

Runaway 59

Chapter 59 There was no going back for Whitney, but she was still trying her best to weasel her way out of guilt.

Meanwhile, Isaac's lips were curling coolly. To think that this woman could be this unreasonable... To think that she would attempt to deceive him with a pregnancy!

He would have made her wish she was dead, if not for the fact that she had saved him that night!

"Whitney, I won't hold it against you this time. But know this, I'll only tolerate your nonsense this one time, and I don't want to see you ever again. Cross the line again, and there will be no mercy!"

Then, rising to his feet, he told his secretary, "Let her go." "Yes, Mr. Jefferson." Her secretary gestured for the men to release Whitney then.

"Isaac..."

Nonetheless, Whitney lunged toward him again, begging through tears and snot, "I didn't mean to do this...!"

"Keep bugging me, and I'll make sure you don't get to stay in this city!" he said with an even tone, but there was endless intimidation in his words. Whitney finally let go of him then, and dropped to the floor with an ashen face. Her plan to fake a pregnancy could have propelled her to become Mrs. Jefferson... but it ended up ruining everything instead! Mrs. Jefferson? Right now, the mere sight of her disgusted Isaac, and that was the only thing he felt about her now! She had lost so much more than what she had paid for now, and she was beaten with no hopes of salvaging anything! She had failed, losing Isaac and any chance to rise above! Even so, she was not resigned to her fate-how did it turn out like this?!

At the Central Hospital, Mrs. Watson arrived with excellent food.

Irene was certainly surprised to see her. "Why did you come here, Mrs. Watson?"

"Mr. Jefferson told me that you're sick and need proper nourishment," Mrs. Watson explained as she brought out each of the food containers. "He told me to bring you food everyday until you get discharged."

Everything she brought was exceedingly nourishing to the body, and thanks to Mrs. Watson's immaculate culinary skills, Irene felt her appetite stirring just from looking.

It was time for her to eat anyway, and so she must admit that Mrs. Watson arrived with perfect timing.

"Thank you."

"Oh, you don't have to thank me!" Mrs. Watson smiled. "I'm just an old maid-you should be thanking Mr.

Jefferson instead, because he's the one who told me to do my best in caring for you. The ingredients here are top of the line, too. He really spared no expense!"

As always, Mrs. Watson was eager to bridge their relationship. Irene simply smiled, but she was far less than accepting inside. Was she a horse that Isaac was giving the carrot-and-stick treatment?

She had lost a child!

Did he think he could make amends just by throwing some food her way? He could dream on!!!

After two bowls of broth, she felt sullen, though it was uncomfortable lying down with a full stomach.

"Is there anything you're craving?" Mrs. Watson asked. "I can get it for you." "I have this bitter taste in my mouth," Irene replied. "I would like something sweet."

The bitterness might be the pain from losing a child, she thought to herself.

"Okay. I will bake you a cake tonight," Mrs. Watson said as she cleared the table. "Peaches are also in season right now, so I will buy some too."

"Okay," Irene said as she lay down.

Mrs. Watson arrived in the evening punctually as she promised, and she stuck to the schedule for the rest of the week.

Since she was also cooking different types of food everyday, Irene felt enough appetite and recovered much of her energy. As she tried to get off bed and walk independently, she felt no pain or discomfort in her belly. After the latest checkup, the doctor said, "You're recovering well, though you really should be careful. Miscarriages often involve other injuries in your womb, and while your child appears to be in good condition at the moment, there is no telling what can happen during later stages.

Irene certainly understood that. "I will be careful."

Returning to her ward for dinner, she read another medical textbook as she usually did

-one of her few ways to kill time since life in the hospital was exceedingly boring.

If she slept during the day, she would not have an easy time falling asleep at night.

This time, she was reading until twelve, and she finally put down her book when her eyes felt dry.

As she slowly dozed off and time ticked away amid the quietness of the hospital, the door to Irene's ward slowly opened, and a towering figure strode inside.