

Runaway 6

Chapter 6

Isaac looked up. He raised a brow, amplifying his menacing presence. "What?"

Zachary gritted his teeth. "Whatever. I will bear with it this time since it concerns your happiness."

Isaac gave him a dark, placid look. "Drive."

After Stan drove off, Zachary decided that he must at least do something for Irene, but saw that she had just stepped out of the entrance when he turned to head back to the lounge.

"Irene..." Zachary walked up to her.

"I need to go."

TU

She was still smiling at him, and it hurt Zachary to see her like this. "I'll do my best to find a donor for your mother."

L

The thought of her mother left Irene's gut clenching. She worked hard to hide her feelings, but the quiver in her voice was telling. "Really?"

A heart donor does not grow on trees, and there were plenty of cases where patients died even before they found a match.

Her eyes welling with tears, she did not know how to

convey her gratitude other than saying, "Thank you, Zachary."

"We're friends, aren't we? Don't get all mushy on me now." Zachary actually felt a little embarrassed—she would be much closer to her dream if Isaac was not the one pulling strings. "I'll drive you home."

"No, it's fine." Irene quickly refused—she had to, because she was not going back to her own home.

Naturally, Zachary did not try to insist.

Irene took a taxi back to the mansion after parting ways with Zachary, and the thought that Isaac would never set foot here relieved her considerably.

Even Mrs. Watson could see that she was not as wary as the first day she moved in, and smiled. "You look quite happy. Did something good happen?" Irene was keeping her head down as she changed into loafers near the front door. "Nothing. I just like staying here with you, Mrs. Watson—just the two of us."

Another voice asked, "Are you saying that I'm not welcome here?"

That voice...

Irene looked up and found a man standing in the living

room. The air around him seemed to turn cold as he stared loftily upon her with a hint of disgust. If she had never seen his face in magazines or on TV, she would never have recognized her 'husband.' To be fair, she never expected him to show up.

"Why... are you here?"

Irene had no idea what was doing here. He hated this arranged marriage, did he not? He should have zero intentions of meeting her!

Isaac glowered. "What, do I need your permission to be here?"

Irene lowered her head. It was true – she was 'invading' his territory "Sign this," Isaac growled , unceremoniously throwing the divorce papers he was holding on the table.

Irene was not surprised. It was only natural that he demanded a divorce, but she could not sign it now and had to wait until after her mother's surgery. "Mr. Jef—" she stammered, unsure how to address him."

Could you...?"

"You're not signing it?" Isaac cut her short before she could finish, as if he had expected her to protest. After all, there was no way she would agree to this so easily after she had forced him to marry her through such despicable

means.

"Have it your way. Just don't regret this later," Isaac said as he strode.

..

Knowing that he had obviously misunderstood her, Irene wanted to explain. However, she accidentally tripped on the steps when she tried to chase him down, and dropped the bag she was holding.

Everything inside tumbled out, and she quickly dropped to a crouch to pick them up. That was when she realized something was missing, and looked up to see that it had rolled to Isaac's feet. Reaching out by reflex and keen not to be noticed, a foot stepped on the blister pack just as she reached out.

She looked up to find Isaac's impassive face. He was curious as to why she was so nervous, so he lifted his foot and picked up the blister pack.

It had two cavities, but one pill had been taken, leaving just one.

He turned it around and noted a brand he did not recognize. While he could not tell what pills were in there, the line of text at the bottom made it obvious.

(Works best when taken within 72 hours (3 days) after intercourse.)

He would be an idiot if he did not understand at that point.

Looking down at the woman on the floor, he remained impassive, though his tone was at once sharp and ironic." So, you were messing around with another man on your wedding night?"

1

At that very moment, he felt utter disgust toward her.

On the other hand, Irene's fingers curled as she restrained the shudder she was feeling, and slowly rose to her feet.

She had no right to retort, but she said despite a soft quiver, "I never wanted to marry you."

Isaac thought that she was lying and found her sickening, and flung the blister pack at her, slicing a faint cut at the corner of her eye.

Irene had closed her eyes by instinct, but neither Isaac's expression of anger nor the pain on her face hurt her more than the humiliation she suffered. Biting her lip,

she arched her back and picked up the blister pack.

The thin plastic quickly deformed in her grip, cutting into her skin painfully.

"You like to mess around, right? I can help you arrange that."

With those words, Isaac left, and it took just one night for her to find out what he meant.

Stan showed up at the mansion just as she was going to

work.