

## Runaway 91

### Chapter 91

Irene's heart still pounded with fear as she remembered how that man had pushed her out of the window.

Nonetheless, Isaac asked softly, "Irene Spencer, I have a question: were you at Charity Hospital on the sixth of July?"

Irene drew a blank, but rasped, "I was working there as a doctor at the time. Isn't it normal for me to be there?"

She had no idea why Isaac would talk about that night, but now that Isaac had learned the truth from Whitney, he wanted to double-check just to make sure that there was no mistake this time. "In other words, you were there even though you weren't on duty. You were standing in for Whitney Cox, weren't you?"

Irene pursed her lips. "Yes, and I remember that very well because that was supposed to be our wedding night," she admitted. "You weren't at the mansion when I received Whitney's text, saying that she was busy and asking me to take over her shift. I went to the hospital—" "And met a wounded man,"

"How did you know?" Irene narrowed her eyes, cutting her short. "Are you still investigating me?"

"Just yes or no answers," Isaac told her, but his tone was gentle—as it had been since the start.

Irene pursed her lips again. Still, she had no reason to hide anything now that Isaac knew, so she simply showed her hand, that way, Isaac would hate her, quickly divorce her, and finally let her go.

"Yes, I met a wounded man. He was being pursued by some assailants and threatened me, but I had no idea if he was a villain. He never hurt me, which was enough for me. That's why I decided to help him, and that's when he started to get frisky. I did not resist—in my head, my husband did not like me, and having sex with that man was a perfect opportunity to make him hate me. That's how I had another man on the night of our wedding, and made you a cuckold."

That's all there is to it."

Isaac knew right then that those were details that only he and the woman from that night would know, and that there was no mistaking it this time.

The woman from that night was Irene Spencer.

"You never had a boyfriend. Is that the only man you've been with?" he asked despite his pounding heart.

After all, he had Stan look into her, and her past was squeaky clean with no relationships with other men

"Yeah," Irene replied, "I was pregnant with his child. Aren't you going to divorce me already? I'm just another disgusting woman." As she held Isaac's gaze, she thought to herself that she must have

pushed him over the edge because of that massive ego of his. On the other hand, Isaac was left clutching his chest as an indescribable pain emanated within.

The miscarriage she had suffered... Was that baby his?

“The doctor told me you were recently in labor. Were you lying about the miscarriage?” he asked, hoping dearly that she was lying to him and actually gave birth. In reality, Irene ran away and hid so that he did not find out and hurt her child. After all, he was heinous enough to push her off a building!

Turning away, she said, “I never lied—I had twins, and I lost one due to the miscarriage. That’s why I ran, because I knew that you were going to be furious if you found out that I was still pregnant. But it all meant nothing, because by yet another stroke of bad luck, the boy ended up stillborn.”

Inside, she was repeatedly telling herself that she was not being mean to her own child—she had to lie and hide the truth since another doctor saw that she was recently in labor.

On the other hand, Isaac was left pursing his lips.

He was almost father to twins, but ended up losing them because of his own ignorance? He tried to speak, but nothing was coming out of his vocal cords, which suddenly seemed as dry as a desert. Even his eyes glinted with tears.

He felt like his heart had sunken to the bottom of an abyss.

After a long silence, he said nothing and left Irene’s ward.

Just as he opened the door, Stan approached him. “Mr. Jefferson...” Isaac raised a hand, gesturing for him to be silent.

Because right now, he needed the quietness. Stan understood and stood aside without a word, knowing right then that his boss was not in his right mind.

However, they ended up standing there for a long while, and feeling that his legs were almost getting numb, Stan tried again, “Sir, I’ve dealt with Whitney Cox. How is Ms. Spencer?” The latter was his actual concern- did something happen to her? Was that why Isaac appeared so dispirited, and even more so than when she was missing?

This was so awkward...

However, Isaac said nothing—it was as if he never heard Stan.

Stan became very worried, but still refrained from asking... And that was when they both heard a loud thump coming from Irene’s ward!