

## Runaway 786

### Chapter 786

#### The Runaway Groom

Isaac actually wondered if Irene had crammed Franconian just to attend this event with him.

Still, it was just two days, and there must be a limit to what she could learn.

Even so, he admired her attitude.

“A doctor? May I ask what your specialty is?” one of the Franconians asked.

“Cardiovascular diseases. I’m working at a research center, however, not a hospital.”

“Oh,” the man murmured, and shrugged. “I wouldn’t have been able to tell.”

He meant that with Irene’s pretty face and her stunning figure, it was reasonable to assume that she was a trophy wife.

Still, her having a career surprised him, and then there was that fluent Franconian.

Isaac studied her then—her Franconian did not seem crammed in a couple days, let alone novice.

He was certainly surprised!

As they spoke further, more came to speak with Isaac about business and economic trends.

Irene simply could not keep up, and she stuck out since it was the men’s playground anyway.

Also, her leg was starting to ache since she did not usually wear heels.

Isaac stayed with her, worried that she would be overwhelmed alone.

“Stay,” Irene told him nonetheless—she did not want his business to be affected because of her.

Isaac was silent for a moment, but eventually said, “Give me a shout when you need me.”

Irene nodded and Isaac left.

She then looked around—there was a huge crowd in the hall, but no one seemed to notice her, so she headed straight to the washroom.

She sat on the toilet bowl and took off her heels for a moment, resting for a while before coming out.

When she stepped out to wash her hands, she noticed a Franconian woman, who glanced at Irene's feet when she stepped out of her cubicle, fixing her makeup in front of the mirror.

Judging from the glance, she must have noticed that Irene had taken off her shoes, but Irene calmly washed her hands and stepped out into the grand, vast hall.

Irene stared at all the women who were holding a jovial conversation.

She could not join them since she had no idea what they were talking about—she did not know the collector's value of the luxury items they treasured so much, or that some of their designer dresses could not be bought with just money.

That was when the woman who was inside the washroom with Irene stepped out, and said from behind, "Your jewelry set is gorgeous."

Irene turned, and seeing that it was the woman, she smiled politely. "Thank you."

"That calm reaction... you probably don't know what it's worth, do you?"

Irene touched her necklace then.

She did not know much about jewelry, but she could tell from the exquisite craftsmanship and the flawless quality of the diamonds that they were worth a fortune.

Still, she thought herself subtle, since the diamonds that the other women present wore were larger than a dove's eggs.

Surely those yellow diamonds and pink diamonds were worth more than hers?

"Quite the amateur, aren't you? Size doesn't decide value," the woman said then.

Irene certainly dressed the part, but she stood out like a sore thumb.

The woman handed her her business card just then. "You may visit this place if you're interested."

Irene lowered her eyes at the simple white card, printed with a phone number and an address to an exclusive club for the ladies.

Since the woman was giving it to her, Irene had no choice but to take it. "Sorry, I don't have a business

card.”

“Understandable. Well, I look forward to you joining us.” The woman smiled, though she obviously could tell that Irene was not one of them.

With that, she left to join another group of women.

Irene raised a brow.

Join them? For what?

Still, she soon forgot about it and looked around for Isaac.

He was nearby and having a discussion with other men.

It seemed like he would be preoccupied for a while.

As such, Irene looked around for a place to sit when someone stepped in front of her.