

Runaway 611

Chapter 611

Irene's eyes were red as she looked away from Isaac.

"It's nothing," she said, rubbing her eyes. "It's time for breakfast! Also, I've spoken to my mom, so she's not going to keep railing at you."

Isaac would tell her immediately if he knew anything, and he did not, so it must mean he did not have anything yet.

Isaac naturally knew what was bothering her, since he felt equally terrible as the missing child's father.

Mentioning it would just make them sad, and since Irene changed the subject, he played along and said, "James Cross has recovered. Let's visit him after breakfast."

Irene nodded. "Okay."

Isaac then got up and gathered her in his arms, offering a silence assurance.

Irene forced a smile.

"Let's eat. I'm hungry," she said, and pulled him out of the bedroom as she rambled on. "You must miss Tommy since you've been away, right? He's perked up now, but don't hug him so soon-it's bad since his rash hasn't faded completely..."

Isaac quietly listened, and Sheryl was there when they arrived at the living room. She spoke first, saying, "Tell me beforehand if anything like that happened again, so that I won't misunderstand."

"Yeah," Isaac replied. "Thank you for taking care of Irene and Tommy for me."

Sheryl cheered up at his words, her remaining grievances gone as she smiled. "Eat, or the food will get cold."

With that, she returned to Tommy's room to tend to the boy.

On the other hand, Irene was not feeling an appetite and was not moving despite all the good food Mrs. Watson prepared.

Isaac pushed a glass of milk up to her and told her with a commanding edge in his voice, "Eat."

"Not hungry," she mumbled, poking holes into her egg before getting to her feet.

Isaac simply caught her by the wrist, handily pulling her into his arms with his hand and making her sit on his lap.

Irene frowned. "What are you doing? My mom is here! Don't you know how embarrassing it is when she sees us?"

However, it was precisely because she was worried that Isaac was being so unruly. Slicing a piece out of his bacon, he held it by her lips, saying, "Eat, and I'll let you go."

Irene glared at him, pouting.

Isaac kept shoving it at her regardless. "Hmm?"

The hot bacon was just dangling by her mouth, and she could smell the pungent scent of grilled meat.

She hence bit down on it, the succulent texture freshening her mouth.

Isaac quickly cut another slice, and when she refused again, he spread her legs so that she was straddling him erotically. When she tried to resist, he simply held on firmly to her waist, restraining her while threatening, "Eat, and then I'll let you go."

"You're a scoundrel," Irene huffed.

Did he not care that people were going to catch them like this?

Even so, Isaac did not appear upset, and he kept feeding her.

Having no choice, she tamely ate everything he fed her, even finishing her glass of milk. "I'm full."

"Really?" Isaac asked.

"Should I disembowel myself to show you?" Irene growled, obviously angry now.

Isaac knew too well that he should not push her too far, and that he had to let her go just then.

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When Irene regained her freedom, she did not get off Isaac right away. Instead, she leaned in, holding his head firmly and biting down viciously on his lip!

Isaac frowned slightly but did not resist, even watching her lovingly.

Still, Irene soon released him because she could taste blood. She said, "Don't push me like that ever again."

"Sure." Isaac smiled.

Irene was just about to get off him when she slipped and landed on him again.

Mrs. Watson happened to arrive just then.

Catching them in the act, she quickly closed her eyes, turning around while giggling, "It's alright, you can continue. I saw nothing."

With that, she fled, as if fearful she would be a third-wheeler!

Irene was left speechless even as her cheeks burned.

Mrs. Watson must have misunderstood. This was just so embarrassing!

Shooting Isaac a glare, she snapped, "This is all your fault."

Isaac pursed his lips to hide a smile. "We're married. They were too, so they would understand."

Irene shot him a vicious glare before returning to their bedroom, whereas Isaac stayed to finish his food, checking on Tommy in his room before going to Irene.

Ever since her face was scarred, she would always wear a scarf to hide her face and neck.

On the way to visit James, Irene asked him, "I saw the news about the fire. Won't the police investigate the deaths?"

"I've already arranged for scapegoats."

That said, those two thugs deserved it.

Isaac naturally did a background check on them, and they had quite the long list of criminal records that included robbery, street violence, and rape. They should have been punished far earlier.

Irene nodded-she did not ask in the house because she did not want Sheryl to find out.

Either way, she was relieved now that Isaac had tied up loose ends.

Soon, they arrived at the hospital.

James could already get out of bed and walk around.

He had not actually been in a vegetative state for that long, and Erin Gooding's meticulous care allowed him to recover quickly!

He was in the middle of rehabilitation when the door opened.

He turned, expecting Irene, but saw that it was Isaac and Irene instead.

Quickly walking up to them, he asked, "Hey, what are you doing here?"

To check on you. Are you feeling better?" Irene asked.

"I'm alright now. I was just thinking about getting discharged today as well," James said, looking at Irene as he added gratefully,

"I must thank you for transferring me here-I heard Zachary saying that you're the one who told him to hide me, or Debbie might really have killed me."

He heard about what Debbie did from Zachary as well, but he blamed himself regardless. "It's my fault-I was a poor judge of character, and sent her to Mr. Jefferson's side anyway."

"It is," Isaac said. "Be more careful from now on."

James replied solemnly. "Won't happen ever again."

"Either way, you're better now-I'll see you at work," Isaac said flatly.

He was actually happy that James had recovered despite his neutral expression. He just did not like to show it!

Still, James could see that, having worked for Isaac for so long, and he chuckled.

'I will come in today.'

"What about me?" Erin asked from the doorway.

James had made up his mind to date her. Even if she was adopted and not actually Yvaine Lynd's biological daughter, he still believed that he should discuss it with Isaac.

Beckoning Erin to him, he said, "Mr. Jefferson, Erin here has been caring for me ever since I was in a coma. Do I have your permission to be in a relationship with her?"

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Before Isaac could answer, Erin said, "He's not actually my half-brother- I'm just adopted. I'm not my mother's biological daughter, so you don't have to ask him. We can be together if we want."

James wanted to explain that he knew about that and had zero connection with Isaac, and Yvaine was the only thing that connected them.

Even so, he found it necessary to clear the air, since Yvaine was Isaac's mother too.

Still, Isaac beat him to it before he could say anything. "Your relationships have nothing to do with me."

Like Erin said, she was adopted-so what did that have to do with him?

Taking Irene's hand, he told James, "Now that you're better, we can go."

"I'll check in at the office tomorrow," James said.

Isaac heard James, but he did not respond.

As he headed outside with Irene, she asked, "Will you be busy today?"

"What is it?" he asked in return.

"Well, Mark Wickers helped out a lot with the research for the antidote," Irene told him. "I'm thinking about treating everyone to dinner. You can join us if you're free."

"Yeah. I can make the arrangements, too," Isaac said.

"Sure," Irene said after thinking about it.

She was not experienced in mingling, while Isaac often did it and would know what to do.

"How many people will there be?" Isaac asked.

"A little around ten," Irene said.

"Okay. Let's get you home to catch more sleep."

He needed a number to better make arrangements, and was naturally aware that she had been working very hard lately, and could rest now that their troubles were over.

However, Irene said, "I'm actually thinking about going to the mall. Tommy is growing out of his clothes, and since we have time now, we could get him new ones."

"I'm coming with you," he said and turned the car around.

"Aren't you busy?" she asked, staring at him.

"There are things to do, but nothing urgent. I have the time to take you to the mall..."

Turning to look at her just then, he said, "Or maybe you want my company?"

Irene stayed quiet, more or less allowing it.

Isaac took her to the most bustling street at the heart of the city, where luxury brands across the world set up their exclusive stores.

Irene had never shopped there before and she never liked luxury items anyway-it would only get in her way given her profession, so all she had was a watch to keep the time.

After Isaac parked his car, he walked around it to her, taking her hand and saying, "I saw how empty your wardrobe is. Time for you to stock up."

"I'm poor. You're paying," Irene joked.

Isaac turned toward her, amused. "My stuff is yours, no?"

Any woman would love to hear such sweet words, and Irene was no exception.

Linking arms with him then, she joked, "Swear it."

"Swear what?" Isaac asked, feigning seriousness.

Irene quickly shoved him aside. "Fine. Stay away from me."

Isaac simply slid up to her and gathered her in his arms, leaning in, and whispered in his magnetic voice, "I swear."

His breath sprayed over her neck as he spoke, tickling her.

Irene shrunk her neck into her shoulders and shot him a glare.

Isaac simply smiled at her blushing face and reached out to pinch her cheek.

Irene slapped it away. "That hurts."

"Should I be gentler?" Isaac asked.

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"Don't touch me," Irene warned. "Mess with me again, and it's the couch for you tonight."

They played and joked like a couple madly in love, and Isaac eventually led her to a Chanel store.

"Let's check it out."

Irene stopped him. "It's fine..."

"I'm paying." Isaac simply put a hand around her shoulder and led her inside.

He was a little guilty since they have been together for so long, but he never gave her any presents.

"We're buying anything you want," he said seriously.

Irene pursed her lips, and leaned against him-she felt more secure the closer she was to him.

While Isaac was helping her pick something fitting, a salesgirl approached them, saying, "These are for display purposes. We can bring you a new one if you need it."

Having lived with Irene for a while now, he noticed that everything she wore was either casual or comfortable, never fashionable.

Still, casual wear did fit her a lot, since she still retained her youthful vigor like a fresh college graduate!

Then, spotting a monochromatic checkered dress, he thought that it would fit her and so, he said, "This too."

The salesgirl studied Irene for a moment, and quickly came up with the right size. "A moment, please-I will get the dress for you to try out now." The changing room was separate from the racks and the privacy was ensured, just as there was a small lounge nearby, with confectionery available for customers who were waiting for their friends.

Isaac took a seat at the couch, and Irene quickly tried it out.

He certainly knew her well-especially with regards to what suited her.

Naturally, everything he picked suited her, with the sizes being just right as well.

However, when the salesgirl helped Irene with her collar, she flinched and stumbled backward when she saw the scars that stretched from Irene's face down her neck.

Realizing what happened, Irene quickly hid her face.

The salesgirl soon realized what had happened and apologized. "I'm so sorry."

Irene simply returned into her changing room and changed back into her clothes before returning to Isaac. "Let's go."

She did not like people seeing her scars, or the fact that she scared people.

Isaac scowled and threw the salesgirl a cool look. "We'll take everything."

Knowing that she was being impolite, the salesgirl quickly tidied the clothes and packed everything.

Aware that Irene did not like being given weird looks, Isaac quickly paid and left with Irene, gathering her in his arms when they arrived somewhere quiet.

He brushed her hair, straightening it while quietly assuring her, "You're not ugly. Don't mind those weird looks."

"I just wished I wasn't scary," she said flatly.

Her family and acquaintances were used to it and they naturally would not give her weird looks, but she knew that her scars would spook any stranger.

Isaac was devastated. "Let's get you home. I'll have someone buy Tommy's clothes."

Irene nodded.

Things had been pleasant, but the salesgirl's reaction reminded Irene of her disfigurement, and her mood to shop vaporized.

Bzzt-

Isaac's phone rang just then, and he picked it up to see that it was a call from the private investigator he hired.

"I caught the trail of Kim Sherwood. I'll find her in a couple days if there's no surprises."

Isaac's chin stiffened. "Call me right away when you have something."

"Of course."

Hanging up, Isaac was going to Irene when he noticed her staring nearby distractedly.

He followed her gaze and his expression darkened when he saw the person nearby!

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Irene was scowling.

"He just married her days ago and he has a baby now?"

Isaac was suspicious too, and they both were wondering if the baby Harvey Gooding was holding was theirs.

After all, Harvey had always been hostile toward Isaac, and he now felt the same toward Irene as well because of how she kept rejecting him.

Given his style, he would have kidnapped their child in retaliation.

Irene was agitated that she was going to run up and interrogate him-she could not stay calm where her child was concerned.

However, Isaac caught her. "Calm down."

"That child might be ours! How could I stay calm?!" Irene snapped impatiently.

"Irene," he reasoned softly. "Even if you asked, he won't admit it-"

"Yo!" Harvey spotted them just then, and was starting towards them, even holding up the child he was holding as if flaunting.

"I have a kid now too," he told Isaac provokingly. "But you don't look too happy. What, am I an eyesore just because I have a son now?"

"Your son? Just days after you got married? What, are you capable of mitosis?!" Irene glared at her. "If you have a problem, come after me!"

Harvey's gaze twitched, but he kept smiling. "What are you talking about? I don't get it."

Irene did not waste her breath and lunged forward to grab the baby!

Harvey, however, noticed her move and dodged her. "What, are you trying to abduct my son in public?"

"Is he really yours?" Irene did not hide her suspicions at all!

"What, are you trying to say he's yours?" Harvey laughed. "Actually, I wish, but you'd refuse to have one with me-"

Before Harvey could finish, he was punched heavily in the face and sent stumbling backward, almost falling over.

He licked the blood off his lips and glared coolly at Isaac. "Oh, did that upset you?"

Isaac stood towering like an unshakeable mountain, his dark pupils sinister and bloodthirsty. "I'll kill you."

Harvey simply chuckled and kept provoking him. "What, are you going to do that right here? In public?"

"Shut up!" Irene snapped at him while quickly moving to stop Isaac, fearful that he would punch Harvey again and accidentally hit the baby Harvey was holding.

Harvey gave her a long, pointed look and said, "I told you-you will regret this, Irene Spencer."

With that, he strode off.

Both of them calmed down later-arguing would never get them anywhere anyway.

"A paternity test, and we'd know if the baby is hours," Irene said, turning toward Isaac just then. "Is there a way to get the baby's hair or blood samples?"

"Yeah," Isaac replied-he could do it in no time at all, too.

He called James Cross, who answered solemnly for receiving new orders so quickly. "Yes?"

Isaac told him everything, while instructing, "See to it personally. No mistakes this time."

"You have nothing to worry about, sir!"

Still, Isaac appeared grim as he hung up, even as Irene calmed down. "Something's wrong, Isaac. I can feel it."

Isaac noticed it too. "If the baby really is hours, he should be hiding the baby instead of bringing him everywhere, and certainly not show him in our faces. It doesn't make sense."

"I think so too." Irene narrowed her eyes. "What is he planning?"

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Isaac composed himself and put his hands around Irene. "It doesn't matter what he wants. Let's do the paternity test anyway-we shouldn't let anything slip past us."

After they returned to their car, Irene said as she put on her seatbelt. "I'll do the paternity test myself."

She was uncomfortable with others doing it, and she wanted no error!

"Okay," Isaac replied.

As her heart became filled with anticipation and worry at once, Isaac held her hand and squeezed it. "Don't worry."

Irene simply leaned her head against the window. "Are you saying that I shouldn't hold out too much hope?"

Isaac certainly thought so, and Irene understood that.

Nodding and trying to look relaxed just then, she said, "I know."

After Isaac sent her home, he told her, "Get some rest."

Irene nodded and headed straight inside after alighting.

Isaac watched her and only drove off after she went inside.

Irene's phone rang when she was changing out of her shoes, and she answered it.

"Why don't we meet up?" A voice spoke in amusement from the other end.

That voice...

Irene held her phone away for a moment, and saw that the caller was Harvey!

Hesitating for a moment, she then said, "Not interested."

"What, not interested in my son?" Harvey pressed.

Irene was left silent for a while and did her best to stay calm. "Why would I be?"

"Alright, just pretend I never asked," Harvey said and hung up.

Irene's fingers clenched on the phone.

If she went to see Harvey, she just might find out if the baby he was holding was hers.

After thinking about it, he called Harvey, and he soon answered as if expecting that she would call back.

Chuckling, he asked, "Made up your mind?"

"Where?" she asked coolly.

"Grand Court Hotel. The room number is 8808. I'll be waiting."

Irene hung up without saying anything.

"Mama." Tommy ran up to her and hugged her leg just then, looking up at her as he asked, "Papa?"

Irene stroked his little cheek and smiled. "He'll be home later."

Then, as she scooped him up in her arms and headed to the living room, he blabbed, "Go out, play."

He had not left the mansion ever since he got sick, and his fair cheeks were even white now, no thanks to being stuck indoors.

Irene coaxed him, saying, 'Til take you to the park tomorrow, okay? It's cloudy today."

Tommy said nothing, but his little lips were pursed.

He was starting to pout now that he perked up.

Irene gave him a peck on his tender cheeks. "I'll take you outside tonight, okay?"

As Tommy smiled happily, Sheryl arrived with a plate of fruits for the toddler. "He's going to be spoiled if you keep playing to his tune."

Irene opened his clothes to check Tommy's body just then-his rash was gone aside from faint red blotches, though those would fade soon enough as well.

"He needs some sun. Staying in the house all the time is bad."

"He gets all the sun he needs-I've been letting him play on the balcony," Sheryl retorted.

In fact, this mansion had two large balconies, and it was sunny from morning to evening!

"He's better now, so we shouldn't keep him stuck inside. He's supposed to attend kindergarten in a couple years, too," Irene stubbornly said.

Sheryl smiled. "Fine, but bring someone with you."

Sheryl had become prudent ever since the mess with Ian Jefferson.

"Yeah," Irene replied and took Tommy outside.

It was not until he had his fun and fell asleep that she left.

Arriving at the designated location, she knocked on the hotel room door, which soon opened.

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It was Harvey who answered the door, but he appeared annoyed. "I thought you weren't coming." "I was delayed," Irene said flatly.

Harvey stood aside to let her in. "Come in."

Irene stood at the doorway, glancing inside warily, and she only entered after seeing someone else inside.

Harvey closed the door and asked, "What are you worried about? That I'd do something to you?"

"Have you ever succeeded?" Irene asked.

Harvey was speechless-he had to give it to her, she was certainly cunning.

Since the subject was not to his advantage, he changed it. "This is my wife, Heather."

The woman on the couch had the baby in her arms and she greeted Irene politely. "Hello. Harvey told me a friend is visiting, and that would be you, right? Pleased to meet you,".

Having no idea what Harvey was actually up to, Irene politely smiled in return. "Likewise."

Harvey walked up and put an arm on Heather's shoulder, watching Irene as he said, "We're supposed to be friends, but she skipped out on our wedding. It upsets me greatly!"

"I can't travel far," Irene explained.

"Really?" Harvey studied her from head to toe just then, and soon came to realize. "Oh, right-you were in labor. So, where's your child? When's the christening?"

Irene scowled, her glare turning sharp just then. "I have a question about that. You haven't been married for two months, have you? But when was that child born?"

Harvey remained unperturbed, and clapped Heather on the shoulder. "You tell her."

"I've been with Harvey for a while," Heather said then. "But this was a shotgun wedding."

It made perfect senses, but Irene doubted it.

"Really?"

"What, don't you believe her?" Harvey asked.

"No," Irene replied shortly. "My baby is missing, and I think you abducted him."

Heather was actually surprised and she turned toward Harvey, "You abducted her child?"

Harvey shot her a glare. "No."

Then, he calmly smiled at Irene. "So, you suspect me? Do you have any proof?"

"I don't, but if you didn't do it, care to let me perform a paternity test on that baby?" Irene asked.

"When you have no proof? Are you kidding me?" Harvey sat down beside Heather then. "Why did your baby go missing, though? Maybe you sinned so much that even the gods are upset with you?"

Irene held his gaze. "I apologize if I upset you in any way-but don't take it out on my son."

Harvey simply smiled at her silently, giving her the creeps!

"Look-"

She paused, suddenly picking up a scent in the air that she would have missed if she was not paying attention. She knew from experience that it was from a certain incapacitating drug.

What? Was this why Harvey lured her here?!

Furious, she snapped, "You're hopeless, Harvey. Don't forget that I'm a doctor-a cheap trick like this won't get me!"

To think that he would resort to such a dirty move!

Harvey was actually puzzled.

"What's got your goat?"

While he was left confused, Irene said nothing and stormed out of the door, leaving him even more mystified! He was just about to follow her and ask, but his son suddenly burst into tears. He turned around to check on the baby.

In reality, however, it was Heather who pinched the baby and made him cry when Harvey was about to leave. She just wanted him to stay, but that would prove to be an error in judgment!

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Heather King felt her head spinning, and soon, her vision of Harvey blurred.

Harvey became dazed as well and started to wobble, and he quickly returned to the couch, shaking his head firmly to clear his head.

"Are you feeling dizzy? Me too..." Heather mumbled.

The child in her arms had turned quiet as well, even though he was crying just a moment ago.

Harvey understood Irene's anger just then—she was a doctor and had a sharp smell. She must have noticed that something was wrong before they did.

He then turned toward the scented candle on the table.

A steward had given it to them, saying that it would help with sleeping, and Harvey took it without hesitation.

That must be it! He got up and tried to snuff it out, but dropped to the floor before he could reach it.

Heather then fainted as well!

On the other hand, Irene ran into James Cross in the corridor once she got out.

"What are you doing here?" she asked.

"Mr. Jefferson told me to get blood and hair samples from Harvey's baby," James replied.

Realizing with a start, Irene said, "So you're the one who drugged them?"

James nodded. "They should be out by now."

"I'm coming with you," Irene said.

James had already gotten his hands on the backup card to Harvey's room and they easily got in.

Inside, they found the man himself on the floor.

Since the drug could easily knock out adults, it would be harmful to infants in large doses.

As such, Irene quickly hurried to pick up the baby from Heather's arms, and got out so that the baby could breathe in fresh air.

James was still inside and he snuffed out the candle that he used to incapacitate everyone in the room, then kicked Harvey after he did.

"It's like you can't stop messing around, can you?"

"What are you going to do with them?" Irene asked.

"I'm tying him up, just to be safe."

James had actually prepared a rope for the occasion. He quickly tied up Harvey and gagged him as well, before doing the same to Heather.

With that done, he left, closing the door behind him.

As they left the hotel, James asked, "Where do we go now?"

"What time is it?" Irene asked.

"3 PM."

Since it was still early, Irene said, "Hotmesh Research."

"Okay," James said.

Irene sat at the back with the baby in her arms, and they soon arrived.

She did not do the paternity test immediately, however, and instead examined the baby, making sure that he was healthy before she took blood samples.

James waited outside and called Isaac to tell him that she was doing it.

"Where?" Isaac asked.

"Hotmesh Research."

Isaac hung up at that and soon arrived as well.

James went out to meet him as he hurried inside, and though he appeared calm, there was an urgency in his voice, "Is it done?"

"Not yet," James replied-Irene never left the lab.

As such, they could only wait... but time seemed to stretch on while waiting.

Still, it did take quite long-it was not after two hours that Irene finally came out.

Isaac hurried to her side.

"How did it go?"

Irene looked up at him, her eyes welling with tears and her body shuddering -her fingers were cold too.She did the paternity test twice, but the result was the same both times!

But she took the blood samples herself and personally ran the equipment. There was no mistake.

"Isaac..." she rasped.

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"Yeah?" Issac replied-he wanted to know the result too.

"No," Irene said, shaking her head.

The baby was not related to her at all!

There was disappointment in Isaac's eyes, but it quickly faded as he gathered Irene in his arms, softly assuring her, "It's fine. It doesn't matter- we'll keep looking. I've even received word from my PI that he's on Kim Sherwood's trail. We just have to be patient."

He had already prepared her for this outcome, just as he had prepared himself.

It was obvious that Harvey would not bring their child out in the open if he really snatched him, and this simply proved that.

Even so, Irene could not help feeling despondent. She was worried that her child was suffering...

However, calmness and composure was a doctor's tenet, and she quickly composed herself.

Turning to James, she said, "You can return the child to Harvey now."

They had no reason to keep him since he is not their child.

"But is the boy Harvey's?" James pointed out, but Irene did not test for that.

What was the point anyway?

Still, James turned to Isaac as if to ask his opinion, who appeared silent in thought.

"Isaac?" Irene called out to him.

Coming to his senses then, he told Irene quietly, "Go home. I will handle things over here."

Irene said nothing since he clearly had a plan. "Okay."

"Your chauffeur is outside. He'll take you home," Isaac added.

"Yeah. Oh, the baby is still inside, by the way," she said, and left.

Once she was gone, Isaac beckoned to James and said, "Find out where Harvey has been over the past two months, and whether that woman's kid is his."

"Yes, sir," James replied, then hesitated for a moment before asking, "Do you suspect something, sir?"

"I have this feeling that Harvey showed up because he wanted to probe us," Isaac said darkly.

Specifically, using the baby to probe Irene's reaction.

James headed into the lab and picked up the baby, who was sleeping soundly because of the drugs and was not waking up in his arms.

"Do I free Harvey now?"

"Yes, but have our men keep an eye on him," Issac replied.

"Yes, sir," James replied respectfully.

At 8 PM, Isaac had brought Mark Wickers and his research team to a dinner cruise.

Stephen Carr was absent because his wife was ill, though Zachary Slate filled his spot on the table that seated twenty, which was perfectly fine since there were less than fifteen of them.

Dinner was soon served, and the menu was all gourmet selection.

While the table wafted the appetizing aroma, Irene was smiling and greeting everyone, being a cordial host despite the matters weighing on her mind.

Tommy was able to recover quickly thanks to these people, and the dinner was a sincere gesture to thank them.

Even though Mark insisted that it was nothing that important, Irene was still grateful. "Everyone worked hard in that lab, even losing sleep and missing out on meals. I naturally could see how hard everyone worked, so I'm really thankful that everyone helped."

Irene offered them a toast, and Mark and everyone else graciously accepted it, seemingly reluctant to refuse since Isaac was there with them.

As Irene boldly chugged her glass, everyone followed suit.

Naturally, Issac was grateful as well and paid everyone a generous sum of five grand each.

Most of them were afraid to take it, but Mark convinced them to, since it was both Isaac and Irene's sincerity.

Naturally, Zachary felt like he was surplus-he had not helped much, but he was a part of the dinner anyway.

When he had the opportunity, he sneaked out quietly for some fresh air.

It was very quiet, since Isaac had rented the entire cruise ship for the night.

The wind was quite cold, but just as Zachary turned to head back inside, he saw a certain person.

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When Zachary turned and saw the woman who looked just like Lulu Adams, he lost her rationality right then and dashed forward, catching hold of her wrist.

"Lulu?!"

The stewardess turned to find a handsome man. She asked, "Is there anything I can help you with, sir?"

Zachary, however, was staring at her so hard his eyes could pop out.

The stewardess did not just resemble Lulu Adams-she was her!

"Y-You're alive?"

He was so thrilled, but even as he dawdled between tears and laughter, the stewardess found him unhinged instead.

"Did you get the wrong person?"

Zachary could not care less right then, and he pulled her tightly into his arms.

Clang!

The saucer she carried crashed to the floor, dropping the food everywhere.

She struggled and screamed as if being molested, "Help! Help! Someone, help me!"

Zachary frowned.

"What's wrong, Lulu?" he asked, staring fixedly at her. "Did you forget about me?"

Why did she look so spooked, even turning pale?

"Let go of me!" There was only fear in the stewardess's eyes.

Naturally, they caused such a commotion and a crowd soon arrived, along with the manager.

"What's going on?" he demanded, and when he saw the mess on the deck, he quickly asked Zachary with an apologetic smile,

"Is there a problem, Mr. Slate? Did our staff mistreat you?"

Zachary came to his senses just then.

The stewardess might look like Lulu, but she did not seem to know him at all.

And the fear in her eyes was not feigned either...

What was going on here? Did she forget him?

"What's her name?" Zachary asked the manager.

"Rainie Lang," the manager replied. "She has been working here for two months. Do you happen to know her?"

"Yeah," Zachary said.

However, the stewardess quickly hid behind the manager, complaining, "No, I don't! He's a scoundrel who molested me!"

The manager quickly rebuked her. "That's Mr. Slate to you."

As a matter of fact, Zachary had been to this cruise ship himself on multiple occasions for social calls, so the manager knew him.

On the other hand, this was the first time he met this stewardess.

He was certainly skeptical that two people could look so much alike-she had to be Lulu.

Perhaps she was rescued soon after his mother tried to kill her, but lost her memory and therefore could not recognize him?

The more Zachary thought about it, the likelier it seemed to him.

"You look like a friend of mine. I mistook you for her-I'm sorry," Zachary tried to explain regardless, worried that the stewardess would see him as a common thug just then.

Naturally, Rainie did not buy it. "Don't try to weasel your way out of this. I'm not buying it, pervert-"

"Rainie," the manager said sternly, cutting her short. "Mr. Slate here is a good man and our frequent guest. Watch your manners, or you won't keep your job with how unruly you are."

Rainie had gone through great lengths to get this job, and she was naturally not about to lose it.

As such, she resigned herself to suffer in silence, only for the manager to tell her, "Now apologize."

Rainie was naturally reluctant, but worried that she would lose her job, she bit her lip unhappily.

Zachary waved the manager away just then. "She doesn't have to apologize."

"Then..."

The manager was confused about what Zachary wanted just then.

Zachary waved him off again. "You can go about your business."

"Of course. Just call for me there if you ever need me," the manager said, respectfully taking Rainie below the deck.

Still, Zachary's eyes were locked on Rainie-he swore to himself that he would investigate her thoroughly.

It would soon become clear if she really was Lulu.

"What are you doing, Zachary?"

Irene was just leaving the washroom and she returned to find Zachary standing there distractedly.