

Runaway 23

Chapter 23 Over the years, Irene did not have much savings because she had been footing her mother's medical bills.

Nonetheless, now that her career as a doctor was over, she had to work another job. Her dream as a military doctor was also delayed -not abandoned, even if she was forced to concede it because of her life at the moment.

She would become a doctor again if she had the chance.

Eventually, she left the hospital and took a taxi back to the mansion.

"Mrs. Jefferson, are you ill? You look pale," Mrs. Watson said in concern as she entered.

Irene shook her head. "I'm fine."

As she entered after changing into loafers, Mrs. Watson pressed on, asking, "Don't you have work today?"

After all, Irene had always been busy, and often took night shifts.

Irene's heart skipped a beat and looked up at Mrs. Watson.

It was true-she was supposed to be at work, but...

Repressing her bitterness, Irene steeled herself and smiled. "I took a few days off. The chief approved my leave already."

Mrs. Watson had always treated her well, and was Irene's only source of warmth in the mansion-she did not want to worry her.

"You're on leave? That's good - just look at how skinny you are. You really should take your time to rest." Mrs. Watson grinned.

Irene nodded, hiding her dismay. "I'm going upstairs for a nap now."

"Of course. Go on," Mrs. Watson replied.

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After heading upstairs, Irene nestled on the couch and picked up her laptop to edit her resume. As a medical student, she had no experience in other fields, there was nothing compatible even if she wanted to change jobs. As such, she tried to add more qualifications to her resume.

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Fortunately, she had a few other talents other than her medical expertise, all of which Lionel had forced her to study.

As a matter of fact, Lionel was staunchly against the idea of her studying medicine, and did not pay her tuition fees just to get her to give up. Even so, she worked part-time jobs so that she could pay the tuition fees for the sake of her dream.

Now that she thought about it, learning more had its benefits.

She wanted her own clinic, but various costs including rental and medical equipment were too much for her earnings. Moreover, she had to save up for her mother to ensure her livelihood.

Still, she was not going to stay in the city for long—she had set her mind on leaving once her mother was better.

She felt chills in her heart at the inhumane experiences Isaac had resorted her to.

After submitting a resume, she also decided to apply for a position in online medical consultations. She had a medical license, so she just needed to clear the assessment.

Even if Isaac stopped her from working as a doctor, could he still boss her around on the internet?

After finding a reliable platform, she registered herself...

Time flies when a person gets busy.

It was soon evening, and Irene set her laptop aside when Mrs. Watson called her downstairs for dinner.

Isaac never ate dinner at home since he was always late... but he was unusually early today.

Irene did a double take when she saw him, seemingly surprised that he would show up.

Even so, she was seething with spite at the thought that he was trying to have Harvey defile her again, and her hands clenched into fists at her sides.

“Why are you spacing out? Come on, eat,” Mrs. Watson called out to her then.

Working hard to keep her facial expression under control, Irene sat down at the dining table, keeping her distance from Isaac.

Since she could not win against him, she had to keep her head down and try not to be noticed.

On the other hand, Isaac thought that she was still embarrassed over the fact that she had used the wrong spoon the other day. Running his fork through a chunk of shrimp and chewing slowly, he scoffed. “Did you think you won’t mess up just because you keep your distance?”