

Runaway 90

Chapter 90 Whitney's face turned pale even as she stammered, "W Why are you here?!"

Glowering, Isaac strode forward and kicked her away!

"You lied to me!"

Whitney fell like a rag doll, but promptly pushed herself up in panic. "N-No, I wasn't lying..."

Isaac had heard everything she said, but she still insisted on lying!

The only reason he never punished her was because they shared that night.

Now, he just wanted her gone!

"Watch her, Mrs. Watson!" he bellowed before leaving to call Stan, telling him to head to the mansion right away to deal with Whitney.

After hanging up, he turned to Irene, lying on the floor and looking almost lifeless. Hesitating for a moment, he dropped to crouch beside her, and extended a hand pausing for a while, he eventually braced himself to touch her cheek, his tone cracking as he gently called, "Irene Spencer..."

He never knew that it was her that night—his heart was

lest pounding violently at the idea!

Even so, Irene's vision was blurring and soon darkened.

Seeing that she was unresponsive, Isaac scooped her up in his arms and strode outside, staying calm despite his panic and growling, "Get the car ready, Jimmy!"

His chauffeur promptly brought the car around, and Isaac carried Irene inside. "Get us to the hospital."

"Yes, sir," the chauffeur replied, and raced toward the hospital.

They soon arrived, and as a doctor checked Irene from head to toe, Isaac asked worriedly, "She's going to live, isn't she?"

"Yes," the doctor replied. "She's very weak – probably because she was recently in labor. Initial scans suggest a bone fracture on her left leg, and there's a rupture of muscles as well. That would take a while to heal."

Isaac's heart skipped a beat. "What was that? She was recently in labor, you say?" "That's what the tests show," the doctor replied earnestly.

Restraining the storm brewing in him, Isaac quietly said, "Give her the best treatment and medicine. Make her better."

"I will do my best," the doctor replied.

After that, Irene was wheeled to the operating room where her leg was to be fixed.

As Isaac stepped out of the examination room, his steady pace soon became irregular.

Irene saved him.

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They shared a night of intimacy.

And he pushed her off a building.

If she ended up crippled...

He closed his eyes, having never felt such turmoil before.

“Mr. Jefferson,” Stan greeted him as he rushed to the scene. “I’ve locked up Whitney Cox. How is Ms. Spencer?”

Thanks to Mrs. Watson, Stan had a general idea of what had happened.

Issac took a few seconds to calm himself. “You really are getting better at your job, Stan.”

Stan quickly bowed his head in apology. “I’m sorry for messing up. I did not check thoroughly, allowing Whitney Cox to deceive us.”

However, they did check, but they could never have known that Whitney had simply hidden the truth that someone was standing in for her.

“I don’t want to see that bitch ever again. If you can’t handle that much, don’t show up in front of me ever again!” Isaac growled then.

“Yes, Mr. Jefferson,” Stan replied somberly. Naturally, he hated Whitney for pulling the wool over everyone’s eyes.

Calling herself the woman from that night? She deserved to die just for that!

With that, Stan left and took Whitney out from where he kept her.

She was a doctor, and malpractice was common—it would not be difficult to pin the blame on her for malpractice leading to a patient’s death.

Make it a little serious so that it becomes a crime, and it would mean prison.

Stan’s work was quick and effective—everything was settled within a day.

After it was done, he returned to the hospital to update Isaac.

Isaac had been keeping watch the entire night beside Irene’s bed, but it was not until the next afternoon when she stirred.

She could smell the scent of medicine in the air, and her pupils dilated when she saw Isaac.