

Runaway 651

Chapter 651

Before Irene could respond, the doctor said, "Hold on, wasn't your name supposed to be Irene?"

Irene stared at him for heartbeats, unable to place him.

"You know me?"

Seeing that she had no recollection of him, the doctor deliberately made a wounded look.

"I guess you're too important to remember me now," he joked, and introduced himself, "The name's Seth. Seth Hedge."

Irene realized with a start—he was an old neighbor, though his appearance had certainly changed.

"Didn't your family move abroad?"

"I returned this year. My family is still abroad, though." Seth replied. "When Jeff introduced a patient and told me to offer special privileges, I didn't think that it would be you."

Irene did not expect such a coincidence either. "I did work with Jeff at Mead Clinic."

Seth was left in disbelief. "You made it into Mead at your age? That's impressive! Even Jeff had to ask his girlfriend to pull strings to get in."

"It was a coincidence," Irene said humbly.

Seth smiled then and joked, "Anyway, you're looking plenty good. Why would you need fixing?"

Irene took off the scarf covering her face just then, revealing her facial scars.

It actually left Seth stunned. "What happened there?"

Irene did not reply, and instead asked, "Is it possible to fix this? Would it take a lot of time to recover?"

Seth examined it then.

He saw that the scar stretched from her cheek down to her neck, but a surgery would suffice with his expertise.

"It's no problem if you leave it to me, though you would need time to heal as well since it's quite large. I'm guessing you're asking about recovery because something's coming up?"

"Yeah. I'm doing this for my wedding," Irene replied.

"You're getting married? Congratulations! But this is going to need around a month long of recovery. Would it affect your plans?"

"No," Irene said—they had that much time anyway, and Isaac would need to make arrangements for the wedding as well.

"Would it be alright if we schedule the surgery for tomorrow?"

Irene nodded. "Sure. Thank you."

"Oh, you can thank me later with dinner-once I restore your ravishing beauty."

Irene became a little embarrassed, but said, "Of course."

Irene left soon after, since Seth still had other patients.

As she stepped outside, she was left a little emotional that she would run into yet another familiar face.

While she was waiting for a taxi, she suddenly saw a certain someone approaching her.

As she looked closer, she realized that it was Lulu Adams.

'Could I talk to you?" she asked.

"Sure. Are you alone?" Irene asked, looking around but not finding Zachary Slate.

"I was getting something from the pharmacy opposite and I came over when I saw you standing here."

In fact, Lulu had wanted to look for Irene earlier.

However, she did not know where Irene lived or how to contact her, and did not want Zachary to know that they were meeting either.

Since they ran into each other by chance, she decided to seize the opportunity.

They went to a cafe, and as soon as they sat down, Lulu asked, "I want you to tell me what Zachary and his mother are like."

Irene became thoughtful. "Why ask that?"

Zachary's mother did not like Lulu and was hostile toward her, but Irene would not say that so lightly.

After all, Lulu had just returned, and Irene was worried that she would misspeak and cause conflict between her and Zachary.

"Zachary wants to take me home to his family, but I don't know them or his mother's attitude. How am I supposed to get along with them?"

In reality, she had overheard the conversation Irene had with Zachary, and learned that her amnesia was a consequence of Zachary's mother's attempt to murder her.

While Lulu had survived by luck, she had forgotten the past.

As such, she was asking Irene this now to test her-to see if Irene really was her best friend.

If they were as close as Irene claimed, Irene would know what Zachary's mother did, and she could decide if Irene is worthy of her trust.

Irene frowned, unable to comprehend why Zachary would want to take Lulu home.

"I need the washroom."

Irene left for the washroom then and whipped out her phone to call Zachary as soon as she reached the washroom.

Zachary answered soon enough, and Irene immediately demanded, "Are you really taking Lulu home to your family? What are you thinking?! Did you forget what your mom did to her?!"

Chapter 652

Zachary was actually perplexed. "How did you find out?"

"That's not the point. Tell me, were you really planning to do that?!" Irene asked urgently.

Zachary turned silent instead of answering, more or less aware that he should not have done that.

In fact, he only dared to bring Lulu home to his family because she was amnesiac and would not get hostile against him and his mother.

"I'm taking her there because I can protect her. My mom understands her mistake too, and we just have to be nice and make amends for the past. I'm definitely marrying her anyway, and we would be living together."

"Would Lulu have accepted you if she still had her memories, or be willing to share the same room as your mother? You're bullying her and using her amnesia to cancel out the past!"

Irene certainly would not accept Zachary's decision-even if he really wanted to make up with Lulu or marry her, they were definitely staying separately.

Even Irene herself was not about to forget or forgive so easily if what happened to Lulu had happened to her, not to mention that she knew Lulu's temper as her best friend-she would never have accepted Zachary if she knew about the past, let alone get along with him!

And now, he was trying to put Lulu together with his mom?!

"But she's amnesiac," Zachary said then.

Irene was speechless, stunned by how Zachary was able to say such selfish words.

"Were you meeting her? Is that why she told you that? Look, Irene, I won't beg for much, but just don't get involved, please? In the end, this is between me and Lulu, and it won't do if you meddle too much. Please don't talk to her about the past."

Zachary was basically begging. "This is a godsent opportunity, get it? She survived and forgot everything in the past. That allows US to start over!"

Irene stayed silent for a long while and hung up.

She could not find her words, and instead firmly rubbed her temples.

On the other hand, worried that Irene would spill the beans, Zachary texted her.

[Irene, I'm begging you. Don't tell her what happened in the past.]

Irene thought about it, and coolly replied: [Yeah.]

Composing herself, she returned to her seat and found Lulu still at their table.

As she sat down, Lulu said, "It took you a while."

In reality, she had followed Irene to the washroom, and had heard her conversation with Zachary.

She might actually be a good friend, or she would not have questioned Zachary at all.

"Can you tell me now? What is Zachary and his mother really like?"

"He really loves you," Irene simply said.

"So you're saying that I can be with him? And stay with his family?" Lulu pressed, staring fixedly at Irene as she waited for her answer.

Irene pretended to take a sip of her coffee, lowering her eyes and avoiding Lulu's gaze. "Yeah."

Lulu gasped-did Irene just tell her to stay under one roof with someone who tried to kill her?

She felt utterly disappointed. Did her amnesia give them the right to deceive her? To toy with her?!

"I get it now," she said, rising to her feet and staring down on Irene. "Are we really best friends, by the way?"

"Of course," Irene nodded determinedly, meeting her gaze right then.

Lulu flashed a sardonic smile. "Really? I doubt that."

With that, she strode off, just as Irene remembered something and gave chase. "Lulu?"

"What else is there?" Lulu did not even turn.

"I have something to tell you."

"Shoot."

Chapter 653

Irene quickly asked the cafe front desk for pen and paper, writing down her number on it.

"Watch out when you're at Zachary's home, and call me anytime you need help."

Lulu gave her a look but did not take the paper. "You told me that I could go home with him. Why do I have to watch out? Or maybe honesty isn't how things go around her?"

Irene had more to say, but Lulu had already gotten into a taxi.

She was left watching as the taxi went off into the distance, having the nagging feeling that Lulu was upset, but having no idea why.

Perhaps her personality had changed after losing her memory?

Still, Irene shook her head so as to not dwell on it, paid the money for the coffee, and took a taxi home.

Sheryl had Irene's second son in her arms, while Tommy was sprawled over her lap, watching his baby brother.

As Irene entered, she noticed Sheryl had a necklace on.

Irene remembered seeing her wear it as a child, and she sat down on the couch with Sheryl. "That necklace looks familiar."

Sheryl! touched it just then. "I found it among the stuff you returned to me."

"Your father gave it to me," she said as she reminisced about the past. "I thought I wasn't going to see it again after Ricky sold the mansion, but it turns out that he was keeping it. I hated him, but he's dead now, so it's all in the past."

Irene smiled at how open-minded Sheryl was being.

Obsessing over the past only hurts yourself!

During dinner in the evening, Irene said, "I'll be having reconstructive surgery tomorrow."

"I'll be there with you," Isaac told her.

"You don't have to come if you're busy, actually," Irene said as she sliced a chunk of beef and ate it.

"It's not major surgery, and I know the doctor is operating on me. He's the best in the country, and he told me that my scars would be easy to deal with."

She was wiping Tommy's mouth, not noticing the change in Isaac's expression.

Still, he quickly feigned nonchalance as he asked, "Is the doctor a man?"

He was getting exceedingly sensitive about such things ever since he read Irene's diary.

"Yeah," Irene admitted.

"Is he married? Young? Old?" Isaac pressed.

Irene finally looked up at him then. "Are you doing a background check here?"

Isaac was not about to be denied. "Tell me."

Irene frowned, finding him a little crazy just then, and pouted, "Much younger."

"...What are you saying? Do you think I'm old?" He raised one eyebrow while narrowing the other, clearly looking upset.

"No. You're just the right age for me." Irene was not about to fight him at the dinner table, and she simply played along instead of challenging him.

Isaac's expression improved at that.

After dinner, Irene played a little with Tommy and checked on her second son before heading upstairs.

She was just opening her wardrobe to get some clothes and take a shower, only for Isaac to wrap his arms around her from behind and swiftly pin her down on bed.

As she was thrown deeply into the soft mattress, it bounced and the recoil left her dizzy.

"Are you crazy-mmph!"

He put his lips over hers before she could finish. He was a little rough, too.

Irene struggled a little. "I haven't showered yet."

Her answer was a bite on her neck.

"Ouch!"

Irene frowned-it really hurt. "Be gentler."

His libido must have gotten to his head, huh?

Even so, Isaac was not letting up, actually getting more violent than before!

Chapter 654

For the first time, Irene experienced what it was like to be too sore to get out of bed.

No matter how grilling it was before, Isaac was at least gentle and considerate.

But this time, it was all just jackhammering!

At one point, she actually felt like he would kill her!

As she was left fatigued, the man who left her limp stood before the tall mirror nearby, buttoning his shirt as he watched her reflection, asking, "Are you awake?"

Upset, Irene ignored him.

He then walked over to the bed, "Not getting up? You're having surgery today."

Irene pulled the blanket over her face, so he sat down and pulled it off. 'What's wrong?'

Irene glared at him then. "That's my question. Just tell me if I did something wrong, instead of behaving so weirdly!"

Isaac held her gaze for seconds before asking, "How many men have you fallen in love with?"

Irene actually thought about it, but said, "Do I even have the time for that? Like I said, my dad kept pushing me to learn all sorts of disciplines since I was a child, and do you think med school is easy while I have to do that?"

'Fine. Get up.' Isaac rose to his feet then and left, leaving Irene speechless.

She really could not understand Isaac's behavior, not to mention that she had not been in touch with anyone in particular.

What had gotten his goat?

Still, as she dragged her tired figure out of bed, she finally noticed all the hickies and bite marks he left on her neck, leaving her incensed!

How could she leave the house with all that, let alone undergo the surgery?!

Still in her pajamas, she stormed downstairs toward Isaac while he was still carrying Tommy, took their boy out of his hands, and dragged him upstairs by the collar.

Isaac allowed himself to be dragged, and Irene released her once they were inside their room, demanding, "You wanted this, didn't you?"

Isaac adjusted his collar as he asked, "Wanted what?"

Irene pointed at her neck, but he simply appeared smug after getting a good look, leaving her speechless.

She kicked his feet in frustration and thumped his chest. "Are you crazy?! How am I supposed to leave the house like this? You're crazy!"

Isaac simply caught her flailing arms and firmly pulled her into his arms, restraining her with just a fifth of his tractor-like strength.

His other hand was holding by the waist, keeping her dainty body tightly up against his own body.

His dark gaze twinkled as he lowered his gaze, "Are you really upset?"

Irene bit her lip, averting her eyes angrily.

Isaac gave her a peck on the cheek. "Won't happen again."

"Let go of me," she growled as she struggled.

'Give me a kiss first,' he said, acting like a real rascal.

Irene was speechless. He was killing her!

'Let me go. It hurts!'

Isaac bit her earlobe and asked, "Where does it hurt? In bed?"

Irene was left speechless again-how shameless could he be?

Genuinely serious just then, she snarled, "I'm really going to be cross if you keep this up, Isaac Jefferson."

Isaac freed her, naturally not daring to push her too far.

After she took a shower and got changed, she frowned when she saw that Isaac was still there. "Aren't you going to work?"

"Nope." He grinned. "I'm coming to the hospital with you."

Feeling too embarrassed to see anyone just then, she said, "...Forget it. I'll reschedule the surgery."

"Too late." Isaac took her hand. "Let's go."

"Nope!" Irene snapped, holding on to the door knob.

Isaac said, "I'm carrying you downstairs if you don't move. You know I can do that."

His words were a naked threat-Tommy, Sheryl, and Mrs. Watson were all downstairs!

What would they think if they saw Irene and Isaac?

Irene hence reluctantly followed him to the car and headed to the hospital!

Chapter 655

Along the way, Irene said nothing, and she was basically pouting at Isaac.

Freeing one hand to hold hers, he asked quietly, "Still upset?"

Irene ignored him, but her silence was basically a yes.

"You're the one who upset me first," he said.

"I upset you first?" Irene turned toward her right then. "Pray tell, how?"

"You know what you did," Isaac replied.

Irene was speechless-if only she did!

He always got upset out of the blue!

Maybe it was just him going through menopause. Maybe men experienced that too-how else would one explain him getting upset out of the blue?

Bzzt-

Isaac's phone rang, and he answered it.

Since his phone was connected to the car bluetooth system, James

Cross's voice could be heard from the speakers, "Ian Jefferson is wreaking havoc downstairs, slamming the door and screaming.

He's affecting those nearby, but I still don't have a place that suits him."

Isaac growled coolly. "Tie him up and gag him."

"Yes, sir," James replied.

After Isaac hung up, Irene said, "Actually, locking him up won't work in the long run, and your grandfather is sick..."

Isaac turned toward her. "You mean, I should release him?"

"No." Irene thought about it, and said, "He's just going to cause more problems if you do, so there's only one way to rehabilitate him."

She was certainly not crazy enough to persuade Isaac to release Ian! With two children in their family now, allowing a potential threat at large would just be asking for trouble, and she would not allow her children to get hurt.

"What is it?" Isaac asked.

Irene took a pen and paper, writing down the name of a drug. "You can get this, can't you?"

Isaac spared a glance at the name and asked, "What does it do?"

"Keep him in line," Irene said.

Isaac grinned-his little kitten was baring its claws again.

"I'll get it."

Eventually, they arrived outside the hospital and Irene alighted. "I can do this alone."

Putting one hand on the steering wheel, Isaac held her gaze as he asked, "Are you really that afraid of me following you?"

Irene was speechless. "When did you get so calculating? I'm just letting you deal with Ian as soon as possible, but you can follow me if you're really that free."

With that, she turned and started to head inside.

"I'll come by later," Isaac called out to her.

"Yeah." Irene heard him, and waved without turning back.

While it was no major surgery, they had to examine her nonetheless.

Even so, Seth Hedge scheduled her surgery on the first slot of that day.

After she was anesthetized, Seth stood before the surgical table, smiling as he asked, "You've always been operating on others before. How does it feel to be on the chopping board yourself?"

"Nothing, really," she replied.

"Trust me that much, huh?"

Irene grinned. "Actually, I remembered something after I met you again yesterday."

"What is it?"

"You fell into that mudhole..."

Seth remembered that too. "You can't remember anything nice about me, but somehow remember the rubbish perfectly fine."

Irene grinned again, her consciousness blurring, and she soon lost it completely without knowing it.

Hours later, she stirred, already lying in a private ward.

"Any discomfort?" Seth asked.

Irene recovered her spirit right then, and replied, "Nope."

"That's good, but be sure to get a lot of rest. Call me anytime if you're feeling any discomfort."

"Okay," Irene replied.

Seth turned and headed for the door, and he saw a man standing there just as he was about to leave!

Chapter 656

Seth took a step back in reflex-the man standing at the door projected a horrific presence that extended to his surroundings.

"Who are you looking for?" Seth asked nonetheless.

Isaac simply ignored him-he was instead staring at Seth's name tag.

His expression darkened when he saw the name 'Seth Hedge'.

Irene looked up then, and murmured, "Isaac?"

"You know each other?" Seth asked.

Isaac simply strode inside, standing by her bed as he looked at her.

Though he felt concerned, his words were somehow not so. "Are you happy now?"

Irene ignored his weird tone, dismissing it as yet another one of his manic outbursts!

Smiling at Seth, she said, "Allow me to introduce you to my husband."

Seth smiled. "So he's your fiance? Hello..."

He held out a hand to Isaac, but Isaac ignored him once again.

Left hanging, Seth gingerly lowered his hand and quickly left the ward. "I still have work to do, so I won't impose."

Irene shot Isaac a glare right then. "What's your problem?"

Isaac snorted coldly, ejecting the disgruntlement out of his chest. "What's my problem?"

"He's offering you a handshake but you wouldn't even look at him! Can't you be a little more polite after he operated on me?"

"Polite? I'd have stopped you from getting your surgery here if I knew it's him," Isaac growled grumpily.

That actually left Irene stunned. "Wait, you know him?"

"Nope." He seemed proud of it too.

"Then why would you say that? Why wouldn't you let me have the surgery here if you knew it's him?"

"Because I saw his name in the pages of something important to a certain person," Isaac growled, and he checked her face despite his irritation. "Does it hurt?"

Irene glared at him nonetheless. "Isaac, I'm not feeling too good at the moment, so stop upsetting me."

Isaac frowned.

He upsetted her?She was clearly the one who was upsetting him!

Still, he gave in since she just had surgery, even pulling her blanket over her. "Get some sleep. I'm staying here with you."

Irene closed her eyes then.

Meanwhile, Lulu Adams followed Zachary Slate back to his family home.

Mrs. Slate actually was shocked to see her, even though she heard from Zachary that she survived but lost her memories.

Lulu being alive left Mrs. Slate's conscience gnawing-she did try to have Lulu killed, after all.

"Mom?" Zachary called out.

Coming to her senses then, Mrs. Slate smiled. "Oh! Do come in."

Lulu could not help feeling burning spite inside as she studied the look on Mrs. Slate's face, but she smiled at Mrs. Slate anyway.

"Hello, Mrs. Slate."

"Hello, hello." Mrs. Slate turned around, afraid to meet Lulu's eyes.

Her gaze was so sharp it seemed to peer into her soul, spooking Mrs. Slate so much she did not dare to look at her in return.

Zachary then took Lulu by the hand, taking her upstairs.

Once inside his room, he wrapped his arms around her. "Let's get married, okay?"

There was coldness lurking behind Lulu's eyes.

He was making her stay under the same roof with her murderer, and he was now asking her to marry him?

His conceit knew no bounds just because she forgot the past!

'I don't want to get married... I don't remember our relationship.'

There was no way in hell she would marry him-she only agreed to stay here for payback against the woman who hurt her and this selfish bastard!

"Yes, I'm not in a rush anyway," Zachary said. "We can rekindle our relationship anyway."

"It's the first time I'm here, so I should cook," Lulu suddenly said, not wanting Zachary to keep hugging her.

It sickened her.

"Of course," Zachary replied. He then took her downstairs.

As Lulu headed in the kitchen, Zachary was going to help when his mother pulled him aside.

"Be honest with me, Zachary. Did she really lose her memory?"

Chapter 657

"Yes, she really lost her memory."

Zachary was very direct. "Please be nice to her and make up for your past mistakes."

Mrs. Slate nodded. "I will-1 mean, I don't have to worry about anyone taking the family estate now that you're in full control, let alone arrange your marriage. You have the power now, and of course I hope you can be with the one you love."

"And don't mention anything about the best in front of her," Zachary added.

Mrs. Slate nodded again. "I know."

Lulu watched as they whispered to each other, her heart ice cold.

Were they trying to mess with her again?

She was fortunate that found out so much thanks to eavesdropping, or she would have suffered again without ever knowing what hit her.

Zachary entered and started to help her wash some of the ingredients, but Lulu pushed him away, forcing him to leave. "You don't have to help. I'm doing just fine."

"You just came. How can I leave you alone in the kitchen?" Zachary protested, feeling bad for her. "I don't want you to have to do everything..."

'It's really nothing much." Lulu smiled. "Don't get in the way, or maybe you don't want to try my cooking?"

"I do," Zachary blurted.

"Then wait outside. I'm going to get upset if you keep hovering here,' she said, pretending to look angry just then.

Zachary was hence forced to leave the kitchen, while Mrs. Slate saw their exchange from the living room.

She wanted Zachary to get himself a wife who could support him before- all her disapproval and dislike toward Lulu was mostly because of her family background and profession.

Now that she had calmed down and looked, Lulu would actually make a good housewife.

At the same time, Zachary stood just outside the kitchen, feeling as if he would marry Lulu soon enough and enjoy a good life with her.

In fact, they should get married right now!

He was in a good mood, so he had quite the appetite as well and ate a lot that evening.

Since Lulu asked for her own room in the evening, Zachary naturally said yes since he could not force her to stay with him.

However, Lulu felt no fear even as she sat in that unfamiliar room, and her eyes only showed a calm staunchness.

Around midnight, Zachary was tossing and turning, unable to sleep from a stomach ache.

Mrs. Slate was making trips to and forth the washroom as well!

In fact, she was suffering from diarrhea, just like Zachary, and she had to relieve herself up to six times in under an hour.

Eventually, Mrs. Slate was overwhelmed and she called the chauffeur to take her to the hospital.

Zachary stubbornly stayed home, and his misery continued to the next day, leaving him dehydrated and lifeless!

Seeing the dark circles under his eyes and his face turning yellow, Lulu feigned surprise and asked, "What happened?"

"I'm fine." Zachary kept trying to tough it out.

Lulu feigned concern. "Do you need medicine?"

"No, I'm much better actually," Zachary said.

Meanwhile, in Sunny City...

"Mr. Gooding? Several of our executives and heads of departments resigned at the same time."

Harvey Gooding almost had a stroke when his assistant Enrique informed him about the crisis.

It was outrageous-he was just getting discharged, only to receive such terrible news!

"What is this? Why are they all resigning at the same time?! And don't they have to pay US damages if they do so without my approval?"

"About that..." Enrique said quietly, "it seems they're willing to pay it. It seems that they agreed to it. Some must be pulling the strings behind the scenes."

Harvey snorted. "Isn't that obvious? Who else could it be other than Isaac Jefferson?!"

"Actually, sir, while their departure also meant that many vital functions would be stalled, that's not the worst part. After all, most of them have control over our core businesses."

Harvey huffed. "Get me a line to Isaac Jefferson right now!"

Chapter 658

Irene woke up at her hospital ward, and Isaac poured her a cup of water, asking softly, "Are you hungry?"

"No," she replied. "Have you acquired the drug I told you to get?"

"Yeah," Isaac replied. "I've already told James to administer it on Ian Jefferson-ril hand him over to the old man after that."

Isaac had actually asked around, and he found out that the drug could destroy a person's hippocampus.

Irene was basically helping Ian forget old grudges-to offer him a clean slate.

It was certainly a good idea, otherwise, locking Ian up meant guarding him, in fear that he would escape and continue to wreak havoc.

"Henry's condition is serious, but Ian being at his side might help," Irene said.

It was actually an idea inspired by Lulu's situation-one would not be upset over something they had forgotten.

Still, Isaac did not want to hear anything about Henry Jefferson. "I'm just giving him Ian to spare myself the trouble."

And there was nothing else to consider about that.

Knowing that his grandfather was a sore subject, Irene changed the subject and said, "You should get Ricky a job."

Spencer Holdings was gone, but Irene did not want her half-brother to be a drifter either.

"I'll arrange something," Isaac replied.

Bzzt-

Isaac's phone was suddenly vibrating and he answered it to Harvey's bellow. "Isaac Jefferson! You dirty bastard!"

Isaac raised his brow and sneered. "You made your bed."

Harvey snapped, "You're no better!"

Not bothered to listen, Isaac simply hung up.

Over on the other end of the line, Harvey's eyes were bulging so widely they could pop out. "Did you just hang up on me?!"

His assistant Enrique then said, "We worked with Henry Jefferson to rescue Ian and get him to owe US one, and free someone who would be a match for Isaac... only for Isaac to recapture Ian, and you were attacked while our top people were poached. We really lost a lot more than what we gained..."

"That's enough!"

Harvey was already furious, and Enrique detailing everything only made him even more so.

He never once won against Isaac.

He thought he could after he abducted his second son, but he still lost!

"I understand that his wife was hospitalized, though. Perhaps we can do something about that?" Enrique suggested just then.

Harvey gave him a look. "She's no pushover."

"But she's just a woman..."

"You don't get it."

Harvey certainly knew that, having suffered at Irene's hand.

Still...

"Wait, why was she hospitalized?"

"Reconstructive surgery," Enrique replied. "Also, I've found out that she had it for her upcoming wedding."

"Wedding?" Harvey became thoughtful.

It made sense, however-Irene and Isaac were basically married, even having two children.

However, not many people know that.

Understanding Isaac's intention, Harvey's gaze darkened.

"We may be unable to find an opening, but there's going to be many people attending that wedding... And doesn't Ian have a woman who loves him very, very much?"

"Yes," Enrique replied, quickly understanding. "We could use her, couldn't we?"

Harvey chuckled icily. "It's a wedding. We should at least send a gift, don't we?"

Back at the hospital, Irene was telling Isaac to leave.

"Why?" Isaac was mystified.

"Get me something to eat," she replied.

Isaac frowned.

It was obvious that she was just sending him away, and she said she was not hungry when he asked her just now.

Still, he got to his feet and left the ward.

However, he did not leave after closing the door, and instead watched quietly to see what she was doing.

Chapter 659

Irene got out of bed.

She had to keep her head reared after the surgery on her neck.

Unable to see underneath herself, she knocked into a table and almost fell over.

Isaac quickly returned inside when he heard the commotion, frowning as he watched her standing there. "What are you doing?"

"Oh!" Irene gasped. "Wait, didn't I tell you to buy me food?"

"You were just sending me away while you went to the washroom, weren't you?"

"Nope." Irene did not deny it.

"Really?" Isaac simply walked up to her and scooped her up in his arms.

Then, carrying her to the washroom, he started to loosen her pants-

Shocked, Irene quickly caught her own pants while snapping, "What are you doing?!"

"Helping you with your potty business," Isaac replied in amusement. "We're married-is there a part of you I hadn't seen?"

Irene was speechless and she simply shoved him.

It only seemed to make Isaac's grin broaden. "Getting shy, are we?"

"Get out."

Irene appeared to be getting angry, so Isaac left the washroom instead of continuing to tease her.

As the door shut behind him, he sat on the chair, whipped out his phone, and made a call.

When Irene came out later, he scooped her up in his arms and helped her to the bed.

"Now, lie down."

"Don't you have work to do?" Irene asked.

Isaac certainly did, but he delegated everything he could since he had to stay here and guard her.

"I could just make more money if I lose it, but you're irreplaceable."

Irene frowned, wondering what his deal was this time-his recent behavior had certainly been erratic!

"Why don't you get checked?" she asked.

"Who, me?" Isaac asked in surprise.

"Yes," Irene said. "Get a CAT scan, check for nerve damage."

Isaac was speechless. Did she really want him to get sick?

"Maybe you want me to be sick so that you can elope with your former flame, huh?"

"Get out!" Irene snapped-he really was getting crazier these days, constantly saying all sorts of weird stuff.

Isaac chuckled coolly. "It's fine if you want me out of sight, but that would have to wait until you're discharged."

No matter how upset he was, he was not going to leave her be right now, leaving an opening for someone else.

Irene simply closed her eyes and pretended to sleep, even after Isaac's food delivery arrived and he tried to wake her.

"Fine, we can't wait until you're hungry." Isaac said.

That was when Seth arrived.

Seeing Isaac's glare, he explained, "I'm just checking the patient's recovery progress."

Isaac stood by the bed, keeping a close eye, and he pulled up Irene's collar when Seth started to loosen it, leaving Seth speechless.

Nonetheless, Seth smiled. "I'm a doctor. I mean no harm."

Isaac leveled him a hostile look. "There are quack doctors too."

Irene was left speechless, but she quickly smiled and apologized to Seth. * I'm fine."

Naturally, Seth could sense Isaac's enmity.

"Alright. Just take your time to rest, and you'll be fine," he told Irene, and left.

Feeling utterly humiliated, Irene snapped at Isaac, "Get me discharged right now."

Isaac stared at her. "Why? But you haven't recovered."

'I can recover back home-Il'm a doctor, I know what I should watch out for. Now, go, or you're just going to keep suspecting everyone and Say all that nonsensical rubbish."

"I can get you a specialist," Isaac suggested.

"Nope," she refused. "I can take care of myself-having a stranger in the house would just make things difficult.

"I won't get you discharged for now. I will take you home for now if you're not comfortable with staying in this hospital—I'll drive you here again tomorrow."

"That's a hassle."

"It isn't."

Irene was actually amused just then. "Have you ever looked in the mirror, Isaac Jefferson?"

"Why?"

"You look like one of those nagging grandmas."

Isaac was speechless.

Zachary and Lulu arrived when Isaac and Irene arrived home, while James and Ricky came as well.

James was there to brief Isaac about work, while Ricky wanted to talk to Irene.

As everyone ran into each other outside the hilltop mansion, Rick's eyes widened so much they could pop out when he saw Lulu!

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At the next instant, Ricky dashed forward and pulled Lulu to his side, snapping, "Where have you been? They were all saying that you're dead, so why are you showing up now? And what are you doing with Zachary Slate? Don't you think he's hurt you enough?"

Lulu's heart stirred when she saw the disappointment in Ricky's eyes.

He really cared about her, did he not? Why else would he be so concerned?

"Ricky, you're just a brother to him, so stop being delusional." Zachary took Lulu's hand then. "Don't listen to him-he's just a kid who hasn't seen the world."

His words almost left Ricky with a stroke, and he naturally did not let go. 'What, should she listen to all the crap from you, who's supposedly an adult? I may be younger, but I at least have a conscience. You were the one who hurt her, and yet you're so thick-skinned that you'd still show your face around her!"

With that, he turned to Lulu. "Tell him you hate him-tell him to let you go and to never bother you again."

Irene was just about to speak when Isaac scooped her up in his arms and headed inside the mansion.

"Ricky's a hothead," she complained worriedly. "He might start fighting Zachary."

"Let them sort it out themselves," Isaac said with an edge in his voice. 'Don't meddle, and focus on getting better."

Irene was inconvenienced anyway, and so, she had to listen to Isaac.

Outside, Lulu did not push Zachary away, so Ricky did it himself.

Thus the shoving began, with no one backing down.

As a scuffle looked inevitable, James stepped in between them, pulling Zachary away. "Just let Ricky have this one. He's a kid-"

"Who's a kid? I'm an adult."

Ricky absolutely hated being called a kid-he might be relatively younger in their group, but he was an adult with responsibilities outside.

"I'm on your side-"

"I don't need your help," Ricky snapped at James.

With that, James turned silent-he was not crazy enough to meddle when it was not asked for!

"Go on. Beat each up all you want," he said, leaving without giving a damn.

Ricky kept tugging at Lulu's hand just then. "Come with me."

Nonetheless, Lulu shook his hand off and said, "I don't know who you are."

She certainly did not remember him, but she could tell that Ricky was genuinely on her side.

However, she was not leaving so soon because she wanted payback, and staying at Zachary's side made that easier.

Still, Ricky was left in disbelief. "Did you forget how he treated you before, Lulu?"

'I did," Lulu replied-but she could still tell who the villains were.

Ricky frowned. "You forgot?"

Impossible!

"What did you do to her?!" he bellowed, pointing at Zachary just then.

Zachary did not bother and he simply pulled Lulu along. "Come, let's go in already-"

Still, convinced that he had done something to make Lulu forget about him, an enraged Ricky lunged forward and started punching Zachary. "You two-timing, lying asshole! I'll kill you!"

Zachary took a step back, eluding Ricky, but Ricky relentlessly lunged at him again.

Unable to dodge, Zachary wrestled with Ricky, trading blows.

Soon, their faces were battered and bruised, and Ricky was clearly losing!

He did not know strategy and was just relying on brute strength!

Zachary was incensed by then. "Stop trying to play adult, weaning brat. Learn to survive first!"

As he spoke, he launched a lightning quick jab at Ricky's face, but before it made contact-

Thud!

There was a dull sound, and Zachary's felt as if his head was splitting, while his vision started to black out!

He turned and saw the person standing there!