

Runaway 761

Chapter 761

Isaac's cold visage became tender as he looked at his son, who was sitting in front of his desk.

It was a tenderness he reserved for Irene and their children.

As he scooped Tommy up in his arms, Tommy chirped, "Where's mama?"

Isaac spaced out for a moment, but he soon recovered.

"She's working. She will be back by the evening."

Tommy leaned his head on his shoulder then.

"I want to go out and play with you and mama."

"Okay,"

Isaac agreed to it—he did not want to disappoint his boy, and he certainly did not spend that much time with his children.

As Tommy clapped his hands happily, his bright eyes narrowed into little crescents as he smiled.

It was just like Irene's smile, even though Tommy's facial features resembled his.

Isaac then remembered the pain Irene went through to deliver their boys.

He should not have hurt her, even if he was not thinking straight.

Thud, thud...

As he was planning to apologize when Irene came home, he heard the knock on the door, and said, "Come in."

Sheryl entered.

"It's time for Tommy's afternoon nap."

Isaac was going to leave soon anyway, and he handed his son to Sheryl.

Sheryl hesitated for a moment in turn, and said, "Could talk to you for a moment?"

Isaac looked at Tommy pointedly, putting his son's presence into consideration.

"Let's wait until I come back."

"Okay."

Sheryl had no choice but to agree to it.

James left Erin's ward before she woke up.

"Please take good care of her."

Irene nodded.

"Don't worry, I will."

James nodded.

Turning to glance at Erin from the doorway, he paused in hesitation for a moment before striding off.

"I've booked two plane tickets. I'll stay with her until she reaches her father," Irene said after him.

Maybe her mood will improve if she has someone who cares staying with her."

James stopped in his tracks.

"Yeah," he murmured, but did not linger.

Irene took Erin to Minerva as soon as she woke up, texting Finn before she boarded the plane.

[I won't be coming to the research center in a couple days.] There was no reply, perhaps because Finn was busy.

Irene hesitated for a moment, but she texted Isaac as well.

[I'm taking Erin to Minerva.] Once she sent the text, the call to board their flight was announced.

She turned off her phone, put an arm around Erin's shoulder and boarded the plane.

"I'm actually fine on my own," Erin said from her window seat.

Irene sat beside her and pulled a blanket over her.

"I'm worried if you have to go alone."

Erin leaned against the window, staring out of it blankly.

"Are you thirsty?" Irene asked softly.

She shook her head, but asked after a while, "Does James know that I'm leaving?"

"I called him. He knows," Irene replied.

"What did he say?"

In the end, Erin was still curious about what James thought.

"That he'll come to you when you feel better,"

Irene admitted.

However, it was obvious what James wanted to convey.

"He's a good man," Irene said.

Erin pursed her dry lips.

"I'd rather he be terrible. I'd rather not impose."

Irene did not know what to say.

However, she was sure of one thing: Erin really loved James, and that love was why she did not want to let James see her broken state.

"I feel disgusted with myself," she muttered.

Boom! The airplane suddenly plummeted!

Chapter 762

Their airplane encountered some turbulence and dropped abruptly, but recovered in minutes.

It was still daytime when they arrived at Minerva due to the time difference.

Irene had contacted Mick Gooding beforehand.

They saw him standing nearby soon after they disembarked.

Irene told Mick what happened to Erin behind her back and he appeared somber.

Still, he quickly pretended not to know when he saw them, mainly because he did not want to pressure Erin.

"Welcome back," he said with a smile.

"Dad."

Erin was doing her best to pretend nothing happened too, but she could not smile, only make herself look like everything was going fine.

However, the dark circles under her eyes and her haggard reaction was a constant reminder that she was in bad shape.

Mick pretended not to see that.

"Come on. Let's go home," he said, putting an arm around her shoulder.

"I had Consuella cook your favorite food. You must have missed the food here while you were in Zidonia, right?"

"Yeah, I do," Erin replied.

"I knew it," Mick said tenderly.

"You've always been a glutton, even when you were a child."

Erin felt her tears welling from his words.

"Dad..." she sobbed, unable to stop herself as she wrapped her arms around Mick.

Mick patted her on the back.

"Still acting like a kid when you're an adult! Why are you being so sad? Did James Cross bully you? Okay, I'm taking the next flight to Zidonia to straighten him out—"

"Dad," Erin quickly stopped him.

"He didn't bully me..."

"Then why are you crying? Did you miss me so much?"

"Yeah, I do. Now let's go home...I miss that place."

Irene quietly followed them — it was the right choice to send Erin back to Mick, since that would at least stop Erin from doing anything stupid.

She actually appeared envious as she looked on, that Mick could give all his love for an adopted daughter. Her own father rarely made her feel love, and she mostly remembered his apathy and misunderstandings towards herself.

Shelving those thoughts, Irene followed them—she bought a ticket for a return flight when she came, so she could not stay for long and only had time for lunch.

While Erin left the table, Irene said, "James made it clear that he won't give up on Erin."

Mick's cool visage did not change much.

"Please convey my thanks.

And about those people..."

"James and Isaac will deal with them, don't worry,"

Irene knows what he wanted to ask about.

"But she might need your constant company." Mick nodded.

"Okay...I will take good care of Erin. Also, aren't you going to stay the night?"

"I still have work to do," Irene replied, shaking her head.

"Okay, then I won't keep you. I'll bring Erin to Zidonia to visit once she's better."

"Yeah," Irene said, and took the return flight after a short break Tommy was a little disappointed since Irene never returned that night, and only had a few spoonfuls of food before stopping entirely.

Sheryl did not know that Irene had gone abroad, but when she was about to call, Isaac stopped her.

"She has something to do. She won't be coming home tonight."

Sheryl grumbled, "I told her to come home earlier tonight. Honestly, why is she always so busy?"

She pretended to be upset for Isaac's benefit, but Isaac did not expose her.

Pursing his lips coolly, he asked, "What are you trying to say?"

It was an opportunity for Sheryl to speak her mind, so she brought a chair and sat down while her fingers clenched on a napkin.

"I'm Irene's mother but I owe her so much. You know that her father wasn't a good husband and cheated on his wife, even having a child with a mistress. That's why she never had a father's love as a child, and the man refused to help me when I'm dying. That's why Irene married you—to save me."

Holding Isaac's gaze, she continued.

"Being denied love left Irene insecure, and she is more or less traumatized after seeing my unhappy marriage. That's why she doesn't want to give up on her job—it's better to be safe than sorry, or she'd end up like me. Telling you this might be selfish of me, but I must make it very clear that I hope you can allow her to work."

Chapter 763

Isaac was quiet for along time. Her parents died early and he went unloved too.

However, he did not go through the disappointment of being unloved while his loved ones were around.

"I know that this is selfish of me..." Sheryl continued.

"I understand."

Isaac was not upset because he had since come around. He and Irene were supposed to be equals.

If he forced her to make sacrifices for his own benefit, that makes them unequal.

She was already devastated after what happened to Erin, and yet he fought with her instead of offering her comfort.

Sheryl was left puzzled for a moment.

"Are you agreeing to her getting a job?"

"Trying to stop her was my bad," Isaac replied.

Sheryl had more to say, since she really wanted to help her daughter get her right to keep her job. She was therefore surprised that Isaac was being so agreeable, and she was unsure what to say.

Isaac rose to his feet and started to leave just then.

"I still have work to do."

"Yeah, yeah, you should go."

Sheryl nodded, before adding, "Actually, I..."

Isaac turned around.

"We're family. It's nothing."

While Sheryl was left at a loss for words, Isaac paused and told her, "I'm happy that Irene has you, and that her blessing is mine too."

He obviously could tell that Sheryl genuinely wanted the best for Irene, and that she was a good mother.

On the other hand, Shery] was actually left speechless, unable to wrap her head around what just happened.

Still, she could tell from Isaac's expression that he was not joking around, and could not help smiling.

It was around 4 PM when Irene returned to Zidonia.

She headed straight to Hotmesh Research instead of going home after disembarking, since it had been two days since she left.

She just assumed the role of director, only to be absent for two days —she was worried that the good impression she just managed to gain was lost again.

However, Murphy's law seemed to apply, and she was near the front door when she saw Yolanda King speaking to her colleague.

"Look, I was just being vocal about my support at that meeting because she might harass me if I offend her."

The other woman raised a brow.

"So it's just empty promises?"

In reality, Irene did manage to persuade Yolanda, but she also had her own motive in mustering her courage to stand up and showing support for Irene. She was worried that Irene would try to make life hard for her.

"I'm always open and candid in what I do.

Cloak and dagger isn't my thing, so don't worry—I won't take your words to heart."

Yolanda stiffened when she heard Irene, and she did not dare to look around as Irene strode inside.

Left feeling utterly awkward, Yolanda hesitated for a couple heartbeats before giving chase, and tried to explain.

"Listen, Director..."

Irene paused then, and leveled her a cool look.

"Just do your job and do well. Don't bother with anything inconsequential. I dislike politics and fence-sitters, but do what you will."

Yolanda tugged at Irene's sleeve.

"Sorry..."

She genuinely realized her mistake, but Irene quietly pried her hand off.

On the other hand, Finn Crowe genuinely acknowledged her, and he was surprised to see her show up.

"What are you doing here? Work hours are almost over... Wait, you look terrible. Have you been sleeping well? Did the patient recover? uw Irene shook her head—she did not know, since she had not

been home. She made a quick tour around the building, and she was pleased to see that everyone was being diligent despite her absence.

"Don't you want to take a break?"

Finn asked in concern.

He used to hate her the most, but now afforded Irene some warmth in this ice-cold place.

Still, she headed to her office for a short nap instead of going home, only to fall completely asleep.

It was 9 PM when she woke up, and she hurried home.

The children went to bed early, while she was haggard and worn out from travel, having not bathed for a couple of days.

As such, she headed straight to her room to take a bath instead of checking on the children, though she saw Isaac the instant she opened the door.

His muscular figure was wrapped in a white bathrobe, loosely open at the collar, baring his chiseled chest.

His black, dank hair dangled between his eyes, making him appear affable.

Their eyes met!

Chapter 764

Irene averted her eyes and tugged on her own sleeve.

"Sorry," she murmured, insecurity suddenly flooding her, making her evasive and afraid to look him in the eye! Isaac put down the towel on his head and strode toward her, his towering figure slowly eclipsing her small stature.

"Look at me," he said, his deep voice rich and magnetic.

Irene felt herself being cornered against the door. She slowly looked up while feeling the chill on her back.

Isaac leaned downward then and kissed her lips.

Irene's eyes widened in surprise.

"Mmph..." She pushed him off.

"Look, just calm down. I know that I made a mistake."

Isaac studied her in turn, and saw that her cheeks were skinnier after just two days. His thick, black lashes were lowered and his dark pupils twitched.

"It's not your fault, it's mine. I failed as a husband, and constantly made you sad even though you're my wife..."

"No."

Her bright, clear eyes welled with tears.

'I was thinking that you must lack love since you lost your parents as a child. I want to love you more, and offer you a warm home...but I kept troubling you and others, and couldn't even take responsibility as a wife. There were times that I wondered if I was really in the wrong...'

"Trene."

Isaac wrapped his arms firmly around her trembling body, feeling pained inside.

"I'm sorry..." he whispered as he pressed his searing lips against hers, rasping, "I shouldn't have done that. I'm sorry, Irene..."

He planted a kiss on her cheek, his voice hoarse and seductive.

"I want to love you and protect you, but I really lost my mind when I heard that something almost happened to you again. I feel so useless for the first time ever—I mean, how could I call myself a man if I can't even protect the ones I love? But I realized that I was out of line when I remembered how much you suffered before, and wanted to apologize for a while now, you know?"

"I won't ever get angry with you again," he said, resting his chin against her forehead.

'Can you forgive me?' Irene nodded.

"I was wrong too. Can you forgive me too?"

"Of course, silly,"

he said and kissed her longingly and passionately! The air quickly swirled with indescribable passion and tenderness, and they somehow ended up in bed soon enough.

Irene tried to get off.

"I haven't taken a bath..."

"It's fine."

"TO "

She lost herself to the night soon enough! It was a long night that somehow seemed all too brief.

Irene eventually woke up to the blindingly bright rays of the sun. She frowned, wanting to check what time it was when a tender voice said, "It's 10 AM."

"Already?!"

Irene sat up right then and smacked herself on the forehead.

How could she oversleep? As she pulled off her blanket and got off bed, Isaac walked over to her, "I didn't want to wake you because you look exhausted."

You haven't slept for two nights, have you?"

"Yeah," Irene whispered.

"Get washed up. Mrs. Watson has already made breakfast. Let's get something in our stomachs."

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

He was much busier than she was and he rarely stayed home.

"I wanted to spend some time with you."

Irene wrapped her arms around his neck then, and stood on her toes to kiss his lips. "I'm good. Let's go."

"Yeah."

While they were eating, she hesitated for a while before asking, "Did you find anything yet?"

Isaac naturally knew what she meant.

"Yeah. James and I will handle it, so don't worry," he said, and pushed a glass of warm milk up to her.

"Drink."

Irene did so.

Then, before they headed out...

Chapter 765

They met the wounded chauffeur at the door, who apologized.

"Sorry I couldn't save the lady, Mr. Jefferson..."

Isaac knows very well that he did his best, but he blamed himself regardless—he might be able to save Erin too if he had fought harder.

"I've arranged for another chauffeur. You can return to work when you're better."

The chauffeur nodded and turned toward Irene just then.

"Thank you, ma'am."

He was only able to recover quickly because Irene tended to him immediately, and he also knew how affable she was after working so long for the Jeffersons.

Still, he had never expected her to completely disregard the difference in status between them showing no hesitation or contempt as she tended to him meticulously.

Irene smiled faintly.

"It's what I should do."

She was a doctor and helping others was her duty, not to mention that he was hurt because of her.

"Let's go," Isaac said then and started to leave.

Irene paused for a moment to ask, "Did Finn Crowe send you the medicine?"

The chauffeur nodded.

"Yes."

"Take it according to the prescription, and get some proper rest. You'll recover in no time."

"Of course. Thank you, ma'am."

The chauffeur bowed slightly.

"You're welcome," she replied and jogged to catch up to Isaac.

Taking her hand, he said, "He's good, but he could be better."

Since having too many people escorting you would draw attention while you're at work, I've arranged for a new chauffeur, but his main job is to protect you, while chauffeuring is his secondary task.

He's from Nine Lives Securities, and it's said that he could fight up to twenty alone."

Irene pursed her lips.

"Sorry to worry you so much."

Isaac gave her hand a squeeze.

"Why get so cagey when we're married?"

"Mr. Jefferson."

The bodyguard standing by the car greeted him.

He was dressed in black, his hawkish eyes sharp and his figure burly, giving him the appearance of a bullet ready to fire! Isaac nodded slightly. "You're my wife's protection from now on."

"Of course, Mr. Jefferson," the bodyguard replied, then turned toward Irene.

"Ma'am. You can call me by my codename: Eagle. My tenets are duty, loyalty and courage. I pledge my life to keep you safe!"

As one of the best bodyguards Nine Lives Securities had to offer, his salary went up to 450,000 per year.

Naturally, his job as a personal bodyguard could also prove challenging.

Still, Irene was unaccustomed to such a formal atmosphere, and she simply cleared her throat as she said, "I'll be counting on you."

Isaac told her, "Go on. Try to get used to it."

Irene nodded, understanding that he meant getting used to the bodyguard.

"Okay. See you."

"Yeah," Isaac replied, while she walked up to the car, and Eagle opened the door.

After she got in, she wound down the window and looked at Isaac.

"Bye."

"I'll come to pick you up in the evening. Try to finish work early."

"Okay."

After they drove to Hotmesh Research, Irene alighted and told Eagle, "You don't have to follow me inside." She could not work with someone following her around, and having him wait in the car was more than enough.

"Of course, ma'am."

Irene was just about to head inside when Seth Hedge rushed towards her.

"It's already noon, Irene. I've been waiting for a while uw Irene ignored him right away and directed Eagle, "Keep him away from me."

"Yes, ma'am."

Eagle strode forward, intercepting Seth right then.

Seth glared at him for a moment.

"What are you doing?"

"Please leave."

Eagle's booming voice was stern.

Feeling the pressure, Seth turned toward Irene.

"Who is he?"

Irene, however, did not want to answer and simply continued toward her office.

Seeing that Irene was leaving, Seth shouted in desperation!

"Trene! I know what Harvey did! I've already given him the beating of his life, so could you please forgive him—"

Irene wheeled on him right then, her gaze as sharp as it was cold!

Chapter 766

Irene was seething.

Seth had to keep mentioning that repeatedly and he was asking for something so unreasonable! Forgive? Not in her life! "Eagle, I want him out of my sight. I don't want to hear him speak. With that, Irene turned around, not wanting to spend another second there..."

Until a sharp shriek gave her pause! Irene turned to see Seth on the floor, clearly in a lot of pain, but also unable to make a sound! She raised a brow at Eagle, who explained, "He can't speak now, ma'am. I'll now take him out of your sight."

With that, he carried Seth out of the building effortlessly as if he was a chick.

When he returned, Irene commended him before returning to her office. She must give it to him—professionals were just built differently, and were utterly efficient! "Director Spencer."

Yolanda quickly went up to greet her fawningly when she saw her arrive.

Irene ignored her and called out to Finn.

"Call the head of robotics to the meeting room. I need to speak with him."

After all, the artificial heart was not flesh but a machine that could take the place of a heart, and the design requires meticulous production.

Still, Finn told her, "Actually, Director Turner is here..."

"Where?"

"He's speaking with everyone. Come on, let's go."

Irene followed, and soon heard Dennis's laughter.

While Irene had basically taken over, Dennis had yet to formalize his retirement—they were still in the middle of a handover phase.

Seeing Irene's arrival, Dennis smiled.

"So, the challenge. Are we still doing it?"

Everyone was silent, and Yolanda said as she joined them, "It's fine. Everyone respects her now."

Dennis waved her off.

"An agreement is an agreement. Let's do it while I still have a say here."

He picked two from the crowd right then.

"Raven, you were a heart surgeon before you joined us, and everyone acknowledges your ability in stitching. You will be Irene's challenger in that front."

Then, pointed at Yolanda, he added, "You're the best when it comes to valve surgeries. We will be testing your precision and speed against Irene's."

The two ladies were the toughest nut to crack in Hotmesh Research, which was why Dennis picked them.

Once they submitted, Irene would not have trouble taking leadership.

Yolanda tried to excuse herself regardless.

"I'm not that good..."

"Quit being humble."

The challenge eventually began under the director's supervision, and it seemed that he came expressly for this since he had prepared several pig hearts beforehand.

The first round was the stitching challenge between Irene and Raven Yew, the final step and a vital part of surgery.

Irene worked without hesitation, aiming her needle with pinpoint precision and was as calm as a cucumber.

After all, a person's life was in the balance during surgery, and it meant opening a person's heart.

A heart surgeon certainly must show great mental resilience! Finn himself had seen how smooth and crisp she worked as she tended to her chauffeur's injury, and he was convinced she would win even though Raven was herself one of the best in the country.

Once they were done, everyone gave their critique.

Irene's was done quickly and the stitching was meticulous, showing no jaggedness at all.

Raven somehow fumbled and missed two stitches, so the winner was obvious.

Irene likewise won the challenge against Yolanda with her sublime technique.

In truth, everyone had already been impressed by Irene early on.

After all, she was still young but she was accomplished—a prodigious talent.

"Haha! Like I said, my j-judgment was right—"

Dennis suddenly started wheezing and clutching his chest!

"Director Turner!"

Everyone was left bewildered!

Chapter 767

While everyone was caught off guard, Irene ran forward and lay Dennis flatly on his back, then barked at Finn to get an oxygen mask while punching Dennis in the heart.

It was an emergency resuscitation technique, using the jolt of the impact to restore the heart's regular rhythm.

Dennis's sudden suffocation was due to his malignant ventricular arrhythmia, stopping his heart and causing loss of breath.

Finn soon returned with the oxygen mask, which Irene put over Dennis's face while continuing to massage his heart.

The process lasted for five minutes until Dennis's heart rate returned to normal and his breathing turned smooth again.

He was fortunate that help reached him in time.

Helping him sit up, Irene asked, "Do you feel better?"

Dennis nodded. 'Much better.'

"Director..."

Everyone was watching him worriedly.

Although they were working at a research center, they were all well-versed in the medical field, and Dennis's symptom was enough for them to tell that it was something serious.

Still, there were many conditions that led to abrupt loss of breath, so they could not nail down which it was precisely. Getting to his feet, Dennis waved them off. "Oh, I'm really not the strapping youth I once was..."

"You're sick, sir," Finn said.

Everyone else agreed. You have to tell us. Don't leave us hanging."

The director sighed at their vocal concern. *I didn't want to worry anyone, but fine. It's malignant ventricular arrhythmia.*

"Sir...?*

"That's enough, I'm fine," Dennis said sternly—he never told anyone because he did not want them to worry. "Anyway, I'm now announcing that I'm formally retiring, and Irene here will be your director. Please give her your support so that I have peace of mind, or I don't think I could leave this place in peace."

"We will," Finn spoke up first once again.

Everyone agreed. "Don't worry, sir. We will do our best to help Director Spencer and develop the best artificial heart there is."

It was the assurance Dennis needed.

"Good. You're all good people," he said, and added since he was in a good mood, "Lunch is on me."

"Actually, I'll pass," Irene said.

"What? You're the main event...*

"I just read this paper about recurring issues in the pump," Irene replied. "The issue is the sheet was made too thick, and should be decreased from the current standard of 0.05 mm to 0.03 mm. I was just going to speak with the head of robotics about that."

"But isn't 0.05 mm the limit?"

Irene naturally knew that it was difficult, which was why she wanted to discuss it with the head of robotics for options.

"You're all in for a good time now. She's a real workaholic.*

"Let's learn from her example."

Everyone was certainly impressed by Irene's ability to react and passion for her work.

Dennis clasped her hands behind his back. "In that case, you should all go back to work, and do your best. I'll be going now."

"I'll walk with you,' Irene said.

In fact, everyone did and soon returned to work.

Time seemed to fly as Irene had her discussion with Professor Novsky, the head of robotics.

She started to glance at her watch repeatedly around 5.30 PM-Isaac had told her to leave work early, since he would be there to get her.

That was why she decided not to work overtime.

"Alright, let's stop here for today," she suddenly said.

"Sure. I'll reread the data, see if we can reach 0.03 mm."

"Good.'

She was not in coveralls since she did not enter a lab, and she left work after briefly cleaning up her materials.

Isaac, who had already arrived and parked his car outside the building, wound down the window when he saw her step outside.

Irene hurried when she saw that chiseled, handsome face. "When did you arrive? You could've called me.'

"Didn't want to disturb you," he replied.

Irene got in. "Were you waiting for long?"

"Not really," he said, and reminded her, "Seatbelt."

However, they were about to drive away when Irene spotted Seth, still prone on the ground. It must have been half a day!

"Stop," she called out to Isaac before lowering the window and calling out to Eagle, who quickly walked up to her.

"Did you kill him?" she asked.

Chapter 768

Eagle replied, "No, I made sure to pull my punches.'

"Then why is he still there?" Irene asked.

"I think his leg must have broken when I threw him, so he can't walk."

Irene was left perplexed by Eagle's response.

Seth could not move because of a broken leg? He must be kidding!

"Why didn't he call somebody to help him? Why is he still lying there?"

"He can't talk, so it would be pointless to call anyone. And no one would touch him with me around."

Irene was speechless, while Isaac suddenly said, "Not bad."

He certainly did not forget that Irene had a crush on Seth before, and was naturally feeling schadenfreude from the situation!

"Thank you, Mr. Jefferson."

Eagle's stern visage did not twitch as he replied respectfully.

Irene was once again speechless. "Call an ambulance. He'll affect passersby if he stays there."

"Yes, ma'am," Eagle replied, while Isaac drove off.

Eagle soon called an ambulance and followed it in his car.

"Let's eat out with Tommy and visit the amusement park," Isaac said.

"Okay," Irene nodded, and leaned on his shoulder. "Honestly, we're both sub-par parents."

"I'll do my best from now on," Isaac said.

"Me too," Irene replied.

They headed home and took Tommy out, who was beside himself with joy.

He leaned into Irene's arms, his little feet dangling in the air, 'Mommy, I want to ride a train and have an ice-cream."

Irene patted his little head and said lovingly, "Okay."

It was as if men got smarter after a break-up.

Zachary Slate's company was expanding into many new businesses after Lulu Adams left the city.

In fact, he was now in New Kent, a city almost a thousand miles away to discuss a new project.

It was a mountainous area, and he was discussing a tourism project with a local developer.

He also needed to survey the area to see if it had the potential.

A location's reputation depends on the marketing, and developers were reportedly interested in constructing a suspension bridge built on the highest sea level within the country.

The hype alone was enough to gain attention, although the initial investment capital was high and construction would take up to three years.

Zachary counted as an external investor, and the developers were naturally interested in signing him up too.

However, it was not a small sum and Zachary wanted further surveys.

Worried that he would bail, the local developers held a nice dinner for him in the evening-people always ease up after a couple drinks.

And after a few rounds, Walter Cash said, "We're grateful you traveled all the way here, Mr. Slate. You've seen the site yourself, so what do you think?"

"You still owe me reports," Zachary said.

"No problem, as long as you're willing to invest,' Walter said, refilling his glass while leaning closer to whisper into his ear, "It's not just the mountains that are beautiful around here... our ladies are too."

Zachary became drunk with that glass and started to wobble to his feet. "Time to go."

"I'll get someone to escort you," Walter said and beckoned outside.

A pretty young girl entered, and Walter gestured for her to go with Zachary, and the girl compliantly did so.

His head muddled, Zachary blurted, "Lulu..."

The girl missed it, but she said, "Get in.'

Zachary stared at her then, seeing double images and then somehow taking her for Lulu.

His cool gaze turned heated abruptly. "Is that you, Lulu? Is that really you?"

Chapter 769

The girl said, "You're drunk.'

She closed the door to the taxi, which drove them to the hotel.

On the other hand, Zachary seemed to be convinced that she was Lulu. He caught her wrist as she mumbled, 'Please don't leave me.*

The girl was certainly aware that he had the wrong girl, but it was her duty to serve all his millionaire needs and bear with it.

Soon, the taxi arrived at the hotel and she helped Zachary inside.

When she swiped the card to unlock the door, however, Zachary suddenly pushed her away, wobbling even as he snapped, "Y-You're not Lulu!"

The girl did a double take, but walked up to him again. "You're drunk!"

"Who are you?" Zachary growled, narrowing his eyes. "S-Stay away from me."

When he tried to push her away again, he stumbled backward in reflex and dropped on his bottom.

On the other hand, the girl was scowling after being pushed away twice.

"Look, I was paid to do this. Did you think I wanted to get all touchy with you?"

She wondered if she should go right then, since she was already paid and he could not do anything when he is this drunk.

It was no loss for her anyway, so she turned and left.

In the next room, Lulu was just bandaging a wounded man.

"I'm fine, really." Martin York pursed his pale lips. "Sorry to bother you when it's so late. You really should go."

Lulu gathered her things. "Just be careful the next time you're on the job. You're lucky you weren't killed this time."

"Gotcha."

Lulu got up and told him, "Rest well. I'm going now, but I'll be back tomorrow."

"Yeah."

Martin was the friend of an ex-colleague.

She had actually found a position as a forensic doctor here at New Kent through another ex-colleague's friend, having decided to settle down here for the slow pace.

Carrying her medical briefcase, she stepped outside and gently closed the door, only to find a man lying flat on the walkway. She did not want to meddle, but inadvertently noticed from up close that it was Zachary!

Her face stiffened, but quickly strode off, having no intention to get involved.

"Lulu..."

Zachary was absolutely drunk, but he still murmured her name.

The elevator jingled and the doors opened just then.

Lulu, however, stood still, her hands clenching.

She then turned around to help Zachary, and saw that the door to his room was already opened.

He must be so drunk that he just lay there without going in, ending up on the floor outside.

Dragging him inside with much difficulty, Lulu eventually managed to put him in bed and pull a blanket over him.

Just as she was about to leave, however, Zachary suddenly caught her wrist.

"Don't go. Lulu!"

Lulu frowned. "Weren't you drunk-"

She was pulled to bed before she could finish, and Zachary started to pepper her with kisses. "Lulu, I missed you..."

Lulu realized then that he was really drunk, and did not actually recognize her.

Her chest suddenly felt breezy as he tore her blouse open, and as she watched the man who kept repeating her name despite his murky gaze, she gave up on resisting.

It was perhaps fate that brought them together again, despite being separated so far away from each other.

Zachary was vicious, as if pumping all his yearning into her.

Lulu bought some bagels in the morning, since he must be feeling a terrible hangover right now, with his voice turning completely hoarse.

She was carrying the paper bag and arrived at the hotel entrance when she saw Zachary at the lobby, speaking with a young woman.

Lulu was too far to hear them, but she could see her smiling sweetly and fawning over Zachary.

Seeing them from afar, they appeared to get along very well!

Although Zachary had his back to Lulu and she could not see his expression, she could guess that he would not dislike her. He probably wants to start over, and she should not impose.

And here she was thinking that they could pick things up where they left it...

It seems that she was a victim of wishful thinking last night.

Throwing the bag of bagels into a trash can, she turned and strode off.

Was it you last night?'

Chapter 770

In the hotel, Zachary was glowering at the girl he did not remember well before him.

Seeing that he probably did not remember that she left him outside his room, she smiled. "Yes, it was me."

And yet, Zachary clearly remembered seeing Lulu.

He saw her face so clearly, and she felt so real to the touch!

Did he miss Lulu so much he hallucinated, thinking that this girl was Lulu?

Walter was smiling. "Of course it's her. What do you think? Are you satisfied?"

As he spoke, he pulled the girl toward himself, prompting a giggle from her. 'Oh, you...'

Zachary glared at Walter, his dark eyes glinting dangerously as he pursed his lips. "I won't be investing in your business!"

"Mr. Slate...?"

Zachary did not respond, but he simply took three grand in dollar bills from his assistant Juan and threw it at the girl." That's all you're worth!"

He was furious after being scammed, and it only frustrated him the more he thought about it!

With that, he strode toward his car, leaving Walter confused why he was upset.

"Mr. Slate? Did something upset you?"

Then, wheeling on the girl, he barked, "What did you do?*"

The girl did not dare to say a word, while Zachary did not want to waste his breath and simply told Juan, "Drive.'

"Mr. Slate..." Walter wanted to salvage the situation, but the car had already driven off.

He flipped out at the girl right then. 'What's your problem? There was every chance he would agree to an investment, but you somehow upset him? It's not easy to get an investor, and you have to lose him!"

The girl was too busy clutching at the cash.

She made that money without doing a thing, and since Walter paid her too, it was twice the profit.

Still, she had to do something for appearance's sake. "How should I know? Maybe he's one of those with freaky tastes."

It actually shut Walter up. "Really.'

"Of course. Why else would he throw a fit out of the blue? Still, you know who to ask for when you get more clients like him," she said with a smile.

Walter snorted. "No way! You're just going to scare them off!"

Meanwhile, Zachary was still grouchy, and restlessly loosening his shirt collar.

Juan glanced at him from the rearview mirror. "Sit, that project is actually worth investing in..."

"Cut the crap. It hurts my ear to even hear about it,' he growled.

But if anything, he was most frustrated at himself for falling for that scam.

"Well, it's not like you can be single forever...'

Zachary leveled him a sharp look. 'Are you meddling in my personal life too?'

Juan smiled gingerly. "I'm just concerned..."

After all, Zachary was so obsessed with work, but his health would fail if time went on.

He needed someone to care for him, and he should get over Lulu since she was gone, instead of just distracting himself with work.

"I don't need your concern. Just keep your eyes on the road!" Zachary snapped impatiently. "Don't bother me again!"

Juan quickly shut up, afraid to breathe another word!

"Hehehe..."

Back at Cloud City, Tommy was laughing heartily, grinning broadly and baring rows of little white teeth.

He was sitting on a merry-go-round while holding a cotton candy stick, with Irene sitting behind him to keep an eye.

Isaac was queuing for a spot on the children's train ride, since the amusement park was so crowded there were queues for every attraction.

Still, his towering figure was quite eye-catching in the crowd, his face constantly grabbing attention although he was dressed casually without projecting his usual imposing presence.

Soon, the merry-go-round stopped and Irene carried Tommy over.

He took Tommy off her arms while brushing her sidelocks behind ear as he asked mildly, "Are you tired?"