

Runaway 681

Chapter 681

Robin's abrupt move caught Irene off guard and she could not quickly free herself, allowing Robin a firm hold.

"Let go! "

Ricky dashed up to pry Robin's hand off, but she caught Irene's hand the instant she let go.

Raving mad, Robin was bent on taking Irene with her!

"You're crazy!"

Ricky snapped, infuriated by her frenzy.

"Just die alone if you want to!"

"No, I'll take her with me to my grave!"

Robin cried, her strength bolstered by her madness.

Ricky was afraid of shoving Robin's hand because she might pull Irene's hair off, and he kept bellowing furiously, "Let go!"

"Hahaha!"

Robin laughed maniacally.

"No, I won't!"

Ricky narrowed his eyes, then suddenly leaned downward and bit down on Robin's hand!

"Argh!"

Robin cried out in pain.

Ricky seized the moment to pry Robin's hand off and push her away, causing her to stumble backward in pain and knock into the windowsill.

Ricky then gave her yet another firm push.

"Fuck off already! Crazy bitch, pulling a woman's hair!"

Robin lost her footing completely this time and her body teetered backward before her entire person dropped out of the window!

"Now Irene sharply noticed the danger and darted forward to catch Robin, but she was too far away! While Irene missed, Ricky was left dumbstruck—he had pushed Robin in the heat of the moment, but he did not intend to push her out of the window!

"She's dead!"

The crowd gathered beneath the tower erupted in an uproar, shouting and screaming endlessly! Soon, the journalists who were waiting rushed upstairs! Knowing how terrible the situation was, Irene quickly grabbed Ricky's hand.

"We need to go!"

Still bewildered, Ricky followed her along without really thinking.

They took the stairs instead of the elevator, since they might run into the journalists.

"Did I just kill her?" Ricky suddenly asked.

"Don't think about it,"

Irene assured him— getting out of there took priority! As they were anxious to get out of there, they ran ten floors below and were left wheezing.

That was when Irene froze, hearing other footsteps.

She peered down through the railing to see journalists running up the stairs too—if they kept going, they would run into those journalists.

Still, she was quick witted enough to pull Ricky to the floor they were at and hide in one of the rooms.

Then, whipping out her phone, she called a number, which was soon answered.

"Isaac," she cried urgently.

"I'm at Globe Tower right now, but there are many journalists here. You have to send them away and get me out of here."

"Okay."

Isaac did not ask anything, but he simply hung up and rushed to Globe Tower. He frowned when he saw the journalists and police who arrived downstairs, smelling a rat right then. He whipped out his phone to call Irene.

"I'm here. Where are you? I'll come to you."

"Around the twentieth floor. I don't dare to come out because of the journalists."

"Yeah, I know. I'm coming."

With that, he alighted.

Since he had been in touch with Globe Tower's staff constantly for his wedding, he easily entered the building through the backdoor, eluding the journalists as he went to Irene upstairs.

He found them on the nineteenth floor and they easily left the building to get into Isaac's car thanks to the staff's escort. It was not until they drove away that Isaac finally asked, "What happened?"

"I killed someone."

Ricky spoke before Irene could, his voice quaking with fear.

"I didn't mean to do it, honest —she was grabbing Irene, and I was just trying to push her away..."

"Calm down."

Irene held his hand and tried to comfort him.

At the same time, Isaac called James Cross and told him to head to Globe Tower and get a read on the situation.

Naturally, they were calling off the wedding planned for tomorrow as well.

How were they going to keep it going when someone just died right outside the building? What a jinx! Isaac glowered with frightening coldness!

Chapter 682

Irene said, "Robin Lynd was going to jump even if Ricky didn't push her. I'm also convinced that there was someone who goaded her into it."

Isaac turned toward her just then.

"What?"

"Didn't you see that it was Robin before you came upstairs? What did you do to her after you dumped Ian Jefferson at Jefferson Manor?"

Isaac frowned.

While he did see a corpse, there was a huge crowd around it and it was too much of a bloody mess for him to recognize who it was.

That was why he would never have known that it was Robin if Irene never mentioned it—they released her after dumping Ian home, and he presumed that releasing Ian would keep her in line.

He never saw it coming, but it was almost unsurprising that a villain would continue to be one! They would never let up even with acts of charity! While it was fine that she was dead now—it meant one less loose end to worry about — the consequence was far worse.

He had been preparing the wedding for a while, and it had already been delayed in the first place.

And now...

He certainly felt sorry for Irene.

Irene, on the other hand, was concerned for Ricky and not that their wedding had to be called off.

"Ricky did this for me.

Don't let him go to jail—you have to do something about this."

"I know," Isaac replied.

Ricky had calmed down considerably, but he had never felt this bewildered or terrified.

He had committed murder—he was still afraid inside even if it was not premeditated!

"Brother-in-Law, you have to help me.

I really didn't mean to push her...

She was dragging Irene to the window and I was so furious, I pushed her!' Suddenly utterly humble, he no longer addressed Isaac as Mr. Jefferson—all he wanted right then was to emphasize that he was

Irene's younger brother in hopes that Isaac would save him.

He could not go to jail—what would happen to Lulu Adams if he did? Zachary Slate would just steal her away! Isaac leveled him a cool look.

"I'll do something for your sister's sake."

"Thanks, Brother-in-Law."

Ricky's words were certainly sweet, and Isaac actually liked being addressed as 'brother-in-law'

Meanwhile, they had returned to the hilltop mansion, and as Irene and Ricky alighted, Isaac assured them, especially Irene.

"I'll get it done, don't worry."

Irene nodded.

Then, just as he was about to leave, she told him, "You have to watch out too."

"Yeah," Isaac replied and drove away.

Ricky was still on edge, so Irene told him to relax.

"It's alright. I know you didn't mean it."

"Irene..."

Ricky tugged at her arm.

"When we were in the car and passed by the front entrance, there was so much blood..."

"Just forget it," Irene said softly.

Ricky stared at her then.

"Aren't you scared?"

She was so exceedingly calm that Ricky thought it inhumane of her—even as a man, the gore still traumatized him.

"What's there to be scared about?"

Irene simply patted him on the shoulder.

"Just forget it."

Ricky smacked himself on the forehead right then—how could he forget Irene's profession? She cut people open at the surgical table, and she had certainly seen all varieties of bloody scenes.

"Can I stay here a few days?"

He suddenly did not want to be alone at his own home—his terror just might subside with all the people in this mansion.

Irene agreed to it without thinking, since they had many rooms to go round.

"Wait, you have a visitor?" Ricky suddenly asked.

Irene followed his gaze, and saw her...

Chapter 683

Irene followed Ricky's gaze and saw Erin Gooding.

She was decorating the floor above yesterday, and she was now doing the same downstairs.

Tommy even picked up a loose balloon to play with.

"She's not a visitor," Irene said shortly.

Ricky nodded and asked softly, "She's not staying here, right? N

Or things might get inconvenient...

"No," Irene replied, and walked up to Erin saying, "You can stop decorating the house now."

"Why?" Lulu asked, suddenly stepping out of a room.

"Yeah, why?" Erin echoed.

"Lulu..." Ricky murmured, forgetting everything when he saw Lulu.

Lulu, however, stood motionless, her slightly cool look curbing his enthusiasm.

Cowed, Ricky did not move close to her.

Irene glanced between them, finding their exchange a little weird just then.

Still, Erin tugged at Irene's arm and urged, "Come on, tell us- what happened? Why aren't we decorating the house now?"

"Something happened, so the wedding is getting postponed, " Irene replied.

"What is it?" Erin pressed.

"It's nothing important. We can start taking everything down now." Irene said, and went to work.

Erin was left frowning-they had been working for two days now, so why was the wedding called off out of the blue?

Was it because Irene caught Isaac red-handed for having an affair? Was that why the wedding was called off?

What other reason could there be?

She became infuriated the more she thought about it and stormed off, whipping out her phone to call James.

Once she found out where Isaac was, she quickly went over, immediately demanding, "Why was the wedding called off? Were you cheating on-

"Erin."

James strode toward her immediately, claspng his hand over her mouth-Isaac had been glowering for a while now exactly because of the wedding.

The man was already in a bad mood, while she was here nagging about? It would just upset him more!

"Just cut it out and go home for now. I'll tell you everything tonight."

Still aggrieved for Irene, Erin glared at him with her large eyes, but James leveled a glare of his in return!

"Fine," she snapped reluctantly.

"Good. Now go!" James let go of her, but she only left after leveling a ballsy glare at Isaac.

James was left speechless-how could she be so difficult, even glaring at Isaac like that?

Flashing an apologetic smile at Isaac, he quickly said, "She didn't mean it. Maybe she's just confused why the wedding was called off, so..."

"That's enough." Isaac said, but he did not take offense-he naturally could see that Erin was mad for Irene's sake.

In fact, even though she was slightly afraid of him, he appreciated her sincerity in getting upset for Irene's sake.

"Back to business. Have you found anything?"

"No one had been in touch with Robin Lynd..." James replied. "Maybe she planned it all herself?"

"Are you telling me that she called in all those journalists by herself? That she has the influence to seize headlines?" Isaac leveled him a cool look. "It's clearly planned, and I have a hunch that she would have died even if Ricky did not push her by accident."

James became silent-it had not been a couple hours, but news of Robin's death at Globe Tower already spread like wildfire, and he could not snuff it out soon enough.

"Keep an eye on the news," Isaac said then.

He was not afraid of the coverage-he was just worried that Irene and Ricky would be dragged into it.

After all, they were both there when Robin died, and there were cameras everywhere inside that building.

"Are you sure that any footage they have was deleted?"

"Yes, I'm sure," James replied-the instant he arrived, he moved to security and had Irene as well as Ricky's presence erased.

"Good. You can go back to work now," Isaac waved him off.

James headed out of the door, only to find Harvey in the walkway.

"What are you doing here?" James snapped in annoyance.

"I'm looking for Isaac." Harvey snorted and headed in Isaac's office, not forgetting to knock into James as he passed him by. He opened the door without knocking, grinning smugly as he barked, "Isaac Jefferson! I heard your wedding was called off!"

Chapter 684

Even before Isaac could respond, Harvey continued, "Well, I guess calling it off does make sense... It would be a jinx to keep it going with someone dying at your wedding venue."

He planted himself on the couch, sitting crossed-legged and acting like he belonged there.

"By the way, have you seen the news? They're all saying that she was your lover, and that she committed suicide when she found out about your wedding. Tut, tut... What is that if not slander?"

Despite his taunting, Isaac remained nonchalant as he sat behind his desk, though there was an undertone of contempt in his relaxed attitude. "Say them, or say you?"

"Now, now, I never said a word. It's all them." Harvey threw up his hands innocently.

"Sure, you never said a word. You just played puppeteer behind the scenes."

Isaac appeared even more relaxed then. "But even if I have to postpone my wedding, what did I lose, specifically? Irene is still with me, and everything I bought is still mine."

The throughout of his losses left Harvey gritting his teeth with spite and his cheek was twitching uncontrollably!

After all, he did not just lose human resources due to Isaac's poaching-he had lost businesses as well, because

his partners and executives took it with them when they left!

The worst of it was that two among those who left had been his close confidants, and not only did they turn on him, but they had also leaked all sorts of secrets.

Naturally, all Harvey felt was spite right then-he could not smile when his company was on the verge of bankruptcy!

"You messed with me first!"

Isaac sneered. "Are you sure about that?"

"Don't think you will get off scot-free if I lose everything!" Harvey growled, and whipped out his phone to send Isaac an email with a short clip recorded from a security camera attached.

"Take a good look at that," he said, rising to his feet. "I was just trying to goad her into killing herself at your wedding so that it'd dampen the mood even if you persisted, but to think someone would give me such juicy leverage instead. Don't you think I should utilize it as well as I can?"

He was brimming with confidence, and it left Isaac narrowing his eyes.

He clicked on the email and watched the footage, and saw that it was a high definition video of Irene wrestling with Robin before Ricky showed up and pulled Robin away from Irene before pushing her twice.

The video told the entire story and Harvey has a stranglehold on this definitive evidence!

Even if Harvey was responsible, it was going to be troublesome once Harvey leaked this video-the evidence was solid, and it would be very difficult to save Ricky!

Glowering, Isaac called James, who soon arrived.

After he showed James the video, he growled, "Didn't you tell me you deleted all footage of Irene being in the building? N

There was anger in his voice, but it was justified-irene would be dragged into the mess if the video ever got out, because news of Robin's death had already spread like wildfire and the public was trying to guess what happened.

Moreover, most of them knew that Isaac's wedding was tomorrow, and that Irene was going to be the bride. If they knew that Irene was there, they would all believe the lovers' quarrel theory that was now trending online.

In fact, since it was Ricky who did it, him being Irene's sibling would only make things worse!

There was no doubt that Irene would be caught in the eye of the storm!

James, however, was certain that all footage was deleted. And since the clip showed the entire story, it could only mean that a copy was saved before it was deleted.

"Harvey planned this. He must have been keeping an eye on everything and kept a copy right away after it happened. I was a step behind."

Isaac had calmed down just then-one way or another, they could not allow the video to get out!

"Find a way to hack all his digital equipment. I want it deleted!"

Chapter 685

"Yes, sir! I'll get our techies on it right away!" James told Isaac before hurrying out of his office.

Back at the hilltop mansion, Lulu helped take down the decorations after Erin left.

When they were almost done, she gave Irene a head's up." We're finished now, so I'm going home, okay?"

Ricky frowned, feeling uncomfortable when he heard Lulu say 'home'.

Did she consider Zachary Slate's house 'home' now?

Was she not out for revenge? Why would she call that place 'home' so affectionately?!

"Why don't you stay for dinner?" Irene asked.

"Yeah, you should stay for dinner," Ricky chimed in.

However, Lulu had lost all her old affection for Irene and her attitude toward Irene was cool because of her discontent toward the latter!

"Actually, I should go since Zachary might be waiting for me." Lulu deliberately came up with an excuse just so that she would not have to stay.

Naturally, it sounded different to Ricky's ears.

Zachary was waiting for her?

She wanted to go back that badly just to see Zachary, and to live with him like a married couple?!

Still, Irene could not insist that Lulu stay after Lulu turned her down so obviously. "Let me walk you out."

"No, I will!" Ricky butted in and pulled Lulu along, quickly heading outside as he was worried that Irene would stay no.

Irene tried to stop him too, but she gave up thinking about it.

Even outside, Ricky kept dragging Lulu along even as she struggled against his grip. "Where are you taking me? Just say what you need to say."

He suddenly paused and turned around to look at her, staring straight into her eyes but saying nothing.

Lulu felt the creeps from his stare. "What's gotten into you?"

"What's gotten into me?!" Ricky's eyes were bulging. "You're mentioning Zachary Slate with every other word so intimately that even I'm starting to think that you're in love with him-that you're not staying with him for payback!"

"I am!" Lulu protested.

"No, you're lying," Ricky was too furious to listen, and seemed certain that Lulu had feelings for Zachary. "You've forgotten how rotten he was to you and you're tricked by his sentiment."

"Calm down-I never forgot." Lulu almost had to plead. "I know that he hurt me and that his mother tried to kill me.

Believe me, I'm staying with him for revenge."

Ricky took a few deep breaths just then. As he finally calmed down, his tone did as well.

"Sorry, it's been a long day..."

"What happened?" Lulu asked.

"I killed someone by accident, so I was down in the dumps. I didn't want to flip out... But I'm just terrified."

Ricky sounded dispirited, so Lulu comforted him softly, "Don't get so paranoid. If it was an accident, you'd be punished lightly- moreover, you're Irene Spencer's brother, so Isaac Jefferson would definitely come up with something even if she can't."

Even so, Ricky felt butterflies in his stomach even as he lowered his gaze.

He was good natured despite being a hothead, and naturally apprehensive after committing murder, even if he did not mean it.

"It's fine. I'll help you," Lulu reached out to touch his face just then. "Should we go for some drinks? You might sleep better that way."

Ricky looked up into her eyes then. "You always knew how I felt, didn't you?"

-I_-

Before Lulu could say a word, Ricky leaned in and kissed her!

Lulu's eyes widened, her head going blank right then!

Before Ricky could reach out to hold her waist, he felt someone grabbing him by the neck and was thrown off.

He wobbled, almost falling, but soon regained his balance and saw him!

Chapter 686

Zachary had arrived without them knowing, and he was glowering as he warned Ricky, "Stay away from Lulu!"

Ricky simply wiped his lips, vaguely smiling. "Just because you told me to? Do you really think I'd listen?"

Zachary simply gave him a dark look before turning to Lulu. "Are you coming with me?"

Lulu averted her eyes from his for some reason, appearing evasive just then!

"Lulu," Zachary called her again.

Lulu hesitated, but eventually walked to his side.

Ricky remained where he was, but he taunted Zachary. "Lulu loved me even before she lost her memory. Even now, the feelings she has for me remain in her body, so you can't stop us."

Zachary did not argue and headed straight for his car.

Lulu followed him and studied him gingerly as she got in his car. "I was confused, so I didn't push him away."

Zachary said nothing, because he was in a sullen mood after overhearing Ricky's conversation with Lulu.

He had never expected Lulu to find out that his mother tried to have her killed, and he actually doubted his mother's suspicion toward Lulu before!

It seemed now that the fire was no accident-Lulu was a forensic doctor who had seen all sorts of crime. Even if she had forgotten everything, she would know more than the average person on how to commit a crime without leaving evidence behind!

And it was the case of that fire-there were no traces left at all, and even the ensuing investigation suggested that it was just an Accident.

Once they arrived home, Mrs. Slate already had the servants prepared dinner.

She had not begun eating since she was waiting for Zachary and Lulu, smiling as she watched them enter. "Dinner's ready. Wash your hands before you eat."

She was a lot more cordial now and could act nonchalant despite her suspicions.

"Shouldn't you be staying at the hospital?" Zachary asked.

"The doctors told me that I can rest at home and I don't like the smell in the hospital. I'll be fine in my wheelchair anyway, but you should be careful too since you have yet to make a full recovery..."

"Yeah, just stay home if that's what you want." Zachary cut her short impatiently and took Lulu's hand, heading straight to the washroom.

He said nothing on the way there.

Lulu thought that he had overheard her conversation with Ricky, but felt that he did not change the instant he took her hand. He must only feel grumpy seeing Ricky kiss her, and her apprehension slowly eased!

When they returned to the dining table, however, Mrs. Slate began to wheel herself away, saying, "Could you come with me to, my room, Zachary? I have something to tell you."

Zachary did not get up and instead said, "You can say it here, whatever it is. Mrs. Slate pursed her lips, making an awkward face.

Lulu saw that and nudged Zachary with her elbow.

"You should go. She must have something to tell you."

As Zachary got up reluctantly, Mrs. Slate looked up at Lulu with a smile." You can get started with us."

"Okay," Lulu smiled in return-both of them were evenly matched when it came to keeping up appearances!

Once inside Mrs. Slate's room and she closed the door, she told Zachary solemnly, "I have proof that the fire at our home was no accident. She did it and was trying to kill us with it!"

Chapter 687

Zachary glowered. "Are you saying that we're already dead?"

Mrs. Slate scowled, her fingers clenching on the handles of her wheelchair. "I was hurt, but I came back on a wheelchair because I had to. I'm worried she'd hurt you."

"If she does kill me, I deserve it. Consider that I'm paying your debt."

With that, he reached for the door handle, but suddenly paused and turned around to his mother again. "Don't mention anything, and pretend you know nothing about the fire."

After all, he knew very well that Lulu would just leave him if she could not have her revenge, and he wanted to keep her at his side even if she was doing it out of spite.

"If she leaves me again because of you, I'll never forgive you!"

"Fine, I'll even treat her like my daughter," Mrs. Slate quickly replied. But you have to be wary of her-I don't want you to get hurt."

Zachary sneered. "You don't want me to get hurt while you hurt others?"

Mrs. Slate had no comeback for that. "Look, I know I've made mistakes, but I've done it. What do you want from me? To send me to jail?"

She certainly did not like Zachary mentioning it endlessly-did she not have her own pride and dignity?

"Was it something I said? I'm just telling you to be careful because I don't want you to get hurt, or is that wrong?"

Mrs. Slate ranted, holding her chest as if to hold back her frustration. "I was punished for my mistake, and there will be extensive scars left on me even after I recover. Your father had always been cold to me, so it's not like this would help matters-he wouldn't even want to look at me a second longer now! But have I complained about or spited Lulu Adams for this? No, because I know I deserved that after what I did, or are you saying that caring about you is unforgivable now too?!"

Zachary knew that he was prone to anger because of his foul mood, and now that he had calmed down, he said, "I know. I will watch out."

Mrs. Slate was still huffing, however. "You can eat with her now. No need to wait for me."

Zachary did not try to reason. He simply said, "The doctor must have told you to keep your diet bland, didn't he? Just ask the servants to cook for you."

With that, he opened the door and strode out, looking out at the dining area as he did.

Lulu was sitting there, eating alone without a care like an emotionless machine-cold and apathetic, unconcerned by anything.

Zachary walked over and sat by her side and put more food on her plate. "Have some more."

Lulu continued eating, but simply pretended as if she did not see him put the food in her place, and kept eating everything else.

Zachary watched quietly but said nothing, and they returned to their respective rooms after dinner.

Standing before his window with his arms folded before his chest, Zachary was musing to himself.

He had never gone to Lulu's room previously, but things were different now -he was paranoid about her leaving him.

The more he thought about it, the more he realized that he must give her a reason not to leave.

And for a woman, a child was perhaps reason enough for her to abandon her hatred for his mother and himself.

He resolved himself the instant that thought crossed his mind.

He drove out to get what he needed, and after he returned, he poured milk into a glass in the kitchen and took it upstairs.

As he knocked on Lulu's door, she asked, "Who is it?"

"It's me," Zachary replied.

Lulu got up and unlocked the door, which she kept locked every night before sleep. She was always wary here too!

"What is it?"

She kept her fingers on the doorknob, seemingly having no intention of letting Zachary in.

Zachary simply passed her the glass of milk. "Have some milk before you sleep."

Lulu refused. "I was sleeping already, and I've already brushed my teeth."

Zachary simply stood there without a word, as if he would remain there as long as Lulu did not drink it.

The stalemate lasted for minutes until Lulu took the glass, chugged it, and returned it to him. "Are we done here?"

Chapter 688

Zachary studied her. "Why are you always so wary? Am I some sort of criminal?"

"Haven't I always been like this?" Lulu replied.

Zachary pursed his lips. "I love you, Lulu, and that's never changed, y'know?"

Lulu sensed that something was wrong with him right then. "You know I've forgotten."

"You have, but you could ask about the past, couldn't you?"

He was referring to the possibility that someone might have told Lulu that his mother tried to kill her.

"What are you talking about?" Lulu raised a brow.

"Do you know what your previous profession was?"

"What?"

"Forensic doctor," Zachary replied. "We both graduated from the same university, and we used to date as students-"

"I'm sleepy," Lulu said, not wanting to hear further and sensing that Zachary was acting weird.

Zachary, however, ignored her and continued. "When it comes to people of our profession, we are sharp when it comes to drugs..."

That was why the drug he spiked her milk with was colorless and tasteless, and he would not have sensed it either if someone else were to give it to him.

Lulu felt her strength leaving her body right then, as if it turned into jelly.

As she could not even stand straight, Zachary held her arm. "I'll help you to bed."

"No," Lulu said in refusal.

"You don't have to refuse me at this point." Zachary said, taking her inside even as Lulu came to a realization.

"You spiked the milk?!" Her eyes bulged in anger. "What are you trying to do?"

Zachary stared at her. "I'm trying to make you stay."

"That's why you brazenly spiked my drink?!" she exclaimed, thunderstruck. "Is this who you really are?"

Did she really fall for someone as despicable, shameless, and heinous as him? Was she blind?

Zachary simply put her limp form in bed, and sat on the edge as he watched her. "I don't know how you found out that my mother tried to kill you, but I know your temper. You'd never forgive us, but I don't want you to leave me..."

Lulu laughed coldly. "Is that why you're doing this? I'll just hate you more if you do. Do you know how much you disgust me?"

Zachary froze.

He disgusted her?

He then realized what he did was wrong.

How could he do this?

He rubbed his temples, deciding that he was so afraid that she would leave him that he was being this outrageous.

"I'm sorry..."

He apologized as he fled the room, understanding how despicable he was behaving toward Lulu.

What would she think of him now?

She would push him away further, would she not?

On the other hand, Lulu only breathed again when Zachary left.

She was convinced for a second there that Zachary would...She slowly closed her eyes, hiding her panic!

Meanwhile, Irene received a phone call in the morning.

It was from Dennis Turner, director of Hotmesh, asking if she had made a decision since he would be retiring in a couple months.

"I'll give you a reply soon," Irene said and hung up.

She headed to the washroom, standing outside as she looked at the man washing his face.

"Isaac, we should just put off the wedding completely for now."

Isaac looked up at her, strands of wet hair dangling over his brows.

"I want to work," she said, voicing her intention to take over as director, mainly because she was convinced she could do it and contribute to the nation's medical field. Isaac, however, was reluctant since their children were still young, and her job would definitely make her busy.

With him being a busy man, who would stay home to take care of their children?

At least one of them should stay at home and keep an eye on things here. "Are you asking my opinion, or have you made up your mind?"

Chapter 689

"I don't want to throw away everything I've learned," Irene admitted-she was passionate about her work, and she was convinced that she must not lose herself or give up on her career no matter who she married.

In fact, she wants to be his equal, instead of being a yes-woman-or at least have a career if that was not possible.

Isaac thought about it for a couple seconds. "Would you give up if I said no?"

"I..." Irene trailed off, sending his displeasure.

Before she could come up with something to convince him, he added, "I can give you anything you want."

He was telling her that he could give her everything else.

Irene lowered her gaze. "I insisted on becoming a doctor despite my father's protests. I really love my job."

Isaac simply wiped his face and threw the towel into the basin. "Think again."

With that, he strode out.

Irene tried to follow, wanting to explain that Dennis did not give her much time and she must come to a decision.

"Isaac..."

"I have a lot on my plate."

He really was busy, and had no time to discuss the matter with Irene.

"I'm going now," he said, giving her a peck on the forehead before leaving.

Naturally, being busy was just a part of it-he did not want to argue with her, and he wanted her to give up on her own.

As she planted herself on the couch, Sheryl Harris saw the despondence on her face and came over, asking, "Are you sad that the wedding was called off?"

Irene looked up at her mother then, and remembered how her mother had suffered her father's betrayal.

Irene hence made up her mind-a woman must never give up on their career no matter what.

"No," she said, giving Sheryl a serious look just then. "Can you take care of my children if I start working again, Mom?"

"Of course!" Sheryl agreed to it without hesitation, since she understood how much trouble Irene went through just to get her medical license in the first place. "You have nothing to worry about. Just focus on your work, and I'll take good care of them!"

"Thanks, Mom," Irene said, wrapping her hands around Sheryl's waist like a spoiled kid.

"That's enough of you. You're a mother of two children-when are you going to grow up if you keep acting so childish?"

"I'm always a child around you." Irene smiled.

Sheryl gave her a loving pat on the back and said earnestly, "Always be true to yourself no matter what happens."

Sheryl herself had suffered because she gave up on everything else after marrying Lionel Spencer. It was why she had nothing to depend on when Lionel had an affair, making her subservient to him, and Irene had to suffer because of her too.

And considering all the trouble Irene had to live through, she would never stop Irene from having her own career.

Isaac might be exceedingly successful, but that also meant many women were waiting to throw themselves into his arms. Even if he loved Irene for now, who knew what would happen later?

As for Irene, she returned upstairs after getting Sheryl's support, and she called Dennis to say that she would be willing to succeed him as director of Hotmesh Research.

Dennis was delighted, and he asked her to visit the research center if she had the time today, to get her familiarized with various tasks.

"Of course," Irene replied. She then washed up after breakfast before leaving.

There were naturally things to discuss and procedures to follow before Irene could take over as director, and it was not until the afternoon when she was done.

Before she got home, however, she got a call from Seth Hedge.

"Do you remember the sick relative I mentioned to you before?"

Irene naturally did, and she had agreed to help before. "Should I take a look at your relative now?"

"Yeah."

'Which hospital?'

Seth gave an address, and Irene had the chauffeur drive her there.

Seth was already waiting when she arrived.

"I'm good friends with the hospital's chief. You'll have all the convenience you need," Seth said.

Irene nodded. 'Where's your relative?'

"He's waiting for you in the ward."

Irene found the phrasing weird. "Waiting for me?"

"Yeah."

Soon, they arrived at a ward that was quiet and isolated.

But when Seth opened the door and Irene entered to see the man on the couch, she became alarmed.

Him?!

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Sensing danger right then, Irene turned toward Seth, who appeared perplexed by her look. "What's wrong? Why are you looking at me like that?"

Irene pointed at Harvey Gooding. "He's your cousin?"

"Yeah," Seth replied honestly. "His mother is my mother's youngest sister."

"He's sick?" Irene asked.

"Yeah-that's what he told me," Seth said. "He's hoping you can take a look."

Irene's lips twitched.

Fine, it was her own negligence!

Or maybe she never could have expected that Seth and Harvey were related.

"Why are you so surprised?"

Harvey rose to his feet just then and he slowly walked towards Irene.

Alarmed, Irene retreated and turned to run, only to find the door blocked by several burly men, each of whom had fearsome looks on their faces!

Her escape cut off, Irene wheeled on Harvey. "What do you want?"

Harvey smiled. "To get checked, of course-I'm a patient, and you're a doctor, right?"

Irene narrowed her eyes. "I don't think I can do it. Get someone else, and let me go right now. You know Isaac's temper, and if he knows that you're messing with me again, he'll destroy you."

Harvey simply stared at her, and Irene felt the creeps from his gaze. "Don't give me that look!"

Harvey snorted and returned to the couch then, crossing his legs as he told Seth, "You can go back to work now. We don't need you here."

Seth was puzzled. "You two know each other? Why did you have to go through me, then?"

"Can't you tell from her harsh tone?" Harvey said. "There's a little misunderstanding between us, so she's been refusing to see me. That's why I needed your help, and I thank you for it."

With that, Seth turned toward Irene. "Just clear the air, whatever the misunderstanding is. I'll get going now."

Irene tried to stop him. "No-"

Seth simply cut her short. "Just talk it out, and clear the misunderstanding. What's the harm? Shouldn't you be friends since you're acquainted anyway?"

Irene shook her head. "We can never be friends. We're enemies-"

"Like I said, a misunderstanding." Harvey waved him off. "You can go now, Seth."

With that, Seth turned to leave without another word, not looking back even as Irene screamed his name.

Harvey chuckled. "You can stop screaming now. It won't work-he'd never believe you."

"What do you want?" Irene glared at him.

"An eye for an eye. Isaac cares about you, right? I'm just repaying him for what he did to me."

Irene slowly calmed down. "And what's going to happen to me?"

"Just enough to make him suffer." Harvey's lips curled up savagely. "Do you know what he did to me?"

"You deserved it, whatever it was," Irene coolly shot back. "You messed with us first, and I hate you, let alone him! I just didn't have the power to punish you, or I would have done worse than he did!"

Harvey's veins were bulging over his face from resentment, and his face twitched as he sneered, "You really deserve each other... It's the exact same words. Fine. I guess I have no reason to hold back now!"

With that, he beckoned, "Get in here."

Soon, a man in a lab coat who appeared to be a doctor entered.

Irene distanced herself by instinct while glaring at him warily. Even if she did not know what Harvey was up to, she was sure that he was rotten to the core!

"Are you going to lie down yourself, or should I have my man pin you down?' Harvey said flatly and icily-he had always been kind to her before, but they were burning bridges now!

Since Isaac had pushed him over the edge, he had nothing to lose!

If he had to suffer, he would make them suffer with him!

Before Irene could respond, he added, "I know that you're a doctor, and that you're smart and resourceful. Hell, I suffered at your hands before-but you're not getting away this time."