

## Runaway 10

### Chapter 10

Everyone was actually puzzled— it was too much of a coincidence for both Isaac and Irene to suddenly have urgent business to attend to, right? Whitney sensed that something was amiss as well. Sure, she might really have been hearing things the first time, but what about now? Her gaze darted between Isaac and Irene, as if trying to see through them.

Deciding to test the waters, she asked, “What’s the matter, Dr. Spencer?”

Irene really wanted nothing less than to tell Whitney that she was Isaac’s wife, and leave the necessary explanations to Isaac.

Naturally, she would never dare, because he was a man she could not afford to provoke.

She had already lost the chance to work at Central Hospital—she could not afford to lose her job now.

As such, she had to keep her head down.

“It’s my grandfather. I think it’s something serious, so I have to go... I’m surprised that Mr. Jefferson is busy as well. What a coincidence, hahaha...”

She was chuckling dryly in an attempt to laugh it off, but Isaac stubbornly tried to expose her again.

“What a coincidence, my grandfather called me too. Where does your grandfather live? I’ll give you a lift if it’s convenient.

Irene’s smile almost faded right then. If it was not for her immense self-control, she would have picked up her cup from the table and smashed it in his face!

“Oh, you’re so funny, Mr. Jefferson. Surely it can’t be convenient for you anyway, I really have to go. Please enjoy yourself, Mr. Jefferson.”

With those words, she basically fled the scene.

Feeling insecure, Whitney turned toward Isaac, many unspoken questions in her eyes. “You know her?”

Isaac’s visage remained aloof.

“No, I don’t,” he replied, but it was as if he was not the one speaking those words.

With that, he rose to his feet.

Whitney was relieved inwardly.

She had invited Isaac to her farewell party to brag in front of everyone at Charity Hospital. While things had somehow taken a bizarre turn, Isaac’s presence made it clear to everyone that she and Isaac were linked.

“I’ll see you off,” Whitney said as she followed Isaac,

worried that he would come in contact with Irene without her knowing

After all, it was Irene who was on duty at the hospital that night.

When Isaac stepped out of the hotel, he looked around but could not find Irene anyway.

In reality, she had left in a taxi, since she was very eager to keep her distance from him and certainly would not wait for him.

Nearby, Stan opened the door for Isaac, "Mr. Jefferson?" Isaac glanced at Whitney. "You should go back now." With that, he got into his car, leaving Whitney behind.

As she watched his car drive into the distance, she felt a pang of regret—if she had known this would happen, she should have asked for marriage immediately, and she would be Mrs. Jefferson now.

When would she finally win Isaac's heart?

When could he see her virtues, and then fall for her?

Irene arrived at the main Jefferson residence before Isaac, where she met Henry Jefferson—the head of the Jefferson family.

He was in his eighties, his wrinkled face showing a steady composure despite the passage of time.

Though his eyes had lost the sparkle of youth, he was spirited and projected kindness. "Are you getting accustomed to your new environment?" he asked in concern.

"Yes, Mr. Jefferson," Irene replied.

While her father was the one who had proposed an arranged marriage between her and Isaac, everyone had thought that Henry would have refused it. After all, Isaac was his favorite grandson, and since Henry knew that Isaac despised her, he should have refused for Isaac's sake, and offered some other form of profit to change her father's mind—he did owe the Spencers a life debt, after all.

And yet, not only did Henry agree to it, but he had even used his connections in Isaac's absence to officiate the marriage documentation for her and Isaac.

In fact, he was the one who told her to stay at Isaac's mansion as well.

Even now, Irene was actually confused as to why Henry would do something like that.

"Isaac didn't harass you, did he?" the man asked tenderly then.

Irene really wanted to tell him that his grandson was inhuman, but she understood that in spite of Henry's kindness, Isaac was still his grandson.

"No..."

She had barely finished when Isaac entered, and Henry promptly snapped at him, "You're Irene's husband. Why aren't you with her this late into the night? Why did you arrive so late after Irene?"

Isaac glanced sideways at Irene but said nothing – Henry was saying all that for Irene's benefit, because he knew very well that Isaac was unhappy with the marriage arranged against his consent.

"You're both staying here tonight. Moneypenny will show you to your room."

The butler nearby nodded respectfully.

“Very well, sir,” he said, and beckoned invitingly to Irene. “If you could please come with me, Mrs. Jefferson.”

Irene sneaked a peek at Isaac, and saw that he remained aloof and was still not looking at her.

Subtly turning away, she left with Moneypenny, leaving the grandson alone with his grandfather. Henry spoke again then, and his elder voice was filled with heartfelt sincerity and helplessness. “I understand you’re feeling much grief and spite right now, but it’s

already in the past. It’s time to let go.”

The thought of the distant past seemed to make Henry’s gaze darken, but Isaac simply sat there nonchalantly, keeping his lips tightly pursed in silence, his expression unfathomable.

Sighing, the old man continued, “I was the one who agreed to have you marry Irene, so stop blaming me for deciding on my own. I’m doing this for your own good you’re old enough to start a family, and even if it was disgraceful of Irene’s father to coerce us, Irene is a good girl.”

Isaac raised a brow, coldness filling his visage right then.

What good girl would cuckold her husband?!

However, he did not tell his grandfather about that, because he had set his mind on divorcing her.

Watching his reaction, Henry sighed inwardly.

He was the only one in the family whom Isaac would listen to, or Isaac would not have bothered to come tonight.

Ever since the death of his parents, Isaac had always kept to himself, and was reluctant to return to Jefferson Manor more often than not.

Not keen on pushing him too far either, Henry waved him off feebly. “It’s late now. Go get some rest.”

Isaac rose to his feet, and Moneypenny just happened to return. “Master Isaac.”

“Hmm,” Isaac grunted flatly as he left the room.

Walking up to Henry, Moneypenny asked softly, “Is this really going to work, Master Jefferson?” “Of course,” Henry replied. “Even if he has a heart of stone, he’s only human, and he’d feel desire just as humans do. What, are you saying that he wouldn’t feel a man’s instincts and impulses around a beautiful woman?”

Moneypenny was still worried. “But sir, you know that Master Isaac has a temper. He could definitely tell that you were trying to get him to share a room with Mrs. Jefferson.”

“Well, how are they going to develop feelings if they don’t come in contact? I can’t manage him outside, but here in my house, he’ll still listen to me,” Henry said quietly, though he felt guilty toward Isaac too.

He then added enigmatically , “How much longer can I live anyway? He needs someone to care for him.”

“Master Isaac will eventually definitely understand your sincerity, sir,” Moneypenny said, and helped Henry return to his room.

Moneypenny had brought Irene to Isaac’s room in

Jefferson Manor, and before he left, he told her that it was the room where Isaac had grown up in, although the central section had been renovated once.

Still, the interior decoration of the room was different from the mansion. This place was much darker with its black and gray hues, projecting a cold atmosphere devoid of any warmth.

She looked around, and inadvertently found a curious box. It seemed like something that would appeal to a girl more than a boy, and stuck out like a sore thumb from the interior of the room.

However, just as she was about to check it out, a stern, cold voice bellowed from behind, “What do you think you’re doing?!”