

Runaway 62

Chapter 62 If Isaac was not concerned about her injuries, he might be strangling Irene again. Was marrying him such a terrible grievance? On the other hand, Irene pretended not to hear him, but her twitching eyelashes were a clear sign that she was not asleep.

Closing his eyes and taking a moment to let his frustration ease, Isaac reached out to caress her face, and Irene promptly jerked and turned toward him.

Isaac chuckled. "Done pretending already?" "Pretending for what? I just fell asleep," she said, stretching deliberately while asking languidly, "What are you doing here?" "It's only natural for me to visit my wife, no?" he said, his smile still on his face. "Has Mrs. Watson been attending to you?"

Irene nodded—Mrs. Watson had been caring for Irene so well that she was the reason Irene had recovered this quickly.

"When are you getting discharged?" Isaac asked then.

Irene, however, would rather live at the hospital than stay under the same roof with him at the mansion.

"It's still too early to say."

Nonetheless, Isaac saw through her, but did not expose her immediately. "How long did you think you could hide from me?"

She reigned ignorance. "I have no idea what you're talking about."

"Fine. Take your time to rest," Isaac said as he rose to his feet.

At the same time Irene picked up the glass of water on the table and took sips with a nonchalant look, that basically told Isaac that she was fine without him around.

Naturally, seeing that left Isaac fuming, but he could not do a thing while she was hurt!

Gritting his teeth, he growled, "Keep challenging me, woman, and I'll make you pay twice the price." Irene thought nothing of it, but once Isaac left, Whitney—who had been hiding nearby

—showed up. She had taken a few days' worth of leave, because what happened at the other hospital left her in shock and disbelief.

After all, she had lost her best chance to become Isaac's wife!

Eventually, she managed to gather herself, only to arrive at work today and see Isaac visiting Central Hospital.

She was under the impression that Isaac had a change of heart and came looking for her, but just as she was about to call out to him in delight, he was already striding toward the patients' wards. She hence followed him, only to find out that Irene was admitted there, and that he was here to visit Irene. Her knuckles balled into fists!

Isaac obviously believed that she was the woman from that night. So why was he here with Irene?

What right did she have to be Mrs. Jefferson?

It was something she wanted so dearly, but that woman took it without effort. It was only natural that she felt indignant, jealous, and furious! What would it take for Isaac to hate Irene, and to divorce her? Perhaps he had to see Irene hooking up with other men, so that she would have a chance?

Since she had succeeded in tricking Irene and performed amniocentesis against her will, she would succeed again and make Isaac hate her. But now that they were total enemies, the methods she used before would not work... As such, she came up with something else.

Stepping inside Irene's ward, she put on a high-and-mighty look and snapped, "Irene Spencer! You are an intern here-why are you lounging around in a ward? I'll have the chief fire you, believe it!"

Her attempts at blackmailing utterly failed, however. In fact, Irene was looking at her like she was an idiot. "Weren't you aware that I've already resigned?" She had long since made up her mind to run away, which was why she had resigned from her internship.

Her pregnancy also meant she needed time to rest and recuperate, so she had no time or strength to spare for anything else. Whitney was certainly oblivious about that point, and it was her defeat the instant she stepped inside.

Her frustrations were piling,

After all, she was working under the impression that for Irene, this internship was a necessary path to become a military doctor, which in turn was her dream job.

Naturally, there was no way she could have expected Irene to simply up and quit, meaning that her attempts to harass her with her authority was utterly futile.

Nonetheless, she asked, "Don't you want to be a doctor?"

Irene held Whitney gaze, her expression cooling at the sight of Whitney clearly repressing her rage. "My husband will pay for everything even if I don't work, and I'm sure you know who my husband is, don't you?"