

## Runaway 98

### Chapter 98

Irene was frowning because Harvey was the one who had sent her the invitation to an art exhibition he was organizing!

What was his purpose? What did he want?

She could not tell.

“What’s on your mind?” Isaac asked as he entered to find her pensive with a card in her hand. Holding out his hand, he asked, “What is that?”

Irene passed it to him nonchalantly. “Courtesy of Harvey Gooding.”

Isaac frowned at the mention of the name, and after reading it, he asked, “Are you going?”

Initially, Irene had no such intention since she was not as friendly with Harvey as she would like to think

However, to disgust Isaac and make him willing to divorce her, she said, “Yeah.”

Isaac pursed her lips. He had no idea what Irene was thinking, but he certainly did not want her to go— not after Harvey tried to claim her for himself on more than one occasion.

Moreover, the man was hardly cultured even if he graduated from a famous university. He would not even be able to tell between Monet and Manet! The art exhibition was planned with ulterior motives in the first place. “You should be resting as per your postpartum care routine.” He tried to come up with an excuse.

“I’m going,” Irene insisted.

The more he did not want her to do it, the more eager she would be to do it just to upset him.

If he demanded black, she would take white!

Isaac was left staring at her silently, but she simply turned away and repeated staunchly, “I’m going.” “Fine,” Isaac replied, seemingly seeing through her just then. “I’ll go with you—I’d be worried if you went alone.”

Irene was speechless for a while, but soon told him, “You should get back to work. I know you’re a busy man, but Mrs. Watson is here with me. Don’t worry I won’t leave again until you’ve agreed to divorce me.”

In the end, she understood very well that as long as he refused to divorce her, she would never feel peace even if she escaped. There was every chance that he could capture her again, not to mention she could not run away with a broken foot even if she wanted to—his vigilance was simply overkill. The only thing she could do to lead a peaceful life was to make Isaac let her go on his own accord

It was no exaggeration to say that she was convinced he was nuts—he was unhappy with their marriage in the first place, so why was he so obsessed to hold on to it now?

"I'm your husband, and it's my responsibility," he said as if it made perfect sense, and Irene certainly could not refute it when they were legally married. Her lips twitched, but nothing came to mind, and so they went together after getting the doctor's approval. She was still in her postpartum phase and keeping warm was necessary, which included layers and a cap. A nurse wheeled her out since her foot was still plastered, and required a crutch or a wheelchair to move the latter was preferable since she had recently given birth.

That was when Isaac scooped her up in his arms. She blinked, surprise showing in her crystalline gaze as she batted her eyelashes. "What are you doing? The wheelchair is right there." "Jimmy will put it in the car," Isaac said, not caring about her displeasure—he wanted her in his arms.

Irene's arms were dangling at her sides when he deliberately loosened his grip. Terrified, thinking that he was dropping her, she quickly wrapped her arms around his neck as her heart raced. "Are you really strong enough? Don't push yourself! I would really become a cripple if you dropped me again!"

Isaac loved every moment that she was holding him, and was smiling smugly. Looking down at her, he quietly asked, "You'd know if I'm strong, wouldn't you?"

Irene was confused, and once again wondered if he really was nuts. "How would I know?" Isaac said pointedly, "You'd just know."

Irene had no idea what he was getting at, and simply thought it a miscommunication.

As they stepped outside the hospital, Isaac held her even tighter so that she would not catch a cold. Jimmy the chauffeur opened the door to let them in, and he gently placed her in the car and straightened her clothes.

Irene looked up to find the serious, doting look on her face, and suddenly felt mystified... but she dispelled the thought soon enough.

A man who pushed her off a building without caring for her life, being nice?

She really doubted that.