

Runaway 92

Chapter 92 Isaac promptly rushed into Irene's ward, where he found her on the floor beside her bed, her plastered leg sprawled limply on the floor. Frowning as he moved over to help her up, he restrained his temper and asked, "What are you doing? still trying to run when your foot is in that condition?"

Irene shook her head. Right now, she had no strength to run even if her legs were fine.

Her chest was swelling from lactation, leaving it utterly numb.

"I'm just thirsty."

It was only then that Isaac noticed that her lips were cracked and bleeding from dryness.

Sighing, he mildly said, "I'll get it for you." As she was returned to her bed, Irene was left staring on the ceiling and asking feebly, "Isaac Jefferson... Why can't you just let me go?"

Isaac paused.

He alone was aware of his feelings for Irene.

However, his ego had prevented him from acknowledging that in the past just because she had been with another man, and he constantly kept those feelings repressed.

Now, things were different.

It turned out that she was not sleeping around—she somehow turned out to be the woman he was with that night, and now, he did not have to hide the feelings he harbored for her.

As Isaac brought Irene a glass of water, he sat beside her bed and helped her up. Her body was like jelly and utterly feeble, so he had to gather her in his arms and hold the glass beside her lips.

Irene drank everything with tiny sips.

"Do you want more?" Isaac asked after she finished the glass of water.

Irene shook her head—she was feeling sleepy. Still, Isaac did not let her go and kept her in his embrace. He was reminded of that night, and remembered how he always found her scent familiar... and now he understood the reason 1

She was the woman who had made him lose all restraint, and he certainly loved the scent which left him intoxicated.

On the other hand, Irene closed her eyes and pretended to sleep.

She was waiting for Isaac to leave the room, so that she could borrow a nurse's phone to call Sheryl

He never left, however, and she actually fell asleep amidst her pretense. When she opened her eyes again, Isaac was still standing by her bed, so she quickly closed her

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

lithe 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!

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When she opened her eyes again, Isaac was still standing by her bed, so she quickly closed her eyes again. Isaac saw that, however. “You should eat something now that you’re up.”

Irene opened her eyes and stared at him, utterly confused by what he was doing!

Was tormenting her such fun to him?

She slowly pushed herself up, with Isaac helping her.

Nonetheless, her tone was still cold. “What are you up to now?”

Isaac did not bother to explain—it made sense that he was the villain to her now, so he simply looked down on her loftily. “You ran away. Shouldn’t I be upset?”

He never told Irene that he was the man from that night. She worked so hard to keep their children, only to lose them in a physical assault because of his subordinates’ incompetence.

She must hate him for that.

Moreover, he was not just reluctant to tell her... he was actually afraid to tell her! “You didn’t want this marriage—” “I recall that you signed an agreement with my grandfather,” Isaac curtly cut her short,

ignoring her resistance. "I hope you can be a person who keeps her promises." He then draped a cardigan over her shoulders before bringing her the food that Mrs. Watson brought. Mrs. Watson had been standing in a corner and watching them—she actually felt a little indignant that Irene was being so cold to Isaac.

"Please, Mrs. Jefferson. Mr. Jefferson has never been this nice to everyone."

However, it was mention of the agreement that left Irene feeling deflated and speechless.

She had signed that agreement, and she was the one who broke it. Be that as it may, she would be immoral to keep to that agreement given the situation—she had given birth to someone else's child! Would it not be unfair to Isaac to stay married to her? Right now, she must get better to escape her current predicament.

She held out her hands to take the bowl from Isaac's hands just then. "Give it to me."

Isaac did not, and suddenly said, "I'll feed you."

Irene was speechless, and wanted to ask if he was alright.

It would be more normal if he was upset with her she actually was unsure what she should do when he was being this nice.

"Excuse me... Did your conscience get to you or something?" Irene asked while looking at him sideways Was this yet another one of his carrot-and-stick policies implemented?