

## Runaway 72

### Chapter 72

Isaac had initially been indifferent toward the entire event, but looked upstage when Mark prompted him.

Beneath the chandelier, a gorgeous figure sat elegantly before the piano.

He raised his brow in surprise.

To think that Irene would show up at a place like this... and to think that she could play the piano!

“Ms. Spencer is really multi-talented,” Mark added. “My wife’s been telling me that she is a fine dancer too.”

At the same time, Isaac’s gaze was glued to the stage.

As Irene placed her long, thin fingers gently atop the piano keys, she seemed to relax her entire body. Her fingertips pressed down ever so slightly, and with the ring of the first key, a comforting rhythm quickly followed with perfect harmony...

Mark was not well-versed with the piano, but he was eager to share his delight with Isaac. “I’ve really worked so hard to develop the medicine, and things would not have been done so quickly if not for the huge investment you put into the later phases!”

Naturally, Isaac was in attendance because he was an investor in Dorime Pharmaceuticals, owning both a vote. and company shares.

“There will be further discussions on the pricing of our anti-cancer medicine... I wonder if you can make some time the day after tomorrow?”

Isaac, however, had no interest in his ramblings —both his heart and eyes were fixed on the stage.

While Mark could not tell, Isaac knew that Irene was playing Variations on the Kanon, which happens to fit the night’s event.

The rhythm almost seemed bewitching, as if telling the audience that nothing was impossible—that

perseverance would eventually realize dreams.

It was also the first time Isaac was looking directly at her, and he must admit that she was talented.

She was certainly not just a pretty face—she was a doctor, a dancer, and a pianist.

If Isaac was not listening with his own ears, he would not have believed she could play the piano so immaculately.

Soon, however, her performance was over, and the audience applauded her warmly... though there were not that many who truly enjoyed it, since the advanced understanding of music might require a better mind.

Still, there was a man in glasses who clapped especially enthusiastically for Irene, seemingly because he understood her performance.

He then approached Mark and asked, “Hey boss, is the pianist one of the dance instructors at your wife’s studio?”

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“She used to be, but she left,” Mark replied. “She just came by today as a stand-in.”

“Does she have a boyfriend?” The man in glasses then pressed.

Isaac turned to the man right then, and his expression darkened—the man was adjusting his glasses, and he clearly looked interested in Irene.

Before Mark could answer, however, Isaac said, “She’s married.”

Mark was shocked. “Could you have been mistaken, Mr. Jefferson? She told my wife that she did not have a

boyfriend when she asked... So how could she be married?

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On the other hand, the man in glasses appeared utterly infatuated. "She's not only beautiful... but she's also

perfect with the piano."

Then, he straightened himself, seemingly ready to head backstage and ask Irene for her number.

As a man himself, Isaac knew very well what the man was planning.

He sprang to his feet. "Something came up. I'm leaving."

"But we're just starting..." Mark began, and abruptly noticed the icy look on Isaac's face, and promptly stopped himself. "I will walk you out."

"Is that man with glasses an employee of yours?" Isaac asked as they headed outside.

"He's a technician," Mark replied. "He graduated with honors, and I had to poach him with a high salary from another pharmaceutical company. In the research effort, he--"

"That's enough," Isaac growled.

He was not actually in the mood to listen.

At the same time, Mark also realized that he had been exceedingly talkative because of the day's excitements, and hence stayed silent.

As Isaac stepped out of the building, he called Zachary and asked for Irene's number, before calling her from his car.

Irene changed out of her gown and stepped out of the dressing room when a man in glasses appeared out of nowhere, saying, "You played very well."

"Thank you." She smiled politely.

As she headed outside, the man followed and asked, "Are you free for the night? Would you like to catch a movie with me?"

That was when Irene's phone rang.

When she answered, a deep voice growled from the other end, "Stay away from that man-do not give him your number or agree to going on a date with him. And get out of the building right now."

Irene was utterly confused. What was going on here?

Still, she left the building and found Isaac's car waiting.