

Runaway 64

Chapter 64

Irene knew that Isaac was up to no good even as she watched him.

And just as expected, he chuckled and said, "I love it when you suffer."

She was left speechless for a while, but stayed calm as she retorted, "Your interests are so weird that those who didn't know beforehand would think you're nuts."

With those words, she sat on her bed-she was much better now, and had gotten tired after going through some physiotherapy for the day. She then glanced at the clock on the wall and saw that it was already nine, and asked, "Aren't you leaving?"

However, the more eager she was to make him leave, the more reluctant Isaac was to do so.

"Wherever you'll go, I'll be there," he said as he leaned against his couch lazily.

Irene simply ignored him and lay down on her bed, when Isaac said, "I'll be sleeping with you here tonight." Ignoring him again, she pulled her blanket to keep herself tightly enveloped, as if afraid that he would come to take it away from her.

Isaac smiled at her reaction in amusement, finding it rather adorable just then.

He started to tug at his own collar, suddenly finding the room rather hot... But it was already autumn, and the ward was air-conditioned. It was not supposed to be hot here at night.

In fact, he was starting to get restless as well, just before his gaze turned blurry.

He frowned.

Having lived the life he led, he could tell that his body was not in its right state given the abrupt symptoms. "Irene Spencer..." he growled, his voice suddenly hoarse. "Did you spike my drink?" Irene simply thought that he was trying to start a fight, and therefore did not answer. It left Isaac gritting his teeth-what the hell was she playing at?! He promptly sprang to his feet and strode to her bed, but his gait was more a wobble than anything else. Whatever it was, it was no different from a gut punch! At the same time, a terrible fire spread across him as if alive, pushing toward his head.

Once he reached Irene, he pulled off her blanket and snapped, "You really can't live without men, can you? Resorting to something as underhanded as drugging them?!"

Irene finally opened her eyes and glared at him. "What are you talking about? What

drug?" "Not going to admit it, huh?" Isaac growled, but he was not angry at all—he actually loved her, and now that he was drugged anyway, he had cause to get intimate with her. And when he was done, he could simply say that it was the drugs. His Adam's apple bobbing then, he arched his body as he leaned toward her, his eyes looking straight into hers as he spoke with a quiet, alluring voice. "Just tell me you love me... It's not like I'm unwilling to perform the duties of a husband." That was when Irene

finally realized that something was wrong when she saw that his face was flushed in crimson. However, when she tried to get up, Isaac put a hand over her shoulder and kept her pinned in place. At the same time, Whitney arrived at the door with a man. Naturally, she was the one who had spiked the water, and she even brought a man, intent on capturing a video of Irene going at it with a man, so she would have evidence of Irene's adultery to show Isaac. He would definitely divorce Irene after that, and she would be able to rise as the new Mrs. Jefferson.

However, as she quietly opened the door to let the man in, Irene spotted her and immediately understood what was happening.

She glanced at the glass on the table which Isaac drank from-Mrs. Watson had brought the water to the hospital, but Whitney had obviously spiked it, which explained Isaac's behavior. There was really nothing she would not do-last time, she knocked her out to perform amniocentesis on her, and now, she spiked her drink. Her heinous nature was certainly unquestionable! Nonetheless, she quickly realized what she should be doing. Turning resistance into seduction right then, she asked Isaac alluringly, "We're in the hospital right now... Shall we do this elsewhere instead?" Isaac wanted nothing less than to get down to business immediately. Now that Irene proved willing, his restraint swiftly vaporized as he growled, "So... We're really doing this?"

"Indeed we are," she replied, glancing at the door as she spoke. Whitney had wanted to drug Irene, but she could tell right then that Isaac was the victim instead. How could she bear with the idea that her plan to split them apart was getting them frisky instead?! She promptly shoved the door wide open!