

Runaway 11

Chapter 11

The sudden bellow startled Irene, and as she spun around, she inadvertently knocked the box, sending it crashing to the floor with a loud bang!

Isaac was glaring at her, and he appeared at once incensed and murderous!

Flustered, she quickly explained, "I—It was an accident..."

She dropped to a crouch and tried to pick it up, but she felt something catching her wrist before she could reach the box, and the weight behind the grip threatened to crush her bones.

It was agony—her hand could have fallen off just then, and she was sweating from the pain.

"Keep your dirty hands away from it!" Isaac yelled in rage, his eyes red as he promptly flung Irene away.

Caught off guard, she stumbled backward and hit her head against the corner of a wardrobe nearby. The ensuing pain seemed to cut into her heart and numbed her. There was a dull ring in her head, and she could feel something warm flowing out—she reached out and felt around the back of her head, and felt a stickiness.

Unsurprisingly, it was blood, but it was not much.

She looked up, and saw between her disheveled locks of

hair that Isaac was carefully picking up the box, and his reaction alone made it obvious how important the box was to him.

He opened it, fearful that the contents were destroyed, and carefully studied it. Still, it appeared that the box had protected the contents.

He felt a sense of relief, but the thought that Irene almost broke it left his temper flaring—so much so that he could kill her!

Turning to glare at her with red, murderous eyes, he roared, "You really want me to kill you, don't you?!"

On the other hand, Irene got to her feet with much difficulty. Her numbness had dissipated, but now it was sheer pain gnawing at her nerves, and she stopped herself from shaking as she said, "Sorry..."

She could see that the box was a treasure to Isaac.

"Sorry? You think sorry would cut it?"

To him, she was as shameless as she was conceited!

Even as he closed in on her, the crushing pressure that his mere presence projected left Irene panicking and retreating fearfully.

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She was cornered against the wall, even as she murmured fearfully, “S–Stop...”

Even so, Isaac seized her chin with a pincerlike grip, and Irene thought she heard the sounds of bones dislocating. It hurt so much that she could not make a sound, and all she could do was look at him in terror.

And he was certainly terrifying, like a reaper straight from hell—his presence making one’s blood run cold!

As he closed in, his terrible presence seemed to enfold Irene. She tried to struggle but could not, even as he breathed into her ears, “I will destroy everything you’ve ever cared about!”

The emphasis he placed in the word ‘destroy’ left her shuddering, and that was when he tossed her aside again.

She tumbled like a frameless puppet, and she would have fallen on the floor again if she was not against the floor.

Her legs were shaking even as she tried to stand, her body never leaving the wall because there would be nothing else keeping her standing otherwise. Meanwhile, Isaac returned the box to where it was.

There was a photo frame beside it, holding a picture of him and his parents.

Irene glanced toward it without meaning to, and her eyes lingered for two seconds.

However, just as she found the contents of the box a little familiar, Isaac roared at her before she could get a good look, “Get out!”

Flustered, Irene quickly headed for the door before she could satisfy her curiosity—there was a chance Isaac would kill her if she lingered in the room!

Nonetheless, after she left the room, Isaac’s cruel visage eased as he looked at the contents of the box, a rare tenderness showing in his eyes.

His heart turned cold after his parents’ passing, and the owner of these objects were the last bastion that retained any Warmth he had in his heart.

Even if more than ten years had passed, he remembered the little figure and the determination as she dragged him along despite the exertion.

Her eyes were the clearest, purest eyes she had ever seen.

In the water, her body’s heat allowed his ice–cold heart to feel a hint of warmth.

Outside the room, Irene was holding a hand over her forehead when Henry rushed to the scene. Seeing her pale face, he asked, “What happened?”

“I got a little bruise,” she said softly.

Henry scowled. He was aware of Isaac's poor temper... but he should not go so far as to hit a woman, should he? "What happened?" he asked.

"I accidentally touched a box..."

"The one beside a family photo?" Henry quickly asked.

"Yes." Irene nodded.

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Understanding what had happened right then, Henry sighed. "I don't think I can help you on this one... That box matters so much to him that I wouldn't touch him myself."

Likewise, Irene understood how precious the box was to Isaac, especially when he kept it beside a photo of his late parents.

She used to have something precious as well — the first birthday present she received from her late grandfather but she lost it.

She was not sure how she had lost it either, but when she was seven, her grandfather had brought her here to Jefferson Manor. She was too young to understand what was happening aside from there being a funeral, or who had just died—she only found out that it was Isaac's parents' funeral.

A child as carefree as any other, she ran off for a stroll in the vast back garden.

She was climbing a boulder when she saw a woman throwing a boy into the pond.

The boy looked like he was barely ten years old, and it

was the first time she had seen the wickedness of human nature.

She was naturally afraid and wanted to run, but as she watched the boy struggle to survive, she waited for the woman to leave before jumping into the pond herself.

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Though she had learned to swim before, it took everything she had, and she had almost drowned herself. In fact, she managed to pull the boy to the edge of the pond but failed to pull him out, and it was thanks to his grandfather's timely arrival that she and the boy were saved.

The boy had fainted, but thanks to her and her grandfather's efforts, he spat out mouthfuls of water and stirred.

That was when her grandfather pulled her along and ran away, and she was naturally confused as to why he was so afraid.

"Who was that boy, Gramps?" she asked in curiosity. "Why is someone trying to hurt him?"

"He came to attend the funeral just like you," her grandfather replied, and warned her repeatedly, "Forget everything that happened today. Don't say a word, no matter who asks."

She did not know that her grandfather was lying in fear of reprisals, but she obeyed him regardless.

When she got home, she realized that she had lost her silver crucifix, which her grandfather had given her. He had always told her that it was a token of his blessing to her, and a symbol of his hopes for her to become a virtuous person of optimism, compassion, and magnanimity...

She had worn that silver crucifix since she was a year old, and therefore understood Isaac's wrath without feeling grievance in return.

Even so, she felt genuine terror toward him now— he was just too violent!

"Money Penny, could you please ask Dr. Slate to come by and examine Irene?" Henry said then.

His voice brought Irene back to her senses, and she quickly said, "It's fine. Is there a first aid kit around here? I can do this myself."

She knew that she was not hurt that seriously, and when she saw Henry's doubtful gaze, she said, "Don't worry, I'm a doctor."

Noting her confidence, the old man nodded it was true that it was just a small cut.

It was nothing serious, though it drew blood since it was a little deep,

With a mirror, she cleaned it and left it be. Keeping pressure on cuts actually worked against recovery, so she

did not bandage it—not that she could apply a band-aid or bandage a spot enfolded beneath her hair.

Meanwhile, Money Penny glanced inside the washroom where Irene was.

Ensuring that she was out of earshot, he whispered to Henry, "Sir, Mrs. Jefferson has just married into the family, and yet she was hurt right under your nose. I'm afraid Master Isaac would be even worse away from here..."

He did not go into specifics, but Henry understood.

"If push comes to shove, and she decides to divorce Isaac because she can't stand his outbursts... We would have to play our hand."