

Runaway 49

Chapter 49 Irene decided that she would be out online if she kept her place as Mrs. Jefferson.

Nearby, the leaves on a tree were rustling from the touch of a slightly chill breeze. It was the early days of autumn, and the sun was much milder.

Tightening her clothes, she hurried along, having planned to cook dinner for Isaac tonight before asking for a divorce.

That was when a car suddenly screeched to a halt, blocking her path while several men quickly alighted. Without saying a word, one of them pulled a black sack over her head while another clasped a hand over her mouth, dragging her into the car before speeding off.

“Oof-” Irene was immobile and completely under their control. There was no telling how long had passed when she was finally dragged out of the car. Although the black sack still kept her blind, no one was keeping her from talking. “Who are you people? Why did you kidnap me?” “CLOUD B, 778VQ- that’s your car, isn’t it?” “Yes,” Irene replied. Her mother had spent all her savings to buy her that SUV when she got a job, saying that it was to make going to work convenient. She had always been driving it as well, but left it at Spencer Mansion ever since she married Isaac.

“What’s the-”

Before she could finish her question, however, one of the men kicked her viciously, and she curled into herself while trembling in pain.

“What are you... Argh!” In no time at all, she was being hit in the back, her feet, and her hip. She was being clobbered, and she arched her back to shield her belly even as she groaned in pain! “Who are you people...?” She was trembling and sweating bullets, barely having the strength to speak. “Why are you doing this...?” “It’s your own fault for not keeping your eyes on the road and for running away after that car crash.”

Irene was dumbstruck. “I haven’t driven that car in two months...”

“Don’t lie. We’ve checked-that SUV was registered under your name.”

A foot then launched toward her belly twice.

Irene tried her best to shield her stomach, but she did not manage to protect her child. She could feel the dull pain in her belly already. “Don’t you know who you’ve hit? That was Mr. Jefferson’s car! You must have a death

wish!”

Sweat as large as beads was trickling out from her forehead, and she felt no pain even though her nails were digging into her own skin. There was hate and despair in her eyes, even as she murmured

through her pale lips, "You mean... Isaac Jefferson?" "Who do you think you are, saying his name?!" Nonetheless, the man stopped when they saw her bleeding between her legs-their orders were to give the culprit a lesson to remember, and to cause no deaths.

With that, they left her in the middle of nowhere.

Irene was unable to move as every inch of her body hurts terribly. It was with much difficulty that she finally reached her phone and called Zachary's number. The call was soon answered, and she sobbed,

"Save me... You have to save my children." "Where are you?!" Zachary asked urgently. Irene feebly pulled the black sack off her face and looked around it was a wasteland, so she had no idea. "Send me your location." Irene quickly did so, and as she waited for Zachary, she tried her best to keep herself

stable, but she was already bleeding down her legs. Knowing that nothing could be done, she slowly closed her eyes, her tears trickling off her cheeks and falling to the dirt below.

When Zachary arrived, she found Irene lying on the dirt and appeared in a bad shape. He scooped her up in his arms, striding forward while assuring her, "You'll be fine. I'm going to save you." "Can you save my children?" Irene groaned hoarsely,

Zachary then noticed that her pants were dyed crimson.

He turned silent—nothing could be done now, because a miscarriage was almost assured.

Even so, he told her, "I'll do whatever I can."

Gently laying her in his car, he drove off at top speed.

Sheryl arrived at Spencer Mansion.

She did not tell Irene that she was getting discharged, because she wanted to resolve her own issues. After all, she had been a burden to her own daughter for too long, and she must not keep burdening her.

She has returned to the mansion to pick up her daughter's belongings and to discuss a divorce with Lionel.

She had the keys to the mansion, but just as she was about to enter, she heard the cries of panic within.