

Runaway 94

Chapter 94 Zachary was not about to give up, but he did not keep pressing Irene because Isaac stopped him.

In fact, the look on Isaac's face made it clear that he was not okay with that, as he believed Zachary's presence affected Irene's rest and recovery. "Let's step out for a moment," he said.

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Zachary followed unenthusiastically. Isaac frowned, but held out his phone. "Just because you look pitiful." "Oh, look who's talking!" Zachary did not hesitate to retort. "Don't combat the whole world for Irene when she runs away, then. There are women everywhere and most of them are in love with you, but you're acting like you can't live without her,"

His rant quickly stopped before he could finish—he sensed a cold aura.

Isaac was about to tell Zachary that the logs on his phone were recoverable even after deletion, but Zachary did not seem to care and exposed his Achilles' heel!

He promptly pocketed his phone and coolly said, "You're no gynecologist, so there's no reason for you to come. Now, get the hell out of here."

With that, he turned and headed back to the ward. Knowing that he had made Isaac upset, Zachary quickly explained, "Sorry, that was my bad—let my temper get to me, so calm down, alright?" When he saw that Isaac was ignoring him and opening the door, however, he panicked and

caught the hem of Isaac's jacket. Isaac's expression darkened right then and he growled, "Let go!" Zachary did so fearfully even as he flashed an apologetic smile. "Come on, please don't be so petty with little old me... I just wanted to ask, where did you find Irene?"

He knew that there were not many people that Irene could go to for help, and she may have been hiding where Lulu was hiding. After all, those two used to be close. Zachary's reaction was certainly quick.

Closing the door behind him, Isaac strode off toward the other end of the walkway, with Zachary in tow. There, Isaac stood before a window, keeping a hand in his pocket as he looked out the window. His figure was perfect – broad shoulders, a straight back, and a slim waist, making even the shadow he projected on the floor a sight to behold. Zachary was convinced that if Irene could make things work between them, they were a match made in heaven.

After thinking about Isaac's question, he asked, "What do you want to know about her?" "Everything."

Zachary carefully chose his words as he began. "She's an honors student who was outstanding in university, and a professional doctor once she graduated. The head of Charity Hospital admires her, and she is also chaste..."

He allowed his voice to trail off halfway before making up his mind to give Isaac the truth, so that he would not be so uncompromising with Isaac now. "Well, she used to be a good girl, and she never had

a boyfriend even though many boys liked her on campus. I heard that she received many love letters, but she rejected all advances. Still, I guess things are different now—she's been with another man and got pregnant. Surely you can't accept someone like her? Just let her go, then." Isaac was still keeping his back to Zachary. No one could see anything apart from his towering figure, let alone his reaction.

"She was pregnant with twins?" he asked evenly after a while. Zachary nodded. "Yes. She lost one during her miscarriage, but kept the other with everything she could. Judging from the timeframe, she should be going into labor around this week... So, did the child make it?" Isaac actually flinched – his back arching as he kept himself standing by holding one hand against the window sill.

"What's wrong? Are you sick?" Zachary asked, walking up to check on him. Isaac waved him off, gesturing for him to not come closer. He was simply heartbroken—he was the one who had killed his own children.

And the woman he considered filthy? The woman whom he humiliated? It was the woman who held the key to his heart. He never knew regret before in life, but with Irene, he now did.