

Runaway 79

Chapter 79

Right now, all Isaac wanted to do was to find Irene—no matter what it would take.

After that, it would be her death by a thousand cuts!

To him, leaving him with nothing but a divorce agreement and running away was a betrayal!

Even if there was no sentiment involved, they were still married! How could she run away without a word?

Furious was far from enough to describe his emotion just then.

However, two more weeks passed, and Stan still did not manage to get anything.

They had been searching everything they could about Irene, but could not find any record of her having liaisons with a man.

“Nothing?”

Isaac asked as he stood in front of a window wall at his mansion.

His towering figure seemed to project coldness as he turned around.

“Nothing,” Stan admitted. “Be it med school or work, she never had a boyfriend.”

Isaac raised a brow, and simply presumed that Stan had slipped up. He had personally seen the morning after pills in that woman’s bag. Why would she need that if she was not doing it with a man?

And she had ended up pregnant anyway!

What was it if she did not have a lover? Parthenogenesis?!

He suddenly chuckled coolly. “She’s quite well-prepared, isn’t she?”

Stan blinked, but soon understood what Isaac was getting at. “Are you suggesting that she had planned ahead and sabotaged any potential efforts to investigate her? Just like how she planned her escape?”

“Drag her back even if she’s made it to another planet!” Isaac growled.

“Yes, sir.” Stan nodded—this was perhaps the most difficult task he had been assigned since he started working with Isaac.

Irene was painting when she suddenly sneezed.

Rubbing her nose, she wondered if someone was talking about her—one of her strokes went sideways because of the sneeze too.

The portrait was almost done, but the failed stroke basically ruined the atmosphere of the entire painting, leaving her frowning and losing the mood to keep painting.

As she stepped out of the studio for a breath of fresh air, Sheryl arrived and draped a cardigan over her shoulders, asking, "What's on your mind?"

"Nothing." Irene shook her head.

"Get some rest if you're tired," Sheryl suggested.

Now, she was working as a cleaner for Irene's studio, making caring for her daughter easier.

After working in the night, they would both head home together by night.

It was a quiet life, but Irene's belly was swelling and becoming even more obvious.

Sheryl did the math in her head. "I guess the baby would be arriving on a cold day."

It would be slightly past March, and the climate would hardly be warm.

Irene looked down on her own belly with a tender gaze. "A cold day is fine too."

She reveled in this quiet, uninteresting life... but she underestimated Isaac's determination to find her.

Before she could even leave bed the next day, Sheryl arrived in her room with a panic showing on her face.

"What should we do about this, Irene?"

Irene was still feeling groggy and sat up in bed. "What's wrong, Mom? What is it?"

"Look at this!" Sheryl exclaimed, passing her the newspaper she was holding.

Irene frowned. "Who reads newspapers in this day and age?"

"Okay, phone it is!" Sheryl said, but fumbled and dropped her phone on the floor.

The sound seemed to clear Irene's head right then. She could tell that something serious, or her mother would not be panicking so much.

Picking up her phone, she tapped on her most frequently used news app to find a bounty notice with her photo posted on it.

It was not just on that app either—every popular app had such notices too!

"What should we do? You know how greedy people can be, and Isaac just posted a bounty of fifteen million dollars for any information anyone has on you! We can't stay here any longer, can we?"