

## **Runaway 71**

### Chapter 71

Isaac did not return home that night, but Irene thought nothing of it.

Without a job, she lounged around in the mansion, taking her time to nurture her body while working part-time as an online medical consultant.

Though she never left the house, she took no notice of the scandal Samantha fabricated, let alone find out how far things had gone.

When Isaac did not return over the next few days, Irene decided that this was the best chance to run away, and so told Mrs. Watson, "Can you give me the check for the cleaners? I'll pick up the laundry."

"Oh, I can get it for you!" Mrs. Watson suggested.

"Actually, I want to leave the house for a while too."

Irene smiled. "Picking up the laundry afterward is just convenient."

In reality, she would leave once she picked up her laundry.

As Mrs. Watson passed her the check, she looked at Mrs.

Watson for a while before reaching out to give her a hug, saying, "I'm going to miss you, Mrs. Watson."

Mrs. Watson laughed. "What are you on about, silly? It's not like we won't see each other again."

Irene could not say anything to that, and so simply smiled before leaving.

She had just reached the cleaners when her phone rang, and she stayed outside to answer it.

"Irene? Do you remember me?"

Irene had to search her memory for a while before finding a name. "Ms. Lang."

“Yes, it’s me. As you know, my husband owns a company researching pharmaceutical products, and they are celebrating their latest breakthrough with a banquet tonight. I had a dancing instructor who would be performing a solo dance tonight, but she got injured and couldn’t take the stage. That’s when I remembered you, and you’re certainly skilled enough for that...”

“Actually...” Irene quickly interrupted, “I can’t perform either.”

She was pregnant, and dancing in heels was a no go.

Moreover, Latin dance attire was skimpy and tight on the spots it covered, which would reveal her swelling belly.

Ms. Lang became silent. “I see...”

“Sorry,” Irene quickly added.

“Actually, I think you could have a piano recital instead— I happened to see how well you played for the students during one of your classes. To tell the truth, I’m not trying to push this on you, but we’re really one short and

the schedule has been fixed. Every other instructor in the studio has their own programs, too.”

Ms. Lang was asking earnestly, and Irene turned to glance at the laundromat just then.

It would have surely been difficult for Ms. Lang’s husband to research that anti-cancer medication, and their success was certainly worth celebrating.

Moreover, she could afford to wait another night.

“Very well.”

“Thank you!” Ms. Lang exclaimed happily. “I’ll make it worth your while.”

Irene was not concerned if she did not profit from this, however-she did this mainly because Ms. Lang and her husband were good people.

“Well, I’ll see you at eight tonight. The venue is No. 109, Dorime Pharmaceuticals, Cura Route.”

“Okay,” Irene replied, and then asked, “Do I have to prepare anything else?”

“No, of course not,” Ms. Lang replied. “Your presence is more than enough.”

With that, Irene left the laundromat. Since she was out anyway, she took a stroll instead of heading home immediately.

Then, she noticed that some of the people around her were pointing and gesturing at her, so she had to head

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back to the mansion-one must admit that the internet was certainly a tremendous influence in today’s world!

Samantha’s drama had certainly damaged her reputation so thoroughly that she was being picked out even on the streets.

When Mrs. Watson found her returning empty-handed, she asked, “Where’s the laundry?”

“There’s a few that weren’t done yet,” Irene smiled in reply. “I’ll pick them up later.”

She arrived punctually at the designated venue.

Ms. Lang had already prepared an exquisite gown for her.

It looked a little like a wedding dress with its layered

frills, completely concealing her stomach while accentuating everything that made her beautiful: her thin neck, her beautiful collarbones, and slim arms.

While she was backstage, the makeup artist helped her put on light makeup-she was a natural beauty, and too much makeup would instead ruin her appearance.

Ms. Lang then told her that she will be the first to perform on stage.

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They were supposed to start with a dance number, but had to change because of the sudden change.

The host began with a motivating speech, followed by a word from the CEO before the banquet formally began.

As Irene slowly headed onstage, Mark Wickers — seated beside Isaac beneath the stage-asked the man, “Mr. Jefferson, do you happen to remember Ms. Spencer?”