

Runaway 55

Chapter 55 “Irene Spencer!” Isaac bellowed, breathing each syllable louder than the next as his cheeks flushed crimson and turned dark, the veins in his neck bulging as if something could pop just then. Seizing her neck, he snarled, “I’ll strangle you to death right now!” “I know you will,” Irene replied with equal resolve and determination. “But I’m not afraid. I hate you!”

“Just because I slipped up and caused your miscarriage?” he asked, and continued because she answered, “I would’ve made you get an abortion even if I didn’t-I’d never let you give birth to a bastard just to mess with me! Everything’s just fine now, since I don’t have to do it myself. Guess even someone up there is refusing to let you have that bastard, that’s why the mistake happened in the first place!” Her repetitive use of ‘bastard’ stung Irene in the heart, leaving her utterly hysterical. “I hate you! I wish you were dead!”

Hate and fury blazed within her eyes.

On the other hand, Isaac’s hands flinched over her neck.

She wanted him dead because she had lost her bastard? He slowly released her, but growled, “You’re being delusional if you want to divorce me, Irene Spencer. I told you that the more you suffer when you’re with me, the more eager I would be to make you stay!”

Irene’s fingers balled into a fist and eased. She did so repeatedly, until she gradually calmed down.

“Whitney is already pregnant with your child, Isaac Jefferson. Are you so obsessed with grudges that you are refusing to make her your wife and start a family for your child’s sake? How does keeping me around benefit you at all?” “She had a miscarriage too,” Isaac simply said. “Because of that accident. Now, tell me — who was driving your SUV?”

Irene’s eyes widened. Whitney had a miscarriage too? Was that why Isaac was so furious that he personally punished the driver instead of waiting? She never felt a thing for her stepbrother, because that boy and his mother were the reason her parents’ marriage was such a mess.

“Ricky Spencer – Lionel Spencer’s bastard.”

If Isaac wanted revenge, he could have as much of it as he wanted.

“He’ll pay dearly for that.” Isaac promised as he sat beside her bed. “You suffered a miscarriage too, so just stay with me.”

Irene thought about the remaining twin in her belly, and knew that she would simply lose if she tried anything drastic,

As such, she decided to compromise for appearance’s sake. “Fine.”

Her plan was to let Isaac distract himself with other matters-once he let his guard down, she would finally have the chance to run away.

With that, they stopped saying a word. The ward was eerily silent, and the softest of breaths could be heard. It was Isaac who first broke the silence after a long while. "Let me take a look at you." Irene said nothing to that. Staring at her, Isaac asked, "Why aren't you saying a word?" However, it was not as if she did not want to talk-she had no idea what she should say. Isaac hence reached out to lift her blanket, leaving her eyes widening. "What are you doing?" "Checking your condition," Isaac replied. Irene was repulsed, and refused. "No."

Isaac's eyes turned red like a wrathful beast, a visage that would stir fear in any heart." No? Then who is allowed to see-your beloved? You'd better pray I never find out who he is, Irene Spencer, or I'll cut his balls off. That way, you won't ever get to make me a cuckold!"

Irene stared at him warily, but said, "Isaac, do you actually realize?"

"Realize what?"

"You're being very weird. Did you not realize it yourself?"

After all, she really did not understand Isaac's inexplicable behavior, let alone why he insisted on keeping her with him.

"Is it possible that you're not disgusted with me just then?" Isaac's visage shifted between various expressions right then.

He had more or less realized that he was actually attracted to Irene, but could not overcome the mental obstacle that she was unclean.

That was why he was not willing-even afraid-to admit it.

Had he, Isaac Jefferson, fallen in love with a woman with loose morals?! What a laugh!

"Of course you disgust me! Did you think I'm trying to ogle your body by checking on your injuries as an excuse? Could you not give yourself too much credit? I'd never fall for a woman with a messy private life and was pregnant with someone else's child!"

Suddenly, he threw himself on top of her, prompting her to throw up her hands in panic to stop him.

"I'm still hurting. Don't get too close."

Be that as it may, from up close, Isaac saw a sign of bruising near her collarbone just beneath her collar.

Creasing his brow, he reached out to pull her blouse, but Irene promptly grabbed her hand. "Don't touch me."

"I won't if you stay put. I'm just taking one look," he countered. "Try to play hard to get, and I'll resort to violence."

That left Irene speechless.

Playing hard to get? That was the last thing she wanted to hear from him!

This man was really impossible!

“Like I said, just don’t move.” Isaac’s tone turned mild ever so slightly then. He reached out to pull off her blouse, and found the bruises over her body.

There was a momentary flash of heartache in his eyes, and he asked ever so quietly, “Does it hurt?”