

Runaway 33

Chapter 33 Irene took a step back in alarm as Harvey studied her from head to toe. . She appeared a little disheveled, but it did not dull her beauty-her red gown only accentuated her womanly wiles further.

His expression darkened, and the thought of her repeatedly hurting him field his impulse to seize her and give her her just deserts! Alighting, he said, "We keep running into each other, don't we?" Irene turned to run, but Harvey slid in front of her thanks to prior experience. "Where do you think you're going?" Irene turned pale in fear, because she knew very well what he wanted.

"Irene Spencer, was it? Did you use to play football? Have you any idea how much my nose bled after you hit me?!" Harvey snarled, because she was the first to absolutely wreck him!

He approached her as he spoke, and Irene backed away, barefooted as she was still holding her heels and staring at him warily. Nonetheless, that was when Stan suddenly returned. Seeing what was happening, he quickly alighted to stand between Harvey and Irene. "Had a little too much to drink, Mr. Gooding?" Harvey raised a brow at him. "Look who's talking." Stan warned him then, knowing what he was up to. "Did you forget what Mr. Jefferson told you?"

Harvey's eyes flashed, but he chuckled. "No, I haven't."

With that, he avoided a direct confrontation against Stan-Irene was not getting away any time soon!

Even as he returned to his car, he turned to give Irene, who flinched and hid behind Stan, a look.

"I'll be driving you home," Stan said. Irene followed him into his car, and asked, "Didn't you leave?"

"I did," Stan replied. Isaac had called him halfway to drive her home, but he did not mention that. Irene thought that he had something to do, so refrained from asking and simply sat quietly in the car. However, Stan could not resist peeking at her face and his impulse to gossip. "Did Mr.

Jefferson hit you?" Irene was arching her back and rubbing her ankles. To her, Whitney and Isaac were one and the same-it did not matter who actually hit her.

"More or less," she replied. Stan promptly kept his eyes on the road without glancing at her again.

They soon returned to the mansion, with Mrs. Watson greeting Irene when she entered.

"Have you had dinner?" she asked.

"Yeah, thanks for asking," Irene replied and headed upstairs.

She opened her laptop, and it jingled with a notification: she had cleared her assessment to be an online medical consultant, and her application had since been approved. She would be paid by the hour and number of consultations.

It was better suited as a part-time job to earn some money on the side, and was not suitable as a long-term occupation.

Still, it was a decent arrangement for Irene since it more or less involved doctoring.

Getting up, she headed to her wardrobe, ready to shower and change into fresh clothes, but her laptop jingled with another notification, this time for a consultation request.

However, it turned out to be a question regarding andrology, which left her wondering if there was a system error or if she had made a mistake while filling in her particulars.

But even if she was not well-versed in andrology, consultations must be answered.

After a brief exchange, Irene managed to give an answer and offer the patient assurance. (Thank you!)

The patient was clearly satisfied, and Irene replied before heading to the shower again. Soon, there was splashing from the bathroom, which concealed the creaking when the door opened.

Isaac entered, glanced at the bathroom.

In that instant, he remembered the scene of her towel slipping off and leaving her naked even as she stood.

He furrowed his brow in frustration-was he out of his mind? Why would he feel desire for her?!

He turned to leave, but that was when Irene's laptop jingled on the couch with another notification.

He turned again to look, curious as to what it was about. It turned out that Irene did not turn off the chat

window with that patient just now, who was now consulting her over further questions. Isaac narrowed his eyes. What could this be about? He scrolled through the chat records, frowning further the more he read, just before a new message arrived.

(Are you married? Are you satisfied with your life?)

Isaac was left staring and blinking at the message.

At the same time, Irene stepped out of the bathroom in a conservative set of pajamas, covering up to her wrist and ankles and only baring her neck. She was drying her hair, and did not appear surprised to find Isaac in the room.

In the end, this was his territory. There was nothing she could do if he wanted to be there.

Even so...

"This may be your house, but you shouldn't intrude upon the privacy of others without permission," she said as she walked over and closed the laptop. "Don't you think that's impolite? And hardly a gentleman's behavior."

Isaac, however, looked up coldly. "You're a married woman, so behave like one. What do you think you're chatting with strange men?"

The thought that she would have such discussions with other men was no different from cheating. It made him feel unbearable! "Can't you read?"

Irene, however, ignored his irk since he always got upset out of the blue. She held his gaze with disinterest-and even a slight mockery. "If you have any such questions, I can answer you right here." Isaac's face turned ashen. Was she doubting his potency?! "Irene Spencer!" Nonetheless, she had already picked up her laptop and ran-having experienced dealing with him now, she knew that he could not do a thing if she ran quickly enough.

Isaac watched as she left, and was left dumbfounded.

She was running?!

Bzzi!

Isaac's phone was suddenly buzzing with a call, and he took it out of this pocket and answered.

"Mr. Jefferson," Stan said from the other end, "Whitney Cox is asking to see you."

"Turn her down," Isaac replied.

Stan appeared hesitant then. "I think it's something important..."

"What is it?" Isaac growled.

He would not allow her to meet him, but was at least willing to hear her out since she had saved his life.

"She's asking for a favor – her best friend Irene Spencer is jobless at the moment, so she was hoping to have her go with her to Central Hospital for the internship."