

## Runaway 20

### Chapter 20

In the living room, Sheryl White was sitting on the couch, wearing silk pajamas that accentuated her devilish figure.

She raised a pretty brow when she saw the other woman entering. "Oh, if it isn't Irene!"

Irene clenched her fists right then. Sheryl had moved in while her mother was sick?

She then glanced at Sheryl's wrist, and noticed the bangle that looked like it cost an arm and a leg—it seemed that things had taken a turn at the Spencer household after they received the Jeffersons' dowry.

Despite feeling embittered, she said, "I'm here to talk to Lionel."

Sheryl brushed her thick, maroon hair and replied, "He's not here."

Irene quickly turned to leave, but Sheryl called out to her. "Stop—did you come to ask for money? Why would you need money when you're Mrs. Jefferson now? I'm telling you, we don't have any money for you. I'm sure you know how much your mother's surgery costs."

Irene pursed her lips. Sheryl was merely a mistress, but she acted as if she was now the head of the household!

"Lionel hasn't divorced my mother yet. I'll file a lawsuit

if he refuses to pay her medical bills!"

"You—"

Sheryl was about to retort when she noticed someone entering, and promptly put on a mild expression. "How could you call your own father Lionel? You should be more polite."

Irene saw the quick change in her reaction, and turned to find Lionel standing there.

"Give me money," she said shortly. Lionel scowled as he approached her. "You've gotten bolder after marrying into the Jefferson family, haven't you? What was that about a lawsuit?"

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Irene held his gaze as she continued, "My mother's medical bills need to be paid. As we've agreed, it's 150,000 dollars."

"I don't have the money right now..."

Irene's gaze at her turned cool. "The Jeffersons paid you a dowry of 30 million dollars, and you don't have the money? Father, I'm your daughter, and my mother is your legitimate wife. I was hoping you'd uphold your end of our agreement, but I don't mind making a huge mess and taking you down with me!"

Lionel glowered. "Are you threatening me?"

“You’ve never seen any importance in me just because

I’m a girl, Father. All you do is manipulate me and use me like a tool, so know that I’m now desperate because you’ve pushed me, and I’ll do anything,” Irene retorted. The look of determination on her eyes left Lionel stunned right then, and he suddenly decided that he could still use her now that she married into the Jefferson family, and relented. Heading toward the study, he said, “Come with me.”

Sheryl tried to stop him. “Lionel...”

“Shut up. I know what I’m doing,” Lionel snapped, and took out a check from his desk drawer, pausing halfway as he wrote the amount, pausing for a moment before finishing up.

Handing it to Irene, he said, “Have 200,000 instead. You should dress better as the new Mrs. Jefferson, and get rid of those rags. You’re humiliating Isaac Jefferson ... Wait, doesn’t he give you any money?”

However, Irene felt tears welling in her eyes even as she looked at the check. She understood that her father’s kind gesture and concern was to flatter her, because he still intended to use her to earn favors from the Jeffersons. Her heart hurt at the thought that her father only ever used her.

Nonetheless, she took the check. “Don’t you know what happened after I married? Asking Isaac Jefferson for money? He can’t wait to kill me!”

Lionel’s face twitched. “You’re a woman. Try to learn how to please a man—it’s not like you’re ugly...”

“Do you think that man is an idiot?” Irene snapped even as she pocketed the check. “That he hadn’t had women before? Or that a man like him can be beguiled by a pretty face? If you have so much time to think about that stuff, just divorce Mom as soon as you can.”

“What are you talking about?” Lionel retorted. “I still love your mother.”

However, anyone could tell that Lionel would get a divorce anytime if he wanted it. The only reason he did not was to keep pumping favors out of Irene after she married into the Jefferson family.

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That was why he had never bothered to file a divorce – if their ties were cut, he could not keep a leash on Irene otherwise.

“I’m with Sheryl because she gave me a son. You know that your mother is infertile, so don’t blame me for having another woman. I can’t go without an—” “I have other stuff to do. I’m leaving,” Irene snapped – she was not about to listen to his lies.

He still loved her mother?

That was what he said to trick her mother.

As she strode off, Lionel called out, “Come home if you’re free.”

Irene stayed silent even as she strode out of the front gates of Spencer Villa.

She headed to the bank first—she would only stop worrying once the money was in her account, and she would leave with her mother once her health improved.

Right now, her mother was still too frail and could not handle any stress, so she must stay for now.

Isaac headed straight to his office after leaving Blue Bridge, where Stan was just about to head home for the day.