

Runaway 32

Chapter 32

Whitney's hair was disheveled like a madwoman's, and she was clawing at Irene as she yelled, "You bitch!" .

Irene was left stunned for seconds, but when she came to her senses, she pushed Whitney away unceremoniously! However, she forgot that she was holding her shoes, and the heel scratched a red scar over Whitney's face!

"How dare you hit me back!" Whitney screamed, her eyes bulging in rage. Still, when she tried to charge at Irene again, Irene coolly warned, "Hit me again, and I'm calling the cops." Whitney paused right then, her upraised hand freezing mid-air.

She calmed herself-this was not the time to lose herself.

Isaac's marriage to Irene had never been announced. Did that not mean that Isaac did not like her?

Moreover, Isaac had promised to marry her. Did that not mean Isaac would divorce Irene at any time?

The very thought calmed her, and she remembered that she had left a bad impression when she asked Isaac for money before. What would he think of her if she hurt Irene now? She still had a chance — Isaac and Irene did not announce their marriage, because they did not want anyone to know. In the end, she and Isaac were 'destined' for each other.

"I'm warning you, Irene!" she screamed hysterically. "Don't try to take Isaac from me. He's mine!"

Though she understood, she could not accept that Irene was married to Isaac.

She was the rightful Mrs. Jefferson! Irene quietly watched as Whitney lost her wits. She never had any intention of competing against Whitney for Isaac's affection, and somehow stumbled upon Whitney's alter ego... She was just like a fishwife, but one could only expect that much from Isaac's tastes.

"Just you wait!" Whitney growled as she shot Irene a vicious look just then, and turned to leave

Irene was left standing there, spacing out, when Stan stepped out of the diner.

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He had just concluded negotiations with Mark, and found Irene standing by the door. Looking around but not finding Isaac, he approached her and asked, "Where's Mr. Jefferson?" Irene pulled down her hair to hide her cheeks. "He left."

Despite her best efforts, Stan saw the red palm print on her face, and his heart skipped a beat just then. Did Isaac slap her? Having followed Isaac around for a while now, he knew how callous Isaac can be... But surely hitting a woman was too far! "Well..." he began, pausing for a moment in hesitation before continuing, "I think you should be wary of your own status in whatever you do. Even if your marriage to Mr. Jefferson isn't publicly known, you're still his wife. I mean, what would Mr. Wickers think

of Mr. Jefferson if he were to find out?" Irene looked into Stan's eyes then, and really wanted to ask the

man if she would have to work as a dance instructor if Isaac was not basically trying to kill her? She would not have met Ms. Lang and Mr. Wickers otherwise, let alone be here! In the end, Isaac had caused everything! Still, she decided to bear with it.

"I'll watch out," she said, pausing for a moment before asking, "By the way, will your boss agree to the investment?" "Of course-Mr. Jefferson had planned to invest in Mr. Wickers' business in the first place," Stan explained.

Irene sighed in relief inwardly, and cheered up considerably.

At least the day did not end on a completely sour note. "Thank you," she told Stan, and tried to get a taxi.

Stan stayed long enough to ensure that she was not going back to Mark, and left. Nonetheless, there were not many taxis around the diner, and she took out her phone to check the time after a while.

That was when a car slowly stopped near here. "May I give you a ride?" Irene looked up at the person in the car, her eyes abruptly widening. Why did it have to be him?!