

## Runaway 57

Chapter 57 They were both murderers who had killed her child. There was no way she would feel anything toward them other than loathing! “But what are you going to do if Isaac still refuses to divorce you?” Zachary reminded her then. “You can hide your pregnancy for a few more months, but there’s no way you can hide it as more time passes by.”

In reality, Irene had an idea, but she did not tell Zachary—he was too much of a friend to Isaac.

And if Zachary were to find out, it was only expected that Isaac would find out.

As such, she simply acted as if she had no plans, and said, “I have no idea. We’ll just have to cross that bridge when we reach it.”

“If push comes to shove, you just have to run away in secret,” Zachary suggested. “Just stay out of Isaac’s mind, and he’ll eventually forget about you.” Irene gave him a dark look. “Do you really believe that Isaac would ever fail to find me once he sets his mind on it?” “Well, no...” Zachary muttered, perfectly aware of what Isaac was like and how he did things “Alright, I’m sleepy now. I need some rest,” Irene said then. “Okay,” Zachary said as he started to leave. “Just call me when you need me.” “Sure,” Irene murmured. Then, as Zachary opened the door, she suddenly called out to him. “Zachary... Thank you.” “No, you don’t have to thank me,” Zachary said, giving her a look. “There’s no need for that between us.”

Irene flashed a faint smile.

Exhausted, she fell asleep soon after Zachary left.

Later at night, Sheryl visited Irene again, and brought some food. After eating some of it, she said solemnly, “Mom, I have something to tell you.” Sheryl gave her a sympathetic look. “Okay, tell me.”

“I want to divorce Isaac, but he’s stubbornly refusing,” Irene said with an even tone. “There’s no way I can live with him, and the only choice for me is to speak away and run

– I have to escape somewhere he’d never find me.”

Holding her gaze, Sheryl told her, “It’s the same for me. I asked your father for a divorce, but he’s determined to stop me too. I’m thinking about going through the legal system to get it done, but since you’re having trouble getting a divorce as well, we should just run away together... We’ll go to a city where no one knows us and start a new life.”

Irene nodded. “But we need to leave without leaving any traces – do you understand, Mom?”

“I know.” Sheryl nodded, “We need to keep quiet if we are to make a clean getaway.” “Come here...”

Irene then beckoned for Sheryl to get closer, and leaned in to whisper into her mother’s ear.

As Sheryl nodded repeatedly, Irene finished. “I’ll transfer the money to your account. Take your time to settle down over there, and I’ll join you after a while.”

“Don’t worry,” Sheryl replied. “I’ll make sure everything is ready when you arrive.”

Still, she pointed out worriedly, “But you’re here alone, and you’re injured...” – “I can handle this, Mom.”

Irene flashed a bright smile at her.

Sheryl nodded-right now, she must do her best not to be a burden to her daughter, and maintain an exit route for her.

She would stay with Irene for the night, but leave early the next morning. The mother and child duo trusted each other, and they would be counting on each other to escape their currently tumultuous lives.

As morning arrives, Sheryl reluctantly leaves the hospital-Irene still needed to stay in the hospital to recover for the time being.

Meanwhile, Isaac had arrived at another hospital to check on Stan. The man had since regained consciousness, but he was extensively injured and would need rest for a long while.

At the same time, Whitney was constantly watching Isaac and probing his current intentions.

Deliberately maintaining a haggard appearance, she gingerly murmured, “Isaac... My heart hurts so much... Our child is gone...”

Isaac’s expression was aloof, and he was not even bothered to glance her way.

“Isaac...” Whitney persisted, inching her way closer.

That was when Isaac’s secretary strode up and stepped between them, while telling Isaac, “We’ve found the doctor, Mr. Jefferson.”