

Runaway 43

Chapter 43 Being a doctor herself, Irene knew the signs of a miscarriage. Her face turned pale, and Isaac noticed that something was wrong with her. "Are you hurt?" he asked.

Irene worked hard to make herself look strong while shaking her head. "No, I'm not."

However, the instant she stepped out of the room, her face contorted in pain. Whitney would have hell to pay if her twins could not be saved! She trudged along through the living room area, and noticed that there were many men laying around, unconscious. She recognized them as Harvey's bodyguards, but remained indifferent as she got out of the house and reached the car—screams echoed from the mansion just as she was just about to close the door.

It was Harvey, and each scream was more horrific than the last. What could Isaac be doing? Still, Irene did not have the time to think. She quickly lay down to rest, afraid of moving too much!

Meanwhile, Harvey's scream lasted for an hour before Isaac finally stepped out and entered the driver's seat—Stan was still in the mansion.

Irene thought to herself then that she simply could not tell what Isaac was thinking.

He gave her off to Harvey in the first place, did he not? Why was he upset now? Hesitating for a while, curiosity got the better of her and she asked, "Why are you upset?"

Isaac felt his heart clenching.

After all, he almost lost his mind when he found out that Harvey took her away, and was so afraid that something would happen to her!

His fear and anxiety right then almost overwhelmed him!

Be that as it may, he would never say-no, he would never allow him to say something like 'I was worried about you.'

Instead, he said, "Even if you're my wife only in name, you're still my wife. Like I said, it disgusts me if someone defiles you."

Irene pursed her lips in self-deprecation.

For some reason, she thought for a moment that Isaac was upset because he liked her.

In the end, she was imagining things—why would he be interested in her?

Exhausted, she closed her eyes to rest, and dozed off without knowing. When she woke up, she was already on her own bed. Pushing herself up, she found no one else in the room. Rubbing her temples, she remembered that she was in Isaac's car last night... How did she end up here? "Mrs. Jefferson?" a

voice called out, and a knock on the door could be heard. "Come in," Irene replied. Mrs. Watson entered with a smile. "I've prepared breakfast. Come on, it's time to eat." Irene pulled off her blanket and asked casually, "How did I get upstairs?" "Mr. Jefferson carried you, of course," Mrs. Watson replied with a twinkle in her eye. "Have you made peace with him?"

Irene blinked. Had there ever been peace between them?

"Well, it seems to me that you two are getting along well," Mrs. Watson continued, smiling, "It's rare for Mr. Jefferson to be this patient with anyone, too. You must be the first!"

Irene thought nothing of it, however — Isaac might have finally found a bit of kindness when he found out that Harvey was going to have his way with her. "Ah, I'm hungry." After a long night of deep sleep, her belly no longer hurt that much, which relieved her considerably.

She needed proper meals and rest. After washing up, she dressed up and headed downstairs, taking a seat as Mrs. Watson put food on the table.

She was alone-Isaac was not around.

Halfway through breakfast, she got a call from the hospital that her mother was asking to be discharged, and so, she quickly finished it so that she could leave. Nonetheless, she had just stepped out of the mansion when Isaac's chauffeur approached her, saying, "Are you leaving, Mrs. Jefferson? Let me drive you there."

Before Irene could say a word, he added, "Mr. Jefferson's orders."

Irene glanced behind to find that the chauffeur had taken out a Rolls-Royce, and raised a brow.

Had that man gotten addicted to their act?

Still, she got in since she did not have the time to think. "Charity Hospital, please."

She rushed to her mother's ward, but just as she was about to enter, she heard Samantha White's voice from within.

"The son I had with Lionel is already an adult. Why aren't you asking a divorce? What purpose is there in preserving a dead marriage? Do you really think he still cares about you?"

Laughing derisively then, Samantha continued. "Did you really think that he forced your daughter to marry Isaac just because his company was in trouble?" Standing outside, Irene was taken aback-was that not the case?!