

## The runaway groom (Irene and Isaac)

Chapter 1021

Zachary was a little emotional.

He never expected that James would find his happiness after Isaac and Irene—especially when James constantly worked so hard.

And yet, James beat him in getting married.

Sighing again, he said, "Well, I guess I should send him something memorable." "At least you have a conscience," Irene told him.

Zachary was left speechless—when did he become that horrible? "Am I that evil in your eyes?" he asked.

"You're not," Irene replied. "You're just not that nice either."

Zachary shot her a look.. "You're really getting cheeky after hooking up with Isaac, huh?" Irene promptly waved him off. "Pretend I said nothing."

Zachary snorted. "Save it. Make it up to me and have your son take self-defense lessons to be my daughter's bodyguard later." Irene was left speechless.

Her son was precious too, please! A bodyguard?!

"No way," Irene snapped, refusing to let her son do it—how far would he get in life with that career? Nearby, Eagle was left speechless and blinking innocently.

Was being a bodyguard that unglamorous?

Fine, it was the service industry and not at all ideal...

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Irene headed inside the castle to find Isaac standing by a window and speaking over the phone. She did not know who it was, but he hung up when she arrived.

"Who is it? Why did you hang up once I'm here?" she asked casually.

Isaac looked up at her, and she walked up to wrap her hands around his arm, smiling. "What, did I say something wrong?" "When did you get so jealous?" Isaac asked, pinching her cheek.

Irene tilted her head and kept thinking until she said seriously, "After I fell in love with you?" Isaac chuckled.

Everyone liked to be loved, and he was no exception.

Sitting down on the couch, he said, "It was James. I was just asking if he needed help with anything." They would need a lot of preparations for James's wedding, after all.

"What did he say?" Irene asked.

"Mick already helped out," Isaac said flatly.

Irene thought about it, but decided that there was no issue there—Mick only had a daughter in Erin. Even if she was not his biological daughter, she might as well be since he raised her to adulthood, not to mention that she had been a good child to him.

Leaning on Isaac's shoulder, Irene asked, "I thought you're making preparations before heading over."

Isaac said, "Pierre already told the servants to pack up."

Irene was left in awe of the perks being rich—people really would get everything done for you.

Tommy was beside himself with joy to hear that their parents were bringing him too, and he ran up to Irene happily. "Grandma told me that we are all going to Mr. Cross's wedding. Is that true?"

"Yeah!" Irene smiled.

Tommy threw himself into her arms, happily nuzzling against her while Irene patted his head. "Are you really that happy?" "Yes. I get to travel with Mommy and Daddy!" he exclaimed excitedly. "I'll go pack my clothes."

As he rushed to his room, Irene was smiling at his happiness. "You did the right thing."

Isaac in turn put a hand around her shoulder. "Let's keep them company more from now on." Irene nodded.

After all, she had resigned for her family and the children in the first place. Naturally...

She turned toward Isaac then. He was one of the reasons too.

That was when someone suddenly rushed into the room!

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It was one of the servants, but she appeared antsy. Irene

frowned and rose to her feet, asking, "What is it?"

"There's someone outside," the servant replied, lowering her gaze. "Who is it?" Isaac was bemused.

"Let's go," Irene said.

However, she was about to follow the servant when Isaac stopped her. "I'll go."

Irene thought about it and decided that it was really better for him to do it, and she nodded. As

Isaac headed outside, Zachary followed and asked, "Is there going to be trouble?"

He was traumatized and did not want more trouble.

Isaac turned toward him, finding him quite the jinx just then. "Keep your mouth shut and we just might be fine."

Zachary was left speechless.

They both soon arrived at the front door to find the boy outside, and while Isaac did not recognize him, Zachary did. "It's Barzel."

While Isaac had a hunch who the boy was, Zachary explained, "His parents saved you. James helped him escape."

Barzel handed Zachary a letter then, and he took it, bemused. "What is it?"

Barzel said nothing, so Zachary opened it to find a threatening letter, and it sounded like the people who abducted Barzel before.

Zachary frowned and passed Isaac the letter, but Isaac did not react even after finishing reading it.

"I can offer you protection," he told the boy.

Barzel looked at him darkly in turn. "My parents died saving you?" "Not

entirely," Isaac replied.

Thomas and Marie had been threatened in the first place, something which Barzel knew very well.

He was only willing to offer Barzel protection because he was more or less responsible for their deaths.

Barzel laughed. "Two lives just for your protection?"

Isaac raised a brow, unhappy about his tone and suddenly wanted him out of his hair permanently. "What do you want?"

"Money," Barzel replied. "I know you're very rich."

Isaac stared at Barzel in turn, unsure if he was threatened or just greedy.

However, Isaac did not care and certainly did not want to stay involved with a greedy person. "How

much do you want?" Isaac asked, almost impatient.

"Fifteen million," Barzel said.

He was certainly bold, and even Zachary was stunned by his demand.

Isaac certainly could afford that much money, since it was not that much for him.

However, it was shocking that a boy less than twenty would ask for so much, and Isaac had to suspect if Barzel was told to do this.

"Why would you want so much money?" Zachary asked.

"You don't have to worry," Barzel replied. "Aren't two lives at least worth that much?"

"That's still a lot of money," Zachary retorted. "And the lives of average Joes aren't worth that much."

Barzel turned grumpy right then. "He's the reason my parents are dead. Shouldn't he give me some money in compensation?"

"Some money? Is fifteen million a small sum of money?" Zachary asked in return.

Barzel was stumped for a moment. "Fine. I can take less money."

Zachary frowned. "1.5 million."

Barzel was furious and turned to leave right then. "This isn't over."

When he was gone, Zachary whispered to Isaac, "Is he being used?"

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Isaac had no idea, nor did he understand Barzel's temper since he had never met Barzel before.

However, there was every chance that someone was controlling him, especially with that attitude...

"Have someone keep an eye on him. See who he's contacting, but if there's no one forcing him, pay him off." Isaac was

obviously not keen on having anything to do with someone like that boy.

"Okay. I'll get it done right now," Zachary replied, worried that Barzel could give him the slip. As Isaac

returned into the castle, Irene asked, "Who was it?"

Isaac told her everything, adding, "He was asking for money." "Give it to

him. His parents did save you," Irene said.

She was grateful toward Barzel's parents and there was no question that Isaac was safe because of their help—the gratitude must be considered.

"I know," Isaac replied.

He would not miss the money because he could earn it again, and Barzel was not asking for that much. However, he was

too young, and Isaac was worried he was being used.

Irene did not dwell on it, since she trusted Isaac's judgment.

She left to help pack up the children's luggage, since they would need a lot of stuff when they traveled, unlike adults who could go without.

After two days of preparing, they spent their time with their children. It was soon

a week later and time to leave.

Meanwhile, Zachary's people were tracking Barzel to see who he was in touch with, but Zachary was attending James's wedding too, considering their friendship.

They were bringing three children along, with Jean being a few months old.

While Tommy was less of a concern, both Baby and Jean needed constant attention.

They brought Mrs. Watson along, since Sheryl had been constantly babysitting, and they could let her have the rest.

Zachary had gotten good with Jean too—he learned how to prepare infant formula and change Jean's diapers, and he was certainly a dutiful dad.

Irene almost could give him a thumbs up as she watched him work. "Do you

need my help?" she asked.

Zachary shook his head. "No, I can handle it."

Irene sat down and scooped Baby up in her arms, watching Zachary as she said, "You're different now." "How so?"

Zachary asked.

Irene thought about it and said, "You look like a father now." "I've always

been one," Zachary said proudly. "A qualified one."

Irene pursed his lips—he really was the type who should not be praised. One word, and

he was full of himself.

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James and Erin were waiting for them when their flight landed.

They were a large group, and they would not be this relaxed if not for Isaac's private jet. James had mostly recovered now, but he still limped a little.

He would heal from that too, but it would take time since it was bone and tendons.

Erin took Baby off Irene's hands and stared at Zachary weirdly when she saw that he had a baby too. "You're marrying James," Zachary said. "What's the issue with me having a child?"

Erin smiled. "Nothing. It's normal." She did not ask about the mother.

If Zachary was married, he would definitely bring the mother over as well.

He only brought the baby, however, and it made sense that the baby was born out of wedlock. Maybe it was from some cheap fling?

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Zachary seemed to read Erin's thoughts and said, "My baby was born under perfectly normal circumstances. Do not let your imagination run wild."

Erin blinked her large eyes at him. "What about the mother?"

Everyone was left speechless, since most of them knew about Zachary and Lulu.

Zachary was at a loss too, but he insisted, "My baby was born unto me and someone I loved. You don't have to question that."

He was not lying—he and Lulu were definitely in love with each other, and that could never be refuted even if they did not end up together.

However, Erin was clearly doubtful, convinced that Zachary was a playboy.

Irene quickly changed the subject. "Erin, where's everyone staying?"

Erin smiled. "We've already arranged for a place."

"Thanks for going through the trouble—you and James." Irene smiled.

Still, Erin pulled Irene just then, whispering, "James has been restless. He wants to get back to work, and I know that he's worried about how things are over there. However, my father told us that we're not exactly young—he wants us to get married soon and for me to move abroad with James. That's why the wedding is a little rushed."

"That's good," Irene replied. "We wanted to do it before, but it was delayed. It's fortunate that your bond with James is strong and you're now going to stay with him forever. I'm happy for you, and you can tell James not to worry about work—he should recover first, and Isaac still has Stan for now."

Erin sighed. "There's no helping it. James is just a workaholic, so he's really restless and uncomfortable when he's told not to do anything."

"It's a habit." Irene smiled. "There's no helping it."

They got into the convoy of cars arranged for them and headed to the duplex where they were arranged to stay.

It was owned by Mick Gooding, and staying at a private property was more convenient since they had too many people to keep an eye on at the hotel. Moreover, they had everything prepared for them.

"You can rest here for now," Erin said. "My dad has already reserved a place for dinner. Take a break and settle down, and then we'll come to get you later."

"Okay," Irene replied.

"Aren't you staying with us, Aunt Erin?" Tommy asked, pressing himself against the door. He still loved Erin, who always played with him.

Erin walked over to pat his little head. "No, I'm not."

"Well, where are you staying?" Tommy asked, rearing his head.

"With my daddy, just like you're staying with your parents, Tommy," Erin replied.

Tommy blinked but said, "Okay."

"I have all the time to play with you later," Erin said, tousling his hair. "Okay?"

"Okay," Tommy replied, nodding—he did not know, and was uncertain if Erin would come good on her promise to play with him. Erin wanted to leave, but seeing that James was still chatting with Zachary and Isaac, she refrained from disturbing them.

Picking up Tommy and giving him a whirl, she found him a little heavy. "Oh, you're heavy—are you getting fatter?"

Tommy looked at his belly. "No."

Erin stood in front of him and measured. "Then you're taller."

Tommy was a little tall compared to children of his age, all thanks to Sheryl and Mrs. Watson, who raised him so well—especially when it came to feeding him.

Pointing at Isaac in the distance, Tommy said, "I will be taller than him."

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Erin turned toward where Tommy pointed and smiled. "You are your daddy's son. You just might be taller than him." It was exactly what Tommy hoped for, and he could not help smiling.

Erin then went up to James. "You can wait until dinner to chat. They need a break after their long flight.

"Alright then. See you guys later," she said and clapped Zachary on the shoulder. "Congratulations on getting a daughter."

"You too," Zachary replied. "On getting hitched and becoming cousins with Isaac."

James was left speechless, while Isaac shot Zachary a look before turning and heading into the house.

Zachary shrugged. "I'm not wrong."

James snorted. "No, but you're indulging your relationship."

It was as if Zachary was saying that he was marrying Erin to get connected to Isaac, when their relationship was so pure, and they only cared about how they felt toward each other! Isaac was not even involved.

Zachary certainly was not thinking when he said that, and it was a little inappropriate when he thought of it.

He would not admit it, though.

Jean suddenly woke up and started crying, which gave Zachary an excuse. "My daughter is crying. I'll talk to you later."

With that, he fled.

James would have rolled his eyes at Zachary right then, as Erin held his arm and asked, "Why are you staring at him like that?"

"He's a father now, but he just doesn't look the part."

Erin actually thought that Zachary was passable. "He knows how to care for his baby—that's very good for a man already."

"You really set your standards too low," James said.

Erin asked cutely then, "But he's like a slave to his baby girl now. Can you do what he did when we have a child?"

"I'll do better when the time comes," James declared assuredly.

"I really should have recorded that." Erin leaned against his arm, but James' expression changed a little as he remembered her miscarriage.

Patting her hand, he said, "Let's have as many children as we can."

"They are expensive and taxing," Erin pointed out.

"We can afford it—I just have to make more money even if it kills me," James said.

"That won't do. I want you to grow old with me, not kill yourself for money."

With that they returned to their car, having a jovial time.

Once they were home, Mick asked, "Did everyone arrive safely?"

"Yeah," Erin replied as she sat on the couch. "They're resting for now."

Mick beckoned for a servant to bring in two velvet boxes just then. "Check these out."

"What are they?" Erin asked.

"You'll know when you see them."

Erin opened the boxes in curiosity and found two sets of diamond jewelry, and the craftsmanship was quite dated.

"I've been saving them. They are yours now—you can wear them during your wedding," Mick said.

Erin's eyes were welling with tears, feeling that she was just so lucky right then.

Giving Mick a hug, she said, "These are too precious. I can't take them..."

"You're my daughter. Who else would I give them too?" Mick chuckled. "Or do I take them with me to my grave?"

Erin cupped her hand over his mouth. "Don't jinx yourself."

James thought that it was very valuable too, and he said, "I will prepare her jewelry myself."

Mick disagreed, feeling that he was being too polite. "It's the same if either of us bought it, and I'm not faulting you either."

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Before James could speak further, Mick added, "Erin's my daughter. Everything that is mine is hers, and it's not like I can take these to my grave anyway. Don't turn me down now—if you feel like you owe me, just treasure Erin. I won't play around if you ever bully her."

James did not get uncomfortable because of Mick's words. Instead, he said somberly, "Don't worry."

Mick patted him on the shoulder. "You have to take care of yourself too."

He certainly did not want James' injuries to get permanent, or Erin would have to live with a disabled person for the rest of her life.

His fatherly affection left Erin's tears welling in her eyes, and she leaned against his arm. "Dad, you should come with us to Franconia!"

She really could not bear leaving Mick to live alone—he was going to be very lonely with Yvaine Lynd

gone. And the older one got, the more afraid one would be of loneliness.

However, Mick was used to life here and would not be accustomed to life anywhere else.

He used to live in this house with Yvaine as well and shared plenty of good memories with her here.

"You two are getting married, and you should only share each other's company," Mick said. "It'd be wrong if I hovered around. I'd like to stay here too."

Erin knew that Mick wanted to live here, feeding on the memories he had with Yvaine.

She knew what Mick did was immoral, but he really loved Yvaine.

She really envied such a relationship... to only love one person for life.

It was selfish, but the love was real because it did not involve personal gain, only single-minded affection.

Even if what he did was not right, it was not entirely wrong—Yvaine survived this long because of him, and she would have been dead if he had not rescued her in the first place.

No one had a say about the past either, and only those involved knew the right and wrong of it.

"Okay, that's enough," Martin said, sensing his daughter distraught. "You are getting married. You have to be happy."

Erin smiled at Mick. "I am really happy that I'm marrying James."

She had never hidden her love and was always open about it.

Meanwhile, James was less forthright around others in contrast to her.

When it was time for dinner, they all headed out to Irene's lodgings to give them a ride.

They left early since they needed to prepare, what with children coming along.

It was just the right time as they packed up.

The place Mick booked easily fit over twenty of them, and the large round tables allowed plenty of space between seats.

Baby was sitting on a high chair, while Tommy was tall enough to sit on a chair.

Zachary did not bring his daughter since she was too young and there were too many strangers outside, so he was worried that his daughter could get sick.

Mrs. Watson was staying at their lodging to help him take care of Jean.

Since the dinner was booked ahead of them, it was served in under twenty minutes once everyone arrived.

As the stewards poured everyone wine, Martin turned toward Isaac and said, "I'm so happy that you could come. Here, let's have a toast."

Isaac raised his glass, and they shared a toast from a distance.

The atmosphere was lively and cheerful since everyone was gathered together.

After dinner was over and they headed home, Isaac took out a leather briefcase and passed it to James.

"For me?" James asked in surprise.

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Isaac appeared aloof and expressionless, but he said, "For your wedding." With

that, he got into his car.

James took it happily and watched them leave before heading home with Erin.

Glancing at the briefcase on the backseat, she asked, "What's in there?"

"I don't know," James admitted.

That made Erin more curious. "You don't?"

"Of course. I haven't opened it yet." James said, and reminded her, "Eyes on the road." Erin

pouted at him. "Fine."

Although they were staying with Mick, he left in another car after leaving the restaurant.

They were staying together so that Erin could better care for James. It was a huge place so it would not be crowded even if James moved in, and she would rather Mick not be alone either in fear that he would get lonely.

Mick was not back yet after they drove home, while Erin excitedly took the briefcase out of the car while complaining, "It's our wedding... So why did he give you a present, but not me?"

James stared at her in turn. "Giving you is no different from giving me..."

Erin argued before he could finish, "That doesn't count, and I'm his sister. Who are you to him? On the other hand, I'm his sister, so he's definitely giving this to me."

James chuckled. "Should I send this back so that he can prepare something else for you?"

Erin shot him a glare, feeling a little upset, just as it would be humiliating if she really asked for it. "Stop trying to get on my nerves."

James put an arm around her shoulder. "What's mine is yours, y'know."

"It's different!" Erin complained. "It would look like he's closer to you since he gave you the present, while I'm just some stranger."

"You're being greedy now—how are you a stranger? Tommy is always calling you Aunt Erin." James smiled, teasing her.

Erin smiled faintly as she remembered Tommy's adorable face.

Once inside the house, she put the briefcase impatiently on the couch, ready to see what was inside when James asked, "Can I have a glass of freshly squeezed juice, please?"

Erin was left speechless. "I'll see what's inside first, and go..." "Now,"

James insisted.

Seeing that he was not fully recovered yet, Erin reluctantly went to work.

It was not as if she was reluctant to work, but now just was not the time—she really wanted to see what was inside the briefcase.

James watched as she entered the kitchen before quietly opening the box to see what was inside, worried that Erin would get too excited about it.

He could tell that Erin really thought of Isaac as a brother and really cared about what they thought.

When he was done checking the contents, he quickly shut the briefcase.

Erin soon returned with fresh juice, and after handing it to her, she asked, "You didn't look while I was away, did you?"

James shook his head. "Nope."

Erin was skeptical. "Really?" "Really,"

James replied.

Erin rubbed her hands. "I'm going to open it. James

nodded.

As she started to open it, she said, "It's not full of money, is it?"

"Nope," James answered confidently.

Erin looked up right then. "How'd you know? And you said you didn't? You peeked while I was making you juice!"

James was left speechless.

He had let down his guard!

## The runaway groom (Irene and Isaac)

Chapter 1028

James was peeking because he was worried that the gift might be something that could hurt Erin's self-esteem, and he would rather spare her from having to feel that she was less than Isaac.

Having worked for Isaac for so long, he knew that Isaac spared no expense when it comes to his own people. In fact, they were more brothers than merely superior and subordinate.

It was exactly the case for when James was captured—Isaac was suffering from temporary blindness, but he carried on, calling favors and spending all the money he had to save James.

Bosses did not usually do that. In other words, Isaac was loyal to a fault, but he never liked to express it.

Even so, those who were with him knew very well that it was respect and a sense of security they would not get anywhere else. On the other hand, Erin was even more expectant when she realized it was not money, and she was starting to fumble a little. James simply reclined on the couch with the fresh juice, taking a sip and then saying, "Relax. It's a surprise."

"Shut it, you," Erin snapped—it was up to her to decide if it was a surprise, and it would never be if they said it! James chuckled and tousled her hair.

Erin opened the briefcase then, and there were several velvet boxes of jewelry, a house deed, and a document.

She read the document and realized that it was a share transfer certificate for Remy—it was probably the most valuable gift in there and worth far more than money!

It was also a gesture from Isaac to show that he acknowledged Erin as family. Erin had her hand covering her lips just then, emotional.

"The man's twisted, but he never was bad," James said. "And these are more of a dowry than wedding presents since only you can use the jewelry."

Even her name was stated directly on the share transfer certificate, and Isaac simply did not hand it to her directly. That was very much in line with his tsundere style.

Erin leaned against James's arms then while holding the certificate in her arms, joyful not because of the money but because she was considered family.

She was worried about abandonment when she discovered that she was not Mick and Yvaine's biological daughter, but Isaac now acknowledged her even if she was not related by blood.

James gently patted her on the shoulder. "I'm happy that you're happy." Erin snapped, "You don't even know how I feel."

James simply smiled and gently kissed her on the forehead—he understood that Erin was happy.

It was true that he could not empathize with how Erin felt since he was neither an orphan nor adopted, and he did not have the fear of being abandoned or disowned.

He therefore decided that he would offer her a sense of security in their marriage so she did not have to tiptoe so much.

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Everything was now most ready for their wedding—Erin's wedding gown was made, though it was sent back for alterations earlier due to error in measurements.

They had that fixed now, and she would try it on again.

James was busy with other arrangements, so he asked for Irene's help. Tommy went with them as well, insisting on coming along when he saw Erin. Erin was affectionately linking arms with Irene.

Erin's heart could melt whenever Tommy called her 'Aunt Erin' in that sweet voice of his, and she cupped his cheeks to give him an audible smooch.

He giggled. "It tickles."

Erin pinched his cheek. "You won't say that if it were your girlfriend." Tommy blinked.

"What's a girlfriend?"

Erin rubbed her chin. How would she explain that? Irene interrupted just then. "We're here."

They alighted after their chauffeur parked their car, and the manager was already waiting, receiving them as soon as they entered.

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They were led to the VIP room where Irene and Tommy sat on the couch, waiting while Erin got changed in the dressing room. There were plenty of sweets and beverages prepared on the table, and Tommy started to snack on the chocolate.

Irene had to take out a tissue to wipe the chocolate that smudged over his mouth. "Take it slow." Tommy held it out to her mouth. "This is good. Try it, Mommy."

Irene opened her mouth and ate it.

There was a lemony flavor to the strong chocolate taste, and there was a minty freshness to the sugar sweetness. The texture was rich and good as Tommy described it.

She quietly watched as Tommy went through everything else, while Erin soon came out of the changing room in her wedding gown.

It fused modern fashion with traditional Zidonian styles.

Despite Erin's usually lively demeanor, she appeared more prim and mature with the gown. After all, getting too risqué at a wedding ruined the solemnity, especially if children or elderly were attending.

It was obvious that Erin had given it extra thought. "How do I

look?" Erin asked, twirling in front of Irene. Irene nodded

repeatedly. "It's great."

Tommy was still munching on his snacks and murmured, "You look like a fairy."

Any woman would be pleased when they are praised for their beauty, and Erin was no exception. She happily

arched her back to pat his head. "Thank you for your compliment, Tommy."

Having tried and ascertained that the wedding gown fit, Erin also decided on the makeup and hairstyle since it had to match the gown.

They ended up working late into the afternoon. Tommy was so bored of waiting he fell asleep on the couch, and Irene had to carry him when they left.

Tommy woke up in the car, but even before he opened his eyes, he asked, "Bring me another cake, Mommy..." Both Erin

and Irene laughed from his reaction, and Erin asked, "What cake would you like? I'm buying."

It was only then that Tommy saw that they had left the boutique and were in the car.

Since it was almost evening, Erin got some confectionery at a bakery before taking everyone to dinner at a restaurant.

It was 8 PM when Irene and Tommy reached their lodgings, and Tommy went to sleep after a bath, worn out after staying outside for a day.

Irene took care of her baby so that Mrs. Watson could rest.

Neither Isaac nor Zachary was around, though they might be with James at the moment. She did not

call to ask, and she tucked in her baby when it was late.

It was late when she sensed the door opening while asleep, but she continued to sleep since she was too sleepy. As Isaac

lay down, he wrapped his arms around her from behind.

She in turn leaned against his firm, warm chest when she felt him, pressing herself against him. "What time is

it?" she asked groggily.

"Almost one," Isaac replied.

Irene frowned a little. "That's very late."

"I was helping James with something," he said, groping her waist a little. "Just sleep." "Yeah," Irene

replied, easily falling asleep since she was drowsy anyway.

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It was soon Erin and James's wedding.

Irene woke early to dress up her sons since everyone, including the children, must appear presentable in any wedding. They also

headed out early, since it would not do to be late.

Erin had professional help so she did not need much assistance, though Irene still had to manage her children since there would be many others attending the wedding.

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Chapter 1030

Irene's baby was being difficult. He was refusing to be carried, but he was also so small that anyone not noticing would knock into him if he walked. That was why someone must always be on hand to watch him.

Tommy was older and would stay put and stick with Irene when told so.

"It's such a grand wedding," Mrs. Watson exclaimed in awe, impressed by the wedding hall when they arrived.

The place was as grand as it was dreamlike—Mick certainly was not going to be stingy since Erin was his only child, and he had many friends in Minerva.

James had also been making a fortune over the years he worked for Isaac and could naturally afford such a wedding too. However, Mick was the one who actually paid, saying that it was his duty as a father.

Mrs. Watson leaned in to whisper into Irene's ear, "I think Mr. Jefferson should do one for you too."

Irene smiled. "Now? Both our children are walking already..."

"Exactly. This is a once in a lifetime occasion for women," Mrs. Watson said.

Irene saw Isaac coming just then and stopped Mrs. Watson while smiling. "Have you finished greeting your friends?"

Isaac had basically been mobbed ever since he entered, and it took him a while to free himself.

Holding Tommy's hand, he said, "Yeah. Let's head downstairs together later."

He certainly did not want to socialize, but it was necessary when he met acquaintances.

However, there were too many, so they headed to the lounge upstairs where they would wait for the wedding to start before coming downstairs.

Zachary had been with James, clicking his tongue as he looked at James and commenting, "Tut, tut! What a show-off!"

James could kick him right then.

He was just suited up appropriately for the occasion! How was he being a show off?!

"Why don't you take a look at your own face?" he told Zachary.

"I look good," Zachary said, looking himself in the mirror just then.

He saw the sly smile on James's face before he could finish and came to a realization, bellowing at the other man, "You're the one whose face is twisted from jealousy!"

James simply clapped him on the shoulder. "I have to socialize with my guests. Keep being alone forever!"

Zachary was speechless—could he stop plunging the dagger further into his heart?!

He had been immature and made mistakes, which led to losing the love of his life. But did he really have to be reminded of that constantly?!

He quickly caught up with James since James's leg has not fully recovered, and he said, "Does it please you that I'm hurting?"

James shot him a look. "Why are you hurting? You have a daughter. I don't."

Zachary became smug at the mention of his daughter. "Right... I do have a daughter, while neither you nor Isaac do!"

James was left speechless—the man really needed a slap in the face!

"I wonder what Mr. Jefferson would do if he heard you," James growled.

"I said it to his face," Zachary said.

James flashed a thumbs up at Zachary. "Impressive. Also, stop rambling around me. I still have guests to receive."

"You go do that." Zachary realized that he had been talking too much too, before adding, "I'll come along."

He could help James with the guests since James had not fully recovered.

James was certainly grateful for his goodwill. "Thank you."

"Why so formal? We're brothers, aren't we?" Zachary said, putting an arm over his shoulder.

James shoved him off. "Don't ruin my clothes."

Zachary was speechless.