

## Runaway 7

### Chapter 7

“Ms. Spencer? I’m Mr. Jefferson’s assistant. Come with me—he’s waiting for you.”

Irene spaced out for a moment when she saw Stan, though she quickly looked away to hide the look of recognition on her face.

Stan was the one who opened the door when she treated that patient in Zachary’s stead.

If Stan was Isaac’s assistant, did that mean the patient was Isaac?

“Please, Ms. Spencer.” Stan’s tone became sterner when he saw that she was not moving.

Putting away her thoughts, Irene replied, “I have to go to work.”

It was a clear refusal – she had no intention of meeting that man.

“Please think about this carefully, Ms. Spencer. Given your status, you would not just lose your job if you make Mr. Jefferson upset – you would have no chance of working as a doctor again.”

It was a clear threat, and Irene was left clenching her fist.

All her father did was offer to pay for the cost of her

mother’s surgery. She had to pay for all other medical bills, so she certainly could not lose her job or career chances.

Her only option was to go with Stan! “Wait a moment. I need to apply for leave from the hospital.”

After heading upstairs and making the call, Irene took a scalpel out of her drawer and put it in her handbag as a precaution, and headed downstairs after tidying her up.

IV

Soon, she was brought to a nightclub—she had never been to such places where men and women were getting frisky everywhere.

As they headed further inside, Irene overheard a couple of women chatting in the corner.

“Did you hear? The man having a business discussion with Isaac Jefferson on the VIP floor is a real pervert and a sicko.”

“Wasn’t he the one who almost killed an escort?” “Yeah, that’s the one.”

“Tut, tut. I wonder who is going to be so unlucky this time, but it’s fine as long as it’s not us. Did you know? Word is that the escort can no longer bear children although she survived—heaven knows what he did to her.

PTT

Irene felt the creeps from their words alone, especially when she heard Isaac’s name in their conversation.

She started to panic, her palm sweating as they headed into an elevator.

Seeing that her face was pale, Stan kindly reminded her, "You know how you forced Mr. Jefferson to marry you. Just sign the divorce papers, and you will be spared." It was true that the proposal by her family could not be rejected since the Jeffersons did owe them, but the whole matter hinged on Irene being willing to take on the marriage. Nonetheless, Irene turned toward Stan, quivering just then she would not have bothered marrying Isaac if she had grounds to refuse, let alone allow Isaac humiliate her like this!

Taking a deep breath, she strode out of the elevator.

Stan frowned but said nothing as he led her to a luxury private room. Beneath the dimly lit room, Irene quickly saw Isaac and another man sitting on the couch.

"Oh!" the man exclaimed—she caught his eye the instant she entered, and he studied her from head to toe without a care before giving his critique. "Not bad! Her skin is fair like a porcelain doll, and that slim waist ... she must feel soft in your arms."

Beckoning, he said, "Come, sit beside me."

Irene glanced at Isaac, who was still leaning on his set, his legs folded elegantly and her face hidden in the darkness.

She could not see anything at all.

On the other hand, the other man had stood up and put a hand on her shoulder, laughing as he asked Isaac, "Where did you find her? She looks much nicer than those escorts caking their faces with mascara. That clear, fresh look suits me better."

Isaac remained silent and did not stop him.

Was that a silent approval?

LU

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Irene felt a chill in her heart, and her fingers clenched over her handbag.

"Do you drink?" the man asked, already putting a hand on her waist.

Utterly repulsed, she moved away. "No."

"Don't worry— I can teach you," the man said, pouring a full glass of beer and holding it near her lips.

She turned away, but the man pulled her by the waist even as she struggled. "Let me go..."

"You are obliged to entertain me," Isaac suddenly said, leaning forward and allowing the lights to accentuate his

form.

Then, looking up with his placid gaze, his brow furrowed ruthlessly, "If you can't do it, then you can pack your bags and leave!"

She thought that his loathing towards her was limited to ignoring her existence.

She did not think that he could be this despicable! "I'll drink," she said, pushing away the man but taking the glass he was holding. Her movement was hesitant, but she soon chugged it anyway.

This was her first time drinking alcohol, and since she drank it so quickly, it left a blazing trail all the way from her mouth to her gullet. The burning sensation left her pretty brows furrowed, but it only added to her charm.

The man became impatient. "Can I take her with me, Mr. Jefferson?"

LI

Irene was stunned and wanted to run right then, but looked up into a pair of eyes as dark as the moon. It gave her pause, even as she realized that the man meant to humiliate her anyway.

Soon, Isaac turned away."... Do whatever you want."

The man beamed, and promptly wrapped his hands around Irene.

This time, she did not struggle as she followed the man out of the room.

Stan approached Isaac then. "Sir, they're gone... but with Harvey Gooding, she probably wouldn't be able to fend for herself..."

The goal was to make her give in and divorce willingly by putting her in an awkward spot... They were not going to let her lose her chaste just like that, were they?

Isaac simply poured himself a glass of beer, and chugged it with a dark look. "Did you really think that she's chaste?"

Stan was left gaping in shock.

Was the Spencer family really that greedy? They would

actually throw broken goods at them?!

He felt furious right then—he had actually sympathized with Irene a little at first, but it seemed that his sympathy was misplaced. "But she's not willing to get a divorce even though we're clearly harassing her... I don't think she'll give in easily," Stan pointed out.

Does that mean she was latching on to the Jeffersons no matter what happened?

"Mr. Jefferson..."

"Let's go," Isaac growled, cutting him short.

The calmness of his expression made it clear that he did not want to hear anymore about Irene, so Stan stayed tactfully silent as he opened the door for him.

In his car, Isaac watched as the streetlights streaked past, but all he could think about was the scene of that woman willingly leaving with Harvey.

She knew what was going to happen, but willingly played along?

“Turn around,” he growled.

Stan did a double take, but quickly caught his meaning and turned the car around.

They quickly returned to the nightclub, but the staff told them that they were already gone.

Isaac was glowering as he barked at Stan to head back to the mansion-Irene was not there either.

“Go, start a search—” Isaac began, though the door soon opened behind him, and Irene’s voice could soon be heard.

“Mrs. Watson...”

Irene was such a bad drinker that she was intoxicated after one glass. If she did not have immense composure and self-control thanks to her job, she really would not have made it back.

She soon saw Mrs. Watson standing there, seemingly afraid to approach her.

“Mrs. Watson ...” She was going to call for Mrs. Watson again, when she finally noticed the man standing in the living room.