

Runaway 631

Chapter 631

That pushed Harvey over the edge.

Incensed, his eyes bulged in its sockets as he growled, "Don't push me, Isaac Jefferson. I'm no pushover."

Isaac raised a brow. "So you're saying that I am?"

That immediately left Harvey speechless—he certainly knew that Isaac was no pushover either, after losing to him so many times without once coming on top.

Still, his face flushed and his split flying across the room, he snapped, "You took my son, and that means you're my enemy. I'll destroy you even if it means my death."

Even so, Isaac replied calmly, "I could say the same to you."

Harvey almost slipped. "W-What are you talking about?"

"You still don't get it?" Isaac growled, his patience wearing thin. "If you can't remember, I'll use your son to help you with that."

"A-Are you threatening me?" Harvey gulped, more or less coming to a realization just then.

Isaac knew. But that should not have been possible! How did that happen?!

"What are you talking about?" Harvey refused to admit it regardless.

Not bothered to waste his breath anymore, Isaac growled, "Keep playing dumb, and your son will suffer."

Harvey was caught in a dilemma right then.

If he did not confess, Isaac would keep his son.

But if he did, he was admitting to his crime, and even if he returned the boy, Isaac would still destroy him.

Payback was inevitable given his personality.

Even as he sat limply on the couch in confusion, he asked, "How did you find out?"

"Does that question still mean a thing?" Isaac said shortly. "Return my child."

Harvey felt like he could die from sheer frustration, but there was nothing he could do when Isaac threatened him with his own flesh and blood.

"Let me see my son first," he said, wanting something out of this at least.

"No." Isaac denied him right away.

Harvey was left speechless right then. He was certainly not content with this!

"My plan was flawless. How did you foil it again?"

How did it end up like this in the end?

"Cut the crap and return the child," James snapped at that point, unable to stand him dallying.

Harvey sighed. "Look, the child was premature and I kept him in an incubator soon after I got him.

You'd have to follow me if you want to take him back, but the condition is that I get to see my son in turn-my lips are sealed otherwise. You may have abducted my son, but I have your son too."

Irene heard every word in the room, and she glanced at the baby in her arms before opening the door.

Harvey frowned when she saw her.

"You're here too."

Irene remained silent and impassive, but she shot him a cool look.

Harvey knew that Irene hated him, but the feeling was mutual!

"Well, we're not even friends now."

With that, he strode outside, turning to look at Irene at the door. "Don't hurt my child."

Irene retorted icily, "I won't punish a child for your crimes."

"My crimes?"

Those words stung, and Harvey's face contorted with rage.

"You're the one who broke promises and kept pushing it. Would I have done it otherwise?!"

Seeing that Harvey's emotions were out of control, Isaac squeezed Irene's hand so that she stopped talking.

If they upset him now, he just might self-destruct and hurt their child!

Understanding Isaac's intention, Irene refrained from arguing.

Even so, Harvey was relentless.

"Why aren't you saying anything? What, do you finally understand that you're at fault?"

Rearing his chin at her, he growled, "Since you understand, apologize to me now."

James could not listen to another word of it.

"Dream on, Harvey Gooding."

Chapter 632

Harvey leveled a deadly glare at James, baring all his hostility right then.

As they stood off against each other, the air seemed to be ablaze and they looked like they were ready to fight!

Irene walked up to Isaac just then, whispering, "Right now, we need to get our child back. Payback can wait."

Right now, she wanted to make peace, and one must admit that it was the wise choice—pushing Harvey over the edge would do no one any good.

They had to take Harvey seriously while he still had their child.

On the other hand, it was not as if James had lost his usual composure, but Harvey was really being despicable!

He knew that Irene and Isaac were married with a child but tried to meddle anyway, and he held a grudge when he failed.

It was utterly unreasonable!

Nonetheless, Isaac called out to James. "James, over here."

Harvey became smug as he watched James back off, but he still insisted on Irene apologizing.

Irene, however, was a lot more agreeable. "I'm sorry."

Hence, despite his frustrations, he more or less accepted it, and he left after seeing his child in his arms. He had kept Irene's second child in a maternity hospital at Sunny City, which his family invested in during its founding.

That was why he could leave the boy there without worry— the staff would be diligent with caring for him, and there was no chance of anyone finding out.

Not even his newlywed wife knew that he kept a child there.

The lights in the walkway were bright white, and Irene's heart started pounding the deeper they ventured in the building.

As her pace started to become irregular, Isaac held her hand within his large palm, offering warmth and security, and Irene soon calmed down as well.

Soon, Harvey opened a certain door, and the nurse who was caring for the baby quickly spoke when she saw him arrive. "He's growing well"

She saw the people behind Harvey halfway and she quickly stopped herself, quietly retreating to a corner as if worried she would misspeak.

Harvey pointed at the incubator. "There."

Irene quickly passed Harvey's child to the nurse, and she then paused for a moment in hesitation before running to the incubator.

As she peered within, she saw that the baby inside was too small to bear any resemblance, and his skin was a little red. His eyes were closed as he was sound asleep, but the very sight left Irene's eyes

hurting and she almost could not breathe from the stuffy sensation in her chest!

She pressed her chest firmly to breathe easier, but as Isaac gently patted her back, she was beaming despite her tears.

Feeling both sorrow and joy right then, she was a mess of emotions!

Zachary Slate was sitting alone in a room, staring fixedly at a sheet.

It was the result of Rainie Lang's paternity test with Lulu Adams's father, and there was no question about it-she was Lulu Adams!

It could only be her... but why did she not recognize him? Was she pretending, or was she really amnesiac?

It was likely that only Barbara and her husband knew the answers.

Putting away the sheet, he mustered his spirit and left his house.

Now that he had confirmed that Rainie was Lulu, he must go to her again and find out how she had ended up with Barbara.

By the time he arrived, Rainie had left for work-only Barbara and her husband were there.

Barbara was still polite to Zachary since she had a good impression of him, though he probably owed that to his generosity.

After all, he did pay her a month's worth of rent and left, without asking for recommendations or anything.

She had been uneasy about that, but seeing that he had returned, she asked, "You're still staying with us, yet?"

That would afford them ease of mind, at least.

Zachary did not answer since the money did not matter to him.

Instead, he cut to the chase.

"Is Rainie really your biological daughter?"

Barbara did a double take, but she said, "Of course." "You're lying." Zachary exposed her right then!

Chapter 633

Barbara's eyes widened. "Why would I lie? Rainie is our daughter... Are you messing with us now?"

Zachary said unhurriedly, "I have proof. That's why I said that. N

Barbara panicked then and hurried off to her husband, Tobias Lang.

As they conferred with each other in their room, Zachary simply waited outside without hurrying them.

Still, it took a while for them to return, and Tobias asked, "Who are you?"

"I stayed here because I recognized her and came to investigate her identity," Zachary admitted. "Be honest and I won't make things hard for you, but if you insist on denying it, you can't blame me if I get rough."

Nonetheless, Barbara and Tobias had made their choice after discussing it in their room.

Rainie Lang was not actually their daughter, and they could not hide it any longer now that someone came knocking on their doorstep.

Moreover, the rest of the village knew that, since a stranger suddenly appeared in their house. Zachary just needed to ask around for proof.

"Could you tell me who you are to her?" Tobias asked.

"Family," Zachary replied.

Barbara sighed then. "We fished her out of the sea, but she had no memories-the doctors claim that she had brain damage from losing too much oxygen."

Zachary slowly clenched his fists at his side.

"So you kept her here all this while?"

There was no accusation in his words-in fact, he was grateful, because Lulu might really have been killed if not for Barbara and Tobias!

"...Yes," Barbara said. "She's forgotten where she's from or even her name, so we allowed her to stay.

"Actually, we had a reason for keeping her," she paused, her voice choking with tears as she confessed, "My husband and I only had one child, but he drowned in the ocean when he was twelve. It almost killed us, and even when we tried to have another, the doctor told me after a check up that I was infertile, denying us from having more children in this lifetime... and though we resigned ourselves to that fate, Rainie suddenly came to us."

"We named her so because it was pouring the day we saved her, and we used our husband's last name for her. We've been caring for her as if she's our own daughter ever since and we've let her stay here with us, but we never called the cops or tried looking for her real family..."

"Thanks for telling the truth," Zachary said then, "but more than that, thank you for saving her and taking you in. If there's anything you want. I'll grant it as long as it's within my abilities."

"Oh, we're fine," Barbara said. "We're self-sufficient with this homestay, and we'd never go hungry.

What good is getting rich too? We have no children to inherit our fortune."

Zachary pursed his lips in silence.

Barbara was right, but he could not give them a child.

"You can take her with you. You know where she works, don't you? You can find her there!"

With that, she and Tobias headed to their rooms.

Zachary put a business card on the front desk.

"Call me if you need me."

There was no reply, but he could tell that the people inside heard him.

After that, Zachary intercepted Rainie while she was leaving work and showed her a photo of Lulu from university, which he had kept all this while.

Rainie saw it, and she said, "Oh? She looks just like me..."

Chapter 634

Zachary said, "That's because you are her."

Rainie snorted. "Again with this? I knew you were rotten for the start. I don't know who you are, and now you're saying that I'm this person in the photo? You're crazy."

With that, she tried to sidestep him and leave, but he caught her by the wrist. "Doubt me all you want, but I can take you to your real father right now and perform a paternity test right in front of you."

"I don't need it! Stop harassing me!" Rainie shook his hand off angrily, but Zachary was not about to give in after finding out who she really was.

He had already lost her once, and he would not allow that to happen again.

"Lulu," he said, keeping his voice as even as possible, "You fell into the sea and lost your memories.

Barbara and Tobias aren't your parents, and your name isn't Rainie—it's Lulu Adams."

"You're crazy! Stay away from me, or I'm calling the cops!" Rainie doubted him anyway.

Seeing that she was being stubborn and refusing to believe anything he said, Zachary instead said, "I can take you to your best friend—she was our junior."

"No—just cut the crap already," Rainie snapped.

Already sick of him, she tried to leave again, and Zachary had no choice but to resort to action and drag her into his car.

She struggled violently even as she cried, "Help, someone! He's kidnapping me—"

Zachary was forced to clasp his hand over her mouth, but she responded by biting him on the palm viciously.

Though it hurt, he did not let go at all and he managed to shove her into his car, pulling off his tie to restrain her hands before driving off—to his own home, not his family's mansion.

Even so, Rainie was still throwing a hissy fit, screaming when her hands were tied, and glaring murderously at Zachary when she was gagged.

He had no choice but to sedate her before calling Irene's number.

Irene was just returning with Isaac with their second son, and they even did a paternity test to ensure that the child was theirs.

Since the baby was born premature, he was still the size of a newborn, but Sheryl Harris was beside herself with joy anyway.

"We finally meet!"

Isaac told her before that the child was born premature and had to be kept in an incubator, and she was naturally happy to see him return.

Tommy's little eyes were round and blank as he stood nearby, watching as everyone huddled around Irene to get a look at the baby.

Sensing his stare, Irene walked up and showed him the baby. "Here, Tommy-come meet your baby brother."

It was yet another boy-Isaac simply did not have the luck of having a daughter.

Tommy was still confused about what 'brother' meant, but the sight of another baby amused him and he reached out to touch the baby's face.

Naturally, toddlers cannot control their strength.

As the baby burst into tears, Tommy flinched and pulled away in fright.

"I think he's just hungry," Sheryl said, taking the baby off Irene's hands. "Let's get him some milk."

At the same time, Irene scooped Tommy up in her arms. "It's alright. Your baby brother is just hungry."

While Tommy nodded blankly, Irene's phone rang in her pocket.

She sat down on the couch before taking it out, still holding Tommy as she answered.

Zachary asked from the other end, "Are you free right now, Irene?"

Chapter 635

Irene replied. "Nope. What is it?"

She was just reunited with her younger son after being put through so much, so she certainly did not want to leave the house without some proper hugs and kisses.

And right now, nothing else mattered more than staying home with her sons.

"I have Lulu in custody, but she's amnesiac and doesn't recognize me... It wouldn't be a far cry to say that she's very hostile, too. Either way, I'm not getting through to her, but I think you can."

Irene actually hesitated then. "Can this wait?"

Her second son just returned home and he was still quite weak. They had to settle him in and be extra attentive when it comes to his care.

"Fine, I just sedated her anyway," Zachary said. "She will be down for around four hours."

Hanging up, Irene put away her phone and carried Tommy to Sheryl.

She did not actually even have to care for her second son- Sheryl had been taking care of Tommy since he was born, and she was naturally up to the task of caring for Irene's second son, too.

All Irene did was stand nearby and watch with Tommy as Sheryl went to work.

Isaac was doing the same too.

Though he was silent and impassive, there was a rare look of serenity and tenderness on his face.

This was certainly a moment of peace and tranquility for the family.

"Irene."

Irene looked up and happened to meet his eyes.

Her lips curled into a smile. "Yeah? What is it?"

"We have both our children back with us now, and I was thinking that we never had a wedding ceremony. Don't you think it would only be fulfilling to make up for it with one?"

Irene actually frowned. "I'm too tired."

She had not properly rested for a long while, whereas a wedding was going to take considerable effort and preparations.

Even so, the ceremony did not matter to her at all-would they still need proof when they already had two children?

Still, Isaac read her mind, and he took Tommy off her hands. "Weddings prove nothing, but it'd enlighten everyone else as to who you are."

Indeed, Irene's relationship with him was opaque in the eyes of others, and the wedding would serve to prove it.

"Isaac is right," Sheryl said, looking up at Irene then. "Back when you first married him-"

Then, realizing that she was speaking out of turn, she quickly stopped herself. "Anyway, a wedding would be good."

Sheryl had wanted to say that Irene did not marry into the Jefferson family through savory means, and it would not be a far cry to say that she was forced into it.

Moreover, Isaac had kept their marriage hidden, and not many knew about it.

Even if more were aware now with their two children, it was still a vague relationship in the eyes of others.

"Legitimacy matters, and you should listen to Isaac here for your children's sake," Sheryl said, but there was satisfaction in her tone now.

"You may have done it for my sake at first, but I've always thought that not having official documents and a proper wedding made it as if your marriage was ugly and must be kept hidden for that. Now that you can do it, why not?"

"That's right. You should do it!" Mrs. Watsons chimed in.

With that, Irene had no choice but to agree. "Alright. Let's do it."

Isaac grinned in satisfaction, putting a hand around her while still carrying Tommy with others. "You don't have to do a thing. I'll arrange everything."

"Yeah," Irene replied, fiddling with her son's soft, fair hand, kissing it and rubbing it.

While she did so, she suddenly told Isaac, "I might have to leave later."

"Where to?" he asked.

"To meet Zachary. He called me, saying that he found Lulu and wanted me to take a look."

"Lulu? As in Lulu Adams?"

"Yeah," Irene replied. "It seems that she survived, although I would have to meet Zachary to actually know what's going on."

"I see," Isaac said. "Ask the chauffeur to take you there."

"Okay."

Irene left an hour later to the address Zachary sent her. Once she arrived, she knocked on the door...

Chapter 636

Soon, the door opened and Zachary said, "Come on in."

"Where is she?" Irene was actually anxious too.

"She hasn't woken up," Zachary replied.

'I'm early, then'

"Take a seat. Would you like a drink?"

"Fruit juice would be good." Zachary poured her a glass of fresh juice, and Irene went to check on Lulu after half a glass. She was still asleep, so Irene gently closed the door. Unbeknown to Irene, Rainie

Lang's eyes opened the instant Irene shut the door.

She was thinking that she really wanted to know if she was really amnesiac, and whether she actually was Lulu Adams.

Quietly rising to her bare feet, Rainie tiptoed to the door just as Irene returned to the living room and asked softly, "Are you done straightening things out back home?"

"Yeah," Zachary replied quietly.

"I've divorced Ember Lindt and made sure her family was destroyed with no hope of resurgence. Now, everything I say in the family goes."

Irene hesitated for a moment and asked, "Did the Lindts try to kill Lulu?" Zachary's eyes became evasive.

"Yeah." Irene, however, saw that.

"What else are you not telling me?" Zachary became silent-she simply could not bring herself to say that his mother was the one who tried to have Lulu killed. Even if Ember incited her family to talk Zachary's mother into it, Zachary's mother was the one who actually did it. That made her a murderer for all intents and purposes. Even so, when Zachary cleaned things up, he kept his mother out of it.

"If you don't want to tell me, that's Inc." Irene said, refraining from pressing the issue.

"No..." Zachary paused, and said in embarrassment, "The plot to kill Lulu... My mother was a part of it." Irene was quickly left regretting her question-Zachary must be caught between a rock and a hard place, as one person was the woman he loved, while the other was his own mother.

It must be the worst being caught between the two!

As such, she tried to change the subject. "Tell me, how did you find Lulu?"

'Remember the day we had dinner at the yacht? Wasn't I telling you that I saw this person who looked just like her? I followed your advice to investigate her in secret, and I even did a paternity test-it's not just the looks, she really is Lulu. There's this couple who rescued her after they tried to kill her, and they kept her as their daughter since they lost their own child and couldn't have more, even renaming her after she lost her memory.

"She really suffered there," Irene said quietly.

"It's all my fault," Zachary admitted, hanging his head.

"So? What are you going to do now?" Irene asked.

"I_ I want to do this for myself," Zachary came clean right then.

"It's actually good that Lulu forgot all the mess in the past and she probably wouldn't forgive me for the rest of her life... But now, I think I have a chance.

Lulu had forgotten her past, and as long as he could make her accept him, he could start over with her. It was a selfish thought, but Irene could not make that call for Lulu. Still, there was a question that greatly concerned her.

"Are you sure you can't stop her from getting hurt this time?"

"Of course," Zachary replied confidently. For Irene's part, she was relieved as long as he could protect Lulu properly.

"She should be awake by now, right?" Irene asked.

"I'll check." As Zachary stood up, Rainie quickly returned to bed and pretended as if she had just woken up!

Chapter 637

Zachary asked gingerly, "You're awake?" Rainie remained wary as he stared at her. After overhearing his conversation with Irene, she was enlightened about a great many things despite the lack of words. She had lost her memory because people tried to kill her but failed, and the mother of the man before her was involved.

"What do you want now?" She glared at him.

"I told you-this woman was your junior in med school and your best friend. Let her tell you about yourself, and you'd know that I'm not lying."

Rainie was laughing inwardly. Not lying? He did not want her to regain her memories! It went without saying that he must have treated her terribly before, or he would not have worded that she remembered. "Fine, I'll meet her." She relented.

"Okay, good," Zachary happily passed her a pair of loafers. "Put these on. She's waiting in the living room.

Rainie got to her feet. "What's her name?"

"Irene Spencer," Zachary replied. "Do you remember your old job? You were a forensic doctor while she's a surgeon. I used to be a doctor too, but I quit because I had to manage my family business."

Rainie nodded. "Okay."

As she entered the living room, Irene rose from the couch, her eyes turning moist as she watched Rainie, and she called out softly, "Lulu."

Rainie simply stood there, having long since forgotten her bond with Irene. Even so, Irene walked up to her and hugged her, murmuring repeatedly, "Thank goodness you're fine." Her voice became hoarse, and her concern as well as rejoicing did not sound insincere.

As Rainie returned her hug, Irene had to work hard to subdue her emotions, keeping her voice mild as if worried she would scare Lulu away-Lulu did lose her memories, after all. "I'm Irene Spencer, and this is Zachary. We all graduated from the same med school and we're best friends... Do you remember?"

Rainie shook her head-she genuinely could not remember.

Irene wiped her eyes then and tugged at Rainie to sit down. "We would be concerned if we left you out there. If you don't want to stay here, how about staying at my place?"

Rainie studied Irene then, but the other woman was being sincere instead of trying to dupe her. Shaking her head, Rainie asked, "Am I really Lulu Adams?"

"Of course." Irene whipped out her phone and showed Rainie all the photos they took together. As Rainie browsed through everything, it became obvious to her that she and Irene really were close.

"Irene?" she called out tentatively. Irene grinned.

"I used to stick to your last name, but you told me it sounded distant and to use 'Lulu' instead. Do you remember?" Rainie shook her head again, and it stung Irene a little that she did not remember anything-including herself.

"It's alright. As long as you're fine, I'll always be your friend."

"Maybe I was Lulu..." Rainie murmured.

"You are Lulu," Zachary butted in. Rainie glanced between him and Irene, who nodded assuringly.

"You are Lulu-the Lulu we know." Rainie nodded.

"I am..." In reality, she really wanted to find out what happened in the past, and why people had tried to kill her.

Even as she admitted inwardly that she was Lulu, she turned toward Zachary. "Barbara and Tobias saved me. I should thank them for that instead of just upping and leaving."

"I'll go with you," Zachary said.

"Then I'll be leaving now. You guys do what you have to," Irene said, bidding her leave tacfully.

"I'll take her to you at the right time," Zachary said.

"Sure," Irene said, and left. Returning to the car, she told the chauffeur, "Let's go home."

However, just as the car stopped at a junction with traffic lights, Irene peered out of the car window and saw them.

Chapter 638

The traffic light was still red when Irene looked out of the window and saw that familiar car, though the chauffeur started to drive off before she got a good look.

Still, she turned and managed to see Moneypenny alighting.

It was not surprising that she recognized the car-it was Henry Jefferson's, but she did not dwell on it since Isaac was not on speaking terms with them now.

Returning to the mansion, Irene found it dead silent except for the kitchen.

Sheryl was on the couch, sorting some of Irene's baby necessities which they had bought just today.

'Where's Isaac?' Irene asked casually.

'He's talking to James Cross in his study,' Sheryl replied.

Irene left to check on her children first before she left the room quietly since they were asleep.

Seeing her again, Sheryl asked, "Why don't you ask if they're done? Dinner is ready."

Irene did so, and found the study door ajar.

As she was about to open it, she heard James speaking, "Stan dealt with Kim Sherwood since he's closer, but what are we going to do about Harvey Gooding's shenanigans this time?"

This time, Isaac did not do much.

If anything, kidnapping Harvey's son was because he wanted to save his own right away.

But although he grew a conscience after becoming a father and would not resort to killing a child, he was not about to spare Harvey for what he did.

In fact, he had been too soft before, allowing Harvey to run rampant unchecked and kidnap his son this time!

Irene had been so worried about their missing child that her health was crumbling from the pressure.

All debts must be paid!

Since everything he did to Harvey before was trivial, he told James, "Get someone to infiltrate his company's internal structure. If that doesn't work, acquire their core business... As for Harvey, there are things that go bump in the night."

James quickly understood.

Outside, Irene pretended she never heard a thing and gently pushed the door open, standing at the doorway as she asked, "Dinner's ready. That means you too, James."

"Actually, I have to go. Duty calls," James said.

Having heard everything, Irene nodded and did not ask James to stay, and she entered the study after he left.

Isaac was actually curious once she mentioned the Jeffersons.

'Why ask that out of the blue?'

"I was coming home from Zachary's when I saw Moneypenny parked his car outside a clubhouse, probably meeting someone?"

"I'll keep an eye out," Isaac said as he walked up to her. "Let's go eat."

Over at Sunny City, Harvey became tipsy while socializing with some business partners, and he was heading to the washroom when he inadvertently bumped into someone in the walkway.

The other man grabbed him by the collar, stubbornly refusing to let it go.

Harvey had a short fuse himself, and so it started with pushing and shoving before escalating to a fight.

It was a total defeat for Harvey-the other man was trained in man-to-man combat, flooring Harvey soon enough and kept going for a while before running away.

Harvey actually had to be hospitalized, and even though he sent his second best out to look for his assailant once he regained consciousness, his assailant was not found even after a week.

His assistant, Enrique, had to be sent as a representative in his place for a certain meeting, after all.

Still, as he slowly recovered and became calmer, he more or less found out who did it.

"It can't be anyone else. Did the meeting go well?" Harvey tried to move, but his bones ached- everything inside hurt even though there was not much bruising or scars outside.

"Yes," Enrique replied.

Harvey's lips twitched. "I'll take the initiative this time. The more I clash with him, the more I see through his moves."

Still, Enrique was worried about his injury, "But you can't get out of bed even after a week, Mr. Gooding. It's obvious you're really hurt, so why don't you rest for now? This can wait, right?"

Harvey looked up, scowling. "What would you know? I'll lose if we don't move first. Hell, can't you see that I'm already losing here?"

Enrique realized with a start. "Are you saying that Isaac Jefferson sent the assailant?"

'Who else would? Why else can't I find my assailant? It's all been planned." Harvey glowered. "But I'm not about to take this lying down."

Chapter 639

The sun is always kindest as dawn breaks.

As Isaac left for work after breakfast, Irene was doting on their two sons.

"Irene..."

Sheryl wanted to speak with Irene, but she hesitated after calling out to her.

"What is it, Mom? Just tell me," Irene told her.

Sheryl was actually hesitant because she was concerned about Irene's feelings, and was worried about hurting her self-esteem.

"Well, the wedding will not be so soon, but you need to prepare too."

Irene was still playing with Tommy as she replied, "Isaac said he would handle it, didn't he? I don't have to do anything."

Sherly had no choice but to be direct right then. "But you'd want to be a beautiful bride, don't you? I mean, you can hide your face when you go outside these days, but there's still a lot of days to come..."

Irene touched her own facial scars right then and she hung her head.

Sheryl then continued, "Look, Isaac might not mind it now, but it's still hideous."

"If he's fickle, he'll get sick of me eventually even if I'm beautiful."

Sheryl tugged at her hand then. "You're right, looks aren't important-but are you going to work or stay at

home in the future? It's fine if it's the latter, but if you want to keep working, it's no good if you keep

carrying those scars."

That struck a chord with Irene.

She did not want to give up on her career, and even if they had two children now and they were still young, Sheryl and Mrs. Watson could take care of them.

"I'll go to the hospital tomorrow."

Sheryl nodded. "I'm just doing this for your own good."

"I know," Irene said-she naturally understood her mother's reasoning.

"Wahl Wah!!!'

The baby was crying on the bed just then and Irene quickly put down Tommy, scooping him up in her arms.

He just soiled his diaper, so Sheryl quickly left to fetch some hot water, while Irene took off the baby's diaper, put it aside, and gently rubbed the baby's rump.

Feeling comfortable, the baby stopped crying, so Irene left to get some milk while Sheryl fetched fresh diapers.

That was when the baby started crying again, and Irene returned with a baby bottle to find Tommy biting his brother's foot. Irene scooped up the baby and coaxed him, while asking Tommy, "Why did you bite your baby brother?"

"He's not wearing socks."

And lowered her gaze to see that there was actually one sock missing.

"He keeps moving." Tommy giggled adorably.

Coming to an understanding right then, Irene asked, "You wanted to help him?"

Tommy nodded.

Irene tried to explain, "He's too young to do it himself."

As Tommy blinked, not quite getting it, Irene patted his little head. "You will protect him from now on."

Tommy grinned. "Brother."

Irene picked him up so that he could sit on her other thigh, and hand him the baby's bottle. "How about you feed your baby brother?"

Tommy was amused by the idea, and did so with both hands.

Still, the baby fell asleep before he finished the bottle, but before Irene could put it away, Tommy took it and finished it-he liked

the taste of powdered milk since he was fed that as an infant as well.

After tucking in her second son, Irene scooped up Tommy.

The thought that she never breastfed both sons left her guilty. She owed them so much!

"Mama," Tommy asked her just then, "is brother your baby too?"

"Yes," Irene replied, perplexed by the question. "What's wrong?"

Tommy blinked his spirited eyes just then. "Grandma told me that we crawled out of your stomach."

Irene was speechless.

It was half past eight at night and Irene had just finished bathing. Standing in front of the mirror, she watched her own reflection and the scars on her neck.

Hearing the door open, she straightened her collar and turned!

Chapter 640

Isaac was standing by the door, having a clear view of what Irene was doing.

As he strode in, Irene asked, "Have you had dinner yet?"

Isaac said nothing, instead walking up to her and putting a hand on her scarred face.

Irene watched him and joked, "If I married you like this, won't people say that you married ugly?"

"No one would have the balls to say that," Isaac replied, gently caressing her cheek.

"They might, behind your back," Irene said, taking his hand off. "Take your shower. I'm checking on the children downstairs."

Isaac caught her by the wrist. "We have people doing that. You, on the other hand, are getting weird."

"Mom was suggesting that I get plastic surgery," Irene said. "She told me that this doesn't look good."

Isaac smiled. "It doesn't."

Irene glared at him right then. "I thought you said you didn't mind."

Isaac kept smiling. "I don't!"

"So why doesn't this look good?"

Perhaps he did not like how she looked now and was just lying that he did not mind?

"Ah, so you're not actually above the rest and prefer a pretty face. You must hate how I look right now, and you're finally admitting to it..."

Isaac frowned.

Why was she getting annoyed? He was just kidding.

Isaac wrapped his arms around her.

"Are you upset?"

Irene was scowling and struggled. "Let me go..."

"Nope. Let me show you if I care."

Holding on to her, he kissed her and said, "Maybe I should get myself disfigured too? That would make us a match, right?"

Irene was amused despite herself. "You're so annoying."

Isaac kept bugging her anyway. "I really don't mind."

'Fine, I get it,' Irene growled, but her irritation had already faded just then.

'Good. Now, I'll prove it to you,' he whispered, and reached underneath her pajamas.

Irene gave in immediately. "Fine, I get it, stop-it tickles!"

'Where does it tickle? I'll scratch it for you.'

As they played around, they ended up in bed, her clothes loose from her tussle and her hair a mess.

Kissing her, Isaac then raised her hand and pressed it over his chest. "It's all you in here."

Irene was speechless, her cheeks flushing from his sudden declaration of love.

As things kept escalating, Irene put her hands against his muscular chest and asked, "Have you had dinner yet?"

Isaac freed his collar, saying, "Nope."

"I'll cook something for you. What do you want?"

"Anything goes."

"Okay, then go take a shower," she said, and slithered out from beneath him.

Their new mansion was especially vast.

There was no one in the living room since Sheryl and Mrs. Watson were playing with the children in their room.

Irene headed to the kitchen and cooked paella, throwing in shrimps and other bits of seafood, while also boiling a small pot of oxtail soup.

Isaac arrived downstairs after his shower in his pajamas when she was just about done.

Walking into the kitchen, he wrapped his arms around her from behind, lovingly resting his chin on her shoulder. "Smells good."

"My cooking?"

'I meant you,' he said quietly into her ear.

She pouted and elbowed him gently. "Be serious. Now step back, it's time to eat."

"I'll help."

Irene allowed him to carry the paella to the table, while she brought the hot pot of soup with oven mitts.

As she took her seat, Isaac looked up and said, "You eat too."

"I've eaten-can't eat anymore now," she told him, watching him as she placed her chin over her hands. "Is it good?"

Isaac smiled but he said, "It's average."

Irene rolled her eyes at him, and that was when the landline rang.

Irene answered it-it was James Cross, and he sounded anxious. "Where's Mr. Jefferson?"

"Is something up?"

"Yeah."

Irene quickly took the phone to Isaac then, saying, "It's James. It sounds important."

Isaac answered it right then. "What is it?"