

## Runaway 8

### Chapter 8

Did he not just leave her with that pervert? Why would he show up here? To laugh at her?

Haha!

“Isaac Jefferson?” Irene snapped, pointing at the man despite the killing intent swirling around him, boosted by liquid courage and not knowing fear just then. “You are... a real bastard!”

Isaac’s face turned dark instantly, while Stan and Mrs. Watson kept their heads down in fearful silence.

Even so, Irene shambled forward, grabbing Isaac’s necktie and pulling him toward herself. “You thought I wanted to marry you? You think you’re some sort of god?”

The alcoholic fumes she breathed left Isaac frowning, and anger brewed in his eyes as he deftly caught her wrist. “You’re crazy.”

She was willing to play along with any man. He had tried to corner her and make her ask for a divorce, but she was as dumb as a donkey and refused to yield.

Still, he had changed his mind after she left with Harvey

-regardless of what had happened, she was his wife, even if he felt repulsed that she had been defiled.

“You’re the crazy one.” Irene’s hands never stopped clawing at him drunkenly, in retaliation against Isaac for letting that man molest her!

Glowering, Isaac dragged her upstairs by the wrist, even as she tried to shake him off. “Let me go! Let me go...”

Bang!

He kicked open the bedroom door and flung her inside, causing her to stumble and drop to her knees.

“Ah... Urgh...” she moaned as she clutched her kneecaps, and her voice gave Isaac pause.

That voice... His mind seemed to return to that night for a split second.

She sounded a lot like Whitney?

“Isaac Jefferson!” Back in the present, Irene looked up to glare hatefully at him.

Not only was he spiteful, but he was also violent-she was already bleeding from her knees.

Isaac came to his senses as he met her gaze.

Striding inside and narrowing his eyes, he growled, “You aren’t drunk, are you?”

As a matter of fact, Irene was drunk, but her head was clear.

She pushed herself off the ground with both hands, but her ankles caved and she stumbled, so she had to catch something beside her to maintain her balance.

However, though she had managed to maintain her balance, she suddenly felt a coldness filling the room. She slowly looked up to find Isaac's dark, icy gaze, and realized that she had caught his pants with both hands, which would have slipped off if it was not for his belt.

Even so, that already left Isaac's business attire a mess from all her pulling and flailing.

Irene quickly let go, but the legs of his pants were already wrinkled and flappy.

Flustered, she averted her eyes. "I—I didn't mean to do that."

Isaac breathed a chilling chuckle. "Really?" "Of course."

Wait...

She shot Isaac a glare. "What are you talking about?"

"What, you don't know yourself? Your own character?"

His question and contempt stung Irene in the heart, but it could not be denied that he had seen the morning after pills, and knew that she had cheated on him.

The thought of that night left her flinching, but she maintained a calm look.

She tried to avoid it, afraid that someone would find out... and in turn be humiliated because of that.

"Nothing to say now? You really want to jump any man you can reach, don't you?" Isaac growled with a sinister glare as he grabbed her neck. "Tell me! How the hell is this possible? How could you cheat on me, and still stubbornly refuse to divorce me?!"

There was a murderous intent in his words – Isaac Jefferson's wife was damaged goods!

It was the worst humiliation he had ever suffered in his life!

Irene was choking. Her face, which was already scarlet from all that alcohol, became redder as she gasped for breath, her chest heaving repeatedly.

She struggled, squeezing what air remained out of her throat as she wheezed, "Let... Go..."

As she flailed violently, two buttons snapped off her blouse and fell audibly onto the floor.

Isaac looked down, his eyes darting straight past her pretty collarbones to her black lacy bra, and he was soon left staring at her breasts that were threatening to burst out...

Meanwhile, Irene was still gasping. "Ah..."

Her hair was a mess, dangling loosely beside her ears, while her raspy, uneven breathing was somehow seductive...

Realizing that he had been staring for too long, Isaac quickly turned away.

He was frowning heavily, and swallowing nervously without noticing it as he worked hard to control his emotions.

LI

He was actually feeling aroused by a woman with loose morals?

It sickened him!

Feeling angry at himself, he flung her onto the bed.

He was actually interested in a woman as unseemly as her! He must have lost his mind!

Turning around, he hurried downstairs.

“Mr. Jefferson.” Stan quickly ran up to Isaac when he saw him, but said nothing as Isaac strode outside.

Stan jogged along to keep up as they returned to the car and drove off, gingerly glancing behind at Isaac from time to time.

What had gotten into him? What had gotten him so furious?

Back at the mansion, Irene was lying in bed and gulping in mouthfuls of oxygen, finally able to breathe again.

She clutched her chest for a moment there, she really thought that Isaac was going to kill her.

Bleugh

The alcohol in her gut suddenly churned, causing a violent gag reflex due to asphyxiation.

She rushed to the washroom and heaved the mother of all pukes, though she felt much better afterward.

Rinsing her mouth, she then lay in bed without taking a bath.

She was too drowsy and exhausted, and her eyes slowly closed as she fell asleep unwittingly.

The next day, when Isaac arrived at work at the Light Group offices, his secretary approached him, saying, “Mr. Jefferson, Mr. Gooding is asking to see you.”