

Runaway 19

Chapter 19 In Harvey's mind, Irene was basically a gift from Isaac anyway.

At the same time, Irene's heart turned cold.

So it really was Isaac! "I have a private room here where we can enjoy ourselves properly." Harvey smiled at her. "Honestly, it's weird why wouldn't Isaac want a ravishing beauty like yourself? Does he really not like women?"

Isaac never had a girlfriend, and everyone knew that he surrounded himself with men.

Many called him impotent, while others called him homosexual—either way, he could not be normal!

Irene laughed coldly.

Isaac Jefferson, not liking women? No, he just did not like her!

Just look at how upset he was because he saw Whitney messing around with Chad—that simply meant he cared, did it not?

"Still, I should thank him properly." Harvey chuckled as he continued. "There's no way I would make your acquaintance if not for him!"

Even if he was hurt that other day, the way Irene held a scalpel at him and threatened him was a memorable moment.

Women tend to appear unwilling all the time—but all

they do is yelp and yell, no? Not her!

He did not notice Irene's gaze gleaming coldly as she breathed through gritted teeth, "I should really thank

him!"

Harvey's eyes twinkled. "So, are you coming with me?"

Irene breathed, "Of course..." But even before she finished, she lowered her head and bit his hand. Then, as Harvey yelped and flinched in pain, Irene seized the moment and headbutted his face!

Blood shot out of Harvey's nostrils. "Oof!"

As he clutched his face in pain, Irene seized the opening to run away.

She was in fear, but she did not spare her strength as she fled.

After all, things would end horribly for her if she was caught! She must get away!

As if having the wind in her sails, she ran at top speed, turning from time to time and checking if Harvey was

catching up.

She did not slow down even if there was no one behind her, and finally reduced her pace when she reached a crowded spot.

Sweat drenched her hair, and she stopped to sit beside the road in exhaustion.

Wheezing, she watched as people of all sorts walked past, and suddenly buried her face in her palms as she sobbed.

She bit her lip violently as she felt inconsolable hatred toward Isaac!

She could not live with him—not after how he had repeatedly tried to hurt her, and she might even get killed one day!

She must get away from him, but she just could not think of anything just then!

Curling into a ball as she sat feebly by the road, she looked just like a miserable and lonely puppy abandoned by its owner.

She was too afraid of Isaac to return to the mansion, but she had nowhere to go.

Without money and anyone to depend on, her survival now hinged on money.

Rising to her feet then, she decided to go home to Spencer Villa – it seemed that she must get some money

from Lionel.

Having made up her mind, she stopped a taxi, calming down considerably as she gazed out the window along the way to Spencer Villa. Paying up after arriving, she strode into the villa.