

Runaway 63

Chapter 63 Irene knew that Whitney desired Isaac, and was therefore using him to upset her. Unsurprisingly, all of Whitney's repressed rage erupted right then. Lunging forward, she grabbed Irene's neck while shrieking, "Die! You've stolen everything from me, but Isaac will be mine once you're dead!"

Irene just wanted to upset her-her body was in no condition for fisticuffs at the moment.

"Do you think Isaac would like to see you acting crazy like this, Whitney? Men prefer gentle women, not fishwives."

Her words more or less worked, because Whitney cared too much about what Isaac thought of her.

"Mrs. Jefferson..."

Mrs. Watson happened to arrive with lunch then, and when she saw Whitney trying to hurt Irene, she promptly dropped everything and ran up to them, pulling Whitney away while snapping, "Do you know who she is? How dare you do this to her? You will get it once I tell Mr. Jefferson!"

Whitney's face fell as she looked at Mrs. Watson—the old maid would be calling her Mrs. Jefferson if not for Irene!

Irene had taken away everything that was rightfully hers! After all, Isaac was still convinced that she was with him that night!

"You'll pay for this, Irene!" she snarled. Irene's expression, however, was icy.

If Whitney had not performed amniocentesis on her, her other child might have been as brave and strong as his twin... and would never have been lost because of some flesh wound!

The miscarriage had happened because the amniocentesis maimed that fetus before she was assaulted!

That was why Irene would not let Whitney get away with her crimes!

"I could say the same to you."

Alter Whitney left, Mrs. Watson approached her to check on her. "Are you hurt, Mrs. Jeffersoni?"

Trene shook her head. "No, I'm fine."

Still, Mrs. Watson was fuming. "Who was that woman? Is she even in her right mind? We have to call Mr. Jefferson..."

"No, you mustn't tell him." Irene promptly interrupted her.

Whitney was upset and trying to mess with her, because she felt the same way Irene did after her miscarriage.

Isaac did say that Whitney's child was lost in that car accident, which was something she should thank Ricky for.

After all, both Isaac and Whitney should suffer the pain of losing their child too!

“Why not, Mrs. Jefferson?” Mrs. Watson could not understand, but she was not aware of the nature of Irene and Isaac’s marriage.

Irene, however, believed that Whitney had every reason to overreact after recently losing her child, and she would no doubt have Isaac’s understanding. So what good would come of telling him?

“Just watch out, and don’t let her touch the food you’ve brought,” she told Mrs. Watson. Mrs. Watson nodded. “Of course.”

Over the next three days, Irene was exceedingly cautious and could not sleep well at night at all, worried that Whitney would come to mess with her. She decided to get discharged-after staying over ten days here, she had more or less fully recovered. When Zachary came to visit in the evening, she told him as much. “I’ll handle the proceedings tomorrow morning,” Zachary replied. Irene nodded, and Zachary suddenly wanted to ask her what she would do since Isaac was refusing to divorce her. Still, he refrained and instead asked, “What are you going to do, now that you’ve resigned?” Irene lowered her eyes. “I haven’t thought about it.”

Zachary, however, could tell that she clearly had a plan but was not telling him. As such, he did not try to press her and simply got up. “I’ll be going now.”

Isaac arrived just then, and seeing that Zachary was there, he asked, “Can she get discharged now?” Zachary glanced at Irene and replied, “Oh, Irene? She’s actually getting discharged tomorrow.”

Isaac frowned.

Irene?

Why did it upset him to hear that?

He never called her that himself!

Zachary saw Isaac’s gaze turn cool, but could not understand-was it something he said?

“I’m leaving if there’s nothing else,” he said, to avoid upsetting Isaac again.

Walking over and planting-himself on the couch, Isaac sternly ordered Irene, “I’m thirsty. Get me a glass of water.”

His commanding tone was honestly despicable, but Irene had no choice but to obey. She did as she was told, and after having two sips, his lips curled upwards in a grin.

“Are you aware, Irene Spencer?”

“Of what?”