

## The runaway groom (Irene and Isaac)

Chapter 1051

"The patient's injuries are extensive," the doctor replied. "We need further examinations before surgery and plan the surgery accordingly."

It was certainly better to be safe than

sorry. "Thank you," Irene said.

"I'll do my best to treat her since I took her in as a patient." The doctor smiled. "I'm a perfectionist—I don't know what she looked like before or whether I can restore her face to the way it was, but I'll definitely make her look good."

Irene agreed—it was fine not to reconstruct Lulu's original appearance as long as the plastic surgery was a success.

After Lulu stayed at the hospital, it was medical examinations and planning the surgery over the next few days.

Plastic surgery was not Irene's speciality, but she was allowed to be present and judge the success rate of the surgery with her own knowledge.

After days of discussion, they planned over a dozen surgeries, both major and minor.

It was possible for changes too, and Irene understood that.

When she told Lulu about the procedures, however, Lulu remained silent.

Unsure if she was actually agreeing to it, Irene tried to persuade her. "You'd look good even if you can't restore your original looks. Just think about—it's a new face, a fresh start. Not a bad choice at all."

Lulu understood what Irene meant, and it was not as if she disagreed, but...

"Alright, let's go with that!"

Still, she had already agreed to live on for her child, even if she had to do it pitifully.

Irene's heart ached for her. "I'm staying here with you. You won't have to be afraid about being alone."

"But you just said there'll be over a dozen surgeries. That would take a while, and it's not as if I don't know a thing about medical procedures. I'm mentally prepared as well, so you don't have to stay here with me—you have a family, or are you abandoning them for me, staying here all this while?"

"Isaac would understand," Irene said, holding her hand. "And you don't have to worry about me—my mother will take care of my sons very well in my absence. On the other hand, I'm the only one who can keep you company, so how could I abandon you?"

"I know you're being kind to me, but you should go home for a while before coming back. You don't have to stay," Lulu insisted.

She did not want Irene to neglect her own family for her. After all, women had many things to attend to after marriage, and freedom was nonexistent when they had a husband and children. They would always have to think for their family's sake.

"Yeah, but not now," Irene said. "We just came—you're probably not used to this place, but I'll go back once your first surgery is successfully completed."

Irene was certainly considerate for Lulu's sake, as if it was not until six days after Lulu was moved to Minerva that Lulu had her first surgery.

It took four hours, but thankfully went smoothly.

Irene stayed by Lulu's bed while the latter was still asleep with sedatives.

"You can rest now that the surgery is over, ma'am," Eagle told Irene. "I'll keep an eye on her."

After all, Irene had been standing outside ever since Lulu was wheeled into the operating room, never stepping away once.

And now that the surgery was over and Lulu was taken back to her ward, Irene was still glued to her—it would definitely be wearing Irene out.

"I'm fine," Irene told him. "I'll only have peace of mind when I see her wake up—I'm all she has left without anyone else around her. I won't let her feel lonely and helpless now."

"Yes, ma'am," Eagle said, lowering his head.

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Lulu woke up in the middle of the night, with Irene having fallen asleep beside her bed.

"Irene..."

## The runaway groom (Irene and Isaac)

Chapter 1052

Irene quickly took Lulu's hand. "I'm here. The surgery was a success—you have nothing to worry about."

"Yeah," Lulu replied, staring at Irene. "I'm very thirsty..."

Irene poured her a glass of water since Lulu had to lie down and refrain from moving, and she felt much relieved from her parched throat after having a drink.

"I'm done with my first surgery. When are you going home?" Lulu asked then.

"I'll book a plane ticket in a couple days," Irene told her.

Irene was still in a dilemma—she had to find someone reliable to take care of Lulu before she did, and she would feel ill at ease if she asked a stranger.

She wanted to ask Mrs. Watson since she trusted her, but doing so would arouse Zachary's suspicion.

Though that idea just did not seem right, there was no other option.

"You're stressing me out if you keep staying here," Lulu said feebly then.

"Don't worry and rest," Irene told her. "You're just done with your first surgery—you need to stay healthy for your second."

Lulu refused to listen. "You're stressing me out because you keep staying here. I'm concerned your husband would hate me if this drags on—that I'm really taking too much of your time."

"You worry too much," Irene said, patting her hand.

Isaac would not get upset over this, since he was not that unreasonable.

Moreover, Lulu was there to help her when Irene was in trouble before, and both of them had supported each other, giving each other their best—they were family even if they were not biologically related.

"Get some rest. Anything else can wait after tomorrow," Irene said.

Lulu was feeling tired and fell asleep soon after she closed her eyes.

Eagle arrived with food just then, since Irene had not been eating while keeping an eye on Lulu.

"I'm surprised you're that attentive," she said, looking at Eagle just then.

"You've been staying with Ms. Adams since her surgery without eating or drinking," Eagle replied. "You must be hungry by now."

Irene certainly was, and she started stuffing food into her mouth.

She then gestured for Eagle to sit, saying, "You have some too."

Eagle had been waiting with her throughout Lulu's surgery as well.

He sat down after some hesitation, when Irene suddenly looked up at Eagle.

Since she was concerned that she was not at ease with delegating Lulu's care to some stranger...

But while she found Eagle reliable and competent, she did not know if he was willing to stay.

"Am I out of line, ma'am?" he asked, rising from his chair since he felt a little flustered from Irene's stare—he was a paid professional, after all.

Irene waved him off. "No, sit. You're not out of line... I just have something to ask of you, but I'm worried you won't agree to it."

"Why wouldn't I?" Eagle replied. "You just have to ask, ma'am."

"Just sit down for now." Irene gestured.

As Eagle sat down again, she explained, "You see, Lulu is very important to me. I'm worried about letting her stay here alone, and I want someone to take care of her. I'd be concerned if it's some care worker I don't know, so I'd like you to stay, if that's alright with you?"

"You're my employer, ma'am. I'd stay if you ask," he replied, though his tone sharply changed. "That said, I'm a bodyguard and I have an obligation to keep you safe. Moreover, I'm a man and Ms. Adams is a woman, so it would be inappropriate if I stay... though I do have an idea."

"What is it?" Irene asked.

"You might have to pay through your nose for it," Eagle said.

### The runaway groom (Irene and Isaac)

Chapter 1053

"Just tell me," Irene said—she did not have to worry about money with a backer like Isaac.

She was just concerned that Eagle's idea might not be reliable, and Lulu was very weak at the moment—there must be no slip-ups.

"There's this female colleague of mine who is strong and shows a strong sense of duty," Eagle explained. "However, hiring her is expensive, though I could ask her over if you're willing to keep an eye on Ms. Adams. She might not be meticulous as a care worker since her expertise is combat, so you can hire a care worker in addition to her so Ms. Adams would have both care and protection. What do you think?"

"Let me think about it," Irene replied.

Money was not a problem—the problem was that she did not know a thing about the woman Eagle was talking about, making her no different from a stranger.

On the other hand, it might be ideal if she had Eagle stayed instead and hired an additional care worker as he suggested. "It's late, you should get some sleep. There's no danger here anyway," she then told Eagle.

"Yes, ma'am," Eagle replied and left the room.

Irene then checked the time and decided Isaac would still be awake at the moment. She walked

up to the window and called him, and he picked up soon enough.

"Still awake?" she asked.

Isaac's voice was a little hoarse. "I'm at the office." "Are you busy?"

"Yeah."

Irene had more to say but decided that he sounded busy, so she said, "Always remember to get some rest." "When are you coming home?"

"Soon," she replied, refraining from giving anything specific to surprise him. Isaac was

silent for a while, so Irene asked, "Do you miss me?"

"Yeah," he replied, before being silent for a while. "I'd miss you aside from while I'm working." "I doubt it."

Irene smiled, leaning against the window. "You can't miss me while you're asleep." She meant a person could not think while they were asleep, so how could he miss her? "You're being unreasonable now."

Isaac sighed feebly. "How are things on your end?"

"This is going to take a while. Anyway, I was calling to ask if there are more reliable people at the company where you hired Eagle."

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Over at the offices of Remy, Isaac was reclining against his chair behind his desk where stacks of documents stood. He rubbed between his brows as he glanced at the bright lights reflecting off the glass wall outside.

So, she called him because of that, and not to ask about their children or because she missed him? Would she

have called at all if she did not actually need help?

"Isaac, I..."

"I'm busy," he growled unhappily. "Don't worry. Eagle is very reliable."

And with that, he hung up, flinging his phone away while loosening his collar irritable.

His shirt hung loosely, baring his long neck—even the curve over Adam's apple was as bewitching as it was alluring. Not

even his wrinkled shirt could hide his masculine charm.

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Irene stared at her phone after Isaac hung up, blinking. He hung up on

her before she was finished?

And here she was going to tell him she missed him, but he hung up before she could. Honestly,

that man...

Whatever. She still had issues to resolve over here.

However, she kept tossing and turning in bed but was unable to fall asleep.

Her phone was still in her hand, and she really wanted to call Isaac to ask if he was angry. Why else

would he suddenly hang up?

However, she had tapped into his contact details, but her fingers hovered over it for a long while in hesitation... and she never pressed to call.

She sighed, and decided to give up and sleep instead, sliding her phone beneath her pillow. She would

just have to properly sweet talk him once they met.

Meanwhile, Isaac was staring at his phone in turn. He wondered if

Irene felt his anger.

If that was the case, should she not be calling him again now?

## The runaway groom (Irene and Isaac)

Chapter 1054

After waiting for a long while, Isaac became disappointed since Irene was not calling him back.

He refused to call her, too—did she not miss him at all after being gone for so long? She even refused to tell him that! Nonetheless, he

rubbed his temples and mustered his spirit as he stared at the documents on the table.

One wrong decision would lead to severe losses for his company, and he assumed his usual working mindset of calm and prudence.

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Irene did not sleep well the entire night, as she had this nagging feeling that Isaac was angry.

Still, she decided she would not explain herself clearly if she called back, and that she must get home soon to check on the children and talk to Isaac so he would not keep feeling upset about it.

She could stay there for a couple days before coming back too.

She ate the breakfast Eagle bought in the morning, hesitating for a moment before telling him, "I think I'll rest easy knowing you're here."

Moreover, his colleague would need time to get here even if she was hired, and that would delay Irene's trip to Franconia. Irene needed

to come back as soon as possible for Lulu's next surgery.

Eagle stared at her in turn. "Are you sure you want me to stay, ma'am?"

"Yes," Irene replied. "Right now, you're the person I trust most, and Lulu is very important to me. That's why I won't be at ease with anyone staying with her, except for you!"

"Ma'am." Eagle lowered his gaze, afraid to let his gaze linger on Irene for too long every time in fear that he would stray out of line. "I'm willing to stay since you trust me so much, but there's still your safety to consider..."

"I'll be fine. And I will be careful," Irene said, having past experiences and knowing how to protect herself.

"Yes, ma'am," Eagle replied. "I could teach you some techniques for use in case of emergencies too, should you have time in the future."

"Of course!" Irene agreed to it immediately. "Actually, you can teach me now!"

Irene's flight was in a few hours, and the doctor had already done his rounds this morning and told her that Lulu was in perfect condition. Lulu was also asleep, so they had to practice outside so as not to wake her up.

Eagle looked at Irene in turn and was quiet for a moment before saying, "Okay."

Irene wolfed down her food and checked to see that Lulu was still sleeping soundly before dragging Eagle out of Lulu's ward. Eagle

stared at Irene grabbing his arm and hung his head.

Once outside, Irene said, "Teach me!"

While she was ready and willing, Eagle appeared hesitant even as he demonstrated the correct posture.

Naturally, Irene was not going to learn everything easily since she was uninitiated, so Eagle needed a hands-on approach as he taught her self-defense.

"This is how you can shrug free from a shoulder grip."

He explained in detail, and the key to his movements were easy to understand. Irene was

sharp enough to catch the gist of it.

Still, there was a particular posture where Eagle had to put his hand on Irene's waist, and he stiffened considerably. Irene noticed

his face turning red too, and she asked, "Are you feeling hot?"

Eagle promptly withdrew his hand and stood at attention.

"I... No, just a little. I'll get a drink," he said, almost denying it for a moment before correcting himself and fleeing from the hallway.

Irene frowned, feeling something unusual about Eagle's reaction and looked up at the air-conditioner.

It was obviously not hot. If anything, the breeze from the air-conditioner actually kept the room a little cold. Why would

Eagle feel hot? Maybe he was just a little intolerant toward the heat?

Nonetheless, she did not keep pondering the issue, and she focused on the techniques Eagle taught her. As she

practiced in the hallway, Eagle soon returned, having recovered his composure.

After that, Irene kept Lulu company a little longer before heading to the airport. Before she left,

she told Eagle to call her anytime if anything happened to Lulu.

## The runaway groom (Irene and Isaac)

Chapter 1055

"I'll stay here and take good care of Miss Adams," Eagle assured Irene. "You have nothing to worry about."

Irene was certainly assured with Eagle around.

Meanwhile, she still had not called Isaac as she was heading home to surprise him.

It was daytime when she arrived at Franconia due to the time difference, and took a cab home from the airport.

She checked her wristwatch to see if he would be at home, and decided that he would still be home.

She could not help feeling thrilled at the thought of seeing him again, her drowsiness fading just then as she was eager to get home sooner to see him and their children.

She looked out at the scenery. Unlike Zidonia's green zones, most of the area was urbanized, but the buildings themselves made for great scenery too, if different.

She alighted once her cab arrived outside the castle, and headed inside.

Pierre was the first to see her, and he appeared surprised. "Ma'am..."

Irene smiled at him and asked, "Has he left for work?"

"He just did," he said, and checked his watch. "But he's just gone for five minutes. You might still make it if you call him right now."

Irene could not help feeling disappointed just then. "Is he going to the office?"

In that case, it was no big deal. She just had to wait at home.

However, Pierre replied, "No, ma'am. Mr. Jefferson is leaving on a business trip."

Irene whipped out her phone, tapping Isaac's number even as she asked, "Did he mention how long he'd be gone?"

"I'm not sure. He never said," Pierre replied.

Irene frowned.

Her call soon got through, but was not answered.

Just as she was going to try again, however, Tommy suddenly dashed out of the door and hugged her legs. "Mommy! Welcome back."

Irene arched her back and picked him up. He was much heavier now, which was a sign that life had been good.

She pinched his button nose, asking, "Did you miss me?"

He wrapped his arms tightly around her neck. "Yes, Mommy."

He was clinging to her like a baby, as if he were younger than his younger brother.

"Okay, let's go check on your baby brother now," she said, and carried Tommy into the castle.

Pierre was left speechless. Had she just forgotten about Isaac?

Dropping for

It was obvious that Irene had completely forgotten about Isaac, which she certainly did after seeing her children.

She was just days away, but Baby could speak now—even if it were just a couple of syllables.

Still, it was delightful for Irene, and she had him in her arms as she settled on the couch.

However, the toddler was a lot less clingy compared to Tommy, and preferred to play on his own than let people carry him around.

Sheryl asked her just then, "Did you forget that you're the mother to two children?"

Irene simply smiled, knowing that it was a harmless remark from her mother.

Still, Sheryl asked, "You didn't tell Isaac you're coming back, did you? He just happened to be going on a business trip... or perhaps he knew you were coming back, so he left on purpose? Having a fight now, are you?"

Irene quickly shook her head. "No, things are just fine. I would have liked to surprise him, but he left by coincidence."

Sheryl was speechless, and told her sternly, "You're an adult now. How could you be so careless? Call him already."

"Alright," Irene replied, and whipped out her phone again to call Isaac.

## The runaway groom (Irene and Isaac)

Chapter 1056

Irene's second call to Isaac was not answered either, and she stared at her phone, speechless. Was

he really upset with her? And her surprise was pointless?

She had rushed home to surprise him... but forget not being home, he had to be unreachable even on the phone. Sheryl

was staring at her just then. "Why? You can't reach him?"

Irene simply smiled. "He might be on the plane by now. We won't reach him."

Sheryl saw through her immediately anyway. "That's not what it looks like to me. Why don't you try using the house phone?" Irene

simply scooped Tommy up in her arms. "Oh, he's definitely on the plane."

There was no way she would use the house phone.

If Isaac did answer, it just proved that Isaac didn't want to answer her calls. In

that case, she would be embarrassing herself in front of her mother!

"I've been away from home for so long, I missed the kids. Take the day off, Mom! I'll take care of them."

Sheryl stared at her for a while, and eventually sighed. "It's your business. Do whatever you want."

With those words, she left.

Irene certainly should be taking care of the children—she was their mother, but she would be gone every other day.

Almost as if she was busier than Isaac, who has an international conglomerate to manage.

That said, some mother-in-law bias may be involved there...

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Meanwhile, Irene took her children out to play at the vast courtyard, and they were certainly having fun.

She sat on top of the stairs, watching them while resting her chin on her hand, but feeling in the dumps.

Zachary quietly sat down beside her, staying silent and watching her children play too.

Irene turned towards him, "Don't you have to take care of your daughter?"

"Mrs. Watson is helping," he said quietly. "I returned to Zidonia for a while earlier."

"Zidonia? Why?" Irene asked offhandedly.

"Just work stuff," Zachary replied.

"Oh. So, you're not going to move back to Zidonia with Jean? Are you staying here too?"

"Yeah," Zachary replied. "I'd rather be here. At least my daughter would have playmates with your children here."

"What about your work?" Irene asked.

Zachary finally turned towards her. "You know that my ambition was to be a great doctor, but I resigned because of my mom—though I had been willing. And yet, now that I have authority over the family and the company, I'm not happy at all, when I have every reason to be. Don't you agree?"

Irene certainly understood why Zachary could not be happy—business was not his passion.

"That's life—sometimes your choices are not up to you," she smiled bitterly. "I'm the same, no? I had my own ambition, but I gave up for the sake of family. And yet here I am, having a fight with Isaac."

"He's giving you the cold shoulder, huh?" Zachary asked gleefully.

Irene started daggers at him right then. "That pleases you, huh?"

"Should I be honest?" Zachary asked.

"Of course," Irene almost rolled her eyes at him. Was she telling him to lie?

"What, hadn't you heard? James Cross is brazenly flaunting his sweet marriage in my face every day, and I've been meaning to kick his butt for a while now! Do you think I'd be pleased if you and Isaac did the same?!"

Irene simply rubbed salt on his wound. "You should be happy for us."

Zachary was speechless. "You've really changed, huh? You even have the gall to tease me now..."

## The runaway groom (Irene and Isaac)

Chapter 1057

Irene simply smiled while Zachary was left seething. "I'm not talking to you. All you people ever do is bully me."

He strode off, but he had not walked more than a few paces when he stopped and turned since Irene was not stopping him. "Aren't you going to sweet talk me? Are you actually my friend?"

Irene simply remained where she was. "Sweet-talk you?"

Right now, she was at a loss of how to sweet-talk Isaac—did she even have time for Zachary?

"Sweet-talk yourself. I'm busy," she said bluntly.

Zachary was left speechless. "You people have no conscience and don't care about me. Fine! Playtime is over—I'm taking my daughter home."

"See you," Irene said without even looking his way.

Zachary was left speechless again, but he soon returned and sat beside her. "I refuse to leave just because you want me to." Irene

simply got up and left him alone to play with her children, though Zachary did not seem upset and simply watched quietly.

After a long while, Mrs. Watson arrived outside with Jean, and he took her baby daughter back inside—she was still too young to stay outside for too long and had to return indoors after playing for a while.

James and Erin came to the castle for dinner as well, having learned from someone that Irene returned.

Pierre also asked the kitchen to prepare a lot of Zidonian dishes, a gesture to welcome Irene back. "Since

Irene has been gone for a while, let's have a drink to celebrate," Zachary suggested.

James was the first to argue. "No drinking." "Why?"

Zachary asked.

"You won't get it. Only married people would," James replied.

Zachary was speechless. "Trying to ostracize me?! I have a daughter! Do I wave it in your face?!" What

was so impressive about getting married anyway?!

"Yes, you have a daughter, but you don't have a wife!" James retorted.

While Zachary was speechless, Erin could not help nudging James in the arm. "Come on. Stop upsetting him already." Irene chimed in, "He is blessed, having a daughter when others can't."

Zachary loved hearing that. "That's right. I have what you don't have."

"And you don't have what I have either," James countered, insisting on rubbing salt into Zachary's wound. "I have a wife, so I'll eventually have children. You may have a daughter, but you don't have a wife—the advantage is mine."

Zachary sighed. "I don't think I have an appetite."

"Alright, I'm just kidding," James said, sliding a shrimp onto Zachary's plate. "Let's have a drink." "Forget it. You haven't recovered yet."

Despite all the banter, they did care for each other.

Just then, Irene asked Pierre to bring some liquor, leaving Zachary and James gaping at her.

Still, it was not as if she wanted to drink—she just thought that since everyone except Isaac was there, she needed something to fall asleep.

Call it capricious or whatnot.

Zachary leaned in to ask quietly, "Having a fight with Isaac? Can't sleep because he's cold-shouldering you?" Irene shot him a glare. "Move. I'm eating."

Zachary pursed his lips but said, "I'll drink with you." James

began, "Me—"

Erin suddenly cut him short. "No."

James smiled. "Actually, I just wanted to say I'll stick to eating."

Erin was preparing for her pregnancy after all, and James would stick to a diet with her.

## The runaway groom (Irene and Isaac)

Chapter 1058

Zachary shot James a look. "The missus is strict, huh?"

James was not about to take the bait. "You don't even have one to be strict with you." Zachary shut up right then—he had to be upset again!

Since he could not fight back, he just had to hide!

If he snapped at James, James had his wife to back him up, and he alone would never win against two. Picking up the wine bottle and pouring it for Irene, Zachary said, "Let's drink a little since Isaac isn't around." Irene frowned. "Don't mention him."

"Who?" Zachary asked despite knowing the answer, and he chuckled as Irene shot him a glare.

Even if Irene had a husband, right now, she was alone like him—having a kindred spirit certainly made it feel a lot less lonely. Since he was not the most tragic person around... did that mean she was the same as him?

"If I recall, you're bad with liquor. One drink, and that's all," Zachary said, but he poured her a full glass, clearly trying to get her drunk.

As Irene rolled her eyes, Zachary said, "Come on. I'm keeping you company." He was clearly trying to tempt her.

Still, Irene drank it even though she really could not hold her liquor, which was both bitter and burned her throat. Her cheeks were flushed soon enough.

Despite knowing that she could not hold her liquor, Zachary kept goading her anyway. "Keep drinking and you'll get used to the taste."

Irene kept eating instead to try to quell the bitter aftertaste, but Zachary poured her another glass. "It's just how alcohol tastes." Irene waved him off—she could not drink anymore. "Stop it."

Zachary simply stuffed the glass into her hand. "Trust me. Drink this, and you won't find it terrible anymore." "Really?"

Irene stared at him, tipsy but skeptical. "I don't believe you. I'm going back to my room."

Zachary walked up to help her stand. "How are you going to mingle with Isaac's business partners if you can't drink?" "He doesn't need me to," Irene replied.

Zachary casually asked her then, "Who were you seeing back in Zidonia?"

Irene became wary right then—and here she was curious why he kept making her drink. So he was trying to loosen her tongue!

"It's just work," she snapped. "Or do I have to report that to you as well?" "I'm just asking..." Zachary quickly replied.

"Whatever. I'm sleepy—I need to sleep," Irene slapped his hand away. "You're drunk."

Irene snorted. "That's what you wanted, no?!"

Zachary chuckled. "What are you talking about?"

However, Irene said nothing since she already saw through him.

As she entered her bedroom, she warned him, "Don't try anything funny with me!" With that, she shut the door in Zachary's face, leaving him speechless.

He just wanted to ask about Lulu—was that so bad? And he meant no harm...

On the other hand, Irene lay down in bed without taking a bath, seemingly not bothered to do it since Isaac was not around.

She had been mentally weary since she had been worried for Lulu for a long while, and the glass of wine already left her tipsy. She did not even pull the blanket over herself as she lay in bed, whipped out her phone, and lay in bed to text Isaac.

[I miss you.]

Once she was done, she put her phone away and stared at the ceiling until sleep took her unwittingly, while she slowly drifted into dreamland...

Still, she was drifting between consciousness when she heard the door open, and she narrowed her eyes as she turned to find a tall, familiar figure.

She frowned. "Isaac?"

## The runaway groom (Irene and Isaac)

Chapter 1059

Isaac paused at the door before walking up to the bed.

He could smell the faint scent of alcohol even though Irene did not drink that much.

He frowned. "Were you drinking?"

Irene sat up and wrapped her arms around his waist, pressing her face against his abdomen.

"Yeah, a little," she purred, half-asleep as she looked up with a dizzy gaze. "Are you upset with me?"

Isaac certainly had been at first—he would never stop her from helping a friend, but should she not think of family too?

Did she not miss them after being gone for so long?

Did family not matter to her?

Still, he was surprised to receive a call from Pierre that she came home out of the blue.

He was quite curious as to why she would suddenly return out of the blue, but he canceled his business trip anyway. Still, he did not turn around right away, instead heading to his office and arranging for Stan to represent him on the business trip.

While he tended to his other work, he never quite calmed down, since he felt aggrieved and was reluctant to give in easily.

However, all those grievances vaporized when she texted him the words: [I miss you.]

Still, Irene was not yet fully awake. She purred even as she complained, "I was going to surprise you, but you left on a business trip."

Isaac ran his fingers through her hair. "How would I know you're coming back if you didn't tell me? I might leave for work, and your surprise would be moot."

"How unromantic." Irene pouted. "You're so boring."

Isaac lifted her chin. "I'm boring?"

"Yeah," she mumbled. "Oof..."

She was on the bed again as a heavy figure pinned her down, and an invasive scent filled her nostrils! At

the same time, she heard a deep, alluring voice right beside her ear. "Did you miss me?"

She wrapped her arms around his neck, murmuring softly, "Yeah..."

Soon, she was engulfed by an ocean of sensations, splashing peacefully one moment and surging the next—and she did not have the strength to resist!

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When Irene stirred in the morning, a ray of sunshine was shining through the curtains on their wrinkled crisp white sheets. She had to narrow her eyes to see the handsome face before her.

Pursing her lips, she pressed herself against him and asked, "What time is it?"

"Nine," a deep voice spoke over her head.

Irene's head seemed to clear up right then. "It's that late already?"

She sat up, her blanket slipping off and baring her fair, soft skin.

Isaac ran his fingers through her disheveled hair and over her nape before gathering her in his arms. "You can sleep in if you're tired."

Irene leaned against his scalding body but shook her head. "No, I should get up. It's not just the two of us in this house."

The castle was huge and their bedroom was quiet, and almost a separate space on its own. However, she still found it embarrassing to sleep in, since everyone would be aware... just like how they would be aware that she and Isaac would be at it after being apart for a while.

Still, Isaac said, "We can get out from the back door and pretend as if we just returned later. That way, no one would think you're late, and we can tell them we left early in the morning."

"Where would we go in the meantime?" Irene asked.

Isaac pondered for a while before saying with a straight face, "A hotel?"

Irene was left speechless and snapped grumpily, "You're such a pervert!"

## The runaway groom (Irene and Isaac)

Chapter 1060

Isaac grinned and tugged at her hair. "You weren't like that last night."

"Stop it and get out of bed right now." Irene shoved him, grimacing. "Zachary is definitely going to tease me—he tried to get me to drink last night to loosen my tongue, so I have to be careful too. I have no idea what tricks he would play today."

"I could just chase him away if you think he's a bother," Isaac said.

Irene gaped in disbelief. "Really?"

"Nope," Isaac said. He then pulled off the blanket and got out of bed before picking up a bathrobe nearby and heading straight

into the bathroom.

Irene scratched her head and got out of bed to put her clothes on.

While she could hear splashing as Isaac took a shower, she brushed her teeth and washed up before heading downstairs—the sink was separate from the shower area, after all.

Sheryl left very early with the children, with a chauffeur and bodyguards escorting them. She would only return with Baby in the afternoon after they had toddler class, while Isaac had arranged for Tommy to attend a normal kindergarten along with taking language classes.

Meanwhile, Mrs. Watson was basically Zachary's babysitter, caring for Jean every day.

While Zachary himself would take care of his daughter most of the time as well, Jean was still a baby and reliant, so both of them were needed.

"Ma'am." Pierre greeted Irene respectfully just as she arrived downstairs. "Shall I arrange for breakfast?"

Irene was just about to speak when Zachary chimed in cheekily, "What, aren't you full after last night?"

Irene could kick him right then. "You're really annoying right now!"

Knowing that he was on the money, Zachary simply chuckled. "Anyway, I'm going to take Jean out for sightseeing."

He was not that tactless and would not be the third wheel since Irene and Isaac had been apart for a while.

"I'll be back in the evening." He grinned.

Irene ignored him and told Pierre, "Yes, I'll have breakfast."

She did not know Isaac was going to work, but he would need food either way if he was to work.

"Yes, ma'am," Pierre replied, and headed to the kitchen.

Meanwhile, Irene strolled out into the courtyard, where a gentle breeze brushed through the air, ruffling the trees nearby.

It was certainly a relaxing environment, with greenery stretching as far as the eyes could see and blocking the roads outside so it felt like one was enveloped in nature.

Irene breathed in the fresh air and flexed her arms before returning inside to find Isaac coming downstairs.

He was dressed formally in a suit, so she asked, "Going to work?"

"Yeah," he said, walking toward the dining hall. "But I won't go if you ask."

Irene smiled as she followed. "I'm not going to stop you."

Isaac shot her a sideways glance, looking clearly upset.

Irene simply pretended not to see. "Eat."

If she kept clinging to him and stopped him from going to work, would that not show that she was too clingy and could not be apart from him at all?

And he was going to work, not messing around—why would she stop him?

As Isaac slowly ate his breakfast, he suddenly said, "I have a date today."

Irene was still chewing her food as she asked, "What date?"

Swallowing it, she stared at him for a while before adding, "Are there other women present?"

"Yes," Isaac replied.

"Is she pretty?" Irene pressed.