

Runaway 16

Chapter 16

Irene dreamed that she was being constricted by two gigantic serpents. Unable to breathe and convinced that she would suffocate, a ray of light suddenly appeared, and she grabbed it as hard as she could...

She jolted awake when she thought salvation was at hand, and she opened her eyes to find a towering man standing before her, his clothes a mess but his presence menacing-as if he would consume her.

Her mind clearing instantly, she shrank into a corner of the couch, stammering, "W-What are you doing?"

Having just woken up, her voice was hoarse and quivering.

Isaac merely smiled in disdain-she was the one who tried to strip him, and now she was pretending to be frightened?

"What, you weren't just pretending to sleepwalk and molest me? You really can't go a night without a man, can

you?"

Irene felt her breath leave her lungs. Still, her fingers curled into a fist as she glared at him sternly.

"That's not it?"

Isaac gave her a look of doubt. "Really?" Suddenly, he pressed down on her.

From up close, his distinct presence was cold, suffocating, and invasive. She raised a hand in reflex to stop him, and as her soft fingers touched his chest, the sudden skin contact left him stiffening, and he looked down at her hand. Her fingers were slim and beautiful, and her skin fair.

At the same time, the warmth of her palm flowed under her skin, crawling into her blood.

Though suddenly restless, Isaac simply blamed it on Irene's provocation. Inching closer, he growled,

"Trying to molest me again? You're really thirsty, aren't you?"

Irene bit her lip. "You're shameless!" "Me?" Isaac chuckled lightly, but it sounded like a dull syllable grunted from his chest. "You're the one touching me, aren't you?"

It was only then that Irene realized in shock that both her hands were pushing against his chest. She never would have realized such intimacy if he did not tell her, and she flinched as she withdrew her hands, as if his hot, muscular chest burned her.

Even so, his warmth lingered in her palms, leaving her flustered and unsure where to look.

Her throat felt parched even as she explained, "That

wasn't on purpose."

Her scent was sweet and alluring, stirring the impulses of anyone that got too close-Isaac was no exception.

Even so, his restraint and composure kept him uninterested in anything in the world. Straightening himself, he slowly tied up his sash as he growled, "I'm hungry."

Irene was left spacing out for a moment. Isaac took her inaction as her reluctance to cook for him, and he sneered. "You're my wife, no matter how unwilling you are. You'll do what I tell you to!"

Irene pursed her lips, her heart stung by his words, but she had no grounds to retort.

She got off the couch and headed to the washroom, feeling a little hungry as well since she did not eat dinner.

Heating up the food Mrs. Watson cooked, she quickly moved them to the table and called out, "It's done."

Isaac entered the dining room, his eyes sweeping over the dining table with an unfathomable expression. Through it all, Irene was virtually curling into herself and reducing her presence.

It was naturally worth celebrating that Isaac did not try to nitpick, but she messed up anyway as she felt like throwing up after a few mouthfuls of food.

Holding back from retching at the dining table, she got

up and headed to the washroom to vomit.

She suddenly remembered that her period was late, although it had always come at the same time of the month before.

Suddenly, she felt uneasy-was she pregnant? N-No way! She had already taken the morning after pills. 'It's fine,' she told herself. She must be scaring herself. Still, she was distracted even as she returned to the dining table, picking up a spoon without looking and scooping up soup... but after she drank it, she looked up to meet Isaac's puzzled look.

Her chest tightened-did she somehow offended him again? But she did not think so...

"Do you not like the dishes?" she asked with a forced smile, holding back an impulse to pick up a knife and stab

him.

Why did he always have to harass her every waking moment? Was he not going to rest if he did not torture her to death?

She would have poisoned the food if she had known!

Nonetheless, Isaac simply cut himself a slice of chicken and chewed slowly with a mysterious look on his face.

Not bothered with him this time, Irene continued to eat, when she suddenly realized that her spoon was still

beside her own bowl.

Where did the spoon in her hand come from?

She looked up, and finally saw that Isaac's spoon was gone.

Boom! It felt like her head had suddenly imploded.

She was using Isaac's spoon?!

At the same time, Isaac asked slowly with a gleeful look, "Irene Spencer... You really love me, don't you?"

However, even he could not explain what he was gleeful about himself.

"..." Irene tried to explain, but did not know where to start.

Nonetheless, it was a fact that she had used the spoon he used, and her lips touched where his did when she drank her soup...

Argh!!!

Did that count as an indirect kiss? She would rather be dead!

"That was an accident..."

"Just tell me if you want to kiss me. Why act so vague?" Isaac said, picking up his napkin and wiping the corner of his lips elegantly. Rising slowly to his feet, he flashed a vague smile at her. "For women like you who jump on

any man they meet, it would actually be weird if you're not interested in me." Irene was speechless, and felt the corner of her eyelids twitching

He was so full of himself!

Interested in him? Not unless every other man in the world was dead!

"It was an accident, and don't worry—I have absolutely no interest in you. If I do, the gods can strike me down right now and kill me!" she swore in fervent denial.

Isaac narrowed his eyes. Did she have a death wish, swearing something so vicious? What a piece of work!

Nonetheless, he stayed calm and smiled. "I heard your career as a doctor is over, right?"

Irene looked up at him with unconcealed spite!

Isaac smiled, pleased to see her getting upset. "What do I have to do for you to stop?" she asked quietly.

Even if Henry paid for her mother's surgical costs, she still needed to make a living for her and her mother.

Naturally, she could not do that without a job, not to mention that being a doctor was her lifelong dream.

On the other hand, Isaac was in a good mood after seeing

her cow from just a little pressure. "Who knows? If you do well, I might be able to show leniency."

Stopping in his tracks, he threw her an offer that was at once an opportunity and harassment. "I have a social call at Blue Bridge tonight. Meet me there if you want to keep

your job."

Irene clenched her fist. She knew he would never be that agreeable.

However, since she had no other choice, she pursed her lips. "Got it."

After Isaac headed upstairs, she cleaned up the dining table and tried to sleep on the living room couch again, but it was not until dawn when she finally managed to

sleep.

It was almost noon when she woke up, and she sneaked upstairs since Isaac had left.

She did not take a shower last night, and urgently needed one. When she opened the door, she realized...