

## Runaway 790

### Chapter 790

Erin appeared taken aback to see Irene entering her room, and she quickly got up from the couch. “What are you doing here?”

Irene said, “I came to see you.”

Erin gestured for her to sit while appearing a little flustered. “I haven’t cleaned myself up...”

Her hair was disheveled, and her clothes were baggy casualwear.

“I’m family,” Irene told her. “You have nothing to worry about.”

As Erin pursed her lips, Irene asked, “You’re losing a lot of weight. You haven’t been eating well, have you?”

Erin returned to the couch and replied, “I don’t feel much of an appetite.”

She only ate so that she did not worry Mick, and had to force herself to do it.

Irene felt her chest tightening when she saw Erin’s scrawny form.

“Let’s go downstairs!” Erin said then, getting to her feet again.

“Sure,” Irene replied, and they headed downstairs together.

There was no one around the living area, so Erin asked her servant, “Where’s my dad?”

“He’s in his study,” the servant replied.

Erin headed there, but before she could knock on the door, she noticed that it was ajar with a narrow slit, and Mick could be heard from inside.

“Erin is a good kid. I’m worried about her if I’m gone... Also, I have a favor to ask from you. I know that I’m out of line, since you’ve already told me where your mother is buried and I should be content with that, instead of asking for more...”

“I’ll take care of her like she’s my sister,” Isaac said.

He naturally knew what Mick was getting at—Mick was entrusting Erin’s care to him.

Having seen for himself Erin's fine character, he was also aware that Erin was hurt because of Irene, though it would be Irene who was hurt if it was not for Erin.

He was now willing to acknowledge Erin as his younger sister not just because of that, however, but also because Erin was a child that his own mother raised.

Irene was right—having more family members would make their family look more like one.

Mick certainly did not expect Isaac to be so agreeable. "Thank you."

"It's fine," Isaac replied.

Erin opened the door then. "Dad."

"What are you doing down here?" Mick asked when he saw her.

"I wouldn't have heard that crap about you leaving if I didn't come, would I?" she snapped, striding into the room and giving him a hug. "You're going to live another hundred years."

Mick patted her on the back. "You're an adult now. People are going to laugh at you if you keep crying like that."

Still, Erin could not hold it in just then.

Mick wanted to leave her care to Isaac for the sake of her future, and she certainly understood his kindness—that was why she was overwhelmed with emotion and cried.

"There are no strangers here." Erin sniffled and turned toward Isaac. "Irene will always be a sister to me."

"Yeah," Isaac replied softly.

"You should stay for dinner," Mick said then.

Isaac did not actually have any plans to stay since they already had their plane tickets booked.

Even so, he did not turn Mick down. "Okay."

Mick was pleased, and they headed to a restaurant together.

Erin wrapped her hands around Irene's arm, whispering into her ear, "My dad is very happy."

Irene certainly could tell, even as Erin continued, "Dad loves Mom the most, and naturally her child too."

Erin was referring to Mick, who seemed to love Isaac like a son since he was Yvaine Lynd's son.

"Cheer up, Erin. You'll be happy too," Irene used the moment to encourage her. "We all love you too."

There was determination in Erin's eyes as she looked at Irene then, and she solemnly replied, "Yeah. I think I'll get a job."

Although she was not saying much, Erin was abruptly cheering up.

Irene agreed with the idea as well, since one would not have the time to remember anything unpleasant.

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Irene and Isaac stayed a night at the hotel before leaving the next day, although she immediately ran into trouble the instant they landed in Zidonia.