

You Just Got Exposed, Dear Chapter 14

Chapter 14

Mitchell turned his head and stared at the open window. All of a sudden, a bold conjecture flashed across his mind. *Perhaps Jennifer escaped through the window.* Strolling over to the window, he looked down, but he didn't see any signs of Jennifer. However, there was movement in the shimmering pool. Training an intent gaze on it, he made out a slender woman in the water. In the pool, Jennifer resembled a fish with her lithe movements. After a deep dive, she disappeared from sight. When she resurfaced, she had already reached the railing at the side of the pool. She flicked her hair as she geared up to get out of the pool. Suddenly, she stilled and glanced over her shoulder at the room where Mitchell was. Their gazes met and locked. In an instant, Mitchell's perpetually calm gaze abruptly turned turbulent. Jennifer was barefaced under the sun, her countenance devastatingly beautiful despite the lack of makeup. Her stunning beauty was tinged with a hint of purity and innocence, a perfect masterpiece altogether. As the woman's face overlapped with the face engraved in the depths of his memories, Mitchell instinctively muttered, "Jen." In the next second, he could no longer curb his emotions. Whirling around, he strode out of the room briskly. Alas, Jennifer was long gone by the time he arrived at the pool. "Mr. White?" Emmett was inevitably worried since he had never seen Mitchell so anxious. "Place the entire hotel on lockdown immediately." "Understood." Emmett naturally did as ordered, not daring to query about the reason. However, they didn't find the person Mitchell wanted to locate even after scouring the entire hotel. Just then, a phone call came from a servant at the mansion. "Mr. Mitchell, we've found Mrs. White." After listening to that with an icy expression on his face, Mitchell uttered gruffly, "Keep a close eye on her until I'm back." After he hung up the phone, he turned to Emmett. With just a look, Emmett instantly understood his intentions and assured, "Don't worry, Mr. White. I'll send the surveillance footage to you the moment I finish making a copy of it." "Okay." Mitchell then spun around and left. Half an hour later, a dour Jennifer sat on the floor in the living room of the White residence and groused at Mitchell, who was sitting on the couch, in a child-like voice while pouting. "They're all a bunch of idiots. It's boring! It's not fun at all!" Her gaze was bright and innocent, as though she hadn't the slightest idea about everything that had happened that day. "Where did you find her?" Mitchell glanced at her impassively before he lifted his eyes to James. "In the annex that has been turned into a storeroom," James replied with a heavy heart. *I turned the annex inside out several times previously, but I didn't find Mrs. White. Could it really have been a dereliction of duty on my part?* Hearing that, Mitchell didn't comment further. He merely turned his cold gaze to Jennifer once more. Jennifer's hair, face, clothes, and shoes were all covered by a thick layer of dust. *Indeed, there's a three-story annex on the grounds. But because no one is occupying the space, it has become a storeroom for some unused items. No one usually goes there, and its surroundings were blind spots of the surveillance cameras. What if she escaped from there?*