

## The runaway groom (Irene and Isaac)

Chapter 931

Zachary was left baffled by the question for a long while.

Staring at Irene in confusion, he asked, "Why would you suddenly ask that?" The timing could not have been poorer, and he was left weirded out!

Still, before Irene could answer, he gave her a serious look and said, "Of course I love children, Irene, but do you really think I still have the chance?"

"What chance?" Irene asked.

"To be a dad," Zachary replied, really keen on rolling his eyes just then. Did she just forget what she asked?

"Just remember to cherish any nice girls you meet," Irene told him. "I know,"

Zachary replied—he certainly would.

He then smiled. "That question was weird."

Irene looked out into the distance. "It just... came to mind." Zachary did not think so, however.

"I heard from James that you were visiting Lulu. Was she in labor?" he asked, pausing for a moment before adding, "Was it a boy or a girl? Does the baby resemble her or Martin?"

"It's a girl," Irene replied. "She takes after Lulu."

"That's good," Zachary said. "She'd look surly if she took after a man."

Their car arrived just then, and they both got in since Zachary was staying at the castle too—the building was huge enough to accommodate anyone anyway.

As the car drove into the castle grounds and they alighted, they immediately heard Tommy crying.

Irene tried to hurry, but moving too quickly hurt her ankle which had yet to recover, so she slowed down. In the distance, Eagle was carrying Tommy and trying to coax him to stop crying.

With his burly tanned build, there was something jarring as he carried Tommy, who was small and fair in comparison. And yet, there was something indescribably harmonious about the picture.

"What's wrong?" Irene asked.

Eagle turned toward her and said, "He fell." Irene held out her hands. "Let me carry him."

Tommy's little hands were stretched toward her too.

Eagle handed Tommy over and asked, "Have you recovered yet, ma'am?"

Zachary had been slowly making his way to them and asked when he heard that, "Are you hurt, Irene?" "It's that sprain I had. I'm fine now," Irene told him, and the latter part was for Eagle's benefit.

After that, she carried Tommy into the castle, wiping his tears while asking where he hit when he fell. Tommy pointed at his head—Irene checked it, but he was fine.

As such, she rocked him and said, "You're a big man now. Everyone would laugh at you if you keep being such a crybaby." Tommy sniffled. "It hurts."

And it certainly did.

"Well, how did you fall down?" Irene asked.

"I was playing with my ball. I didn't see the stairs!" Tommy cried indignantly.

"That's because you weren't careful." Irene chided him. "Daddy and I will love you if you cry at home, but if you're outside and we're not around, who's going to love you?"

Tommy blinked his wet eyelashes and threw his little arms around her neck. "I won't ever leave you, Mommy. I want you to love me!"

Irene gave him a small smack on the rump.

Settling down on the couch while still carrying Tommy, she summoned Pierre.

Tommy was old enough to attend kindergarten. Still, there was the language barrier to consider since they were abroad, so they needed a tutor.

They could teach Mrs. Watson and Sheryl too. Pierre said, "I'll make the arrangements right away."

With that, Irene continued to reason with Tommy, telling him that he would eventually grow up and that she and his daddy would not always be with him.

Tommy had no idea what she was talking about and stubbornly leaned into her chest!

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"Eat!"

The woman brought Isaac food, but he did not touch it.

"If you're willing to help me contact my family, I can help you with anything you ask," he said.

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The woman pretended not to hear him and urged, "Eat before the food gets cold." Isaac frowned as she was clearly avoiding the subject.

He asked, "May I know why you're keeping me here?"

"I don't understand what you're saying," the woman said and turned to leave. The furrow over Isaac's brow only deepened.

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Marie left the house and went to Thomas, her husband, who was working at the vineyard. Thomas sat on the ground and took off his gloves.

Marie sat beside him and asked, "What should we do with that man?"

Thomas kept his gaze lowered and ate in silence, probably unable to come up with anything. Marie then suggested gingerly, "Why don't we just let him go?"

Thomas kept eating in silence, and it was only when he was done that he looked up and repeated, "Let him go?"

"Yes," Marie nodded. "He's a Zidonian. He probably isn't—"

"Don't you think it's weird he showed up here, in such an isolated location?" Thomas asked, staring at his wife. "Our vineyard is a cover to what is in the back. You know it must never be discovered, and what do you think would happen to us if he reveals our location? Don't forget how we got here in the first place!" Marie

quickly turned silent, afraid to mention it again.

Still, she soon complained, "He keeps asking me questions. I don't know what I should tell him."

Thomas thought about it. "Just pretend you don't understand him."

But that was exactly what Marie had been doing!

"If we're not going to release him, are we supposed to keep him here forever?" she asked. "What if the higher-ups come over and see him?"

"Just keep him in the cellar. We don't kill," Thomas said, putting away his plate and returning to work, leaving Marie to clean up.

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Isaac was still sitting on his bed, and he had not been eating.

When Marie returned and saw him leaving the food untouched, she said, "You should eat." Isaac stayed still, so she added, "If we wanted to, we would've killed you when we found you." Her words left Isaac's heart skipping a beat—who were these people?!

"It's not poisoned. Don't starve yourself to death," Marie said and left.

Isaac listened as she walked away, and he got to his feet, feeling his way outside.

There was a door, and he opened it.

He had heard a man's voice aside from Marie's, and there seemed to be no one else with them. He needed to be sure that there was no one else outside.

And whenever Marie entered or exited, he would listen attentively to determine where the door was. He had to stumble around, but he eventually made it out.

He could taste the difference in the air, and he kept walking further out—if there were any others, they would see him too. After all, Marie was clearly playing dumb with him and refused to answer any of his questions!

Clang!

Isaac suddenly tripped over something and caused a huge ruckus. Marie came over then. "Why did you come outside?"

Isaac stayed still without moving while Marie studied him from head to toe.

He was wearing a suit when Thomas brought him in, and with that towering figure of his, he looked just like some sort of undercover agent here to investigate them.

And this place was supposed to be isolated and beyond everyone's reach! "Go back inside. It's dangerous out here," Marie urged.

"It's not safe in there either," Isaac retorted.

Marie was stumped for a moment. "I told you—we won't kill you, and we could've just left you to die and save ourselves the trouble."

"Then why won't you let me go?" Isaac asked. "Because you might tell on us," Marie replied.

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Chapter 933

Isaac asked in confusion, "Tell what?"

"Didn't you see anything since you were brought here?" Marie asked. Isaac shook his head. "No. Nothing."

"Really?" Marie pressed on.

"No," Isaac said assuredly. "Nothing at all."

Marie nodded and walked up to help him walk. "You don't look like a bad man. Zidonian, right?" Isaac nodded. "Yes."

Helping him back to his room, she told him, "Get some rest."

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As Marie and Thomas got in bed that night, she said, "He said he saw nothing." "Do you think he'd admit it if he did?" Thomas asked in return.

"But he's Zidonian," Marie argued. "He probably won't—"

"They might have sent a Zidonian to find us so that we'd let down our guard."

Thomas was certainly paranoid, and even Marie had a hard time understanding him. "If you believe that, we should've left him to die and save ourselves the trouble!"

"I would've—if he wasn't blind," Thomas replied.

The vineyard was actually a front, and the truth was that they were rearing a certain species of animal illegally, which had body parts that could be sold for good value.

However, Thomas and Marie were not actually criminals, but they were forced to stay here because of their son's debt. It was either their compliance or their son's life, although they would be killed as well if news of this place leaked out.

That was why they were worried that Isaac was sent to investigate them and refused to let him leave.

Thankfully, his legs and eyes were hurt—they would not try to save him if he could see, and might even kill him. Meanwhile, Isaac could not sleep at all.

All he thought was that they were living in a weird place, and there was no way he would have known that he had actually stumbled on an illegal farm!

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After days of toiling, Irene finally gave in to exhaustion and slept as if she was in a coma.

Tommy was sleeping tamely in her arms, fiddling with her long hair one moment and hooking his finger with hers the next. It was boring, but he was happy since he was in his mother's arms.

He certainly missed staying with her.

Meanwhile, Pierre had found several tutors, but Eagle stopped him when he came upstairs to talk to Irene. "She's asleep," Eagle said.

"The tutors are here," Pierre explained. "I've arranged for her to pick one." "That would still have to wait until she wakes up," Eagle insisted.

Pierre hesitated for a moment and said, "Alright. I'll ask them to wait."

Sheryl just happened to arrive after feeding the baby and asked, "Is she not up yet?" "No," Eagle replied. "She must have been left exhausted lately."

Sheryl sighed, but she left with the baby in her arms, heading to the courtyard for a walk. It was vast, and Sheryl must also admit the air here was better than Zidonia's.

While it was not to say the air in their homeland was terrible, most areas were densely populated and any unoccupied land was developing rapidly.

Meanwhile, Eagle remained outside Irene's room until she woke up.

She slept soundly because she was tired, but it was not for long because she was still uneasy. That was always the case when one's heart was troubled.

She checked her phone the instant she woke up, but there was no notification, let alone any missed calls from Stan. But just as she scowled, Tommy snuggled against her. "Mommy."

Irene picked him up and put him on his lap, petting his head. "Does it still hurt?" Tommy shook his head—in fact, he almost forgot that he fell.

Irene then picked him up, saying, "Okay! Let's check on your baby brother now." Stepping outside and seeing Eagle standing there, she asked, "Where's my baby?" "Your mother took him outside," he replied.

Irene was just about to leave when Eagle stopped her. "Ma'am?"

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Irene turned around. "Yes?"

"Pierre was just here, but I told him not to wake you," Eagle told her. "The tutors are here."

"Okay," Irene said and started to carry Tommy to the living room.

However, Tommy had gotten too heavy, so she had him walk on his own halfway through.

Meanwhile, Pierre brought in the tutors—there were four of them, two men and two women, and they were all Franconians.

They all appeared to be good people, though one of the men and one of the women were a little older while the other two were younger.

Pierre passed their resumes to Irene. It showed that they were all university graduates, and three had experience as tutors. Irene glanced at the older woman, who was on the pudgy side and looked kindly.

She looked like the patient type, which Irene needed in a tutor.

Beckoning to Pierre, she softly told her the one she picked, but Tommy was suddenly pointing at the younger woman and saying, "I like her, Mommy."

Irene was left staring at him for a moment.

He was just a child, and he already knew how to pick the pretty ones?

However, she shook her head in refusal—she was too young and did not have experience as a tutor.

Tommy was stubborn, however. "I like her."

Irene was silent, since Tommy would probably refuse to learn if she picked the one he did not like.

After hesitating for a while, she eventually agreed with Tommy and picked the young Franconian woman.

Pierre then asked, "When can she start work?"

"Let's have her start on a probation term first," Irene said. "Let's see the extent of her abilities." With that, the hired tutor was allowed to stay while Pierre led the others out.

The tutor, Louise, greeted Tommy.

Since she could speak Zidonian, she had no problems speaking with the boy.

Irene had actually missed that on her resume and thought then that Louise was a good choice too.

Bzzt—

Her phone suddenly began to vibrate in her pocket, and she took it out, and answered it immediately when she saw that it was Stan.

"Hello?"

"The expert we hired made some projections, but there's a lot of ground to cover because of the higher altitude at which Mr. Jefferson released his parachute."

Irene scowled but said, "Make preparations before you come over. We'll both go looking while James and Zachary stay. Someone has to hold the fort at Remy."

"Sure," Stan replied and started to make arrangements.

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Two hours later, Stan arrived with Zachary, who insisted on going with Irene to search for Isaac. He added that James could handle everything at Remy alone since he would not be that helpful anyway.

Irene had no choice but to agree, while Stan brought out a map.

Since Isaac had jumped from a very high altitude, there was a lot of ground to cover.

They had already marked all the likely spots and would search each and every one of it.

It would take a lot of time since that was a huge area, but Irene was not worried about it—she was more worried about having zero clues.

Most of the locations were on the border between Franconia and Dunesia, and they would start from the nearest spot. It was only after they left the castle when Irene remembered that she did not arrange for when Louise could start work. She called Eagle and told him to relay the message to Pierre that Louise could start teaching Tommy tomorrow.

"Yes, ma'am," Eagle replied.

When Irene put down her phone, however, she saw Zachary giving her a stare that left her creeped out.

It was probably because he caught on that he actually had a child, but Irene could not tell him and therefore felt guilty. She averted her eyes but he said, "I just noticed something, Irene."

Irene was shocked.

Did he notice that Lulu's child was actually his? "W-

What did you notice?" she asked.

## The runaway groom (Irene and Isaac)

Chapter 935

Zachary gave Irene a puzzled look. "What are you getting nervous about?" "Am I?" Irene asked in return, denying it.

"Don't you think so?" Zachary retorted, staring closely at her. "You're hiding something from me, aren't you?" Irene averted her eyes again. "What would I hide from you? Honestly..."

Even so, Zachary had noticed that she was always being evasive around him.

He just wanted to ask what it was, and her reactions only made it more puzzling! Zachary pondered then, but it was clear that her reaction was from guilt.

But guilt from what?

His gaze turning serious, he said, "You asked me if I liked children. Could it be—"

"Could it be what?" Irene quickly cut him short and changed the subject. "Don't you think Isaac is in danger? I'm so worried."

Zachary grabbed her arm then. "Don't try to change the subject, Irene. Look into my eyes and tell me—is Lulu's child actually mine?"

He had been to New Kent, and as he searched his memory, he remembered seeing

Lulu on a certain night. And the dates matched.

Irene feigned composure nonetheless. "What are you thinking? There's no way her child is yours."

"I've been to New Kent, and the dates match," Zachary said urgently but confidently. "There's no way you'd ask me if I like children for no reason—no, there is a point, and you were trying to test me, weren't you?"

"I was just asking," Irene muttered.

"You're being delusional." "In that case, I could just ask Lulu to confirm—"

"No, you can't!" Irene exclaimed right then.

"Why not?" Zachary asked in return. "Lulu would have nothing to fear if her child didn't mind."

"You'd be affecting her fresh start!" Irene snapped "And Martin has proved himself to be an understanding man. Do you think Lulu would've been happy if you met some petty man?!"

Then, before Zachary could say a thing, she added, "Do you know why I was in New Kent?" "Because Lulu was giving birth." Zachary replied.

"Well, yes, but not entirely," Irene said. "If Lulu was just going into labor, I wouldn't have returned with Isaac still missing. I had to go back nonetheless because Martin took a bullet to the chest, near his heart. He was hanging by a thread, and Lulu went into premature labor because of that and delivered the baby before I arrived."

"However, I heard that she was refusing to deliver the baby and insisted that she would die if Martin did. Look, Zachary—I don't know if Lulu really loves Martin, but he's a good man and her life is fine. Please don't bother her."

Zachary turned quiet even as Irene watched him, and she continued, "It's better to just play dumb instead of demanding to know. Let her go, so that you could feel better too."

Ignorance was indeed bliss, and knowing changed nothing.

But all Zachary could think was that Irene is indirectly saying that Lulu's child was his.

He pursed his lips, and suddenly leaned forward, arching his back and holding his

head between his palms. Irene gingerly patted his back. "Love comes in different forms. Letting go is one of them."

Zachary looked at her darkly and asked, "Would you be willing to let go if Isaac fell for another woman?"

## The runaway groom (Irene and Isaac)

Chapter 936

Irene was silent for a moment before she replied, "I'll leave if he doesn't love me."

"Could you do so without tears? Without regrets?" Zachary pressed.

Irene was silent.

She had no idea, and the answer was probably not.

After all, once a person falls in love, any parting would break their heart.

"Don't worry. I hear you—I'll let her go for the sake of her happiness." Zachary pursed his lips in a smile. "Do you know why two people in love still have to part?"

"External factors," Irene replied.

It was certainly the case for Zachary and Lulu. So much had happened between them that they were driven apart.

In fact, even if Lulu turned around and accepted him again, things might not return to the way they had been for them. A relationship is a fragile object. Once shattered, it would never be the way it was, no matter what is done.

"Did you watch Garfield?" Zachary suddenly asked.

Irene shook her head—she did not have the luxury of watching cartoons as a child.

As such, Zachary told her, "So there's this episode where Garfield got lost and was sold to a pet shop. He was naturally in pain and worried that Jon would get depressed from missing him... that is, until one morning when Jon entered the same pet shop and found Garfield. He bought the fat cat again and was reunited."

"At the end of the episode, Garfield was watching the setting sun as he mused to himself that he'd never ask John why he entered that pet shop. Jon, in turn, never told Garfield that he had just a sliver of hope as he visited the last pet shop in town."

Both of them turned silent, leaving the car in quietness.

At the same time, Stan was occasionally glancing at the both of them from the rearview mirror.

Even if there were occasions when James taunted him for being single, he could already see, as a bystander, just how painful a relationship could get.

That was why he believed that being single was much better.

Why fall in love when friendship and a career were just as good?

Soon, they arrived at the first stop and checked in at a hotel, since they had no idea how many days they would be staying.

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Isaac stopped Thomas and Marie before they were about to work at the vineyard for the day.

"Could I have a word?" he asked.

"There's nothing to say," they replied. "Just stay put. We don't want to hurt you."

Nonetheless, Isaac had been thinking for a long while since last night, but he simply could not understand why they wanted to hold him here.

"What's sealing your lips? There's no reason you would confine a stranger here for no reason," he pointed out nonetheless.

While Thomas and Marie were silent, there was wariness and murder in Thomas's eyes!

"Why'd you ask?" Thomas asked sharply. "We can save you, but we could also have you killed. I know you can tell that we are somewhere isolated, and it's just us both here. We just have to dig a hole and bury you, and no one would be the wiser."

Isaac was not intimidated. He calmly said, "If you were that horrible and wanted to do that, you would've already done it instead of saving me and waiting."

Marie tugged at Thomas's sleeve, but he was glaring straight at Isaac.

This was the first time they exchanged words, but Thomas immediately sensed how sharp and smart

Isaac was. And though Isaac could not see his face, he was basically sure that Thomas was not a bad person.

"I know you're not bad people, and I can tell you assuredly that I'm not one either," Isaac said. "It's just that my plane went down. That's why I'm here."

Isaac never sensed anyone aside from Thomas and Marie, since he heard no other sounds aside from them. And he decided then that this was no village!

"What are you worried about?" Isaac continued. He then mentioned what he had been thinking for a while. "Is there perhaps something here that must never be seen, and you're afraid that I'll expose you?"

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Chapter 937

Marie quickly asked, "What did you see?"

Thomas promptly barked at her to stop!

"This is a vineyard, that's all! What would he have seen? Just bunches of ripe grapes!" However, Isaac sharply caught the point from what Marie blurted.

She was concerned about what he saw, and that meant there was something here that must never be seen.

It was likely that this vineyard was just a front, but the couple were not bad people—he would be dead if they were.

"I am grateful that you saved me," Isaac said. "If you need my help, I won't be stingy."

However, Marie did not dare to speak anymore and only gingerly tugged at Thomas' sleeve, as if tacitly telling him that they could take a chance on Isaac.

Even so, Thomas was not as trusting as she was, and he was considerably more prudent.

He shot her look that told her to be as much, and he picked up his basket. "Come with me."

He was not worried about Isaac escaping—one being that this place was too isolated and difficult to leave, the other being Isaac's blindness.

Anyone with a normal pair of eyes would never find their way out, let alone a blind

man! Isaac then said, "You can check out the recent news."

Both Thomas and Marie turned to look at him for a moment, but Thomas said nothing as he strode out with Marie in tow.

She would return in the afternoon to cook dinner—Isaac had been eating the food she cooked ever since he became certain that they were not bad people.

As usual, she brought food for Thomas at the vineyard and spotted him sitting under the vines, stuffing his mouth with some ripe grapes as he stared at his phone.

It was only ever used to contact their 'employers', and Marie's heart would always be pounding whenever she saw Thomas take a call.

She was standing nearby when Thomas noticed her and beckoned at her.

She walked over to him, standing but not putting down lunch just yet—she was concerned that it would be bad news.

Nonetheless, Thomas pulled her wrist so that she sat beside him, and he showed her his phone.

He had actually listened to Isaac and started searching for news about plane

crashes. It turned out that there had been one, and it was in Dunesian airspace too.

He told her, "The Zidonian just might not be

lying." "Should we help him, then?" Marie asked.

Thomas shook his head—he would not believe anyone so easily, which was why he wanted to discuss it with Marie.

"I thought..." Marie began, but she paused since it was not something spoken of lightly.

Handing Thomas his lunch, she said, "Here, eat up."

Thomas took the food she brought, keeping his thoughts to himself.

He had been spending less time tending to the vineyard over the last few days, and he often sat out there, checking his phone.

He needed more information on Isaac, because he could not blindly believe someone and help him.

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Irene spent a few days at the first stop but did not find any

clues. Zachary pointed out, "We shouldn't linger for too long."

However, Irene shook her head because she was worried about missing some minute detail.

At her request, they stayed another day and prepared to leave the next day.

She was starting to have digestive issues and was worn out

spiritually. Zachary told her, "You're just overstressed."

And that would hurt her body and mind.

Irene took a sip of water—she knew that, since she had been constantly on edge since Isaac went missing.

Bzzt—

Her phone suddenly started to ring.

She answered it to the sound of a deep voice. "Irene."

## The runaway groom (Irene and Isaac)

Chapter 938

The clear, familiar voice left Irene's face falling.

She felt delight, excitement, and an indescribable urgency all at once. "Isaac?!" Still, her

voice soon became careful, "Isaac, is that you?"

"Yeah," he replied. "I'm fine over here."

Irene felt as if she was drained right then, and she had to lean limply against the wall beside her as she smiled with tears in her eyes.

Still, working hard to keep herself calm, she asked, "Where are you? I'll come to you right now." Beside her,

Zachary and Stan had leaned closer to listen to the conversation.

Isaac paused for a moment before saying, "I'm a little busy here. I just called so that you won't worry." Irene

frowned, but Isaac hung up before she could say anything else.

Irene became flustered and quickly dialed the number!

The call got through, but it was hung up from the other end.

She was going to try again when Zachary caught her wrist. "Don't." "Why?" Irene

asked.

"It's obvious Isaac is constrained at the moment," he said, breaking it down for her. "If he's free, he would directly tell us where he is instead of telling you not to worry. The point of calling you was mainly to tell you that he's fine."

Staring at Zachary blankly for a moment, Irene then nervously tugged on her own sleeve, her veins bulging over the back of her hand. "Does that mean... He's in danger?"

"Isaac is smart," Zachary assured her. "He might come up with a plan to escape." Irene,

however, was still worried. "Can't we trace the call?"

"We can only do that while the call is still connected," Zachary told her. "This is good news, and I'm sure he'll call again." Irene

remained flustered. "What, so are we going to just do nothing, and wait?"

Zachary nodded. "Right now, we must refrain from troubling him further." Clapping

Irene on the shoulder, he said, "Just calm down for now."

Irene bit her lip in silence.

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Thomas had come to trust Isaac, which was why he allowed Isaac to call Irene.

However, he was still worried that Isaac would say too much since they must never reveal their location. As such, he took back his phone before Isaac could finish.

Fortunately, Isaac was in no hurry, and he could also tell how wary Thomas was.

Knowing that, he must not push Thomas too far—his first step was to build a connection of trust with Thomas.

And since it was obvious now that Thomas was willing to trust him, he already achieved the best outcome possible. "I'll get you out of here tomorrow," Thomas told Isaac then.

Even if he decided to trust Isaac, he could not let Isaac find out the location of their vineyard. Luckily, Isaac could not see, and that relieved Thomas.

"Yeah," Isaac replied. "Thank you."

Thomas said nothing, let alone asked for Isaac's help.

In fact, he and Isaac understood each other tacitly, and Isaac could tell that he was under duress but would not say it, which was why Isaac did not ask.

However, when Thomas was prepared to send Isaac away the next day, his 'employers' arrived.

They would occasionally come to check on things, but they usually stopped just to take what they wanted. Once that was done, they would let Thomas have a phone call with his son to ensure that his son was still fine. Thomas hid Isaac in the cellar to make sure he was safe and told him to stay very quiet.

Isaac was cooperative, since he could not do anything in his state. The cellar was dank and stank of mud.

It was already covered, but he also picked up other scents that seemed to sting his nostrils and he had no idea what they were. And since it was a cellar, it was very quiet.

It was after a long while before Thomas and Marie finally took him out of the cellar. "Let's get you out of here," Thomas said.

Isaac would be killed if they found him hidden here, and Thomas himself would not fare better—not to mention that they still had his son.

Naturally, Isaac wanted to leave as soon as he could!

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Chapter 939

However, Isaac stayed calm and composed so that he did not appear to be in a hurry to leave, even if he felt that way inside. "You can ask me for anything," he told Thomas, knowing that Thomas still had his doubts about him.

There was a flash in Thomas's eyes even as he looked at Isaac, but he still refrained from asking Isaac to save his son Michael. This was very serious, and Thomas was concerned that Isaac would fail. If they were exposed, his family would be hurt instead. That was why he did not want to take the risk.

He was helping Isaac escape because he felt that Isaac was not a bad person, and that alone. "I would rather you forget everything here," the man said.

That would be far better for either of them. Isaac stayed silent.

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The terrain around the vineyard was bad, and trying to leave would take at least a couple days, though driving would be much quicker.

Thomas had Marie prepare him some food and water.

Once that was done, Marie handed him the backpack containing everything. "Be careful on the road." Thomas kissed her on the forehead. "I'll be right back."

He was worried Marie would become worried if she were here alone.

Thomas was tall, his eyes a striking blue, his hair graying, and his face covered in stubble, and he must have been very good- looking when he was younger.

On the other hand, Marie was plump and fair, and while she was not that beautiful, her kind demeanor made her appear affable to others.

Thomas had also fashioned a walking stick for Isaac so that he could feel ahead before he walked. He had a shorter one himself, which he would hold onto while Isaac held on the other hand.

As Thomas slung his backpack over his shoulders, Marie brought a pair of Thomas's shoes that she had just washed. "Here. Put these on!"

The ones Isaac was wearing were not fit for hiking. However,

Isaac did not move since he could not see. Realizing with a start,

Marie laughed.

"Oh, silly me. Here, let me help you," she said, putting the shoes in front of Isaac. "There. They're right in front of you." Isaac arched his back and reached out, feeling the shoes immediately.

He did not show contempt when he felt the crude texture, and he was instead grateful toward Marie's kindness. Putting them on, he said, "Thank you."

Marie waved him off. "It's alright. You should hurry or it'd be difficult to move when it gets dark." Isaac

frowned a little—he could not see even if it was daytime, and his vision was completely dark. As such, there was no difference between night and day for him.

Marie realized she misspoke too, and she appeared chagrined. Thomas told her just then, "We're going now."

"Be careful," Marie told him.

Thomas nodded. "Yeah."

There were only small paths through the mountain, and as one hiked through it, they would brush against undergrowth and vines of all

sizes.

Even with trousers, one would get cuts and bruises on the ankles, legs, and thighs, since there were thorny plants or plants with seeds that latched onto the fabric.

Thomas was quiet as he walked ahead, leading Isaac through the forest. Isaac was in turn focused and listening to everything around him.

Because he could not see, he could only use his hearing to perceive everything around him.

And suddenly, he heard the cry of an engine from the distance, a hum distinct from the breeze and birdsong. He asked, "Can you drive a car through these mountains?"

"Yes," Thomas replied—his 'employers' would drive on a hidden path when they came, and it was basically invisible under the cover of grass.

It would not have been seen if not for the tire tracks. Isaac then asked, "They just left, didn't they?"

Thomas turned to stare at him in silence and said, "Don't ask. Knowing too much won't do you any good." "I just wanted to tell you that they might be nearby," Isaac said.

## The runaway groom (Irene and Isaac)

Chapter 940

Thomas became wary immediately. "Really?"

"Yeah," Isaac replied assuredly. "How does it benefit me if I lie to you?"

Isaac could tell that Thomas was scared of those people and that they were no angels.

That was why he warned Thomas, so that Thomas would be more careful.

Moreover, he understood that he would be in worse danger if they were found.

Thomas stayed silent and listened, but he could not hear anything aside from the breeze, the rustling trees, and the occasional bird's cry.

However, it was said that those who could not see would hear better, and Thomas believed Isaac.

"Should we stop?" he suggested, thinking those men would probably drive away soon.

It was why he had picked this moment to leave with Isaac—his employers would not be coming back after they had just left, making right now the safest window of opportunity.

"Sure," Isaac said.

However, there were only tall weeds everywhere, and they did not have a place to sit.

"There's a river up ahead," Thomas said. "We can rest there for a while."

Isaac nodded, and they moved to the river easily.

However, the instant they sat down, two men showed up, and Thomas panicked when he saw them.

"So, you really were hiding someone?" One of the thugs glared savagely at Thomas.

No matter the country, thugs really were ugly—probably a result of their crimes.

They were simply upsetting to look at, and this thug was certainly hideous.

The other thug snorted. "I knew it. There was a reason this showed up at the vineyard!"

He took out a cufflink which Isaac had on his sleeve, but neither Marie nor Thomas noticed that it detached from Isaac's shirt the day they saved him.

But this thug had noticed, and he was pursing his lips in a smug smile.

"This looks expensive," he said, and he looked past Thomas to study Isaac, smacking his lips. "A Zidonian, huh?"

Isaac narrowed his eyes and clenched his fingers over his walking stick.

He knew very well that these two thugs would attack in an instant.

He was at a disadvantage with his blindness, and now was not the time for wisecracks.

"Anyway, you broke our rules, Thomas. And that means you die."

The two thugs started to stride toward them, and Thomas was backing away while explaining, "Look, it's a misunderstanding. He's blind, see? He saw nothing, and he won't expose your secret—"

"Whatever!"

They were carrying baseball bats, and one of them darted toward Thomas while the other started toward Isaac.

Isaac could see a silhouette approaching but could not pinpoint how he would attack.

But at the very last moment...

Bang!

The thug who was about to attack Isaac froze and turned toward his partner to see that he was bleeding from a gunshot wound on his chest before dropping dead on the ground.

What?!

Left in such shock that Thomas had a gun, he did not attack Isaac but instead quickly reasoned, "Let's talk about this! Don't forget, we have your son!"

However, Thomas knew that his son would be killed if he allowed these two to return, and he did not hesitate to kill the other thug.

Bang!

The other thug stared in disbelief at his chest, which was pierced by a bullet too.

Even so, he threatened, "Your son won't live if you kill me..."

Thomas could not care less. He quickly pulled Isaac along to somewhere quiet surrounded by tall grass.

It was the perfect hiding place—they were completely out of sight once they dropped to a crouch.

Thomas quickly passed Isaac his phone, having kept it on silent mode to avoid drawing attention when it rang.