

After both men arrived, Eagle was standing behind James, but he kept his eyes lowered without looking at Irene.

He had no idea what happened that Irene would suddenly move her entire family over to Franconia, but he was sharp enough to tell that it was something serious. It would not explain her urgency otherwise.

Looking at Irene just then, James murmured, "Mrs.

Jefferson..." Irene said bluntly, "You're coming with me. We're going to find him." "I can do it alone," James replied. "Your family—"

"Eagle can take care of them," Irene said, turning toward Eagle just then. "I'd like you to protect my children." Eagle stepped forward and said, "Yes, I'll do my best."

Irene had planned that from the beginning, which was why she asked if Eagle could come along. She had faith in Eagle's abilities.

James wanted to talk her out of it, but Irene spoke before he could. "Do you think I can rest easy if you don't let me go?" Seeing that her mind was set, James decided to stop talking her out of it.

"Don't worry, ma'am," Eagle said in turn, so that she would be relieved. "I'll keep an eye on things over here." Irene looked at him with gratitude. "I know. You're always a man of your word."

Eagle had to lower his eyes. "You're putting me under a lot of pressure here." James clapped him on the shoulder. "We're counting on you."

"It's my duty. I'm paid to do this," Eagle replied, deliberately mentioning the last part so that they were aware he was doing what he did because he was given money to do it.

However, Irene was too worried about Isaac to notice what

Eagle was saying. James did, and the sudden mention appeared abrupt.

However, he did not pry since Eagle was right—Isaac hired him with a generous salary.

Irene then told Eagle, "You must be tired after journeying all the way here. You should take a break." "Yes, ma'am," Eagle replied and left the room.

Irene then turned to James. "Can we go now?"

"Okay," James replied—he understood now that there were things that could not be hidden. It was fine for Irene to go anyway, since they needed answers—whether it was good or bad. "You should go have lunch," James said. "I'll make the arrangements."

"Yeah," Irene murmured softly—she was not feeling an appetite, but she should give James time to make arrangements. She turned to look at her baby, who was sleeping soundly in bed.

There was a little smile on his pinkish cheeks, and he looked utterly adorably.

Irene tenderly caressed his cheek, and it must have tickled since

he moved his head. As Irene withdrew her hand, Tommy

appeared, leaning against her door. "Mommy." "Come in." Irene

waved at him.

Tommy did not, staying outside as he said, "Grandma is asking you to eat."

Irene naturally knew that Sheryl had deliberately sent Tommy to get her so she would remember to take care of her own health for her children's sake.

She got up and took Tommy's hand as they headed to the dining room.

Pierre had the kitchen cook Zidonian cuisines, and only Sheryl was present.

After Irene asked Pierre to bring Mrs. Watson and the old chauffeur, Pierre asked, "Will they be dining with you, Mrs. Jefferson?" From his perspective, there should be a distinction made between retainers and the head of the household.

"Yeah," Irene replied nonetheless. "They're family."

Everyone she brought was trustworthy, and they had always helped take care of her children. She was also indirectly telling Pierre not to make light of them.

"Very well." Pierre nodded.

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Even after Mrs. Watson and the old chauffeur arrived, the large dining table was far from congested. However, Irene had just taken a sip of soup and she already wanted to vomit.

She never wanted to eat, but she forced herself to do it so that

Sheryl would not worry. Even so, she could not even swallow.

After she rushed to the washroom, Eagle soon arrived, bringing her a glass of water. "You shouldn't force yourself, ma'am." Irene looked up at him just then.

The runaway groom (Irene and Isaac)

Chapter 912

Eagle's gaze became evasive right then, but he soon composed himself. "Your mother asked me to bring it to you." As Irene took it, she asked, "Why are you getting nervous? I wasn't doubting you."

"I'm not nervous, ma'am," Eagle replied.

Irene, however, was clearly skeptical—he was clearly being antsy just now. "Are you not used to this place yet?" she asked.

"...A little," Eagle admitted.

"You'll get used to it eventually," Irene told him. "Just call me if something comes up." "Yes, ma'am," Eagle replied, while Irene returned to the dining table.

This time, Sheryl did not force her to eat again and instead poured her a glass of water.

She took a sip when Pierre approached her, saying, "There's someone here to see you, Mrs. Jefferson." Irene thought it would be James, so she headed to the front door... only to find that it was Zachary Slate. "What are you doing here?" she asked in curiosity.

"James told me about what happened to Isaac," he replied, his expression grim. "I came to help." As Irene nodded, Zachary asked, "Still no news yet?"

Irene shook her head. "James and I are prepared to survey the wreckage." "I'm coming along," Zachary said right then.

Irene did not refuse, since she needed more people right now.

When James arrived, Irene spoke to Eagle and Pierre before leaving.

James had arranged a helicopter for them, since the wreckage was in Dunesia. Driving would take too long, and this would save more

time.

The helicopter they were riding fit four, which was just right for the pilot, Irene, James, and Zachary.

Even as the rotors turned deafeningly overhead, no one spoke throughout the journey as

they were all silent. Words were not needed before they found Isaac.

Zachary wanted to offer Irene some reassurance, but the right words simply would not come, and he kept quiet.

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Over two hours later, the helicopter landed.

Standard plane flights would take just over an hour, but they needed to land directly on the edge of Bagoria, which was further. There was also the speed difference in passenger flights and the helicopter.

The climate there was cold, but there were plenty of people.

Darcy's Peak was the highest mountain of Dunesia, standing at almost 10,000 feet above sea level.

Towering and majestic, there were plenty of glacier lakes on the ridges, making it a favorite spot for hikers and tourists.

James had prepared windbreakers for the climate, and after getting off the helicopter, they

headed to the wreckage. Dunesia's search and rescue teams were already there, working

alongside volunteers from the Zidonian embassy.

Once they pinpointed the location where the plane crashed, they searched a wide area around the wreckage, though they only found debris and no human remains.

There were supposed to be two pilots aboard, in addition to Stan Hill

and Isaac. One of James's men approached them and reported,

"Nothing yet."

But there were no signs of them at all, let alone a corpse.

Irene remained at the foot of the mountain because there was a police line, and personnel not involved in the search were barred from entering.

She did not even feel the chilly winds billowing. "Keep looking."

As she had decided to personally join the search, James spoke to the police while Zachary

stayed at Irene's side. There was no clear path up Darcy's Peak, making traveling difficult, but

fortunately the trees were sparse.

However, Irene noticed none of that as she strode ahead, not sparing a glance at the view that so many

people were enjoying. No picturesque view could draw her attention now because her heart and mind were set on one person.

All she could hope for was to find Isaac soon, and she told herself that miracles could happen even

in a plane crash! "Mrs. Jefferson!" James was exclaiming as he suddenly ran up to them. "The

Dunesians found someone!"

The runaway groom (Irene and Isaac)

Chapter 913

"Where?!" Irene asked urgently.

"It's quite a distance," James said. "We have to foot it."

"Alright, let's go," Irene said urgently. "Take me there."

It was fine if it was far. She wanted to see if it was Isaac right away!

With the Dunesians leading the way, they strode through the pathless mountain and climbed up the

mountain. Along the way, Irene missed a large rock beneath her foot and slipped, bending her foot

in an odd angle.

As she gasped in pain, Zachary asked from behind her, "Are you alright?"

"I'm fine," Irene said, shaking her head—she would not delay the others.

However, her ankles hurt, and she thought it might be a sprain.

The skies overhead were turning dark, but they trudged along with their flashlights.

The trek remained difficult as ever, and they would spot debris from the wreckage from time

to time. Irene tried her best not to look, so as to calm herself.

Soon, it was night, and their environment was much quieter and colder.

Even so, they were all sweating after walking for so long.

"We're here," James said, pointing to a spot ahead that was illuminated brightly.

Irene also spotted the body that was covered under a large piece of white cloth and dashed forward to pull it off. The man was dead with a foot missing, his face thoroughly charred.

However, judging from his body's build and height, it was not Isaac.

Irene heaved a sigh of relief, though she tensed up at the same time as well. If this man ended up like this, what about Isaac?

The thought scared her so much she stumbled a couple paces backward, and Zachary had to quickly catch her. "Irene?" Irene dropped to a couch and rasped, "Let's keep looking."

"Everyone is," both James and Zachary said.

Vision was poor at night up on Darcy's Peak, and they had to rely on flashlights.

Both the Dunesians and volunteers from the Zidonian embassy stopped as midnight approached, but Irene refused. She did not seem to tire, and she continued her search with a crazed fervor.

They found another body, confirming that both corpses were the captain and co-pilot.

Meanwhile, Irene still had not slept or eaten ever since she was told that Isaac was missing. Her eyes were dry and cracked, her eyes unfocused—she could not even look sad now.

All she felt was fear—she had seen countless gruesome sights as a doctor, but she felt utter fear this time. She was worried that she would find Isaac in the same state.

Suddenly afraid to continue searching, she curled up as she sat beneath a huge tree, hugging her legs as she spaced out. Zachary felt the grimness of the situation as well.

However, even if he and the rest felt a mental blow after finding the two corpses, they continued searching. "Eat something," he told Irene, but she continued to space out in silence.

He put down some food and a bottle of water in front of her. "Drink, if you won't eat."

Irene still stayed silent, and Zachary became flustered. "You won't change anything even if you torment yourself like this. What would happen to Tommy and your baby if something happens to you?!"

Irene finally turned to Zachary just then, but she was still at a loss. "I'm scared, Zachary. I'm so scared..."

That they would find Isaac a cold, dead corpse.

Zachary was unable to offer any reassurance, because from present circumstances alone, there was no hope at all. He rasped, "That's exactly why you should be pulling yourself together!"

Irene wiped the corner of her eyes just then, though she only made a mess. Sniffling, she cried, "Do you think he's fine, Zachary?"

Zachary was well aware that there might be no miracles here, but he assured her regardless. "He's born lucky. He probably got off scott free."

As Irene pursed her lips, James's eyes were red as he sat nearby, and he was not doing any better than Irene. He was a full-grown man, but he was almost falling apart too.

The two bodies that were found were just... horrible! Bzzt—

His phone suddenly started to vibrate then, and he whipped it out to answer. "Hello?" he rasped.

"James..."

The voice on the other end was very familiar.

"...Stan?!" James cried, springing to his feet when he realized that it was Stan!

The runaway groom (Irene and Isaac) Chapter 914

When Irene heard James say 'Stan', she rushed up to him, grabbing his arm. "Who was that?" James gulped, putting an assuring hand on Irene's to calm her and get her to stay quiet before asking, "Stan? Is that really you?" He almost could not believe his ears.

"Yeah, it's me," Stan replied from the other end. James inhaled sharply. "Where are you

right now?!" "Franconia..."

"Hold on," James was stumped for a moment. "You're in Franconia?"

"Yeah," Stan answered confidently, before adding urgently, "This is urgent. Where are you right now? I'll come to you."

"Where do you think?!" James actually snapped. "The plane you boarded with Mr. Jefferson crashed in Dunesia, so we're here searching the place!"

"Then hurry back right now," Stan urged.

It only left James more confused. "What the hell is going on here?!"

"It's complicated. We'll talk when we meet," Stan told him. "Just come back.

Mr. Jefferson isn't there." "Well, where is he?!" James asked.

"Just come back for now—"

Stan did not manage to finish when static cracked, and the call was cut off as the cell signal went out. James hung up and turned to Irene and Zachary. "It's Stan. Mr. Jefferson just might be fine after all." "Really?" Irene exclaimed excitedly.

James nodded. "Anyway, we need to go back to Franconia. He just said that Mr. Jefferson isn't here." Her hope kindled, Irene was in turn spirited and she quickly said, "Alright, let's go."

However, she walked too fast, and her swollen ankle hurt so much she dropped to the floor.

Zachary hurried to her and put a hand on the swell, and she frowned from the pain of his touch.

"You bruised your bone," Zachary said, leveling a stern look at her. "You'll fall apart before you find him." Even so, Irene stubbornly rose to her feet and said,

"I'm fine. We have to go right now."

She could not wait to see Isaac sooner, and she had no time to care about her leg.

Zachary was furious. "By the time you reach the car, your leg would either be disabled or you'd suffer a chronic condition. Here, I'll carry you."

He dropped to a crouch, offering her a piggyback.

Irene waved him off—she should not burden him further, since he had not been sleeping too. "I'll just lean on you," she said.

Zachary sighed and rose to his feet. "Why are you being such a stranger?" Irene simply pursed her lips and took hold of his arm, saying, "Let's go."

James stayed behind to liaise with the Dunesian and Zidonian embassy volunteers.

Once they confirmed that Stan and Isaac were not on the plane, they could call off the search.

Zachary and Irene left first, and James would catch up.

However, Irene did not want to put pressure on her sprained foot, since it hurt a lot if she did. She bore with the pain and walked for a long while before they eventually reached their car. James soon returned as well, and he sped the car once everyone got in.

"Make a stop if you see a pharmacy," Zachary said along the way. "Irene's ankle needs medication." "Okay," James replied.

"No, don't listen to him." Irene promptly refused. "Stopping would just mess with our schedule. We need to hurry, and it's the same if I get it treated when we reach Franconia."

James was on Zachary's side. "We might keep our heads if you're fine. Do you think we can say the same if Mr. Jefferson sees you hurt?"

"I'm a doctor," Irene told him. "I can tell whether I'm really hurt. I'll be here to defend you if he scolds you." "You're really stubborn." Zachary snorted.

Irene was unmoved. "Whatever you say."

One way or another, she must see Isaac as soon as he can—she would only rest easy after ensuring that he was fine. Soon, they returned to the heliport and boarded the helicopter to return to Franconia!

The runaway groom (Irene and Isaac)
Chapter 915

Along the way, Irene felt tense—she was at once excited and hopeful.

She felt really charged even after days of running about without food or sleep.

Zachary passed her a piece of bread. "Eat. Don't look half-dead

when you meet Isaac again." "You're the one who looks half-

dead," Irene retorted even as she took it.

Still, Zachary was relaxed to know that Isaac might be fine. "I knew it. You're trying to make yourself look pitiful so that Isaac would feel sorry for you, right?"

Irene really wanted to roll her eyes at him. "You have a wonderful imagination." Zachary chuckled.

Nonetheless, Irene ate the bread and drank some water, immediately feeling revitalized after she did.

Zachary was going to tell her to get some sleep as well, but she probably

would not fall asleep given her tense state. He said nothing, while hoping

that the helicopter would move faster and take them back to Franconia.

Naturally, the wait was grilling, and Irene was constantly checking the time.

Once the helicopter landed and they alighted, James promptly called Stan, who

told them that he was already at the castle. They drove there immediately and

found Stan waiting outside, unscathed.

Once she was out of the car, Irene promptly

asked, "Where's Isaac?" "I don't know," Stan

replied.

Everyone else was left speechless for a moment.

"What is this? Shouldn't he be with you? Why don't you know where he is?" Irene demanded, staring fixedly at him. "Explain yourself!"

Stan gave Zachary and James an awkward look in turn, but neither were coming to his defense, with James saying, "We'd like to know too."

It was not as if Stan did not want to say it—he just wanted to do it away

from Irene because this was about work. James could tell that Stan was

feeling awkward, and he understood Stan's concerns.

Even so, James snapped, "Just say it already! There's nothing to hide now."

And with that assurance from James, Stan spilled the beans. "Remember Smartville Tech, the company we acquired three months ago with a price much lower than its market value? Hector Vaughn, their former CEO, was the one behind this. He bribed our pilots."

It turns out that after Stan and Isaac's flight left Zidonia, the pilots redirected the flight while they were in Dunesia airspace.

Stan was getting a drink when he heard the pilots saying that they were en route to Minerva, and Stan promptly realized that something was out of place.

He promptly contacted the control tower to have them check if their flight was being rerouted.

He could easily do so since Globe Airways was a subsidiary of Remy, and once he confirmed that their plane was deviating from the planned flight route, Stan quickly told Isaac about the situation.

Unable to contact their people on the ground, they had to interrogate the pilots.

They were refusing to speak even though Isaac and Stan had solid evidence against them, and Stan inadvertently knocked out the co-pilot.

The captain was scared for his life then—if Stan hit him too, there would not be anyone to fly the plane, and the ensuing crash would kill him as well.

He hence admitted that he was under Hector's payroll, and Hector's intent was obviously revenge.

However, whether the captain did it on purpose or messed up in panic, the plane went out of control, and they quickly ran for the parachutes. It was a private jet instead of the usual passenger airlines, so there were some military-issue parachutes prepared.

It was also much safer than the standard parachutes, which was how Stan landed safely. However, they were too high up when they jumped, so they landed separately.

Since Stan landed on the border between Dunesia and Franconia, he immediately went looking for populated areas, contacting James as soon as he reached a phone.

However, he never got through to Isaac's phone.

Even if Irene was not sure about Isaac's work, she could tell that it was a business deal gone sour, leading to deliberate sabotage.

But even if the plane crash was no accident, Irene believed that Isaac was fine, since Stan was unscathed. Looking straight at Stan, she said, "Let's go look for him. He should be near where you landed."

However, Stan became hesitant, as if wondering if he should speak just then!

The runaway groom (Irene and Isaac)

Chapter 916

Irene was absolutely fuming—how could Stan still be hesitant even now?

"Spit it already," she snapped. "Don't leave me hanging, or I might die from a heart attack!"

She was not actually joking—her heart could leap out of throat as she kept watching Stan being hesitant to speak. He began, "I just saw the news about the plane crash..."

"So?" Zachary pressed, feeling anxious too. "Get to the point!"

"I am getting to the point," Stan said sternly. "Don't interrupt, please?"

And with that, the other three turned silent and stared fixedly at him, leaving him a little speechless.

"Remember the captain? I saw him jump out of the plane with us with my own eyes," Stan replied. "But the news is saying that he and his co-pilot died the same

way. It's no surprise that the co-pilot was killed after I knocked him out, but the captain should have survived after landing safely like me instead of dying like his co-pilot."

James promptly understood what Stan was getting at, and his expression turned somber. "You mean the captain was silenced?" "That's exactly it." Stan nodded.

"And we can't reach Mr. Jefferson," James murmured. "Doesn't that mean..."

The hunch James had was exactly what Stan feared—that the saboteurs found the captain and killed him to stop him from ratting out the mastermind.

Did they find Isaac as well, after he was separated from Stan?

Stan was certainly worried that Isaac had been taken by Hector Vaughn, or they would have been able to reach him by now!

Irene more or less understood what they were getting at, but she glanced between the three men before her and said, "We can't just stay here and wait, can we? Whether Isaac's been hurt or captured, we must do something!"

"Yeah," James said and turned to the other two. "Let's split up. You two will go look for Mr. Jefferson where he was last seen, while I investigate Hector."

Stan and Zachary

noded. "Yeah. Let's do

that." Irene said, "I'll help

with the search."

Zachary glanced at her foot instead. "No, you stay home. Your leg is hurt, and we'd have to take care of you if you come with us." "I don't need you to take care of me—" Irene protested, but Zachary did not let her finish.

He simply took a couple steps back, distancing himself from her. "Walk. Let's see if you can do it normally."

Irene did not move, compromising because she did not want them to be delayed because of her. "Fine, I won't join you. Just go already!"

"We'll send word as soon

as we have something."

And with that, they were

gone.

Irene watched as they left, feeling considerably upset that she got herself hurt so easily. She failed to help and even delayed them because they had to take care of her.

She wobbled up to the fountain nearby and sat by it, staring blankly into thin air.

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Over at New Kent, Ricky Spencer acted as an informant, leading the police to Bob, the ringleader. Once they had Bob's location, they moved in to make arrests... but things went out of hand.

Bob was sharp and adept at counter-intelligence, and he suspected early

on that Ricky was now the police's mole. That was why he promptly held

Ricky hostage and demanded an escape route for Ricky's life.

The police had to agree to his demand for Ricky's safety, but the standoff soon turned into a chase and shots were fired!

The runaway groom (Irene and Isaac)

Chapter 917

Bob hated Ricky for his betrayal, and he fired a shot straight at Ricky before the police officers could subdue him! However, Martin York stepped in the bullet's way, and the shot hit him on the back.

He was rushed to the hospital right away for emergency surgery, but the bullet was lodged too close to Martin's heart. They needed the best heart surgeons to extract it, or the risk would be too serious.

While the hospital arranged for the surgery, Lulu Adams was still at home.

She knew about the operation today, and although she never received word, she was afraid to call Martin since she might disturb him while he was on the job.

When she had enough of waiting, she headed straight to the precinct, where the higher-ups were interrogating Bob.

Lulu's worries eased, since it seemed that the operation was a success, and Ricky was the most vulnerable asset—he would definitely be killed if the crime ring realized he was the mole.

Finding Johnny, one of Martin's squadmates, she asked, "How did the operation go?"

Remembering that Martin was still in the hospital—his fate unknown—Johnny did not dare to say too much. Averting his eyes from hers, he simply told Lulu, "It's a success."

Lulu then asked, "Was the informant safe?"

"Yeah, we brought him back already," Johnny said, keeping his eyes lowered as he cleaned his table. Lulu heaved a sigh of relief—that was good, and she would not have trouble explaining herself to Irene. Turning, she said, "Tell your captain to come home soon too."

"Yeah," Johnny replied very softly.

Lulu seemed to remember something then, and she turned to look at Johnny. "Wait, the operation is a success, right? Martin can head home earlier, right?"

This time, Johnny simply hung his head in silence.

Martin was definitely not making it home tonight, but he did not dare to tell Lulu when she was so close to labor. However, Lulu quickly noticed that he was acting strange, and her expression darkened.

"Johnny."

Johnny forced himself to look up. "I heard you, and I'll tell cap. But we have another case to follow, so he might not be back soon."

"Didn't you say the operation was a success? What other case is there? Martin never mentioned anything like that!" Lulu exclaimed, staring straight at Johnny just then. "Be honest. What happened to Martin?"

"Look, you're pregnant," Johnny said. "You don't have to ask—we'll do our best..."

Lulu stumbled backward in shock—Johnny was implying that something had happened to Martin!

Quickly catching a corner of the desk, she forced herself to stay calm, and she glared at Johnny. "Tell me everything." "Lulu..." Johnny was pleading.

"Now!" Lulu yelled, but she suddenly felt enfeebled.

She tried to muster her strength, but she felt endlessly drained.

"Lulu," Johnny quickly went up to hold her up, hesitating for a moment before sighing. "Cap took a bullet to save the informant. The doctor told us that the bullet is very close to the heart, and they're now putting together a surgical procedure. But there's no need to panic—the

captain has always led an upstanding life, and he'll be fine—"

"Urgh..." Lulu groaned, suddenly ignoring him.

Her belly was abruptly aching, and she clutched on it, her breathing turned rushed.

"Is the baby coming?!" Johnny exclaimed, and he promptly whipped out his phone to call an ambulance.

On the other hand, Lulu's hands were clenching as she withstood the waves of agony to take out her phone and call Irene. Irene soon answered. "Lulu?"

"Irene! Get over here! Right! Now!"

Since Irene was a prodigious heart surgeon, Lulu knew that she would definitely have a way to save Martin. Meanwhile, her water had broken, and fluid was flowing down her inner thighs.

Johnny was scared out of his mind. "Lulu, what—"

"Calm down!" Lulu shot him a look and snapped before turning back to her phone, informing Irene with perfect clarity, "Coming by car would take too much time. Ask Isaac—he'll definitely get you here in the shortest time possible. I'm asking you for a favor here, and it's really urgent..."

The runaway groom (Irene and Isaac)
Chapter 918

Irene was not even in Zidonia, but she could hear the urgency in Lulu's voice. Irene asked, "Is it Ricky?"

"No, it's M-Martin..." Lulu said and pleaded, "Irene, I don't have much time. Please hurry..." "Is the baby coming too?!"

Irene gasped.

"Yes, but listen—Martin was shot... they say the bullet was near his heart... S-Save him..." Irene was afraid of telling Lulu that she was abroad right then. "Got it. I'll be right over."

Irene hung up, and she was planning to call James when she realized that it would take her over ten hours to return to Zidonia. It was far too long, and way past the optimal time to treat Martin.

She quickly called Finn Crowe instead—thankfully, the youth was reliable as ever, and he quickly answered her call. "Director Spencer?"

"Don't say a thing, Finn. Just listen to my instructions: go to Brian Adams and ask him to head over to New Kent. I'll send you the exact address later."

She had picked Brian Adams to succeed her as director of Hotmesh because she had read through his resume—he excelled in plenty of aspects, and he was one of the best heart surgeons in the country as well.

Most important of all, his ability was above question.

Finn was understanding enough to spare her any questions. "I'll go right now." "Good," Irene said, and hung up.

She called Lulu back, but it was an unfamiliar voice on the other end. "Hello?" Somehow, Irene could hear Lulu panting from the other end, although she was clearly restraining herself already. Having given birth herself, Irene

knew how much it hurt.

Staying calm, she asked, "Which hospital

is Martin at?" The man replied. "New

Kent's First Citizen Hospital."

"I'm sending a heart surgeon over right now, so receive him when he arrives and arrange for him to help with Martin's surgery," Irene said. "I don't have the specifics on Martin's condition, but Lulu's call just now tells me plenty. Just ask the hospital to stabilize Martin's vitals if they aren't confident about a surgery, and wait until the heart surgeon arrives. If they can do it, tell them to do it immediately without delay."

"Yes, ma'am," Johnny replied.

"How's Lulu right now?" Irene then asked.

"We just got her in an ambulance. We're heading to the hospital right now."

"Alright. Take good care of her," Irene replied. "I can't reach her right

now—I'll only arrive around half a day later." "Understood," Johnny

answered.

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Hanging up on the other end, Irene started to limp into the castle.

Eagle stood at the door, watching Mrs. Watson as she played

with the children in the courtyard. Tommy especially liked it here,

and he was running around happily.

Eagle soon spotted Irene, and he walked up to greet

her. "Are you hurt, ma'am?" "I'm fine," Irene told him.

Eagle was eyeing her foot, but he said, "Yeah."

Irene then asked one of the servants to bring her some ice, and she

applied it to her sprain while calling James. "Yes, Mrs. Jefferson?" James

asked when he answered.

"James, I need to go back to

Zidonia." James was silent for a

moment. "Now?"

"Yeah," Irene replied. "Book me a ticket, and make sure the

airport is the nearest to New Kent." New Kent was in one of the

less wealthy regions of Zidonia and near the border.

The criminal elements there were especially active, and there was no airport directly in that town—Irene would have to land somewhere near instead.

Still, James hesitated since Isaac was still missing.

"Does it have to be now?" "Yeah," Irene replied. "It's

very urgent."

She was certainly worried that Isaac was still worried as well, but Zachary, Stan,

and James were all doing their best to find him. On the other hand, Lulu was

going into labor, while Martin's life was in danger!

Irene was worried about them too!

"Got it," James replied. "I'll check for the next flight available."

The runaway groom (Irene and Isaac)
Chapter 919

Irene quickly and hastily treated her sprain before leaving.

Tommy ran up to her, hugging her leg. "Mommy, where are you going? Can't you play with me? This place is really fun. I really like it here!"

"Sorry, Mommy's busy," Irene said, tenderly petting his little head. "You stay here and listen to Grandma." Tommy blinked at her. "Mommy...?"

Eagle came and scooped Tommy up in his arms. "I'll keep them safe, ma'am." Irene certainly believed in Eagle and nodded. "I'm counting on you."

"It's what I should do," Eagle replied.

As Irene started down the stairs, Eagle called out to her again.

"Ma'am..." Irene turned. "Yeah?"

Eagle headed inside his room and brought her a bottle of ointment.

"People in my line of work always have some medication prepared. Just spray it on the affected area, and it will ease the swelling."

"Thank you," Irene said.

"You're welcome," Eagle replied.

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James arrived just as Irene stepped out of the front door of the castle, and he took her straight to the airport. Along the way, she told him, "Call me immediately if you have news on Isaac."

"I will," James replied.

Irene lowered her eyes then, which were filled with worry—both for Isaac and Lulu.

They waited for a while at the airport before the announcement to board her flight echoed on the public address system. "Should I book your flight back too?" James asked.

Irene actually had no idea when she would return and so said, "I'll book it myself. You just focus on finding Isaac." She needed a ride too, which was why she might as well ask James to book the ticket too.

Naturally, she did not need to bother him as well on the return flight.

"Okay," James replied, and she headed to departures.

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Over at Zidonia, Brian Adams hurried to New Kent immediately, and Johnny was on hand to receive him and take him to the hospital.

His credentials were verifiable, and the hospital was naturally willing to cooperate, since saving Martin took priority. Since they did not have heart surgeons experienced enough to operate on Martin, no one took the scalpel.

As such, Brian was quickly briefed on Martin's condition before he consulted the local attending physicians and decided on the surgical procedure.

Time was of the essence—once Brian and the others decided on the procedure, they went to work.

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Over at the maternity ward, Lulu was on a hospital bed, sweating from head to toe from the pain, and her hair so damp every strand was sticking to her face..

But she withstood it without making a sound.

More than seven hours had passed, and it was now nighttime—Lulu was still not delivering the baby, even though she was utterly enfeebled.

The obstetrician in charge said, "C-section it is!"

However, Lulu turned toward Pippa, the female officer who accompanied her to the hospital, and she asked feebly, "Is Martin's surgery over?"

"Not yet," Pippa replied.

As Lulu's gaze darkened, the obstetrician said, "Your delivery isn't going well. A C-section is safer." Lulu, however, was staring blankly at the ceiling.

Martin was the best man she had ever met—she did not want to live if he died. A tear trickled out of her eyes.

Martin was the one who brought light to her life again...

At the same time, the obstetrician urged Pippa to persuade Lulu, since Lulu's condition was serious.

"Look, Lulu—the doctors are doing their best to save Martin right now," Pippa told Lulu. "If something happens to the child when he recovers, he'll be miserable..."

Lulu flashed a bitter smile.

The child was not Martin's, and it would actually be humiliating to him if the child were born! It should not have existed at all!

As such she refused to undergo the C-section, and she turned toward Pippa. "Please ask them how Martin's surgery is going... Please?"

The runaway groom (Irene and Isaac)

Chapter 920

Seeing Lulu's pleading look, Pippa could not refuse Lulu and she ran to the surgery wing again. However, they were still operating on Martin.

When Johnny saw Pippa return, she said, "The obstetrician says Lulu's having difficulty in labor and suggested a C-section, but she refused. I think she wants to wait and make sure the captain is safe... But I think if he really dies, she won't have the will to live."

"I'll talk to her." Johnny was left bristling from the information and ran to the maternity ward with Pippa in tow.

Johnny entered the maternity ward with the obstetrician's approval, and he quickly tried to reason with Lulu as soon as she saw her. "Lulu, the captain's fate is unknown, but that's exactly why you have to deliver his child for posterity! Continue the bloodline..."

Lulu feebly closed her eyes right then, refusing to hear a word of it. She would have agreed to C-section if the child were Martin's.

As a matter of fact, she now regretted listening to Martin about keeping it.

She would not be in this agony if not for the child, not to mention that she would have nothing of Martin left if he died!

"Lulu..." Johnny cried anxiously. "Your friend is already here and they're operating on the captain! There won't be problems! You should trust your friend, shouldn't you?!"

In reality, Johnny had presumed that Brian was Lulu's friend as well.

In fact, friendship was besides the point—the priority was to get Lulu to agree to the C-section. If she kept delaying, forget endangering the baby... the mother would die too!

Lulu murmured, "Irene's here?"

Johnny was speechless—the one he received was a man, and obviously not 'Irene'!

Still, he tried to assure her, "Yes, and she's saying there's a high chance of success. She told you not to worry, and you should deliver the baby!"

Lulu opened her eyes, staring straight at Johnny as she growled.

"I'll wait until Martin's safe." Johnny could die right then.

"Are you crazy, Lulu?!" he cried, losing all his cool right then. "Even if you're really giving up on yourself, you should let your child live!"

Turning to the obstetrician, he barked, "Operate on her, even if it's against her consent! I'll take responsibility for anything that happens. The child is Captain York's, and with his

condition unknown, we can't let the baby die too."

The obstetrician was clearly at a loss. "This is highly irregular..."

"Like I said, I'll take responsibility," Johnny snapped with righteous indignation. "I'll sign the consent form." "You're not a family member..." the obstetrician said.

"I'm a cop," Johnny retorted.

The obstetrician hesitated for a moment before promptly sending word to prep Lulu for surgery. Lulu was growling. "Johnny, how dare you..."

Johnny ignored her protest. "This is for the captain's sake.

There's nothing I won't do." Lulu tried to get up, but she was too weak.

As such, she could only frown. "Johnny, you don't get it..."

"And I don't want to," Johnny replied, since he simply could not comprehend Lulu's behavior. All he knew was that she was treating Martin's child like a joke.

He just did not know that Lulu was refusing because the child belonged to someone else.

As they started to wheel her to the delivery room, she reached out and grabbed tightly onto the doorframe. No one could force her to do what she did not want to!

Her eyes were blazing. "Johnny, don't you use that simple brain of yours to decide for me!" Johnny punched the wall in frustration.

"You're crazy!"

Lulu remained unmoved and snapped, "If Martin dies, I will die too."