

Runaway 1085

Chapter 1085

Finding the book interesting, Tommy suddenly pointed outside and exclaimed, "Pitter patter!"

"Pitter patter, pitter patter, listen to the rain!"

Tommy appeared interested as Isaac read it for him, and the boy pointed outside and exclaimed, "That's what we're hearing outside... I like nursery rhymes, Daddy."

Irene smiled mildly. "As long as you like it."

Tommy then lay down and wrapped himself in the soft blanket, his little legs lifted into the air.

Just then, Isaac's phone on the table rang.

Seeing that it was James and probably about work, he picked it up. "I'm taking this."

Irene nodded. "Go on."

She lay with Tommy and read it for him, "Home! Home! Sweet, sweet home! There's no place like home!"

"I like this, Mommy," he said, pointing at the last part. "There's no place like home—does that mean missing where we used to live?"

The boy was quite smart for his age, and Irene smiled. "More or less." "I miss home too," Tommy suddenly said.

"Don't you like it here?" Irene asked.

"I do," he replied and suddenly thought about it before adding, "But I miss home sometimes."

"That's normal," Irene told him—such was nostalgia, and it inevitably occurs when one has fond memories.

"Oh, I should sleep," Tommy said as he picked up the book.

Irene hugged him just then. "You can sleep here."

"I can't," he replied—he had not slept with anyone else for the longest time, and he might not fall asleep if he had to share a bed with them. As Irene released him, he picked up his book and briskly slid off the bed. "Goodnight, Mommy!"

Isaac returned just then, and he stared at Irene quizzically when he saw Tommy leaving.

Irene shrugged—the boy was just too old to sleep with then. "Goodnight, Daddy," Tommy said primly and scampered off on his little legs.

As Irene stayed in bed, she asked, "If Erin has a daughter, do you think we could have her as our daughter-in-law?"

"Have you lost your mind?" Isaac growled, and Irene promptly sat up in attention.

After all, even if Erin and Isaac were actually unrelated, she was still his half-sister and Tommy's aunt. That would be totally inappropriate!

Irene shrugged—she was just saying.

"Do you want a daughter?" Isaac asked.

"Don't you?" Irene asked in return.

Isaac locked the door just as he turned to look at her, and he approached her slowly and deliberately.

"My thoughts exactly!" he said and reached out to hold her waist.

She remained slender even after having two sons, and he felt like he could snap her if he got a little rough.

"Quit it," Irene snapped and withdrew from him, but there was no place to hide when the bed was only that wide.

Hurrying to get out of bed, she came up with an excuse. "I'm going to check on Baby."

"Let's have a daughter."

Irene felt herself being scooped up in an instant!

When she came to her senses, she was already thrown on the bed. The mattress was so soft she seemed to sink in when she landed on it! As he leaned over her, she could feel him shrouding her.

"I love you, Irene." Isaac breathed into her ear.

Irene wrapped her arms around his neck and replied mildly, "Me too." "You should be saying 'I love you too'." Isaac chuckled before turning serious. "Irene."

"Yeah?"

"Just wanted to say your name."

As he buried her in kisses, a storm of passion as violent as the one outside brewed!