

Runaway 1149

Chapter 1149

Erin had always held a heart of gratitude and therefore always took joy in what she had, never complaining.

On the other hand, James took leave over the next couple of days to take care of her.

He arrived at Erin's ward with food and smiled when he saw Irene. "Hello, Mrs. Jefferson."

Irene nodded in turn. "Take good care of her and don't let her slip again. You need to be very careful during pregnancy."

James nodded awkwardly. "Yes, it was my fault for not taking good care of her."

"Mom, I'm hungry." Baby tugged on Irene's sleeve just then.

Irene placed him on her lap and tousled his jet-black hair.

His facial features were more pronounced these days, which accentuated his resemblance to Isaac. They were less obvious with his younger chubbiness.

Blinking his round, black eyes, Baby said, "I want to eat."

Carrying him up in her arms, Irene said, "I'm taking Baby for lunch."

"Then hurry," Erin urged. "Don't starve him."

"Actually, he can have some of the food I bought," James suggested.

Irene smiled. "Save it for Erin. Baby is picky and stops eating something entirely once he decides he hates it on the first bite. I'm going now-I'll come by again tomorrow."

"You don't have to run around for me, Irene. That's too much trouble," Erin said, winking at Irene.

"James has taken a couple of days off, and I'm fine enough to get discharged soon. I'd be embarrassed if you had to dote on me like this."

Irene thought about it. "Okay."

"I'll walk you to your car," James offered.

"You don't have to. My chauffeur's waiting," Irene told him.

James nodded, and Irene left the hospital with Baby in her arms. "Ma'am," the chauffeur greeted her, alighting to open the door for her. As she carried Baby into the car, she told him, "Let's go to the diner."

It was Baby's favorite diner, and they headed inside to take a seat, ordering their specialties of sead.

pie and shrimp soup since it was a good place for seafood. S

Baby was dressed in a white jacket with blue jeans and white skate shoes, giving him a clean and cute appearance. His little cheeks were fair and his round spirited eyes made him especially adorable.

As he took little bites off his pie,
Irene frowned as she held a tissue
as he was getting grease
over his hands and lips.

He held out a chunk affectionately. "Eat, Mommy."

Irene leaned in to take a bite. "Yeah, it's good."

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Baby beamed, and Irene watched him lovingly. "Take it slow or you'd choke."

While he was happy with his food, he suddenly mumbled as he chewed, "I miss Grandma."

Irene nodded. "Me too, but she'll only be back in a few days."

Baby had an idea right then. "Let's go look for her."

Irene was amused. "Where? I don't know which country she's in."

Baby did not seem to understand, but that did not stop him from finishing three chunks out of the round seafood pie.

Irene scooped a bowl of soup for him and took the fourth chunk out of his fingers. "Enough pie or you'd get fat."

Irene was teaching him how to eat on his own-Sheryl Harris would definitely try to keep feeding him if it were her babysitting. Still, Irene did not have to teach Baby for that long for him to eat on his own.