

Runaway 99

Chapter 99 As Irene's expression turned indifferent, Isaac asked her, "Are you cold?"

"No," she replied simply, having no intention to say another word.

Isaac was more or less dispirited by her coldness, but tolerated and empathized. She had lost their children and was in the middle of her postpartum phase, and the sheer spite she must be holding after he pushed her off a building was all too understandable.

He was willing to spend some time to let her warm up to him.

After helping her into the car, he got in from the other door.

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Once they arrived at the destination, the chauffeur alighted and took the wheelchair from the trunk, while Isaac got out as well to carry Irene, putting her in the wheelchair along with a blanket to keep her feet warm. Irene looked up and thought then that Harvey knew how to pick a good spot: the Old Gates of Cloud City was a national heritage site, preserved through the ages. One could smell the history just from standing there!

As Isaac wheeled her inside, they saw that many other cars were parked outside as well — Harvey has invited many others,

Soon, they were in the exhibition hall. When Irene saw the exhibits, she was left spacing out for a moment, and more or less understood why Harvey had put together the exhibition.

When she first arrived in Sunny City, she took over an art studio. Harvey had later shut it down and erased every trace so that Isaac did not find any.

She had left many paintings back at the studio. So was this what Harvey was up to? Annoying Isaac? She raised a brow at the thought—so be it.

Hell, she would be spared a lot of hassle if Isaac divorced her over this.

Harvey was having a conversation with several guests when he spotted their arrival, and came to them.

"Welcome, Mr. Jefferson. Oh, sorry, I think I forgot to send you an invitation too," he said, even though he had put together the exhibition for Isaac.

After all, he knew that the man would definitely come. Isaac gave him a cool sideways glance. "We're married, so an invitation to her is an invitation to me."

He put clear emphasis on the word 'married'—a perfect retort against Harvey's dissing.

Though Harvey was annoyed, he did not show it.

It was not the time to be angry, because the best is yet to come.

"Oh, you're such an entertainer, Mr. Jefferson. Everyone else gets married normally, but you'd

rather have a secret marriage instead-I guess Trene is really that embarrassing for you. that you don't want to be seen in public with her." He swiped back at Isaac with a backhand comment.

Isaac did not turn directly, but he had lowered his gaze to Irene. Not many were aware of their secret marriage—certainly not Harvey. Even if he could see now that they were married, he should not have known that he was keeping it a secret! Harvey could see what he was thinking, and smugly said, "Irene told me." Isaac's heart sank, and he actually felt uncomfortable. She told him?

Harvey kept smiling as he turned toward Irene. "Are you alright?"

Irene nodded.

Harvey kept smiling. "Shall I give you a tour, although I'm sure you're familiar with the works here?"

"Of course, we're here for the excitement," Irene said. She could well have told him, 'Don't keep us waiting—play your cards already, instead of sparring with words.

"Alright then. The best ones are further inside." Harvey appeared utterly enthusiastic as he led the way.

They soon arrived at the center hall, where the paintings hung on the walls were covered in white cloth. The room swirled with an atmosphere of mystery!

Irene then remembered a certain painting she drew, and turned toward Harvey just then! Harvey grinned. "Did you forget the months you spent at my place?" Turning toward Isaac, he laughed without a care. "I love this painting to the bone, Mr. Jefferson. You really should take your time to admire it when it's unveiled!"