

## Runaway 691

### Chapter 691

Irene panicked, sensing that Harvey was different now.

Softening her tone, she said, 'It's ungentlemanly of you to take out your grievances on a woman, Harvey. Your quarrel is with Isaac, so take it up with him-'

"Oh, but I am. He's destroying my company, so I'm destroying his woman. Isn't that fair?" Harvey licked his lips. "You'll both suffer!"

Irene looked around the room then and saw a closed window to the right. She judged that her body could squeeze through it and it was her only chance to escape.

Keeping her distance from Harvey, she started to move slowly toward it. 'Calm down, Harvey. We can talk about this.'

"Talk? Do you think I'm an idiot? There's no going back now!"

Harvey saw through her intentions right then. He snapped smugly, "Trying to run again?"

Realizing that he had caught on, Irene dashed to the window at top speed- it was the only way and there was no time to think!

However, when she tried to open it, she found that it was stuck in place, refusing to budge an inch even though she pushed as hard as she could!

"Give up already-I've already had that welded shut," Harvey said and beckoned to the men at the door. "Hold her down."

Terrified, Irene cried, 'No, Harvey! Don't do this!'

Harvey did not hold back at all, however-there was no way out for him, and it was either him or Isaac now!

The last man standing would take it all!

Soon, Irene was caught by two men and held down on bed, while the doctor walked up beside the bed, opening the case he was carrying.

There was a stainless steel box inside, with ice chilling a syringe containing crystal clear fluid inside.

Even as Irene struggled, she asked, "What is that?!"

Harvey simply returned to his couch. "You'll find out soon. I guarantee you- it's an unforgettable experience!"

The doctor then stabbed the syringe into her arm, and it stung like an ant's bite.

Irene's face turned pale and she tried to move, but could not because her limbs were restrained!

"Let me go, Harvey..." she begged, because there was no way out otherwise.

Harvey strode toward her then and stood beside the bed.

However, he was simply looking at her without calling off the doctor, and his eyes were staring greedily at her face, neck, chest, waist, and legs.

There was no hiding that stunning figure even with clothes!

He chuckled. "It's no surprise Isaac is obsessed with you. You're a bewitching woman, and I can appreciate that too."

Irene had to clench her fists just to stop herself from cursing.

Instead, she restrained herself and said, "Harvey, can't we just sit down and talk? I can give you anything you ask for..."

"Anything?" Harvey asked pointedly.

"Yeah," Irene replied, her voice quivering.

"I want you. Can I?" Harvey grinned.

Irene could not hold back at that. "No, you're married-you have a wife and a son..."

"The child is mine, but I don't like my wife. I just wanted my son to have a mother, because the one I want..."

He leaned over her, looking at Irene's face as he finished, "Is you."

The injection was then complete, and Harvey said, "You can all go out now."

"Okay. The drug will last for six hours," the doctor said.

Harvey nodded. "I know."

Soon, the door closed and Harvey walked over to lock it from inside.

Irene realized then that her strength had left her and she could not move at all.

At the same time, her whole body heated up as if having a fever and her face flushed.

Harvey set up her phone on the table, turning on the video function.

With that done, he returned to the bed and told Irene, "Isaac will clearly see everything that happens in this room. I'm really looking forward to him flipping out and losing his mina!"

## **Chapter 692**

Irene struggled to get out of bed, retaining the last ounce through her experience as a doctor. Her only intention was to escape, because she must!

However, Harvey was not even worried that she would run. He simply watched as she struggled, even sitting beside the bed and crossing his legs.

He knew that Irene was a tough nut to crack, and he therefore tested the drug on others before injecting it into her, even ensuring to up the dosage on her!

No matter how calm she was, she would never win against a drug that affected her mind.

Her feet were powerless and simply slid off the bed even when she managed to move them to the edge of the bed, causing her to tumble as she could not stand.

Harvey got up and picked her up in her arms, but Irene did not have the strength to push him away even though she felt repulsed.

'I'm begging you, Harvey. Let me go...'

Harvey gently put her back on bed, leaning on top of her as he said, "Do you think Isaac would let me go if I do?"

"I can tell him to compensate you for all your losses. Believe me..."

"You really are flexible, Irene Spencer. You were snapping at me relentlessly at first, and now you're begging? I certainly can't do that myself, so consider me impressed."

As he spoke, his lips were inching closer, the warmth of his breath sprinkling her cheek.

Terrified, she turned her face away from him!

Harvey chuckled, not angry in the least. "I love it when you're being stubborn."

Irene wanted to clench her fist, but her fingers only twitched because she had no strength.

Harvey took hers in his, gripping it gently-the woman's body warmth and tenderness left his heart racing.

In the end, he still loved her and this proximity with her.

Even so, he did not let his libido get to him-he knew what he wanted and he would never hold back!

"Actually, this whole quarrel was because of you," he said as he put a hand on her cheek, and his fingers brushed slowly downward over her neck and collarbone before he tapped her collar button!

As Irene shut her eyes, Harvey continued to fiddle with her collar. "If you chose me, this would never have happened, don't you think?"

Irene was silent, because she knew that Harvey would not spare her no matter what she said. Her brow furrowed as Harvey gently pecked her cheek, her whole body shuddering from resistance.

"Scared, aren't you? Think I'm disgusting? But that's what I want, for both you and Isaac to be disgusted!"

With that, he stopped teasing and tore her clothes open!

The coldness left her body shuddering, and the agitation sent all her blood rushing up her brain, and her vision started to black out!

Before she lost consciousness, she could feel someone moving on top of her...

Lulu quickly packed up her belongings the instant she regained her strength. She was not going to get

her revenge now that Zachary knew that she was aware that his mother tried to kill her, and she therefore did not hesitate to leave.

She did not have much, so everything fit into a small bag.

However, Zachary stopped her at the door, which she found laughable. "Still trying to make me stay after what you did?"

However, Zachary knew that she would leave, and he had prepared beforehand.

After all, her personality never changed despite her amnesia.

"If you insist on leaving, you won't see Barbara and her husband ever again."

"You're threatening me?!" Lulu glared at him. "How dare you!"

"I will do it if you leave," Zachary said, knowing that he had to be harsh to make her stay.

Shaking with rage, she slapped him across the face with all her strength, the ensuing smack resounding loudly in the room!

Zachary smiled, unprovoked and unmoving.

"Hit me all you want if it calms you down-until you forgive me."

Lulu laughed coldly. "Laying a finger on Barbara and Tobias-that alone is unforgivable."

She pushed Zachary and left determinedly, but he caught her wrist!

### **Chapter 693**

Lulu flung her wrist, shaking Zachary's hand off, only for Zachary to catch her again, even going further as to wrap his hand firmly around her waist.

'I know you hate me, Lulu, and I know I was wrong-but our love was true. Why do you refuse to give me a chance?'

"Why should I, after you hurt me?" Lulu asked in return.

Zachary did not deny it. "Nobody's perfect. Is there anyone who does no wrong? I admit I was at fault, and I'm willing to change. Isn't that enough?'

Lulu pursed her lips. "What did I ever see in you?"

She was puzzled-was she an idiot in the past to fall for him?

Zachary remained obstinate. "I'm not letting you go whatever you say."

Lulu was incensed. "You're unreasonable!"

"Say whatever you want!"

Zachary did not care!

That was when Mrs. Slate returned from the hospital and she frowned when she saw the commotion in the living room. "What are you doing?"

An idea immediately came to Lulu's mind when she saw Mrs. Slate and she turned toward Isaac. "You want me to stay? Fine! I want the one who tried to kill me punished! A life for a life!"

Zachary froze, while Mrs. Slate's face turned pale.

Lulu's words could not have been clearer, and she continued, 'Just look at you-you want me to stay, but you can't even avenge me? What would I want a man who can't protect me for? Some tabletop trinket for decoration?"

Lulu deliberately said all that just to make Zachary let go, because she knew that Mrs. Slate tried to have her killed.

Naturally he was left speechless-he could not send his own mother to prison, could he?

Lulu simply pushed him away and gave him a look of disdain before striding outside.

Zachary was left frozen in place, stuck between a rock and a hard place.

One was his mother, while the other was the woman he loved-how could he even decide?

At that very moment, Mrs. Slate finally understood the gravity of her mistake. She was the reason her son was being pushed around.

"How about I apologize to her?" she asked.

Zachary smiled despite himself. "You tried to kill her. Do you think an apology will make up for that?"

"Then, what? Do you want me to pay for it with my life."

"Just try to make up for it as much as you can."

"I know," Mrs. Slate replied, while Zachary took a deep breath and headed outside.

He must get Lulu back.

Irene's dark, curled eyelashes twitched as she regained consciousness.

There was a single white light on the ceiling, with rings of halation spiraling downward.

Her gaze was placid like a bottomless lake!

The room was so silent she could hear herself breathing, and each breath vaguely hurt.

She slowly got up, buttoning her blouse and getting out of bed to leave the hospital.

Returning to her car, she told the chauffeur to take her home.

Once they arrived, she quickly headed upstairs and got into the bathroom, where she stayed for a long time.

In the CEO's office at Twinrise Enterprise, James was standing in front of Isaac's desk and reporting, "We hacked all of Harvey's digital devices and deleted all the security footage he saved, but if he might

have saved it in a USB drive. As for Robin Lynd's suicide, I've enforced a press gag and spoken to the police. The investigation would conclude it as an ordinary suicide."

Isaac, however, was dissatisfied.

"Search his home. Find any copies at all costs."

"Yes, sir," James nodded, and Isaac waved him away, gesturing for him to get to work.

After James left, Isaac checked the time and got up to get his suit.

However, an unread message popped up on his screen just as he was about to leave and he clicked into it. It was a video clip, and it played as soon as he clicked on it!

#### **Chapter 694**

Isaac was not concerned at first, but his face turned grim when he saw Irene in the video.

She was lying on a bed with Harvey sitting right beside her.

Even their conversation could not be clearer, especially when he said, 'Scared, aren't you? Think I'm disgusting? But that's what I want, for both you and Isaac to be disgusted!'"

With that, he no longer teased her, and instead, he tore through her clothes.

The video did not stop there, however-Isaac watched with his own eyes as Harvey completely undressed Irene, and once she was nude, he leaned downwards...

Bang!

The laptop lid was shut so violently the resounding bang could shatter the glass wall!

Isaac's hand, still on top of the laptop, clenched into a fist. Veins bulge over the back of his hand while his chin clenched and his temples twitched.

Fury overflowed in his veins and his eyes turned bloodshot!

He sprang to his feet at the next instant, kicking up a cold gust in his wake as he strode outside while making a call.

The air seemed to turn thin around him!

Half an hour later, Isaac and his men arrived at the hotel where Harvey was staying, finding his room with pinpoint precision!

Harvey was sitting cross-legged on the couch and having a sip of red wine. Seemingly expecting Isaac's arrival even before he kicked down the door, Harvey smiled. "You came earlier than expected."

Isaac did not waste his breath and simply lunged forward, grabbing Harvey by the collar and slamming him on the floor!

Harvey tried to fight back, but he was helpless against Isaac, who was as angry as a lion and had no rationality left, and Harvey was pinned down again immediately when he tried to get up!

Isaac then seized Harvey's neck with a vice-like grip, having only one thought just then-to kill Harvey.

It took Harvey great difficulty to rasp, "If you kill me... I promise you... videos and photos of Irene in the nude would show up on every adult site... Every man would lust over her..."

Isaac did not let go despite Harvey's threat.

In fact, he was applying even more pressure as if to snap Harvey's neck!

Harvey's cheek began to flush from oxygen deprivation and his tongue was even poking out.

James quickly intervened. "Calm down, sir!"

However, Isaac would not listen to a word of it.

All he wanted was for Harvey to die, and the man was on the verge of dying himself.

As the primal fear of death seized him, his survival instinct kicked in and he tried to struggle.

At the same time, James continued, "We can't afford to let anything leak. There's no cleaning up if the photos and videos make it to the internet.

Someone somewhere would definitely download and save it! Killing him now will only make things worse!"

Isaac looked up at him with scarlet eyes then-James had never seen Isaac that furious even though he had worked for Isaac for so long.

But it was understandable.

James did not see the mail Isaac received, but he knew how serious it was just from what Harvey said!

With that, Isaac released Harvey.

James was right.

Killing him now would only make things worse.

In fact, if he wanted to do it, he must make him wish he was dead before that!

Grabbing Harvey by the hair, he pulled Harvey off the floor.

Able to breathe again, Harvey started to threaten Isaac again. "Do you think you'll get to enjoy life if you kill me, Isaac Jefferson?! Haha! I'll make you traumatized for life!"

A solid punch landed squarely on Harvey's face before he could finish, leaving him coughing blood!

## **Chapter 695**

Isaac had never lost his cool or his mind like this! 2

After flooring Harvey, he lifted Harvey again and punched him in the face again.

As Harvey kissed the floor again, his face was numbed from overwhelming pain.

All he could taste was the increasingly thick scent of blood and something hard in his mouth.

He spat it to the floor, and it turned out to be one of his teeth.

He picked it up, frowning as more blood streamed out of his mouth.

Still, he licked his lips and looked up at Isaac before bursting into loud, ironic laughter.

"Do you think you could fix anything even if you kill me? Haha!"

He guffawed even as he lay on the ground, since he was not getting up anyway. "I've never won against you, but I finally did it, huh?"

Isaac kept glaring at him, the vein on his temples bulging and throbbing!

Suddenly, James kicked Harvey. "Shut up already!"

He then moved up, intending to gag Harvey-Isaac would kill Harvey anyway if he kept running his mouth.

However, Isaac stopped him.

He would do it himself today.

Arching his back, he grabbed Harvey by the hair again, dragging him outside!

Not wanting trouble, James had hotel security delete all the footage of them, while Isaac stuffed Harvey into his car outside the hotel and brought him somewhere isolated.

James arrived later, and Isaac had already dragged Harvey out of the car by the time he arrived.

Harvey screams echoed endlessly, but James told the men not to get close.

He also stood guard nearby so that no one passing by would see.

Although Harvey's voice was shriller now, he was still talking big. "This changes nothing... even if you kill me... I've had your woman... she certainly is a babe... I loved every... oof!"

A dull grunt could be heard, and his voice seemed to grow softer by the minute until silence ensued, as if he could not speak.

Worried that Isaac killed him, James walked over and found him on the ground, unmoving.

Isaac had his foot on Harvey's face-which was now completely disfigured. Then, he took off his necktie and coiled it around Harvey's neck.

James quickly moved to put a hand on Isaac's arm. "You can leave him to me, sir."

Isaac leveled a shape look at him, and a cowed James promptly withdrew his hand.

With that, Isaac dragged Harvey toward a pond nearby with his necktie and shoved his head into the water.

Harvey, who blacked out for a moment, was jolted awake and he struggled as hard as he could.

Before he could suffocate and die, however, Isaac released him and allowed him to take a breather, only to shove him down the water again.

Isaac repeated the process repeatedly until Harvey's life hung by a thread.

"Go on. Tell us how many copies you made and where you hid them."

"I... Don't know... What you're... talking about..." Harvey wheezed feebly, his words hardly coherent.

However, he certainly knew what Isaac was referring to and he was just faking it.

All he wanted was for Isaac to lose his mind, to deny him peace! He would lose nothing even if he died now!

In fact, he was always prepared to go down with Isaac this time, and he had nothing to fear after having left a progeny. He had long since sent his wife and son far away!

"Don't you have... a lot of people? Keep having them... hack my stuff... But it won't work. It's in my memory now!"

In fact, he actually did not save evidence of Ricky murdering Robin, and the hackers managed to delete all copies of the video when they did.

That was why he did not save the files in anything hackable. In fact, the reason Isaac asked him at all was because he knew hacking would not work this time.

"Don't forget that you gave Irene off to me at the very start, only for you to change your mind. You're taking what's mine, not the other way around..."

It was perhaps the single worst thing Isaac had done in his life. He would never have done that if he had known that he would fall for Irene, and he certainly regretted it!

However, regret meant nothing now.

"Why don't we start negotiations now?"

## **Chapter 696**

Harvey grinned with considerable difficulty. "Why don't you give me Irene-"

Before he could finish, however, Isaac had already thrown him into a pond with a loud splash!

Harvey was splattering water everywhere—he could swim, but he had long since been left exhausted by Isaac's torment and he was on his last breath.

He did not struggle at all underwater, and simply kept sinking.

As Isaac turned around, he saw James and growled, "Don't help him."

James lowered his head. "Yes, sir."

However, once Isaac had gone far enough, he beckoned for his men to quietly fish Harvey out of the pond.

If Harvey was killed, there was no cleaning up the ensuing mess-what if all the videos and images of Irene went online?

He knew Isaac well enough to tell that he was not that impulsive, and that he had only lost his calm from sheer rage this time.

As Isaac drove away, James followed suit.

The entire mess was so abrupt that he had a hard time letting it sink in, and he had to follow Isaac since he was worried that

Isaac would do something drastic again.

At the same time, he called his men to lock Harvey up somewhere, adding, "Don't let him die."

At the very least, they need to get all the photos and videos he has before they do.

"Yes, sir," a voice replied, and James hung up.

He kept following Isaac until Isaac's car suddenly stopped by the road and he stayed there for a long while.

James eventually alighted and walked up to it, and he found Isaac simply sitting there in silence.

He did not have anything to assure Isaac or comfort him-words seemed hollow and feeble at a time like this, and he could understand the psychological toll even though it did not happen to him.

Maybe he did not want silence just then, so James asked tentatively, "How about a drink?"

Who knew? If Isaac got drunk, his mind would clear when he got sober and he would be able to rationally clean up the mess.

Isaac looked up at him coolly for a couple seconds.

Then, he started his car again and drove off without a word.

James was left speechless, standing there in confusion as to what Isaac meant by that.

His worry notwithstanding, there was not much he could do for now anyway -maybe Isaac just needed the time alone.

Isaac did not drive home, but instead, returned to his office.

He did not watch the entire video, since he shut his laptop halfway through.

In fact, the video actually showed him nothing concrete aside from what he saw.

Either way, he was a mess inside and needed time to calm down.

As he slowly gained composure after a long while, he picked up his phone and called Irene's number.

She only answered after a while, and he tried to act as if nothing happened. "Are you home right now?"

"...No," she said, still in the car.

"Where are you?" he asked, flustered as he rose to his feet. "Where are you? I'm coming to you."

Irene told him her location, and Isaac got up and left his office.

"I'll be right there."

"Yeah," she murmured very softly.

Soon, the car stopped and she told the chauffeur to wait there while she entered the cafe alone.

She sat down randomly, ordering a glass of water when a waiter asked. She then stared blankly out of the window, watching uninterestedly as traffic moved to and fro. She appeared to be a beautiful, soulless doll with that placid desolation, devoid of any vigor.

Soon, Seth Hedge arrived and sat opposite her. "Sorry to keep you waiting. Traffic was terrible."

Even as Irene slowly turned toward him, he did not sense anything wrong at all, and he continued, "So? Have you cleared the air with Harvey?"

Irene glared at him, her hands balling into fists and turning white at the knuckles, and she suddenly slapped Seth across the face!

The resounding smack left Seth dumbstruck, and he felt a tinge of anger as well. No one could stay calm from being hit.

"What do you think you're doing?!"

### **Chapter 697**

Seth had never been slapped, and his right cheek certainly stung.

Nonetheless, Irene asked icily, "Does it hurt?" "That's not the point," Seth quickly retorted. "I'm a man, and I can take a slap, but you're hurting my dignity here. How could I do this so casually..."

Irene's slap was certainly loud, drawing much attention and leaving him blushing.

"We're in a public place. Can't you see that everyone is watching?"

Irene rose to his feet then. "If you were actually a fellow conspirator and not a tool, it would be a knife and not a slap."

Seth turned pale, finally realizing the gravity of the situation, and he asked, 'What did Harvey do?'

Irene ignored him and simply strode out.

Seth gave chase and caught her. "Come on, just tell me-"

Irene shook him off. "Let me go"

Her almond eyes were glaring as if spitting fire-it was the first time she flipped out after what Harvey did.

Still, she soon quelled her flaring emotion and said with utter coolness, "Don't ever show up around me again."

Seth was left standing there stupidly, watching her in disbelief.

In his mind, she was still the girl next door whose family had domestic issues because of her father's affair. She was always sharp and prudent as a child, but he never saw her act out as badly as this!

What on earth did Harvey do to upset her so much?

He whipped out his phone and dialed Harvey's number, but Harvey was not answering.

With that plan failing, he returned his phone to his pocket-he could still ask Irene, but before he could move up, he saw a car stopping by the road with Isaac alighting.

The man had always been hostile with him, so Seth stopped in his tracks.

Irene was on top of a flight of stairs when she was Isaac. There was a brief flash of pain in her eyes, but she quickly composed herself and headed down.

Their eyes soon met.

Isaac appeared more anxious than she was and he opened the door for her. "Get in."

Irene entered and Isaac returned to the driver's seat, even leaning over her to help her with her seatbelt. She lowered her eyes and did not move an inch.

Soon, they drove off steadily up on the road, neither of them saying a word.

The car was silent as they both tried to act as if nothing happened, but they were certainly not calm.

Irene wanted to talk, but she did not know how to start.

Eventually, she turned away, her eyes damp and lowered as she rasped, "You know, don't you?"

Isaac did not answer while keeping his expression flawlessly under wraps, as if he really did not know what she was talking about.

Still, Irene knew right then that he knew.

"I don't know how to face you." She closed her eyes. "I couldn't feel a thing, and I don't know if I was..."

In reality, she never felt anything weird with her body after she woke up, and she knew her body well after being with Isaac for so long.

But even if she did not feel it, she was stripped naked, and she did not even want to imagine what Harvey did to her while she was unconscious.

"Anyway, I've said yes to Dennis Turner. I've even done the procedures to succeed him."

She was suddenly happy that she did not reject Dennis's offer-she would still have something to bank on, at least.

"If that's what you want to do," he replied.

Soon, they returned to the hilltop mansion, and as Isaac alighted, she called out to him, "Isaac."

### **Chapter 698**

Isaac paused before he got out of the car. "Yeah?"

Irene held his gaze and said, "Let's talk."

Isaac returned to his seat and shut the door.

He was quiet for a while before he finally asked, "What about?"

She nervously clenched her hands and braced herself for a while before finally saying, "I really mind."

It was out of context, but Isaac understood what she meant.

"So?" he said even as his gaze darkened a little, and he finished before Irene could speak. "Don't think about it. Let's go home-our kids are waiting."

The last part was to remind Irene that they already had two children.

Even if something happened, they should face it together instead of deciding to split up so lightly-that would be irresponsible. He then reached for her hand, but she shook him off as if repulsed.

It was on reflex, and she stunned even herself.

However, when she looked up, she found his hand still hovering above, waiting.

"Sorry," she said, lowering her head-she did not mean it, but she had become afraid of physical contact after what happened,

Even if it was Isaac.

Isaac slowly closed his palm and lowered his hand, but he said quietly, "It's fine."

He alighted first and walked around the car to open the door for her." Come on."

As Irene looked up, their eyes met.

Unable to hide herself, she felt her own heart aching even as she watched him.

She averted her eyes, evasive as she fled out of the car and ran inside, locking herself in her room. She might have felt better if Isaac had been cold and accusative, but he was not.

In fact, he was holding back despite what he felt, and his words to her were so tender.

It was tender and considerate of her feelings, with not one syllable too loud. It only left her feeling as if she were stabbed in the heart.

As she stood over the balcony, wanting to calm down, she suffocated as she only got more miserable the more she thought about it.

Eventually, she dropped to a crouch, and unable to stop herself anymore, she quietly sobbed, her hand holding her lips as she tried to keep it down!

Isaac, who was standing outside the door, paused before he could knock.

Maybe she would prefer to be alone at the moment. He turned and headed downstairs to check on the children.

Irene was not coming downstairs even during dinner, so Sheryl Harris started to head upstairs to call for her.

Still, Isaac stopped her. "She's unwell. Let her rest."

"Is she sick?" Sheryl asked.

"Yeah," Isaac murmured softly.

"Does she need to go to the hospital? Has she taken any medicine?"

Sheryl was concerned, but she soon remembered that Irene was a doctor herself and would definitely take good care of herself.

Instead, she smiled. "You've been busy. Eat!"

With that, Isaac scooped up his son in his arms and peeled a crayfish for him.

He did not go upstairs even after dinner, and stayed with the children instead.

When they were finally tucked in, he stayed a long while in the living room and only headed upstairs as everything quieted down.

He opened the bedroom door to darkness and flipped a switch.

The whole room was illuminated with a single click, and he found Irene nestled on a couch, looking up when the lights lit up.

Her eyes were red and swollen, but she was done composing herself just then. "I... I'm going to be busy with work for a while."

"Yeah," Isaac replied.

She then forced a smile. "It's late. You should go to bed."

Isaac headed to the bathroom to take a bath then and found Irene asleep on the couch when he stepped out, with a blanket pulled up to her face and her face facing inwards.

He stood before the couch, his gaze lowered as he watched her.

She cringed, seemingly sensing his gaze but afraid to turn around.

She did not want to sleep in the bed because she felt defiled, and she could not act as if nothing ever happened.

All she could do was try to hide by pretending to sleep!

## Chapter 699

Isaac arched his back but refrained from touching Irene—he simply picked up her blanket and adjusted it for her.

Then, he stayed there for a moment and said ever so softly, "I don't mind."

Those words left tears welling up in Irene's eyes.

She kept her eyes tightly shut, and firmly bit her lip, holding it in so that she would not make a sound.

Even so, her tears trickled out along the corner of her eyes, flowing over her nose and disappearing into her hair.

As her body started to shudder, Isaac wanted to comfort her, but his hands hovered in the air for a moment before lowering.

She needed time, and him being close would only add to her pressure.

He breathed a deep sigh and returned to their bed, but lay on his side, watching her on the couch.

They were going to have trouble sleeping tonight!

The night certainly seemed to stretch on, and both of them pretended to have slept and just woke up in the morning despite the dark circles under their eyes.

Still, they both acted as if nothing happened, and behaved like they always did around Sheryl! and their children.

Irene was going to ask the chauffeur to take her to Hotmesh Research, but Isaac told her, "I'm taking the same route anyway."

However, that was hardly the case—Hotmesh Research was actually north of the city, while Isaac's office was in the commercial district.

Irene did not expose him, however, and quietly got into his car.

Neither spoke a word throughout the journey, and Irene alighted when they arrived at Hotmesh. "Drive safe."

"Yeah," he replied.

They both seemed to share tacit understanding to keep up appearances and pretend nothing ever happened.

Irene watched as Isaac drove away, before turning around to see Seth Hedge waiting at the front door.

Her expressions turned as cool as ice right then.

"I wanted to ask what happened yesterday. What got you so upset? Was Harvey out of line?"

"Enough!"

Irene's hands were clenching at her sides and her voice had a chilling edge. "Come with me."

Seth thought that she would tell him, and so, he followed her, but once they entered one of the labs, she whipped out a scalpel from an antiseptic box, wheeled on Seth, and pressed it against Seth's neck.

Her expression had never been that sinister. 'I told you not to show up around me. What part of it don't you get? Or did you think I was playing?'

Seth's eyes widened in fear and he sweated bullets from his forehead.

"C-Calm down," he stammered.

"Calm down?" Irene somehow found that laughable. "Get out!"

"Okay, okay," Seth quickly said. "Look, I only came here because I couldn't reach Harvey-"

The mention of Harvey's name seemed to send Irene's blood rushing her brain.

Unable to control her stress and fury at that very moment, she thought that Seth was Harvey and she slashed his neck!

"Argh!" Seth shrieked as blood splattered out, and Irene finally came to her senses.

Realizing that it was not Harvey, she stared at the scalpel she was holding for a moment and regained her composure.

She tried to walk up to Seth to check his neck, only for Seth to retreat from her.

'Do you want to die?' Irene asked.

Seth, however, still clutched his neck, slightly terrified of her-she was completely different from the Irene he knew.

'Let me take a look," she said, even taking out bandages and gauze.

Finally believing that she is really trying to help, Seth slowly lowered his hand.

Irene looked at the cut-she did not reach anything important, but the bleeding was a little serious.

As she helped bandage him, Seth studied her face from up close. "Your eyes are bloodshot. Didn't sleep well?"

Irene did not want to waste her breath with him. "Get to the nearest hospital soon."

"Aren't you a doctor?" Seth asked.

Irene snipped the bandage that was still latched to him just then. I am, but I don't want to save you."

Seth was speechless.

"Do you hate me that much?"

Irene scowled. "Just go."

With that, she left, while Seth decided to find out what Harvey did to her, and he called a number even as he left the building.

Soon, someone answered.

## **Chapter 700**

It was Rosa, Harvey's mother.

"Hello, Aunt Rosa? It's me, Seth!" Seth said over the phone. "I can't seem to reach Harvey at the moment..."

"Don't go looking for him if it's nothing important," Rosa replied, and she sounded despondent.

'What? Why?' Seth asked.

Rosa naturally knew about what happened at Harvey's company.

It was also obvious her son was up to something when he sent away her daughter-in-law and her grandson.

Naturally, she tried to talk him out of it, but Harvey would not listen, and she could not do a thing about his stubbornness.

"Don't bother," she told Seth, not wanting him to get involved.

Seth, however, pressed, ' What happened? You're making it sound so serious..."

"Don't ask. Just remember what I told you."

"Okay," Seth replied begrudgingly.

Once he hung up, however, he called his clinic and applied for leave-he decided that he must find Harvey.

Lulu Adams visited Barbara and her husband soon after she left the Slates.

She was worried that she had troubled them, and she breathed a sigh of relief when she saw that they were still there.

Barbara was just returning from an errand and she happily came up to Lulu when she saw her.

"Welcome back! Did you come to see us?"

"Yeah," Lulu replied.

Enthusiastic as ever, Barbara had Lulu stay with them for dinner and told her to stay the night as well since she saw that Lulu brought her bag along. Lulu agreed to it since she had not found lodging.

The next day, however, Lulu found Zachary Slate outside the front door just as she was about to leave to find a job and lodgings.

And he was not alone-there were eight burly bodyguards behind him.

Instantly wary, Lulu asked, "What do you want?"

"I told you. You either stay with me, or you're not seeing Barbara and her husband ever again. I've even brought my men just to take them away."

Lulu glared at him. "Don't you dare."

"Come with me and I won't," Zachary replied.

He was being tough because he knew that Lulu would never willingly stay with him now.

This was the only way.

Naturally, Lulu was frustrated, but she could not do anything against Zachary's threat.

To protect Barbara and Peter, she had to compromise.

"Fine. I'll come with you."

"Right now," Zachary insisted.

Lulu heaved. "I know. I'll pack my bag now."

Barbara was just cleaning a guest room and she saw Lulu packing her things. "Are you leaving again so soon?"

"Yeah. I'll come back to visit when I have the time."

"You have to," Barbara said, albeit reluctantly.

"I definitely would," Lulu nodded.

Barbara then quickly went to the fridge and took a stack of seafood. "You loved these, so I saved them for you."

Lulu was emotional that Barbara and Peter really think of her as their daughter, even saving all of that for her.

"Just keep them—I'll come back to eat it when I have the time," she said, walking up to hug Barbara.

"Take care of yourself."

"Yeah." Barbara smiled tenderly.

With that, Lulu picked up her bag and followed Zachary.

She just managed to leave him for one day, but he brought her back in such a despicable manner.

Furious and frustrated, she alighted when they reached Zachary's home, made a beeline for her room, and flung her bag on the bed.

She was incensed no matter how she thought about it.

Still, Zachary entered just then. "You must be hungry. I'll take you to a nice restaurant."

Lulu found that laughable. "You'll just die sooner because you brought me back, Zachary Slate! It won't just be a fire or laxative next time. No, I'll fucking kill you!"