

Always Been Yours Chapter 65

Chapter 65 Prison Break

Enlightened by this, Sophia mused, "You know what, Mom? That actually makes sense!"

Lauren sniffed indignantly. "Of course."

Next to them, Silas was starting to look a little uneasy at his wife's scheming.

Catching sight of his obvious hesitation, Lauren frowned as she eyed him skeptically. "You're not actually feeling sorry for them, are you? Don't forget that Reinhart Group is hanging by a thread, Silas! There won't be anyone taking pity on us if our company were to crumble. Besides, all that we're doing is locking them up; it's not as if we're torturing them or anything. What are you getting so worried about? Do I look like I would dispose of them and carry their parts out in body bags?"

Silas' heavy brows were knitted together in concern. He had been worried that their endeavors had crossed the line, but after hearing Lauren's elaboration, he decided that she had a point as well. He sounded his agreement, but he still told the butler, "Make sure you send three meals every day up to their rooms; I don't want them starving."

The butler nodded solemnly. "Of course."

Her lips curled in displeasure, and while she said nothing, a vicious gleam flashed in her serpent-like eyes. She had no objections to feeding Timothy three meals a day, given that he was of some use to them, but she refused to let Tessa have the same privilege! I ought to teach that little wench a hard lesson for slapping me senseless the other day!

As such, she waited until dinner was done and Silas had gone out of the room before telling the butler, "Remember, that wretched girl only gets one meal a day and any more than that will be on your head!"

The butler stiffened when he heard this, but after a moment of hesitation, he acceded.

Meanwhile, Tessa had been belligerent and manic ever since she was thrown into the room. She banged her fists against the door and yelled profanities, but no one paid attention to her.

She gritted her teeth as rage coursed through her veins. The deep-seated hatred in her heart was consuming her.

Initially, Tessa had come to the house mentally prepared that Timothy might not follow her back home, but as it turned out, she had sorely underestimated how despicable Silas and his new family could be. What she didn't expect was to be held captive as well.

And it's all Lauren's doing! That treacherous b*tch!

However, Tessa had no intention of remaining there to wait for her turn to be hung at the gallows. She took a deep breath and willed herself to calm down, then decided to look for a way out of here; if she didn't leave now, she and Timothy would become sacrificial lambs, ready to be slaughtered at the altar of the Reinharts.

With renewed determination, she walked over to the bedroom window and peered out of it, assessing its viability as an escape route.

She was on the second floor. She pictured leaping off the window ledge and running away, and while there was a chance she could get caught, she had no better option.

She took a deep breath. Once I get out of here, I'll find a way to break Timothy out, too!

Then, she swallowed her worries and finally calmed down. Rummaging through the drawers, she came across a pair of scissors, and set herself to work cutting up the bedsheets. I will not stay in this repulsive place for a minute longer, she thought grimly.

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Over at Pinnacle Residence, Nicholas and Gregory had been waiting outside Tessa's apartment for over an hour, and it was already close to 9:00P.M.

Nicholas had glanced at his watch countless times while waiting, and Gregory had asked a dozen times, "Why isn't Miss Pretty Lady home yet?" Alas, neither of them had their answers, for Tessa never showed up, and she didn't pick up her phone either.

To one side, Edward couldn't help worrying as he pointed out hesitantly, "President Sawyer, from what I know, Miss Reinhart's brother is a college student. He ought to be home by now even if she hasn't returned; the house shouldn't be standing empty at this hour. Do you think we should send someone to look for them, sir?"

He had only just said this when the neighbor next door poked his head out into the hallway. Alarmed by the sight of the three figures hovering out in the hallway, the neighbor took a wary step back.

However, upon noticing that these three figures did not look like ordinary folks, she asked curiously, "Excuse me, sir, but are you perhaps looking for someone at this hour?"