

Runaway 111

Chapter 111

Isaac did not move.

Irene blinked. "You want to eat mine?"

Before he could say a word, she continued, "I drank from the soup. My spit is in it."

"I don't mind," Isaac replied.

Irene was left speechless, her jaw almost dropping right then!

Was this really the Isaac she knew? When did he become so carefree?

Nonetheless, she clutched at the bowl, as if worried he would take it—but that was not the case,

since she was just embarrassed to give it to him. They were not intimate enough to drink from the same bowl!

"Are you blushing?" Isaac chuckled.

Getting embarrassed so easily? She was just so innocent.

Irene touched her own cheek, but retorted, "I'm not. Don't lie."

Isaac did not want to argue, and simply said tenderly, "Of course. If you say so."

Irene felt herself tensing up and evaded his gaze right then.

She herself had no idea what she was being embarrassed about, but Isaac's words were just ambiguous!

Isaac stopped teasing her just then, and he had a simple lunch because he was actually hungry and wanted to eat with her.

Even so, she was still distant.

“The doctor just said that you can go home to rest now,” he said. “I’ll have someone handle the paperwork later.”

“Could I stay here instead?” Irene asked gingerly

After all, she would have to spend even more time with Isaac at home than here, and she did not want that.

What if she developed feelings for him?

Zachary and Lulu were a perfect example, and she was not keen on going through the same pain.

Isaac seemed to see through her, however, and said, “No.”

They were married and should therefore live together. He was not about to let her stay at the hospital!

Irene felt deflated, when he suddenly asked, “Is there anything you can’t do?”

While Irene was confused at first, he continued, “You’ve learned enough skills to be a celebrity. Being a doctor is almost a waste.”

She had certainly surprised him when he found out that she was an artist, and a decent one at

that!

Irene understood what he was getting at then, but she also remembered how Lionel had forced her to marry Isaac, and pursed her lips.

She wanted so badly to tell him that she had been coerced into it, just to earn his favor.

“Do you like that about me?” she asked.

“I do,” he replied with no hesitation.

Irene thought then that it took a man to know another man-Lionel certainly knew Isaac.

But did she learn so much just to make Isaac fall for her? And to use her as a tool to claim favors from

the Jeffersons?

Coldness gripped her heart. Her own father really did not hold back from using her like a tool! “Is there anything else I should know?” Isaac asked then, tucking a lock of her hair behind her

ear.

She turned away, but it could have been because she was ticklish or perhaps just embarrassed. Isaac withdrew his hand, and said, “Draw me too.”

Irene was left speechless, and he raised a brow. “What, do you not want to?”

Knowing what he was capable of, Irene decided that one broken foot was enough.

“Fine,” she quickly said.

Knock, knock-

Someone suddenly knocked on the door.

Isaac rose and answered it, and it turned out to be a courier from City Express.

“Excuse me,

is Ms. Spencer here?”

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Isaac studied the courier and saw the large bouquet of roses he was holding.

Who were those meant for? Irene Spencer?

At the same time, Irene was craning her head from her bed in curiosity. “Who is it?”

The courier could feel the chilling presence Isaac was projecting, and gingerly replied, “Are you Ms. Spencer? I’m from City Express, and I will need your signature for your parcel.”

“Who’s the parcel from?” Irene asked.

“A Mr. Gooding, ma’am,” he replied.

Irene promptly turned toward Isaac, and noticed his jaw clenching-she was just looking from a particular angle, but could still sense the displeasure he felt.

She could tell that Isaac guessed that it was Harvey, who deliberately sent it even though it would incur Isaac's wrath.

Meanwhile, the courier quickly sidestepped Isaac and squeezed his way in, passing her the receipt to be signed before handing her the bouquet of ninety-nine roses. "Thank you."

Irene smiled in return as he quickly left the room, feeling as if this was the worst delivery he had to make yet.

Walking up to her, Isaac asked, "Do you like it?"

"All women would," Irene replied as she picked up the card from the bouquet and read it.

Isaac snorted and snatched it out of her hands and read it before she could.

[I only wish that I can be in your heart, and my heart is too small for anyone but Irene! Divorce Isaac already-I will marry you instead. I miss you]

you. Oh,

[To Irene from Harvey, all my love.]

His wording was as obvious as it was flirty, and Isaac's face darkened while his turn red after he was done.

eyes

seemed to

Restraining his temper, he asked Irene, "You want a divorce so that you can marry Harvey Gooding?"

Irene never had time to read what was on the card, but she could tell that it was nothing good if he was that upset.

Still, she knew upsetting Isaac was inevitable when she agreed to play along with Harvey's plans, and that was her plan anyway.

“Yes,” she replied.

Isaac tore the card into pieces then, his murderous intent overflowing, though he soon softened at the sight of Irene’s plastered foot. “Don’t even dream of a divorce. Like I said—I’ll destroy any man you have!”

With that, he kicked the door open with a loud bang!

The crash was so violent it almost broke the door right then.

He was really furious!

Irene flinched in surprise, her heart skipping a beat when she saw Isaac’s furious visage, somehow feeling sympathy for him just then.

Was she actually out of line...?

Bzzt-

That was when the phone she kept under her pillow vibrated.

Composing herself, she picked up to see that Sheryl had sent a video of Tommy. He was awake and looking everywhere without focusing on anything.

Irene remembered how red his skin was after he was born, but he had since become fair-skinned and even had a faint pink blush.

He was just so small and adorable.

She clasped a hand over her lips, her eyes turning watery just then.

She was separated from him almost soon after she gave birth, before she could spend any time with him.

She missed him so much-she wanted to cradle him and kiss him.

All her remorse about upsetting Isaac hence vaporized. There was no way she could relent now! Her

child needed her, and she must return to her side as soon as possible!

If she wanted to be free of that man, she must make him agree to a divorce. That was the only way she could be with her own child.

That was when the door suddenly swung open, and Irene quickly hid the phone beneath her sheets and looked toward the doorway.

Stan was there with several other men—he was courteous toward Irene these days after learning that Isaac cared about her.

“Mrs. Jefferson, the doctors are saying that you can be discharged. He’s also asked me to send you to the mansion.”

Isaac’s wording for those orders was hardly that polite.

“I know,” Irene replied.

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As Irene hung her head, Stan said, “Please pack her belongings, Mrs. Watson.”

Despite what Stan said, Mrs. Watson just had to pick up Irene’s laundry and nothing else.

After she was done, Stan brought a wheelchair, and Mrs. Watson helped Irene to get on it.

With the men he brought, it looked as if Stan was afraid she would run away, and the overkill was

enough for Mrs. Watson to tell that something was wrong. “Did you upset your husband again, Mrs. Jefferson?”

Irene said nothing.

“Why?” Mrs. Watson simply could not understand, and disliked that about her.

Irene could get along with Isaac and have a blissful married life with him. How many women would die for that?!

“Because—”

Before Irene could finish, however, they watched as Stan stomped on the rose bouquet Harvey sent, leaving an utter mess before telling Irene, “Mr. Jefferson’s orders.”

Irene remained impassive-she did not really like those roses anyway.

“Do whatever you want,” she said flatly.

“Was that from the man who visited you earlier?” Mrs. Watson asked.

“Yeah,” Irene replied.

Mrs. Watson felt utter disappointment right then. “Why would you accept it if you know it upsets Mr. Jefferson?”

“I want a divorce,” Irene said flatly, leaving both Stan and Mrs. Watson speechless.

Feeling that Irene really did not know what was good for her, Stan snorted. “You’re tactless.”

Irene chuckled but did not bother explaining.

As Stan wheeled Irene out of the hospital, they saw Samantha White and Lionel Spencer enter.

Lionel looked terrible and it was obvious that he was here for a consultation, but when he saw Irene, he

quickly went up to her and asked worriedly, “Irene? Where have you been the last few months? Where’s your mother?”

Irene glanced at Samantha who stood beside him. “You have your lover over there. Why bother my mother?”

Lionel glowered and huffed, “I know you two were hiding from me, but I’m telling you—I won’t divorce her! She can hide all she wants, I will-cough!”

He hacked violently before she could finish, and Irene saw that his lips were pale.

As a doctor, she could immediately tell that he was sick, so she said softly, “You’re here to get checked, aren’t you? Go in already.”

Lionel was still clutching his chest and coughing violently for a while before he could speak. Wheezing, he asked, “What happened to your leg?”

“I fell,” she replied flatly.

“Is it serious?”

“No.”

“Oh, that’s enough! You’ve been sick for so long, Lionel-quit wasting time and get better already,” Samantha said, tugging at Lionel’s sleeve. “I’m the only one who cares for you, and you’d rather care about someone else...”

Lionel shot her a glare. “Shut up!”

Samantha was naturally upset by that reaction. “How am I wrong? They were hiding for months because they didn’t care about you at all, but you had to get clingy instead. Can’t you see how

indifferent she is? She’s now Mrs. Jefferson, she’d never bother herself with you

“Let’s go, Stan,” Irene snapped then, not having the mood to play along with Samantha’s antics.

Lionel wanted to say more, but Irene had already gotten into her car, and he was left sighing. Still, he never looked away even after Irene’s car sped into the distance, while Samantha kept tugging at him. “She’s gone already, so you don’t have to look.”

After that, Lionel underwent a series of tests. Once the reports were filed, Samantha brought them to the doctor, who had a somber look on his face after reading them.

“What’s wrong with me, doctor?” Lionel asked as he sat opposite the doctor.

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The doctor did not answer immediately, and instead asked, “Is your family with you?”

Samantha, who had been standing at a corner, promptly replied, “I’m his wife.”

Like any other human being, Samantha yearned dearly for the one thing she lacked. While she was just a mistress, she certainly would never miss a chance to introduce herself as Mrs. Spencer out in the open!

“Is my husband alright, doctor?” she asked then.

“No, there’s no need for worry,” the doctor replied “Anyway, I’ll be writing a receipt for you, Mr. Spencer.

There’s another test you should take ”

After writing on a piece of paper and passing it to Lionel Spencer, the doctor said, “You can go now.

Your wife can stay.”

Lionel, however, could tell that the doctor was trying to send him out of the room. “Just be honest with me, doctor,” he said. “There’s no need to lude anything from me I’m prepared for the worst.”

The doctor stayed awkwardly silent for a moment, and said, “Very well.

“He read through the reports again, and finally told Lionel, “You have a malignant brain tumor.

Despite having prepared himself mentally, Lionel almost fell off his chair from sheer shock, his knuckles balling into fists on his lap just then.

Samantha naturally lost composure as well, since Lionel was basically her sugar daddy. “It’s just a cough, doctor! How could it be a brain tumor? Could there have been a mistake?”

“It’s probably metastasizing,” the doctor replied. “The dry cough is a symptom that it’s moved to the throat and lungs.”

“There must be a mistake!” Samantha snapped.

Lionel did not have it in him to flip out just then. “Please, leave us.’

Samantha, however, seemed to not hear him. “Let’s go to another hospital. This place is full of quack

doctors! You’re just fine, there must be a mistake”

“That’s enough!” Lionel barked, his ire getting to him.

He was already in a bad mood, but she just had to keep yapping!

Samantha reluctantly turned quiet.

Feeling chagrined, Lionel said, “Sorry about that, doctor.”

The doctor waved him off-he certainly understood, and there were other patients whose family members reacted worse.

"How... How long do I have left?" Lionel asked even as he worked hard to keep himself together.

In the end, everyone is inevitably afraid to die, and few have ever faced death with grace and fearlessness.

"We will require further tests," the doctor replied. "You should get admitted now if possible."

"I will think about it..." Lionel mumbled.

"Of course," the doctor said, and handed him his reports. "Of course, you can have further tests at another hospital if you want."

Lionel appeared deflated and took the folder quietly, got up, and left.

Samantha followed him, saying, "We should consult another hospital... They might have messed up here."

It only served to annoy Lionel, who just wanted peace and quiet, only for her to keep prattling on!

"Just shut up if you don't want me to die!" he growled.

"But I'm doing this for your own good," Samantha complained softly.

Lionel was not bothered with her just then—he did not even have the strength to speak after finding out about his sickness.

Meanwhile, Irene had returned to the mansion.

However, the men Stan brought with him were still around, standing guard outside the mansion to stop her from escaping.

It was basically a house arrest that lasted over a month.

In that time, Isaac never showed up, and she never had contact with the outside world. Cut off from all outside contact, she had to idle her days away.

On the other hand, Harvey was not that lucky.

Isaac was furious, but since he could not vent it at Irene, Harvey had to take the brunt of it.

He launched a campaign to sabotage all projects Gooding Enterprises had, and did not care if it hurt his checkbook!

Harvey was left on the verge of bankruptcy, and news of his company's unstoppable decline kept making headlines!

With all their projects basically killed off, Harvey finally caved to the pressure and sought out Isaac, explaining that there was nothing between him and Irene-they were just putting up an act to upset him.

His words were: "I just wanted to annoy you, and Irene wants to divorce you. It was just a common goal, and we agreed to pretend as if we are in a relationship! There is actually nothing between us at all!"

Irene finally found out when Isaac showed up at the mansion again.

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However, Irene did not feel anything toward Harvey's predicament-the man had come up with that plan himself.

He should have been prepared to fight Isaac when he did. He was not, however, and he could only blame his own stupidity for his losses.

"That's your darling, right there. Don't you have anything to say?" Isaac asked as he stared at Irene's face, looking for a reaction-he naturally did not take Harvey's explanation at face value.

Irene was completely nonchalant, and he knew right then that Harvey was mostly telling the truth. After all, if she was really in love, there was no way she would not get worried about Harvey. Her nonchalance just meant that she did not care!

But even if that had been an act, it was reality that she wanted to divorce him!

Was she really that obsessed with leaving him?

"Why are you so insistent on a divorce, Irene Spencer?" he asked directly with a dark look.

Irene rolled her eyes. "You know that I'm with Harvey-"

."He already told me that it's an act."

Irene was speechless-Harvey was simply unreliable!

Nonetheless, she braced herself and snapped, "It was never my intention to marry you. I don't love you at all, and I certainly don't want to spend my life with a man I don't love. That's why I want a divorce-it's that simple."

She had steeled herself to anger Isaac, to make him divorce her!

Isaac stayed silent for a long while. "I..."

He wanted to tell Irene that he was the man she was with that night.

At the very least, they shared a bond that way. Maybe she would stop demanding a divorce too?

He decided to test the waters.

"If the man you were with that night was also the one who caused your miscarriage, would you hate him?"

He would tell her if she said no.

However, Irene did not hesitate in her response, and everything from her expression to her tone made her rage apparent.

"Of course I would. I would even wish he was dead!"

Naturally, she did not forget that she had lost a twin because of Isaac and Whitney! "That's why I hate you now. You're the reason I lost my children."

"So be it," Isaac quietly said.

Irene actually did a double take. What was that misery in his tone?

"What's your deal?" she asked softly.

"It's my fault," Isaac said and went to stand beside the curtain wall.

He was hurting for the loss of their children too.

Irene somehow felt sympathy and the impulse to give him a hug-he looked so lonely and miserable

from behind.

She shook her head. How could she feel that way toward him?!

Even if Isaac was not the mastermind, he definitely played a huge role in the loss of her twin, and that would always keep them apart.

“Mrs. Watson?” she called out then. “Help me upstairs.”

Mrs. Watson arrived, and was just about to do it when Isaac turned around and said, “I’ll do it.”

Mrs. Watson promptly left, but Irene resisted. “Mrs. Watson can do it.”

Isaac said nothing and quietly picked her up, and she bit her lip, her hands dangling aimlessly. “Why are you doing this? You know I hate you.”

Isaac carried her into her bedroom and put her in bed, but never pulled away. Instead, he stayed just inches away from her, his back arched as he looked into her eyes solemnly. “Because I love you.”

Irene’s eyes widened, her pupils dilating.

She had to tug on the sheets and avert her eyes, as if afraid to look him in the eye. “But I don’t.

“I know,” Isaac replied.

Irene was actually so surprised by his reaction that she suddenly looked up, her forehead knocking into his chin because she moved too quickly.

“Sorry, I didn’t mean to...”

She reached out to touch his chin, and saw that there was no harm done. “You’re fine...”

That was when she found herself looking into his eyes again, and realized at the same time that she was caressing his chin.

Panicking, she tried to pull away, but Isaac caught her wrist!

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“L-Let go...” Irene whispered even as she struggled.

Isaac did not, however, and held her soft hand in his palm as he leaned in to kiss her lips.

Irene would have usually resisted, but she was weirdly silent and did not push him away this time.

In fact, she closed her eyes, quietly feeling the breath of another person and her heart racing as a result!

His kiss was passionate, endless and enrapturing. One could not help being captivated by it'

Since it was the first time she was being so docile, Isaac wanted more than kisses, and began to reach deeper to conquer her.

His fingertips brushed past her collarbone, loosening her collar and sliding off her straps. Irene finally regained her senses from his dizzying kiss when she felt the sudden coldness. over her chest, and

realizing what he was doing, evaded him in panic "Stop!"

Isaac's gaze appeared clouded "You enjoyed that too, didn't you?"

"No, I didn't." Irene denied it.

"Really?" Isaac brushed a finger over her lips that was moist, perhaps because of him.

"Get out," Irene snapped, unable to look anywhere and seemingly embarrassed by her own actions.

How could she kiss him so willingly?! She hated herself for that!

She bit her lip, and blamed him for everything right then. "Don't come near me or try to bewitch me ever again."

She felt as if she was not herself because of his advances.

Isaac simply smiled at her, and Irene inadvertently glanced at him, almost falling for the most gentle and adoring smile in the world just then.

She quickly averted her eyes, thinking to herself that the man was constantly using his beauty on her!

That was when someone knocked on the door, and Mrs. Watson soon called out, "Sir, there's someone downstairs, asking for Mrs. Jefferson."

"Who is it?" Isaac asked.

"He is saying that he is her younger brother..."

Irene frowned. "Ricky Spencer?"

She remembered that Ricky was involved in that hit-and-run and was subsequently convicted. Still, Lionel was calling in favors from everywhere, and since the accident was not at all serious, he was freed after just two months.

"Do you want to see him?" Isaac asked. "I'll send him away if you don't."

"No." Irene replied-she never spoke much and held no sentiment for her stepbrother.

Moreover, her spite toward Samantha extended to the boy as well, giving her even less of a reason to meet him.

"Send him away." Isaac spoke at the general direction of the door then.

"Yes, Mr. Jefferson," Mrs. Watson replied, and they heard her heading downstairs.

That was when Irene suddenly remembered that Lionel's face had been yellowish and he had been

losing weight drastically. She did not know what had happened, but it was obvious that he was very sick!

Although she hated him for using her like a tool and cheating on her mother, she was still worried at the thought that he was sick

Blood certainly runs thicker than water.

Isaac could see the worry on her face. "I'll have someone bring him in if you want to see him.

Irene shook her head, because Ricky was not her concern. "No."

That was when Mrs. Watson returned and spoke from outside the door again, "Sir, he refused to leave and rushed inside although the men threw him out. He insists that he will stay until he gets to meet Mrs. Jefferson."

Isaac opened the door then. "It's fine. I'll handle this."

Irene suddenly called out to him. "I think I'll meet him this time."

She wanted to find out what Ricky wanted anyway.

As she tried to stand, Isaac walked over to her and held her up by the waist.

She felt uncomfortable with his touch, but put a hand on his shoulder anyway.

Once they arrived downstairs, Ricky was soon brought to them. "Sis."

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Ricky addressed Irene as 'Sis' the instant he stepped through the front door, but Irene remained impassive, and was certainly unaffected by that title.

"Why did you want to see me?"

"You're a doctor, aren't you? You must know people," Ricky said tearfully. "You have to ask them to help Dad. His condition is very serious, and he won't survive for long if he doesn't get surgery."

The usually haughty boy appeared despondent, just as Irene stiffened.

She had a hunch, but it still struck her like a truck to find out that it was reality.

"What did his doctor say? What's his condition?" she asked quietly.

"Malignant brain cancer. It's metastasized to his lungs," Ricky replied.

Irene was stunned. "W-What?"

"You have to get him the best doctors, Sis. There might still be hope," Ricky cried anxiously.

Irene, however, knew that the cancer had advanced to a very late stage if it had actually begun to metastasize, and not even surgery could help much.

As she became silent, Ricky demanded, "What, are you going to do nothing?"

Irene simply needed time to calm down. "Go home for now."

However, Ricky thought that her reaction meant she was still holding a grudge against Lionel, and therefore indifferent.

"He may have been a little overbearing about your marriage, but he's your father. He's sick and almost dying now-are you so cold that you won't help?"

"Won't help?" Irene coolly said. "What do you take me for, some sort of god? His cancer is in its late stage-no one can help him!"

"

Ricky promptly lost it and screamed, "You heartless bitch! You'll get your just deserts!"

Irene, however, was unmoved. "That would be my own issue. Why are you getting upset?"

"I'm upset because you're an ingrate! You won't be here if not for Dad

Nearby, Isaac frowned. Did the boy forget that he was here, yelling at Irene right in front of him?

With a quick gesture, his men dragged Ricky out of the mansion, and Irene did not stop them, watching

as Ricky continued to scream murder at her even as he was taken away.

However, once he was out of sight, she grimaced in misery.

No matter how much spite she felt toward Lionel, her heart still ached to hear that he was terminally ill

After calming down, she picked up a phone to call a specialist she was acquainted with, but eventually hung up because the other person did not answer.

"Would you like my help?" Isaac asked just then.

Irene shook her head. "No."

She would look for help on her own, and certainly did not want to bother him.

"You don't have to hold back," Isaac said. "If you need help, you just need to ask."

Irene looked at him then, emotional stirring within her gaze.

Any woman would fall for him when he was being so kind.

Naturally, she was flesh and blood as well, and therefore had feelings. Lowering her gaze, she said, "Thank you."

"You don't have to thank me," Isaac replied.

Somehow, things were suddenly polite-even harmonious between them.

Irene certainly was not on edge around him just then!

Next morning, Irene left the mansion with the help of Mrs. Watson and Jimmy the chauffeur.

She first went to the mall, since she should at least get a gift when she was asking for a favor.

Fortunately, she had a lot of money after selling her painting, so she planned to buy something valuable as a way of sincerity.

She heard that the specialist she knew was a tea connoisseur, so she looked for an exquisite set of china.

It looked quite expensive, but she took it anyway, and handed over a card to the cashier. "I would like that gift-wrapped. Here, for the payment."

The card was the one Isaac had given her, and the cashier respectfully took it with both hands when she saw it.

While Irene waited, she casually asked, "How much do I have left?"

“Actually, there’s no limit, ma’am. You can use it as much as you want,” the cashier replied.

Irene was dumbfounded.

Perhaps she had misheard?

“What was that? There’s no limit?”

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“Yes, there isn’t a limit,” the cashier repeated, and explained, “The spending limit of Centurion Cards is upward of a billion.”

As a matter of fact, only the super-rich could afford the set of china Irene had picked.

Being an employee there, the cashier had naturally met many such individuals, and more or less

understood the way things worked among the upper-class.

On the other hand, Irene was dumbstruck, but she soon remembered Isaac’s words.

“You can buy anything you want.”

She finally understood that now... but how could she bear to accept so much money from him?

Meanwhile, the cashier had already gift-wrapped the tea set, and Mrs. Watson walked up to carry it for Irene.

“Your card, ma’am.” The cashier then returned the card, holding it with both hands once more.

As Irene took it, she suddenly found it so heavy she would drop it—but it was just a card.

.She thought Isaac was joking when he told her that she loved her, and did not take it seriously.

But why would he give this card to her if he was not serious?

She smiled bitterly-money could really buy a woman’s heart, could it not?

And she was no exception!

In reality, it was not the money, but Isaac's sincerity-like the tramp who would happily give out all six coins he had in his pocket to a downtrodden child.

"Where should we go next, Mrs. Jefferson? Are we getting something else?" Mrs. Watson asked softly when she noticed that Irene was spacing out.

Coming to her senses, Irene said, "No. We're leaving."

"Are you realizing that your husband is treating you well?" Mrs. Watson smiled then.

Irene stayed silent, even though she could feel that in her heart.

She would never admit it, however, because there was no way she and Isaac could be real spouses now she had a child, and it was not Isaac's.

Would he be willing to be the stepfather to someone else's child?

Obviously not.

As such, why should she hurt herself over it when she knew what would happen?

Naturally, she would not keep the card either-but now was not the time to worry over this.

Composing herself, she said, "Let's go."

She gave the chauffeur the specialist's address. Luckily, he was at home.

The specialist Dr Kelly was in his fifties and had white hair on his sideburns, but he appeared very spirited.

"This is a consultation, I presume?" he asked directly.

Irene did not try to hide either. "Yes. My father has late-stage brain cancer. I'm hoping that you'll pick up his case."

Dr. Kelly actually admired Irene as a doctor a while ago, and since she was asking for a family member, he had even less reason to refuse.

"I will."

"Thank you," Irene said gratefully. "I heard that you're a connoisseur when it comes to tea, so I've prepared a small gift for you."

As Irene put the china set on the table, Dr. Kelly tried to turn her down. "I can't accept this...'

"Please do. I understand that you're a frugal person, and you agreed to take my father's case even

though I had not mentioned any reward. That is therefore an entirely different matter from my gift-it's a token of sincerity from a former junior associate. I've always remembered how you helped me in my time as a doctor."

Irene was being very earnest, and as it was his favorite pastime, Dr. Kelly accepted it. "I shall gratefully accept, then."

"Of course." Irene smiled.

With the formalities over, they shared some of their medical knowledge.

Dr. Kelly was good at what he did because his speciality was one particular affliction, and having

worked in the same field for so long, his experience and knowledge was vast.

Irene learned much just by speaking with him, and their conversation lasted until noon.

Dr. Kelly tried to get her to stay for lunch, but Irene felt embarrassed and refused, saying, "I have other matters to attend to."

"Of course," Dr. Kelly replied. "Also, I think I shall check on your father this afternoon."

"Thank you," Irene said.

"You're always welcome," Dr. Kelly replied.

Chapter 119

Irene returned to the mansion after leaving Dr. Kelly's house, and she nestled on the couch, spacing out.

She was wondering if she should tell Sheryl about Lionel.

After all, they did live under one roof over two decades as spouses.

In fact, she felt that Sheryl had a right to know.

As she took her phone from her pocket to make the call, it started to vibrate.

It was a video from Sheryl, along with two text messages.

In the video, Tommy was wearing a onesie. His hair had grown out with a healthy black hue, and his

little eyes were darting everywhere as he looked around an adorable sight.

[Tommy is a month old now, and almost nine pounds. Don't you think he looks chubbier?]

[Just look at him. He really takes after you!]

A while ago, Irene already contacted Sheryl and told her that Isaac had taken her from Harvey's custody, meaning that they still could not meet for the moment.

'Now, she told Sheryl that she was doing well and asked Sheryl to take good care of Tommy

Not wanting her daughter to worry over nothing, Sheryl replied: [Don't worry. I'll do everything to make sure Tommy gets the best.]

Irene smiled as she rewatched the video of Tommy, and replied: (He's my baby. Of course he would take after me.)

Then, after hesitating for a while, she tried to gauge Sheryl's reaction.

[I heard Dad is very sick.]

Sheryl replied, but it took a while. (Just let him die already.)

Irene was left staring at the screen, wondering how honest Sheryl was.

Was it just out of spite, or was she really keen on Lionel dying?

“How about some fruit, Mrs. Jefferson?” Mrs. Watson said, carrying a fruit plate to her and pulling her out of her reverie.

Putting down her phone, Irene picked up a piece of honeydew.

At the hospital, Lionel was laying in bed, his eyes sunken, his skin yellowed and still losing weight by the hour.

His attending physician soon arrived with Dr. Kelly. They had put him through all the required tests previously, and it was determined that he did not need surgery at this stage, because that would

actually allow him to live a little longer. It was a conservative treatment, but it was the best solution they had for him right now.

In contrast, a surgery would have limited effect, and he would be risking his life.

“Our hospital’s specialist has personally come to visit,” Lionel’s doctor told him.

Lionel understood the severity of his condition, but was still eager to live. “Thank you coming,” he told

Dr. Kelly, hope showing up in his eyes. “Do I stand a chance?”

for

Dr. Kelly told him, “If you cooperate fully with our treatment, we would certainly do our best in turn, and things would definitely improve from there.”

Giving patients hope was vital, regardless of the outcome.

Lionel’s eyes lit up. “Really?”

“Of course.” Dr. Kelly replied. “Naturally, you should also relax and not get too obsessed with your condition. We have seen worse cases that got better than we had expected, but their optimism played a huge role in that.”

“I understand,” Lionel said.

“I have also read through your case,” Dr. Kelly continued, “and I will be attending to you alongside Dr.

Lewitt here. I hope we have your confidence.”

Lionel nodded repeatedly. “Of course,” he said, and asked in curiosity, “By the way, may I just ask why have you taken an interest in my case?”

After all, he already had an attending physician, which was why he did not try to consult a ‘specialist.

In that case, why would a specialist take his case on his own volition?

“Your daughter asked me to,” Dr. Kelly told him. “She is a fine daughter.”

“Irene...?” Lionel murmured as he realized with a start.

In the end, his daughter still cared about him, or she would not have asked a specialist to help

him.

“She’s a good daughter,” Dr. Kelly said, holding his gaze. “You’ve raised her well.”

Lionel then remembered how he had always tried to stop Irene from becoming a doctor, but at that very moment, he actually felt proud of her.

He always valued money and influence above all, but now he finally understood the nobility of the medical field!

“She’s a good daughter,” Lionel murmured, and suddenly desired to see her.

After the doctors left, he called Ricky to him. “Ask your sister to meet me. Do whatever you

have to ”

Ricky was wearing a white T-shirt, a casual jacket, white shoes, and black casual pants. Though he was lounging on a chair in the ward, he was fuming as he remembered what happened when he asked Irene for help.

“Why? I went looking for her, but that ingrate doesn’t even care if you die!”

Lionel frowned, but said firmly, “She’s your sister.”

“Sister? She certainly doesn’t consider me her brother! I even heard that she could have asked Isaac Jefferson for help when I was convicted, but she didn’t. It’s obvious she doesn’t care ”

Lionel told him patiently, "You need to be more understanding now, Ricky. Just listen to me, and ask for her. I need to speak with her."

"She won't come!" Ricky yelled indignantly, and rashed out of the ward... only to run into

Irene herself at the doorway.

He was left gaping when he saw her—why was she here?!

Chapter 120

Ricky stammered, "I-I thought you're not going to help? Why are you here?!"

Irene remained cold as ever. "To remove my plaster cast."

"Hah! I knew you were an ingrate!" Ricky snapped indignantly—she would always be this cold, even though their father was asking to see her from his deathbed!

"Mrs. Jefferson has done all she can!" Mrs. Watson snapped. "She even consulted—"

"Mrs. Watson," Irene called out to her, cutting her short.

She did not have to explain her actions to anyone, let alone Samantha's son!

Ricky could think whatever he wanted, and she was not obligated to find out or care.

Still, Lionel must have heard them in his ward, and called out, "Irene?"

Irene pursed her lips. "Yeah, it's me."

"Come in. I have something to say."

Irene was reluctant, and simply said, "You just take care of yourself."

"Irene!" Lionel's tone turned forceful just then. "Do I have to get out of my bed?"

“Stop it, Dad. She must have fed her conscience to the dogs,” Ricky snapped.

”

“Watch what you’re saying!” Lionel barked at him, getting off his bed and walking up to the doorway. “Apologize to your sister!”

“No way!” Ricky yelled indignantly.

“Do it now!” Lionel roared, and started to hack violently.

Ricky promptly ran to him and rubbed his back, and apologized reluctantly to Irene so that Lionel would calm down. “I’m sorry.”

Then, turning back to Lionel, he said with concern, “There, I did it, Dad. You have to calm down now—you’re very sick.”

Lionel’s coughing subsided slightly just then, and he turned toward Irene. “Please.”

Seeing that his illness was ripping him apart alive, Irene relented, but maintained an indifferent demeanor. “Just say what you want to say. I have things to do.”

Lionel gestured for Ricky to leave them. “I need to speak with your sister alone.”

Ricky was prejudiced against Irene, and shot her a glare before leaving.

Irene took no offense, and moved her wheelchair toward Lionel while telling Mrs. Watson, “Wait for me outside.”

“Okay, Mrs. Jefferson,” Mrs. Watson replied as Irene followed Lionel into his ward.

Moving to sit on his bed, Lionel studied Irene before saying, “I’m sure you know that I’m terminally ill and won’t last long, but I’d still have to thank you for getting me a specialist. I guess you still consider me your father, huh?”

Irene kept her gaze lowered in silence.

No matter how much she had to complain, she could not say a word when he was in this state.

Nonetheless, Lionel sighed and said, "I must now admit that I may have made a mistake. I shouldn't have forced you to marry Isaac Jefferson-I can help you if you want a divorce."

He had always been demanding toward his daughter in accordance with his own desires, and never thought about what she wanted. Therefore, he wanted to do something for her now with what time he had left.

Irene was actually surprised. "Can you really do it?"

"Probably," Lionel replied. "Remember, your grandfather worked as Henry Jefferson's chauffeur, and even died for him. I might be able to get a word in."

That was when Irene became hesitant.

She had always wanted to divorce Isaac, but now that she might have a shot, she was actually reluctant.

Nonetheless, her head was clear, and she knows that she must not have feelings with Isaac or be with him.

"Do you want a divorce?" Lionel asked then.

*Irene looked up at him, and replied, "Yes."

"Well, I've never done much for you," Lionel said, "so let this be one of them while I'm still alive."

There was so much misery in his words.

"You'll get better," Irene said then. "Just follow what the doctor has ordered."

Still, both of them knew that it was unlikely-that it was just a matter of how long Lionel would last now.

"

Knowing that Irene was trying to offer him comfort, Lionel breathed a long sigh...

"Oh, who's this? What could have brought the great Mrs. Jefferson to a humble place like this?"

Samantha exclaimed as she suddenly showed up at the door, her words dripping with contempt for

Irene.

Lionel gestured for her to leave. "We're talking."

"What about? Am I not allowed to hear it?"

Samantha refused to leave-with Lionel on death's door, she was worried that he would list Irene as the sole heir in his will. That was why she absolutely would not allow them to be alone in one room, in fear that Irene would cajole her way to the Spencer estate.

Irene, however, was not even bothered to look at Samantha, and simply moved her wheelchair to leave

Samantha was not about to give up. "Don't you hate your father for making you marry Isaac Jefferson? What, you suddenly grew a conscience to visit him? Or maybe you wanted something else?"