

Runaway 15

Chapter 15

Irene had already set her mind on confronting Isaac, but she was more or less apprehensive about actually doing it.

Scenes of his violence still flashed in her mind!

Taking a deep breath, she mustered her courage and strode into the house, and she opened the door to find Mrs. Watson waiting for her, smiling. "Welcome back."

"Yeah," Irene murmured as she peeked inside, spotting a figure on the couch but not his face.

"Mr. Jefferson is in," Mrs. Watson said then.

Irene changed into loafers before entering, forcing a smile as she offered a greeting. "Mr. Jefferson."

Isaac lowered the magazine he was reading to look at her and chuckled. "Mr. Jefferson?"

She was refusing to divorce him, and yet trying to act distant?

Was she playing hard to get?

Irene ignored it. Having apologized before, she said earnestly again, "I didn't mean to touch your stuff. I'm sorry."

"Did you really think that 'sorry' would make me forgive you?" Isaac said, leaning back languidly on his couch and

folding his legs angrily.

For some reason, he was actually pleased that she had to speak respectfully and act so wary around him.

Bullying her was somehow amusing. If Irene knew what he was thinking, she would be cursing at him for being a deviant!

Sadly, the reality was that she was now a miserable worm who had to prostrate herself and beg for her survival.

Irene watched him for two seconds, and decided to brace herself and curry favor with him just to keep her job.

She brought him a cup of tea, smiling. "Mr. Jefferson, please don't hold a grudge over someone as insignificant as me."

The smile on her face did not quite reach her eyes, and Isaac growled in disdain, "What an ugly smile."

Irene was actually trying to relax her expression, but there was no way she could relax around him. Biting her lip, she worked hard to satisfy him and bent herself backward. "Sorry."

"Can't you at least do something more sincere if you're apologizing? For example, getting the hell out of my house?" Isaac said, his expression nonchalant but his words sharp.

From his perspective, Irene was an interloper and

therefore should leave... but it was not as if she wanted to invade his home!

Everyone knew that, but he was unwilling to take her as his wife, but did they know that she was not willing either?

Did anyone actually ask or show concern about how she felt?

Her beautiful, pure and crystalline eyes suddenly glistened with a watery glimmer.

Isaac looked into her eyes then, and felt as if he was stabbed in the chest and suffocating.

He felt as if he knew her in the past for a split second, but he quickly averted his eyes and feigned composure.

“What, trying to play the sympathy card now?” he growled, though his voice was less stern now.

Fighting back her tears, Irene kept her voice as calm as possible. “It’s not like I don’t want a divorce—your grandfather had me sign an agreement so that I won’t.”

In the past, she would never have told anyone about her own problems to gain sympathy, she could not be stubborn given her current situation. “My mother was sick, and she only got the surgery she needed because of your grandfather’s help, so that’s why I have to stay with you. Did you think you’re the only reluctant partner in this marriage?”

Isaac narrowed his eyes coolly. “What, are you saying you’re reluctant?”

“Of course! I would never have agreed to this marriage my father arranged if it wasn’t to save my mother!” she cried bitterly—she would not have felt so miserable if her life was not under someone else’s control.

Nonetheless, Isaac laughed icily.

What was she saying? That she was forced to marry him?

Wait, why was he getting upset as well?!

“Are you dissatisfied that you have to marry me?” he snarled through gritted teeth.

“Yes.”

Her answer was honest, but it left Isaac utterly incensed!

A vein was bulging on his temple.

What right did she have to be dissatisfied with this marriage?

Who did she think she was?

What gave her the right?!

Damaged goods like her, having the cheek to say she was reluctant?!

This was humiliating!

“So, you’re hurting because you had to marry me?” He grinned, though it did not quite reach his eyes and made him look frightening.

Irene did not get why he was upset, and answered honestly, “Yes.”

To her, every moment she had to deal with him hurt her!

She did not hesitate to answer, and it was clear how repulsed she felt toward him.

“Hah!” Isaac exclaimed as he sprang to his feet. “Since it hurts you, then stay hurt!”

Suddenly, he decided that he did not want that divorce.

He just had to stay married and make her suffer!

“Mr. Jefferson...”

“You are staying on the blacklist. Don’t bother!” Isaac snapped viciously.

Anxiety gripping her then, Irene tugged at his clothes. “I really love my job, and I really need it. Please...”

Isaac, however, got sick of her pulling and shoving. He promptly shook her off, and as Irene was too tired, she dropped on the couch like a rag doll. Her blouse unfurled out of her skirt, revealing her skin around her navel and her waist, which looked so fragile like it would snap from just a brush

At the same time, it was irresistible – one could not resist pulling that into their arms and defiling it.

Isaac’s gaze darkened, though he was keeping his voice cool to hide the hoarseness. “What are you trying to seduce me now?”

Irene was simply too tired. Even the knock on her head from last night started to hurt after her fall.

Still, she finally looked down at her blouse and quickly pulled it down.

“I won’t be interested even if you got naked in front of me,” Isaac continued slowly with an icy tone, his words cutting like knives.

Irene said nothing else then, since she knew that she would never be able to convince a heartless man.

As Isaac headed upstairs, she lay feebly on her couch, not inclined to move.

Mrs. Watson came to her after ensuring that Isaac was gone. “You look terrible. Are you sick?”

“No,” Irene replied, shaking her head.

“You haven’t had dinner, yes? Would you like to eat something for now?” Mrs. Watson asked.

Irene had zero appetite, however, and thought that she could not eat anything just then.

“I just want to sleep. Could you get me a blanket?” she asked, since Isaac was upstairs – she did not know if he was sleeping in her usual room, so she decided that she

could sleep on the couch instead.

Seeing that she was really tired, Mrs. Watson brought her a blanket and pulled it over her gently. "Alright. Sleep for now—I'll heat up some dinner so that you can have something when you're up." Irene looked up at Mrs. Watson despite her heavy eyelids, knowing right then that she was the only person who gave her warmth in this ice-cold mansion.

"Thank you, Mrs. Watson," Irene said raspily. "You're welcome." Mrs. Watson smiled, and turned off the lights save for two night lights. After Irene slowly closed her eyes, she slept soundly and did not wake even when it was past eleven.

Mrs. Watson had gone to bed as well, so Isaac had to head downstairs himself for water.

He found Irene on the couch, with her blanket already slipping to the floor.

He strode toward her and looked at her for a while, but showed no inclination to put it over her.

And yet, when he turned, she suddenly caught his robe, and firmly pulled.

His sash came undone immediately, baring his muscular, powerful body.

Absolutely furious, he bellowed, "What are you doing?!"