

## Runaway 89

Chapter 89 Isaac remained apathetic. "Leave her be."

As he headed upstairs, Mrs. Watson breathed a long sigh

– she was not about to go against him, even if she felt sad for Irene.

Moreover, Irene was the one at fault.

How could she run away?

Isaac had every reason to be angry.

The months when Irene was missing was an opportunity for Whitney Cox.

III

Even if Isaac was still ignoring her, she still came every day with her homemade food in an attempt to win his favor again—to fulfill her dreams to enter that mansion as the lady of the house.

It was the same today, and Mrs. Watson was used to Whitney showing up constantly.

Taking the food containers she brought, she told Whitney, "I'm afraid Mr. Jefferson still doesn't want to see you, Ms. Cox. Please leave." Unrelenting, Whitney asked, "Did you say that, or did Isaac?"

"Mr. Jefferson has told you that on multiple occasions. Why would you still ask?" Mrs. Watson countered, leaving Whitney speechless.

It was obvious that Mrs. Watson abhorred the way Whitney clung to her like a piece of chewing gum stuck to the bottom of her shoe. Isaac had made it thoroughly clear that he had no interest in Whitney, but she kept throwing herself at him anyway. There should be a limit to such shameless behavior!

Really wanting Whitney out of sight just then, Mrs. Watson said, "Ms. Cox, Mr. Jefferson is married – please stop coming here."

Whitney restrained herself and shot back, "I know, but Irene Spencer went missing, didn't she?"

"Mrs. Jefferson has returned, so please understand that you're being a homewrecker now." Mrs. Watson closed the door behind her when she was finished. She headed to the trash can as usual to throw the food Whitney brought, but soon paused because she saw that the food was plenty nutritious.

After some thought, she brought the food to the basement for Irene.

Outside, Whitney was standing there blankly for a long while. Coming to her senses and seeing that Mrs. Watson was stepping out again, she promptly caught Mrs.

Watson's arm and asked, "Are you serious? Irene Spencer is back?"

"Why would I lie to you?" Mrs. Watson replied. "Mr. Jefferson personally brought her home."

Whitney released her then.

Why could that woman not die? Why was she showing up again?!

She was convinced that sooner or later, she would get Isaac's attention again and win his heart... As long as Irene was not around!

That was why Irene must disappear, so that no one would come between her and Isaac!

Even as murder grew in her heart, she feigned politeness and said, "I shall be leaving then, Mrs. Watson." Mrs. Watson simply ignored her and headed towards the back of the mansion, where Irene was held in a junk storeroom beside the garage.

Entering and placing the food before Irene, Mrs. Watson said worriedly, "You have to eat, Mrs. Jefferson, or you'll starve to death."

Irene, however, felt as if her soul was going to detach from her body.

She was on the verge of death, and did not even have the strength to speak.

Knowing then that she was in very bad shape, Mrs. Watson decided to ask Isaac for leniency again. "Please promise you won't mess up or upset your husband again, Mrs. Jefferson, and certainly not run away. If you do, I'll speak to him on your behalf again." Seeing hope then, Irene tugged at her pants and breathed despite immense difficulty. "Thank you..." Mrs. Watson breathed a sigh and left the storeroom.

Outside, Whitney had been watching.

Seeing that Mrs. Watson returned inside the mansion, she sneaked inside to see where Mrs. Watson took her food... and soon found Irene lying on the floor and almost dying.

Her eyes lit up. So Isaac did not love Irene either.

Why would he lock her up like livestock if he did?

Tiptoeing inside, she called out, "Irene?"

Irene looked up with much difficulty.

With the light spilling in from outside, Whitney saw that it was indeed Irene despite her filthy condition, and could not help laughing out loud. "Haha! If only you could see what you look like right now!"

"Why... you..." Irene frowned, her pale face appearing

dumbfounded by Whitney's appearance. Whitney simply crouched before Irene, her eyes projecting murder. "You should have stayed gone instead of coming back to seduce Isaac."

With that, she started to strangle Irene as hard as she could, who had no strength to resist.

Seeing that there was no stopping her now, Whitney exclaimed, thrilled, "I should really thank you! I never would've met Isaac if not for you... Remember that night when you subbed in for me? He thought I was you. Don't blame me for this—dead men tell no tales, and now, Isaac will never know the truth—"

There was a click before she could finish, and the lights overhead were lit, illuminating the dark room so brightly it looked just like daytime. Whitney promptly turned around to find Isaac standing at the doorway!

