

Runaway 1067

Chapter 1067

"Okay," Isaac answered softly.

They arrived outside a nice restaurant, and he threw the car keys to the valet as soon as he alighted before heading inside with an arm around Irene.

It was a Franconian restaurant with local specialties: beef bourguignon, foie gras, escargot, and the like.

However, Irene preferred Zidonian food—there were not that many foreign dishes that suited her palate.

Naturally, Isaac could tell that she did not like it. "I'll take you to a Zidonian restaurant next time."

"Good," Irene replied. "Our country's food is more to my taste."

Isaac raised a brow. "Our country's food is special in its way, but you should learn to accept different flavors too. It's a bad habit to be picky." "Am I being picky?" Irene asked.

"Yes."

Irene was speechless—how was she being picky? Just because she was not used to foreign food?

It was just that her stomach was Zidonian and rejected other food. "Here, you can have this," she said as she put an escargot on Isaac's plate. "Eat this, or you'd be picky if you refuse."

Isaac smiled and ate the one she put on his plate before the others. Sheryl sighed, speechless that Irene was leaving again.

However, she did not nag and told Irene, "Make it fast. Don't stay out for too long."

"I know," Irene replied.

After Isaac personally brought her to the airport, she linked her arm around his. "I'll come back as soon as I can."

"Take as long as you want." Isaac pretended to be unconcerned.

Irene smiled. "What, going to have more business discussions with your pretty partner?"

He cleared his throat. "Well, work depends on it..."

"Don't you dare." Irene looked up at him, her lips almost on his ear. "Cheat on me, and I'll get someone better looking than you..."

Isaac stared at her sideways. "Are you threatening me?"

She smiled softly and vibrantly. "Keep your hands to yourself if you don't want me to cheat on you."

He pulled her into his arms with one arm and tousled her hair. "When did you grow claws?"

"I always had claws. Didn't you know?" Irene said, gently biting him on the ear before pulling away, leaning against the car door and staying far from him.

Isaac was at once exasperated and amused. "Does teasing me make you feel accomplished?"

Irene nodded mischievously. "I keep losing to you otherwise, don't I?" "As long as we're clear on that," he said solemnly.

Soon, they arrived at the airport and headed inside together after Isaac parked the car.

After playing around in the car, Irene refused to hold his hand once they arrived inside, keeping a distance between them.

Shooting her a look, Isaac smiled—despite all the flirting and playfulness, she cared about appearances in public.

Still, he took her hand. "Don't keep your distance. We're legally married."

Irene lowered her head and murmured softly, "Yeah."

As she became docile, they waited at the airport lounge until it was time for her to board the plane.

Irene told him to go back. "I can go on my own from here."

Isaac's hand tightened around hers. "I can walk you to the boarding gate."