

Runaway 84

Chapter 84

Before Irene could respond, Harvey said, "If you don't want to stay with Isaac Jefferson, and you've already broken up with your boyfriend... Why don't you just marry me?"

Harvey had asked Irene who the child's father was before, and Irene lied that it was a boyfriend whom she had broken up with—that was why the child was now fatherless.

"No—"

"Don't be in such a hurry to say no," Harvey said, cutting her short. "We've been here for months, and I've shown that I can be nice, right? Aren't we friends, at least? There's no way you can stay here for the rest of your life, and if you don't want Isaac to keep haunting you, you need some degree of status."

Irene looked at him as she pondered—it was true, she could not stay here forever.

But once she left, being found by Isaac was just an eventuality.

"I can be your shield. Just tell Isaac that your child is mine," Harvey suggested slyly then.

Right now, he wanted to hurt Isaac in every way possible—he was even willing to make Isaac believe that Irene's child was his, even if it was not.

He will be left fuming, would he not?

"No, I can't." Irene refused anyway.

If at all possible, she would rather Isaac never find out about her child.

That man had breathtaking anger—management issues—what if he lost his temper and hurt her child?

She had gone through great lengths to keep her child safe. Any risk was too much risk.

Still, Harvey reminded her of something...

"Ouch..." she grunted as she clutched her stomach, suddenly feeling agony as if something was dropping.

Harvey gaped. "It hurts? Is the baby coming?"

"I think so," Irene said calmly and rose to her feet. "Take me to the hospital."

"Okay," he replied, just as Sheryl started to head upstairs with a glass of milk.

Seeing that they were both coming down, she asked, "Going out?"

"Yeah, baby's coming," Harvey explained.

Sheryl promptly put the milk aside. "I thought we still had a few days..."

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“Maybe he’s getting impatient,” Irene breathed through gritted teeth.

“Then we need the hospital right now,” Sheryl said, helping her stand while Harvey left to get his car.

Soon, Irene was rushed to the nearest hospital and taken to the labor room. As she lay on the delivery bed, the agony of cramps struck her like a raging tide, and sweat had drenched her black, silky hair. The scent of blood seemed to waft around her nostrils as the lights over her flashed brightly, leaving her feeling dazed.

It hurt so much as if her body was being torn apart!

Outside the delivery room, Sheryl was anxiously pacing around on the walkway, seized with concern toward her daughter.

Despite the advancement of medical technology, delivery was still hell for women, and there was no end to the risks involved. In fact, she was anxious herself despite having lived through it—because she was so afraid that Irene would face some mishap.

After several hours, a nurse stepped out with an infant. “Is Irene Spencer’s family here?”

Sheryl worriedly came up to her, with Harvey staying on her heels. “How’s my daughter?” “They are both safe,” the nurse replied.

Sheryl breathed a sigh of relief, and asked happily, “Is it a boy?”

The nurse held out the child to her then. “Yes. Born at 1520, weighing 7 pounds, 7 ounces

Sheryl happily took the child, as Harvey looked on.

Over the last few months, Isaac’s temper had been volatile.

Every employee could feel the danger and would avoid speaking with him if possible, in fear that they would upset him.