

## Runaway 24

Chapter 24 Irene had no idea what Isaac was talking about.

Looking up into his eyes for two heartbeats, she eventually realized what it was, but did not react.

He must be humiliating her again.

She simply kept her head down and ate as quickly as she could.

Isaac naturally frowned because of her silence. "What's the hurry? No one is stealing from you."

He was actually perplexed —the boorish way she wolfed her food was somehow acceptable, even a little adorable.

It was much better than pretentious women who put up a prim and proper act.

Nonetheless, Irene waited until she was finally finished and drank two mouthfuls of water, before snapping, "How I eat is my own business. Why do you care?!"

Jobless because of him, she had nothing to fear now-it was time to go all out!

Isaac slowly looked up, his visage projecting coldness just then. "You're too bored, aren't you?"

What happened to her? What was with that false bravado?

And her wording... She really wanted to be fired, did she

not?

Even so, Irene glared at him coldly. "I am bored, so kill me if you want. Do you think you can call yourself a man, using dirty tricks all the time?"

Isaac was actually left confused by what she said just then. "Are you crazy?"

Irene tried to calm herself just then, but could not do it when she remembered Harvey. Laughing coldly, she even started to call Isaac by name. "Don't push me, Isaac Jefferson! If I really lose it, I'll tell everyone that I'm your wife, and that I cheated on you as well! You're a cuck!"

Isaac stared at her impassively, his pupils dilating without him knowing and flashing fiercely. "Do you know what you're talking about?"

Irene simply laughed. "Of course I do! But I'm not afraid of you—not after you tried to let that man rape me twice! I know I'll never get anything even if I play nice, because you're an animal!"

Incensed, Isaac sprang forward and grabbed her throat, his fury fueling his murderous intent!

She had really gone out of line this time!

Irene choked from the lack of air, but squeezed her voice

out of her throat despite much difficulty, "That's... all you can do anyway... bullying women..."

Even as her face turned red from suffocation, Isaac's arrogant visage turned into an evil sneer. "Bullying women isn't my forte—bullying you is."

Meanwhile, Irene's chest heaved. All oxygen had left her lungs and she could not breathe, but she still leveled a defiant and spiteful glare at him.

Mrs. Watson had been watching in fear, and seeing that Irene was almost dying, she braced herself and went up to them. "Mr. Jefferson, your wife surely didn't mean it... Please let her off this one time..."

Isaac was not about to relent just because someone was pleading Irene's case. In fact, he would see how far she could go—how much more stubborn and spiteful could she be?

Flustered, Mrs. Watson cried, "Please, Mrs. Jefferson – say something pleasant. Mr. Jefferson isn't a bad man..." Having decided not to yield, Irene smiled in disdain as if she had just heard a joke, and turned toward Isaac. "He isn't... a bad man? He's just... ashamed... his friend didn't get me!"

"What man?" Isaac asked, finally noticing something strange and easing his grip on her throat. Irene quickly gasped mouthfuls of air.

"Didn't you lure me to Blue Bridge ... so that your friend could defile me?!"

Isaac narrowed his eyes. He suddenly felt something sharp stabbing his lungs, and breathing suddenly hurt. "I did what?"