

Runaway 74

Chapter 74

Isaac was perfectly aware of how fair Irene's skin was, but it was only now that he realized how tender and smooth it was to the touch.

It felt as if a feather brushed against his heart—he craved that sensation.

He became obsessed with that sensation.

At the same time, Irene's eyes widened in astonishment, her pupils dilating.

... What was he doing?

No.

No way!

She could not do this with him given her physical condition, but Isaac was going further and further...

Unable to free herself from his restraint, she steeled herself and bit his lips!

Isaac's grip loosened from the pain, and she seized the moment to push him away.

Glaring at him, she snapped, "What are you doing, Isaac Jefferson?! What do you take me for, some whore who spreads her legs for every man she meets?"

Isaac held her gaze with a distant look. "Isn't that exactly what you are?"

Irene almost slapped him across the face right then, but she stopped herself.

After all, she could not afford to do it now, just as she was not brave enough!

Having calmed down soon enough, she said evenly, "I'm not. I had been with a man, but just the one I won't sleep with simply anyone I meet."

If she got upset or threw a fit, Isaac would just say, "You are my wife, and nothing I do to you is ever out of line."

But since she was staying calm, all he could do was watch.

"Then leave him."

This time, Isaac was very calm as well.

All he wanted right now for her to be his wife-no more,

no less.

In other words, she was not allowed to have liaisons... Be it with one man or several.

She belonged to him, and him only!

On the other hand, Irene did not even know what the man from that night looked like, let alone his character.

All they had shared was that night, and the only thing he left her with was her twins.

As such, she had no qualms as she replied, "Okay."

Isaac's expression became relaxed, seemingly because he was satisfied with her answer and was getting along with her for once.

"Let's go home," Isaac said as he alighted.

However, that line left Irene taken aback.

She was sensing his change ever so slightly... but she was soon looking at her toes.

She and Isaac were from two different worlds, and she would never dare to feel any desire for him.

Hence, she feigned a nonchalant look as she followed him out of the car.

Mrs. Watson was taking out the trash when she found both of them returning together, and promptly smiled. "Welcome home, Mr. and Mrs. Jefferson. Did you both come home together?"

Irene smiled. "We happened to run into each other."

"Oh!" Mrs. Watson exclaimed, and tactfully made way for them, especially since it was very rare that they got along.

Irene, however, did not want to be alone with Isaac-not when she had caught on to the fact that he was changing.

"I'm sleepy," she said, hastily coming up with an excuse. "I'm going upstairs."

Isaac knew that she was avoiding him, and said, "I'm hungry. Make me something."

Irene was speechless. Could she say no?

Nonetheless, she forced a smile and asked with a subservient tone, "What do you have in mind?"

"Anything is fine," he replied.

Irene gave him a look, and washed her hands in the kitchen before opening the fridge.

The fridge contained all the ingredients one would ever need, though she opted for something simple that she happened to be good with.

At the same time, Isaac remained standing in the living room, unbuttoning his jacket with one hand while he watched the woman in the kitchen get to work.

He had forgotten the taste of home because his parents died early, and Mrs. Watson was the only one who kept the mansion together.

Naturally, it used to be cold and bleak in here before Irene came to stay

Now, she felt at home.

Taking off his jacket , he threw it casually on the couch and strode into the kitchen.

“Irene Spencer.”

The woman was using the chopping board, and turned to glance at the man standing by the doorway.

“Hold on a moment.”

Isaac naturally knew that she would not be done so quickly.

He wanted to tell her, “Let’s stay like this from now on.”

But he could not, because his ego stopped him from doing so.

He turned and left.