

Runaway 14

Chapter 14

Truth be told, Stan was not sure.

He had been puzzled and shocked himself to see Irene and Zachary holding a cheerful conversation over lunch he would never have known if he had not coincidentally passed by that restaurant either. "Should we call Dr. Slate and ask?" he suggested.

"Yeah," Isaac flatly replied, and Stan quickly left to make the call.

Zachary arrived after around twenty minutes, and the instant he stepped into Isaac's office, he said, "Perfect timing. I was just going to—"

LUL

"You know Irene Spencer?" Isaac asked.

Interjected before he could finish, Zachary was taken aback, but he soon nodded. "I do—she's my junior, and she's the one who treated your injury that time."

Isaac leaned back on his brown leather couch, his long and bushy eyelashes twitching above his jet-black gaze.

That was her?

It was actually surprising.

"Right, so..." Zachary continued as he entered and took a seat. "Can't you be nicer to her, Isaac?"

Isaac raised a brow and loafed even more casually just then, but those who knew him understood that the more casual he was, the more pensive he actually was.

Zachary was actually close to Irene?

Somehow, he felt upset—and he actually had no idea why he felt that way.

"Are you siding with her?" he asked quietly. "What is she to you?"

"She's my junior, duh. We graduated from the same teaching hospital, although she's two semesters my junior. Word is that her father has a mistress and is cold toward her and her mother, and she had to work part time jobs during university to pay her tuition fees. A tragic case on all counts," Zachary said, earnestly defending Irene, telling her life story as well so that Isaac would spare her, or at least let her keep her job.

Not sparing his strength, Zachary continued, "That's why I tried to help her when I could, so we're good friends. Come on, Isaac—she needs her job to pay her mother's medical bills. Can't you just let her off this once? She's

really going to suffer without her job."

Isaac remained impassive, but his heart was actually stirring

Her case did sound tragic ... though that was not reason enough to forgive her. He appeared even more relaxed then, and said thoughtfully, "I don't mind forgiving her if she comes to me on her own, and begs."

L11

Zachary could tell right then that Isaac was still upset with Irene, and knew that Irene never liked to bother others, so he explained, "She wouldn't have come to me if she weren't desperate."

Isaac snorted coldly. Desperate?

If she was desperate, why did she refuse to come to him?

That just meant she was not desperate enough! "Isaac..."

Zachary tried to say more for Irene's sake, but Isaac refused to listen. "Like I said, tell her to come to me."

He clearly sounded impatient, and Zachary knew that it was futile to go on now. "Just don't push her too far—she did help you before, remember that."

Isaac shot him a cool glare then. "Do you like her?"

Are they that close that he would go so far for her?

Hell, could he be the man she slept with?

"Well, I do... but it's more admiration, to be honest," Zachary quickly explained. "She's quite likable, and although there were many boys who liked her and tried to woo her back at university, she rejected all of them. That's a proper maiden of integrity for you, and I think I'd fall for her if I weren't spoken for... Haha!"

LLLLL

Isaac shot him a look of contempt, and thought to himself that he must be blind.

How was she proper? What about her integrity? Would a proper maiden sleep with another man on her wedding night, and make him a cuckold? While Isaac glowered at those thoughts, Zachary did not notice what was happening with him. He felt weary inwardly, but there was nothing else he could do here.

Stepping out of the building, he called Irene outside the entrance.

After leaving the restaurant, Irene returned to her hospital to visit her mother when she received Zachary's call.

He apologized for failing to persuade Isaac, but Irene knew about Isaac's bad temper anyway, and said, "It's fine. You don't have to worry about that."

VIL

Hanging up, she composed herself as she headed inside her mother's ward.

The instant she got in, a nurse saw her and told her, "Your mother is awake."

"Really?" she exclaimed in excitement.

"Of course, I was just about to call you," the nurse replied, "You should go check on her." "Thank you."

Her mother had been moved to a normal ward. When she entered to find her mother's eyes wide open, she was left hesitating for a moment before striding toward her.

"Mom..."

Sheryl Harris feebly tried to reach for her. "Oh, Irene..." Irene quickly took her hand, it was a great relief to her.

"I'm so sorry..."

Sheryl was aware of how critical her condition was, and that her daughter must have agreed to Lionel Spencer's demands that she marry into the Jefferson family—there was no way she could afford her surgery otherwise.

Her eyes welling with tears, she murmured, "I shouldn't have let you suffer. I'm better off dead..."

"Come on, Mommy." Irene squeezed her hand. "I wouldn't be here without you."

If her mother did not have labor complications that damaged her health and made her infertile, Lionel would never have abhorred her and found herself a mistress. "How are you? Are the Jeffersons being nice to you?" Sheryl asked Irene tentatively then she was worried that marrying rich would leave Irene belittled.

Irene put up a smile and tried to make light of it, assuring her, "I'm fine. Mr. Henry... and Isaac are nice to me, so don't worry. Right now, you should focus on getting better."

"Yeah," Sheryl murmured, appearing tired already.

She still needed rest at the moment, so Irene kept her company, and only left after she fell asleep.

Outside, it was already dark.

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She felt cold despite the warm climate, because she knew that there were certain things she had to face inevitably, including Isaac.

There was no hiding anyway, she whipped out her phone to contact him. Be it disembowelment or hanging ... It was time to face the music.

And yet, she suddenly realized that she never had his number, and had no choice but to return to her mansion... where she found Isaac's car out at the entrance.

Again?!

