

Runaway 75

Chapter 75

At the same time, Irene turned away from him, keeping her head down even as a certain emotion briefly flashed in her eyes.

She was done cooking half an hour later—simple dishes with nothing elaborate.

When Isaac sat down by the dining table, he realized that there was only one person's portion, and asked, "Aren't you eating?"

"I'm not hungry," Irene replied, and sat down with him, accompanying him although she was not eating.

They were more or less married, were they not? Even though the only evidence for that was their marriage certificate and nothing else.

One way or another, they were getting along unusually well today.

...

They had breakfast together the next morning, and Isaac said, "I can give you a ride to the hospital before going to work."

Irene had not told him that she would not be working there anymore.

Keeping her head down, she replied, "I won't be going today."

Isaac simply presumed that she was still under the weather, and as such did not say anything.

"I can help you get formally appointed as a full-fledged doctor at Central..."

She looked at him then and smiled. "You don't have to."

Somehow, she was not used to him being too nice—she would have been in tears with gratitude before.

Now, however, she did not need that job.

Isaac frowned, finding her a little unusual, as the usual routine would be a harsh retort.

Still, he could not find anything wrong with her after staring at her for heartbeats, and eventually left the table.

Irene continued to take her time with her food, and turned around for a moment when she heard the front door close.

After she finished breakfast, she told Mrs. Watson, "I'll get the laundry soon."

"Okay," Mrs. Watson replied without turning toward her, since she was standing by the sink and busy washing dishes.

After throwing away everything she did not want, Irene left the mansion and had the chauffeur send her to the cleaners. Then, having packed all her clothes, she carried everything to the car and told the chauffeur to drive her to a mall.

When they arrived, she took the briefcase down with her and lied to the chauffeur, saying, "I'll get changed inside. Just wait for me at the parking lot." "Of course, Mrs. Jefferson," the chauffeur replied.

With that, she brought her briefcase into the mall... and never came out.

The chauffeur waited from morning until around three in the afternoon. He was under the impression that women usually shop that long.

It was not until five when he realized that something was out of place. He entered the mall to look for Irene, but she was nowhere to be found.

Finally realizing that this was bad, he promptly called Isaac.

Isaac was having a meeting at the Light Group offices, but despite his usual vigilance during such occasions, he appeared distracted at the moment.

He left his phone in his office, and his secretary brought it to him when it rang.

He answered when he saw the caller ID, and the chauffeur quickly told him, "Sir, Mrs. Jefferson asked to visit Gostir Mall this morning, but she has yet to leave since."

Isaac frowned. "She never left?"

"Yes, sir."

"Did you check the cameras?"

"Yes, sir, but she's nowhere to be seen."

It was precisely because the chauffeur could not find Irene at all that he realized something was wrong.

On the other hand, Isaac quickly did the math and caught on to what was going on.

So she had made up her mind to run away... Was that why she was acting so tame yesterday?

"Got it," he told the chauffeur and hung up.

Standing up, he told everyone in the room, "That's all for today. Dismissed."

With those words, he strode out and told his secretary, "Track down Irene's bank records right now.

Find out if she made purchases for transit tickets."

The secretary promptly left to do so, while Isaac drove to the mall.

The chauffeur was panicking, and promptly ran up to Isaac when he saw him.

Sir."

Isaac was glowering as he asked, "How long has it been since she went in?"

The chauffeur did a mental calculation. "It's been almost ten hours now."

"That long?!" Isaac's expression turned terrifying.