

Runaway 1070

Chapter 1070

Once all the arrangements were made, they left three days later. Lulu's face was swelling a little as they boarded the flight to Franconia, as she had yet to fully recover.

Still, seeing Irene staying with her and caring for her meticulously, Lulu teased, "Are you taking me for a child now? Doesn't it tire you, staring at me constantly?"

Irene shook her head. "What do you mean tired? I'm not doing anything."

Lulu held her hand. "You did nothing after running around and doing everything to help? Your husband's going to be sad seeing you work so hard... or more precisely, letting me work you so hard."

Irene was speechless for a moment, but smiled. "You've really recovered well—you can even tease me now."

Lulu sighed. "There are times I felt like my experiences were just a dream, but seeing my face reminds me that it's all real."

"It's in the past," Irene told her. "Things will get better from now on." "Right. Have you found a training center for me yet?" Lulu asked." Irene nodded, assuring her, "Yes, don't worry,"

Lulu nodded. "I'm not worried. Not with you around."

She would make a full recovery in a couple weeks, after which she would study the knowledge and skills to become a nanny.

"I'll study with you," Irene said.

Lulu gave her a look. "Isn't it too late? Both your children are quite old now."

"Nope. Baby is still a toddler!" Irene pointed out.

"That's playing favorites," Lulu pointed out. "You had no intention to study that for Tommy."

James and Isaac were on hand to receive them after they arrived at Franconia.

Lulu was still feeling reclusive, so they took her straight to her lodgings without much fanfare. She had a maid to take care of her while she recovered, and the other arrangements were in place.

When Irene returned to the castle, however, she saw that Erin was there and had cooked them dinner.

Her cheeks were a lively red, and she was softly radiant—life with James must be good as he had almost fully recovered now.

Love truly heals—after the trauma Erin went through, it was thanks to James that she had now fully recovered to live normally.

Still, as Irene headed into the kitchen to help, Erin chased her out. "You should be getting a shower to refresh yourself after the long journey. I can handle things here, and there are hired chefs even if I fail. Go on, you don't have anything to worry about here!"

Irene certainly agreed that she had to relax as she was pushed outside. "Okay, then I'm going upstairs."

"Go on." Erin smiled.

When Irene arrived at the master bedroom, she saw that there was a warm petal bath ready, along with towels and other bath items.

She blinked—who prepared this?

She asked a servant, and it turned out to be Erin.

Isaac noticed her amused smile as he entered. "What's that smile for?" Irene pointed at the bathroom. "See for yourself."

He did and raised a brow but said nothing—the look on his face made it clear that he found it trivial.

"You prepared all that, right?" Irene said, teasing him deliberately.

"I'm not that childish." Isaac snorted.

"That's not childish—it's romantic," Irene retorted right away. "And since it wasn't you, guess you're just not that romantic."

Isaac pulled her into his arms right then. "How should I prove that I'm romantic? Perhaps I should bathe with you to prove myself?"

Irene was speechless. "No, I know you're hopelessly romantic and you're the best. Let me go—I need a shower."

Isaac refused and breathed into her ear, "Say it again."

Irene flushed right then. "W-What are you talking about?"