

## Runaway 12

### Chapter 12

Henry had already put a plan together, and it took Money Penny a while to get it.

“Is that why you asked me to find a heart donor—”

He had barely finished when Irene stepped out of the restroom with the first aid kit.

Money Penny promptly turned silent, while Henry leaned against his cane to rise to his feet, and told Irene, “Come with me.”

He was heading to his study, and Irene put the first aid kit on a table before following him. Sitting behind the large desk in the study, sadness showed in Henry’s eyes as he told her, “Isaac’s father passed away very early, and while I raised him, he always lived away from home since he studied at a boarding school. He moved out right after graduating university to take over the company, too, and is so busy he basically never comes home.”

There was quietness in Henry’s voice. Isaac’s father was his eldest son, and no matter how long had passed, he still felt miserable about his passing because no father should ever have to bury his son.

He also knew that Isaac had his reason for not coming

home, and he could foresee what Isaac would do to his uncle’s family after his death.

In fact, Isaac held back this long because he still respected Henry, and he needed a woman to make him learn to feel...

So that he would give up on hatred.

They were all his flesh and blood, and he did not want them slaughtering each other.

“Sir...” Irene murmured, unsure of how to reassure him.

There was no question that Henry had been good to her. Even though she was forced to marry into this family because of Lionel’s greed, Henry never held her in contempt.

Raising a hand to assure her she had nothing to worry about, he continued, “The reason I agreed to let you marry Isaac is because I know that you are a good child, just as your grandfather had been loyal and kind. You are his granddaughter, and his blood runs in your veins that is why I wanted you to stay with Isaac and care for him.”

“Sir, I believe that it would be ideal for him if he had someone he loves with him instead...”

Irene’s words were her earnest opinion.

From Henry’s perspective, however, she seemed to be giving up and making excuses to leave Isaac,

But having lived this long, was there any situation he had not encountered?

In fact, it was actually easy to convince her.

"I understand that you have your difficulties," he said as he drew out a document from his drawer and handed it to her. "Your mother is ill, and she requires a donor match for a heart transplant. I happened to have found a match, and I've spoken to the right people. Sign this agreement, and the surgery is a go— I will pay for everything, including the surgical cost as well as any other medical fees involved."

Irene was at first delighted, though she soon thought to herself that things would never be that simple.

Scanning through the agreement, she realized that it was a contract to keep her from divorcing Isaac.

And the old man certainly knew how to hold leverage against her, so that she would stay with Isaac.

"I heard that your mother's condition is worsening, and would be beyond saving if the transplant is delayed any further. Heart donors are not that easily found even with money, which you don't have."

Irene's fingers clenched on the paper in her hands, feeling at a loss for what she should do.

Still, the real reason Henry called her here now dawned upon her.

"Why do you think I can care for him, sir?"

"Like I said—you're Tim's granddaughter. I trust you."

Irene tried to stay calm, but she was too flustered to do so.

It was true that her mother's illness could not wait, and she would have a better chance of survival with early surgery.

Since she was married to Isaac anyway, she agreed to it for the sake of her mother's survival. "I will sign it."

"Good. Trust me—my judge in character is right, and you'll definitely make Isaac happy." A smile finally appeared on Henry's solemn face.

Even so, Irene kept her lips tightly pursed and stayed silent, convinced that Henry was wrong—that Whitney was the one who could give Isaac happiness.

Not her.

After she signed the paper, Henry picked up the phone, saying, "I'll contact the hospital right now, and tell them to perform the transplant for your mother soon."

Irene stood there, at once expectant and nervous.

After Henry finished his call, she asked, "May I go to the hospital too, sir?"

It was a daughter's care and concern for her sick mother, so he allowed it. "Of course. Go on."

He could not help sighing as well, since he knew that there was no way Isaac would let Irene into his room after the mess just now.

"Thank you, sir." Irene was earnestly grateful. Henry waved her off and told the butler who was waiting outside the door, "Money penny, get a car for her."

“Please come with me, Mrs. Jefferson ,” the butler told Irene, and she left with him.

On the way to the hospital, Irene felt like she was in a dream-everything had happened so quickly that it actually felt unreal.

Nonetheless, when she arrived and saw that the old man had arranged everything perfectly, she realized that this was reality, and it was no dream.

Her mother was really getting a transplant! Soon, after a night of near misses, the transplant was a success.

Although there would be a long period of observation and rehabilitation afterward, relief could be seen on Irene’s face.

Though her mother was lying in a ward for post-surgery observation, her mother’s life was saved.

Having gone sleepless for the entire night, she headed straight to her clinic when someone called out to her.

“Dr. Spencer?”

She turned to find Ms. Diaz, a nurse from her department, coming up and telling her, “It was fortunate that you left early last night – Dr. Cox was so full of herself that she could not stop boasting, now that she has a backer.”

Irene averted her gaze – she was not eager to comment on Whitney.

“Honestly, she’s not even as beautiful as you are, Dr. Spencer. What does Isaac Jefferson even like about her?” Seeing that Ms. Diaz was going to keep gossiping , Irene became reluctant to stay. “But she’s beautiful, and there must be something about her that is attractive to Mr. Jefferson. Let’s not gossip so much behind their backs.”

Ms. Diaz seemed to not hear her and was actually pouting. “They call it a farewell party, but it’s more like a party for her to brag about herself. Everyone knew that the internship spot was supposed to be yours,”

“Sorry, Ms. Diaz, but I have something to attend to.” Irene cut her short—it would not do if anyone overheard them, and it could easily cause a misunderstanding.

Finally sensing her reluctance to gossip, Ms. Diaz stopped, and they each returned to their respective posts.

Mornings were the busiest time for hospitals anyway,

and there was already a long row of patients waiting to take a number at the registration counter.

Irene had two surgeries in the morning, and took a two hour break before performing.

After that, her lack of sleep left her exhausted, but just as she tried to nap during her lunch break, a nurse came to

her.

“The chief is asking for you in his office.”

“Is it urgent?” she asked—she would go later if it was not. “I don’t know.” The nurse smiled. “I’m just the messenger. Guess you’ll find out if you head over.” “Fine, I’ll be right there,” Irene replied, and headed to the chief’s office.

She knocked on the door, and opened the door only after she heard a response inside.

“Sir.”

The chief was sitting behind his desk, and put aside his task when he saw that it was her.

He stayed silent for a moment, seemingly having trouble starting, but he knew he had to.

“Dr. Spencer ... Did you somehow offend Mr. Jefferson?”