

Runaway 1

Chapter 1 Irene Spencer was married to a bridegroom who never showed up at their wedding.

The bed sprinkled with rose petals that formed a distinct heart shape, along with the decorations within the suite, were all a slap to her face.

It was outrageous! It was unfair! And there was nothing she could do about it!

All her life, she had been under the control of others ever since she was born.

Even her marriage to the Jefferson family was because of her father's greed.

Her grandfather used to be Mr. Jefferson's chauffeur, and had sacrificed himself to save Mr. Jefferson in an accident.

Her family managed a small company and incurred a serious debt. On the verge of bankruptcy, Irene's shrewd father predicted that they had already reached the limit of favors they could ask for from the

Jeffersons. As such, he resorted to sacrificing Irene for the sake of his personal gain—by proposing to Mr. Jefferson to have his grandson, Isaac Jefferson, marry her.

It was overwhelmingly advantageous—Irene's family would earn a fat wedding purse from the Jeffersons' relatives and connections, just as they gained prestige and status as the in-laws of the Jeffersons. For their part, the Jeffersons could not refuse the marriage for the sake of their reputation.

Even so, the marriage upset Isaac considerably, which was why he did not bother to show up at the wedding, while demanding that she not introduce herself as his wife outside the family.

No one ever asked Irene's opinion on the matter.

Her curled brows twitched above her bright eyes, concealing the rebellious nature behind them.

Still, just as she wondered how she would kill time on her wedding night, she received a text from her colleague, asking that she replace her shift.

Hailing a cab, she headed to the hospital, swapping her white bridal gown for a white lab coat.

Bang!

The door to the clinic suddenly swung wide open forcefully, and Irene was about to look up when someone killed the lights with a loud snap.

She felt goosebumps as fear seized her.

"Who—"

Even before she could finish her sentence, she was pinned against her desk, and everything on top tumbled to the floor while she felt a sharp blade held against her neck.

Amidst the darkness, she saw a man's face, covered in blood, and his sharp eyes as he threatened, "Be quiet!" She could tell from the pungent scent of blood swirling in her nostrils that the man was hurt. Nonetheless, she remained calm despite the direness of the situation, thanks to her job.

She gently arched her foot in an attempt to hit the man where it hurt the most, but he noticed the instant she moved and used his own thighs to pincer her leg firmly, keeping it in place.

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“I saw him coming this way!”

At the same time, there was a clamor of footsteps outside the clinic, and the people out there looked like they were going to open the door.

LILIT

Perhaps out of the urgency of the situation, the man leaned in and kissed her lips.

Irene resisted, easily pushing him away, and suddenly realized that he did not slice through her neck in retaliation.

Click!

While Irene was left surprised, the doorknob started to twitch. As such, she quickly braced herself, wrapping her arms around the man’s neck and lifting her face to kiss him.

There was a quiver in her voice, but she forced herself to stay composed. “I can help you.”

The man gulped, though he took the initiative at the very next instant. His warm breath was beside her ears, and his voice was at once deep and alluring as he spoke, “I will definitely take responsibility for you.”

Wait, he misunderstood her—she was just going to put up an act.

Then, as the door was opened, she imitated the moans she observed on TV, her aroused and coquettish panting leaving the man intoxicated, and the people at the door were left unnerved as well.

“Whoa, a romp at the hospital? How exciting!” The door was opened by a slit, and the lights from the corridor filled in, illuminating Irene and the man on top of her. It was still too dark for them to see everything, aside from the two bodies that were entwined.

“It can’t be Isaac Jefferson. There’s no way he would be doing that after he got wounded.”

“The chick’s moans are nice, though.”

“Get moving! Find him, or we’re all dead!”

With that, they left, their footsteps becoming distant just then.

The man on top of Irene knew that they were gone, but also suddenly realized that he was losing his restraint – the unfamiliar woman before him was stirring his libido like never before!

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For Irene’s part, the hormones swirling in the room and their raunchy positions abruptly triggered Irene’s rebellious nature which she had been afraid to let loose for so long

All her life, she had been controlled and kept in darkness.

She would fight back in her own way!

As such, Irene did not resist as she gave herself to that man.

After the deed, the man gently kissed her on the cheek, his deep voice filled with satisfaction as he said, "I will come find you."

With that, he left as quickly as he could.

On the other hand, Irene lay on the desk for a long while, feeling a fiery pain in her groin.

The desk phone, which was just teetering on the edge of

the desk from all that action, started ringing. She reached out to grab it, and immediately heard a voice calling out anxiously, "Dr. Cox? There's been a traffic accident, and they've just brought in a patient to the emergency ward in critical condition. Please come here immediately." Quickly composing herself, Irene answered calmly, "Okay, I'll be right there." Putting down the phone, she spaced out for seconds. After all, her disheveled clothes and discomfort in her groin told her that everything that had happened just now was not a dream. It definitely happened – she just had sex with a man she did not know on her wedding night...

It was the most treacherous deed she had ever done in her entire life!

Still, this was not the time for time, so she quickly put on her clothes and headed to the emergency ward.

After working the entire night, Irene returned to the clinic to find that it was still a mess in here, and clenched her fists when she remembered what had happened last night.

Whitney Cox entered just then with a smile. "Thanks for covering my shist, Dr. Spencer."

Irene forced a smile. "You're welcome."

"Anyway, my business is done, so you should go home and get some rest..."

Whitney continued, but soon noticed the mess in the clinic and raised her brow. "What happened here?"

Irene turned away to hide the panic in her eyes. "I accidentally knocked my things over. Well, I'll get going since you're here now."

Whitney thought that Irene was acting a little weird, but took no notice and entered to clean up the mess.

That was when the chief of the hospital appeared at the door with Stan Hill, Isaac Jefferson's assistant, beside him.