

## Runaway 701

### Chapter 701

Zachary simply grinned, disregarding Lulu's wrath.

'Even if you do, I would own up to it because I deserve that much. I've even written my will to ensure that you won't be punished.'

Lulu snorted coldly. "Save your cheap theatrics."

Zachary did not mind that at all. "Whatever you say."

He was being thick-skinned, and he could not care less about what Lulu said or thought about him.

After all, he knew very well that Lulu's impression was long since tarnished, and he would just lose her if he still cared about his image now.

This time, he would not lose her-he would keep her firmly within his grasp no matter the cost.

However, Lulu only felt irritation from seeing his face, and she started to head out.

Zachary followed her. "Where are you going?"

Giving him a look, she replied, "I need a job."

"I can give you money, or arrange for a position at my company. How does becoming my personal assistant or secretary sound?"

He was smiling, but he was dead serious-he would never allow Lulu to get a job anywhere else.

Lulu frowned, left speechless since he obviously wanted to keep her confined at all times.

It was outrageous, and she would never play along or he would only get more demanding!

'What if I insist on working?' she said staunchly, clearly not going to budge!

Zachary appeared taken aback, but he did not dare to push her too far. ' You can work-'

"Not a job you provide either, or I'll take you down with me."

Zachary was silent for a long while. "How, exactly? And even if you don't care, think about Barbara and her husband. I won't spare them if you hurt yourself-'

Smack!

Lulu had slapped him across the face in her fury, leaving a clear palm print on his cheek.

Zachary was unperturbed, however. "It doesn't hurt. I deserve it anyway even if it does!"

With those words, he reached out to take her into his arms.

Lulu pushed him away right then, thinking him as crazy as he was a deviant.

"Don't touch me. You disgust me."

Zachary could take her discontent, but her disdain for him still stung.

He hung his head. "Do I disgust you that much?"

'Yes,' she replied mercilessly.

Zachary held her gaze for a couple heartbeats and turned to leave.

Lulu thought nothing of it, however, since she could not wait for her to leave sooner for the sake of her own freedom.

Zachary did not go to his office. Not wanting to work but having no place to go, he had to think long and hard before deciding to go to James.

He needed someone to complain to, but James did not have time for him.

"Are you really that free? Don't you need to manage your company?"

"I'm stressed,' Zachary said, appearing haggard.

James simply leveled a cool look at him, wondering if he was stressed.

Could he really be as stressed as Isaac?

"I think Lulu really hates me..." Zachary murmured.

He was actually at a loss of what to do, because she was drifting away from him whatever he did.

Did she really have no feelings for him at all?

"That's good," James replied. "She'd be crazy if she's still willing to be nice to you."

Zachary frowned. "Aren't you my friend?"

Why was James not taking his side?

He came to get some comfort, only to find sarcasm, leaving him even more miserable.

James simply said seriously, "You'd better leave right now, too. I have already been nice enough."

Zachary was speechless, but he could not-he needed someone to talk to or he would get depressed!

Tugging at James's sleeve, he asked, "Are you really that busy? You're not the employee in this building, aren't you? Come one, just keep me company n

Meanwhile, someone behind a corner had overheard their conversation in its entirety. He shot Zachary an icy glare and turned to leave at the next instant!

## **Chapter 702**

Ricky had decided to go to Lulu while Zachary was not at home.

Lulu was just about to leave when he arrived, intending to look for Ricky since she needed his help.

As they ran into each other at the front door, they stared into each other's eyes for a couple seconds before Ricky spoke.

"Zachary is with James Cross. I came knowing that he won't be around—"

Lulu stepped up and grabbed his wrist, pulling her somewhere quiet to talk. 'I was just looking for you. I need your help.'

"What is it? Just tell me—I'll see to it," Ricky promised.

Lulu gave him an address and told him, "There's a couple who lives there. The husband is Tobias Lang—he and his wife Barbara saved me. Zachary is threatening me with their safety, and I can't do anything or leave him because of that. That's why I need you to hide them so that Zachary would never find them."

"That bastard!" Ricky cursed.

"That's enough, go already," Lulu urged, worried that they would be surprised if they were too late.

Ricky held her gaze for a long while. "Be safe."

"Don't worry, I can protect myself. He won't do anything to me," Lulu said. ' Just get it done, and call me after.'

"I'll see to it," Ricky said determinedly.

"Yeah. Thank you," Lulu said earnestly.

"Now you're being distant," Ricky told her, and suddenly added, "Can I hug you?"

Lulu was hesitant—she had only allowed him to kiss her before because he had done it out of the blue before she could react.

"Ricky, please give me time. Once I'm done with Zachary, I will think about it properly, okay?"

She was actually conflicted about Ricky, because she did not know if she had feelings for him before. She only wanted to see him because she had no one she could count on other than him.

"Okay," Ricky replied with a grin. "Call me anytime if something comes up."

"Yeah." Lulu replied.

Meanwhile, Seth had his neck wound checked at the hospital, after which he was given a bandage around his neck.

It was a gruesome sight, but he did not have time to care about himself because he understood that what Harvey did was horrific.

Otherwise, Irene would not have tried to kill him, while his Aunt Rosa would never have told him to stay away.

And right now, finding Harvey was the only way to find out.

When he was unable to locate the man, he went through every channel just to find Enrique, Harvey's assistant.

"Where's Harvey?" he asked urgently. "He's not answering his calls, and I can't find him anywhere."

Enrique was reluctant to say a word. "This has nothing to do with you, so don't get involved."

After all, Harvey knew Isaac and his people would find him.

But he did not run or arrange for a protection detail, because he knew Isaac would never kill him.

It was not for lack of bravado, however, but because Isaac would not want what happened to Irene being known to the public.

That was why he entrusted Enrique with uploading everything he had to all major websites should he never make it back!

And now, all Enrique could do was wait.

Still, Harvey was considerate enough to not get Seth involved, and he told Enrique not to tell Seth anything.

However, he seemed to forget that Seth was involved the instant he used Seth.

'What on earth did he do?!" Seth snapped, feeling increasingly annoyed just then-it was really upsetting for everyone to keep him in the dark!

Still, he closed his eyes to compose himself for a moment.

Pointing at his own neck, he said as calmly as possible, "Look here. Irene Spencer almost killed me, you know?"

Enrique naturally understood why and he gave Seth an idea. "You should leave the country."

Seth frowned. "Do you think the matter would be resolved if I hid? At least let me know what I did!"

"Do you really want to know?" Enrique asked, looking him straight in the eye. ' How about this: promise me to leave the country, and I'll tell you."

Seth thought about it, but he decided to agree with it for the time being since Enrique might not tell him otherwise. He had to know!

Enrique was silent for a while, and he eventually said, "Fine. Come over here-I have something to show you."

### **Chapter 703**

Enrique was going to Seth the video when his phone rang.He answered it to Harvey's screams.

Engirueq's fingers clenched over his phone, his heart racing from the sheer horror of those screams.

"Mr. Gooding?" he asked tentatively, but got no response.

The call lasted for an entire minute, and Enrique listened for that long, his face turning pale.

He did not want to imagine what inhuman torment Harvey was subjected to.

Still, he was left dumbfounded when the call was suddenly cut off, confused by what just happened.

Did they call him just to make him listen to Harvey scream?

What was the point?

‘What is it? What's that look for?’ Seth asked.

Enrique shook his head. "I'm just worried about Mr. Gooding's safety."

"Was that him?"

Enrique nodded, and then shook his head-if his hunch was right, it was not Harvey, but Isaac who told his goons to do it.

While he was still left confused about what the phone call was for, the door suddenly opened with a loud bang!

Up to seven burly men in black suits filed in, with James in the lead, pointing at Enrique. "Take him."

Enrique understood the point of the call right then-they were tracking him, but it was too late to realize that now.

There was no way he could fight back or flee from their overwhelming advantage.

"Search this place," James said, and he helped as well.

Through it all, Seth stood in a corner, afraid to move or make a sound.

He was certainly afraid since this was the first time he encountered a situation like this.

Soon, James found the USB drive from a drawer, and searched through Enrique's completely, deleting everything inside.

With that, he started to leave with Enrique and everything else in hand.

Still, he turned around and when he reached the door to look at Seth, who quickly explained, "I'm not a friend. I just wanted to ask where Harvey Gooding is."

"And did you find out?' James asked.

"No," Seth admitted, shaking his head.

"And you shouldn't know anyway, so don't ask!" James snapped threateningly.

Even so, Seth mustered his courage to ask, "Look, I'm Harvey's cousin, and I think I have a right to know what happened to him."

James became curious right then. "Really? You seem interested in this. Why? Were you involved?"

Seth's expresión stiffened.

How should he answer? Would he be taken away if he said yes?

He quickly shook his head. "No, I'm not."

And with that, James left without taking Seth-the less people knew what happened to Irene, the better.

As for Seth, he felt his knees caving after James was gone, and sat down on one of the chairs.

Just from the scene just now, it was obvious that this was very serious.

Meanwhile, James took Enrique to where they were holding Harvey, who was thoroughly hurt and laying in bed with an IV bag attached to his wrist.

When Enrique entered the room, he almost did not recognize Harvey, whose face was utterly disfigured, with blood and swelling everywhere.

There was certainly no telling what he had gone through.

At the same time, James brought everything they found to Isaac, saying quietly, "He's Harvey's most trusted confidant. He might know what Harvey is refusing to say."

Isaac looked up at Enrique then, who was being restrained by two of his men.

His sharp gaze left Enrique flinching in reflex, and Enrique kept his head down, afraid to look up.

Then, Isaac rose to his feet and walked over to Enrique, who felt a pressure emanating away from the man.

As Isaac's towering figure eventually loomed over him, he began to tremble.

Before Isaac could say a thing, however, he said, "I don't know a thing."

"He trusts you the most, so do you think I'd believe you? Also, there's no hurry-I can give you plenty of time to think."

Turning around, he said, "Help him think."

Catching their cue, Isaac's men pressed Enrique on the floor and clobbered him!

## **Chapter 704**

Enrique clutched his head and curled into a ball, his innards felt as if they were crumbling when someone kicked him in the stomach.

Sweating buckets from the pain, he cried, "I-I really don't know..."

It would have been better if he said nothing-it only got him a worse beating!

James joined in as well and aimed a vicious kick at Enrique's chest!

"Argh!" Enrique screamed as a loud crunch resounded, as if the sound of a rib breaking.

He clutched his chest and turned pale, and started convulsing as if having trouble breathing. James told everyone to stop right then, or they might kill him.

'Honestly, did you boys have to go that far?'

Everyone looked up and stared at him for a long while, as if to say 'look who's talking'.

After all, James clearly did the most damage just now.

Still, James cleared his throat and snapped, "What are you looking at me for?"

Everyone continued to stare at him regardless, so he waved them off."

Fine, fine. That was my bad. Check him if he's alive."

One of the men in black dropped to a crouch and checked if Enrique was breathing-he certainly was, and hard.

"He's not dying soon," the man said, standing up.

Isaac looked down at Enrique then. "I won't let Harvey die no matter what I put him through, but that's not the case for you. So? Made up your mind yet?"

Enrique was trembling, but he stammered, "I-I really don't know anything..."

He was certainly loyal to Harvey.

That clobbering hurt like hell, just as death was frightening.

But after that, there was nothing-you would not feel a thing, and you would slowly be forgotten in time.

It was a frightening thought, but some people retained their faith despite that.

And because Harvey had never treated Enrique harshly, he would never betray Harvey.

Isaac actually raised a brow, surprised that Enrique was that loyal.

"Should we wake Harvey?" James suggested quietly.

As Isaac looked up at him, he quickly explained, "He's not afraid to die, but we might loosen Harvey's mouth if he sees his own people being hurt."

Isaac did not even think about it. "Let's go with that."

Naturally, it was difficult to make someone so loyal talk, so James's suggestion was actually good.

James quickly beckoned, and a doctor woke Harvey with a needle. He opened his muddled eyes, his body aching all over and his limbs immobile.

The agony made him wish he was dead.

'What... now...' He pursed his lips, his throat so dry his voice was left endlessly hoarse.

He wanted to taunt and mock, but he did not even have the strength.

James stood by his bed, saying, "We're not doing anything to you."

Harvey snorted, but his voice was barely audible.

"Bring him over," James said then, and his men dragged Enrique up to Harvey's bed so that Harvey could see him. "It's fine. You don't have to say a thing."

Harvey was furious. "Do anything you want with me. It's all my plan... Don't take it out on others..."

"Heh," James chuckled. "You are in no position to discuss terms with us."

Then, raising his hand, he barked, "Do it!"

His men once again clobbered Enrique until he was clutching his head and screaming! It was a blood-curdling scene.

Harvey tried to cup his ears so that he would not have to listen, but James held his hands in his place to ensure that he would.

"Quite the melody, don't you agree?" He smiled.

Harvey glared at him, but he was soon flustered from Enrique's shrill cries.

That man was the most loyal subordinate he had-was he supposed to just watch as they killed him?

Who else would be willing to take his side from now on?!

"Stop!" he bellowed with every ounce of strength he had.

'What, do you have something to say?' James asked.

## **Chapter 705**

Harvey stammered, "J-Just let him go... I'll delete everything I have.'

Still, James warned him, "You'd better make up your mind, and don't think about playing tricks.

Otherwise, we would just capture him again-and when we do that, it won't just be physical torture."

Harvey certainly had a plan and he glared at James after what he said.

James sneered right then. "What's that look for? Did you fall in love with me?"

Harvey really wanted to spit in James's face just then, but he just did not have the strength.

"I'll talk to Isaac," he demanded.

James gave Harvey a look, but he said nothing and turned to leave.

Isaac was standing in front of the window at the room outside, and James walked over to him.

"Harvey is going to talk."

Seconds of silence ensued before Isaac turned around. "Bring him here."

"Yes, sir," James returned inside and beckoned for his men to drag Enrique outside.

Isaac walked into Harvey's room after that and lowered his gaze coolly at all the blood on the floor.

Calmly turning away, he walked up to Harvey's bed.



"Before I give you what you want, can you answer one question?" Harvey asked, feebly looking up.

"No." Isaac did not have time to waste with him. "You can keep dragging your feet, though-I just hope that your assistant will survive that long."

"You're despicable." Harvey snorted coolly-he would be beating Isaac up if he could move.

"I'm not even a fraction as despicable as you," Isaac growled, already losing patience. "Keep this up, and I'll have my men Kill him right now."

Harvey was certainly reluctant.

He finally made Isaac lose his mind, breaking that calm composure of his.

Giving up now meant he suffered all that torment for nothing.

Even so, allowing his men to die would be worse than that.

"Enrique doesn't know much, and he doesn't know what I kept as backup... There's this account with scheduled mail—if I don't delete it in six months, everything would be sent to the major media outlets. I used a new computer for insurance as well, and I kept it hidden in a secret room in my study."

Naturally, Isaac had to go personally.

The contents must not be seen by anyone else, and he would only be at ease if he wiped everything out himself.

He left Harvey and Enrique with James right then, since it would take some time to reach Sunny City.

Meanwhile, Irene was formally inducted into Hotmesh Research, and he was certainly invested in her work just so that she can forget the mess with Harvey.

To avoid seeing Isaac, she stayed in the building long after work, only returning around midnight.

She was bathing downstairs and she ran into Sheryl Harris, who happened to be there for a drink of water, when she stepped outside.

"Is the bathroom upstairs broken?" Sheryl asked.

Irene averted her eyes. "No... I just thought that it's late, so I decided to bathe here before going upstairs."

Sheryl gave her a tender look. "Didn't want to wake Isaac because it's late?"

Irene simply kept his head down, neither explaining nor denying it.

"Things are getting along well, huh? I'm happy for you. Wait, he didn't call you? He actually hasn't come back either. Maybe it's a business trip, or he's just working overtime?"

"He's not home yet?" Irene blurted, but quickly switched gears. "Oh! He did call me, saying that he had something to handle at work. I was so busy I forgot."

She smiled, pretending as if things were fine between her and Isaac so that Sheryl could not tell.

"It's very late. Off to bed with you!" Sheryl! said then, and Irene nodded.

Still, her smile faded when she arrived upstairs.

Was Isaac not coming home just to avoid her?

## **Chapter 706**

Isaac told Irene before that he did not mind, but did he really not feel repulsed at all? Irene became suspicious.

It was not as if she doubted Isaac, but if she were in his shoes, she would still feel slightly averse after what Harvey did.

She would not complain or doubt their relationship for that, since it was normal for a person to have reservations—and a person had their own feelings as well as opinions.

She would not blame Isaac for that, and they both probably needed time to let the whole affair cool off.

Settling down on the couch, she stared upwards at the clock on the wall, its ticking exceedingly clear in the silent room. She glanced at her phone, hesitating for a moment, but ultimately did not pick it up. She simply lay down and pulled her blanket over herself, closed her eyes and slept.

Zachary had sought out James to complain, but as James was busy, Zachary returned to his office. He headed home as soon as the skies started to turn dark, and only his mother was home.

Noticing that Lulu was gone, he quickly went upstairs and noticed that her bag was gone again.

There was a dull hum in his voice as he wondered if she had run away again.

Was she really not afraid that he would capture Barbara and her husband? He was furious, but had no choice but to search for Lulu.

It was not until the next noon that Zachary found Lulu having lunch with Ricky at a diner. He had never been this furious, because Lulu's actions were indicating that she really did fall for Ricky.

Why else would she constantly hover around him? Still, Lulu spotted Zachary first.

She merely leveled a cool look at her before turning away, pretending as if nothing happened and putting more food on Ricky's plate.

"Have some more."

She was smiling, acting intimate with Ricky just to upset Zachary, who felt as if his nerves were throbbing in pain.

Even so, he had to bear with it as he made his way toward them.

Ricky was reveling in Lulu's affection, feeling as if Lulu was in love with him too.

Why else would she put food on his plate? Putting some of her favorite dishes on her plate as well, Ricky said, "You should eat more too. You've really become skinnier."

"Lulu,"

Zachary growled as he walked up to their table.

"Are you really that happy about leaving me?"

Ricky wheeled on him the instant he heard Zachary's voice, turning wary when he saw Zachary.

"You're relentless, aren't you?"

Zachary was glowering, but he did not clash with Ricky, instead taking Lulu's hand.

"You're coming with me."

Lulu shook his hand off.

"Let me go!"

Ricky intervened as well.

"Let her go!"

Naturally, Zachary brought his men, and they knew what to do with just a look from him.

As they leapt forward to subdue Ricky, he glared with bulging eyes.

"Let me go!"

Everyone ignored him, while Zachary dragged Lulu out of the diner.

"You're coming home."

"Why should I?" Lulu asked coolly.

"Because I have Barbara and her husband."

"Are you sure about that?"

Zachary narrowed his eyes.

What's that supposed to mean...?

' Bzzt...

He kept one hand on Lulu while he whipped out his phone with the other.

It was the one of the men he sent to abduct Barbara and her husband.

"I'm sorry, sir...But they're gone."

Zachary frowned, but he should have thought of that.

Lulu would only leave if she had nothing to worry about.

"Got it," Zachary growled, hung up, and turned to Lulu.

"Ricky hid them, didn't he?"

"I don't know," Lulu replied as she kept struggling against his hold.

"Let me go, or I'm calling the cops."

"Do whatever you like—if you can, that is."

Zachary's eyes turned cool and he wrapped his arms around her, shoving her into his car.

"Let me go!"

Lulu cried as she punched and kicked him.

"Someone, help!"

### **Chapter 707**

Zachary clasped a hand over Lulu's mouth, ignoring her flailing arms as he shoved her into his car and snapped at the chauffeur, "Drive!"

The chauffeur quickly did so, while Lulu bit down on his palm in fury.

Zachary frowned in pain, but was not letting go at all. He kept her firmly restrained and cried determinedly, "I'm not letting you go—ever!"

Lulu glared at him.

"I hate you and I'll never love you. You won't get anything even if you keep me confined, so get yourself another woman instead of wasting your time with me!"

"What are you talking about?" he growled angrily.

"You're the only one I have."

"Really?"

Lulu was obviously skeptical, finding all his obsession nothing more than an act as he coolly asked, "Ricky told me that you were married and had other women before, or is that a lie?"

Zachary had no comeback against that other than trying to explain, "My mother forced me. I was always loyal to you, and even if I did cheat on you, I didn't mean it!"

"Hah!"

Lulu snorted in disdain.

"You speak as if you have rhyme and reason to cheat, I almost have to give you a thumbs up! According to your logic, I'm allowed to hurt you as badly and then say I didn't mean it, aren't I? Or does the damage you've done not count?"

Zachary turned silent right then, because he knew that Lulu would not trust him after she became certain that he was rotten.

Silence was better than wasting his breath.

Soon, they reached home, and he alighted, dragging Lulu with him.

Mrs. Slate just happened to be leaving then and she wheeled herself toward them when she saw them, watching Lulu as she said, "I've made mistakes in the past. Please don't blame Zachary and do get along with him."

Lulu did not even look in her direction.

"The person who tried to kill me should pay for it with their life. I'll forgive him when that happens."

Mrs. Slate turned pale—she played nice only for Lulu to demand her death and with considerable determination at that.

Keeping a woman like her at their home would just bring more harm upon them! But despite her own opinion, Mrs. Slate could no longer coerce or browbeat Zachary as he was different now.

Unlike before, he was completely out of her control, and it was impossible to make him give up on Lulu.

Taking a deep breath, Mrs. Slate resigned herself to the fact that there would be no peace in her home now and she left.

Zachary sent the servants away too, and soon Zachary and Lulu were left in the room.

"Do you really insist on blood for blood?" Zachary asked as he stared at her.

"Yes," Lulu answered without hesitation.

"Fine," he said, and took out the knife left on a fruit plate, and held the blade against his own chest.

"Would it ease your spite if I stabbed myself?"

Lulu panicked for a split second, but she calmed down soon enough.

Zachary was testing her, was he not? But no. She would not give in.

Even if she had forgotten the past, she knew that she would never forgive a man who hurt her, let alone stay with him when he could not even protect her.

"You can stop pretending. Stab yourself all you want, and it'd be even better you run in through your heart, bleed out, and die. Then no one would bother me or threaten me."

Lulu was cold and machinelike, her words devoid of sentiment.

Still, Zachary calmly stared at her for seconds and slowly inched the knife toward himself as he watched Lulu.

"I'll repay what's owed, if only to make things up to you."

With that, he stabbed himself!

## **Chapter 708**

The sharp edge of the knife cut through cloth and flesh, and blood soon dyed Zachary's shirt red.

Lulu's hands twitched for an instant, but she soon clenched her fingers and reared her chin at him.

"Punish yourself however you want—it won't work with me. I won't shed a tear even if you die in front of me."

Zachary thought he could hear his own heart shattering right then, and the physical agony he suffered was less than a fraction of his heartache.

He would not believe that it was over between him and Lulu.

They used to be in love, that was why he would not believe that she felt nothing toward him at all! He took her hand and put it on the hilt.

"If you really feel nothing towards me, pierce my heart with this knife."

Lulu averted her eyes.

"So that you can make me a murderer? I knew you were always vile. Kill yourself if you want —don't try to pin the blame on me!"

"Oh, Lulu. You've forgotten everything but you're still stubborn as ever...alright, if that's what you want."

Zachary laughed bitterly and closed his eyes.

"I'll repay what I owe with my life!"

He was resolved to die and prove his love for her.

Lulu could see that the knife was almost two inches into his body now.

Even if she forgot the past, her instincts as a forensic doctor were still ingrained in her subconscious, and she judged with precision that the knife would reach Zachary's vitals in another inch.

And that it just might kill him.

As a doctor, Zachary knew that too, but he was weary.

He did owe Lulu too much anyway, and repaying her might give him a shot to restore things to how they had been before.

Lulu caught his hand then.

"Kill yourself all you want. Not in front of me."

Despite his apathy, she had already called an ambulance.

Staring after her, he asked, "You care, don't you?"

Lulu naturally would not admit it.

"You're kidding. I just don't want to get charged. I won't be able to explain myself if you died near me."

Zachary simply ignored it and grabbed her hand.

"I've made many mistakes, Lulu, but I've always been loyal. I know you're determined to leave me because I wavered and couldn't protect you. That's why you lost your memories after my mother tried to kill you. I'm refusing to let you go because I can't live without you, do you understand?"

Lulu turned away from his gaze.

"No, I don't."

That was when Zachary collapsed into the couch, his face turning pale.

"You're just pretending. You definitely can sense my feelings for you."

Lulu shot him a look.

"Still trying to be Romeo when you're bleeding out?"

"It's worth it if it's you,"

Zachary rasped.

Lulu simply ignored him and she stepped outside to wait for the ambulance to arrive, which took another twenty minutes.

Lulu hesitated for a while, but got in as Zachary was rushed to the hospital—she had to know how things would turn out.

While Zachary was being examined, she waited outside on a bench.

Mrs. Slate was just leaving after changing her bandages, and she spotted Lulu at the walkway.

"What are you doing here?"

Mrs. Slate came to ask just as the doors opened.

A nurse stepped outside and asked, "Is the patient's family here?"

"Patient? Who's the patient?"

Mrs. Slate had a feeling she knew the answer even as she watched Lulu, but she asked anyway, "Is Zachary hurt?"

When Lulu did not answer, she turned toward the nurse, "What happened to my son?"

"Laceration," the nurse said.

"You're family, yes? Please sign this surgery consent form—the patient requires a minor surgery."

Mrs. Slate almost fainted from the nurse's words and she turned sharply toward Lulu.

"Was that your fault?"

## **Chapter 709**

"It was his own fault."

Lulu did not feel her conscience gnawing at all, because she never lifted a finger.

Naturally, Mrs. Slate was not about to believe her.

"Really? Do you think you'd believe it if you were told that?"

"I would," Lulu replied.

Mrs. Slate scowled.

"You..."

"Please, I need a signature," the nurse interjected just then.

Worried about Zachary's safety, Mrs. Slate quickly signed the consent form and said, "You have to save my son."

"Don't worry, the doctors will do their best, and it's not that serious anyway."

With that, the nurse returned inside with the surgery consent form, leaving behind a scowling

Mrs. Slate. She did not speak to Lulu, but the gears in her mind were working furiously.

It was clear that she could not make things work for Lulu—even if she had a change of heart and accepted Lulu now, Lulu's behavior only left her repulsed.

Lulu kept demanding that she die for what she did, and had been hurting her and Zachary repeatedly. She probably would never be able to sleep with her eyes closed from now on in fear of her next attack.

And if Lulu plunged a knife into Zachary this time, what would happen next time? Would she be next? No...

Lulu was no daughter-in-law. She was a walking disaster! Suddenly, Mrs. Slate said, "Taking things that far...it's clear you don't love Zachary anymore, do you?"

Lulu spaced out for two seconds, but she soon turned calm and answered, "How could I still love him?"

"Stay away if you don't. Don't let him find you, ever."

"Are you saying that I should go into hiding for the rest of my life because of him?" Lulu asked in return.

"Or you can study abroad, live in another country you like,"

Mrs. Slate suggested then.

"I can give you enough money to sustain you for the rest of your life. How about that?"

"I don't need your money, and I won't bother him at all," Lulu told Mrs. Slate, rising to her feet just then.

"You ought to know that he's the one constantly bothering, and this suits everyone just fine. Keep him in line and don't let him bother me ever again."

With that, she strode off.



Despite everything that has happened, Mrs. Slate certainly knew that Zachary had always loved Lulu and she could not help wondering who her son took after.

His father even openly took a mistress, betraying Mrs. Slate who was supposed to be his legitimate wife.

While Mrs. Slate herself had never had an affair, she had long since lost her passion toward her husband.

So who did Zachary take after to become such a sucker in love? His feelings for Lulu never changed, and his soft nature hardened because of her too. He was certainly obsessed, but destiny simply did not favor him and Lulu, or there would not have been so much mess.

Half an hour later, Zachary was taken to a personal ward.

"When will he wake up?" Mrs. Slate asked.

"Soon, once the sedative wears off," the nurse replied.

Mrs. Slate nodded.

Able to tell that Mrs. Slate was worried, the nurse said, "Don't worry, it's just a minor surgery. He can leave right after he wakes up."

"I see. Thank you,"

Mrs. Slate replied and waited there until Zachary regained consciousness.

Isaac had destroyed the videos and the scheduled email Harvey had saved.

Harvey was not lying when he said that he had hidden it in a secret room of his study, and they would have had a hard time looking for it if Harvey kept his mouth shut.

Still, he searched Harvey's study thoroughly again and ensured nothing was left before leaving.

On his way back, he received a call, and answered it when he saw that it was James.

"Sorry, sir..!" James apologized.

"I messed up."

Isaac narrowed his eyes.

"What is it?"

## **Chapter 710**

James did not try to hide it.

"Harvey got away."

Harvey and his assistant Enrique had been seriously hurt, so James kept them in the same room without much security.

Isaac realized right then that Harvey must have kept everything he had in Sunny City as a diversion.

And once Isaac was gone, Harvey would inevitably make his escape —no matter what James did.

Could this be his last resort? Isaac could not help pursing his lips— Harvey was really being elaborate with this one.

"I know I should send our people after him, but we're too late..."

He already went abroad.

It's weird now that I think about it, because he did not linger for a moment, and his outbound flight was arranged with perfect timing. I just don't get it! How did it pull it off so flawlessly?"

The instant they realized that Harvey was gone, James sent his men to guard the airports and anyplace else he might be, but Harvey made it out anyway.

It even looked like they had arranged their own capture from the timing of that alone.

How else could they have pulled it off so flawlessly? Naturally, recapturing Harvey while he was abroad would be difficult.

"It's my oversight," James said, blaming himself inwardly.

Isaac took a deep breath and said, "It's not your fault.

Regardless, we have to find him even if he made it abroad."

"Yes, sir. I'll make the arrangements."

"Good."

Zachary's expression darkened when he woke up and saw Mrs.Slate but not Lulu.

"Where is she?!" he asked urgently.

"You're still asking that now?"

Mrs.Slate sighed.

"Is she the only woman in this world? Do you really can't live without her? Or would you only stop until she kills you?!"

Zachary glared at her.

"You think Lulu hurt me, don't you?! I'm telling you that this has nothing to do with her. I hurt myself, so don't hold it against her."

Mrs.Slate could die from sheer frustration because of Zachary's stubbornness right then.

"Look, I apologized like I should and I asked that she make peace, but she refused, demanding that I die for my mistakes while obsessing about the past. So? Do you want me dead to appease her? Just so that you would have a shot? Is love really more important than family to you? That I, the mother who brought you to life, must die for it?!"

Zachary turned his back to her.

"I'll slowly bring her around—I just need time. Also, everything she did in revenge is understandable. Think about it from her perspective—if you survived a murder attempt by chance, are you really not going to bear no ill will toward the people who tried to kill you?!"

Mrs. Slate lost her patience right then.

"You're just running in circles. What's the point?!"

"Just be nice to Lulu, and ignore anything else. She's human, not a machine, and would eventually understand our sincerity. Quit trying to tell me to give up on Lulu if you still want me as your son. You know what I want after all this time."

Mrs. Slate pursed her lips, her tone choking with tears just then.

"You're my son and you're hurt, but you're telling me not to get upset? If the day comes and I really found you dead, I—"

"Enough!"

Zachary sprang up in rage, gritting his teeth in pain since he moved too much and hurt his injury.

"I told you—I did it to myself, and it has nothing to do with her. Why do you have to blame her?! Honestly..."

He was heaving in frustration as he continued to rant, "I arranged it so that you would live with Lulu because I want you two to get along, learn about each other, and build a relationship.

You're both important to me, but neither of you can let me have some peace! Do you want me dead so badly?!"

"I won't waste my breath. You're the one who's being stubborn here,"

Mrs. Slate growled, and she started to wheel herself out before stopping at the doorway.

"Haven't you realized that you're just not meant to be with her?"

Zachary scoffed and snapped, "Don't you ever say that ever again!"