

## Runaway 788

### Chapter 788

Isaac shook his head. "No, that's you."

Irene naturally denied it. "I'm a thug? Am I even capable of beating you up?"

"Hit me, then. I won't hit back." Isaac put her hand on his face then, but Irene was not about to actually hit him even if he was spoiling her so much now.

A man's face was his dignity, just as some jokes were permissible, while others were not.

And Irene certainly was a person with propriety.

Wrapping her arms around his neck, she spoke tenderly into his ears. "You're my husband, my world. I'd never lay a finger on you."

Isaac kissed her so much that her lipstick smeared his lips. "You really know how to please me."

Irene wiped his mouth as she said, "I'm being serious."

That was when he suddenly bit her finger and she smacked him on the chest. "Ow!"

As they fooled around, Irene's clothes were more or less off, unable to hide her stunning figure.

Soon, the car stopped outside the castle and Isaac wrapped the blanket around her before carrying her out of the car.

Pierre was at the front door, waiting to receive them.

"Is dinner ready?" Isaac asked as he headed inside.

"Yes, Mr. Jefferson. You may dine at any moment."

"Good. Have someone bring a bucket of hot water to the bedroom."

"Very well, sir," Pierre replied and promptly gestured for someone to get to work.

By the time Isaac carried Irene to their room, the bucket of hot water was ready.

He sent the servant out while putting Irene on the bed and her feet in the bucket.

“I’ll have someone bring some ointment.”

“It’s fine,” Irene said from beneath her blanket. “The blister popped, so I’ll be fine once the pus is squeezed out.”

Isaac was still worried regardless. “Doesn’t it hurt?”

“No.” She shook her head—soaking her feet in hot water relieved her a little.

“Oh, right,” she exclaimed, remembering the business card she received and passing it to him. “A woman gave that to me. There are no details so I don’t know what her line of work is, and there’s only that phone number and address.”

Isaac, however, could tell immediately, and he threw it into the bin nearby once he took it.

Irene was puzzled. “Why would you do that? It seems a little impolite.”

“It’s not a business card—just a club card.”

“Club? What club?” Irene pressed out of curiosity.

Isaac’s lips curled up slightly. “A club for housewives—rich wives, to be specific.”

Irene understood right then. She had seen their lavish, easygoing lifestyle of afternoon tea sessions and extravagant shopping sprees.

“They’re too rich but have nothing to do, so they’d just gather and gossip as a pastime,” Isaac added, before warning her, “But don’t you dare join them.”

Irene was confused. “Why not?”

“You’re young,” Isaac said pointedly. “That’s a club for old hags.”

Irene was actually confused by that line of reasoning. Why was the age gap a problem here?

“Are you hungry now? Let’s eat.” Isaac changed the subject then and dried her feet. “I’ll carry you downstairs.”

“Oh, it’s fine,” Irene said. “I can walk fine, and it won’t hurt if I put on slippers.”

She did so just to show him.

“Fine,” Isaac said, not wanting her to show off.

Irene simply stopped, changed into fresh clothes and followed her downstairs.

Pierre told them in the dining room, “We’ve prepared a Zidonian menu. You need just ask if you have any requests for your dinner, and I’ll have the kitchen cook it.”

Irene naturally preferred Zidonian food, and Isaac waved Pierre off. “We’re fine here.”

Pierre did so, and Irene started to stuff her mouth with food since she was really hungry.

Moreover, every dish was perfectly made—the cook was certainly skilled.

Isaac actually frowned at Irene. “No one’s going to take your food.”

Irene did not stop, however, and did as she liked. After all, she did not have to put the food on her own plate or take small bites like she usually would.

Isaac naturally loved her being true to herself, and he poured her a bowl of soup while not forgetting to tell her, “Don’t choke.”

That was when Irene suddenly said, “You never answered me. Why can’t I join that club just because I’m young?”