

Runaway 73

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It was only then that Irene suddenly remembered that Isaac was an investor in Mark's business, and it was natural that he would be present today.

She massaged her temples. How could she have forgotten about that?

"Get over here!" Isaac barked over the phone.

"Got it," she said, and put away the phone while telling the man with glasses, "I'm sorry, but I have something else to do— I have to go."

With that, she hurried to the car waiting by the road, but just as she reached the handle for the rear door, Isaac snapped, "Ride shotgun."

Irene reluctantly got in the front passenger seat, and she barely sat down when Isaac asked impatiently, "Can't you quit messing around, Irene Spencer?"

Irene frowned, thinking once again that he was crazy.

How was she messing around? How did she manage to upset him again?

Putting on her seatbelt, she simply said, "Please don't create an argument out of nothing."

In truth, Isaac himself did not know what was happening just then—he was quick to anger whenever he was around her.

He never had peace ever since he met her!

Still, he restrained his anger and said, "Don't tell others that you're not married."

Irene did not want to upset him, and since she was running away anyway, she did not mind leaving a good impression.

"Fine. Whatever you say goes."

Isaac's frown eased right then, and delight showed on his face.

For once, they were coexisting peacefully as they headed back to the mansion.

However, when the car stopped and Irene was about to get off, Isaac suddenly caught her wrist.

Her eyes widened in surprise as she looked at him, her eyelashes twitching as she stared at him.

"What are you doing?"

In reality, Isaac did not return over the last few days because he was giving her the cold treatment for telling Zachary to find him a woman.

She appeared completely unaffected, however, and that blush in her cheek was sign enough that life was good for her.

She was truly indifferent!

“Could you stop pissing me off, Irene Spencer?”

His words were quiet but clear.

Even if he did not want to take his feelings for her seriously, he could no longer control himself.

Even if he knew that she had been with other men, gotten pregnant, and suffered a miscarriage ... along with a long

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list of other misdeeds... He had feelings for her anyway.

“Did I upset you again?” Irene asked, wondering if he had some enormous chip on the shoulder that upsetted him all the time.

Naturally, she kept that thought in mind without saying it, while answering tamely, “Okay. I promise I won’t upset you again.”

Then, she smiled and asked, “Can you let go of me now? I need to get out.”

Isaac suddenly lowered his gaze at her fresh, alluring lips. Remembering the confidence and elegance she showed while she played the piano, he leaned forward and kissed her.

Caught by surprise, Irene tried to resist when she came to her senses. “Let me go-”

Isaac simply caught her wrists and stopped her from moving, while putting more weight behind the kiss to stop her from talking. At the same time, his skin reached beneath her skirt...