

## Runaway 771

### Chapter 771

"I'm fine," Irene replied.

She was just glad to see Tommy laugh so much!

Leaning against Isaac's arm and giving Tommy a pinch on his soft cheeks, she pointed at his cotton candy and asked, "Can I have a bite?"

Tommy held it out to her and she took a bite, leaving sticky stains around her lips, which latched on the tissue when she wiped it. She regretted eating it, as she felt sticky all over her lips now.

"Over here."

Isaac poured some bottled water over his fingers and wiped her lips, which easily removed the sticky stains.

As he lowered his gaze to study her lips with a serious look, Irene felt her heart skip a beat at the sight of his beautiful face.

She felt at once a little conceited and a little superficial. Having a man beside her and tending to her was certainly going to leave others envious, because she could sense many a young lady shooting looks at them!

Smiling, she shifted closer to him as if to tell everyone else that he was hers.

There was a jingle signaling the end of the last ride, and that they could go in.

Each seat of the little train seated three, suiting them perfectly!

The little train chugged along its tracks just like a steam locomotive, and Tommy was excitedly leaning over the safety railing.

Isaac put a hand around him and gave him a light smack on the rump. "Sit down."

Tommy simply ignored Isaac and kept leaning over as he took more bites off his cotton candy—Isaac had to scoop him up and tuck him back inside the car.

Irene plucked a piece of cotton candy and shoved it at Isaac's mouth then. "You're the only one whose mouth isn't sticky."

Isaac did a double take and turned toward Irene. He did not open his mouth, so the white piece of fluff stuck to his chin like a beard.

It was a hilarious sight, and Irene could not help laughing. Isaac opened his mouth to slide the cotton candy inside before asking, "Is it really that funny?"

Irene nodded fervently, when he suddenly held her head in place, pasting his lips against hers with pinpoint precision! Irene's eyes widened in surprise.

He was doing it... in public! Her face heated up right then, but Isaac already withdrew by the time she came to his senses and tried to push him off, as if nothing ever happened, leaving her speechless.

The lights in the amusement park were beautiful at night, and there were also programs planned for children—it was 11 PM by the time it was over.

Tired from playing, Tommy was soundly asleep in Irene's arms.

As Isaac drove, he asked, "Do you want supper?"

Irene was a little hungry and she spotted a stall selling grilled skewers.

Pointing at it, she said, "Let's have that."

Isaac looked over there, but frowned in disdain.

"You never have that before, have you? Try it—it's good," Irene said, noting his look of disdain. "I happen to be craving it."

Isaac stopped the car then and took Tommy off her arms. "Let's go!"

Irene giggled. "Don't you find your life dull? It's only by experiencing new things that life gets interesting."

Heading to the stall, she ordered peppers, corn, salted fish, and some beef, sticking mostly to the vegetables since the meat might not be fresh.

After that, she gestured for Isaac to sit at one of the tables, having left Tommy with Eagle in the car since there was a lot of smoke outside.

The man was sitting stiffly, afraid to move an inch—he was certainly much accustomed to fighting than delicate work like this.

When their skewers were done, Irene picked up a corn skewer and held it beside Isaac's lips.

"Try this," she said, nodding encouragingly as he looked up at her.

"Trust me."

Isaac took a bite, but he did not really like it. "You can have the rest."

"Should we have something else?" she asked, since she did not want Isaac to watch as she ate everything.

"It's fine, eat."

His phone rang just then, and glancing at it to see that it was James Cross, he got up. "I need to take this."

"Okay," Irene replied.

Isaac walked up beside the road to answer it.

"Hello?"

James's voice sounded urgent on the other end!

## **Chapter 772**

"We have a hit. I'm heading over as we speak."

James had managed to track down the goons, but they were out of town so he needed to head over to confirm right away.

He was already on his way, but he decided he should give Isaac a heads up.

"Good," Isaac replied. "Contact me when you have something."

"Sure."

With that, Isaac hung up and turned around, only to see that Irene was gone from their table.

His heart skipped a beat—the unending list of trouble that occurred to her was almost freakish, leading to his mind always jumping to the worst-case scenario.

He looked around frantically, but he eventually found her carrying a paper bag.

He frowned and strode over to her. "Where did you go?"

Irene held up the paper bag to show him. "I bought you donuts. There's nothing else available this late."

As Isaac stared at her in silence, Irene presumed that he disliked it too. "Everyone likes snacks, but if you don't want it, we can just head home and ask Mrs. Watson to cook you something—"

"No," Isaac said, cutting her short. "You weren't there when I turned around."

Irene smiled. "What, can't live without me for one second?" Isaac put his arms around her, half-joking and half-serious as he growled with unreasonable affection, "Yeah. Don't you leave my sight for an instant."

Irene looked up. From her position, it was a direct view of his long neck and that alluring Adam's apple of his, as well as his masculine hormonal scent.

"You could be my bodyguard and follow me around every day," she cooed in his arms.

Isaac chuckled. "What, do I get paid?"

"Sure," Irene replied unapologetically, and put the donuts on the table. "Come here, sit—I know you don't like the grease on grilled skewers, but bear with it for today. I won't make you eat at stalls from now on."

"It's alright. I can do this on occasion, but not all the time." Isaac certainly was not accustomed to this, but Irene was considerate of his tastes and bought him donuts, since he did not like the charred taste of grilled food.

He did not mind eating what she liked, but that sort of food was unhealthy, and they should therefore try to limit how much they eat that.

Irene nodded. "Okay."

On the way home after supper, Irene was holding Tommy but keeping him at arm's reach, worried that the smoky scent on her clothes would latch on to him.

With the condiments heavily applied to grilled food, the scent tended to linger.

Leaning toward Isaac, she asked, "Do I stink?"

Isaac turned on the ignition. "Nope."

Irene doubted him, and so leaned closer so that he could smell it, while trying to get him to admit it. "Really?"

Isaac held her gaze then. "What, do you want proof?"

"What proof—"

He kissed her lips before she could finish, leaving her speechless.

"Is this proof enough?" He grinned meaningfully.

Irene shoved him in her embarrassment while Isaac leaned forward again, "Need more proof ???"

Irene almost snapped at him, but instead straightened herself and said, "Eyes on the road."

Isaac drove off then. Irene's phone suddenly jingled with a text message notification. She took it out and tapped on it.

[Let's meet at Blue Sky Cafe tomorrow.]

Irene read the text, and was perplexed to see that it was from an unfamiliar number.

"What is it?" Isaac asked.

"I got a text from a number I don't recognize," she replied. "It's asking to meet."

"Then don't go," Isaac told her, when her phone jingled again!

### **Chapter 773**

Irene frowned as she tapped on her phone again, and it was another message.

[Refuse, and I will come to you at your workplace.]

It almost sounded threatening.

"What now?" Isaac asked.

Irene pursed her lips, searching her mind endlessly to find who would possibly do this.

No one came to mind apart from Seth Hedge, but he was not about to bother her with a broken leg.

"They would look for me at work if I don't go," she told Isaac, unsettled.

She was wary, and certainly did not like having this weirdness like this happening to her.

"I'll drive you to work tomorrow," Isaac said.

Irene looked at him, feeling apologetic inside that she could not care for their family as a wife, or ease his list of worries.

Instead, his own work was affected because of her.

She lowered her gaze to Tommy, who was asleep in her arms. Both him and his baby brother were basically raised by Sheryl Harris.

"Give me two years, Isaac. Dennis Turner picked me, and he's not going to find someone else so soon if I throw in the towel now.

Two years would be just right to complete development of the artificial heart, and I'll resign once I'm done to take care of our children."

Isaac turned toward her just then.

Sensing the pressure on her, he kept one hand on the steering wheel while caressing her face with his other. "What is it?"

"Nothing." She smiled. "Just want to freeload at home since you can afford anything anyway."

Even so, Isaac heard Zachary Slate mentioning more than once that she was a person with ambition.

Would she really be happy if she was forced to give up on her ideals for their family's sake?

"I thought you're the one who'd be paying me a salary. Reneging already?"

"Can't afford you," Irene said, giving him a look. "You're too expensive."

Isaac was speechless.

What was that supposed to mean, and why did it sting a little?

"Just don't think about it," he said, taking her hand in his. "You have me. You have nothing to fear."

Irene found that having someone to depend on was so nice just then, and said earnestly, "Thank you."

"We're married. You don't have to be so polite." Zachary was worn out from the long-distance travel to and from New Kent, but he could not fall asleep even as he tossed and turned in bed.

He could not forgive himself for his mistake, and he felt utterly sickened no matter how he thought about it.

He suddenly sat up, blaming himself for doing that while he was drunk, and to a hostess!

He got out of bed and headed to his study. He had a stack of documents to read following the on-site survey, which he was going to do tomorrow at his office. Instead, he went to work right away since he could not sleep.

It was late at night, and everything was quiet.

But Lulu Adams was unable to sleep, so she was curling into a ball by the window to stare at the stars outside.

Bzzt.

The phone she left by her feet was vibrating, and she picked it up.

"We need you at a crime scene, Lulu."

"Alright," she replied right away, while quickly composing herself.

She left as soon as she put on her clothes, and saw that Martin York was there too.

Frowning, she said, "Back on the job already? But you haven't recovered."

Lulu had come across workaholics like him.

In fact, the term workaholic might not be entirely accurate— it was almost a state of mind, a tenet!

For a man like Martin, closing cases was his life's calling.

As for Lulu, a fulfilling job was good too, since she would be able to forget all the messy stuff in her head.

This time, the crime scene was a karaoke bar, where there was a woman killed in a private booth.

Lulu clasped her fingers over her nose by reflex when she saw the scene. She had seen much carnage, but this...

Lulu had come across workaholics like him.

## **Chapter 774**

The way the woman was butchered senselessly left Lulu flinching, even though she had seen her fair share of gore.

Still, she quickly composed herself and opened her equipment box, whipped out a pair of gloves, and began examining the victim: a young girl with a pretty face.

Initial examination suggests that she was tortured to death, though further investigation was needed for more details.

Lulu was not distressed or embarrassed to see the victim brutalized beyond description, but she instead calmly and thoroughly examined every part of the victim's body, including the privates.

When she was done, she said, "Initial post-mortem suggests extensive damage to internal organs to be the cause of death. Most of the observable damage is in her womb."

"Is there nothing else?" Martin asked.

"I took some samples to examine back at the lab. We might get something more conclusive there."

"Good."

"Captain, check this out," an officer said, picking up a bloody beer bottle.

Martin glanced at it and said, "Bag it, tag it, and keep looking."

After everyone gathered all the evidence they could, they stuffed the victim's body into a body bag and took it away.

Martin left two officers on the scene to interrogate potential witnesses, while taking the bar owner and the person who called the cops back to the precinct for interrogation.

Someone joked on the way back "You didn't even blink when you examined that body, Lulu. You really have a stout heart, huh?"

Everyone else were men—Lulu was a woman.

With the unspeakably gruesome death of the victim, anyone without mental fortitude would not be able to stay for long.

"Cut the crap," Martin growled, shooting the officer a look. Focus on the task at hand, not at the pointless stuff."

"Oh, right. Our dear captain, always watching out for the lady—"

Martin pulled the officer's ear before he could finish. "Watch your mouth, or it's the duct tape treatment."

Lulu stayed silent, unable to chime in.

Moreover, she had just joined and was not that familiar with her colleagues.

She had even less reason to join in since it was a delicate issue.

Once they returned to the precinct, they each went about their tasks.

Lulu quickly took the samples she gathered to the lab as well, and

Martin followed her. "When would you have the result?"

"Soon. I'll work overtime," Lulu said.

"Thank you," Martin said.

Lulu turned to glance at him. "I thought everyone else is working too, and aren't you working overtime as well, while injured? You're much more diligent than I am." Martin was in his thirties, but quite good looking. He carried the air of someone straightlaced, and he also showed maturity and composure.

"So... About what Randy said," he mentioned hesitantly. "He's just joking."

Lulu smiled. "I don't mind it."

"That said, you really are professional."

This was the first time Lulu went to a crime scene since she started work here, and her performance was satisfactory for Martin.

With all the tests done and the results compiled by 7 AM, she brought everything to Martin, "Here, cap. The DNA and blood test results indicate that every drop of blood on the crime scene was the victim's. There were probably three men who raped her before she died."

Martin took the papers and scanned through them before putting them away. "Let's have breakfast together. I'm buying."

Lulu hesitated for a moment, but eventually agreed to it. Isaac was worried after Irene received that weird text, so he drove her to work the next morning.

As the car stopped steadily outside the front entrance of Hotmesh Research, he did not see anyone suspicious.

"You should go to work," Irene said. "I'll be safe inside the building."

Security would not let anyone go in as they like, but Isaac was still worried.

"I'll walk you inside," he said, and turned to Eagle. "Keep an eye on everything outside."

"Yes, Mr. Jefferson," Eagle replied somberly.

With that Isaac headed up the stairs with Irene when someone called out from behind.

"Are you Irene Spencer?"

"I'll be safe inside the building."

## **Chapter 775**

Isaac and Irene turned simultaneously to find a blonde, fair-skinned foreign lady standing at the front door. She was young and beautiful, but Irene was positive she did not know her.

"You are...?"

"Are you Irene Spencer?" the woman repeated—her pronunciation was so perfect that no one would think that she was a foreigner if they only heard her voice.

"Who are you?" Irene refused to answer her again.

"I'm asking, are you Irene Spencer?" Lara was equally stubborn and imposing!

"I don't know you," Irene replied, and took Isaac by the hand and started to leave.

Lara rushed toward them.

"Don't you run away—"

Eagle caught her the instant she strode forward and she glared at him. "Let me go."

There was no way Eagle would—instead, he shoved with just his wrist, bouncing her off.



Lara stumbled backwards and slipped, hitting the floor on her bottom.

She frowned in pain but got up, dusting herself.

"That was rude!" she snapped, pointing at Eagle and throwing the law in his face. "You'd better let me through, or I'm calling the cops because you just violated my personal rights!"

Eagle's hawkish gaze remained placid.

That was when Isaac made his way towards them.

"Why are you looking for Irene?"

Lara studied him from head to toe. "And who are you?"

"You don't have to know."

Having confirmation that Irene did not know her, her sudden appearance was naturally an enigma.

Naturally, Lara was not going to play along. "Why should I tell you anything when you refuse to do so?"

Isaac raised a brow. "You can maintain your silence, but I can assure you that you won't get to meet Irene if you do."

Lara stared at him for seconds before saying, "I'm Seth Hedge's fiancée, and I heard that he got hurt because of her, so I want to have a word. I mean, did she have to go that far?"

Isaac actually appeared surprised, but remained quiet for a while. Soon, he told her, "Go on in."

Lara did a double take. "Are you joking?"

"Why don't you see for yourself?" Isaac replied.

Lara entered then, and she was actually unimpeded this time.

Isaac then told Eagle, "Follow her. Don't let him near Irene."

"Yes, Mr. Jefferson," Eagle replied, and hurried inside, reaching

Irene before Lara could.

Irene was puzzled to see Eagle, but she soon noticed Lara arriving just as she was about to speak.

As Lara raised her hand, poised to strike, Eagle stood between them again and warned, "Try anything funny again and I'll break that hand."

His burly form and hawkish gaze intimidated Lara right then. She bit her lip and glared at Irene as she demanded, "Why did you hurt Seth? You have no right!"

Irene frowned. "Seth?"

"Yes! Seth Hedge, my fiancé! You broke his leg, and he's now bedridden. Or am I not supposed to take issue with that?"

Irene was actually surprised by that, but she calmly retorted, "He deserved it. Why do you think I want him hurt, and not some random stranger?"

Before Lara could respond, Irene continued, "Now, leave if you have nothing else to say. Don't bother me while I'm at work."

Lara was advancing on her again, but paused as Eagle moved between them again. "I have a question. Can you be honest?"

"What?"

"What?"

Irene asked.

### **Chapter 776**

Lara glared at Irene and asked, "Seth loves you, doesn't he?"

Irene frowned.

"You're imagining things—"

"I'm not. My groom ran away and came here to Zidonia. And the only woman he was in contact with is you."

It turns out that Lara came to Irene not only because she hurt Seth, but to find out what was going on between Irene and Seth! Irene raised a brow in turn. It seems this misunderstanding would persist if she did not make things clear.

"First of all, I didn't even know that he's a runaway groom. We were just neighbors in the past, and we've never met or been in touch since he moved abroad. You can even verify that. In fact, we were only reunited by chance because I needed plastic surgery, and he happened to be the surgeon arranged by a friend. We barely met that many times even then." Lara certainly never found evidence that Seth was in contact with Irene before returning to the country.

"Then why did you hurt him?" she asked.

"Because he's disgusting," Irene replied.

"What? Is that it?" Lara exclaimed in disbelief.

"Yes, that's exactly it. We aren't even friends, so you have nothing to worry about. In fact, I'm married—the man with me just now? That's my husband."

"Oh!" Lara gasped in surprise, relieved considerably and actually smiling.

"Well then, good job. Seth's not running anywhere now." Irene asked.

"So? Can you go now?"

"Sure," Lara turned and strode off, but soon paused.

"You won't be seeing Seth again, right?"

"No, but you'd better keep him on a leash. Cripple him if he still tries to run off, keep him wheelchair bound. He won't be going anywhere that way," Irene said half-jokingly. She naturally had her own reasons for wanting Seth to get married soon, and the first was because she did not want Seth to bug her anymore.

The second was that she was still traumatized after what Harvey Gooding did, and she would always hate Seth and Harvey for it! For Seth's part, he probably did not like his fiancée—he would not have run away otherwise. And it would be torture for anyone to stay with a person they disliked, would it not? Lara actually raised a brow, but Irene's ruthlessness made it obvious that she had nothing to do with Seth! "Well, that's a little radical for my tastes so no," she said, though it never crossed her mind that such extreme measures were viable.

"I won't do it, but I will keep a close eye on him. Once he's better, I'm taking him back to Minerva, and we will get married." Once Lara was gone, Irene turned to Eagle.

"How did she get in here?" She knew Eagle's abilities, and Lara was never making it in if he did not let her.

"Mr. Jefferson let her in," Eagle admitted.

"Are you sure?" Irene was left confused just then.

"Yes, ma'am," Eagle answered assuredly.

But why would Isaac let her in? Lara looked violent when they saw her outside the building, or was Isaac not afraid that she would hurt Irene? What was he thinking?! Professor Novsky arrived then.

"Director Spencer?"

Deciding that she would not solve the mystery soon, Irene gave up.

Turning to Eagle, she said, "You can head outside now."

"Yes, ma'am."

With that, Irene and Professor Novsky headed towards the conference room, discussing as they walked together, "Actually, there's this option I think we could go for..."

After Lulu and Martin finished their breakfast, the latter asked, "Drive you home?"

Lulu was embarrassed.

"My home isn't that far away. You've been up all night too, so you should head home soon."

"Alright. Be careful."

While Martin drove off, Lulu stood by the road, inhaling deeply the fresh air of the morning. She had been working the entire night, and she was now sleepy. She strolled along the road—she was not lying

since she really was staying near the precinct, and she chose that place for the convenience of her job as well.

Once home, she took a bath, lay in bed, and closed her eyes. However, she suddenly sat up as she remembered something!

### **Chapter 777**

There were cameras in the walkways of the hotel where Lulu and Zachary had their tryst. Her identity would be exposed if he saw the recordings, and she should not cause trouble for him since he decided to start over.

Putting on her clothes, she hurried to the hotel. She spoke to the hotel management, but they had regulations against erasing it.

While she was left at a loss what to do, Martin arrived.

"What are you doing here?"

Lulu tugged on her own sleeve in reflex, pursing her lips as she felt nervous inside.

"W-What are you doing here?"

"I was going to check out," he said.

Lulu then remembered that Martin had to lodge here because he was wounded.

"So? What were you doing here?" Martin asked just then.

Lulu hesitated.

"I-I wanted to ask them to delete the footage of me being here..."

Martin stared at her for a couple heartbeats, but soon said, "I'll help."

Walking up to the front desk, he flashed his badge and asked to delete the footage of Lulu. The management had to comply, and he left with Lulu when everything was done.

Martin did not ask her anything even as they left.

In fact, using his authority as a law enforcer to demand the hotel delete that footage was against the law, and he would be punished if the higher-ups found out.

"Aren't you going to ask me why?" Lulu asked.

"Deleting the footage just means you don't want to be seen," Martin said.

"Would you really tell me if I asked you the reason, or would I just be putting you on the spot?"

Lulu lowered her gaze and smiled faintly.

"You are as smart as you are considerate, cap... Well, it's true that I won't know what to tell you." Martin chuckled.

"Can I take that as praise from you?"

"Sure," Lulu replied, less nervous now thanks to him.

"I was praising you anyway." They both laughed.

Irene did her best to finish work within regular hours so that she did not have to work overtime and go home early.

In fact, she was leaving early for the day. She should do something, after all—Isaac should not be the only one making sacrifices.

Getting in the car, she told Eagle, "Let's go home."

However, just as they drove out of the compound, she suddenly stopped him.

"Hold on...No, let's go to Twinrise Enterprise instead. Since Isaac came to give her a ride yesterday, she should be the one who picked him up today. She checked the time and saw that it was just a little past four—it was still very early, and it was four when they arrived at Twinrise. She alighted and went inside. She had never been here with Isaac, and while everyone knew that Isaac had a wedding called off, they did not know who the bride was supposed to be.

Moreover, most of the employees here at Twinrise were new faces —most of Isaac's key personnel had been diverted to Remy in Franconia. As such, the receptionist at the front desk did not let Irene through right away when she asked to see Isaac, but called him instead.

When Isaac picked up, the receptionist said, "There's a Ms. Spencer here asking to see you."

Isaac did a double take.

Spencer? Just like Irene's last name? Hold on, did she really just come to his office? And she usually looked so busy...

Where did she get the time? He moved his cursor to click on the lobby's cameras and saw that it really was Irene standing there. He smiled without knowing it.

"Tell her that I won't be seeing her."

With that, he hung up and headed downstairs to receive her personally!

## **Chapter 778**

The front desk receptionist put down the phone and told Irene, "I'm sorry, but Mr. Jefferson refused to see you. Please leave."

"What?" Irene exclaimed in disbelief.

Isaac refused to see her? Did he do something here that she was not supposed to find out? Whipping out her phone from her bag, she called him directly, but no one answered.

As she frowned, the elevator nearby jingled before the doors opened and a ringtone could be heard. She looked up to find his towering figure striding toward her.

His shirt collar was a little loose, while his straight cut trousers hugged his long legs. He was hardly his usual impeccable appearance in suit and tie.

Irene stared at him then, realizing then that this was how he usually looked while he was at the office, and it somehow made him appear mundane.

The receptionist saw the ringing phone Irene was holding, and then at Irene. She wondered then if she was Isaac's bride for that wedding, which had to be called off for some reason.

As Isaac strode with a steady pace to Irene, Irene hung up, and the ringtone on his phone stopped right then.

"Weren't you refusing to see me?" she asked.

"It's a spot-check, isn't it?" Isaac chuckled.

"That means I have to receive you personally." The receptionist was left speechless.

Was that man really their boss, Isaac Jefferson? When did he fawn over women so much? He was always cold to everyone in the office and rarely smiled.

His exchange with Irene certainly broadened her horizon! Irene was actually embarrassed by Isaac's joke since there were people around.

As she shot him a glare in silence, he simply put an arm on her shoulder and said, "Come on. Let's go upstairs."

He then paused and turned to the receptionist, "This is my wife. Just let her upstairs the next time she comes here."

"Yes, Mr. Jefferson," she replied, though her eyes were on Irene.

She was certainly in awe that a woman like her tamed Isaac, though her good looks were undeniable.

Irene finally spoke once they got inside the elevator.

"Why did you say that when the receptionist was right there? You're terrible." Isaac raised a brow.

"Really? I don't think there's anything bad about that. Or maybe you don't want people to know who you are?"

Before Irene could answer, he leaned in and whispered flirtatiously into her ear, "What do you want me to say? That you're my lover, destined to be kept hidden from everyone?"

Irene tried to shove at him with her elbow, but he reacted quickly and dodged it.

Still, Irene was glaring as she complained, "Aren't you worried that everyone in the office sees you behaving like this?"

Isaac simply flashed a charming smile.

"Let them watch all they want. I'm always a serious gentleman, and they'd believe that you're the one enticing me if they saw me behaving like a shameless dirtbag."

"You're impossible!"

Irene snapped and tried to punch at him, but he quickly restrained her by the wrist and firmly pulled, allowing her to fall into his arms while he held her slender waist with his other arm. As Irene's body was held tightly against his, she could not get away even as she struggled.

"Let me go, Isaac Jefferson!" She growled his full name.

Isaac lowered his gaze, his thick brows hiding his slight smile.

"Kiss me, and I will."

"You're shameless," Irene snapped, but reared her head anyway.

"There's cameras. Not caring about your image now?"

"I'll just have it deleted," he replied.

"Close your eyes," Irene said, wanting to get it over with.

Isaac was naturally cooperative.

Still, the elevator stopped as Irene leaned forward, and the doors opened to several figures standing outside. They had documents in their hands, and it was obvious that they were employees.

Irene felt as if her head fried up right then, and her face turned red- hot!

## **Chapter 779**

Irene quickly turned toward Isaac, who had released her without her realizing it and stood there, looking all-serious. It was as if she was the one brazenly trying to kiss him.

"Mr. Jefferson." The employees at the door greeted Isaac just then.

"Yeah," Isaac replied flatly.

"Come in." He took Irene's hand then and stepped outside, not forgetting to introduce her as they went.

"She's my wife. Greet her properly the next time you see her."

"Yes, Mr. Jefferson."

The employees all agreed with one voice and turned toward Irene.

"Hello, Mrs. Jefferson."

"Hello."

Irene smiled politely, but she loathed Isaac just then for making her look like a fool.

First impressions were vital, and what were the people in this building going to think of her now? Isaac had completely ruined her image! Once inside Isaac's office and the door closed behind them, she grabbed Isaac by the collar down to eye-level.

She had no choice since he was too tall—it was the only way to look into his eyes without standing on her toes.

"You wanted that, didn't you? You wanted to embarrass me in public, Isaac Jefferson!" Isaac arched his back to play along.

"It's not embarrassing. You just wanted a kiss from your husband, and they just happened to spot you. You're my legitimate wife and not some secret mistress— what are you worried about?"

"I'm not worried," Irene growled in utter frustration.

"It's the impression I'm leaving." Isaac smiled.

"Did I ruin it for you?"

"You think?!" she snapped indignantly.

"Others would think that I'm just..." Isaac smiled as he pressed, "Just what?"

Irene tapped his chest with a knuckle.

"Stop it already. You're always bullying me, too..."

"Myr. Jefferson...?"

Elliot the secretary was standing at the doorway, holding a tray of coffees and unsure if he should enter or leave.

"Sorry, I forgot to knock."

After the mess with Debbie the secretary, Isaac made sure to hire a male as his secretary this time since he needed the help.

Elliot kept his head down tactfully as if seeing nothing.

At the same time, Irene was speechless and slowly released Isaac's collar, turning her back to the door since she was too embarrassed to face anyone.

Isaac straightened himself then, adjusted his collar, and said, "Put it on the table."

Elliot entered and put the coffee on the table, before hurrying outside and closing the door behind him.

"The coffee here is good. Try it," Isaac told Irene then.

"You can have it." Irene pouted and started to leave.

Isaac caught her.

"Are you upset?" Irene was certainly indignant.

"I wanted to leave work with you, not embarrass myself." Isaac hugged her tenderly then.

"What's embarrassing about this? Flirting and squabbling is a way to make things exciting for married couples. They are all envious after seeing us—they won't be laughing at you."

"Don't try to swindle me—I'm not an idiot. You're a man with stature, so how are people going to think when you have such a coquettish wife?"



Irene's eyes were red from sheer rage.

"It's all your fault."

"Fine, it's my fault." Isaac apologized.

"I'm sorry. I won't make you kiss me in the office. Let's kiss once we get home."

Irene was speechless again, but he caught her hand when she tried to hit him again, saying, "You won't beat me."

While Irene could not say a word to that, he leaned in and whispered into her ear, "I won't make you kiss me, honest—but I'll kiss you." With that, he pressed his lips against hers. Irene's eyes widened in surprise!

### **Chapter 780**

Irene forgot how to react right then as she spaced out, allowing Isaac to kiss her as much as he wanted.

Irene slowly softened, her temper calming.

After a long while, Isaac released her, and her lips were bright red like peaches that were just soaked in water. She lowered her gaze.

"What time will you leave work?"

"Maybe later. I have a meeting at six," he said.

Irene checked her wristwatch—it was almost six.

"I'll wait."

"Okay," Isaac said.

Irene then settled herself on the couch and started reading a book she picked randomly.

Isaac picked up his coffee and sat beside her.

"Let's salvage your image on another occasion." Irene hated the mere mention of that.

"Fine," she said, seemingly resigning herself since it was pointless now.

"Though they'd think less of you since I left a bad impression, believing that you have poor taste, picking a woman who only thinks about getting frisky. I'm no domestic goddess anyway, so they can say whatever they like."

"That's the spirit." Isaac chuckled.

"It's their opinion, so let them be. Now, have some coffee to calm down."

Irene had actually let it go, but was slightly irked again at Isaac's words.

"Go to your meeting already. Quit hovering around me—it's annoying."

Isaac gave her a peck on the cheek then.

"Alright, I'm going. Don't want to annoy you."

Irene caught his wrist as he stood up.

"Make it quick. We should head home soon."

"Okay," Isaac replied.

All the books Isaac had were about commerce, so she fell asleep soon enough from disinterest. She slept late last night and woke early, and did not nap in the afternoon to finish work earlier.

As drowsiness took her, she put down the book and lay down on the couch to get more comfortable, eventually dozing off without knowing it.

After Isaac ended the meeting and returned to his office, he found Irene curled up on the couch.

He took off his jacket and put it over her when the phone on his desk rang. He got up and answered it while Irene stirred.

Rubbing her eyes, she looked up to see Isaac behind his desk, answering the call.

She had no idea what the other end said, while Isaac hung up after a few brief words.

"Is your meeting over?" Irene asked.

"Yeah," he replied, putting down his phone.

"Did the ringing wake you?" Irene shook her head.

"No."

"Let's go home."

She got to her feet and followed him outside.

On the way home, Isaac appeared hesitant to mention something.

"Just spit it already," Irene eventually told him.

"There's this event in Franconia which requires a lady's company. I know you're busy, but..."

"When?" Irene asked.

"Friday," he replied.

Irene checked her phone and considered it.

"It's Tuesday. There are three more days, so I think I can free up two days if I bring forward my schedule." Isaac held her hand.

"Thanks."

Irene smiled faintly at him.

"I thought we shouldn't be too polite when we're married?"

And she was just fulfilling her duty as a wife as well.

Leaning against his arm, she said, "I'll do my best to be a good wife and a good mother from now on."

Isaac smiled.

"You always were a good wife."

Irene looked up at him then.

She had more or less seen through his eccentricities by now, and what followed was definitely nothing good.

"What are you getting at?" she asked.