

Runaway 34

Chapter 34 On the other end, Stan relayed Whitney's message word-for-word without revealing the fact that he was acquainted with Irene.

Meanwhile, Isaac's expression appeared to soften, and he was surprised that Whitney would ask for a favor for Irene.

"I'll do what I can," he replied.

However, his quick response was not for Whitney's sake. Instead, he did not want Irene to stay jobless, having to present herself in a risque fashion and accompany strange men.

Likewise, chatting about such... private affairs with other men online was unacceptable as well! Seeing the message with that man just now was unacceptable!

"Understood," Stan said, hung up and relayed what he said to Whitney. Even so, she was not at all happy, Isaac was refusing to see her.

The next morning, when Irene arrived at the dance studio, Ms. Lang held her hands and thanked her repeatedly. "Thank you so much! Mr. Jefferson has agreed to invest in my husband's business! But...

he also told me that Mr. Jefferson dragged you away-are you alright? Did he do anything to you?"

Irene nodded. "Yes, I'm fine."

That was when her phone rang in her pocket—it was a call from Whitney, and she hesitated for a while before answering.

"Irene? I'm sorry about last night. My temper got the better of me last night, so please don't hold it against me. Also, I asked for a favor from Isaac, so you can attend the internship at Central Hospital.

Think of it as my way of apology, and remember to clock in at 9 AM."

Irene frowned-Whitney never usually believed like this.

Still, she was not about to miss such an opportunity. "Got it."

She told Ms. Lang that she was resigning right then, and Ms. Lang was very agreeable, even paying her right then and there. "Here, this is what you've earned."

However, when handed two stacks of hundred dollar bills, Irene only took a few-she had not been working that long and did not deserve so much, and so simply took what she believed she deserved.

Seeing her virtue just then, Ms. Lang said, "You can come to me if you have any trouble in the future. I won't turn you down if I can help."

"Okay," Irene replied earnestly.

After leaving the dance studio, Irene rushed straight to Central Hospital, arriving just shortly before nine in the morning.

Whitney was waiting, and brought her to the chief – he was a male doctor in her fifties, and told Irene to defer to Whitney, since Whitney had been there for days before her. Irene did not protest, but in reality,

Whitney had a hand in the arrangement. She was an intern and had no right to boss anyone, but by using her connection to Isaac, she could browbeat anyone. Later, when Whitney took Irene to get her uniform, she asked, “When did you marry Isaac?”

Irene knew that she was not that charitable, and was not surprised that she would reveal her intentions already.

Nonetheless, she smiled. “I’m not at ease to reveal that.”

Whitney flashed a smile that did not reach her eyes and lied, saying, “It’s fine. He did tell me that you’re not together because you like each other.”

Irene remained calm, but she thought then that Isaac and Whitney were really close.

Seeing that she was not responding, Whitney knew right then that her hunch was right: Isaac and Irene were not an ordinary married couple. After all, should a wife not be upset upon finding out that her husband was cheating on her, or at least interrogate him?

Irene, however, acted like it was of no consequence.

Still, after getting her uniform, she felt like she could vomit.

“I need the washroom,” she said as she shook off Whitney, while feeling something foreboding. Her period was very late, and despite feeling that it was unlikely, she got a pregnancy test from the pharmacy... and it turned out to be positive!

She was dumbfounded – how did this happen? She had clearly taken her morning after pills... although the second pill was in her bag, forgotten after Isaac had caught her with

However, taking just one pill only offered a success rate of 80%, even though she and that man had only done it once. Still sitting on the toilet, her thoughts were scattered.