

Runaway 621

Chapter 621

Zachary turned toward the voice calling him and became at once impatient and excited when he saw that it was Irene.

Striding toward her, he excitedly grabbed Irene by the arm, blabbering, "Irene, Lulu... I saw her. She's alive. She's alive!"

Irene actually thought that he was hallucinating from missing Lulu too much and she simply played along, nodding. "I know. Let's go back now."

Zachary glared at her. "You don't believe me?"

"Of course I do," Irene replied a little too quickly.

"You're obviously not listening!" Zachary took a moment to calm down, before continuing seriously, "I really saw her! I wasn't seeing things or hallucinating. She's real!"

Irene stared at him just then. He looked so serious it could well be real, so he asked, "Where did you see her?"

"Just now. She's a stewardess named Rainie Lang."

"Rainie... Lang?"

"She didn't recognize me and she's even changed her name. I'm guessing she's amnesiac."

Zachary spoke with such conviction that Irene quickly said, "Take me to her."

Zachary summoned the manager so that she would believe him. "Call up the stewardess just now."

"Actually, I've already let her off early," the manager replied. "I mean, she was bumbling around, even insulting you..."

"Do you have her address?" Zachary asked.

"No," the manager replied.

"How about her number?"

The manager nodded, and Zachary said urgently, "Give it to me."

Irene stood nearby, watching quietly as Zachary got Rainie's number, but stopped him just as he was about to call the number.

"Come with me."

Pulling her to a quiet place, Irene told him, "I know you're impatient, but weren't you saying that she doesn't remember you? Don't you think you're going to scare her off if you called her out of the blue?"

Zachary thought about it and decided that Irene was right.

In fact, Rainie was already repulsed by him, even treating him as a scoundrel.

It was fortunate that Irene warned him or he would really have scared her away!

"Well, what should we do now?" Zachary appeared flustered-he was too excited to calm down and think.

"Investigate her quietly. Right now, we need to go back," Irene said, since she had been out for a while.

"But..."

"It's pointless to wait here since she left work, so come again tomorrow and track her down-find out where she lives. It would be easy to determine if she is Lulu that way."

Zachary actually thought that it was at once reasonable and possible!

"Alright, let's do that."

Still, as they returned to their table, Zachary suddenly felt no appetite even with all the gourmet selection in front of him.

All he could think about was Lulu's face, and he was rejoicing that he could see her again-and perhaps make amends.

Life was worth living at that thought, improving his mood so much that he started eating again.

Irene glanced at Zachary just then. She was curious about the stewardess called Rainie, but she did not have the time to pay it that much attention.

She decided to let Zachary investigate it himself, since she had yet to find her own missing child-she could not afford to divert her time and efforts.

The dinner ended on a happy note, with Mark and his research team bidding Irene farewell.

Irene wanted to speak further with Zachary, but he had already left.

"Who are you looking for?" Isaac asked.

Irene stopped looking around right then and said, "No one." Isaac was clearly doubtful. "Can't even tell me?"

Chapter 622

"Zachary saw this stewardess," Irene explained, "and he kept insisting that she looked exactly like Lulu. I thought that since I had no time to help, I wanted to ask him to update me after he gets to the bottom of this... But he left already."

"You don't have to care about everything, y'know," Isaac said. "Look at how skinny you are-you should be staying home to get some proper rest."

Irene had certainly noticed that her health was failing.

She had not properly recovered from her postpartum period twice now.

And with all the mental stress weighing down on her, she would have started to crumble long ago if Mrs. Watson and Sheryl had not been making her nutritious food every day.

Suddenly, Isaac scooped her up in his arms, and Irene wrapped her arms around his neck in surprise.

That really came out of nowhere!

Glaring at him, she grumbled, "Can't you act proper too? We're outside, and there are people watching, please!"

"What's the problem? We're married, and you're frail. Can't I, your husband, show some concern?" Isaac said as he carried her off the cruise ship.

There were actually many people at the harbor, and they naturally caught a lot of attention.

Irene felt her cheeks burning and she shyly buried her face in his chest, pretending to fall asleep.

Isaac lowered his gaze, and found the way she was hiding amusing.

As he carried her back to the car, the chauffeur quickly opened the door for them, and he put Irene inside.

Sensing safety and that no one was watching, she looked up and stared daggers at Isaac. "Do that again and I'll be very cross with you."

"And it would be the couch for me, right?" Isaac asked, raising a brow. "You threatened me with that already."

Irene was speechless, though she soon let it go since he had always been that shameless.

As she simply decided to stay silent, Isaac glanced at her sideways. "Are you upset?"

Irene feigned displeasure. "You thoroughly humiliated me."

It was Isaac's turn to be speechless.

How was that humiliating? Everyone was clearly looking at them enviously!

Pulling a straight face, he suggested, "Well, from now on, you'll carry me and humiliate me the same way. Will that do?"

Irene laughed despite herself. "Why are you always so shameless?"

Isaac pulled her into his arms then. "I just love it when you smile."

Naturally, he was teasing her so that she would not be weighed down by their troubles all the time.

Understanding that, Irene leaned over his chest, quietly saying, "My only wish now is that we find our child soon and live together as a happy family."

Isaac yearned for that too-his parents had left him when he was a child, and Jefferson Manor was a cold, dismal place.

It was not actually easy for him to reach adulthood, and he could not remember familial warmth at all.

But with Irene and their children, he had a family now.

"We'll find him."

Harvey Gooding had regained consciousness by the time James Cross returned with his child, and he was struggling to get off the floor.

James put the baby on the bed and walked up to untie Harvey.

Once he got his freedom, however, he promptly swung his fist at James's face.

"Fuck you!"

James simply sidestepped him.

Missing his mark, Harvey remained disgruntled and tried again, but this time James simply caught his fist. "You're not going to win here."

Harvey, thoroughly undignified, pulled off the ropes around him and rose to his feet, ready for fisticuffs.

James did not have the time to spare with Harvey and told him as much. But as James turned to leave, Harvey lunged at him deviously!

Chapter 623

James was caught off guard, and Harvey's punch hit him from behind.

Furious, he wheeled on Harvey and grabbed him by the collar, his fist poised to strike. "You think I wouldn't dare?!"

Harvey was furious too. "Fuck off! You're the one who drugged me and tied me up! Are you expecting me to thank you for that?!"

James laughed icily. "You're welcome!"

"Piece of shit!" Harvey lost his temper right then, and they wrestled, neither of them letting up even as bruises covered their faces.

They finally stopped when Harvey's baby started crying, and he wiped his lips while glaring at James. "This isn't over yet."

"Is that so? And what are you going to do about it?" James leveled him a cool stare. "I don't think you even have the balls."

With that, he strode out of the hotel room while Harvey hurried to the bed, scooping the baby up in his arms.

The baby was crying rather violently-he must be hungry.

Harvey then untied Heather King to let her feed the baby, but she shot Harvey a glare even as she took the baby off his hands.

"That's your son, you know. Are you not upset that they took him away for so long? Aren't you going to do something?"

Harvey simply settled into the couch in silence.

In reality, he came just to show Isaac and Irene his child to arouse their suspicion.

It was obvious that they gave up once they realized that the baby was not theirs, and the same thought would stop them from investigating him- even if they managed to trace something back to him.

As for him...

He narrowed his eyes, his lips curling up in an icy smile.

He really doubted that he would keep losing to Isaac. He would beat Isaac at least once and make Irene regret messing with him!

"Don't bother. Just raise him well-you should know your place after I gave you more than what you deserve. Remember your roots, and you'd understand that, so don't bother with my business and stick to your own."

There was a cautioning edge in Harvey's voice, and Heather lowered her gaze right then.

After all, she was one who coerced Harvey to marry her with their child, and was therefore afraid to upset him.

Naturally, since she liked Harvey and her current position, she would not disobey him.

Even if Harvey did not like her, he did care about his son, since the baby was his flesh and blood. He pinched the baby's little cheeks just then!

"I didn't think that I'd be a father so soon," he said, glancing at Heather just then.

He certainly would not be one if Heather did not keep her pregnancy a secret until the third trimester to force a shotgun marriage.

"We're going home tomorrow," Harvey said.

Heather looked up at him. "Are you done here?"

"More or less," Harvey replied, his eyes fixed on his baby.

His purpose was to make Irene and Isaac suspect, only to prove to themselves that his child was not theirs.

That way, they would never suspect a thing.

He was in such a good mood just then that even James's punch did not hurt just then.

Zachary returned to the cruise ship the next day to investigate Rainie Lang, having found out that she was working today before going.

He even bribed the manager to make her serve him, and Rainie had to do it because she did not want to lose her job.

Before she went, the manager instructed her to do well, and told her that a bonus awaited if she did.

Naturally, she did her best for the sake of that bonus.

Even though she had been hostile towards Zachary before, she was now as gentle as a dove!

"Mr. Slate, was it? Would you like a refill?"

Even so, her smile did not reach her eyes.

In fact, she looked as stiff as she was hostile, as if she would lunge forward at any moment to bite off Zachary's jugular!

Chapter 624

Even so, Zachary was not blind-he could obviously see that Rainie was gritting her teeth.

Still, he could not help chuckling. "What are you doing here, if you're that reluctant?"

"Unfortunately, you're rich and powerful, while I have to keep my job. That's why I'm here-or did you think I'd willingly serve a self-important narcissist like you?"

Zachary frowned. "I'm self-important?"

"You pressured my manager with your status. What is that if not self- important?"

He certainly did not leave a good impression with Rainie, and there was nothing he could say because she was right.

"I'll apologize again-I didn't mean to do it," he said earnestly.

"Yes, and I forgive you. Can I go now?" Rainie pursed her lips.

Zachary was left speechless.

It was only natural that she was distant-and since they had just met twice, Zachary did not dare to push her too far and nodded.

"Fine, you can go."

Rainie hurried off, though she paused at the doorway.

Zachary believed that she was regretting it, and he could not help smiling." We can be friends-"

"No, I just wanted to ask: am I going to be fired?"

Zachary was left speechless again, his smile freezing on his face.

It was a humorous sight.

Seeing that he was not reacting, Rainie prodded him, "You're not going to complain to the manager, are you?"

Zachary came to his senses and shook his head. "No."

With that, Rainie opened the door and left in relief.

She really was not pretending not to know him, and yet her face was Lulu's...

Zachary felt a sense of déjà vu, back when he first met Lulu-though they were slightly different in personalities.

Still, he was not giving up.

Picking up his knife and fork, he took his time to eat, though he lingered for over two hours at his table before stepping outside.

The view of the ocean was certainly good and he killed time like that until nighttime-when Rainie was done with work.

Zachary quietly followed her, and it turned out that she was staying in a pretty village near the beach. Most of the houses there were detached housing, and those positioned well would have a perfect view of the crystalline ocean.

Some of the houses were used as lodgings as well, and it seems that the village was lively every day and crowded.

Rainie happened to be staying in one such lodging and Zachary stood outside as he studied the store front above.

Whipping out his phone, he googled it-there were empty rooms since it was offseason, and he booked one.

Then, he loitered outside a little before heading inside, and a well-dressed middle-aged woman named Barbara came immediately to assist him.

As Zachary showed his booking, Barbara smiled. "Welcome, Mr. Slate."

Zachary nodded, and she registered him at the front desk and led him upstairs, "Please come with me. I'll take you to your room."

The room was clean and the furnishing unique, having a good layout and atmosphere despite being quite small.

Zachary nodded in satisfaction.

"Please enjoy your stay!" Barbara said, and left.

Zachary did not ask her about Rainie right away, and simply stayed in his room.

However, soon after Barbara left, there was a knock on his door, and Zachary answered it to find Rainie standing outside,

carrying a couple of white bath towels.

"You?!" She frowned. "You didn't follow me here, did you?"

"I didn't." Zachary shook his head.

Rainie found that too much of a coincidence, but since she had no proof and he was a guest, she restrained herself and entered, putting the towels in the washroom.

"My mom forgot to bring these here, so I'm putting them here now. Call the front desk if you need anything."

She quickly left after that, when Zachary called out to her, "Wait."

Chapter 625

"What?" Rainie asked rather impatiently.

"Do you provide meals here?" Zachary smiled.

"No," Rainie replied coolly.

Nonetheless, Zachary stubbornly tried again, "I'm not familiar with the area. Could you recommend a good restaurant?"

Rainie smiled then, but it was an ironic one. "As in the gourmet food you always eat? We don't have that here in this village."

Zachary was speechless for a moment, and kept smiling, "I'm not a picky eater. I actually eat everything."

"Even dung?" Rainie asked, and pointed at the washroom before he could say anything. "You can make it yourself."

Zachary was left speechless again, and he wondered if she really was Lulu.

After all, she was not that crude before, but why would they share the same face if she was not?

Still, he tried to be polite. "Nice joke, Ms. Lang."

Rainie shot him a dirty look. "What makes you think I'm kidding?"

With that, she dashed downstairs, her boots hitting the floor loudly in her wake.

Still, Zachary was not giving up. Once it was time to eat, he headed downstairs to ask Barbara, "Do you offer meals here?"

Barbara did a double take, but she soon smiled. "Actually, wasn't there a sign out there that says we don't provide meals? But if you don't mind, you could eat with us-"

"Mom." Rainie walked up to them just then. "He's actually a very important person. All the food he eats is more than what we can afford, and our cheap food would hurt his tongue. Let's eat already."

With that, she pulled her mother away, but Zachary followed. "I can stomach cheap food too."

Barbara proved warm and enthusiastic. "Sure! Join us!"

Rainie rolled her eyes at him, but could not say anything since her mother had agreed to it.

She was certainly upset even if she wanted to bear with it-the thought of a person harassing her at work eating at the same table left her very grumpy.

Even the food in her stomach was hard as a rock as it went down her stomach.

Zachary was not being cagey-the homemade meal was good anyway, and seeing Rainie suffer made him happy for some reason, somehow making the food even more delicious.

"I'm planning to stay here for a while, and I'll pay the expenses for food as well," Zachary said as he whipped out a stack of bills from his pocket.

Barbara quickly refused. "Oh, you don't have to—it's already enough that you're staying with us."

It cost 250 dollars to stay a night, and she would profit just from Zachary's long-term lodging.

"You can always eat here if you don't mind too," Barbara smiled, her chubby face making her seem even more friendly.

"Thank you very much," Zachary became smug that he got to stay, and noticing Rainie's glare just then, he asked knowingly,

"Why the sour face, Ms. Lang? Did you eat something terrible?"

"That would be you," Rainie snorted, and left the table right then.

Barbara glanced at Zachary just then, "You know my daughter?"

Zachary nodded. "We met before—I ate at the place where she was working."

"I see," Barbara nodded. "She can be feisty, so please don't take offense."

Zachary asked, "Your daughter? But you look nothing alike."

He wanted to know more, and he saw that the woman's face fell.

Still, she quickly realized that she was overreacting and she forced a smile, "Oh, what are you saying? Who is she, if not my daughter? Do you mean to say I found her somewhere and carried her home?"

Chapter 626

Zachary grinned. "Actually, now that I looked closer, there is a resemblance.

Actually, there was none at all, but the conversation would get awkward if he did not say that.

The woman beamed. "Of course she'd look like me."

Zachary then asked tentatively, "I also think she's my age... 27 this year?"

The woman paused and started closely at Zachary right then. "Why are you asking so many questions about my daughter?"

"I thought she's my age, so..."

"Do you like her?"

Zachary wanted to tell her that he wanted to be friends with Rainie, but was cut short.

He hence admitted to it while looking like he was embarrassed from being caught.

Barbara realized with a start then. "Oh, so it's no accident that you're staying here? Are you trying to woo my daughter?"

Zachary did not deny it.

Barbara studied Zachary from head to toe just then and she was satisfied with his dignified appearance.

Her daughter was not exactly young anyway, and she would marry eventually.

As such, he had no reason to stop a suitor, not to mention that this was not the ancient times where parents dictated their children's matrimony.

Freedom of love was the trend these days, and it was fine as long as the people involved were fine with it.

Zachary smiled, silently agreeing to Barbara's question, and she said, "My daughter has a bad temper."

"My temper is fine-that might make up for it," Zachary quickly told her.

"Well, she's an adult now, and I can't decide for her," Barbara smiled. "It's upto her if she likes you."

Zachary nodded in understanding and smiled, even declaring openly, "She would. I'm a nice guy."

"She's not as simple as you think." The woman laughed in amusement and cleaned up the table.

"There's plenty of scenic locations around here, so you can take a stroll and take it in."

"Thank you," Zachary said, and headed outside.

He found Rainie sitting at the rock bench outside and walked over to her. "Hey," he said, backing down just then. "Why don't we get reacquainted?" Rainie turned to look at him with coolness and disdain.

"Are you crazy?" Zachary frowned. "Why would you say that?"

"I've seen you for who you really are. Do you think I'd think highly of you just because we got reacquainted?" Rainie snorted coolly.

Zachary was speechless-had she made up her mind that he was a villain now?

At least give him a chance!

"There were times when things aren't what you believe it to be," Zachary said. "Yesterday, I thought you were the woman I loved."

As he spoke, he studied Rainie's expression, but she was completely unaffected.

If she was Lulu, she would be more or less affected, would she not?

But Rainie was not affected at all!

"Do all men use that pickup line these days? Isn't it getting rather quaint?" Rainie rose to her feet and left. "Keep bothering me, and I'll chase you out."

Zachary did not move, and simply watched as she left-she actually looked just like Lulu even from behind.

Barbara said that Rainie was her daughter, and Rainie did not seem to recognize her at all, as if he really had the wrong person.

However, he doubted that any two persons could look so much alike without being blood related.

Still, Zachary could tell that it would be very difficult to get along with Rainie, and she was ignoring all his goodwill.

It seemed that he must do something else to find out if she was Lulu, though that would be easy since he was staying here.

Spotting Rainie combing her hair outside her room, he walked over after she was gone to see if any hair fell off.

Everyone does, and he easily found some.

Holding it in hand, he thought about it before calling one of his men.

When the man arrived, Zachary gave him the hair and sent him to Sunny City.

To ascertain if Rainie was Lulu, they could do a paternity test using samples from Lulu's father.

"I'll get it done."

"Good. Go."

As Zachary waved him off and the man left, a woman's voice asked from behind, "That looked suspicious. What were you doing?"

Chapter 627

Zachary turned around and saw that it was Rainie, but he did not try to hide.

In fact, he was smiling. "Nothing."

Rainie glanced at the car driving off into the distance, and she then narrowed her eyes at him. "You definitely meant to do harm when you came. That's why we decided that we'll give you a refund right now. We won't do business with you anymore. Please leave."

Zachary kept smiling. "What are you talking about?"

"Are you an idiot? Do you have trouble with comprehension?" Rainie was seriously angry just then. "Leave, or I'll call the cops."

Zachary realized that he was unable to stay now-given her temper, she really would call the cops.

Not willing to let matters escalate, Zachary simply said, "Fine, I'll leave."

Rainie rolled her eyes at him just then. "Hmph. I knew you were up to no good. I mention the cops, and you give in immediately-I wonder what else you're up to. Now leave!"

Zachary studied her curiously just then. "Do you hate me that much because of what I did on the cruise ship? Do you have to go that far?"

"Then, is murder necessary?" Rainie asked.

Zachary's face fell and turned pale.

His own mother and the Lindts tried to kill Lulu, and it would never have happened if not for him!

And now, he was looking at Rainie with guilt and remorse, as if she was Lulu!

"I'm sorry," he said, and turned to leave, but his gait was a mess.

Rainie looked on, and said, "You know what you did."

Zachary only walked quicker when he heard her, as if to flee!

Irene had just put Tommy to sleep.

She was about to head upstairs when she heard the doorbell, and she went over to open the door.

It was James. "I'm looking for Mr. Jefferson."

Irene let him in. "Wait in the living room. I'll get him."

She headed upstairs to the bedroom and found Isaac stepping out of the bathroom in gray silk pajamas. Its smooth and soft

texture made his tall, muscular frame attractive, while his wet hair that dangled over his head reflected his dark, clear eyes.

He was still holding a towel, drying his hair as he walked up to him, asking, "Is Tommy asleep?"

"Yeah," Irene replied. "James is here. He's waiting downstairs."

Isaac passed her his towel just then. "I'm going."

Irene went into the bathroom with the towel, while Isaac headed to the living room.

James got up from the couch when he saw Isaac. "Sir."

Isaac sat down, lounging as he gestured for him to sit as well.

Tell me," Isaac said simply and directly.

As James sat down, he said, "I've looked into Harvey Gooding, but the baby really is his. Heather King used to work at a bar, and had several trysts with

Harvey. She never said a word when she got pregnant because she wanted to force Harvey to marry her, and Harvey did it for the child."

However, that only made Isaac even more certain that Harvey had deliberately showed up in front of them, revealing his son as if to divert their attention.

"James, Harvey and I go way back. Don't you think we should invite his son to be a guest here in our house?"

James was speechless for a moment, but he soon understood. "Are we kidnapping the boy?"

Isaac looked at him sideways. "What do you mean, kidnap? It's an invite."

James lowered his eyes. "Oh, of course. Right away, sir."

Isaac nodded, and remained in his seat for a while after James left.

Then, he headed upstairs, where Irene was tidying Tommy's clothes-he had asked someone to buy it, but they bought so much that Irene had not finished sorting them.

"Aren't you going to sleep?" Isaac walked over to her and wrapped his arms around her waist from behind.

"I have to sort these out," she said.

He rested his chin on her shoulder. "Leave that to Mrs. Watson."

"I'm a mother, but I owe Tommy a lot for not being there for him. I need to do this myself," Irene said and continued to work.

Isaac's table rang on top of the bedside drawer just then.

He released Irene and walked over to pick it up.

The voice on the other end said, "I found Dr. Sherwood, and she confessed everything.

Chapter 628

Isaac's fingers clenched over her phone. "Did you find out who did it?" "Yes. I'll send a photo right now."

Isaac received the photo soon enough and tapped on it.

Although the man in the photo had disguised himself with a cap, Isaac could see that it was none other than Harvey.

That was when the private investigator spoke again, "Dr. Sherwood kept it in case of emergencies. I've looked into it, and the

man had been in Minerva at the time. He's Zidonian, and recently had a son..."

The details merely proved Isaac's hunch to be right, and he said calmly, "I know."

After all, he understood now.

He did not move after hanging up, until Irene was done sorting Tommy's clothes and went over to him. "Who was that? Why are you spacing out?"

Isaac put down his phone and turned around, his brow relaxing for once.

Irene saw that, and asked, "Is there good news? That sincere smile is rare."

"Want to guess?" Isaac asked.

Irene quickly connected the dots.

"News about our baby?" She was at once thrilled and nervous, "I-Is our baby alright?"

"Yes," Isaac said confidently-Harvey would not go through such lengths to put on a show if their baby was dead, and the doctor never mentioned that the baby was hurt either.

Irene became so excited she did not know what to say.

"R-Really?" Her eyes welled with tears as she rasped. "Where is our baby now? Where?"

"Knowing that our baby is alive will do for now," Isaac told her calmly. "We know who has him, and we'll find our baby soon enough."

Irene caught on to his point right away. "Who? Who has our baby?"

"Harvey."

"Harvey?" Irene exclaimed in disbelief. "But that baby is his, not ours!"

"Yes, but he deliberately showed his baby to test our reaction. He thinks that we won't suspect her once we did a paternity test and proved that his baby is not ours, and could always stay a step ahead of us."

"How could he do this..."

The warmth in Irene's turned cool-she knew that Harvey was upset with her, but how could he do this? Stealing her child? He needed to die!

"Let's find him right now," she snarled through gritted teeth.

"Do you think he'd admit anything if we don't have leverage? He could just refuse to admit it even if we have proof," Isaac pointed out.

Irene was stumped-it was true, Harvey definitely would not admit it.

"Well, what should we do?" Irene asked, flustered.

Isaac pulled her into his arms, and said quietly and assuringly, "I've sent James."

"To where? Sunny City?" she asked.

Isaac nodded. "He may have taken our child, but he has a child too."

Irene understood right then.

Abducting babies was not ideal, but Harvey did it first.

That was why they were doing nothing wrong!

She nodded in understanding and leaned into Isaac's arms. "You're doing the right thing."

Then, looking up, she said, "We should go there too!"

She was flustered, and Isaac could see that she would lose sleep if he did not take her to Sunny City.

"Fine, it's your call."

"I'll get changed right now," Irene said happily, since she was still in her pajamas.

She was just about to change into casuals when she lost her balance because she was in too much of a hurry. She sprained her foot and almost fell over, but Isaac reacted quickly and caught her, scolding her quietly, 'Look at you, unable to even walk straight. I agreed to take you, or did you think I was tricking you?'

"Nope," Irene replied-she was just being impatient.

Isaac lowered his gaze then, his eyes twinkling. "Really?"

Irene felt the flames in his eyes, and followed his gaze downward!

Chapter 629

Irene then saw that her collar was opened, revealing her breasts'

Her cheeks burning right then, she pouted and shot him a glare. "You really are brazen."

Isaac said with a quiet, eager voice. "Well, you are my wife."

As he spoke, he leaned in and kissed her on her breast.

Irene flinched, and gently shoved him. "Stop."

Isaac looked up just then, the fire in his eyes not quite fading. Instead, he was tightening his arms around her and their breaths tangled while he leaned in.

Looking into Irene's eyes that sparkled like stars in a night, he murmured, "I missed you."

Irene flushed, her cheeks turning red hot.

Before she could speak, his lips took hers and his hands reached underneath her clothes as he kissed her, gently caressing her smooth skin.

His voice was hoarse, and brushing warmly against her ear. "I love you, Irene."

There had been so many issues plaguing them lately, and they could not get frisky while Irene was still in her postpartum phase. He was a healthy man, and there were times he would lose control with the woman he loved.

Fiery passion burst out like a volcano, and there was no stopping it!

Irene felt buoyed by his passion, and only realized that it was too late when all their clothes were on the floor.

She felt herself being pressed into the soft sheets of their bed, while his hot, muscular body was on top of her.

There was no telling how long had passed, but Irene was eventually left feeling sore and exhausted.

Being stuffed under her blanket, she did not want to move at all, so she panted, "Get me the bottle of pills in the drawer."

Isaac brought a warm towel to wipe her down and he frowned at her words.

"What?" he exclaimed, and soon became nervous. "Why? Are you sick? Why didn't you tell me?"

He quickly checked her, but she shook her head. "No."

Isaac sat on the bed, reaching underneath the blanket to wipe her and asked quietly, "Then what's the pill for?"

Irene closed her eyes. "It's contraceptives."

It will be difficult for her to deliver children from now on-she could get pregnant, but keeping the baby will be difficult.

Having two children more or less ruined her health, not to mention that she did not have proper postpartum care on both occasions.

Isaac became silent right then and put away the towel to hug her, his face brushing against hers.

He knew that it had been hard on her, that she had suffered because he did not take good care of her, as well as allowed so much to happen.

"We'll just stick with two."

"Don't you prefer daughters? What if our baby is a boy?" Irene asked.

"Even then," Isaac said, and gently kissed her forehead. "Two sons are fine." Irene joked, "You can get a healthy mommy to give you a daughter."

"And you're not going to get upset?" Isaac said, staring at her face.

"Nope." Irene smiled and shook her head.

Isaac got a little irked by her 'generosity' just then.

Pursing his lips, he asked, "Are you sure?"

"Yes," Irene replied.

Isaac leaned in to bite her lips at that and she frowned in pain, pushing him off and exclaiming, "Urgh, let me go."

Isaac did not. "Are you going to keep giving me that crap now?"

Irene's lips were already red and swollen from all the kisses earlier, and his bite really hurt.

"Fine, I won't." She gave in, and Isaac pulled away in satisfaction.

He then fed her the pill and said, "Now, sleep."

Irene said, "Just one hour."

"What?" Isaac frowned.

Chapter 630

Irene said languidly, "I thought we agreed to go to Sunny City.1

Isaac lowered his gaze, staring at her for seconds. "Just sleep. It's not too late to go tomorrow."

"No, I'll go today. A little sleep will be enough," she insisted, and closed her eyes.

Isaac did not try to talk her out of it and he simply helped pull up her blanket. "Okay. I'll wake you in an hour."

"Yeah," Irene replied, and fell asleep.

An hour later, Irene woke up without needing Isaac to wake her up.

She could not sleep anyway when her missing baby was weighing down on her heart. She got up and changed into fresh clothes.

Isaac did not sleep either, and had been making arrangements for a car to Sunny City, as well as arrangements at home, or he would feel too worried to leave.

He and Irene then said goodbye to everyone before heading out to Sunny City in the night.

Since they went in a MPV, Irene could lounge comfortably in her seat.

Once they arrived, James had already 'invited' Harvey's son over, and Harvey was already out looking for him.

Isaac gave James a look of approval-he certainly moved quickly and they just had to wait for Harvey to come to them now.

"I'll deal with that. Go catch some sleep again," Isaac told Irene.

She could not, however-not with a baby with them.

Even if he was not hers, she could not leave him untended-everyone else there was a man who was incapable of caring for infants, not to mention that the baby was innocent of Harvey's misdeeds.

She sent James to get some necessities and formula milk.

After having two children, she was able to take care of children proficiently.

The baby never cried, and would fall asleep after having his fill of milk, and wake up to feed again later.

While Irene took care of the baby meticulously, Isaac proved not that kind- he was even shooting the baby dirty looks.

Seeing his reaction, James walked up and said, "Mr. Jefferson, I left a trail after I took the child. He would definitely be here soon."

In fact, he had barely finished when they heard a knock on the door.

Irene carried the baby into the room while James answered the door.

Harvey was yelling the instant the door opened. "What is this, Isaac Jefferson?! Why did you steal my child?!"

Isaac merely remained on the couch, staring coolly at him without a word.

Harvey pushed James out of his way and kept huffing, "Where's my child?"

Isaac ignored him again, so he pressed, "What did I ever do to you?"

Isaac finally spoke then. "Don't you know what you did?"

Harvey actually thought that he hid his trail very well, even spending a fortune to bribe a foreign doctor.

He was also positive that the doctor had gone to another country after performing surgery on Irene, but Isaac had somehow traced it back to him anyway!

"I don't know what you're talking about, but it's the truth that you stole my child," Harvey said, even showing him the security footage. "You can clearly see James's face here, or are you refusing to acknowledge he did it? Don't tell me that he did it on his own accord!"

"Yes, I told him to do it." Isaac looked up, meeting Harvey's gaze. "And you should know why I did that, don't you?"

Harvey kept feigning ignorance.

"No, I don't."

"Why don't you try to remember? If you can't, you won't be seeing your son for the rest of your life."