

The runaway groom (Irene and Isaac)

Chapter 1011

For Ricky, life in prison was stressless, even happy, which explained his sunny disposition. It

was certainly a far cry from being a criminal who had to look over his back every day.

Irene nodded. "Is there anything you want? I can buy it for you."

Ricky shook his head. "I'm not short on anything here, and Lulu bought a lot of stuff for me a while ago. She often visits, too, so don't worry."

Irene pursed her lips. Lulu would probably not have the time to visit him now...

"I'll come whenever I have the time..."

"No, it's very far, and you have to take care of your children. Don't worry about me, just come by if you happen to be passing by." Ricky smiled.

Irene looked at his smile for a while before hanging her head guiltily. If

she had cared more about him, he might not have strayed like this.

It was too stern a lesson, to waste his best days behind bars when he was at the age to strut and see the world.

"Right, we're doing some sewing later," Ricky said, still smiling. "I've learned a skill, at least."

Irene smiled too, but her nose was a little runny just then.

To think that he could still joke around at a time like this!

"You punk," she huffed.

"Is Tommy taller now?" he asked.

"Yeah." Irene nodded.

"Good." Ricky nodded in turn, a little wistful just then. "He'll be taller than me when I'm released."

"Keep your act together," Irene told him. "Try to leave on parole."

Ricky nodded.

Soon, the visit duration was over, and Irene had to hang up the phone and leave the room.

She took a cab back to the hotel and took out her phone to check flights to book two tickets.

There were none today, so they had to wait until tomorrow, and it was just the one flight.

When she returned to the hotel, she did not see Zachary around—he was not in his room or at the restaurant.

She headed to the restaurant, took a window seat, and ordered some food.

When she looked downward without meaning to, she spotted Zachary and Lulu downstairs by the road.

She was quite far from being able to get a good look, but she was positive it was them.

She had no idea what they were talking about, but it might be Lulu missing Jean and coming to visit her.

She sighed quietly and emotionally.

Back at university, she was convinced they would always be together until they were old...

But this was reality, and seeing them miss out on each other made Irene feel miserable.

She whipped out her phone to call Stan's number, and it was soon answered.

"Where's Isaac?" she asked directly.

On the other end, Isaac was blindfolded in his sick bed, while Stan passed him the phone, saying, "It's your wife, sir."

"Yeah," Isaac said. "You can step out for the moment."

"Yes, sir."

After Stan left, Isaac said quietly, "Hello?"

"Hey," Irene replied quietly, smiling faintly just then. "I'm in Zidonia right now."

Before he asked why, she told him, "Lulu asked me to pick up her daughter. She wants Zachary to raise the baby."

She lowered her eyes—in reality, she was not calling to tell her about that.

She just missed him and wanted to talk to him, even if there was no topic!

Still, she did not mention a word on his treatment, since he could be sensitive about it.

A waitress arrived with her food then, but she was left staring at it, suddenly feeling no appetite even though she was so hungry before.

She had not eaten in the morning either.

"Yeah," Isaac replied.

"Don't you have anything to tell me?" Irene asked.

"I do," he replied.

"What is it?"

The runaway groom (Irene and Isaac)

Chapter 1012

The deep voice from the other end spoke. "I miss you." Irene smiled—

that was what she wanted to hear.

She glanced outside the window again, where Lulu and Zachary had just parted ways, and Zachary was carrying Jean back to the hotel.

She said into the phone, "I love you, Isaac."

She did not want to be separated from him. She wanted to be with him forever without missing a second! The fact that

Lulu could not be with Zachary made her cherish her love with Zachary more.

She then asked mischievously, "Why aren't you saying anything?" "I have

nothing to say," Isaac replied.

Irene lowered her gaze, speechless. "I see." "Yeah."

Irene wanted to snap at him right then. 'Yeah?'

Forget not saying 'I love you too'—what was that attitude?!

"I'm eating. I'm hanging up now," she said and promptly cut off the call.

On the other end, Isaac was left listening to the machine beeping, while smiling faintly. When it

came to love, it would only be more memorable to say it face to face.

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Irene was hungry earlier but felt no appetite at all, so she just had a couple bites before going back to her room. She just lay down in bed when someone knocked on her door.

It was Zachary. "Have you booked our tickets? I can do it if you haven't." "I have,"

Irene replied.

Zachary nodded and was about to leave when Irene stopped him. "Lulu came to visit Jean?" Zachary turned around. "You saw?"

"Yeah, from the restaurant," Irene said.

Before Zachary could reply, she added, "Even if she carried her for just ten months in her belly, the flesh and blood connection there is stronger than a father's. It's a tragic situation for Lulu."

"That's obvious." Zachary shrugged, looking at Irene in return. "You didn't even know who Tommy's father was but gave birth to him anyway. Moms are as passionate as they are independent."

Irene was speechless—Zachary's mention of the past actually left her uncomfortable. She certainly lacked maturity at the time, and her mindset was lacking.

Naturally, she was not referring to keeping Tommy but certain other matters... "Fine, whatever." Irene waved him off. "I'm going to bed."

"Going to bed this early? Didn't sleep well last night?" Zachary asked, studying Irene's face then. "Wait, you don't look too pleased... who upset you?"

"Isaac!" Irene snapped.

Zachary was speechless, but he could not meddle in this one.

Still, he was skeptical. "Would he really dare to upset you? I mean, if you're really upset, you can just go to him and beat him up." Irene's frown eased right then.

Zachary's words were certainly helpful.

Go to him, indeed...

Zachary frowned in turn. "That's a quick change in reaction." Irene simply smiled. "I really should thank you."

"For what?" Zachary asked.

Irene simply kept smiling and closed the door at the next second, leaving him speechless. He snapped at the door, "You scared my baby girl there!"

Irene naturally did not hear him.

Laying down in bed, she refunded one of the two plane tickets and booked another to Minerva.

She wanted to ask Isaac if it killed him to say 'I love you too', or maybe he had an ulcer in his mouth!

She even made sure to book her flight early, leaving before Zachary and without telling Isaac, since she was planning to sneak over.

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Soon, she disembarked and booked a hotel to stay in first.

After flying across different continents in a matter of days, she needed to freshen up. Surely she should not meet her lover in dirty rags.

The next day, she found Isaac's hospital...

The runaway groom (Irene and Isaac)

Chapter 1013

Irene did not manage to find Isaac's ward from the receptionist, so she had to talk to the doctor.

She headed to the VIP ward on the top floor and ran into Stan, who was speaking to the attending physician. "Stan," she called out to him.

Stan turned toward her and was left gaping when she saw that it was her. "M-

Ma'am!" he exclaimed as he hurried to her. "What are you doing here?" Irene smiled. "Can't I come?"

Stan quickly shook his head. "No, it's just quite sudden. Why didn't you call?" Irene raised a brow. "Did I come at a bad time?"

Stan shook his head again. "No..."

Irene simply strode past him toward the doctor—Isaac never did tell her about his condition, and she naturally should find out first.

"Excuse me, but when are Mr. Jefferson's eyes expected to recover?" The doctor stared at her in turn. "And you are...?"

"His wife," Irene replied.

"Oh!" the doctor exclaimed, coming to an understanding just then. "You were the one who contacted me at the time." "Yes."

Irene nodded.

"Anyway, the patient is expected to be discharged in under a month," the doctor told her.

"Thank you," Irene replied.

For her, it did not matter if it took a while, as long as Isaac could see again.

The doctor was busy, so he excused himself after informing her about some matters to take note of. Irene turned toward Stan, who smiled awkwardly as she approached her. "Mrs. Jefferson..."

Isaac did not want her around because he was worried she would be in danger, and so that she did not have to see his miserable state.

Irene knew that Isaac had his own misgivings, but they were married—she loved him no matter what state he was in. "Take me to his ward," she said.

"Should I tell him first?" Stan asked in return.

"Just tell me where it is, and I'll go in. You don't have to follow me or enter. He might think it's you." What was that supposed to achieve?

Still, he had no choice just then. "Okay."

Stan sighed. "Come with me."

Isaac's ward was the last one along the walkway, though it was more a house than a ward. It

was huge, and there was everything one would need in there.

Naturally, staying there cost a lot as well.

Arriving outside, Stan lowered his voice and said, "Here it is." Irene

nodded. "Just wait outside."

Stan nodded in understanding. "No one would interrupt."

Irene pushed the handle and opened the door then.

It was quiet inside—the curtains were half-drawn, and the faint sunshine spilling in offered warmth. It

was white and clean inside, and she stepped through the inner door.

There was only one bed in the large room—it was not your usual hospital bed either, since this was much larger. Still, although it resembled a normal bed, it had the function of a hospital bed as well.

Isaac lay in bed, his eyes blindfolded with a long strip of gauze.

He heard the door open, and thinking that it was Stan, he said, "Get me a glass of water."

Irene looked around the room, and saw the glass on the table and a jug next to it. She headed over to pour out a glass, and Isaac held up his hand as she walked to the side of the bed.

Irene understood the gesture and handed him the glass, while he turned slightly and sat up to drink. After

he drank half of it, he held up the glass in the air. "Here."

Irene took back the glass and put it on top of the bedside table.

There was also a white crystal vase on it, containing several tulips.

It was obvious that Stan did not put it there, however. Men were never that meticulous—it had to be arranged by the hospital. She

sat beside the bed, her eyes narrowing at the man in the bed.

Sensing that she was sitting down, he frowned and asked, "What the hell are you playing at, Stan?"

The runaway groom (Irene and Isaac)

Chapter 1014

Irene frowned slightly.

Did Isaac really think she was Stan?

To be fair to him, she never made a sound and came out of the blue.

And without his vision, he naturally would not be able to tell that it was her.

She watched his surprised look and smiled mischievously before speaking while changing her voice. "Mr. Hill asked me to take care of you."

As she spoke, she lifted his blanket and put her hand on his chest...

"Stan Hill!" Isaac bellowed right then, startling Stan outside and sending him scurrying

inside. Irene did not have the time to straighten Isaac's clothes or button it, leaving his

chest bare.

Stan glanced between that and Irene's innocent look, and he was left

frowning. What was going on there?

He was not surprised that it happened since absence made the heart fonder. He was just surprised why Isaac would call

him in. Smiling, he asked, "Is there something you need me for, Mr. Jefferson?"

"Throw out the woman you brought in!" Isaac barked grumpily.

Stan was left bewildered—could someone tell him what was

happening? Irene waved him off, mouthing, "Misunderstanding."

Stan scratched his head and said, "Well, Mr. Jefferson... I won't

impose." "Stan!!!"

Furious, Isaac tried to get to his feet.

Irene quickly went over to help him but he shook her off, sending her stumbling and almost dropping to the

floor. Stan had not gotten that far and turned to see that.

He swore under his breath—when did Isaac ever treat Irene like that?

Still, he smartened up this time and quickly realized that Irene did not tell Isaac who she was, and Isaac did not

recognize her. So, was that why Isaac was so repulsed by her?

It was all the more reason for him to leave—the married couple were flirting, and an outsider being around would be disturbing, no?

He even played along with Irene and told Isaac, "Well, the missus isn't around. I won't tell."

"Stan?" Isaac's tone eased as he tried to make Stan stay, but he frowned as he heard the door

close. Irene hid a smile as she saw the look of dilemma on his face.

His ears pricked up at her voice, and though she was not that loud, Isaac could tell that it was his

wife. He was even sure about it.

And as he calmed down to think, he realized Stan would never dare bring in an unfamiliar woman without his

approval. At the same time, Irene started to put her hand on his chest again.

This time, however, Isaac did not evade her or call Stan in again, even letting her get frisky with her

touch. Irene was speechless. Did he just give in?

He did not know that it was her, but he was staying still?!

"Isaac Jefferson! You're fine with any woman when I'm not around, huh?!" Irene demanded right

then. Isaac simply stayed in bed, motionless. "You came on your own. It'd be a waste sending

you off." Irene was speechless with rage. "I'm leaving!"

Isaac called out to her right then, "You messed with me, but I can't mess with you?"

Irene glared at him. "Don't bother explaining yourself. You wouldn't reject any woman who comes through that door." Isaac chuckled in his rich voice then.

Irene pursed her lips. "What are you laughing about?!"

"I never thought that it would be you at first," he explained. "After Stan came in and left, I realized that he'd never let just anyone in without my permission."

Extending a hand to her then, he said, "Come here."

The runaway groom (Irene and Isaac)

Chapter 1015

Irene hesitated for a moment as she watched Isaac raise a hand, but she eventually walked up and put her hand in his palm. He grasped her fingers firmly as he gently pulled a little, and Irene followed the motion to lean in and climb into his arms. "Why didn't you tell me you were coming?" Isaac asked, brushing his fingers through her hair.

"You wouldn't have let me come if I did," she

purred in his arms. Isaac sighed. "I just didn't

want you to see me like this."

"You're my husband," Irene said, looking up at him just then. "I'll love you

however you are." And with those words, she leaned in to kiss his lips.

Isaac's whole body stiffened and he rasped, "I

smell like medicine." Irene stared at him—that

was certainly not his issue.

After all, he was just used to being proud and was therefore insecure now that he

lost the initiative. She smiled. "I don't mind. What are you upset about?"

Isaac smiled in return, and she lay her head on his chest to listen to his heartbeat. "Don't chase me away. Let me stay and take care of you, okay?"

Isaac was silent for a while before he answered very softly, "Okay."

Irene's eyelashes fluttered lightly over her large eyes just then, and she said, "Lulu's peace is interrupted again. Martin is in trouble and it's really serious—they don't even know if he's still alive. But I know Lulu, and he's most definitely dead. She wouldn't have passed her baby to Zachary otherwise... To think that this would happen to them when she and Zachary were university sweethearts and the envy of everyone. I feel disappointed to see that they can never be together."

Wrapping her arms firmly around Isaac, she murmured, "I don't want to live with disappointments like them. I want to be with you forever..."

Isaac gently patted her on the back. "We'll be fine. Don't

worry. We're us." And they were them.

Things were different for Lulu and Zachary—maybe they were destined to be apart, and it was just how things were meant to be for them.

"Did you miss me when I wasn't around?" Irene

asked mildly then. "Yeah," Isaac murmured

softly.

"Then why didn't you say that over the

phone?" she pressed. Isaac was

speechless. "I wanted to tell you directly."

"I'm right here," Irene said, staring him in the eyes just then.

"You can say it now." Isaac was speechless again. "Come here,

just sleep with me for a moment." Irene was not about to fall for

it. "Don't change the subject."

Isaac pursed his lips, gathered her in his arms, and said mildly, "I missed you."

Very much so.

Irene unbuttoned his patient's garb then and put his hand on her breast.

She never took the lead like that—she was always the passive

one around him. But now that she did it out of the blue, Isaac

honestly did not know how to respond. "Irene..." he murmured

Irene gently pressed a finger on his lips. "Shush. You always did the work before.

Now, it's my turn..." And the rest was history...

However, though Irene had been on top, she ended up pinned

underneath him again... He covered her thin shoulder with finger

marks and hickies.

But it would break his heart if he could see that conspicuous gunshot wound!

The runaway groom (Irene and Isaac)

Chapter 1016

Irene was the one who initiated it, but she was also the one begging for mercy soon enough. Pressing herself against Isaac's chest, she said, "Your eyes haven't recovered yet..."

"Yes, but I'm still able-bodied..." he retorted, leaning in and reaching for her lips for a firm kiss. Since it had been a while when they were together, he really missed her... especially physically. And with Stan keeping watch outside, no one would dare to disturb them.

Soon, the skies turned dark.

Irene fell asleep, nestled in Isaac's arms.

She groggily heard Isaac's voice—Stan just came in, bringing food. Opening her eyes, she asked, "Are you hungry?"

"I should be asking that question," Isaac smiled. "What time do you think it is?"

Irene glanced at the time to find that it was already night—she arrived in the afternoon. And there went an entire day.

Getting out of bed and straightening her clothes, she told him, "Let's get you cleaned up." Isaac would need help with showers since he could not see, and he murmured softly. "Okay." Irene smiled. "You mind not being able to see, don't you?"

Isaac did before, but he was a little less upset about being blind around Irene after getting it on with her. With that, she helped him out of bed and to the bathroom.

They must have been getting antsy after abstaining for a while and went at it again in the bath, which was why it took another two hours for them to finish up.

Stan returned with dinner, and Irene started to feed

Isaac. "I can do it myself..." he said.

Irene refused and insisted on feeding him. "I'll help you."

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Martin was found tortured to a gruesome death, with parts of his body missing.

They did not even arrange a funeral for him—Lulu and the other officers of the precinct had him buried in secret.

Lulu sent Jean away exactly because she was worried that Jean would be unsafe with her. Now that Martin and her baby were gone, she decided to return to the force.

She wanted to avenge Martin, just as she blamed herself for his death.

If they did not argue, Martin would not have returned to work sooner or worked undercover—the reason for the latter being because she had been constantly cold-shouldering him.

His cover was blown, and it led to his horrific death.

She felt very miserable, especially at the thought that she did not have a child for him despite their marriage.

That would not be the case if he married another woman, but in marrying her, he died without leaving anything. She believed that she owed him, but the force disagreed with her proposal.

"You're a woman who has not been trained, and you'll be exposed quickly. Captain York is gone now. You're his wife, we—" "I'll do it my way even without your approval." Lulu was determined.

Hence, after discussing and deliberating on the matter, they agreed to her request to go undercover.

However, Lulu already had every intention to bring down the enemy with her—she did not fear death, only a tormenting life.

Naturally, she had to be trained extensively for the operation as ordered by the higher-ups.

An assessment followed after the two-week training.

Before she went undercover, she texted Irene:

[I have neither regrets nor fear. The only attachment I have is Jean, so please take good care of her.] Irene replied: [I will. Don't worry.]

[I'm relieved since you see that. See you around.]

Irene stared blankly at Lulu's text, a foreboding feeling crossing her mind then.

She wanted to reply to Lulu's text and ask how she was doing when the door opened.

The runaway groom (Irene and Isaac)

Chapter 1017

Irene looked up to see Stan helping Isaac into the room.

She quickly put down her phone and walked up to help Isaac, taking him off

Stan's hand. "What did the doctor say?" she asked.

"He's recovering well," Stan said.

Irene happily forgot about Lulu, all her focus placed on Isaac just then.

The blindfold over his eyes was already taken off—he could not see entirely, and most things were just a blur. Still, the doctor explained that she just had to recover a few days for a full recovery.

Irene happily said, "It's been a while since I've arrived. Tommy just called last night, asking when I'm going home—we can both go home once you're better."

"Yeah," Isaac replied.

However, Irene was concerned.

While Zachary was on hand to care for home before, Zachary's focus would be placed completely on Jean. Stan was here at Minerva with them, and James Cross came over with Erin Gooding while also being wounded.

There was only Eagle back home, but she was more or less worried with two children at home, and she would like to go home soon.

"Was I being capricious?" she asked Isaac—coming when she wanted without making arrangements for the children. Isaac told her not to dwell on it, since they would be home soon anyway.

They faced no problems, and nothing would happen.

However, Irene was traumatized—each time something happened, they were just a hair's breadth away from danger.

The last time was no exception, and she felt traumatized whenever she saw Isaac's eyes and was profoundly in fear of further danger.

"What do you want to eat? Shall I take you there?" Isaac asked, trying to ease her mind on purpose. Irene leaned into his chest. "I won't know where to go. You can make the arrangements."

As such, Isaac took her to a nice restaurant outside, her mood relaxing in Isaac's company.

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Over in Franconia, Zachary was staying with the children at the castle, in the company of Mrs. Watson and Sheryl.

Naturally, he had asked Sheryl for pointers on how to raise the children, though Sheryl was laughing when he suddenly brought Jean home. "How did you get a child when you're not married?"

Zachary smiled. "By accident."

"So you just want the child, not the mother?" Sheryl asked, since she was oblivious that the child was Lulu's.

Zachary's face fell right then, and Sheryl, realizing that she had misspoken, quickly tried to change the subject. "How old is she?" "Three months."

Sheryl stared at Jean emotionally. "Ours are all boys. Would have been nice to have a baby girl too."

Tommy was watching them as he lay on his belly, asking, "Is she my sister?"

"She can be," Zachary said. "But remember, she's different from your baby brother because she's not related to you by blood." "What's the difference?" Tommy asked in curiosity.

While both Sheryl and Zachary were left speechless, Mrs. Watson said, "That means you can marry her when you're older." Tommy could understand that and snapped, "I'm just a kid."

And with that, he ran off to look for Eagle, who was going to teach him to shoot.

Zachary was left at a loss. "What does he mean? He's not interested in my baby girl?"

"Wait, you're really going to betrothe them?" Sheryl asked. "Well, it's fine if Tommy isn't interested—there's still Baby!" Zachary was speechless. Jean was his baby girl too!

He would never allow her to be passed between the brothers like some object! "I'll pick my future son-in-law carefully," he declared.

The runaway groom (Irene and Isaac)

Chapter 1018

Sheryl was upset at that. "How's Tommy or Baby lacking?"

"No—they're just too young to be talking about marriage," Zachary quickly explained.

He seemed to remember Irene mentioning that Isaac wanted a daughter, but Isaac probably had no hopes for that in this life. It was time for Zachary to show off his daughter when Isaac came back.

Sheryl could read that smugness from his face. "Sons are a blessing for parents too." "Of course." Zachary grinned. "He's just a little too blessed."

Sheryl could not say anything to that.

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Irene stayed with Isaac at the hospital ward.

It was huge enough for them, and there were no unconcerned people around.

The day before they returned to Franconia, she received a call from Erin, who was pleased to hear that Isaac made a full recovery after asking about it.

Then, Erin asked when they could return.

Irene said, "We've booked a flight for tomorrow..."

Erin became silent for a long while at that and appeared hesitant to speak.

"What is it? You can tell me," Irene told her.

"I've decided to marry James here. Can you come over here again?" Erin asked. Irene looked up at Isaac, whose eyes were still recovering.

They definitely had to attend Erin and James's wedding, but...

"When is it?"

"Next Saturday," Erin replied. Irene

checked the date.

It was just Wednesday, and there were still ten days until next Saturday.

"We'll definitely be there," Irene promised—it was still early, and they could go back to Franconia to check on the children. "Okay."

They spoke a little more before Irene walked up to Isaac and massaged his eyes. "Call from Erin." Isaac kept his eyes closed as he listened to her.

"She's getting married to James," Irene said, knowing that Isaac would understand if she mentioned that much.

Moreover, Irene was happy for James and Erin—they agreed to get married early on, but too much happened and they had to put it off.

Now that they were finally going to be together, it was worth congratulating.

"So, you're attending as Erin's brother? We should prepare something more valuable, right?" she asked. "Yeah," Isaac replied. "I'll make the arrangements."

"Okay," Irene replied.

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They flew back to Franconia the next day, and Irene called Sheryl ahead of time, who in turn asked them when they would get home.

She waited with both children when it was almost time.

While Tommy was fine with standing still to wait, Baby insisted on walking around.

He had just begun to walk steadily and preferred to walk on his own now instead of being carried around. Sheryl had to keep an eye on him while waiting.

Zachary was with them—Jean had just fallen asleep, and he was still free for a while or he would have to carry her too. When both Irene and Isaac touched down, their chauffeur and Pierre received them at the airport.

Irene had just gotten out of her car when Tommy ran up, hugging her leg. "Mommy," he purred as he nuzzled against her thigh. "I missed you." Irene picked him up. "I missed you too."

He was getting taller, and carrying him was much more strenuous.

Sheryl turned toward Isaac and asked in concern, "Have you recovered now?" Isaac nodded. "Yeah."

"That's good to hear," Zachary said, walking up and wasting no time in bragging. "I have a daughter now, Isaac." Isaac was not surprised since Irene had already told him.

Nonetheless, Zachary was grinning smugly. "Don't you envy me?"

Isaac scooped Baby up in his arms and shot him a cool look. "Envy you?"

The runaway groom (Irene and Isaac)

Chapter 1019

Zachary said, "That's right. You'd envy me for having a daughter while you don't."

Isaac chuckled. "For now. Who knows what happens when she gets older? On the other hand, my sons would still be mine." Zachary was speechless.

What was that supposed to mean? That his daughter would not be his once she became an adult? Hilarious! His Jean would always be his! How would she not be his daughter once she got older?

And yet, something suddenly occurred to him and he understood what Isaac meant and was left frowning! "Isaac!" he cried, chasing after him. "Y-You'd better watch your sons! Tell them to stay away from my daughter!"

Irene gave Baby a pointed look and chuckled. "That's why you shouldn't get too smug or you'd lose your daughter." Zachary was speechless.

The thought that the daughter, with whom he would raise carefully, would grow up to be someone else's girlfriend or wife left him utterly frustrated.

Isaac's words were especially

infuriating. What was that supposed

to mean, his?!

Jean would never fall for the likes of Isaac's sons! And no one was taking Jean away from

Zachary! "Dream on." Zachary snorted coldly.

Isaac was not bothered to argue with Zachary—how long had it only been, but he was already an overprotective father?! "Then raise her until she's as old as seventy," Isaac said.

Zachary was left speechless

again. No way!

His darling Jean would marry someone young and successful in the future and certainly not end up a spinster! Come to think of it, letting her marry one of Isaac's sons made sense.

Isaac was rich, and neither him nor Irene were ugly.

In that case, both Tommy and Baby would look more or less the same. Zachary could keep an eye on them while they grew up as well and pick the more successful one, and Isaac would have to follow his choice!

Moreover, if his daughter were to really marry one of Isaac's sons, the boy would become his son-in-law.

From a certain perspective, he would have a daughter and half a son... which meant he would have stolen half a son from Isaac! That was certainly no loss!

Hurrying up to Isaac's side, Zachary said, "So, I was thinking Tommy can attend school now." Son-in-laws had to be groomed from a young age, after all.

Isaac looked at him askance. "That's my son. What are you worried about?" "Haha." Zachary laughed. "I'm concerned for your sake, y'know?"

Isaac, however, saw through him. "Anyone can read you like a book."

Zachary was left speechless—was he being that obvious? Well, it did not matter.

Chuckling, he said, "I think both your sons are just fine."

"I won't betrothe my sons while they're still children," Isaac said, cutting him short.

Isaac respected his children and their marriage, so no one got to have any funny ideas with them. "Of course. It's no issue," Zachary replied.

However, his daughter would be growing up with Isaac's sons, so that made them childhood friends. So what if Isaac refused? It was fine as long as his sons were willing.

Now that he thought about it, Jean would be a better fit for Baby—they were almost the same age and could attend school together and play together...

And a boy beside his daughter meant she would be protected.

"When Baby's older, you could send him to self-defense classes," he suggested to Isaac, so that Jean would be better protected. Isaac warned, "Bother me again and you're out of here."

The runaway groom (Irene and Isaac)

Chapter 1020

Isaac could read Zachary's mind right away, but Baby was not going to be a bodyguard.

How could Zachary even think of sending Baby to self-defense classes?! Dream on!

Irene came over to tease Zachary. "Your daughter's still in diapers. You're getting ahead of yourself."

Zachary sighed. "It's inevitable when you have a daughter, and I'd like it to be your sons instead of anyone else. At least you and Isaac won't harass Jean and would actually help care for her. And when you're Jean's mother-in-law, you should treat her nicer since she's Lulu's daughter too!"

Irene was left speechless.

She was still very young—becoming a mother-in-law would only happen so far in the future, and it was way too early to think about right now.

"I know," she said nonetheless. "Now let Isaac rest. His eyes have just recovered."

"Are you saying that I'm pestering him?" Zachary asked.

Irene was speechless.

Even if Zachary did not mean it, how could he chase Isaac around to talk about their children? Baby had just learned to walk too... How could they discuss marriage already?!

"What do you think?" she asked in return.

Zachary was left speechless and realized then he worried too much.

Their children were still young!

He chuckled. "I'm just happy that I have Jean now."

Remembering Lulu's text, Irene then asked him, "Did Lulu call you?"

Zachary shook his head.

Irene found that weird.

No matter how busy Lulu was, she would miss her baby, right?

"Contact her when you're free," Irene said.

Zachary took no notice, however—he was convinced that Lulu had her new life now.

Even if Martin was in some sort of trouble, his identity would never permit him to touch a married woman.

Keeping his distance was therefore ideal.

"Martin can have children with her once he's back. Don't bother," Zachary told Irene.

Irene was silent but said nothing.

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Pierre had instructed the kitchen to cook a lot, and everyone gathered happily around the table.

Things really improved after all those troubles, and Irene could finally stop worrying.

She had also mentioned to Isaac before that Tommy could attend school now.

They had hired a tutor for him before, but they had to cut it short because of their previous problems.

Now that she thought about it, going to school was the simplest and most effective education method.

Isaac naturally thought about that early on—back when he chose to move to Franconia, he anticipated that they should live near his school for convenience.

Naturally, the school must be one of good quality as well.

However, Isaac had no intention of sending Tommy right away and instead asked, "Aren't we bringing our children to the wedding?"

Isaac believed that he had not done much as a father to care for his children.

Irene certainly wanted to do so, but she cared more about Isaac. "If we're bringing them, we would have to bring more people with us as well..."

"That's fine," Isaac replied. "I'll make the arrangements."

Irene said nothing else since Isaac had put it that way. "If that's what you think."

With that, Isaac makes arrangements for attending James's wedding.

Zachary asked, "Has he fully recovered? Is it really the time to get married now?"

"He's more or less recovered," Irene replied. "And it doesn't affect the wedding anyway. What, can't you stand James being happy?"

Zachary pouted—he certainly could not stand it and was definitely a little jealous.

Neither he nor Stan had girlfriends, and his love life was especially a mess while James actually had something.

"He's the lucky one," Zachary admitted.