

## Runaway 61

Chapter 61 That being said, Irene never once tried to understand what Lionel was thinking, or what he actually wanted.

In fact, the success he wanted was almost no different from her ambition to become a military doctor. It was just that they had different ambitions, and wanted different things for their lives.

“All I want is for our family to rise as a dynasty, and my daughter to become an heiress,” Lionel said then, pressing his argument because he sensed that Irene was relenting slightly.

Nonetheless, Irene pursed her lips and asked, “So, you’re saying you have the right to sacrifice me for the sake of your ambition?”

“How could you call that a sacrifice?” Lionel retorted as if he was in the right. “Is Isaac Jefferson ugly or poor? So many ladies want to marry him but it would never happen, but we have that opportunity—why shouldn’t we seize it? In fact, what sort of a husband could you find for yourself if you didn’t marry Isaac? Would he be better than Isaac?”

Irene was actually stumped.

She knew very well how incredible Isaac was, and heard about how women would hover around him.

However, she had also realized how rotten a person he was since she started to live with him.

There was just no way of coexisting with that personality, and he could well be just good for his looks.

With men like him, one should just be admiring his good looks from a distance without getting close.

“You overestimate me, Lionel. I won’t help you no matter what you say,” Irene said as she rose to her feet. “Moreover, Samantha is the homewrecker who ruined my mother’s marriage—why would I help her son?”

“I’m tired, so leave,” she said, ordering her unwanted guest’s departure.

“Ricky is your brother no matter how you try to deny it,” Lionel insisted.

Irene simply looked at him and said, “And I’m denying it anyway. What can you do about it?”

Lionel was showing signs of rage, but had to bear with Irene’s stubbornness given the present situation—alter all, one should at least look the part when begging for a favor.

“Tell me, what do you want to agree to help?”

Irene simply lay down in her bed, closed her eyes, and said nothing.

Furious, Lionel was finally driven over the edge. “Get up, Irene! What’s wrong with having a brother?”

Who would help you when you’re in trouble? Only a brother who shares your blood would truly support you! Sure, I’ve wronged your mother in our marriage, but I never abandoned you two! Can’t you think from my point of view for one second?”

There was a terrible look on his face, but there was no place for him to vent his grievances. All he could do was hold it in, leaving a stuffy, burning sensation in his chest.

“Fine, sleep on it!” Lionel snapped as he turned and headed for the door, and stopped just as he reached the doorway. “Why are you here? Are you sick? Is it serious?”

In her bed, Irene slowly opened her eyes, staring blankly at the ceiling and saying quietly, “Finally realizing that I’m here, Lionel?”

Lionel’s heart skipped a beat.

However, he only had his own negligence to blame—he had been too worried about. Ricky.

“Fine, it’s all my fault: forcing you to marry someone you don’t love and making you lead a life you hate!” he snapped as he strode outside...

... and ran into Isaac, who had just arrived.

Lionel did not expect to see him there, and promptly greeted him fawningly. “Mr. Jefferson.”

He was the senior here, but he had no guts to pull rank—in fact, he was keeping his head down and his voice unassuming.

Be that as it may, Isaac had a horrific look on his face, seemingly because he had overheard Lionel’s last exchange with Irene.

He simply ignored Lionel and entered the ward, humiliating Lionel ever so slightly.

No matter the circumstances, he was his father-in-law, was he not?

How could he not spare him an inch of dignity at all?!

After being denied by Irene and now getting cold-shouldered by Isaac, Lionel stormed off angrily.

On the other hand, Irene overheard Lionel greeting Isaac by the door, and promptly pretended to fall asleep.

Naturally, Isaac felt as if his chest was ablaze.

“Are you really sleeping, Irene?” he growled even as he withheld his rage.