

Runaway 781

Chapter 781

Isaac pursed his lips.

"What? Why would you ask that?"

Irene released him then and straightened herself, looking serious as she voiced her hunch.

"Nothing good ever comes out of your lips."

Isaac smiled despite his irritation—what did she really take him for? Had he really never said anything nice?!

"That's slander." Irene snorted.

"Fine, then tell me: what makes me a good wife?" Isaac replied solemnly.

"You're a domestic goddess."

"Why does that sound ironic in my ears?" Irene leered at him, but she did not press the issue.

"Whatever. I'll believe you for now."

They returned home later, and Mrs. Watson was taking care of housework while Sheryl was caring for the children.

Irene thought then that although she was a wife, she really had not done much for her family, and so decided to cook. She should at least do that once in a while! Still, when they sat down for

dinner and Tommy had a bite from Irene's boiled egg, he pouted.

"Mrs. Watson's looks better." Irene had a taste and noticed that she really did overcook it.

As such, she pushed it to Isaac.

"Here, you can have it."

He looked up and stared at her then.

Was that affection, or was he just treated like a dumpster? The latter seemed more likely, to be honest...

Irene stuffed her schedule to the brim on the days before she went on her leave, finishing most of the tasks on hand so that they did not pile up.

The event was on Friday, so they had to leave on Thursday.

On the plane, Irene leaned against him and said, "Let's make a stop at Minerva when we return. I'd like to check on Erin Gooding."

"Sure," Isaac replied softly.

Stan Hill was there to receive them when they arrived at Zidonia.

Although he had been stuck in distant Franconia, James Cross constantly updated him on what happened in Zidonia.

"Mr. Jefferson. Mrs. Jefferson—the car's waiting outside," he said.

Isaac nodded.

"We won't be staying for long. Have you done as instructed?"

"Don't worry," Stan replied.

"It's done."

"Good."

They arrived outside the airport and Stan opened the door for them, while Isaac shielded Irene as she went in first. She was sleepy, but now spirited. She wound down the window, letting in the air outside to clear her head.

"Are we staying at a hotel?" she asked.

Isaac never stayed at hotels whenever he made business trips here. However, he did not tell her immediately since he did not know what Irene was thinking.

"I bought a house here. Want to check it out?"

"Sure," Irene replied right away.

Isaac told her simply.

"It's bigger than the hilltop mansion in Zidonia. I gave a general idea, and a design company did the rest."

Irene did appreciate Isaac's tastes, and thought then that it would not be that bad—she actually became expectant too.

It was a forty-minute trip, and the scenery along the way was beautiful.

Everything from the people to the architecture were a completely different world.

When they arrived Irene alighted, and the first thing she saw was the garden that spanned over 20,000 square feet. There was even a mini golf course, and it would take a while to cover the entire area.

"We can park at the side entrance too," Isaac said, which would allow easier entry.

They stopped at the main entrance so that Irene could see the entire building, seeing the entire castle and its courtyard. Irene looked around as she walked along it.

"It seems at once modern yet classical."

"I got it at an auction, and pretty much refurbished the entire building for the modern designs. It used to span more than 50,000 square feet, but the surrounding areas had been sold off, leaving just this."

Isaac was quite satisfied with the place.

They strode ahead, reaching a circular fountain with four tiers, the water streaming downwards and kicking up huge splashes down to the bottom tier.

The castle itself was of a Farbanti renaissance style, and was composed of large bricks of a calm milky-white hue.

Even the lower, wide steps to the front entrance were designed elaborately.

As Irene stood over it, she could feel Isaac's meticulous nature, thuy and that the design must have been for the sake of their children since they might fall over if the steps were too high.

"Go in and take a look," Isaac said as he put an arm around her shoulder.

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They opened the front doors to reveal a grand hall with a tall ceiling and two separate curved staircases on both ends—just like the castles one would see in movies.

There were up to eight Franconian servants, standing in a row and adding to the classical presence the castle carries.

"Mr.Jefferson," Pierre greeted Isaac.

He was the butler, a tall and slender man dressed in a fine suit, and he appeared rather advanced in age.

Isaac introduced Irene.

"This is my wife.We will be staying here for a couple days."

"Ma'am," Pierre greeted her respectfully, while introducing the servants and what their job entailed.

"However, they would mostly stick to cleaning the building as it isn't usually unoccupied.I'll have them prepare your room."

As Irene nodded in understanding, he deftly directed the other servants to work, since he knew best what they were good at and what tasks they were best suited for.

Naturally, the castle was kept flawlessly clean despite its size.

"I shall have a bath prepared for both of you, and dinner will be ready at seven.Would that be ideal?" Pierre asked.

"Sure," Isaac replied and turned to Irene.

"Let's go upstairs." Irene nodded.

Soon, it became clear that Pierre knew the castle better than Isaac, and he was always waiting for new orders as he brought them ona tour.

After all, Isaac might find something satisfying or that it needed improvement.

Most of the second floor was a guest area.

To the left was a huge rectangular room with stained glass windows, decorated with towering curtains.

Rows of single-seat couches were arranged tidily in a U-shape arrangement, with square tables separating each couch.

The simplicity and the openness made it a good place for discussion and meetings.

There were also other visitor areas, along with the dining room and recreation rooms.

The bedrooms were on the third floor, and there were six of them, each having its own separate living area, bathroom, wardrobe, balcony, and stained glass.

It was a drawback that the castle was too huge, and it was quite a trip if one needed to do anything.

In fact, Irene was tired before they finished the tour.

"Let's stop here for the day."

"Of course, ma'am. Do look around the basement and the first floor when you have the time," no.vele.book Pierre said before he left.

Throwing herself on a couch, Irene rubbed her neck and looked up at Isaac.

"It's huge here, but don't you think it's not that ideal as a house?"

Smaller places seemed to retain a family's warmth more, and even if they had everything they needed here, it just felt a little cold.

"No. Our children need space to grow," Isaac said.

There was also Mrs. Watson, Sheryl, their bodyguards, and their chauffeur—it would not feel that empty with so many people around.

With the servants as well, it would feel even more homely.

It was only natural that it seemed quiet with the two of them.

"Just take a bath and rest for the night. I might be busy tomorrow." Isaac said as he took off his jacket.

Irene took it and hung it on the hanger, and unbuttoned his shirt too.

"You can get in first." Isaac lowered his eyes, looking at her fair, dainty figures as he gently grasped them.

"What?"

Irene looked up to meet his eyes.

Isaac chuckled.

"You look the part of a wife right now." Irene beamed.

"Just because I was helping you?"

Isaac wrapped an arm around her thin, soft waist and explained patiently with a serious look, "No..."

"I know," she smiled.

"I was just teasing you." Isaac pinched her cheek.

"You dare to tease me now? Cheeky."

"I can't let you bully me all the time," Irene cooed.

"When did I ever bully you?" thhe asked as he leaned toward her, his eyes burning with passion and his voice deep and alluring.

"But I feel like doing it right now...May I?"

Chapter 783

Irene rarely took the initiative, but he was barely finished when she wrapped her arms around Isaac's neck and kissed his lips. Her lips were soft and sweet, and it caught Isaac off guard.

Still, he soon came to his senses and responded with passion, and he carried her over to a table as they continued to swap spit.

As Irene's shoulder strap slipped off and revealed her fair, beautiful skin, Isaac's breathing turned ragged and he suddenly paused, staring at her in confusion.

"What..."

Irene held his gaze, but eventually gave in and burst out in laughter.

"I'm on my period."

Isaac was left speechless—he knew something was wrong since she was always shy, getting passive when things began to get frisky.

Why would she suddenly behave like that? Although he took a moment to calm down, his voice was still hoarse, "Was it fun, messing with me?"

Irene nodded repeatedly.

"Yeah. It really is."

Annoyed but having no choice, Isaac straightened her close.

"You better pray your period lasts forever."

"Fine, my bad," she apologized right away—she really was afraid of him.

Isaac held her gaze then, but there was passion in his eyes despite his clear restraint.

"It's late now."

With those words, he turned and headed to the bathroom —he felt like he was burning and needed to cool off.

Irene quickly went after him.

"I'll help." Isaac turned again.

He would be happy about that on any other occasion, but not today —he might kill him! "I'll do it myself,"

he said, and closed the door in her face.

Irene pursed her lips, feeling like she went overboard.

It was twenty minutes later when he stepped out in his gray silk pajamas.

Its shiny sheen and soft texture was certainly a sight to behold on his tall, muscular form.

Naturally, it did not hide his masculine charm, especially with his good looks.

Irene walked over to him and tried to win points again.

"Let me blow dry your hair."

Isaac stared at her for a long while, but he eventually gave in and chuckled.

"You're forgiven, since you're that sincere."

Irene wrapped her arms around his waist and cooed, "Thanks, darling."

Isaac was naturally pleased to hear her say that, and leaned down to kiss her forehead.

"I like it when you call me that."

Slightly embarrassed, she hid her face in his chest.

The faint fresh scent of soap swirling from his body was a delight to her nose, and she sniffed it greedily.

After her bath, Irene put on a set of conservative pajamas when Pierre knocked on their door, saying that dinner was ready. She and Isaac went downstairs together to eat, and they slept soundly later.

Irene was woken the next day, she opened her groggy eyes...

to the sight of the row of servants standing by her bed.

She promptly sprang up, her head clearing up right then.

"What..."

She then spotted the towering form, who was speaking into the phone while still in his pajamas, standing at the balcony.

He continued his conversation for over ten minutes before hanging up, and he waited for a while before entering.

Seeing that Irene was awake, he said, "I had Stan prepare those gowns. Pick the one you like."

Irene remembered then that they were supposed to attend a grand ceremony and she pulled off her blanket to get out of bed.

There were three gowns: one was elegant, one had attitude, while the last one was risqué but feminine.

"The black one," Irene said, naturally picking the one with attitude.

There were sets of jewelry too, and Isaac walked up, pointing at the nude-colored diamond set.

"That fits."

The somber of blackness needed something shiny to shine.

Rubies or sapphires would only blend into the backdrop and fade, while the contrast between nude and black had a greater contrast, and her youthfulness would help.

Irene looked at him, her lips parting in a faint smile, "Okay. Let's go with that."

"I'll be leaving first since I have work to do. Stan will be here with someone to help with your makeup after breakfast. I'll come to get you around ten."

With that, he headed to his wardrobe.

Irene had no idea if those were borrowed, and she had the servants put them down for the time being. She headed downstairs to the kitchen, and Pierre arrived, asking, "' How can I help, ma'am?"

"I was just thinking about making some scrambled eggs and warm milk," she replied.

"I'll get the cook to—"

"It's fine. I can do it."

Isaac definitely had not had breakfast, and he was already in a hurry to leave, so she cooked both at the same time.

She was done just as Isaac arrived downstairs, and she put everything on the table. "Eat something before you leave."

Chapter 784

While Isaac walked over to her, Pierre was going to pull out a chair when Irene smiled.

"I'm fine on my own here. You can go about your other work."

Taking his cue, Pierre kept his head lowered as he left, while Irene pulled out a chair for Isaac. As he sat down, she stood behind him and said, "Try it. I made it, and you know I rarely cook."

"Indeed."

She would always be in a hurry to get to work in the mornings, so it was Mrs. Watson who prepared breakfast, and they would be out of the house once they finished breakfast.

Isaac naturally humored her and had the eggs first.

It was just plain scrambled eggs and hardly as good as Mrs. Watson's cooking, but he found it exquisite.

Wrapping her arms around his neck from behind, Irene asked mildly, "Is it good?"

"Yeah," Isaac replied.

"You have to eat breakfast no matter how busy it gets, or it'd be bad for your stomach," Irene told him.

Isaac turned and put his hand on hers.

"Got it."

"You should leave if you're finished. Don't let me keep you," she said.

She was going to pull away, but Isaac held her in place, He then tugged at her firmly, pulling her to him and kissing her on the lips.

He deliberately wiped the oil from the eggs to her lips before letting her go in satisfaction, rising to his feet and wiping his lips elegantly with his napkin.

"I'm going now."

Irene wiped her lips as well, muttering grumpily, "Childish."

And yet, there was a blissful smile over her face.

Stan Hill arrived with the makeup artist after breakfast and Irene sat before her makeup table, not moving an inch cooperatively.

"Let's keep it light," she said, worried that the makeup artist would go overboard.

"Don't worry. You can have faith in me," the makeup artist said.

"Your facial features are perfect and I already have an idea what to do—your satisfaction is guaranteed."

"Well, I'm counting on you," Irene replied.

Her eyes were clear and spirited, which did not need much enhancement.

Merely a thin stroke of eyeliner and a soft eyeshadow was enough to accentuate her mild alluring appearance.

Even so, she did not appear all coquettish, but it was a sharp presentation of her feminine charms instead.

Her black hair had natural curls, and it all made her look as if she had gone through a lot of effort prettying up when she did not actually do so.

After over an hour later, her hair and makeup was mostly done.

The makeup artist looked at Irene's reflection in the mirror, feeling proud of her own work because Irene was just so beautiful.

It was around half past nine, and Irene still had to put on her gown and jewelry. It was ten by the time she was done.

"Perfect," the makeup artist said.

Irene thought so too—it was precisely what she wanted.

Lifting her skirt, she stepped outside with Stan in tow, where a Bentley Mulsanne limousine was waiting.

It was more gentlemanly than any imposing Rolls, its subtle solemnness not losing out in grandness!nove.le.book Stan opened the door for her, and as she entered, the slit to her left opened upwards slightly, baring her thigh.

It was slightly alluring, but nothing too risque.

As Isaac looked toward it, Irene hid it while saying, "I'm not used to it."

Isaac handed her a blanket to cover it, and Irene caught his hand when he leaned toward her.

Isaac looked up into her eyes.

"Nervous?" Irene nodded.

"Just stay with me," Isaac assured her.

"You don't have to say a word."Even so, she got the increasing feeling that they were not a match, because she was not the type who could walk side-by-side with her husband.Everything he had, he fought for, whereas she enjoyed the good things he brought her, never once doing anything for all the success.Taking a deep breath, she joked, "Do I look the part of a trophy wife?"

Isaac understood what she was getting at and raised a brow.

"You stand among the best in your field and wouldn't lose out to me, get it? It's my honor to have you as my wife, since you're much nobler than I am, saving lives while I carry the stink of being dirty rich."

Irene certainly felt inferior at first, but she became confident again after hearing him out.

"Really?"

"Of course," Isaac replied with assurance, and put an arm around her shoulder.

"Calm down—I'm with you." Irene smiled.

"Well, I'm not afraid. You're on cleanup duty if I do mess up."

It was quite a while when the Bentley finally stopped and a valet arrived to open the door for them.

Isaac alighted first, and held out his hand to her. thuyShe took it and arched her back as she stepped out before looking up at the building up front.

Chapter 785

The building was at once grand and stylish.

It was only natural since they were in Franconia, a city where the old met the new and where innumerable historical events occurred.

Such a place of romance naturally would leave people forgetting to leave.

Still, they were not visiting some famous tourist spot, but attending a banquet held by the Gallads, an influential dynasty.

Everyone attending was rich or important, and Isaac already told Irene about the situation.

Isaac wanted company because Stan had received information that this was not the usual social occasion attended by high society.

Rumor had it that the Gallads were out looking for the right suitor since the family business was in the midst of a crisis, and they were planning to arrange a marriage that would get them out of a bind.

Those who were aware naturally did not want to be picked —they had every right to refuse, but that would be a slight to the family.

All Irene had to do was play the role of a wife, which she was by wrapping her arms around his intimately.

Security was tight since the Gallads would not want any random person making it inside, and entry required the presentation of an invitation.

The hall was already crowded when Irene and Isaac entered.

There was a round table in the middle with its center removed in place of a fountain, where a half-naked statue of a woman stood.

As the trails of water splashed down, the vapor that swirled out of it made the statue appear as if it stood atop the clouds.

Overhead, a luxurious crystal spiraling chandelier was shining with dazzling radiance.

Couches were arranged by the windows and the table was placed with exquisite confectionery, fruits, and snacks, along with alcohol of all types and color.

There was laughter and endless conversation, as the ladies stood in groups of two and three, all of them gossiping or discussing their outfits for the day, praising boutiques or mentioning the handbags they bought.

They were all dressed elaborately and exquisitely fit for the occasion, and it was obvious that they were not your usual housewives since they represented both themselves and their husbands.

The men were mostly on the couches, talking business, standing apart from the women.

Isaac and Irene were the only foreigners there, and especially eye-catching among the crowd, and naturally drawing much attention! Most knew Isaac since he had some reputation here, and a couple Franconian men made their way toward him when they saw him come in.

Isaac nodded slightly and said, "I've worked with these gentlemen before."

Irene nodded.

"And who might this wonderful be?" one of them asked in Franconian.

"My wife," Isaac replied fluently.

Both men appeared surprised that he was married, and Isaac explained that they got married in Zidonia.

Naturally, it was to send a message to the rest that he was married.

The two Franconians studied her then.

Her hair was tied elegantly behind her head with a sidelock dangling beside her head, projecting a liveliness amid her feminine presence.

On her fair ears were a pair of white feather-shaped earrings, each of which was encrusted with diamonds, with the lowest one appearing like a droplet, refracting the light brightly.

Her necklace was a matching set with her earrings, with a lifelike feather dangling beneath the chain of diamonds.

It was just above her cleavage too, visible from the cutout of the black dress over her chest, which bared her seductive collarbone as well.

The blinding white diamond was a perfect contrast to her black dress, keeping the black from getting too dull while competing for attention from the white.

The silky smooth dress hugged her hourglass figure.

Although she had a little tummy after giving birth twice and it was visible from the side, nov.ele.book it did not affect her beauty, even adding to her appeal — most people who were slim had not an ounce of flesh, but she was still slim and curvaceous.

The feet that protruded occasionally from her ankle-length gown was dainty and fair, presenting her womanly grace.

"Your wife is simply beautiful," one of the Franconians praised.

Isaac appeared to appreciate the compliment, his cold visage easing slightly.

"Do you work? What is your profession?"

Isaac was just about to answer when Irene replied in fluent Franconian, "I'm a doctor."

Isaac raised a brow. She could speak Franconian too?