

Runaway 789

Chapter 789

Isaac looked up and held Irene's gaze for seconds. "You'll find out eventually."

Irene frowned. "Acting all hush-hush would just make me more curious."

"Get over here." Isaac put down his knife and fork then, and reclined slightly in his chair.

Irene hesitated for a moment before walking around the table to him.

He took her hand and pulled, and she fell on his lap.

Putting his hand around her waist, he asked, "When did you learn Franconian?"

"While I was in school," Irene replied.

There was a flash of admiration in Isaac's eyes as she leaned on his shoulder and added, "I guess my dad was right."

Lionel Spencer might have disregarded her feelings and even coerced her to do things she did not like, but it was too evident that looks were not everything for the companion of a successful man.

Even if she was not his equal, she at least needed some extent of knowledge and culture.

She suddenly thought that it would have been great if Lionel were still alive—he would most certainly be overjoyed to see them getting together for real.

"What's on your mind?" Isaac asked, having seen that she was spacing out.

"N-Nothing," Irene replied, shaking her head and quickly composing herself. She then picked up a shrimp, peeled it, and slowly chewed it, savoring the fresh soft flesh inside.

She picked up another, peeled it as well, and held it by Isaac's lips. "Try it. It's good."

Isaac leaned in and whispered into his ear, "Feed me."

Irene blinked and stared at the shrimp in her hand.

Was she not doing just that?

She asked blankly, "Am I doing something wrong?"

Isaac had a twinkle in his eye as he smiled faintly. "I'll teach you."

He bit the piece of shrimp, holding it in his mouth and aiming it at hers.

As Irene's eyes widened, he delivered the shrimp into her mouth.

She blushed for a while, but feigned composure and said, "It's just your spirit."

As Isaac chuckled, she quickly tried to change the subject. "Are we leaving tomorrow?"

"Yeah," Isaac replied. "I had Stan arrange everything—we'll be sleeping here for the night before heading to Minerva tomorrow, and then head home from there."

"Okay." Irene nodded.

She rose to her feet, but Isaac's hands around her never eased. "I'll carry you upstairs."

Irene quickly fled. "Nope!"

She reached their room first and Isaac followed, getting in their large, soft bed and wrapping his arms around her again.

"Irene."

Isaac said her name out of the blue, his tone suddenly serious.

Irene looked up to meet his eyes. "Yeah?"

Isaac tightened her hold around her. "I'm happy you came with me."

It was just a shame that they could not stay and spend more time together.

Still, Irene rested her head against his arm and leaned into his embrace. "Me too."

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They headed straight to the Goodings' home once they disembarked at Minerva.

However, they did not call Mick Gooding ahead of them, and he was a little perplexed when they showed up at his doorstep.

“Isaac and I had a little errand in Franconia, and we flew over to visit Erin as well along the way.” Irene spoke before he could. “How is she doing these days?”

“Oh. Come in, then.” Mick beckoned at them to go inside after coming to his senses, unable to stop himself from sighing at the mention of Erin. “She’s not doing well. She’s pretending she’s fine when I’m around, but I’ve heard her crying more than once when she’s alone.”

Gesturing for a servant to make them tea then, Mick said, “Take a seat.”

“Where is she now?” Irene asked. “Can I see her?”

“I’m sure she’d be happy to see you,” Mick replied. “She’s upstairs. Go on.”

Irene followed the servant upstairs, and she opened the door to see Erin curled up on a couch.

She had lost a lot of weight.

“Erin?” Irene called out as she entered.

Erin looked up when she heard Irene’s voice.