

Runaway 28

Chapter 28

"... No," Irene replied.

She and Isaac were married only in name, so she did not actually have a boyfriend.

Ms. Lang beamed just then, and linked arms with Irene intimately. "So, I have a favor to ask."

Over the last few days Irene worked at the dance school, Ms. Lang had taken good care of her, but her sudden gesture of intimacy still left Irene unsettled.

Gently pulling her arm off Ms. Lang's, Irene said, "If it's within my ability, you need just ask— I apologize in advance if it isn't."

Hesitating for a moment, Ms. Lang then said, "Well, my husband is the owner of Dorime Pharmaceuticals, and he has a research team developing a medicine against cancer. He's spent massive amounts of capital, and there had been some progress when he ran out of funds. That's why he's looking to secure an investment, but as you can tell, not everyone is that eager. Luckily, my husband found an interested party recently, but the last meeting was a no-show from them. That's why my husband had the feeling they might ghost... Moreover, the other party is single and an eligible bachelor..."

"Hold on..." Irene cut her short. "I don't understand."

What did all that have to do with her? She did not have the capital to invest, even though as a doctor, she hoped that there were more of such pharmaceutical industries. In fact, she would be willing to help for nothing in return if she was rich, but the reality was that she was a working class person, and she could not be of help. "Well," Ms. Lang said, cutting to the chase, "my husband is thinking about bringing along a pretty face to the meeting..." "Wait..." Irene murmured as realization struck her—so, she was going to hang out with the investor to get Ms. Lang's husband his funding... or worse? Hence, she quickly refused. "Thank you for offering me a job, but I'm not that kind of girl, and I'm really bad at sweet-talking people. That's why I can't help you."

Ms. Lang was aware that she was making things hard for Irene, and since it was a stretch anyway, she waved her off in slight disappointment.

"I know I'm asking for too much." She sighed. "But my husband just can't get an investor, and he would rather not accept foreign investment, since that means being controlled, which is something he doesn't want."

Irene looked at Ms. Lang then. After getting to know her, Irene found her a kind and dutiful person. While she was strict toward her students

and her fellow instructors, she was also understanding.

She was a 'what you see is what you get' sort of person.

"I understand where you're coming from—I used to be a doctor," Irene said, clenching her fingers.

She knew very well that the involvement of foreign capital would result in the medication price being controlled by foreign investors despite successful research, and the ones who would suffer were the poor who could not afford it.

Even if she was not a doctor now, her sense of duty never waned.

"I could try?" she said, even though she was inexperienced and had no confidence in succeeding.

Ms. Lang was in her forties, and her figure was well maintained since she was a dancer. Though her face was slowly showing signs of aging, she was elegant and did not appear to suffer from stress, which was a testimony to her loving marriage with her husband.

Irene envied Ms. Lang, for she had a fulfilling marriage while being able to retain her passion to her satisfaction.

On the other hand, Irene was doing a job that had nothing to do with her dreams, while her marriage was a mess. "Really?" Ms. Lang exclaimed in delight as she held Irene's hand. "Thank you!"

"You don't have to thank me yet— I don't know if I'll be of any help," Irene replied modestly.

"It's fine!" Ms. Lang chirped. "As long as we do our best!"

Irene was still nervous after accepting Ms. Lang's request.

She put on makeup for once, dressed more boldly than usual, and took a trip to the pharmacy just in case.

She was not such a great person that she would willingly sacrifice herself.

Soon, she arrived at the luxury diner where she found Ms. Lang and her husband, Mark Wickers.

He had white hair above his sideburns although he had yet to reach his fifties.

As she took her seat, the door to their private room opened again.

She looked up and saw Stan, who was followed by a towering figure outside the doorway.