!" Ember snapped as she stepped out from the shadows.

She certainly wanted money from Debbie, but she also wanted revenge for Debbie ruining her life!

Outside, Zachary frowned in surprise when he saw Ember show up, though he soon connected the dots.

The man with her was the same man she had an affair with!

As for Ember, she was already at odds with Debbie, and now that Ember was in need of money, she kidnapped Debbie in her desperation.

"You didn't expect this, did you?" Ember growled viciously, grabbing Debbie by the chin. "You had him sleep with me so that Zachary would hate me... A whore like you, trying to leapfrog and become Isaac Jefferson's wife?"

Dream on! I'll destroy you the same way you destroyed my life!"

Zachary's brow furrowed in surprise.

Ember was set up? That was why she had an affair with that man?

He had actually misunderstood her?!

Isaac slid a quiet glance at Zachary and asked, "So? What are you going to do?"

Zachary quickly realized what he meant and replied, "We're already divorced. Alive or dead—she has nothing to do with me."

He was not showing remorse even though he learned that Ember did not cheat on him.

It was simply the truth that she got Lulu killed, and he would never forgive Ember for that alone!

"At least you cleaned things up real good this time," Isaac said just then.

There was no telling if Isaac meant it as praise or ironically, but Zachary lowered his eyes.

People had to be pushed past a certain threshold to truly push themselves and fight back!

The only thing he regretted was to realize it too late, and Lulu was now gone.

Inside the unfinished building, Debbie did not deny anything Ember was saying.

Since Winston was now working with Ember, he must have told Ember that she hired him too.

"You just want money, don't you? I could even give you ten million if you want right now," Debbie calmly said, afraid to antagonize Ember just then. It would be all over if Isaac found out that she lost her virtue.

Chapter 604

All Debbie wanted was to marry Isaac, and that was why she wanted to stay chaste, no matter what happened!

However, Ember was not about to let her off easy.

Her life and family was destroyed all because of her divorce with Zachary, who was so determined because he caught her sleeping with Winston!

It was all Debbie's fault!

"You're not getting away even if you pay me ten million," Ember growled as she grabbed Debbie by the chin. "Tell me, how should I destroy you? Ruin your not-so-pretty-face, and then let Winston have his way with you?"

Debbie feigned composure despite her panic. "Lay a finger on me, and you won't get a cent."

On the other hand, Winston simply wanted the money and not for things to escalate, so he reasoned with Ember, "We just want the money, don't we? She's being agreeable too, and that spares US a lot of trouble--"

Ember cut him short before he could finish. "We kidnapped her and demanded a ransom. Do you really think she won't hold a grudge? That we can live free and easy once we get the money?"

Winston considered that, and then realized that Ember's words made perfect sense.

They had antagonized her the instant they kidnapped her and she was definitely going to hold a grudge!

"So? What do you say we should do?" he asked.

Ember leaned in to whisper into his ear, "We'll get the money first, and then take her virtue. Isaac Jefferson is the reason she has any authority, but do you think he would keep her around once he finds out that she's no longer chaste?"

Winston nodded. "That's true. She's supposed to marry him, but what would happen if she lost her chastity and her pretty cheeks? What can she do to us once she's dumped?!"

Ember had no qualms once she saw that Winston was persuaded and she whipped out the pocket knife she had prepared beforehand.

No matter how calm Debbie was, she could not remain unaffected when she saw it.

"Don't push me, Ember Lindt!"

Ember simply laughed. "You're finally afraid, aren't you? And here I wondered how tough you could be!"

Even as she laughed, her cold, sharp blade had already brushed against Debbie's face.

It was just a gentle stroke, but it left a slit nonetheless, with blood spurting out!

"No-!" Debbie screamed, and the air seemed to shake at her voice.

Her face contorted with rage, she screamed, "Ember Lindt!!!"

Ember simply smiled smugly before guffawing, "It's just karma. This would inevitably happen the day you set me up."

"Argh! Argh!" Debbie shook as hard as she could, attempting to free herself.

Seeing that she was going amok, Ember did not hold back, and added another slit to the one already there, marking Debbie's face with an 'X*.

Scarlet blood started to flow down her cheek, dripping over her clothes and dyeing the fabric red!

Debbie lost her mind at the thought that she was being disfigured. "I'll kill you!!! I'll kill you, Ember Lindt!!!"

"Kill me?" Ember even leaned toward her. "I'm right here. Do it."

Debbie clenched her teeth so hard they could break right then!

Ember simply lifted her knife again, slashing Debbie on the other cheek, drawing more blood!

However, that was also when Winston realized that there were people outside and he stopped her.

"What are you doing?" she snapped unhappily, not knowing why he did that while she was enjoying herself.

Winston gestured with his head so that she looked outside, and she did so, but there was nothing there.

"Down below," Winston then told her.

Ember looked there then and saw multiple figures on the lower floor!

Chapter 605

Splendor Gardens.

Jimmy was also surprised by Olivia's appearance.

He was still a little uncertain about Olivia's identity.

He had no way of confirming if Phoebe was Olivia.

However he thought of an excellent plan.

After all, there were many people after Olivia.

Some wanted her dead, and some wanted her alive.

Whatever they wanted her for, Jimmy was sure that he could use Phoebe in exchange for more benefits.

However, he still had to consider his choice.

Before he could make up his mind, he had to force his b*stard son again!

Therefore, he led some goons with whips down into the basement.

The iron gate was pushed open with a screech. The screeching noise woke up the two people on the bed.

Seeing them sitting side by side on the bed, Jimmy sneered. "Zac, have you made up your mind?"

Zac's eyes darkened. "Don't go too far. It won't do you any good."

Jimmy could not be bothered to talk to him. He waved his hand, and two goons went over and pushed Zac away. Then they lifted Olivia out of bed like she was a small animal.

"Dad, don't hurt her!"

"Sure. Promise me that you will marry Dolly, do as I say, help me take over the Jameson family. and go against John with me. And I will let her go."

Jimmy smiled. "I told you it's up to you, didn't I?"

Such conditions were against Zac's conscience.

Marrying Dolly was a small matter; helping Jimmy was holding the candle to the devil.

John had wronged Olivia, but he did not see fit to hurt him in business.

Besides, if Ocean City fell into Jimmy's hands, he probably would not stop all the more because there was no limit to one's ambition.

With a heinous look on his face, Jimmy hit Olivia with the whip. "I'll hit her once for every second you used to think Choose yourself.

"No!"

"Do you promise or not?"

Jimmy hit Olivia with the whip again once he finished

Olivia broke out in a cold sweat but dared not scream.

She was afraid Zac would say yes. She wanted to tell him not to promise him, but she was afraid that the more she tried to persuade Zac, the more he would be swayed.

"Jimmy, you're my dad's age. Why are you so despicable?"

Jimmy said with a sneer, "Oh, I'm despicable? What rich person in Ocean City isn't despicable and ruthless? What do you think the business industry is? You think it's a charity?"

Zac was pinned to the ground by another goon, unable to move and stop Jimmy.

He hated it!

Suddenly, Jimmy seemed to think of something and said, "You look so much like Olivia. Tell me. Should I send you to Olivia's enemies or the ex-husband who tortured her to death? I think they'll pay good money to trade with me."

"What?"

Olivia stared at Jimmy in disbelief.

She did not believe John when he said Jimmy was sinister...

She believed him now.

However, he was not sinister but despicable and low!

What an animal!

"Sure, do it! Whoever you want! But forget about using Zac to complete your evil plot!"

"Okay, you're bold."

With that said, Jimmy waved his arm and tried to hit again.

Zac broke free from the goons and rushed to protect Olivia. He took the whip for her.

Jimmy frowned, and a chill flashed through his eyes.

What a useless son!

Therefore, he raised his hand and struck again.

"Okay, since you're so tough, I will beat you until you give in. I'll see how many lives you have to fight me! As for this woman..."

"I promise!"

Olivia froze and shook her head at Zac. "Zac, don't promise him..."

Chapter 606

Debbie tried to speak, but she could not manage anything aside from grunts and snorts while they took her away to the castle.

It was the same one where Isaac had kept Irene's 'body' when he thought she was dead.

They had made many preparations for Debbie there-killing her immediately was letting her off easy.

Whatever happened, they needed to make her suffer before she dies.

Arriving at the castle, Isaac's henchman threw Debbie down on the floor and she lay prone like a dog!

The body was still there along with the memorial, giving the entire place a creepy atmosphere and leaving Debbie horrified.

She wanted to tell Isaac that he could not do anything to her as long as Tommy's life was still in her hands, but the words were not coming out.

The feeling of being at someone else's mercy was certainly terrifying and she was left trembling.

She was so scared that even the wounds on her face did not hurt now.

She crawled to Isaac's left, tugging at the hem of his pants as she tried to ungag herself and talk, but she was suddenly kicked away from him!

She slammed heavily against the wall with an audible crash, and the collision almost broke her spine. She clutched her belly, curling into a ball as she groaned in pain.

Then, Isaac walked up to her, gesturing for his henchman to remove her gag.

Debbie peered at him through her disheveled hair locks, and knowing what he cared about, she quickly asked, 'W-Why are you doing this to me? Don't you want to save your son?'

Isaac simply looked at her as if she were a maggot, leaving her confused.

After all, she was certain that he would never get an antidote, and for Tommy, and she kept trying to coerce him. "If you kill me, your son and Ricky Spencer will die with me."

That was when two men walked up to her, and she recognized them-the pair whom she had paid to keep watch on Ricky.

Now that they were showing up, it could only mean that Isaac found Ricky.

Panicking, Debbie quickly said, "Even if you got Ricky out, there's still Tommy..."

"Haven't you heard? My wife is one of the best medical professionals in the world," Isaac growled, narrowing his eyes. "Do you know what happens to you now?"

Debbie's eyes widened in shock.

Irene found the antidote?

How was that even possible?

Even so, she had taken steps to ensure her own safety!

"Fine, but you still can't do anything to me. Murder is still against the law, and I have a lot of company secrets in my grasp. If I never make it out, those secrets will be leaked, inflicting devastating loss to Remy... Or maybe you don't care?"

However, Debbie had underestimated Isaac-the instant she betrayed him, he started a housekeeping campaign to clean up all of his businesses, screening and reviewing any vital data that she could get ahold of.

Soon, they found out that she compiled everything important into a single encrypted cloud drive. Still, with all the people working for him, cracking it was all too easy, and they had long since deleted the email timed to be sent to Remy's rivals if anything happened to Debbie!

"Are you talking about this email?"

Isaac showed her the email in question, just so that she could see with her own eyes that she had played her hand, but it was not getting her out of this.

As despair struck Debbie, she quickly begged for mercy. "Please, forgive me..."

Naturally, Isaac would not do it himself-it would dirty his hands!

Turning toward the two men-Rick and Dick-whom Debbie recruited, he asked, "Do either of you want to live?"

"Yes, sir!" They dropped to their knees, begging for mercy endlessly. "We won't do it ever again!"

Isaac said coolly, "Here's your chance. The one who makes her suffer as much as you can gets his freedom."

Both men promptly lunged at Debbie at Isaac's words, with Dick grabbing her arm and biting on it like an animal, while Rick straddled her and rained his fists on her face!

Chapter 607

Debbie screamed!

Soon, her face was bloody pulp and utterly disfigured, whereas bleeding chunks of her arm were bitten off!

Even so, no one could hear her screams given the castle's isolated location. All it did was startle the birds in the woods nearby.

Rick and Dick were doing all they could to earn their freedom.

Whips, knives, lighters-anything that could bring pain, they used on Debbie.

Her screams soon stopped and she was left on the floor, convulsing in her death throes and no longer able to make a sound.

"That's enough," Isaac called out just then.

Rick and Dick stopped right then and hurried to his side. "Can we go now?"

Isaac simply pointed at Rick. "You can."

Dick snapped in dissatisfaction. "But I obviously did better! I should be the one you free!"

Rick was already going to leave, but wheeled on his partner, glaring at him furiously. "Bullshit! I did better!"

They were soon arguing, though it was what Isaac wanted.

They were just thugs who could be bought with money, and would only be up to no good if he let them free.

That was why he wanted them to brutalize each other.

"True, both of you contributed equally-so, I'll let free the one who manages to make it out of here."

It was obvious that he wanted them to take each other out, but neither Rick nor Dick stopped to think about that.

Neither of them would back down-not when their survival was at stake.

It started with a harmless wrestle, and soon escalated to an all out fight.

Both men were evenly matched, but soon floored each other-they were already tired from beating up Debbie, and the fight gradually left them fatigued.

As they both lay on the floor, Isaac shot them a cool look and growled, "Go. N

Both of them were too tired and hurt to stand, but knowing that they would get killed if they stayed, they started to crawl toward the front door.

"Help me... Please..."

Drenched in blood, Debbie was still breathing, her fingers twitching as if to reach out for mercy.

Nonetheless, Isaac's glare was sharp as it was cold, and his chest seemed to rumble as he growled,

"You know what I'm like after you've worked for me over the years."

"Y-You won't kill me... yourself..." Debbie shot back.

She certainly knew that Isaac could be savage, but he had his limits!

However, Isaac did not do it before because he did not have people who mattered to him-people who were worth everything to him.

But things were different now. Tommy was his son-his flesh and blood! Even murdering Debbie would hardly quell his spite!

"Put her in the coffin," he said nonchalantly, giving her her deserved sentence.

"N-No! Please, stop-"

Debbie was terrified, but she was easily picked up and thrown into the coffin, where that fake corpse was preserved.

The smell of putrefaction quickly hit her nostrils, leaving her repulsed and terrified!

"Argh! No! Please, help-"

Debbie felt like her heart could stop from being forced to lay with a corpse, but the coffin was shut regardless, locking her in alive!

Isaac remained impassive and told his henchmen, "There will be a fire here a day later. The two who just escaped are the culprits."

"And the corpses were their fault too," one of them replied.

Isaac nodded in satisfaction and turned to glance at the coffin.

Thudding could be heard as Debbie hit the coffin as hard as she could while she screamed in terror!

Chapter 608

Debbie was not going to die so soon, but while she was being locked in the coffin with a corpse, her heart might stop from sheer terror before she bled out!

Even if she survived that, being forced to stay in such a compact space with a corpse was sheer torment!

The reason Isaac did not set the fire right away was to make her taste despair!

After leaving the mansion, Isaac headed to the hotel to take a bath and change his clothes.

He was not supposed to meet Irene after being to such a terrible place, which was why he had to scrub off the foulness he felt had latched on to him!

An hour later, he headed to the mansion he arranged for Irene.

Tommy was asleep after taking his medicine, and Irene was drinking the soup Mrs. Watson made her at the dining table.

Mrs. Watson was sad to see her burn the candles on both ends, and now that Tommy recovered, everyone was relieved, just as Irene could take the time to get some proper rest!

Sheryl was tidying Tommy's clothes on the couch and appeared puzzled when she heard the doorbell.

"Who is it?" she asked, since no one other than them had been here since they moved here.

Irene was there with them as well, so the doorbell was rather abrupt.

"Could you get the door, Mom?" Irene said, thinking that it was Isaac since he would have been done with Debbie by now.

Sheryl did so, but her face fell the instant she saw that it was Isaac, snapping, "Oh, what a rare occasion! I wonder what could have possibly brought you here?"

Sheryl had been content and respectful toward Isaac as her son-in-law before, but she was naturally hostile now. After all, Debbie had chased them out of their house while Tommy was still sick, even flexing her status as Isaac's new fiancée in their faces.

Would she have been able to do that without Isaac's own approval? Sheryl certainly held a bitter grudge for that!

"What are you doing here? Aren't you getting married soon?" she kept mocking him.

Isaac frowned and tried to look inside to find Irene, but she was at the dining room with her soup.

Did Irene even explain what had happened to Sheryl?

However, Sheryl saw what he did and moved to stop him from looking." What are you looking at? Leave, or I'll start yelling!"

"Hold on-"

"Stop, I don't even know you," Sheryl cut him short. "Leave right now-no one wants to see you. Oh, and Irene and I agreed that we will have Tommy be named Ike Spencer instead of Jefferson. You did dump him, but even if you don't care about him anymore, we do."

"Wait, did you come to laugh at us? I'm sorry, but we're doing very well right now, so just buzz off getting married instead of wasting your time here."

Irene had been watching with glee just then, and finally put away her bow! as she went to them.

Isaac thought that she would help explain things to Sheryl, only for her to add fuel to the fire.

"That's right. Aren't you getting married? What are you doing here?"

Isaac was speechless, and Sheryl shut the door in his face, not wanting Irene to be hurt.

Irene was actually stunned-she wanted to mess with Isaac a little, but Sheryl went too far.

"Mom-"

Sheryl cut her short before she could explain, taking her hands as she said, "Listen, Irene-you were fooled once, so don't get fooled again. Get it? Now get some rest."

Then, as Sheryl pulled Irene along to her bedroom, she warned Irene, "You can't afford to be soft with men, or they'll bully you. I lived through that once, and I don't want you to go through it as well."

Irene sat on her bed.

Even if Isaac was not sincere about his engagement with Debbie, she was one of his confidants, and her betrayal caused this whole mess.

He was certainly responsible for Tommy having to suffer so much.

Still, she decided to let him have it for the day-she could just explain what happened to Sheryl tomorrow.

Smiling slyly at Sheryl, she said, "Mom, keep giving him an earful if he comes again."

"Of course," Sheryl replied.

With that Irene closed her eyes-she had certainly been exhausted and fell asleep soon enough.

The skies darkened when she groggily became aware that something was weighing down on her, almost suffocating her.

"Urgh..."

She slowly opened her eyes!

Chapter 609

The face on top of Irene's was very familiar, and she was soon wide awake, surprise registering in her eyes. "How did you get in here?"

She knew her mother, and Shery! would never have let him in after she became convinced that Isaac had dumped her.

"You little minx." His deep voice was at once complaining yet loving.

As Irene glared at him, he became serious as he touched her blushing face. He leaned in to kiss his forehead, eyelid, nose, and then finally her lips.

He had been wanting to do that for so long!

His kiss soon grew in ferocious passion, and the air around them became rife with the smell of pheromones.

Their breathing was suddenly labored, and though it looked like they would go further, he pulled away in time and lay down beside her.

He was worried about her health at the moment, and resisted his libido instead of going further!

Irene in turn calmed herself so that her breathing became even, before turning to him and asking, "Is it done?"

Isaac met her gaze. "You'll see tomorrow."

Irene blinked, her thick lashes fluttering as she slowly turned to look at the ceiling.

"What's on your mind?" Isaac asked.

Irene was actually emotional. "I'm just wondering how people can be so devious."

Isaac quietly reached out to her then, taking her soft, dainty hand in his. "Don't bother."

Humans are complicated in the first place.

There is darkness where there is light, and vice versa.

"I'm not bothered. She's not worth it!" she snapped and nestled in his arms. "I'm tired."

Then sleep," he said, gently patting her back.

Still, Irene asked, "You haven't told me how you got in here."

As she looked up at him, waiting for an answer, he met her gaze and said, "You didn't lock your window. Make sure you do it next time."

Irene was left speechless, and quickly turned around to look.

There it was, a narrow slit on the window!

She remembered that she had closed it, but it was clearly opened, and she thought she saw footprints on the window sill under the moonlight.

She raised her brow and put a hand on her forehead just then.

What the hell?!

"Did you climb up here? I thought the security here was supposed to be tight!"

How did he get in so easily?

"Said security brought me a ladder," Isaac quietly replied.

Irene was speechless-she almost forgot that he was the one who arranged for them to stay here, and every security guard here answered to him.

To be precise, he owned this place, and he got to enter whenever he wanted!

Closing her eyes, she said, "I'll talk to my mom tomorrow."

She was reluctant to make Isaac climb through her window every night just like a burglar!

"But don't you think it's like we're having an affair, meeting like this?" Isaac asked, wrapping his arms around her.

Though Irene said nothing, she bit her lip and buried her face in his chest to hide her embarrassment.

Isaac loved it when she was being so shy and innocent, and he tightened his embrace.

They soon fall asleep together!

Chapter 610

When Sheryl arrived to wake Irene up in the morning, she opened the door to find her and Isaac in bed, even holding each other so intimately!

Did he manage to beguile her again?

Did she forget how they were chased out of their own home?!

How could she have forgotten about that already?!

"Irene Spencer!"

They were both jolted from their sleep, and Irene was left at a loss for a while as she rubbed her eyes.

"Mom...?"

"How could you be so stupid? Letting him in after he dumped you? What..."

Sheryl was actually left at loss for words by her daughter's naivete.

Irene turned toward Isaac just then, but he did not say a word as he pulled up the blanket to hide his face, leaving her with the mess.

Glaring furiously at Irene, Sheryl snapped, "Get up already!"

Irene knew right then that she must explain the misunderstanding, or Sheryl was not going to let this slide.

Getting off the bed, she put on her slippers and followed Sheryl outside, who quickly snapped again, "He's going to marry another woman, and you're still jumping in bed with-"

Feeling embarrassed, Irene quickly cut her short, "Mom, he never dumped me."

Sheryl! glared at her. "His secretary chased us out of our house, and you're still defending him? You've really been bamboozled!"

Irene was actually confused just then, and stared stupidly at her mother. "Bamboozled?"

"Look, I know he has the looks, but you shouldn't be fooled," Sheryl said.

Irene scratched her head, finally realizing what she was saying. "I'm not that shallow, mom-Debbie was the one who made Tommy sick because she has the only antidote, and Isaac had to agree to marry her for Tommy's sake-"

"But you and that research team made that antidote!" Sheryl interrupted, looking at her grimly just then.

"Are you sure you're not being bamboozled?"

"No, mom. Debbie was threatening him-he was just playing along," Irene explained.

"That's right," Mrs. Watson arrived just then and reasoned, "Mr. Jefferson isn't like that. You've been staying with him for a while, haven't you? You saw for yourself how much he loves Tommy."

Sheryl became quiet just then, and remembered how Isaac patiently and lovingly took care of Tommy back then-he could not have expressed a father's doting better.

"I'm not that stupid, Mom. I wouldn't keep bugging him if he really is marrying someone else," Irene kept explaining, tugging at Sheryl's hand.

Sheryl relented.

Just then, the news reported an inferno at the castle.

Sheryl's eyes widened, recognizing that it was the castle Isaac bought to preserve Irene's 'body'.

Seeing her surprise, Irene asked, "What's wrong?"

Sheryl's eyes were locked on the TV even as she said, "What's wrong?"

"That's your fault, you know-when we all thought you dead, Isaac refused to bury you, and instead bought that castle and set up a freezing chamber inside to preserve your body... but why is there a fire? There's no reason for it..."

The castle was cold and damp, and the environment around was not that flammable-a fire would easily die out.

And yet, the TV was showing a violent blaze... though that was not the most perplexing issue.

"Two dead? But there was just one body..."

Irene, however, understood.

Isaac had promised that she would see the outcome today

As for two bodies, one was the cadaver she used before to take her place.

So, the other would be Debbie.

Still, Iene remained impassive, though there was a tinge of coldness in her eyes.

Debbie deserved what was coming to her!

Still, it was murder, and Irene refrained from telling Sheryl so that she would not get spooked.

"It's fine, Mom," Irene told Sheryl. "Tommy would be waking up by now."

"Okay," Sheryl said, and glanced between Irene and Mrs. Watson. "Fine, it's a misunderstanding as you said-there's no way he would not love you, or he would never want so many children with you. Anyway, I'm checking on Tommy, so you two clean yourselves up. Mrs. Watson has already prepared breakfast."

However, the mention of her missing child left Irene's heart sinking, but she did not let it show.

When she turned away from Sheryl, however, there was sadness in her eyes and she returned to her room without composing herself.

Isaac was sitting on the bed, straightening his clothes, and Irene walked up to him.

His heart clenched when he looked up to her pale face. "What's wrong?"