

Runaway 671

Chapter 671

Lulu bit her lip.

"Stop it..."

Before she could finish, Zachary's lips were already on hers. He was holding her very tightly.

Despite Lulu's disgust, she could not refuse for appearance's sake, so she pretended to be embarrassed.

"Don't..."

Zachary brushed against her cheek.

"We're lovers. Kissing is fine." Lulu said, "But I forgot about that."

"You'd remember if I kissed you more."

"You're such a scoundrel."

She pretended to pout and slipped out of his arms.

Zachary naturally knew that he should not be impatient, and he simply bore with it.

"Why? It's normal for lovers, and I will take responsibility for you—just say the word, and I will marry you right away."

Lulu did not want to talk about that, so she quickly changed the subject.

"When would you finish work? It's so boring staying here."

"I'll be done soon," Zachary said.

"Hurry," she urged.

"Yeah."

Still, he was only done when the skies were dark and it was almost time for dinner.

Zachary looked for a restaurant that offers delicious seafood stew for Lulu, and she ordered a lot of seafood, along with an extra spicy stew.

As Zachary glanced at the pot of redness that resembled magma bursting out of a volcano, he then glanced at his bandaged arm.

As a doctor, he knew that he should not be eating that stuff since it would ruin his recovery.

Seeing that he was not moving, Lulu put some stewed mackerel slices on Zachary's plate.

"Why aren't you eating, Zachary? Don't you like to eat with me?"

"No,"

Zachary went to work right then.

"Of course I love being with you."

Lulu diligently put more chunks of seafood in his plate then.

"It's good. You should have more."

Zachary had a low tolerance for spicy food in the first place.

Greasy, spicy food like this was basically torture to him! However, he did not want to be a killjoy since Lulu was eating happily, so he braced himself as he stuffed the food down his mouth. He was soon sweating bullets from the forehead, and he soon chugged two glasses of water.

Lulu slid a peek at him just then.

"You don't like spicy food?"

"Yeah."

"Sorry, I didn't know..."

"It's fine," Zachary said.

"I'll do anything for you."

Lulu smiled.

"In that case, you should have more. Once you get used to it, you could come here more often with me."

Zachary smiled lovingly.

"Yeah."

However, his throat was burning and he was rasping! Lulu pretended not to notice and kept putting more food on his plate.

"This is good too. Have some more."

Zachary ate everything she put on his plate, even taking off his jacket from the neat and distractedly draping it on the back of his chair. His cheeks were flushed, and the sweat over his brow was the size of peas. He was almost passing out from the spicy violence and Lulu had to drive him home.

As she helped him to his room, she told him, "You're still hurt, so you shouldn't bathe."

"I'm thirsty,"

Zachary rasped, wanting nothing but water right then.

"I'll get it for you."

As she poured some water into a glass, she also dropped a pill into it.

Zachary, however, could not sense anything by then.

All his medical acumen as a doctor was gone and he felt like his whole body was on fire—a dialysis might not be out of the question! Then, after he drank the glass of water from Lulu, he began to feel drowsy! Lulu simply sat by his bed, watching and waiting.

Once she ensured that he was sleeping like a log, she quietly left the house, intending to look for Ricky, only to find Ricky waiting for her right outside!

Chapter 672

Ricky quickly ran up to Lulu the instant he saw her, hugging her without a care.

"You remember me, right? You wouldn't have given me that look earlier otherwise...I thought I was imagining it, but you came. I was right!"

"Actually, I don't," Lulu said.

It certainly dampened Ricky's enthusiasm, but he did not seem to buy it.

"You can forget everyone, but not me!"

He was holding Lulu's shoulders, looking straight into her eyes! Lulu did not flinch, however, and she met his gaze.

"Well, I don't remember you, but I understand that you've been good to me and always told me the truth. I've seen your rage toward Zachary Slate and how excited you were to see me, and I know that you're a good person."

Ricky's eyes welled with tears from excitement.

"I'm not just a good person—I'm the one who loves you, and wants to protect you," he said, taking her hand.

"You have to come with me." Nonetheless, Lulu shook her head.

"I can't."

Ricky lost his composure right then.

"Why? Are you really with Zachary? He dumped you to get married, or do you really want to stay with him after what he did to you?"

"No. I actually lost my memory because Zachary's mother tried to kill me," Lulu explained.

"I was saved nonetheless, and thus decided to have my revenge. That's why I can't go with you."

Ricky stared at her.

"Won't you be in danger?"

"No," Lulu said with a determined gaze.

"Zachary doesn't know that I know what his mother did, and I'm still feigning ignorance. That is why he's defenseless against me, and I would have no trouble against him. I will make him suffer!"

"But won't you be in danger if you were exposed?" Ricky protested.

"I can help you with your revenge—just get away from him already.

He was genuinely concerned for Lulu's safety since they almost managed to kill her once before, though he was also worried that she and Zachary would rekindle their relationship if they kept spending day and night together.

"No, I'll do this myself,"

Lulu smiled.

"You don't have to worry about me."

"How could I not?!"

Ricky cried in earnesty.

"Just come with me— I'll protect you."

Lulu shook her head anyway.

"You might be able to do it, but this is my problem and I want to do it myself."

Ricky had more to say, but Lulu cut him short.

"Let's keep in touch. Do you have a number?"

"Can I see you anytime I want?" Ricky asked.

"When it's convenient,"

Lulu corrected him.

As such, Ricky had no choice but to agree despite his worry, and reminded her, "Try to keep your distance from Zachary. Don't let him have his way with you."

Lulu nodded.

"I know. I will take good care of myself —it sickens me whenever he tries to get intimate with me, so nothing's gonna happen."

"Good." Ricky nodded.

"It's late. You should go!" Lulu told him then.

Ricky refused.

"I would like to stay with you a little longer..."

"We have all the time we need eventually, but Zachary would get suspicious if he sees us together. That's going to cause unnecessary trouble."

Ricky understood that the only thing he could do for Lulu now is not to be a burden, and he left despite his reluctance. He did not head home, however, and instead went looking for Irene. He was having a bit of a tantrum when he rejected Irene's offer to have Isaac give him a job.

How was he going to protect Lulu if he kept goofing off? He needed a stable job at least, so that he can support Lulu in the future.

As such, he headed to the hilltop mansion, but Irene was not around.

It just so happens that Irene was with Seth Hedge at a fancy restaurant, sitting opposite each other across the table.

"Your face is recovering well,"

Seth commented—Irene did not even need bandages now. Her face was still a little red when the scar was removed, and she would make a full recovery once the red faded as well.

Any mark left from the surgery was also miniscule, and one would never notice if they were not looking closely.

"All thanks to your expertise," Irene said.

"Don't discount your natural good looks too." Seth smiled.

"The food here is really good. Thanks for treating me." Irene smiled faintly.

"Like I said, dinner's on me if the surgery was a success."

A black sedan stopped outside the restaurant just then.

The car window was lowered halfway, revealing a face with chiseled facial features.

A pair of black eyes was leveled at the restaurant, and at the man and woman who were conversing!

Chapter 673

Issac had quickly finished work abroad and rushed back, but he had never expected to be greeted by this scene.

Winding up the window, he kept his voice in control as he said, "Drive."

The chauffeur quickly drove off.

Still, Tommy leapt happily into Isaac's arms once he reached home.

"Papa."

Scooping Tommy up in his arms, he asked, "Do you miss me?"

Tommy nodded.

"Yes."

"Which part of you miss me?"

"Here," Tommy said, patting his chest and giving him a peck on the cheek, leaving his face wet and stinky.

Isaac frowned.

"What did you eat tonight?"

Tommy tilted his head in thought.

"Soup and food."

Isaac almost laughed.

What would he be eating if not food? "Anything else?"

Tommy racked his head.

"Oh. I also ate poop. It was very sweet."

Isaac was speechless. He ate...poop?! Still, Mrs. Watson heard that, and quickly explained, "It's a chocolate croissant." Isaac smacked Tommy's little rump. You almost scared me there."

Tommy giggled and wrapped his little arms around his neck.

Isaac carried him to the baby's room to check on his second son, and saw that Sheryl had just put the baby in his crib. She smiled when she saw Isaac.

"Welcome home."

"Yeah," he replied, and glanced at the baby.

"He just ate and fell asleep," Sheryl told him. She then changed the baby's clothes, putting the dirty laundry into a bucket, and paused just as she was about to leave.

"There was a lot of stuff for the wedding delivered earlier."

She smiled.

"Thanks for preparing so much for the wedding."

"It's nothing," Isaac said and gave the baby a peck on his cheek— the smooth skin and softness to the touch was utterly pleasant.

"Irene gave me two sons. I have every reason to be good to her,"

he said calmly, but there was some restrained tension if one listened closely! Sheryl] did not hear it,

however, and remained convinced that Isaac would always be good to Irene—even if it was just for the children.

"By the way, she's not at home?" Isaac asked seemingly nonchalantly.

"She told me she's changing her bandages at the hospital," Sheryl replied.

Isaac stayed silent, only finding irony just then.

The hospital or a fancy restaurant? The place was the cozy sort for dates too, and he could see them having a jovial time even from afar—there was no doubt that Irene appeared happy.

"She's been out for a while. She'll be back soon," Sheryl mused then.

Isaac did not want to think about it, but Sheryl's words only left him stressed further.

How long had she left? And she was just telling him that she missed him...

and she was now out on a date with another man while he was away?! Back at the restaurant, Irene started to leave after dinner, turning down Seth's offer to drive her home.

"My chauffeur is waiting for me outside," she told him.

Seth smiled.

'You look happy. Your fiance is a good man who holds considerable importance, but he never gave up even after you were disfigured.'

Irene's lips curled up slightly, but the bliss she felt was hardly concealable.

Seth grinned.

"I'm still not married, but all this flaunting is getting me jealous, y'know?"

They had a few more words before parting ways at the entrance.

On the way back, Irene had the chauffeur stop by a fruit stall to buy some before heading home.

She put everything in the fridge once she was home, but when she went to check on her baby, Sheryl told her, "Isaac's home. Go upstairs already."

She then glanced at Irene's now unbandaged cheek and commented, "Oh, the surgery was good."

"Another two weeks or so and it'd be a full recovery," Irene told her.

Still, she was delighted—Isaac told her that it might take a few more days for him to finish work, but he returned sooner than that.

"I'm going upstairs now."

With those words, she made a light dash to the floor above and quickly walked over to the man standing before the window, wrapping her hands around his waist.

"Why didn't you tell me that you were coming back?"

He was wearing gray silk pajamas with a smooth, soft texture. . She could also smell the faint fresh scent of bath soaps up close.

As Isaac turned, Irene looked up to meet his gaze as her own twinkled.

"Did you come back earlier because you missed me?"

Chapter 674

Isaac lowered his eyes, leveling a penetrating gaze into hers.

Irene smiled.

"What? What's that look for?"

She stood on the balls of her feet, wrapping her hands around his neck, and kissed him.

The touch left him stiffening and flinching. She gently pulled away and murmured, "Are you upset?"

Before he could answer, however, she said, "About the diary..."

Isaac's eyes narrowed subtly, as if he did not expect her to mention it on her own.

At the same time, Irene kept her arms around his neck, and brushed her chin against his chest since he was that tall.

"I must've been fourteen when I wrote it, but I was too young and stupid to understand love, and at the phase when I'm curious about the opposite sex. I don't remember Seth after I left that phase."

"Really?"

Isaac was skeptical.

"Yes. You were acting weird, and I somehow thought the diary was the reason, so I took a look. That's why I know what upset you— anyway, I threw it away already since it doesn't even have any sentimental value. After all, you are my future."

Her honesty left Isaac's spirits soaring. His gaze darkening, he murmured, "Irene..."

Irene watched him.

"Yeah?"

He lifted her chin slightly and leaned in to kiss her. It was just a peck at first, and soon it escalated with passion. He came on so strong that she almost lost her balance, but he caught her slender, soft waist.

It felt so delicate like a willow branch, as if he could snap it if he applied a little pressure. He carried her and put her on the windowsill daybed, positioning himself between her legs and leaving her blushing.

"Maybe not here...?" she murmured, biting her pink lips.

Isaac pulled up the curtains in response handily, but Irene gave him a shove.

"Wait. Let me shower first."

"It's fine," he growled and kissed her again, even as his hands handily unbuttoned her blouse, caressing her beautiful collarbone and reaching into the soft perkiness underneath.

Irene bit her lip, taking it as he continued his assault.

With her watery tenderness and his fiery passion, it seemed as if there would be a storm tonight.

Soon, twenty days passed and it was just three days until the day of their wedding.

Irene had mostly recovered from her surgery and she looked basically no different from before her disfigurement, aside from some minor traces that were invisible unless one looked for it.

A little ointment toward the end, and she would basically be fine.

Still, there was a lot to do as the wedding was near.

Irene had tried out her wedding gown and picked a hairstyle for the day of the wedding, and she was satisfied with her choices.

Her gown was from a famous foreign brand and tailored.

Isaac had picked the design, and he certainly knew his woman's body and what looked good on her.

Although he arranged most of it, there were still many decisions she must make personally as their wedding day approached.

Erin Gooding and Lulu were decorating the room upstairs, while Irene nestled lazily on the sofa with Tommy on her lap.

The boy was eating a strawberry while fiddling with his Bumblebee action figure when he suddenly puckered his lips.

"Mama."

Irene pulled out a tissue to wipe his lips and she ate the remainder of his strawberry while putting another large one in his mouth.

The doorbell then rang and Mrs. Watson opened the door to find three burly men in suits.

They were wearing shoes and white gloves while carrying suitcases.

Their presence was menacing and it gave Mrs. Watson a fright.

"W- Who are you people?!"

Chapter 675

The man in the lead said, "We're from a security company. Mr. Jefferson asked us to make a delivery."

"Oh, come in..."

Mrs. Watson muttered.

She was actually intimidated by their appearance and was relieved when she actually realized that they were not actually thugs.

As Irene looked up, the men opened one of the suitcases on the coffee table.

"Ms. Spencer, yes? Please confirm you have received these items."

"What are they?" she asked.

"Feel free to take a look."

The men spun the suitcases to her end, and Irene was left raising her brow when she was what was inside. She did not know her jewelry, but she could tell that the set lying in the suitcase there was worth a fortune.

The man introduced, "It's an antique, and once belonged to the royal household of Yvesia.

Mr. Jefferson acquired this set of jewelry in a Minervan auction for 3.8 million dollars. He entrusted it to our company to bring it safely here to Zidonia."

Irene had no idea what all of that meant, but the price tag left her frowning.

Surely this set of jewelry was worthy as an heirloom? But she had two sons, and when they married, which daughter-in-law should she give it to? Despite the dilemma, she was beaming, since she was at least capable of admiring beauty and this set of jewelry was the epitome of it.

"The diamonds alternated with pigeon blood rubies. As the sizes are irregular, it ranges from 1.27 carats to 5.38."

Irene actually counted 26 oval rubies, each of them placed beside white olive-shaped diamonds.

The arrangement formed an exquisite shape, making the necklace appear as if it was a flower wreath.

There were earrings too, but one of the men said, "There was supposed to be a bracelet with this set, but a collector must have bought it separately, leaving it incomplete."

Irene nodded in understanding, and asked, "What about that one?"

One of the men opened the other suitcase to reveal a tiara, and Irene could tell immediately that it was worth as much as the other set. That meant her daughters-in-law would inherit one each.

Still, Isaac was not going to be happy if he realized that she was not emotional about the gifts, but how she would share them between her daughter-in-laws! "Ts this a part of the set too?"

There was an emerald bangle in the suitcase where the tiara was placed.

It was padded with black velvet, and the shade seemed to brighten the gems' sparkle.

"I think so," the leader replied.

Irene nodded.

"Thank you."

"Just doing our job, ma'am."

Mrs. Watson saw them off, while Irene shut the suitcases and took them into the study, leaving it on the desk. She then headed upstairs, where Lulu and Erin were more or less done with decorations.

It was bland before, but the decorations added a liveliness to it.

"Are you happy?" Erin asked.

"Yeah,"

Irene grinned—how could she not be, when she is going to marry the man she loved?

"Tut, tut. Just look at the bliss on your face,"

Erin teased.

On the other hand, Lulu was quietly arranging some balloons.

"You two should go downstairs and have some fruit," Irene said then.

"Actually, I'm mostly done here. I should go home for the day," Lulu said.

"At least stay for dinner." Irene tried to get her to stay.

"I still have things to do."

Lulu refused anyway. Lulu was still very cold to her, and Irene could feel it.

Still, she did not hold it against Lulu since she had lost her memory.

Seeing that Lulu was leaving, Erin decided to leave too.

Even if she and Irene get along just fine, Isaac's temper was bad as ever and she would rather not see him glowering at her.

"I should go too."

Irene walked with them to the door as a car drove in and Isaac alighted!

Chapter 676

Erin darted inside her car the instant she saw Isaac. She did not even want to make eye contact, though that was less fear than her uneasiness with his coldness. She knew her place and certainly did not want him to misunderstand that she was a social climber, which was why keeping her distance was the best policy for her.

For Isaac's part, he glanced at her car but did not say a thing.

Lulu greeted him before leaving, while Irene walked up, linking arms with him as he headed inside the mansion.

"Did you send something in today?"

"Do you like it?" Isaac asked, watching her reaction.

Irene's lips curled up briefly—she would be lying if she said she did not like it because no woman disliked sparkling jewelry.

However, she did not love it that much and was perfectly without it anyway.

What made her happy was Isaac's sincerity—it was obvious he was sincere.

"It's too expensive, so I wanted to keep it inside the safe in your study, but I didn't know the code, so I had to wait for your return." Isaac chuckled.

"You sound like you're accusing me for not telling you the code for my safe box."

"Of course. Haven't you heard? Ladies lord over their households these days," Irene cooed.

"You, on the other hand, haven't passed me your estate or paid any dowry.

"What do you want for your dowry, then?" Isaac asked in amusement.

Irene pretended to think about it.

"Let's go with the standard market price, shall we?" Isaac simply pinched her cheek.

"Nonsense. You're worth far more than anyone else."

"I'm not that different. I'm getting married just like anyone else, aren't I?"

"My life is yours." Isaac put an arm around her, leaning in to whisper into her ear.

"Do others have that?" Irene gave him a shove.

"Smooth. You weren't like that before."

"What was I like before?" he asked.

Irene simply pointed at the table instead of continuing the verbal spar.

"Put it in."

She was about to leave after that when Isaac caught her.

"Stay," he said, and kept a hand around her as he started to open the safe.

Irene did not look at it since she was just joking—Isaac's fortune was too massive for her to manage. She heard twirling, clicking of gears as the door unlocked and opened.

Irene saw documents, along with the chest from before. She brought the suitcases over and had to put the jewelry inside since Isaac told her to. Still, he stopped her just as she was going to put the bangle in as well.

"Ehe"

Irene looked at him, puzzled.

"That's for your mom," he replied—Sheryl had been helping them with their children all this while, and it was hard on her.

Moreover, Isaac did not have any relatives and considered Irene's family his now.

Irene became emotional—he was certainly attentive.

"But isn't this a little expensive?"

"It's your mom."

"Fair enough. Thank you," Irene said.

Isaac frowned a little.

"Why are you being so courteous?"

Irene simply smiled and said, "Can I take a look at that?"

She pointed at the chest in the safe. She remembered that he was furious when she touched it at Jefferson Manor before and she had never found out what was inside.

Now that they were going to be married, she wanted to know everything about him.

Even so, Isaac paused.

The safe had been moved here from the house in Rose Garden and he did not change the contents.

Still, sensing his hesitation, Irene did not push him.

"I'll take this to my mom," she said, waving the bracelet.

When she turned to leave, however, Isaac caught her!

Chapter 677

As Irene turned around, she smiled at Isaac.

"It's important to you. I understand."

"I'm not hiding it from you," he explained.

"It's just something pointless..."

"Really?" Irene asked pointedly—she remembered his horrific outburst because she touched it.

While she did not care about that before, she would be lying if she said the same still applied now.

"You've been young before too, Isaac. Maybe you had a crush before—"

"Enough."

He cut her short, frowning slightly just then.

He seemed...angry.

Why? Because she mentioned his unspeakable past? And he still minded it now?

"Do you have another woman in your heart, Isaac Jefferson?" she asked solemnly.

"No," he said, denying it.

Irene was clearly skeptical, however —why else would he be overreacting? Who could it be? What could they have given him that he would care so much about that?

"Well, you know the real answer to that. I wish that we are being honest with each other, and have faith in each other—but if the day comes that I doubt you, know that it is definitely your fault."

With that, she turned to leave, whereas Isaac did not move even after she closed the door behind her. It was not as if he did not understand her, but there were things that could not be given up so easily.

At dinner, Irene kept her head down in silence and headed to their baby's room after, sleeping there without leaving.

Isaac waited a long time for her and pondered just as long.

Irene was going to spend the rest of her life with him. He should be honest with her instead of hiding secrets from her, which made her uncomfortable and suspicious. He headed downstairs.

The little yellow nightlight in their baby's room was lit.

It was not too bright, but he could see from it just fine.

He tiptoed inside toward Irene and saw that she had her eyes closed.

In reality, she was not asleep, but she closed her eyes when she noticed the door opening—probably to avoid him.

Isaac pulled down her blanket, scooping her up in his arms.

Irene pretended to wake up from the movement.

"Urgh...W-When did you get in here?"

"Let's go upstairs," Isaac said softly.

"I want to be with our baby..." Isaac exposed her right then.

"You're just giving me the cold treatment. We're getting married soon and you're still being childish?"

How unreasonable could he be?! He was the one who was refusing to be honest!

"I know you have someone else in your heart, Isaac Jefferson. I just don't want you to regret this."

Isaac frowned.

How did she jump to that conclusion? His voice turned quieter just then.

"You're getting paranoid."

"I am, and that's because you can't give me your heart. Maybe you do love me, but there's someone else in a corner there, or am I wrong?"

Irene could actually understand and accept that, but she also hoped that Isaac could come clean like she did with Seth. But Isaac had to hide it! Still, as Isaac carried her to the study.

She struggled, saying, "Let me go."

"Don't move!"

he growled with an edge in his voice, and Irene turned away, pouting! Putting her on his desk, he opened his safe and brought her that chest.

"Look."

"Nope."

Irene refused.

Isaac pulled out a chair to sit opposite her, while she stayed on the table.

After a moment of silence, he said, "I was young before, but I had restraint, not that I have time for flings anyway..."

But there's this memory etched clearly in my memory. See, I was pushed into a pool during my parents funeral—I can't swim, and I almost died right then."

"However, someone saved me, and that person dropped this. That's why I'll always cherish it—not over some past fling."

Chapter 678

Isaac's mind traveled to the past even as he spoke—he would never forget that day no matter how long had passed since.

On the other hand, Irene seemed to grow in anticipation as she looked at the chest she was holding, as if realizing something.

She slowly opened it and froze! That was the silver crucifix she lost! She remembered it clearly—her grandfather had given it to her, and she had it on since she was a year old! It was not pure silver either, but almost a dirty hue, and the sculpting of the J-man was absolutely lifelike.

As she picked it up and gripped it in her hands, Isaac never noticed that because he was caught in his own reverie.

He was afraid of water a while after that, but he was Isaac Jefferson —he would conquer any fear and certainly not allow himself to develop any phobia!

"A girl saved you, right? Actually, it was not her. Her grandfather arrived in time too, or she might have drowned together with that boy in that pool."

Isaac looked up, his dark pupils twitching. He was astounded.

How did she know? But just as he was left puzzled, he also remembered that the girl was just as young as he had been—she would never be able to pull him out of the water no matter how good a swimmer she was.

And that was such an intricate detail...

Moreover, he remembered that her grandfather was Henry Jefferson's chauffeur, and his presence was permitted within Jefferson Manor. He realized then that Irene was his savior—she would not have known what had really happened otherwise.

"I was looking for you for so long," he rasped.

"My grandfather could tell that someone was trying to kill you, but he didn't want any trouble. That's why he told me no to say anything and he kept his silence too, even until he died."

As their eyes met, Irene smiled.

On the other hand, Isaac was left with a messy pile of emotions. He never expected that they were destined to be together so early in their lives.

But he soon rejoiced.

It was her—always had been.

Irene got off the table then.

Holding the silver crucifix, she said, "I'll give this to Tommy...Though I don't think my grandpa ever expected that we would be together."

Isaac took her hand and pulled her into his arms then.

"I would have shown you so much earlier if I knew."

Irene wrapped her arms around his neck, smiling, "It's not too late.

After all, they were still young, and had all the time they needed.

Isaac smiled and gave her a peck on the cheek.

"Does that mean I owe you one?"

"What do you mean, one?" Irene said as she rested her cheek on his shoulder.

"Make up for it for the rest of your life!"

Looking up at the lights on the ceiling with its circles of halation, she said, "Be good to me from now on."

Isaac grinned.

"What would you do if I'm not?"

Irene thought about it.

"I will make you wish you were dead."

"Are you going to torment me?" he asked.

"yep!"

Irene smiled.

"Don't you think I can do it?"

Isaac was convinced anyway.

"I won't give you the chance though."

"Let's check if Tommy is sleeping yet."

Irene pulled him along then.

Isaac followed her to Tommy's room, where Tommy, who just bathed, was playing in his bed.

As Irene sat on Tommy's bed, he threw himself into her arms.

Even as she held him, she showed him the silver crucifix.

"Do you like this?"

Tommy blinked his large round eyes, staring blankly since he was unsure what it was.

Irene helped her put it around his neck, hoping that her grandfather's expectations would be passed down to Tommy, who in turn would pass it down to his own children.

It was late, so Isaac soon took her back to their room to sleep.

Irene was still sleeping like a log the next day when someone dragged her off the bed by force.

"What the hell?!"

She rubbed her eyes, and was stunned to see the person standing beside her bed! "What are you doing here?!"

Chapter 679

Ricky Spencer told her, "Waking you is my job."

Irene frowned, speechless.

Ricky had come the other day, apologizing for letting his anger get to him.

He said that he should have taken her job offer and was willing to take it if he was given a second chance...

But it turned out that this is his job? Amused, Irene said, "Isaac arranged for this? Waking me is your job now?"

"Mr. Jefferson also asked me to take you to the wedding hall. The decorations are mostly in place, so you may see if it's to your liking. Also, your schedule for the day is adjustable—I merely decided on my own to wake you at this hour, though that's more your fault for being a sleepyhead."

Irene gave him a look.

"Mr. Jefferson...?"

"He's my boss from now on, so that's how I'm supposed to address him," Ricky said.

"I'd rather not be given privilege or look like I got the job through my connections, since people would doubt my ability. Either way, this will be the start of my illustrious career."

Irene thought she should review her opinion of him just then."

Well, understanding that means you're all grown up now."

Ricky rolled his eyes.

"I'm already an adult. Now, get up—I'll be waiting downstairs."

"Got it."

Irene stretched, and washed up before heading downstairs.

When Mrs. Watson saw him, she said, "I tried to stop him."

"It's fine," Irene said.

"I should be getting up anyway."

She simply had a couple mouthfuls of food before heading out with Ricky, who was driving.

They arrived at Globe Tower, a landmark of Cloud City and the venue of the wedding, in half an hour.

Ricky stopped the car at the entrance and threw the keys to the valet to park the car in the basement, since they were not supposed to park above ground.

They also had to avoid congestion on the day of the wedding.

Isaac also mentioned that there would be press coverage, as he agreed to let one media company exclusive publicity.

As she headed into the wedding hall with Ricky in tow, she was left stupefied by the sight before her.

There had to be 200 tables, accommodating up to 2,000 people.

The main color theme was also an elegant milky white, and there was an exquisite yet serene air about the place like one would expect from a chick flick. Soon, a foreigner approached them, but he greeted her in fluent Zidonian with a smile.

"Ms. Spencer, I presume?"

Irene nodded.

The man was notified previously that Irene would come to check on the venue, and he gestured for someone to turn on the lights.

The radiance did not brighten the hall, but instead left it dimmer— the warm yellow and orange red lights had been arranged at the perfect spot to give the hall a mystical glow.

There was also the faint scent of flowers in the air that reached the nostrils directly, and one could envision themselves lying in a flowerbed if they closed their eyes.

"I can still adjust anything you find dissatisfactory," the foreigner said just then.

Irene waved him off.

"No. I think this is perfect."

The wedding planner smiled in turn, feeling pride toward his one talent.

Irene was certainly content after a tour.

"We can go now, Ricky."

Ricky seemed to like it too.

"I would like to marry Lulu in a wedding like this too."

Irene stopped in her tracks and wheeled on Ricky.

"What was that?"

"Nothing," Ricky said.

"Let's go."

But Irene thought she clearly heard him mentioning Lulu...She sighed inwardly, but she could not meddle in the relationship of others.

Still, they noticed a lot of people at the entrance when they arrived there.

"Journalists,"

Ricky muttered.

Irene frowned, but before she could wonder why there were so many of them gathered here, someone shouted, "I think they're going to jump!"

Irene quickly stepped outside and looked above.

There it was—a silhouette! They were too far for them to see their face, and for some reason, they were not standing at the top, but at around a third of Globe Tower's height.

"Who is it? Are they trying to jinx us?"

Ricky growled in displeasure.

Irene had a bad feeling about this, however—someone was trying to jump, but the first to arrive were journalists and not firefighters.

Someone was clearly up to no good. She turned and headed inside again!

"Let's go upstairs, Ricky."

Chapter 680

Ricky could not quite keep up, but he was already following Irene despite his confusion.

"What are we going to do?"

They were not professional crisis negotiators—they were not saving anyone even if they went up there.

Moreover, with so many journalists waiting downstairs, they might get dragged into it.

"Don't you find it weird?"

Irene gave Ricky a look after they entered the elevator.

"What's weird?"

Ricky did not get it—perhaps he was not as sharp because it did not really concern him.

"All those journalists were already waiting before that person did it. Where could they have gotten the news?"

Irene knows that it was no coincidence because this was not an apartment block or residential area.

If they really wanted to kill themselves, why did they have to pick Globe Tower? Moreover, everyone was aware that she and Isaac would have their wedding here, but would it really go on as scheduled if there was a jumper the day before? Certainly not!

"Right," Ricky understood then, but quickly asked.

"But don't you think it would be dangerous if we go up there unprepared?"

"I think it's a woman, and it's ideal if we could talk her out of it."

"What if we fail?" Ricky asked.

Irene did not reply, but she already knew the answer—they were not going to hold their wedding where someone just died.

Soon, the elevator stopped.

As she stepped out, she saw that there was no one around on the floor at all, which was weird for a landmark like Globe Tower. She became even more convinced that this whole thing was planned.

At the same time, the woman at the window sensed movement and turned around. She smiled when she saw Irene.

"Long time no see."

Irene frowned.

"Robin Lynd?"

It was Ian Jefferson's girlfriend.

But Ian had already returned to Jefferson Manor!

"Who put you up to this?" Irene asked directly.

Robin laughed.

"You people know what you did. You made him forget everything, didn't you? Well, he's forgotten me too, so do you think he put me up to this?"

Irene had no idea what Isaac did to Robin before, let alone how she showed up here.

"What do you want?" she asked.

"What do I want?"

Robin laughed savagely.

"You people locked me up and tortured Ian, reducing him to a dimwit! He doesn't even recognize me, and it's all because of you!"

"He was the one who attacked us first. Who would bother him if he stayed in line? You're just being unreasonable, and we were kind enough to give him a clean slate and start again!"

"Hah!"

Robin flashed a maniacal grin.

"Does that mean I should thank you people for your noble gesture?"

"You're welcome," Irene replied coolly.

"Fuck you!" Robin spat furiously.

"We were locked up like animals, tortured and living like vermin. Do you think I would just sit and watch while you and Isaac Jefferson get your happily ever after?! No fucking way!"

"So what?" Irene grimaced.

"Are you going to use your life to retaliate?"

"Yes! That's all I have now!"

Robin growled with a look of determination.

"I'll die willingly as long as it makes you suffer!"

Irene suddenly laughed in disdain.

Using her own life just to cause them a little setback? How stupid could she get? "Are you mocking me?! Who do you think you are?!"

Robin screamed with unhinged rage.

"Just watch —I'll make you suffer! It'll be all over the news once I jump. Do you still think you can get married here?!"

Irene simply turned away.

Robin's spite had overcome her mind and she was now blind to reason.

Since she made up her mind, they should just let her be.

"Trene Spencer!"

Seeing that she was leaving, Robin leapt away from the window and charged toward Irene, grabbing her clothes and dragging her to the window! "Now, die!!!"