

## Runaway 27

Chapter 27 Isaac looked at Irene's curvaceous figure, his gaze turning distant as he gulped and worked hard to keep his tone even. "Did you think you could seduce me with this?"

In reality, he had already been seduced, but his ego did not allow him to lust after her.

"I-I'm not-" Irene stammered even as she picked up her towel to cover herself.

"Don't show your filthy body in front of me ever again," Isaac growled as he stormed off, slamming the door loudly behind him.

He strode to the other room so that he did not have to look at her, but all he could think about was her alluring figure replaying repeatedly like the highlight of a movie.

Unable to control his thoughts, he loosened his collar in frustration. Still, it was already loose, but he somehow could not breathe anyway!

He was restless and grouchy, and he wanted to flip out so badly.

"That wretched woman!" he growled-she really was adept at seducing, and more frustratingly, he had to fall for her ploy!

Taking off his necktie and undoing his shirt buttons, he strode into the washroom and splashed himself with cold water to calm himself down.

It was the lowest point of his life, and it had to be her!

On the other hand, Irene could not sleep.

Even if she had let loose once, she was no skank-she was at once angry and embarrassed for someone to see her naked.

To make things worse, she could not complain about it, because she could not afford to provoke that man!

The next morning, Irene arrived downstairs with dark circles under her eyes. Having learned her lesson, she was wearing a sweater and jeans.

Mrs. Watson had already prepared breakfast.

"Where is he?" Irene asked.

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"Mr. Jefferson left early in the morning." Mrs. Watson smiled. "Come on, have your breakfast." Irene breathed a sigh of relief inside-breakfast was actually tastier without Isaac around!

She headed out afterward, but her job search lasted over the next few days without prospects.

Still, Isaac did not return home, and she felt so comfortable she was actually a little less wary now.

At the same time, she finally had a response for one for the positions she applied to—as dance instructor.

She was Level 10 in Latin dance. Although she did not have the certification to be an instructor, they were willing to let her take the test.

It had been years since she danced, but the solid foundation she built as a child was still in place, and her slim body allowed her to move with considerable elegance.

The head of the dance school was a woman named Ms. Lang, and she was an agreeable person. “You can retrain yourself in our studio – I see that your basics are solid, and you won’t have problems getting certified.”

“Okay,” Irene quickly replied.

She certainly cherished the opportunity, since she had been yearning to work while she had been unemployed!

She thought that she could thank Lionel then. Although she never liked to dance, Lionel had threatened her with her education, and forced her to attend dance lessons in exchange

She certainly did not expect the lessons to prove useful now.

After a few days at the dance studio, she slowly found her stride. While she still felt no passion toward dancing, she did not feel as repulsed as she had been as a child.

The children who attend the dance school were between the ages of four and twelve. Irene herself was teaching a junior class, which consisted of girls around six to seven years old.

Her childish innocence and cheerful nature slowly returned as she worked with children, and she forgot about her life’s troubles for a moment.

After the last class, Ms. Lang approached her with a smile. “Would you happen to be free tonight, Ms. Spencer?”

Irene nodded. “I am.” She thought that Ms. Lang had an errand concerning their workplace, only for Ms. Lang to catch her by surprise.

“So, I wanted to ask... Do you happen to have a boyfriend?”