

Runaway 661

Chapter 661

Zachary was left flabbergasted as he saw Lulu standing there with a club in her hands.

He had never expected her to blindside him!

"Lulu...?"

What was she doing?

He was totally confused!

Lulu pretended to look shocked, and she stammered as she explained, "I-I was trying to hit Ricky..."

Her words left Ricky even more frustrated, and he kicked Zachary from behind, catching him off guard and knocking him to the floor. Then, he leapt on top of Zachary, straddling him while raining fists on his face left and right...

Zachary, stunned by Lulu's hit, could not fight back just then!

In the house, James frowned at what he was seeing from the cameras. "Should I get involved?"

Ricky might really kill Zachary there...

Isaac spared the screen a brief glance and said, "Go."

James stepped out of the mansion right then, pulling Ricky off

Zachary and warning him, "Keep this up and you're out of here!"

Ricky spat spitefully at Zachary nonetheless.

At the same time, James was puzzled—Lulu had been standing nearby as Ricky clobbered Zachary without moving a muscle.

Watching her just then, he asked, "Why didn't you help Zachary?"

He was being given the beatdown of his life there..."

"I was so shocked," Lulu replied callously.

James could not actually argue with that, but he could sense that she was being cold to Zachary nonetheless.

"Come in already," he said, and headed into the mansion himself.

Zachary was aching all over, but he did not forget to take Lulu's hand. "Let's go."

Ricky was the furthest behind, his eyes red as he watched them!

Lulu turned just then and saw the look on Ricky's face, and something clicked in her.

Though she empathized with his pain, he noticed her look and started to move toward them.

However, Lulu quickly turned away and put her arms around

Zachary's, asking in concern, "Are you alright?"

Zachary shook his head. "I'm fine."

The pain actually subsided just from Lulu's show of concern.

Ricky lowered his outstretched hand when he heard that.

He did not want to watch Lulu and Zachary flaunting their affection, so he turned to leave.

Still, Sheryl came out and stopped him. "Where are you going, Ricky? Irene would love to see you, and it's time for dinner anyway.

Ricky wiped his lips. "I'm not hungry."

"You should come in anyway, get that face treated," Sheryl told him.

Ricky hung his head then and followed Sheryl into the study, where Irene was waiting!

"Irene, what happened to Lulu?" Ricky asked.

"I actually called you here about that," Irene replied. "She's amnesiac."

Ricky was confused. "Why would she be with Zachary Slate if she doesn't remember anything?"

"Zachary was the one who found her. They were in a relationship before, and he's divorced now, so it's natural that they're together

"Hah!" Ricky snored. "You're having a laugh, aren't you? Are you really siding with Zachary?! Did you forget everything he did to her before?!"

"I never forgot, but they were in love, and there's a foundation in their relationship—"

"Fuck that!" Ricky snapped, furious that Irene would actually support Lulu's relationship with Zachary.

"You disappoint me. Also, I don't think I'm up for the position James arranged for me, but thanks for being so kind."

With that, he stormed off, leaving Irene frowning in his wake.

"Ricky..."

She tried to give chase, but she still could not look down because she just had reconstructive surgery on her face.

As such, she accidentally bumped into a book rack, knocking that diary to the floor.

When she reached down to pick it up, Isaac entered!

Chapter 662

Isaac glowered immediately at the sight of the diary. He growled coolly, "What are you doing? Feeling nostalgic, or is regret hitting you?"

Irene was speechless, but since he had been behaving like that recently, she decided to ignore his jibe and said, "Let's go."

She reached out, intending to hold on to him as they walked out together, but Isaac did not move, acting just like a pouting kid.

As such, Irene withdrew her hand—she was not thick-skinned enough to have to depend on him on everything and she could walk fine on her own.

She slowly walked, heading outside inch by inch!

Isaac actually could not bear to look. "Trying to play the sympathy card, huh?"

Irene simply ignored him—he was getting neurotic lately, so she did not want to upset him further or argue!

Still, as she stubbornly inched forward, Isaac eventually walked over and carried her off.

She pursed her lips. "So? Are you going to tell me what's gotten into you lately?"

Isaac growled grumpily, "Shut up and eat."

He carried her to the dining room, and put her in her seat.

As Mrs. Watson started serving out the dishes, a pleasant aroma filled the room.

Irene picked up her fork and knife, feeling hungry just then.

Lulu entered with Zachary just then, having tended to his wounds.

"Get seated already," James told them.

Zachary smiled. "Sorry for the mess, everyone."

James chuckled and joked, "It was quite the mess. I mean, laughing at your face would be so satisfying it might actually fill our stomachs."

"Get out of here," Zachary pretended to snap at him, though he did not appear upset at all.

"No way—not with the good food here," James replied as he picked up his knife and fork.

Things were harmonious at the dining table, but when Lulu left for the washroom, James shimmied up to Zachary and whispered, "I think there's something wrong with Lulu. You need to watch out for her."

After all, James had seen the look on Lulu's face when she swung that club at Zachary.

She was obviously aiming for Zachary and not Ricky, not to mention that she meant for it to hurt!

Reasonably speaking, Lulu should be kinder to Zachary after losing her memory, but her face was contorted with spite at the time!

Still, Zachary's widened—was James not bad-mouthing Lulu there?

"Why?" he asked with an edge in his voice.

James did a double take. He did not expect Zachary to overreact, especially when he meant well!

Zachary even scowled just then. "Are you trying to slander my

Lulu? Just because you're jealous that I'm happy now?"

James naturally did not want to upset Zachary, so he simply smiled. "Pretend I never said anything."

Zachary snorted. "I knew you were jealous."

James simply crunched on his celery, and then said nonchalantly, "

Jealous? I have a babe at home myself."

"Tut, tut. So you were just running circles around me just to brag about that? You could have started with that. Why go the extra mile?"

James pursed his lips but said nothing.

Lulu returned to Zachary's side then, asking softly, "Are you finished?"

"Why?" Zachary asked.

"I would like to go back," she said.

"You're not going to talk to Irene about the old times? You used to be best friends."

Lulu shook her head. "Let's go home."

With that, Zachary got to his feet. "I still have something to do, so I'll be going now."

Irene tried to ask Lulu to stay, but Isaac stopped her. "See you."

After Zachary left with Lulu, Irene asked softly, "Why did you stop me?"

"You're still recovering. You should be resting after dinner," Isaac growled with a tone that did not allow refusal. Irene headed upstairs checking on her children, but she could not fall asleep.

As she tossed and turned in bed, she remembered the diary she knocked over and what Isaac said.

Both things somehow seemed connected... could Isaac have been behaving weirdly because of that diary?

Turning to look at Isaac and seeing that he was sound asleep, she quietly got up and gingerly headed downstairs without turning on the lights.

She walked very slowly and had to lean against the stairs, but she finally arrived at the study and started reading that diary!

After pages and pages of nothing but notes, she froze when she saw the entry about Seth Hedge!

Chapter 663

Irene actually forgot she wrote that down.

Still, as she tried hard to remember, she recalled how she threw a tantrum after an argument with her father Lionel and ran out of the house.

It was raining, and she was soon soaked through.

That was when Seth happened to be returning, and seeing that she was alone, he offered her shelter under his umbrella.

At the time, she thought that she was like a prince who came to her on a white horse—kind and affectionate.

She was just fourteen, the age when teenage hormones started blooming, and she hence wrote down all those fluffy feelings.

Naturally, it was embarrassing just thinking about that now.

To think that she had done something like this!

Still, she now finally understood why Isaac was behaving so weirdly and saying that weird stuff.

So this was the root cause... but when did he read it? She then realized that it was in his study anyway, and that he could read it anytime.

Obviously, she should throw it away and then explain everything to Isaac. After all, it was just gibberish she wrote at a time when she hardly understood much.

She did not sense a shadow disappearing in a flash outside, and instead slowly walked out.

That was when she heard her second son crying. Not sure if it was hunger or a soiled diaper, she headed over, opening the door to find Sheryl already washing the baby's rump while boiling hot water to make milk.

"Go to bed. I'll be done soon," Sheryl told Irene.

"I'm here already. I can feed him," Irene said.

"Okay," Sheryl said and left to wash the cloth diaper while Irene fed the baby.

He was asleep soon enough, and Irene tucked him in his cradle, gently petting his little tummy and somehow falling asleep as well.

When Sheryl returned after cleaning the diapers, she saw that

Irene was sound asleep, and so, she did not wake Irene.

Upstairs, Isaac was sitting by the bed, the moon illuminating him and leaving a large shadow.

He was the shadow that disappeared in a flash outside the study just now.

When Irene got out of bed, he realized that she had not been sleeping too.

He pretended not to know and followed her downstairs quietly, just to see what she was up to... and it had to be the diary.

Was it nostalgia? Or regret?

She hated him now, did she not?

She even refused to sleep on the same bed with him now!

He lowered his head and rubbed his temples, feeling utterly powerless for the first time.

Youthful romances were as beautiful as they were unforgettable, were they not?

He was jealous, but there was nothing he could actually do.

It was his fault for being late, after all.

As the light of dawn spilled in, Isaac had already suited up, looking prim and cool.

At the dining table, he said, "I might be traveling abroad for work for over half a month."

Irene was puzzled. Why a business trip out of the blue?

"What for? Do you really have to leave?"

"I'm going to Remy headquarters. Something I have to deal with," Isaac said flatly.

Irene stared at him and said, "I'll help pack your bags."

"No, Mrs. Watson can do it. I'll take you to the hospital after breakfast," he said, putting down his napkin and leaving the dining room.

Irene sensed the dark clouds in his mood.

Knowing that it was probably because of the diary, she put down her knife and fork to follow him outside.

"Isaac—"

That was when Isaac's phone rang, and he answered it.

James was calling, saying that something urgent came up at the office, needing his attention just then.

Putting away his phone, he said, "The chauffeur will take you to the hospital instead."

Irene held his gaze. "Are you busy?"

"Something urgent came up," he said, and he called for the chauffeur.

He then walked her to the car without giving her a chance to speak, and then drove out as well.

Still, Irene felt restless—Isaac's aloofness left her uneasy.

When they arrived at the hospital, she did not get out.

Instead, she told the chauffeur to drive to Twinrise—she must find

Isaac and clear the air!

Chapter 664

Irene could not care less that her face was heavily bandaged.

She aligned and dashed into the Twinrise office building, heading straight for the front desk when she spotted James stepping out.

"What are you doing here?" he asked.

"I'm looking for Isaac. Where is he?" Irene asked right away.

"He's out to deal with something," James said. "Is it urgent? Do you want me to call him back right now?"

Irene thought about it, but gave up. "It's fine."

She decided that she could wait until Isaac came back, and she turned to leave.

When she returned to the hospital, she managed to make it back to her ward before Seth did his rounds and he helped her change her bandages.

"Can I stay home to recover instead?" Irene asked just then. Seth chuckled. "Do you hate the smell here? Aren't you a doctor yourself?"

"No, it's just cabin fever," Irene said.

"Well, sure. Actually, if you don't want to come here, I can visit your home to change your bandages every other day too."

Irene quickly rejected the offer—Isaac was already upset, and the misunderstanding would worsen if she allowed Seth in her house.

"Forget it. [think I'll just stay here!]"

Seth smiled. "You seemed afraid of me visiting your house."

"Nope." Irene denied it, then asked, "By the way, why did you come back to Zidonia?"

Seth lowered his head to hide his reaction, but he then grinned. "Business is booming here. Can't you see that all our wards are full? They're all young women too—it seems that they're not content with their looks."

Irene was actually left in awe, but it was true—ladies did get self-conscious about their looks these days, neglecting their health instead, which was disagreeable for Irene.

"You don't think that's good? But if you think about it in another way, our hospital would be bankrupt if not for them." Seth chuckled. "Actually, I have a favor to ask... I don't know if you'd help, though."

"What is it?" Irene asked.

"You mentioned that you worked at Mead Clinic before, yes? I have a relative who has a heart condition, and I was wondering if you could take a look."

"But as you can see, I can't work in this condition—it's inconvenient. Also, isn't it good that your relative is in Minerva, since medical facilities there are as good as the stuff we have here?"

Irene was not rejecting him, but stating the truth.

Moreover, Jeff Cartman was their mutual friend, and Jeff could help as far as cardiovascular conditions were concerned.

Seth smiled. "Actually, my relative is in the country. I just wanted a diagnosis, or is that ago?"

Irene quickly said, "No..."

"Oh? So what's it actually gonna be?" Seth asked, almost pushy suddenly.

Irene did a double take, surprised by Seth's attitude.

She pursed her lips. "You did a perfect job with my surgery, and I owe you that... How about I check on your relative when I'm better?"

"Thank you," Seth said.

Irene actually felt a little concerned just then.

It felt like Seth was making a deal—an equivalent exchange with her, as if all old sentiment was gone.

Though she smiled faintly without answering, her impression of Seth had changed.

He certainly was not mild and soft-spoken like his younger self, but time does change everything — including people.

The thought relieved her when she understood that, and since Seth was not particularly important to her, she did not pay him much heed.

After he changed her bandages, she reseted in the ward until around 3 PM before returning home, and she waited for Isaac to come home in the evening to clear the air.

Even so, he never returned, and she got a bombshell instead!

Chapter 665

Isaac did not return even at 8 PM and Irene's calls were not getting through.

It was only after she asked James that she found out that Isaac had left the country.

How could he leave so quietly without giving her a head's up?

Irene actually felt very miserable that she could not sleep that night, and was left staring at her phone, wishing that he would call.

However, she received a call from the hospital instead.

"Sorry for calling this late, but are you a friend or family member of Zachary Slate?"

Irene drew a blank, and asked, "Who are you?"

"I'm calling from emergency dispatch—we had to get your number from the patient's phone. If you're a family member, please come to the hospital at once."

Irene frowned. "What happened?"

"He was wounded in a fire. He's being rushed to Cloud City General as we speak."

"Understood. I'll be right there," Irene said. She then quickly got out of bed and put on her clothes before asking the chauffeur to drive her to the hospital.

There were not many cars this late at night, and they soon arrived.

Irene rushed inside with the chauffeur in tow.

She made a query at the front desk, but Zachary was still being examined before surgery and she was not allowed to meet him just yet.

As such, she had to wait.

It was not until 4 AM when Irene was finally allowed to meet Zachary.

A huge chunk of his arm was charred but treated, and he was now laying exhaustively in his bed.

"What happened?" Irene asked.

She could not believe it—the Slaters' residence was a standalone mansion, and there should have been fire safety equipment installed when it was first built. Even if that failed, getting out should be no trouble either since it was no high-rise building.

Zachary had no idea how it happened either. He was sleeping soundly, and he felt feeble when he woke up, coughing from the thick smoke.

Since he was a doctor himself, he knew that something was wrong with his body, but he did not dwell on it—he first carried Lulu out of the building, and he was burned when he returned for his mother.

"I'm not sure how the fire actually started, but the cops are on it," he finished.

"Where's Lulu? Why haven't I seen her?" Irene asked.

"Don't worry, she's fine—she passed out from shock, but she's still out. You should check on her later. Try to comfort her in my place," Zachary said.

"Passed out from shock?" Irene frowned.

Lulu was a forensic doctor who feared nothing even though she had to look at all forms of corpses everyday.

And she somehow fainted from the fire?

The Lulu she knew was no scaredy cat and she would calmly face any dangerous situation.

Saying that she would pass out from shock was hardly believable, or did amnesia really change a person?

Seeing that Irene was spacing out, Zachary asked, "What's in your mind?"

Irene came to her senses just then and said, "Nothing."

"Okay. You should get some rest—you need it, especially after your surgery," Zachary told her.

Irene did not feel sleepy at all. "I'll check on Lulu first before I go home."

"How about I ask for an extra bed? You could sleep while you wait,

" Zachary suggested.

"It's fine." Irene turned him down. "I'll stay here for a bit and leave right after I check on Lulu."

Zachary got out of his bed just then.

"where are you going?" Irene asked.

"To check on my mom," Zachary replied.

After he got Lulu out of harm's way, the fire reached his mother before he returned for her.

In fact, his mother was seriously hurt among them—he had to check on her, or he would be too worried to sleep.

Irene nodded. "Yeah, you should go."

Half an hour later, Lulu finally regained consciousness, and Irene went to visit her!

Chapter 666

Lulu was certainly pale from shock when Irene saw her.

Irene actually felt guilty and blamed herself for being skeptical that Lulu would faint from the fire.

"Are you feeling better?" Irene asked mildly.

"The hospital might not be the best place to rest. You can come and stay a few days with me, since Zachary would to stay in the hospital a few days before being discharged—"

"I'm fine. I think I'll pass," Lulu said, cutting her short.

Irene sensed that Lulu was being distant right then..

"Lulu," Irene said, taking Lulu's hand.

"We're best friends, aren't we? You don't have to be a stranger. I mean, we even used to share the same bed..."

Lulu pursed her lips.

"Did we? I don't remember."

Irene was not about to give up, just as Lulu's aloofness did not deter her.

"We did." Irene smiled.

"You should go. I should check on Zachary," novel ebook Lulu said as she got out of bed and left, completely leaving Irene.

Irene was disappointed, but did not hold it against Lulu—Lulu's aloofness might be due to her amnesia.

All Irene could do for now was to be understanding toward Lulu.

When Lulu arrived at Mrs. Slate's ward to find Zachary checking on his mother's injuries, she watched silently, her eyes utterly cool.

When Zachary turned around, however, she quickly pretended to be scared out of her wits, her coolness turning into fear!

"I-Is your mother alright?" she whispered softly and worriedly.

"She's going to be fine, don't worry," Zachary told her.

"You should get some rest."

Lulu remained there regardless.

"But we can't stay at that house now, can we?"

"Yeah," Zachary replied.

"But I'll quickly arrange for a new place to stay."

"What caused the fire?" she asked tentatively just then.

"I don't know, but the police are investigating. We will soon find out."

"Yeah," Lulu murmured.

Zachary walked over to her and caressed her cheek.

"Do you feel better now?"

She felt disgusted, but she braced herself so that she would not avoid his touch.

"Yeah."

"It's all my fault. I didn't take good care of you,"

Zachary said, blaming himself for this incident.

Lulu raised a brow, wondering if he really was pretending to be sentimental.

If he really did love her, would he really have allowed her to be hurt? Would he have tolerated his own mother who murdered her? She certainly doubted Zachary's good intentions.

Being someone who nearly died, she would not be hurt a second time that easily—she would hurt them instead.

Even as she slid a peek at the burn on Zachary's arm, her lips curled up ever so subtly.

"You should go back to your ward and get some rest."

Zachary put a hand on her shoulder just then.

Lulu turned away quickly, the look on her face turning cold as well.

However, Irene was standing nearby and she clearly saw the change in Lulu's expression. Her heart skipped a beat. She never saw Lulu being two-faced before—it was as if she was a completely different person now. She could not help wondering why Lulu had become like that.

Still, she waited until Lulu left before walking up to Zachary.

When he saw her, he asked, "You're still here?"

"I'll be going right now, but I have a couple of things to tell you before I do."

"Shoot."

"Keep an eye on Lulu," Irene said.

"Don't worry," Zachary replied, clearly misunderstanding her.

"I'll take good care of her."

Irene was going to explain, but decided against it since she had no proof.

"Tell me if they find the cause of the fire," she added.

"Why are you so concerned?"

Zachary grinned.

"It's probably an accident—no big deal.

You don't have to be so worried."

"Tell me anyway," Irene told him.

"Sure."

Zachary did not press the issue—if she wanted to know, he could just tell her.

Irene started to feel drowsy on the way home.

After going without sleep for an entire night, it was now hitting her.

Even as the car drove steadily, she closed her eyes, feeling muddled just as she heard her phone ring.

Fumbling to get it out, she then answered it.

Chapter 667

Irene felt spirited right then.

Could it be a phone call from Isaac?

"Hello?"

However, it turned out to be Sheryl.

"Irene, did you leave in the middle of the night?"

"Yeah," Irene murmured quietly, doing her best to hide her disappointment.

"why'd you have to leave? How could you still be so unruly? Don't you understand the state you're in?"

Sheryl rebuked her right then.

Irene smiled and tried to assure her mother, saying, "I know. It won't happen again."

"You always say that, but you never actually do it."

It was not as if Sheryl wanted to scold her, but Irene really did make her worry all the time. Irene naturally had to change the subject.

"Mom, did something happen? Was that why you called me?"

"Yeah. Will you be home soon?"

"Yeah."

"Well, you will find out when you get home."

"Okay," Irene replied, and hung up.

Holding her phone and hesitating for a moment, she called Isaac's number again.

Meanwhile, in Franconia...

Remy's headquarters was grander than the office buildings in Zidonia.

Though the CEO's office here was furnished in Franconian style, it still had a staid air to it.

Isaac had actually come because he was upset at Irene and he needed time to calm himself.

He actually had work to do here, too—stacks of documents and folders were sitting on his huge desk.

Stan Hill stood nearby, grumbling, "James Cross doesn't want to come back at all, huh?"

As he spoke, he was watching Isaac as well—the man had transferred him here, but did not transfer him back at all.

Still, Isaac saw through him the instant he spoke and gave him a cool look.

"James is much more reliable than you are. You should stay here instead!"

Bzzt— While Stan was left speechless, Isaac's phone started to buzz on his desk.

Isaac looked up at the screen, his gaze lingering on it.

He missed her, and he could not ignore her even if he was upset with her.

Still, he stayed aloof despite answering and restrained his voice.

"What is it?"

Irene could not wait to talk to him, but she was hesitant to speak.

"Isaac?" she eventually murmured, pursing her lips.

"It's nothing ...You didn't tell me that you were leaving."

While Isaac remained silent, she hung her head and asked, "Are you upset with me?"

"No," Isaac coolly replied.

Irene pursed her lips.

She knew that he was upset, but she asked anyway, "Do you miss me?"

Isaac was speechless, but he would never admit it because of his pride.

"I just left."

Irene smiled.

"Well, absence makes the heart fonder, right? Isn't that how it goes?"

Isaac's fingers clenched on his phone and he leaned against his chair, staring nonchalantly at the scenery outside.

"Do you miss me?"

"I do," Irene replied.

Isaac's heart softened right then and all the grumpiness he felt was halved.

"Yeah."

There was a lightness in his voice now as well.

"When are you coming back?"

Irene pressed.

"Well, work is going to take a few days..."

Irene giggled and teased him.

"I thought it would be half a month."

Isaac laughed despite himself.

"You knew, huh?"

The car reached the hilltop mansion just then and Irene got out once it stopped.

"Come home once you're done. I miss you."

Isaac wanted to fly home when he heard bao bao those words, but he could only reply quietly, "Yeah."

"I'll hang up now?"

"Yeah."

Irene put away her phone after hanging up and she entered the mansion to a shocking scene in the living room! "Mom, what is going on here?"

Chapter 668

Sheryl smiled as Irene pointed at the expensive-looking boxes piling in the living room.

"Open them and you'll find out."

Irene came to a realization then.

"You called me home for these?"

Sheryl nodded and Irene started to open the boxes.

Even as Sheryl stood nearby, her joy could hardly be disguised.

"Many people came in earlier and moved all these boxes in here. I wanted to get you, but you weren't there... Honestly, just look at yourself. How many days has it only been since your surgery? You're going to be a bride, so you really should consider what you want before you do it. Do you think it's good to run around in the middle of night while your face is still covered in bandages?"

Irene smiled.

"Yeah, I won't do it again."

At the same time, she opened a box to find a pair of diamond-encrusted heels.

As she raised her brow, Sheryl said, "Those would be your wedding shoes."

Irene opened another box to find a tailored gown.

There were over a hundred other boxes, all of them filled with items needed for their wedding. It seemed that Isaac had recruited a wedding planning company, asking them to list everything they needed. He then had his people prepare all of it, handpicking them himself.

"Check them out. We still can change anything that doesn't fit,"

Sheryl told her.

Irene looked up to find Sheryl smiling.

"One of the couriers told me that."

Still, Irene had never married or organized a wedding, so she had no idea what to prepare or what she lacked.

Tugging Sheryl's hand endearingly, she said, "Help me look through these, Mom."

Sheryl held her daughter's gaze just then. She should have been helping with preparations, but she actually did nothing.

Feeling guilty for putting Irene through so much, Sheryl decided that it was her responsibility as a mother to do what she could for Irene.

"Alright, just leave it to me."

Sheryl smiled, actually very happy about that.

With that, Irene headed upstairs to sleep, since she was still very drowsy.

Meanwhile, the police had completed their investigation of the fire at the Slates' residence.

AS it was a fire caused by old circuitry that shorted out, they classified it as an accident.

However, the residence was completely destroyed.

It could not be repaired, let alone house anyone—they have to rebuild it from scratch.

Losses were devastating as everything was ashes.

Still, the safe deposit box was unscathed, and it housed most valuables they had anyway.

Zachary did not want to stay in the many other properties his family owned, however, and instead bought a new one for himself.

At the same time, Lulu was discharged early since she was not hurt.

She even made food and brought it to the hospital.

Zachary looked apologetic even as he looked on.

"You don't have to do this. Running around is tiring —I can order delivery, and there's hospital food anyway."

"The food here is bland and terrible."

Lulu smiled as she took out the food.

Zachary held her gaze as he said, "Thank you."

Lulu smiled.

"You were saying that I used to be very nice to you, right? I'm just doing it again!"

Zachary actually averted his eyes from guilt.

"I still wouldn't want you to tire yourself. Are you getting used to your new home yet?"

"It's fine," Lulu replied.

"It's the same servants, although the interior and furnishing is just a little different. Oh, and I made sure to cook more. I'll bring the rest to your mom's ward."

"I'll come with you," Zachary said, getting off his bed.

"You're hurt," Lulu told him.

"It's my arm, not my feet."

Zachary smiled.

Lulu did not refuse, naturally—she was just going through the motions.

As she arrived at Mrs. Slate's ward, she started to unpack the lunchbox she brought.

However, Mrs. Slate had her own suspicions about Lulu by now.

Even if Lulu was always smiling, soft-spoken and understanding, Mrs. Slate had the nagging feeling that things were not as they seemed. It has just been days since they were staying under the same roof, but there was no end of troubles.

She had diarrhea the first day Lulu arrived, and now, a fire almost killed her.

The very thought left her heart pounding in fear.

As such, she sent Lulu away on purpose.

'I would like some apples.

Could you buy some for me?"

Lulu nodded, but as soon as she closed the door behind her, Mrs. Slate beckoned for her son.

"I need to tell you something, Zachary.

"What is it?"

"I think Lulu might have started the fire..."

Lulu was just outside—she did not actually leave, and she was listening in on their conversation in the ward!

Chapter 669

However, Zachary cut his mother short before she could finish.

A little frustrated just then, he snapped, "How could you say that, Mom? Don't you remember what you did to her? I didn't hold that against you and I wouldn't have managed to keep her if she didn't lose her memory. And yet you still suspect her after everything that's happened?"

Mrs. Slate held her son's gaze.

"I didn't want to suspect her, but it's just too much of a coincidence."

"The investigation made everything very clear—the fire was just an accident from faulty wiring. How could you blame that on her?"

Zachary was naturally unhappy. He felt like he owed Lulu, and he was single-minded about making amends.

How was he a man if he still suspected her now? Outside the ward, Lulu turned to leave after hearing that, her expression impassive.

But she was certainly not getting soft just because of what Zachary said.

Within, Mrs. Slate knew that Zachary would not believe her without evidence, and she hence said, "Just pretend I never said anything."

Still, her suspicions never eased and she was actually determined to investigate Lulu now.

Zachary was still huffing, but he was more rational these days.

Keeping his voice low, he said, "Mom, I really love Lulu and I don't want to lose her. Please don't suspect her on a whim."

While Mrs. Slate stayed silent, there was a dark look in her eyes as she looked at her son.

Still, Zachary sat down beside her bed in silence, waiting until Lulu returned.

Taking the apples off her hands, he quickly put them on the table and took Lulu's hand, heading outside.

Lulu knew what got him upset, but she asked him anyway, "What's wrong? You don't look too happy!"

"My arm hurts," Zachary said.

"You should ask a doctor to check that."

"I'll be fine with you at my side."

Zachary turned to smile at her.

"And I'm happy that you came back to me."

Lulu smiled but did not answer.

Ten days later, Zachary visited Irene after being discharged.

Irene was just returning from the hospital, and she had her second son in her arms while she watched Tommy playing with toy blocks on the carpet. It was such a warm sight that Zachary actually felt jealous.

Taking a seat on the couch, he asked, "Hasn't Isaac returned yet?"

"Yeah," Irene replied.

"He's busy."

Zachary thought about it and said, "The police said that the fire was an accident."

Irene lowered her gaze.

"I see."

"You suspect it's Lulu too?"

Zachary was certainly no idiot—he certainly could connect two and two together.

He was fine with dismissing his mother's suspicions of Lulu as prejudice.

But Irene was Lulu's best friend, and she must know something if she suspected Lulu too.

Irene did not answer him directly, however.

"I just think that she's changed."

"You're here best friend, so I was hoping that you'd treat her the same as you always did," Zachary said, holding her gaze just then."

She is Lulu, so there's nothing else to think about—even if her personality changed, it's just due to her amnesia."

Irene nodded.

"I know."

"I'll be going now, since I have other things to do,"

Zachary said, getting to his feet.

Irene did not get up.

"Okay."

Zachary simply waved her goodbye and patted Tommy's head before leaving.baobaoHe was heading to his office, but he changed his mind and returned home to check on Lulu.

However, he spotted her with Ricky Spencer at the door—Ricky must have found this place! He quickly parked the car and strode toward them!

Chapter 670

Zachary was wary about Ricky because he and Lulu were close before she lost her memory.He had no idea if she had fallen for him, but everyone could see that he was interested in her.He pulled Lulu to his side while glaring at Ricky hostilely.

"What are you doing here?" Ricky simply ignored him.

"I'm not here to see you."

Zachary narrowed his eyes with dripping enmity.

"I'm warning you —don't you bother Lulu again."

"Hah!"

Ricky snorted.

"And you aren't deceiving her because she lost her memory? I'm going to tell her everything you did to her before—"

"You're crazy," Zachary snapped, and he quickly took Lulu to his car while telling her, 'Don't believe his crap."

Lulu stayed silent as she turned around to Ricky.

Ricky was naturally too impulsive to just watch as Zachary took her away.

However, as he strode forward to argue with Zachary, Lulu stopped him with a look. He was left stumped and he murmured, "Lulu..."

"Don't come looking for me ever again," Lulu told him and left him behind.

As Zachary opened the door for her and gestured for her to get in, she asked, "Where are we going?"

"To my office. I have work to do," Zachary said as he turned on the ignition.

Lulu frowned.

"Why take me there?"

"I want to see you every moment I'm awake,"

Zachary replied, taking her hand in his.

"You have nothing to do at home anyway, so you could keep me company. I'll take you to a nice restaurant after I'm finished with work."

In reality, he was just afraid that Ricky would tell Lulu about the past.

Even if Lulu had lost her memory, Ricky might make her suspicious if he kept feeding her nonsense, and that would affect Zachary's relationship with Lulu. He was not going to allow someone to ruin it now that he was given a second chance!

"Are you afraid of that person? That he would tell me something?" Lulu asked despite knowing the answer.

"No way,"

Zachary quickly denied it.

"He's young and unruly—I'm worried he'll hurt you."

Lulu, however, thought to himself that Zachary was the one who would hurt her.

Still, she did not let it show, and instead smiled.

"Yeah, I think so too. I won't see him ever again."

"Yeah."

Zachary happily reached out to take her hand, giving it a squeeze.

"Eyes on the road," she said, taking her hand away from his "Don't worry, I'm a good driver,"

Zachary said, though he put both hands on the steering wheel anyway.

Lulu simply loafed in her seat, and then at the couch in Zachary's office while he worked.

She pretended to play games with her phone, but was actually Googling the diet for burn victims.

It seemed that spicy food and seafood would aggravate burns, causing the burns to flare and itch while it healed.

She raised a brow, and said, "I'm thinking about some seafood stew tonight."

Zachary looked up and smiled lovingly.

"Okay."

Lulu smiled in turn.

"You're so nice."

"You can have my life if you want," he said.

Lulu was quite amused. bao bao She joked, "Then I will take it!"

"Sure, come and get it," he beckoned.

As Lulu walked up to him, she looked at his large hand for a moment but reluctantly put hers in his.

Zachary took her hand and pulled her toward himself, holding her in his arms.

Lulu felt disgust from the bottom of her heart, and she unwittingly pushed at him.

Zachary simply tightened his hold around her, quietly saying her name.

"Lulu..."

Lulu kept her head lowered.

"What are you doing?"

He leaned so close he was brushing against her cheek as he said quietly, "I want to kiss you."