

## Runaway 591

### Chapter 591

Zachary quietly said, "Perfect timing."

His words sparkled Ember's remaining hopes and she slowly walked up to him, mustering a smile as she said, "Tim Goldman was just slandering you, right?-

"It's all true," Zachary said, cutting her short icily. "Now, sign this."

Ember finally saw the paper on the table, and the title that read 'Divorce Agreement'!

She wobbled and turned toward Zachary in disbelief. "Y-You want to divorce me?!"

Then, she turned to Mrs. Slate, who had always supported her.

And right now, she needed Mrs. Slate's help.

However, Mrs. Slate simply averted her gaze, rose to her feet, and left.

After all, she knew that Zachary was no longer the son she could browbeat or manipulate at her whim.

However, Ember was still counting on her. "Zachary is going to divorce me! Aren't you doing anything about this?"

Mrs. Slate finally sighed. "I can't even save myself."

Before Ember arrived, Zachary had told her that he would not hold Lulu Adams's death against her, but in other words, he was saying that he would not show mercy if she kept meddling in his affairs.

In fact, even if she was his mother, Zachary would have her thrown in prison -she could not afford to provoke him.

But she was still pleased-he had clearly grown out of the shackles of family ties. All she wanted was for him to be able to stand up for himself, and she would die happy to see him become a ruthless head of the family!

Naturally, that meant she could not help Ember, and as she returned to her room right away, Ember was left downstairs, wobbling again.

Zachary then said flatly, "Sign this now, and I could consider paying for your living expenses. You can't blame me for what happens if you don't."

That was all he said, and it left Ember staring blankly at him, as if she did not know him.

He was now a stranger-a heartless man!

"You've changed..." she murmured.

Zachary smiled. "No thanks to you."

Finally calming down, she exclaimed, "You always took offense that I cheated on you, didn't you? But you set me up in the first place!"

"I wouldn't stoop that low," Zachary replied, his eyes turning cool. ' You're the one who charmed your parents into manipulating my mother, who in turn had Lulu killed. The instant you did that, it would end badly for you!"

"Lulu...?"

Ember was stunned. She could not believe that she lost to a dead person, and turned hysterical right then. "All you care about is her, don't you?! But she's dead! She's not coming back no matter what you do, and I'm the one who did it-so don't involve my parents!"

Zachary watched as she threw a tantrum. He suddenly rose to his feet and slowly walked up to her as he said, "You inherited your heinous nature from your father, didn't you? Well, it's true neither of you were angels, and he's going to spend the rest of his life in prison now."

In reality, the police announced the case very swiftly because they had been investigating the man who helped keep Peter Lindt safe from any culpability for that factory fire incident.

It was a corruption case that Zachary was not involved in.

## **Chapter 592**

As a matter of fact, the police had already been investigating Peter Lindt in secret.

Everything that was exposed online-from testimonies to physical evidence -only served to give them more evidence.

Even so, Ember still had not given up. "Don't you have any feelings for me at all?"

Zachary actually wanted to laugh right then.

"Me? Having feelings for you?" He growled every word heavily. "All I feel toward you is spite!"

Ember was left dumbstruck for a while, but soon reared her head and laughed with madness and hate.

"You want a divorce? You want your freedom? Dream on! I'll never divorce you if it kills me!" She laughed maniacally. "You think you could divorce me to find that dead woman? Fine! Just kill yourself and meet her in hell!"

Zachary simply ignored her raving. "You already have nothing to negotiate with."

However, Ember had been pampered rotten and never lost to anyone. Still unable to see the truth even now, she was still convinced that her parents' business would be her shield.

"No, but I can keep you tied down so that you won't ever be with that dead bitch! I'll always be your wife!"

With those words, she turned and ran out of the house, bawling as she did.

There was no telling how long had passed. She wore herself out from crying and running, and she simply slumped on a patio by the road, sobbing and wiping her tears.

She was confused and in denial-how did things turn out like this?

As the skies became dark, she finally remembered her mother and took a taxi home.

There, she found the gates of the mansion shut and her own mother curling a ball as she sat by the side of the road, looking more homeless than a rich man's wife!

Her heart broken, Ember ran up to her. "Mom?"

When Shirley saw her, she quickly wrapped her arms around her, as if she had grasped salvation. "Are you alright?"

She was still worried that Ember would not be able to accept what Zachary did.

Taking a moment to calm herself, she finally said, "I'm sorry, Mom. Zachary wouldn't have come for US if not for me..."

Shirley had still been hopeful, but she finally accepted that it was all Zachary's doing.

Her eyes welled with tears. "So it really was him... how could he go so far? He had Peter arrested, and tricked US out of all our money!"

Ember's gaze was at once dark and in denial. "But I won't let him off easy, Mom. I'll cling to him even if I die!"

Shirley looked at her for a while and eventually asked, "What's the point?"

She would only make Zachary hate her more...

"He went so far for his freedom, didn't he? And I'll keep denying him that!" Ember declared, while wiping her face and helping her mother up to her feet. "Let's find a place to stay for now. I still have some money on me."

Shirley sighed, squeezing Ember's hand just then. "How much do you have?"

I had nothing on me when I was thrown out."

She had to think about their future.

On the other hand, Ember was quiet for a moment before saying, "You have nothing to worry about, Mom."

She did not have much either, but she still had her jewelry and other luxury items that could be exchanged for money.

Despite understanding the importance of money, however, she arranged for her mother to stay at a fancy hotel that cost thousands per night, and returned to the Slaters' residence to get her things.

However, the servants kept her out when she arrived.

"I'm Zachary's wife! How dare you stop me?!"

Her eyes narrowed-she was in trouble, but even the servants were abusing her now too!

This was outrageous!

She raised her hand, ready to attack, when someone caught her wrist!

### **Chapter 593**

Ember turned to find that it was Zachary, and her expression turned from savagery to tenderness in a split second.

However, even before she could cajole him, Zachary spoke. "I told them not to let her in."

Ember's face fell, her visage turning ferocious again as her voice turned shrill, "We aren't divorced yet! You have no right!"

"So what if we aren't divorced?" Zachary said flatly. "I won't let you in either way. What can you do about it, hmm?"

Ember's eyes widened-she had never expected Zachary to become like this, and there soon spite showed in her look of disbelief as well.

She should have seen him for what he really was, instead of believing his lies! To think that she believed him!

"Zachary Slate!!!" she screamed.

Zachary simply ignored her and said, "You're not coming in if you're not signing the divorce agreement. You returned so quickly because you wanted money, didn't you?"

Ember blinked.

"Y-You're heinous," she snarled.

"I got that from you," he said coolly, and headed inside.

Ember tried to follow, but was stopped again, leaving her stamping her feet out in the courtyard.

Even so, she refused to accept defeat and sign the divorce agreement.

Over at Hotmesh Research, Irene and the researchers had developed an antidote for the virus.

However, it was still at the testing stage, and since animal testing took time with a long observation time frame as well, Irene decided to test it on herself.

"I'll do it instead!" Stephen Carr volunteered, worried about her body.

Irene shook her head-her son's life was on the line, and the test could potentially be lethal or worse, crippling.

She would not play around with another person's life.

Bzzt...

Irene's phone buzzed just then and she whipped it out to see that it was a text.

[We found Ricky. The team will rescue him as we speak.]

Irene's eyes lit up-her development for an antidote was showing progress, while Isaac found Ricky Spencer as well.

Things would be over soon, would it not?

Taking a deep breath, she replied: [Got it.]

Naturally, Isaac told her because he wanted her to worry a little less.

Indeed, since Isaac was succeeding on his front, she became more determined to test the antidote.

However, she was about to reach for the syringe when she found that it was gone from the table, and looked up to see that Stephen had it, and that it was already empty.

"Just doing this bit would ease the guilt I feel toward you."

There was nothing Irene could say since Stephen had already injected himself.

Still, she did not like to owe others. "I'll allow it this one time. I'll be upset if this happens again."

Moreover, even if Stephen fell short before and led to her abduction, he never meant harm.

Stephen nodded in turn and flashed her a grin. "Fair enough-but you haven't had any rest for days now. There's plenty of people around to keep things going, so get some rest. We'll call you the instant there's any development."

"Okay," Irene replied, rubbing her arm-she had been staying in the lab for over a dozen hours, and her vision was getting fuzzy from reading data and looking through microscopes.

She certainly needed the rest, and she also needed to check on Tommy.

Right now, Sheryl Harris and Mrs. Watson were caring for him around the clock to avoid another high fever.

His fever was low at the moment, but the rash was getting worse.

Irene was worried, and would constantly travel between her house and the lab.

Thankfully, Isaac's arrangements were perfect-she did not have to worry about safety or she would die from exhaustion.

In fact, she had been losing a lot of weight.

She washed her hands once she returned to the mansion and quickly went inside Tommy's room to check on him.

He was asleep.

## **Chapter 594**

However, it was clear that Tommy was not sleeping soundly-his eyelashes were damp from tears.

Irene looked heartbroken.

She wished she was the one suffering.

As she quietly lay down beside her son, Sheryl brought her a bowl of warm soup and said, "Drink this before you sleep."

Irene did so, and lay down to sleep beside Tommy.

Sheryl left with the bowl and did not impose, but Irene could not sleep soundly, waking up repeatedly.

As she opened her muddled eyes for a third time, she decided that she could not fall asleep and she quietly got up.

Seeing her leave the room, Sheryl sighed. "You could sleep a while longer."

It hurt Sheryl's heart to watch Irene wearing herself out, but she could not talk Irene out of it when Tommy's life was on the line.

Moreover, being busy would help Irene forget about Isaac too.

"I still have to go to the lab," Irene told her.

Sheryl could only nod-right now, the only thing she could do for her daughter was to take good care of Tommy.

Along the way, however, Irene spotted Isaac's car, and it was headed to the hospital.

Irene was puzzled. Why the hospital?

Did something happen?

As such, she told the chauffeur to follow, and they soon arrived at the entrance.

Irene alighted.

"Wait for me here," she told the chauffeur. She strode into the lobby, where she saw Ricky on a stretcher.

"Isaac!" she called out when she spotted him. "What happened here?"

Isaac turned, surprised to see her there.

Still, his gaze soon darkened as he quietly said, "We were caught by surprise when we tried to get him out."

Debbie was certainly ruthless.

The place where she held Ricky was filled with traps and there were two guards posted there constantly.

Although Isaac's men managed to subdue the guards, Ricky was stabbed on the chest with a knife when they tried to get him out.

Irene did not ask for details, and instead quickly furnished up to check Ricky's injury.

One look was enough to tell her that he needed surgery.

"Get a doctor!" she shouted urgently.

Isaac caught her by the wrist. "They will handle this. You—"

"It's very serious," Irene quickly told him. "I have to help operate on him as well. Also, I need a favor."

She was not a doctor here and they might not let her in the operating room, so she needed Isaac to pull some strings.

"This cannot wait!" she exclaimed loudly, and Isaac nodded.

Ricky was soon wheeled into an operating room for surgery.

Examination revealed that he suffered damage to his heart, and that his life was on the line.

"We can't mend it. We need a transplant," a doctor pointed out.

Irene remained calm and silent, but she also appeared grim—the other doctor was right, and Ricky might die without a heart transplant!

She spoke just then, "Ask if they have anything on hand."

A nurse quickly called, and soon they had something: a patient with amniotic fluid embolism.

They were working to save the baby, but the adult was already beyond saving.

However, there was no telling if the patient or her family was willing for the patient to be a donor.

Irene hesitated for a moment, and went personally to see the person—with Isaac on hand to pull strings, she had no problems meeting the patient.

However, her eyes widened when she saw the dying woman. "You?!"

The woman slowly turned, and was equally surprised to see that it was her. "Irene Spencer?!"

## **Chapter 595**

It was likely that neither of them had expected to see each other under such circumstances.

Somehow, Whitney Cox felt neither jealousy nor resentment toward Irene.

In fact, she came to realize certain truths while pregnant.

For one, Irene never owed her, and Isaac was never hers.

In fact, her impersonation of Irene was the reason she managed to get close to Isaac.

It was Whitney who acted as if he was hers with no qualms.

"To Irene was going to speak, but Whitney cut her short and said feebly, "I didn't expect there to still be a connection between US... That I'd see you during my last moments."

Whitney lowered her gaze. "Even though we graduated from the same med school and worked at the same hospital, you were better than me in every way. I used to envy you... But it was more jealousy than envy..."

Irene used to hate Whitney to the bone, but the sight of her looking like a candle in the wind eased her spite.

"You have amniotic fluid embolism," Irene said, cutting to the chase. "We're both doctors, and you understand that there's not much chance of survival. But are you willing to donate your heart after your death?"

Whitney did a double take-Irene showed up just to ask her for her heart?

'Who needs it?' she asked.

"Ricky," Irene replied.

Whitney became quiet after hearing the name, and then said, "I will be a donor, but under one condition."

"Tell me."

Holding Irene's gaze, Whitney said, "I have made a lot of mistakes, but could you not take it out on my child?"

All parents would do anything for their children, and no matter how horrible Whitney had been, she came to cherish her child now that she had become a mother.

Meanwhile, Irene held her gaze, aloof. "You're you, and your child is their own person. I won't take it out on them."

Whitney pursed her lips then.

"In that case, I should donate my heart to atone for my crimes," she said. "I was the one who had Samantha White killed. Being able to save her son would make up for it."

Perhaps aware that she was going to die, she was not afraid of confessing her crimes-talk about near death honesty!

"Ugh..." she suddenly groaned.

Whitney was clearly in a bad shape, so Irene quickly asked someone to bring in a donor's form so that she could sign it.

After she stuffed the pen in Whitney's hand, she signed her name despite the immense difficulty, the pen sliding off her fingers when she was done.

There was a loud clatter, and her breathing soon turned weak as her heart abruptly stopped.

The doctors did their best, but the heart rate monitor soon beeped loudly, indicating a flatline.

They sent a nurse to inform her next of kin of her condition.

Chad Ross had been waiting outside.

He had been holding a grudge against Whitney after she aborted their child just to frame Irene, and he was insistent that he would only let her free when she delivered their next child.



Now, the baby was delivered, but Whitney was on death's door...

"Please help her."

His hands were shaking even as he put pen to paper.

One must say that he genuinely loved her.

If only Whitney would come around earlier and understand that, she could have enjoyed a bright future with him.

## **Chapter 596**

However, fate turned out to be cruel.

The doctors failed to save Whitney.

At the same time, Irene quickly asked the hospital to make preparations for a heart transplant for Ricky.

She was considered one of the best in the field, and despite the risks and close shaves, she ultimately succeeded.

After that, he was kept in the ICU for observation-especially for signs of transplant rejection.

Nonetheless, when Chad saw that Whitney's heart was taken away so soon after her death, he went on a furious rampage.

"You people let her die just to take her heart, didn't you?! I'm warning you- if I find out that was the case, I'll have this hospital demolished!"

The hospital had shown him the donor papers that Whitney signed, and Chad recognized the signature as Whitney's-but he was still in denial.

He was in grief and probably just wanted somewhere to rant, and was relentlessly hounding the hospital staff, saying that he would sue them.

The process of getting Whitney's consent was certainly unprofessional, and the hospital would be in trouble if Chad got serious.

Irene knew that, and since it was her responsibility anyway, she went out to meet Chad.

His eyes sharpened at the sight of her. "You did this to her?"

Irene, however, remained calm and aloof as she took a seat. "We've had our arguments before, but I had no hand in her death.

You can consult a professional and have them examine her body if you like!"

Chad snorted. "You're a doctor. No one would be able to tell if you did something to her!"

"Yes, I have that ability, but I won't stoop that low!"

"Really?" Chad growled as he sat down, his eyes never leaving her. "You've always been at odds with her. Are you sure you won't kill her when you have the chance?"

Irene did not avert her eyes because her conscience was clear. "Find out for yourself how lethal amniotic fluid embolism can be.

It's the worst nightmare of every woman on her due date and some patients could be declared dead soon after. The doctors here tried, but they couldn't save her -as a matter of fact, Whitney was a doctor herself, and she knew what was going to happen.

Also, when I told her that I was trying to save Ricky, she agreed to be his donor."

Her tone easing just then, she added, "I'm sure you know why she was willing to do it, don't you?"

As Chad became silent, she continued, "She was the reason Samantha White was killed, no?"

"So what? Do you have proof?" Chad shot back coolly.

"I have none, but she admitted to it herself," Irene replied. "In fact, she was willing to donate her heart because she was hoping to earn points in her child's favor. You're a father now, too, and you ought to know how important children are to their parents. As a mother, she would at least hope that she did something for her child. In fact, are you sure she hadn't changed during her pregnancy?"

Chad remembered then-Whitney had been resistant about getting pregnant again at first, but he managed to make it work anyway. After that, he kept her guarded to prevent her from aborting the child again.

However, as months passed and her belly bulged, she somehow became milder and was no longer bent on aborting the child.

It left Chad pondering-could having a child really change a person?

That was when Irene asked Chad another question. "If your child is sick, and it will cost you something important, would you pay the price?"

"I'll pay any price!" Chad replied with no hesitation.

"And that's the same case for Whitney's choice," Irene told him. "She's doing it for the good of your child, and you're just in denial from grief. But even if you refuse to believe that she's dead, she'll know where she is now- most of all, she would want you to take good care of your child."

The last part resonated with Chad, and it was certainly likely that Whitney was hoping that he would take good care of their child.

Irene was right-he was pestering the hospital because he refused to believe that Whitney was gone!

As he slowly calmed down, he did not continue to make a fuss but instead left the hospital, taking his newborn with him and arranging for Whitney's funeral.

His cessation naturally allowed Irene to breathe a sigh of relief.

However, just as she was about to leave the hospital too, she saw the person waiting for her at the entrance and she did a double take!

## Chapter 597

Isaac walked up to Irene and gently gathered her into his arm, asking quietly, "What's on your mind?"

Irene actually thought that he had left, but it turned out that he was waiting for her.

"Aren't you a bold one? Not worried that Debbie would see you?" she asked.

Isaac was still holding her as they got in his car. "She's going to be busy."

Meanwhile, Debbie the secretary was trying on a bridal gown at a boutique and reveling in the joy of it.

After all, Isaac had personally ordered it tailor made for her, and she now believed that he was now seeing her as a woman, even accepting her.

She expressly brought the set of diamond jewelry, virtually parading it to the looks of envy of everyone around her.

"It really suits you," the assistant at the boutique flattered.

Having put on the bridal gown and the diamond jewelry set, Debbie admired her own reflection in the mirror and grinned broadly at the assistant's words.

She could not help feeling buoyed-she enjoyed this feeling of being served and fawned over.

Meanwhile, the assistant was still showering her flattery. "Also, shouldn't we address you as Mrs. Jefferson now?"

Debbie's grin broadened further, but she said, "Not yet-that could wait until after our wedding."

"But the bridal gown is ready. Shouldn't it be soon?" the assistant asked.

Debbie lifted a brow and said proudly, "Of course."

"Congratulations!" the assistant exclaimed.

Debbie reared her chin proudly and smugly-all her schemes and hard work had certainly paid off!

Meanwhile, Irene was lounging lazily in Isaac's car.

She was already worn out, and the surgery left her further exhausted.

"Does Debbie know that you rescued Ricky?"

"No," Isaac replied with a cold look. "She would already be dead if we had the antidote for Tommy."

Irene turned to look at him then, holding his hand as she said, "The antidote for Tommy is at the testing phase at the moment. It can be administered once testing is completed with no observable side effects."

There was a flash in Isaac's eyes, and he suddenly drove to the side of the road and stopped the car.

"Why are we stopping—"

Before Irene could finish, she was pulled firmly into a tight, warm embrace.

Irene did a double take as Isaac wrapped himself around her, and as she breathed in his familiar scent, her body relaxed as she leaned against him.

Blinking, she softly said, "It's going to be alright."

Tommy would recover, and they would find their lost child-she was the voice of that.

Isaac brushed his cheek against hers.

It was the first time he found such assurance in life.

He looked at her then-a woman only in her twenties who could endure more than he could.

That scrawny frame seemed to carry boundless power.

She was as strong as she was brave, and calm in a crisis.

There were countless things that made her sparkle, and each of them made her mesmerized.

"Tell me immediately when Tommy's antidote is ready."

He had been searching for it, but he got nothing-Debbie's years spent working for him were certainly well spent, and she learned a lot.

Now, he knew that it was unlikely to find the antidote from Debbie.

"Okay," Irene said softly.

"I didn't expect this day to come," Isaac said, laughing at himself self-deprecatingly, "that I'd be helpless and need you to bail me out."

Irene raised her hands, worming them around his waist. "Don't you feel blessed that you married me now?"

Isaac flashed a rare smile and quietly said, "Yes. Must have burned through ten lifetimes worth of blessings too."

They looked into each other's eyes then.

Though Irene lost considerable weight, her eyes were still bright as ever.

## **Chapter 598**

Looking into Irene's eyes that were as bright as the stars above, Isaac leaned in, slowly putting his lips against hers.

As their skin touched, their warmth flowed into one another's.

Irene closed her eyes in turn, and reared her chin so that the kiss was firmer.

It was less a gesture of intimacy than a gentle touch to offer each other assurances.

They pulled away after a long while and Isaac raised his hand to brush a finger over her lips, wiping the wetness over it.

"Let's get you home," he said softly.

Irene shook her head. "I need to go back to the lab. Stephen Carr tested the drug on himself-I need to check on him."

Isaac held her gaze for several heartbeats and finally nodded as he turned on the ignition.

Zachary Slate was sitting behind his desk, reading the official announcement of the day.

Peter Lindt's case was closed-the police had determined that he was culpable for fielding substandard equipment while taking no steps for fire safety.

It only made his case worse that he had bribed his way out unapologetically.

With all the concrete evidence against him, as well as pressure from Zachary and Tim Goldman, he was sentenced to jail for 28 years.

Peter was 51 this year, and would almost be 80 upon his release-if he ever got out, that is.

Shirley Lindt fainted at court the instant the verdict was handed down.

Peter tried to talk to her and his daughter, but he was escorted away before he had the chance.

Ember Lindt had to hold her mother steady even as she watched him being taken away.

She finally understood that she had nothing to depend on.

With her family's company being stolen by Zachary and Tim, she had nothing left-no father to protect her, let alone a home!

Her fingers slowly clenched into fists, and she clenched her jaw.

This was all Zachary's fault!

She hated herself for being so blinded by love and causing her family's downfall.

She swore that she would have her revenge!

And yet, when she took her mother to the hospital, she realized that she did not have the money to pay her mother's medical fees, let alone take revenge!

She could not return to the Slaters' residence, while Tim had also barred from her own family's mansion after he took possession of it.

And having spent her last dime, she was now penniless.

Revenge was certainly a pipe dream now.

"Why aren't you paying up?" a nurse was urging her. "It's hospital policy. You have to pay for your mother's medical examination, or we cannot arrange anything."

For the first time, Ember truly realized how powerless it was to be penniless.

Having been pampered in a well-to-do household since she was a child, she now had a taste of poverty's bitterness.

Naturally, ever since her family crisis, all their relatives and close friends were deliberately keeping their distance, as if worried they would be jinxed.

Taking a loan? Ember could not even reach them!

Now, with her mother needing urgent medical attention, her only option was to agree to Zachary's offer- to sign the divorce agreement, so that he would cover her living expenses.

Biting her lip then, she flipped out at the nurse like the spoiled rich daughter that she was. "Arrange a checkup for my mom right now, or I'll have this place shut down if anything happens to her! All you want is money, isn't it? I'll pay you-you have nothing to worry about!"

With those words, she turned around and ran out of the hospital, hailed a taxi, and went straight to Zachary's office!

Her hands were clenched and sweating, but just as she looked outside distractedly and feebly, she saw the man-the same man who had his way with her that night at the hotel!

She told the driver to stop, alighted, and ran straight to the man, stopping him!

## **Chapter 599**

Ember grabbed him by the hand, exclaiming, "You're coming with me. We're settling this with Zachary once and for all."

Even now, she was still convinced that Zachary had framed her.

The man-Winston Dickens-glanced at her briefly, but shook her off in the next instant, knocking her off balance and landing raggedly on her knees.

As she glared at him furiously, Winston recognized her in turn.

"Oh, it's you."

Winston dropped to a crouch before her and lifted her chin. "What, was that night so unforgettable that you want to go again?"

Ember restrained her disgust even as she denied it. "Dream on! All I want to know is who paid you to frame me!"

Winston looked up then, and inadvertently spotted Debbie stepping out of a boutique, and gestured with his chin for Ember to look. "There she is."

Ember slowly turned to find Debbie being mobbed and fawned over, while Winston stroked his chin interestedly beside her.

"Seems like she's doing well for herself."

As for Ember, her eyes widened while her face contorted with rage-she had never expected Debbie to be the one who framed her!

It was her?!

Her hand slowly clenched into fist on the floor, even as Winston appeared annoyed. "Rumor has it that she's marrying Isaac Jefferson-II didn't think that she was that well connected. I mean, that's a man with money and power, and I would've asked her for money if I had known."

Quickly noticing the greed in his eyes, Ember asked, "Why don't we work together?"

Winston did not seem to understand. "To do what?"

"Kidnap her and demand a ransom," she explained, even as she tried to persuade him. "You were saying that she's marrying

Isaac, right? That means she's rich, so why don't we work together here?"

Winston stared at Ember then, as if to read if she was sincere.

Ember certainly did not hide her spite for Debbie, and after Debbie paid him to defile Ember, Winston believed that it was reasonable for Ember to plan to kidnap Debbie in retaliation.

And if he could get another chunk of cash from Debbie, he got to keep living like a king-he had already burned through the money Debbie paid him before, after all.

Hence, Winston agreed to work with Ember after thinking about it briefly, only for Ember to hold out a hand to him, saying, "Lend me twenty bucks."

She still needed to take a taxi to Zachary's office.

"Are you really that poor?" Winston teased.

"No thanks to you," Ember growled through gritted teeth. "Zachary is now bent on divorcing me and destroying my whole family because of you!"

Winston, however, did not believe that he was at fault, even asking smugly, "So? Are you blaming me?"

"You're just a tool. Debbie was the one who made you do it," Ember said, knowing that she had no issue with him-Debbie was the culprit.

"Understanding, aren't you?" Winston chuckled.

Ember did not want to waste her breath with him. "I'm busy. Let's meet tonight."

They traded phone numbers, and Winston actually gave her twenty dollars.

This time, Zachary did not let Ember in immediately, and kept her waiting at the lobby until the evening, when he finally sent someone to bring her to his office.

She calmed down considerably now that she found out Zachary was not the one who framed her that night and she said evenly,

"I'll sign the divorce agreement."

"Really?" Zachary asked flatly.

"I'm not going to survive if I keep refusing. You've taken everything from my family just to force the divorce, haven't you?"

Zachary snorted coldly. "You lot deserve that after what you did."

"What, you mean Lulu Adams?" Ember laughed. "Don't forget that your mother was the one who actually did it. Why aren't you taking it out on her? Why don't you bring her to justice if you're not all talk?"

Zachary's eyes narrowed as his expression cooled. "You're desperate, Ember Lindt—that's why you're agreeing to the divorce.

And yet you're trying to provoke me... are you sure I won't arrange for the hospital to deny your mother help?"

### **Chapter 600**

Ember's face turned pale right then.

How could she have forgotten? Zachary had changed! He was no longer the same man from before!

Naturally, she had to save her mother, and so, she held out her hand. "Let me sign it already!"

Zachary's assistant passed her the divorce agreement, and Ember picked up a pen.

To think that the marriage she had gone through so much for was now at its end.

There was certainly no happiness to be had from coercion!

Now, she felt both spite and regret!

Closing her eyes for a moment, she signed the divorce agreement.

"We will go our separate ways now, Zachary Slate," she said, throwing the ballpoint pen carelessly on the desk.

Now, she no longer felt love for the man—only hatred for ruining her family.

"Now give me the money you promised!"

"Why should I?" Zachary said, lounging on his couch.

Ember frowned. "You told me that you would give me money if I signed the divorce agreement. Are you breaking your promise?"

"I did." Zachary did not deny it, but pointed out, "You just didn't sign it at the time, and the effective period is now over. The money is gone now."

Ember felt her rage flaring. "You tricked me?"

"Not really. I offered you an opportunity, but you didn't take it," Zachary replied, already impatient.

"Now get out of here!"



Ember refused. "You have to pay me! My mother is still in the hospital! Her medical bills need to be paid!"

"What does that have to do with me?!" Zachary shot back, and gestured for his assistant to call in security.

Ember was seething, but there was nothing she could do-there was no way she could win against Zachary now.

He could do anything he wanted with her!

The security guards soon arrived, restrained Ember, and dragged her out of Zachary's office even as she bellowed his name endlessly.

Her voice soon faded from that floor, affording Zachary peace and quiet.

He glanced at the divorce agreement on this desk and rose to his feet.

His cellphone then rang, and he picked it up.

It was a call from Erin Gooding-he had delegated James Cross's care to her after transferring him to another hospital.

"Hello? J-James just woke up."

Her thrill was palpable.

Zachary did a double take before realizing what she was saying. "Really?! I'll be right there."

He was certainly surprised-James waking up was a miracle!

He drove much quicker than he usually would, arriving at the hospital ward to find James with his eyes opened in his bed!

Walking up and clapping him on the shoulder, Zachary exclaimed, "I thought you'd be sleeping for the rest of your life!"

Then, turning to Erin, he asked, "Have the doctors taken a look at him?"

"They have." Erin beamed. "There are no issues-he just needs some physiotherapy and he'll make a full recovery."

"Leave US for a moment," James suddenly said. "I need to talk to Zachary."

Erin was left pouting. "Where's your conscience? I've been taking care of you all this while and you've never thanked me! Now, I'm in your way? Watch out, or I'll beat you up."

"This is important," James said feebly. "Please."

Zachary glanced at James and then at Erin, his lips curling up into a smile. "Yeah, keep flaunting. I'm sure you're immune to death flags."

Erin's cheeks flushed right then and she ran outside in embarrassment.

Zachary sat on James's bed then and kept teasing, "Alright, now make it quick-I'd really hate to be a third-wheeler."

Nonetheless, James's expression suddenly turned grim!

Zachary frowned. "Wait, what are you going to say? Don't look so serious- you're spooking me."