

Runaway 787

Chapter 787

Irene turned toward the person, who said, "Mrs. Jefferson? Mr. Jefferson has instructed me to bring you to the break room."

Irene did not buy it right away, but instead turned toward Isaac.

He happened to be looking her way, and nodded slightly—a gesture to say that he had arranged it.

Relieved, Irene told the man, "Thank you."

"If you'd please follow me..." The man said gentlemanly, and led the way.

The break room was vast and decorated grandly just like the hall, and Irene quickly took a seat on the couch inside.

She wanted to rub her ankles but stopped herself, finding it inappropriate.

"Would you like something to drink?"

"Juice, please," she replied.

"Sure," the attendant replied respectfully, and soon brought her a glass of grape juice.

Putting it down, he said, "Just give me a shout if you need anything else, ma'am. I'll be outside."

"Thank you," Irene said.

The attendant closed the door as he left, but Irene could not relax—it was an unfamiliar environment and she felt insecure.

She simply reclined against the couch to rest, just so that she did not have to keep standing.

Time flew, and she was about to fall asleep when the door suddenly opened.

She opened her eyes, instantly wide awake and saw that it was Isaac entering. "Sorry to keep you waiting."

Irene shook her head. "It's fine."

"Let's go."

As Irene got up, Isaac put a hand around her and asked her softly, “That boring, huh?”

“More or less,” she admitted.

Isaac chuckled. “I’ll try to turn it down unless it’s absolutely necessary next time.”

“Don’t,” she told him—she did not want his business affected because of her.

She relaxed and pulled a blanket over herself when they returned to their car. “I want to take a nap.”

She only had that glass of fruit juice throughout the event that lasted from noon to evening, and was at once tired, sleepy, and hungry.

“Sure,” Isaac told her.

Irene blinked at him then, looking miserable as she asked, “Can I take off my shoes?”

“What?”

Isaac glanced at her feet then, and she lifted them into the air. “I’m not used to high heels. I think I have a blister on my heel.”

Isaac frowned. “Yeah, let’s get them off.”

He reached out and took them out for her, and massaged her feet. “Why didn’t you say that it’s making you uncomfortable?”

Irene shook her head. “It’s not the shoe—it’s me.”

She simply was not accustomed to it, but she probably would get used to it once she wore it a few more times.

As she watched him massage her feet, a warm feeling gushed in her heart and she leaned forward to hug him. “You’re so nice.”

Isaac patted her back and asked in return, “You meant I wasn’t before?”

Irene nodded. “You tried to strangle me twice.”

Her mentioning the past left Isaac clearing his throat to glaze over the awkwardness.

There was a misunderstanding and he had yet to fall for her, so he naturally was a little harsh.

“Don’t mention that ever again,” he demanded.

“No way,” Irene said cheekily. “I’ll remember it for life and even tell our children what you did to me. You won’t ever hold any sway with them, while I’ll use them as an example of what not to do.”

Isaac stared at her then. “Cheeky. I guess your feet don’t hurt that much, huh?”

Irene was beaming, her bright, starry eyes creasing into crescents.

She was unusually beautiful today, her usual innocent beauty now added with an alluringness.

Isaac put a finger on her calf and slid it upward, tickling it as punishment.

Irene’s smile faded right then and he looked up, since Stan Hill was driving.

She shot Isaac a glare, as if to warn him not to get out of line while they were still in the car.

Isaac merely flashed an enigmatic smile.

Before Irene realized what was happening, the bulkhead suddenly lifted, separating the front seat from the back.

Isaac eagerly reached under her skirt right then, doing so easily through the slit in her gown.

Soon, her halterneck was loosened, the shoulder straps unfastened.

She could not wear a bra underneath the gown, and was therefore at once embarrassed and angry.

Even so, she could not make a sound as she was worried Stan would hear them from the front.

Understanding her misgiving, Isaac pinched her on the waist and leaned in to whisper into her ear, “You’ll pay the price for slandering me now.”

Irene bit her lip, but she stubbornly retorted, “I wasn’t lying—you did bully me, and you’re now not letting me speak? You’re a thug, and an unreasonable one at that!”