

Runaway 1066

Chapter 1066

Irene half-narrowed her eyes. "Thirsty."

Isaac tucked her hair behind her ear and said softly, "Wait here. I'll get you a drink."

"Yeah," she rasped.

Thud, thud—

There was a sudden knock on the door!

Irene was at first muddled, but she quickly came to her senses and stared warily at the door.

"No one's coming in," Isaac assured her.

Still, she nervously straightened her clothes, leaving Isaac in amusement.

"That's not like you. You were enjoying it so much just now..."

Irene clasped a hand over his mouth. "Keep it down! Someone's outside!"

She was already embarrassed, and he had to say that stuff!

Isaac simply said at the direction of the door, "I'm coming over later." Irene then heaved a sigh of relief when she heard footsteps leaving, and Isaac got up, fastened his belt, and walked to the water dispenser. "Calm down. Take a breather."

However, Irene blushed—she had never let loose like this and was more or less uncomfortable!

Isaac chuckled. "You have two sons, and you're still acting as innocent as a girl."

Irene rolled her eyes at him—he was responsible for that!

Still, it took her a long while to grumble, "I'm not thick-skinned like you." Isaac chuckled even quieter then. "Can't have two sons if I'm as shy as you are."

Irene stopped talking then—he was always going to win in an argument.

Chugging her drink and laying on the couch, she huffed, "I'm going to take a nap."

She was exhausted after all.

"Yeah," Isaac said quietly.

While Irene slept from post-coitus fatigue, Isaac resumed his work on the desk. He never opened the door, and no one came in either. Eventually, he sat down by the couch and woke her up.

"Let's go eat," he said quietly and tenderly. "I'm taking you home afterward."

The couch was not that comfortable too.

Irene got up, rubbing her eyes as she asked, "What time is it?"

"Past one," Isaac replied.

"It's that late?"

"You slept for a while," Isaac replied, tousling her hair. "I think you'd have slept until the evening if I didn't wake you... I guess I should show some restraint."

He certainly had been a little vigorous last night and today.

Irene rolled her eyes at him. "I'm getting up."

With that, they left the building, and Isaac took her to a restaurant while she whipped out her phone. "I booked a flight already."

"I know," Isaac murmured softly, understanding what she was talking about.

Leaning against his shoulder then, Irene sighed. "Lulu's seriously hurt, but she doesn't want Zachary to find out. Without other friends or family, she only has me—how miserable would it be for her if I abandoned her too? And she helped me when I was pregnant with Tommy..."

"I've already agreed to you going," Isaac said, aware of why she would elaborate on her purpose. "Don't stay too long over there, and contact me any time. If her condition improves, transfer her over here—I'll arrange a hospital for her. If you're still concerned about Zachary finding out, I'll find a way to send him back to Zidonia."

"But would he listen to you?" Irene asked, skeptical.

"I have my ways," Isaac replied.

Irene nodded. "Alright. I'll check on Lulu for now and persuade her to transfer here if possible. I'll tell you when I succeed, while you get Zachary to return to Zidonia."