

Runaway 60

Chapter 60 There was a single night light staying lit within the ward, but it was quite dim. Still, Isaac ensured that Irene was sound asleep before closing the door behind him and walking to her bed.

He studied her, and saw that the color had returned to her face. It was the case over the past few days, and her cheeks were now almost vibrant and her lips a French pink hue. Her jet-black hair was spread loosely, with a strand sprawled over her brow, but that only adds to her attractiveness.

Isaac could not help reaching out to caress her cheek, the tips of his fingers feeling the delicate texture of it.

He furrowed his brow.

Perhaps his touch tickled her, for Irene turned her head, and Isaac promptly withdrew his hand.

“Urgh...”

Irene turned around in bed, and kept sleeping with her back facing him.

She shrugged off her blanket when she turned, so Isaac pulled it over her before lying down beside

her on what space was left on the bed. He leaned his face against her nape, and wrapped an arm

around her-blanket and all-before falling asleep as well.

Despite the darkness of the night, there was warmth and sentiment in that room.

Isaac had already left by the time Irene woke up in the morning, and she was completely unaware that there had been a visitor last night.

Mr. Watson brought breakfast at eight, along with plenty of fruit. She ate them after she had her meal, and sat on the couch beside the window to breathe in the sun.

Knock, knock!

Suddenly, someone was knocking on the door, and Lionel entered before Irene said a

thing

“Irene!” He promptly got to the point. “You have to talk to Isaac Jefferson.”

After more than a week had passed, he was now more than aware of the details about the car accident

Ricky was involved in. The boy had crashed into Isaac Jefferson’s car, and though no one was killed, Stan was extensively injured, even though he has recovered considerably after treatment.

However, Isaac was now pressing charges.

To make things worse, Ricky had driven without a license, and since he was already an adult, he must therefore face the law’s judgment.

There had been traffic cameras which had captured the incident perfectly as well, including how Ricky ran away immediately after the accident, making it a hit-and-run which only added to his guilt!

Nonetheless, Irene remained nestled on the couch, leveling her bright gaze for a moment and batting her thick eyelashes as she blinked. “I don’t know what you’re talking about. Why do I have to talk to him?”

She obviously knew what Lionel was talking about, but feigned ignorance.

“Your brother drove your car and somehow crashed it into Isaac Jefferson’s car. You’re his wife, but

he’s still pressing charges and doing all he can to punish our family! How can he do that?! Ricky is your brother...”

“Lionel,” Irene cut him short. “Mom only had one child and that’s me. Since when did I get a brother?”

Lionel’s face stiffened and cleared her throat naturally. “He may have a different mother, but you both have the same father...”

“As in, the father who never cared about me? Why would I speak on behalf of such a man?” Irene asked.

Even if she had long since become apathetic to Lionel’s behavior, blood runs thicker than water-the grievances more or less lingered.

Lionel took a deep breath, but kept himself from flipping out. “Have I ever wronged you in any way?”

Irene looked up at the man with white sideburns. “Lionel, have you forgotten how you tried to stop me

when I enrolled in medical school? You actually refused to give me money for my tuition just because I was studying medicine -"

"And what good would come of studying medicine?" Lionel cut her short before she could finish. "Being a doctor only leads to a busy and exhausting life, and you get paid peanuts for all that trouble. I was grooming you so that you could marry the finest men

– so that you wouldn't have to worry about a thing for the rest of your life. See what came of it? You're now Isaac Jefferson's wife, and I'm sure he'd be heads over heels for you if you actually made an effort."

Irene could not retort immediately, but eventually asked, "I'm a human and I can think for myself, to decide what I want. Do you even have ambitions, Lionel?"

"Of course," Lionel replied. "My grandfather was just an average Joe, and my father was just a chauffeur. I don't want to lead a life of mediocrity- I want success, a legacy... And do you have any idea how hard it is to achieve that without a powerful family, backers, or connections?"

Irene was actually given pause then.

All she knew was that Lionel was self-centered.

He only ever cared about himself, and used everyone like they were mere tools-just like how he did not hesitate to kick her into hell.