

## Runaway 70

### Chapter 70

Mrs. Watson had always been calm and composed — why was she panicking out of the blue?

Irene quickly put aside her work and asked, “What’s wrong, Mrs. Watson?”

Mrs. Watson held out her phone in front of her. “Here, take a look.”

Irene glanced at the screen and saw that it was a video of the little piece of theater that Samantha put together at Central Hospital this morning. Someone has uploaded it online, but it was clipped and framed in a way that portrayed Irene as the villainess.

She did not need imagination to tell who was responsible — Samantha herself had done all that this morning solely for this!

With networking being as advanced as it is, it is very convenient to get someone flamed online if one is willing to pay enough for traffic. After all, netizens are rarely smart and believe whatever they see, never once trying to

uncover the truth for themselves. In fact, the worst ones are so warped in world view and character that they could drive a perfectly nice person over the edge!

She remembered a similar case that made the news recently, where a girl had entrusted a courier for the delivery of some food to her father. The girl tried to tip the courier for his help, but the courier refused, insisting that he was just happy to help.

Still, the girl felt guilty and grateful, so she sent him fifty dollars worth of gift cards.

That, however, left her flamed by netizens for giving too

little.

The courier had been altruistic, while the girl was conveying her gratitude, only for her to suffer such ignominy.

Naturally, unable to bear the widespread condemnation, the girl committed suicide.

It was obvious from that case alone that netizens could kill without doing anything physical, making them far more horrific than the hangman!

And this was ultimately Samantha’s goal— to make netizens flame Irene to death.

Irene, however, was not that narrow-minded that she would decide to end herself over some petty remarks.

Instead, she was going to cherish herself more.

Meanwhile, Mrs. Watson was grumbling, “Who are these people? This is ridiculous! How could they say such horrible things? Telling people to die without knowing them?”

As every comment beneath the video was an one-sided outrage campaign against Irene, the mere sight of it angered Mrs. Watson.

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On the other hand, Irene took a moment to calm herself before smiling at Mrs. Watson. "Don't worry—none of it is real anyway, and I've not done anything wrong. As long as I know what actually happened and hold a clear conscience, there is nothing to fear."

She would not get overly concerned over unnecessary matters for the sake of her child, and unwittingly stroked

her own belly.

"But..." Mrs. Watson still appeared indignant when she noticed what Irene was doing, and asked, "Are you having a stomach ache, Mrs. Jefferson?"

"No, I'm not." Irene quickly stopped touching herself.

Nonetheless, Mrs. Watson still appeared suspicious.

Well, I think I'm seeing a little belly there... You've been eating a lot lately, haven't you? Though your cheeks and arms hadn't changed much."

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"Well, fat does gather in the stomach first," Irene explained hastily, and asked, "By the way, can I ask you for a favor?"

Mrs. Watson nodded. "Of course. Just say the word."

Irene gathered the clothes she wanted to bring with her when she ran away, and handed everything to Mrs. Watson. "Please take all these to the cleaners."

"All of it?" Mrs. Watson exclaimed in surprise.

Irene nodded—she felt much better now, and must find an opening to escape.

If she allowed things to drag on, her belly would start to swell and there would be no hiding the truth.

Of course, she must do things quietly and without leaving traces, so that no one could find her.

Mrs. Watson started to pick up all her clothing then, and did not forget to remind Irene before leaving, "D

stuff on the internet. You would just get upset."

Irene nodded. "I know."

She thought to herself then that Mrs. Watson was a genuinely good person, and it was nice to have someone to be sincere with. There was anything Irene was reluctant to part with from this place, it was her.

She sighed lengthily at the thought.

When Mrs. Watson returned, she informed Irene that since she had sent in a bulk load of laundry, it would take around a week before everything would be sent back. "It's fine," Irene replied. "I'm in no hurry anyway."