

Runaway 798

Chapter 798

No matter how Isaac thought about it, his son had clearly stolen Irene from him!

And Tommy would not have come into existence without him!

With Tommy still in his arms, he started to leave. "You're sleeping with your baby brother."

Tommy blinked his large eyes, not making sense of any of it just then... until Isaac put him on the bed with his baby brother.

Realizing that his papa was stealing his mama away, he grabbed the hem of Isaac's shirt and got up. "I want to sleep with Mama, not baby brother."

Isaac watched speechlessly as Tommy got out of bed and scampered back to his room.

Isaac sighed feebly.

Whatever. He just had to squeeze a bit with them for the night.

And yet, after he took a shower and returned downstairs, Isaac found Tommy curled up in Irene's arms and even leveling a challenging look at Isaac, as if to say that Irene was his.

Isaac stood by the bed, watching his son for seconds, but he eventually gave in. Lying down on his side over the rather narrow edge behind Irene, he gathered her in his arms.

She seemed to smell him then and turned around to lean into his arms as if by instinct.

While Tommy was left speechless, Isaac raised his brow triumphantly at the boy.

Pouting, Tommy pulled the blanket and snuggled up to Irene, but she was sleeping too soundly to notice that her husband and son were fighting over her!

...

Right after Irene washed up in the morning, she received a text from Eagle.

[We have the photos. I will send it via email.]

Irene headed straight to the study in her pajamas and turned on her computer, clicking on the unread

email to see Professor Lowe's compromising photos.

"What are you looking at? It's still early," Isaac said as he entered just then.

Feeling that the photos were not exactly presentable, Irene quickly clicked out of the window. "It's nothing."

However, her reaction appeared guilty in Isaac's eyes and he frowned. "What are you hiding?"

He glanced at the screen and found nothing.

However, his curiosity gnawed at him the more Irene tried to hide it from him.

"Come on—it's time for breakfast." Irene got up and pulled him along.

He dragged his feet, and once Irene was out of sight, he returned inside the study and clicked on her email.

Irene had reached the dining room when she noticed that Isaac was not with her, and she returned to the study to find Isaac at the desk.

Actually amused, she asked, "When did you get so curious, Isaac Jefferson?"

Isaac was staring at the photos in her mailbox before looking up. "Is this a vice of yours?"

While Irene was left speechless, Isaac continued before she could explain. "Your taste sucks."

"...Go get your breakfast when you're done staring. I still have to go to work."

She was heading outside when Isaac caught her, and she turned around to ask, "What? No breakfast for you?"

"What's the deal with the photos?" he asked, staring straight into her eyes.

"It's work," Irene replied.

Isaac was skeptical—she worked as a medical researcher, so what did it have to do with those risque photos?

Seeing that he was going to get the wrong idea, Irene quickly gave him a summary. "I'm doing Professor Lowe a favor for the sake of our partnership, though it's more for myself since I really need his craftsmanship."

Isaac thought that it was risky, and he said, "Don't do that ever again.

"Got it," she replied.

After they had breakfast and they stepped outside the mansion, Irene saw Eagle and said, "Thank you."

"Just doing my job, ma'am," Eagle replied respectfully.

Getting in the car, she said, "Let's head to Hotmesh Research now."

She was going to call Professor Lowe when she received a message.

[I'm getting married.]