

Runaway 82

Chapter 82

Irene saw Sheryl, and quickly turned to Harvey, who had returned as well.

Why was he doing this? Why did he bring her mother here?!

Even as her expression darkened, Sheryl hurried toward her. "Oh, Irene. This gentleman told me that he's your friend and was taking me to you. And you really are here!"

Irene smiled at her. "Could you go in first?"

Sheryl was puzzled, but nodded and entered the building.

After making sure that Sheryl was gone, Irene glowered at Harvey. "What is this? Why did you bring my mother here too?"

Harvey gave her a look. "I thought you're actually smart after all the times you escaped me. Why are you being so stupid now?"

"Who would know if you're really bearing ill will?" Irene was confused, but stared at him warily all the same since he had tried to mess with her so many times—he certainly was no angel.

Harvey's face turned cold right then. "You're looking a gift horse in the mouth!"

Irene sneered. "Are you saying you're being nice? Then why are you keeping me captive here?"

Harvey had no retort for that—she was right.

However, even if he could not have her, he would not allow Isaac to have her either.

"I was out clearing any traces of your presence today, in case Isaac comes looking for you. Aren't you afraid he would guess where you were, leaving your mother out there for him? That's why I've been kind enough to bring her here to stay with you. Shouldn't you be thanking me instead?"

Irene naturally did not have that much imagination in her—she was too worried that Harvey would hurt her mother.

"Are you really that nice?" she asked suspiciously.

Harvey wrinkled his brow right then. "You really don't know what's good for you. Sure, I have my own reasons for hiding you here, but have you considered the fact that I had not forced myself on you?"

Pausing for a moment, he then continued, "You may have threatened to kill yourself, but do you think I care? I could just do what I want, while you die if you want to— but the point is, I didn't. Shouldn't you be thanking me for that alone?"

His tone then eventually eased as he said, "Just don't do anything stupid if you don't want your mother to be worried."

With those words, he walked up and clapped a hand on Irene's shoulder, but she promptly darted away by several paces, maintaining a great distance while staring at him warily.

Harvey raised a brow but suddenly chuckled. "Fine. I won't touch you."

"I need dinner," Irene then told him.

Harvey finally remembered that the house was usually unoccupied, and there was nothing in there—he had also kept her here for an entire day, so she would have no food to speak of.

"I'll send somebody," he said.

"Thank you," Irene said—now that she was his captive, she should know when she should compromise.

After all, she would just get on his nerves if she kept putting up resistance, and she would never be able to run if he got violent with her..

"Oh, you actually know your manners?" Harvey was actually surprised that she could suddenly act like this.

Irene said nothing and simply strode into the house, where Sheryl hurried to her and tugged at her hand, quietly asking, "Is he really your friend?"

She had never met Harvey, and therefore found the claim dubious.

Still, Irene had to admit to that for the moment. "Yeah."

She just did not want Sheryl to get suspicious.

An hour later, another woman around her fifties arrived, and Harvey said, "She will be taking care of you two."