

Runaway 46

Chapter 46 Zachary nodded. Irene stiffened as if she had a bucket of ice water splashed on her, dousing her from head to toe. Isaac himself told her that he did not like Whitney, but if that really was the case, why would she be pregnant? Noticing the terrible look on her face, Zachary asked in concern, "Are you alright, Irene?"

Irene came to her senses and quickly shook her head. "I'm fine."

She felt a sense of loss to hear that Whitney was pregnant, but she was soon relieved.

It did not matter to her who Isaac loved, just as she had no reason to get upset about that.

"No, you're not," Zachary said suspiciously, because she was almost overreacting. "Did you fall for Isaac?"

Irene looked up and met Zachary's gaze. "Did I?" He nodded. "Yes, you did." "Actually, I'm reacting like this because I'm worried, not because of him," she said, walking over to sit on a bench. "I know my place- I won't think of him that way." At the same time, she stroked her belly.

Surely there were not many men willing to take the bullet and raise them as his own?

And given Isaac's ego, why would he be interested in a woman like her?

In the end, she knew her place. "What are you worried about?" Zachary asked then.

"Whitney knows that I'm Isaac's wife, and she's so hostile she wants to harass me however she can. Now that she has Isaac's child, she can bank on his influence to destroy me. It's not hard to imagine how hard life would be at this point forward."

She was barely finished when Zachary snapped impatiently, "That's why I'm telling you to divorce him. That way, Whitney won't be able to harass you, not to mention that you're already pregnant."

"I know." Irene thought that she should visit Jefferson Manor after she got off work in the evening Henry would definitely be very happy to learn that Isaac had a child, and she could easily get a divorce. "Get back to work, handsome," she said then, rising to her feet. "I should be checking in."

Zachary had more to say, but stopped himself when he saw that she did not want to talk about it any further.

Outside the hospital, Whitney got into Isaac's car, her red lips parting lightly in a smile. "So? Have you done the tests, Isaac?"

Though she was addressing him by name instead of 'Mr. Jefferson,' Isaac was lounging his large frame on his seat.

Then, he slowly opened his eyes and stared at her.

While Whitney maintained a polite smile, her fingers were curled to hide the sweat on her palm.

Isaac was being too calm, so she could not get a read on him.

But he was not shouting... Did that mean he accepted her now? The thought relieved her considerably. "So, do you want my child?" "Are you sure you're pregnant?" Isaac asked, glancing at her stilettos then.

Whitney looked down as well, and realized that she had been so preoccupied with prettying up that she had forgotten to feign pregnancy.

She quickly explained, "Heels are fine during early pregnancy." Nonetheless, Isaac's expression turned dark. Although he refrained from commenting, he told Stan, "Drive." "Where are we going?" Whitney asked.

Isaac's calmness left her unconfident, and she was starting to panic. Even so, she asked gingerly again, "Do you want my child?"