

Runaway 37

Chapter 37 Irene raised her chin defiantly because she must.

“No,” she retorted. Giving in, Isaac explained, “There’s nothing between us, but I have to offer her special privileges after certain things happened-thats all.”

It was outrageous that he would explain himself to anyone, but ever since he learned that Whitney had a boyfriend, he felt nothing for her ever again. The night they shared? The tender moment? All those sentiment, gone!

All he felt for her now was tolerance, just because she had saved him that night. Feelings had nothing to do with it!

At the same time, Irene’s eyes widened as if she had discovered some incredible secret.

So he was just being nice because he owed her-there was no sentiment involved.

She grinned, a marvelous idea occurring to her just then. Isaac frowned. “What are you smiling at?”

“Nothing,” she replied, but her tone was gentle like never before, which left Isaac beside himself in shock!

He looked at her, puzzled and wondering why she was acting so strangely.

Somehow, Irene’s enthusiasm continued to the next morning.

She made breakfast, even going so far as to ask Mrs. Watson about what Isaac liked the eagerness to please him was too obvious.

Sitting by the dining table, Isaac’s gaze swept over the breakfast that looked exceedingly scrumptious, and he quickly exposed her. “Tell me, then-what is it you want?” .

Irene flashed a fawning smile, while heating a glass of milk for him affectionately.” Why don’t you have a taste of my cooking? Do you like it?” Isaac took a bite of the fried egg she made, chewed a little before saying seriously, “It’s fine. Mrs. Watson cooks better.” Irene wanted to roll her eyes then-how could fried eggs taste different? Did he somehow identify two different flavors? Still, she needed his help, so she maintained her smile. “I’ll keep doing my best until you’re satisfied.”

Soon, Isaac was finished, and picked up his napkin to wipe his mouth elegantly. “Still not going to tell me? I’m leaving soon.” “Could you give me a ride to the hospital?” Irene quickly asked. Isaac glanced at her sideways, seeing through her right then but staying silent. She really was a vengeful bitch... and he somehow liked it? Still, he agreed to it, and she bowed reverently. “Thank you.” “You’re welcome,” he replied.

After Irene groomed herself and stepped outside the mansion, Isaac’s car was already waiting. Collecting cars had always been an interest of men, and Isaac was no exception. While he usually traveled in an MPV or in his Maybach, there were over ten limited-edition prestige cars in the underground garage.

Irene rarely saw him take them out, but today, he was driving a limited-edition Bentley.

It was at once noble and ostentatious, and its very presence was intimidating! Still, Irene did not feel awkward despite Isaac seeing through her intentions, and she smiled cheerfully.

In the car, Isaac was loafing nonchalantly. The space within was so wide that he could fold his legs within even with his six-foot frame. There was a smile on his lips as he asked, "Satisfied?"

Irene nodded. "Yes."

She certainly was, though it was quiet in the car after she finished speaking.

Irene was leaning by the car door and staring outside, with a hand on her belly. She thought about many things last night — it would not be wise to give birth to the twins, since she did not even have any idea what their father was like.

However, it was a mistake on her part and that man's.

The children were innocent.

Though it was a choice for two, it was now up to her alone. As such, she would do what she wanted—which was to give birth to the twins, and raise them on her own.

Still, she was so distracted that she did not know they had reached the hospital. Turning to look at her, Isaac asked, "What's on your mind?"