

## Runaway 9

### Chapter 9

“Tell him I said no. And get me a coffee,” Isaac growled as he strode into his own office, heading straight for his desk.

“But Mr. Gooding said that he won’t leave unless you see him...”

Isaac turned to look at his secretary, who quickly lowered her head.

“Bring him here,” he said, before sitting down and unbuttoning his suit.

Soon, the secretary returned with Harvey and Isaac’s coffee.

Harvey appeared very upset, and snapped at Isaac immediately, “Where did you find that woman?”

Isaac picked up his coffee and gestured for his secretary to leave, before finally looking up at Harvey.

“Look what she did!” Harvey continued, pointing at a distinct slash mark on his neck, before showing the bandage on his wrist. “She almost cut off my tendons, too!”

Isaac’s gaze darted between Harvey’s injuries, feeling slightly delighted just then. Although he knew the answer, he asked, “What happened?”

Harvey appeared traumatized. “That woman had a scalpel ! And she was somehow breathtakingly efficient with it! The doctor at the hospital told me she’d barely missed my jugular! Honestly, I almost died before getting any action.... That’s why I’m asking again—where did you find that woman?”

On the other hand, Isaac was in a good mood to hear that Harvey did not manage to get his way with Irene. Leaning on his chair, he maintained his usual aloof visage as he asked, “Why are you looking for her?”

“For revenge, of course!” Harvey exclaimed indignantly, since he had never been humiliated this much.

Moreover, Irene did not tell him anything about herself,

so she remained an enigma.

“If it’s for revenge, you’ll have to find her yourself.”

Harvey was stumped for a moment, but soon snarled viciously, “Fine, I’ll come up with something! If I get to her first, I’ll cripple her hands— let’s see how she’ll swing a scalpel then!”

At the hospital, Irene had just stepped out of the examination room when she shivered from a mysterious chill.

Was someone cursing her?

“Dr. Spencer? We’re putting together a farewell party for Dr. Cox at eight tonight, at Wing B of Grand Court Hotel. Don’t miss it!” a colleague reminded her upon seeing her.

“Okay,” Irene replied. She was keeping her hands inside her white lab coat, and thinking to herself that she really did not want to go.

Moreover, the thought that Whitney and Isaac were somehow acquainted left her cold inside.

Nonetheless, she headed to Grand Court Hotel at eight anyway, but spotted a car stopping near the entrance just as she was about to head in.

Whitney alighted, and Isaac soon followed.

Irene quickly hid behind a pillar, poking her head out slightly to peek at them.

They did look like a good match for one another as they stood side-by-side. She could tell that Isaac really liked Whitney too, since he was willing to show up at an occasion like this.

That being said, everyone at the hospital would be showing up at the farewell party today as well, would they not?

"Thanks for coming today." Whitney had put on extensive makeup and a stylish gown, and there was a hint of shyness in her tone.

"We're friends, aren't we?" Isaac replied, but he was only attending the part because of their night of shared passion.

Whitney would certainly like it if they could get even more intimate, but her rejection of his offer before was now a wall between them, so she had to be tactful. "Let's go inside."

Irene stepped out from the pillar when they finally left. She was repulsed by the idea of being around Isaac, and after much consideration, she decided to call Whitney to explain that she could not make it because of an emergency. She took out her phone, but just as she was to make the call, a colleague approached her from behind, calling out, "Dr. Spencer."

Up front, Whitney turned around.

Irene stiffened in response, and accidentally pressed the dial button. By the time she realized what was happening, Whitney's phone was already ringing.

Irene quickly hung up and pursed her lips. "Sorry, wrong button."

Be that as it may, Isaac turned because of his familiarity with her voice, and he immediately spotted Irene standing nearby, looking laughably stupid as she still held her cell phone.

He could not help raising a brow.

She worked at Charity Hospital too?

Meanwhile, Whitney smiled warmly. "It's fine."

Even as she spoke, she inched closer to Isaac.

Since Isaac had demanded that she not let the public find out that she was his wife, Irene simply pretended that they were unacquainted.

"Is this gentleman your boyfriend?" She smiled, her dewy eyes as clear as they were dazzling.

Whitney smiled but said nothing, so that others would simply think that Isaac was.

Isaac did not deny it either, because he had his eyes on Irene, eager to see how she would react.

Irene simply laughed lightly and showered them with flattery. "Honestly, you two look like the perfect couple a match made in heaven!"

For some reason, Isaac suddenly had the urge to tear that smile off her face!

However, Irene knew how ruthless he could be, so she quickly made her retreat. "I'll be heading in, then—I shouldn't impose."

She quickly called out to the colleague who had greeted her just now, and then hurried into the hotel.

Nonetheless, when they managed to put some distance between themselves and Isaac, the colleague quietly said, "That man is the head of Light Group. He's young but already accomplished, so I really envy Dr. Cox for having the good fortune of dating him."

Irene stayed silent, so the colleague continued, "Honestly, how could a man as perfect as him come to be? He's rich, and has the looks and the body." "How would you know that he's perfect? He might actually be crazy," Irene could not help retorting calling him crazy was already being kind to him, especially when he had almost strangled her.

The colleague could not help chuckling.

As they entered Wing B, Irene decided that she must give it to Whitney. After all, everyone in the hospital – including the chief – was invited to her farewell party, occupying every table in Wing B.

Irene was heading for the furthest table from the center when the chief called out to her.

"Dr. Spencer! Come, sit with us!"

She turned to find Isaac looking at her as well, and promptly flashed a smile. "Actually, ...." "Come on." The chief simply pulled her along and made her sit at the same table, though it felt like she was sitting on a carpet of needles instead.

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While she was afraid to even look up, the chief nudged her and made introductions. "Dr. Spencer is Dr. Cox's former classmate and current colleague. Since Dr. Cox is leaving us soon, let's drink to her success."

"She doesn't drink," Isaac suddenly said.

His words left everyone stunned.

Irene did not drink? How would Isaac know that?!

Irene was stunned as well, and looked up to see a vague smile on Isaac's face.

Her knuckles balled into fists beneath the table – what was he up to this time?! Whitney sensed something unusual as well, but took no notice and simply pretended that she was hearing things. She maintained a faint smile from start to finish to present herself as a generous host, saying, "Well,

drinking isn't good for our jobs. Also, Dr. Spencer and I have always been close, and I'll miss her when I'm gone."

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That was when Isaac's phone suddenly started ringing. He picked up and listened to the voice on the other end for a while.

"Understood," he said and quickly hung up.

He had barely put away his phone when Irene's phone rang as well. She answered it and quickly heard the Jeffersons' butler speaking to her. "Mrs. Jefferson, could

you please come by Jefferson Manor? Master Jefferson wishes to meet you immediately."

"Okay," Irene replied before putting away her phone and telling Whitney, "Sorry, something urgent has just come up, and I have to go... Anyway, here's a toast to your success. It isn't alcohol, but I'm sure tea would do."

With those words, she picked up her cup of tea and chugged it.

As she rose to her feet, Isaac, whose eyes were still locked on her, resisted an outright playful smile. "What a coincidence, something urgent has come up for me as well. Shall we leave together?"

Irene was speechless, but she did not know that Isaac had been getting irritated with her pretending not to know him.

Still, he would like to see how long she could keep pretending, even as everyone else turned to look at her.