

Runaway 93

Chapter 93 Isaac glanced at Irene's plastered leg and explained, "My anger got the better of me." That was why he had pushed her out of that window. Irene raised her brow—that was actually his reason to push her, even if she might die?

"What if you'd killed me?"

"From that height? You'd be a cripple at worst," Isaac said, scooping out a spoonful of oatmeal and blowing at it until it was cooled, before finally holding it out to her.

Not used to such kindness, Irene was left staring at him. "It's not poison, is it?"

It was not as if she was being suspicious—she just could not get a read on his attitude. Isaac was left holding her gaze for seconds. Was he such a terrible villain to her? As such, he pretended to threaten her. "Not yet. I have to keep you alive to torment you." Irene actually felt relieved by that this was the Isaac Jefferson she knew. With that, she allowed him to feed her, and he patiently did so until she was finished.

He then started to scoop a bowl of chicken soup that Mrs. Watson brought, but she waved him off. "I'm full."

She was worried that she would lactate even more if she ate too much, and the ensuing swelling would just hurt her further. Isaac then poured her a glass of water, and she took a few sips before lying down. When he helped her, he inadvertently brushed against her breast, causing her to wince. "What's wrong?" he asked

Irene quickly pulled her blanket up to her shoulders and flatly replied, "Nothing."

Isaac, however, sensed that her breasts were exceedingly stiff when she leaned against him, and her clothes were wet.

He was not sure, but had a hunch that she was lactating because she was recently in labor.

"Should I get the doctor?" he asked.

"No," Irene replied—she was a doctor herself, and knew she would be better after just a few days.

It was just an inevitable process. She hesitated for a while, but eventually asked, "May I borrow your phone?"

Isaac quickly took his phone out without giving any excuses. "There's no password."

Irene made sure that she was typing the number out of his sight before dialing a certain number, and her call was soon answered.

"It's me," she whispered.

"Don't worry." Lulu Adams replied, "Your mom is me. I'll take good care of them."

Before Isaac got to her, Irene sent Sheryl to Lulu, knowing that her former upperclassman will help her mother so that she did not have to wander around Sunny City, not knowing where to

go.

“Thank you, Lulu

”

Before Irene could finish, Zachary Slate just happened to enter the ward, and he heard her.

“Were you talking to Lulu Adams?” he quickly asked.

Irene did not expect him to suddenly arrive. Her fingers clenching on the phone, she hastily explained, “You’re just hearing things.” Then, she told Lulu, “I’m hanging up.”

Once she was done, she erased the number before returning the phone to Isaac. However, Zachary knew very well that she said ‘Lulu’ Staring at her, he asked, “Irene, have I ever been unfair to you?”

“No,” Irene replied earnestly.

“In that case, can you be honest and tell me where Lulu is?” he pressed. Irene, however, had promised Lulu not to. What if she brought trouble to Lulu’s doorstep if she told Zachary? “Zachary... I really don’t know.” Irene lowered her gaze, too guilty to meet his eyes just then. That was the first time Zachary was angry with her. He knew for a fact that she was clearly lying—she could not even look him in the eye!

“Irene-” Nonetheless, when he tried to ask again, Isaac cut him short. “She needs rest.”