

## Runaway 88

Chapter 88 Stan tried to stop it, but he was too late – Irene had already fallen out of the window.

There was a dull thud, but Isaac coolly told him, “Take her away.”

With that, he turned and left the room.

Stan peeked outside the window—it was not exactly high here since it was just the second floor, but anyone falling out from here would still be severely injured.

He felt sympathy for Irene, but his heart was not aching for her.

She was the one who challenged Isaac, and it was her own fault for running away when the world was her oyster.

Everyone had spent months looking for her!

Downstairs, Irene was curling up in agony, with her leg being especially painful. She reached out to touch it, and could tell that there was a broken bone.

Even so, Stan barked at his men to pick her up unceremoniously—even a little violently!

Irene had no strength to resist, allowing herself to be dragged around like a rag doll. Harvey was left watching helplessly as everything

unfolded.

While this might be his domain, Isaac came prepared and had numbers on his side.

But most of all, Harvey was frustrated by his negligence and Isaac’s devious nature!

Utterly furious, he growled, “I’ll destroy you, Isaac Jefferson!”

Isaac, however, was not bothered at all, and did not even glance Harvey’s way as he left straightaway.

Irene was already frail, and was unconscious by the time she was stuffed into the car.

“She’s bleeding and probably hurt. Shouldn’t we take her to the hospital?” Stan asked.

“No.” Isaac simply replied — he knew well that a person would not die falling from that height.

.

11

It would be even better if she ended up a cripple. She would never be able to run off now!

Stan naturally did not try to press Isaac, knowing that he was furious and wanted to punish Irene as terribly as possible.

After taking Irene back to Cloud City, Isaac locked her up.

She was covered in darkness when she woke up—she had

no idea where she was or how long she was out.

She smelled blood on herself and the scent of milk.

She was still lactating, but since her baby was not with her, she was left bloated.

Her throat was so parched she could not say a word, and it hurt everywhere.

There was despair in her eyes—she knew that things would end horribly once Isaac reached her, but she did not want to die.

Her boy was born without a father. He should not have to live without a mother too!

As she tried to move her body, the steel door before her suddenly opened.

She looked up through her disheveled hair to find Mrs. Watson entering, and hope shone into her eyes.

“Mrs. Watson...” she rasped.

However, Mrs. Watson merely put her food down in front of her, cast her a brief look of sympathy and left without a word.

Irene tried to say more, but Mrs. Watson had closed the door in her face, leaving her in darkness again.

Her gaze darkened, and she suddenly realized that she did not even have the strength to eat, and simply lay there with an utterly muddled consciousness.

When Isaac returned to the mansion, he stood in the living room and unbuttoned his jacket while acting unconcerned. “Is she staying put this time?”

“Yes,” Mrs. Watson said. “But she’s not eating the food I brought her. I don’t think she’s feeling well.”

“Keeping her alive is good enough,” Isaac coolly replied.

His wrath was not about to subside so easily.

After she had gone through such lengths to escape him, he just had to lock her up.

‘Let’s see where she would run off to now!’

Still, Mrs. Watson hesitated for a moment and pointed out, “I saw her injuries. Wouldn’t her condition worsen if she’s not treated?”