

Runaway 77

Chapter 77

Pursing her lips, Irene eventually said, "I'm pregnant."

Sheryl did a double take, and it took her a while to regain her senses.

"You're pregnant?" she exclaimed in slight disbelief.

Irene nodded.

"Is the child Isaac's?" Sheryl asked to her knowledge, her daughter had never been involved in any relationship, something which Lionel was particularly strict about.

Irene herself also always maintained firm moral integrity. The only man she came in close proximity with was Isaac, so he was the only person Sheryl could think of.

On the other hand, Irene did not know how she should explain everything that had happened, and could not bear to tell her mother the truth.

What would her mother think, if she said that she had no idea who the father was?

Since Sheryl believes that the child was Isaac's, so be it—that was at least a better option than saying she had no idea.

"Yeah," she said, even though she hung her head and avoided Sheryl's gaze because she was lying. Sheryl kept putting more food on her table and asked in concern, "Eat more since you're pregnant. Are you suffering from morning sickness? How far along are you?"

Irene looked up then. "Are you saying that I should go through with this?"

At first, she was actually worried that Sheryl would tell her to get an abortion since she had divorced Isaac.

"The child is yours," Sheryl said.

She believed that an abortion was ideal following the divorce, as it would make for a clean separation.

But Sheryl was also a mother, and she understood how important children could be to a mother,

Convinced that Irene had divorced Isaac because of the loveless nature of their marriage, she said, "I've actually found myself a job as a mall administrator, and the salary is a grand a month. It isn't much, but it would be enough to keep us going. I'm old and inexperienced because I haven't been working since marrying your father, so that's about the only job I can get. That said, there's nothing to worry about—I'll take good care of you, so stay home and stay healthy. The child will have no links to the Jeffersons even after it's born."

Since they could not bear to abort the child, birth was the only option, which also meant they needed to make a living to raise the child.

And together, they would probably be able to do it.

Irene then realized she had been bumbling for so long... but she finally understood something now.

“Thank you, Mom,” she said quietly, her voice cracking slightly.

“You don’t have to thank me, silly. I’m the one who has owed you for years now.” Sheryl certainly knew her daughter, and how to be considerate of her emotions. “You shouldn’t stress yourself out now that you’re pregnant—it’s detrimental to your baby’s growth.”

Irene nodded. “I know.”

Sheryl smiled. “I’m actually happy that I’m becoming a grandmother soon! Oh, you haven’t told me how far along you are.

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“Almost three months,” Irene replied.

Sheryl spaced out for a moment even as she looked at her own daughter, who would become a mother soon.

Time had really flown!

“You shouldn’t move around or do too much for your child’s sake, or you’ll end up like me, and

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Sheryl abruptly stopped, suddenly realizing she had spoken too much.

Still, Irene knows what she was getting at. “It’s all in the past, Mom.”

Sheryl had actually been pregnant with a boy and a girl—fraternal twins. Irene was born first, but her twin had died while still inside Sheryl.

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The failed labor permanently scarred Sheryl’s body, and she could not get pregnant ever since.

Irene could have had a twin brother... and that was when she remembered that she had twins too.

Was that a hereditary trait from her mother?

Still, the chance of having twins in a family was high if the parents were twins themselves.

Even so, Irene had lost one.

“You don’t have to work, Mom,” she said then, having come up with a plan beforehand.

Her mother did not have to work and labor hard to keep things going for her and her child.

Sheryl began, “Irene...”

“Mom,” Irene said, cutting her short. “Believe me—I have a way to make money.”

Smiling, she then added, “You’ll be in charge of caring for me and babysitting your grandchild later on.”

Sheryl nodded, since she was all too willing to babysit.

As she had claimed, Irene had everything planned—she left the house the next day to meet a certain person at a diner. “It’s been a while, Irene.”