

The runaway groom (Irene and Isaac)

Chapter 941

Thomas could not care less if Isaac could actually help him just then, and he told Isaac everything.

"They have my son Michael," Thomas explained. "My wife and I were forced to work for them, and they'll find the bodies soon. I need to go back and save my wife, so you contact your family and ask them to save you."

Thomas was quite sharp too—worried that Isaac could not see and tap on the right numbers, he redialed the number Isaac called the last time.

"Be safe," he said and left with the gun.

As soon as he was gone, Irene was calling out urgently from the other end, "Isaac? Isaac?"

Isaac raised the phone to his ear and spoke with composure, "Calm down and listen to me, Irene. Ask James to track the location of this phone before coming. Don't come alone—things might get dangerous around here, so be very prepared."

"There's no need to worry, though. I'm fine," he added to assure Irene.

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Irene grabbed Stan, who was sitting right next to her, and relayed Isaac's

message. "Hurry!" she urged.

Stan promptly turned on the tracking equipment they had in the car, which they had brought to

find Isaac. Irene's fingers were clenching on her phone as she asked with a worried, quivering

voice, "Are you alright?" "Yeah," Isaac replied very quietly.

Just then the receiver cracked with static from

the wind. Irene asked, "Are you outside?"

"Yeah," Isaac said.

Beside Irene, Stan was frowning—Isaac's signal was too weak and the data was coming in very

slowly. Irene kept staring at the screen while continuing to speak with Isaac, "Stan is tracking

you right now."

On the other end, Isaac could not see, and he had no idea how much battery Thomas's cell phone had left. Irene would not be able to reach him if it ran out of juice.

Even so, he calmly replied, "Yeah."

Zachary, who was driving, "Still can't get a fix

yet?!" "Soon!" Stan exclaimed.

Earlier, they were heading to the next search point, but since they still had no idea where Isaac was, he did not know if they should keep driving or stop.

Meanwhile, Thomas's cell phone was beeping, indicating that it was running out

of battery. Irene was sweating from anxiety because she heard the beeping

too.

Even if Isaac did not say it, she knew that things were bad.

Just keeping the call connected like this would deplete the cell phone's battery!

The beeping could be heard again after around ten minutes, and Irene could not help snapping, "Still not yet?"

Before Stan could speak, Isaac said, "Calm down. I think it's just because the signal is bad from my end."

He knew that he was deep within the mountains with barely any cell signal—the tracker was not slow because of Stan's ability.

However, Irene was not complaining—she was simply worried after hearing the beeping, that Isaac's phone would run out of juice.

What if they failed to find him?!

Stan was sweating all over his brow, and his throat was dry.

Fortunately, Isaac was keeping it together and not getting flustered despite the

danger. "Alright, done! It isn't far from here!" Stan cried suddenly.

Irene sighed heavily in relief, but the call ended before she could speak—Isaac's phone had run out of

battery. Stan showed Zachary the location then and said, "Turn, turn! This is where we have to go!"

Zachary glanced at it and said, "We can only turn after a few miles up

ahead." "Fine, fine, just hurry!" Stan urged, and he quickly called James

for backup!

The runaway groom (Irene and Isaac)

Chapter 942

Once James answered, Stan told him everything and said, "We're heading there right now, but it might be dangerous, so bring more people if you can. I'm giving you the location now—hurry!"

"Got it," James replied.

Once he hung up, Stan started to search the web for details about that location, but it turned out to be an isolated location without anyone around.

"Could Mr. Jefferson be captured by bandits?" he mused.

Zachary rolled his eyes. "What year is it? Also, Dunesia is a safe country. There won't be any bandits."

"Why don't you take a look?" Stan scoffed. "Mr. Jefferson was calling from up in the mountains, and the phone wasn't his either. Who do you think those people would be? Savages?"

Zachary ignored him, realizing just then why Isaac kept James around while leaving Stan in Franconia for some time. The

man's head was empty!

Stan had no idea what Zachary was thinking, and he actually clapped Zachary on the shoulder, saying, "Why are you being quiet?"

Zachary kept his eyes fixed ahead. "I have nothing to tell you." "Aren't

you curious?" Stan asked.

"Not really," Zachary replied.

They would find out everything once they rescued Isaac. What good was speculation?

Stan pouted. "You're no fun. I'm just trying to kill time. The mood is somber if we don't talk, y'know?"

As he spoke, he glanced behind at Irene, who had worry written all over her face as she stared out the window, her knuckles clenching and her palms sweating!

Stan sighed and urged Zachary, "Drive fast now."

"I am," Zachary replied, shooting him a look—he was driving a car, not a plane! They were certainly not flying! Stan

huffed. "What, do you think you're the only one in a hurry?"

"Stop being annoying," Zachary growled. Stan

shot back, "Look who's talking."

Through it all, their car was streaking along the flat road at top speed, and it felt slow no matter how Zachary floored the pedal.

Everyone inside could not wait to reach Isaac right then!

However, they soon ran out of gas and had to make a stop to refuel before returning on Isaac's trail.

It was Zachary's turn to snap at Stan just then. "You said it's close! We're nowhere near even after we used up a full tank!" "It's the car!" Stan retorted coolly. "It's a gas guzzler—it really isn't that far away!"

Zachary asked, "Then why would you pick this car?"

"Because it's fast," Stan answered.

Zachary rolled his eyes and actually cursed, "Sh*t!" Stan

was speechless. "Watch your language."

Zachary did not respond and simply jammed his foot on the gas pedal, pushing the car to 110 miles per hour! Stan

actually felt his own body lurch backward from the violent inertia!

Glancing at the speedometer, he told Zachary, "See? That's why this car drinks so much fuel. It doesn't feel that fast even at that speed, see?"

"Shut up," Zachary growled. "Don't bother me while I'm driving."

Stan quickly turned silent, since it was really dangerous given how fast Zachary was driving. And

he needed to be completely focused!

Fortunately, the area was isolated and there were not many cars around.

Both sides of the road were mountainous, and it was over two hours when they arrived at their destination.

However, there were no roads around, but it would also take too much time to drive.

Zachary and Stan discussed it for a while before deciding to drive. The

jeep they were driving was durable enough anyway!

Still, it was a hard trek, and since Zachary had been driving for a while, Stan took the wheel to let him have a break. Nonetheless,

they were all feeling thrilled as they continued toward the destination, when...

Bang!

Bang!

The sudden crack of gunshots resounded!

There was no telling if it was the mountains' echo or if it was actually close, but it sounded like the latter!

The runaway groom (Irene and Isaac)

Chapter 943

"Sh*t!" Stan cursed. "Let's get out of the car!"

Their jeep was too conspicuous here, and they might be in trouble if they were

noticed. As such, they alighted, and they quietly and slowly moved onward through

the bushes. They did not make a sound in fear that there were others nearby.

Irene grabbed Zachary's arm and asked softly, "The gunshots sounded very close. Do you think Isaac's

alright?" Zachary patted the back of her hand. "Don't worry—we're already here. We'll be able to find him soon."

Even so, Irene could not help worrying and had to repress her unease.

However, the mountains were quiet after those gunshots, and it felt like there was no one else there at all.

Stan got up and checked their surroundings, but there were only trees and more trees, with no one to be

found. If they crouched, they would never be seen under the tall grass.

Finding anyone here would be too difficult, and this was hardly the best way.

"I'll go alone, while you two maintain a distance from me," Stan suggested. "I'll call out to Mr. Jefferson, so that if there are people, they'll find me and not you."

"No, I'll do it," Zachary said. "You stick with Irene."

"It's fine. We need to find Mr. Jefferson, don't argue right now."

"Alright, just be careful."

Stan actually was being reliable at a dangerous moment like this, so Zachary clapped him on the shoulder before leading Irene away.

Irene gave Stan a pat too and said, "Here. Take this."

Stan lowered his eyes to find her handing him a scalpel—she must have carried it around for self-defense.

"Wait, if you give me yours, what about you?" Stan pointed out.

"I have more," Irene replied.

With that, Stan took it and dropped to a crouch to hide within the bushes. "I'm going now."

Once he was far enough away from Zachary from the others, he stood up and looked around, ensuring that there was no one around before yelling.

But before he could do so, Irene yelled in surprise!

"What's going on?!" Stan quickly shouted.

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Someone had suddenly restrained Irene while she stayed behind with Zachary, and Zachary could clearly see the person.

"Isaac!" he exclaimed in delight.

Isaac frowned. "Zachary?"

He had heard movements around the bushes, but he could not see, and he therefore could not tell who they were.

As such, he stayed quiet, and when the opportunity came, he moved without hesitation, restraining the person closest to him.

"Isaac?!" Irene turned around too, and he really was standing behind her!

She threw her arms firmly around him. "Is it really you? I was so worried!"

She was exploding with the delight of regaining what she lost before she started to check Isaac from head to toe. "Were you hurt? We heard the gunshots."

Isaac knew that the gunshots must have been Thomas—the thugs must have returned to the vineyard when their buddies went missing.

Still, he stayed calm and told her, "I'm fine, but it's not safe here. Did you bring backup?"

"No," Zachary replied. "We were on the way to you when we got your call. We headed here immediately, while James will bring his people later."

Isaac became silent.

Irene was watching him and asked, "What's

wrong?" He shook his head. "It's nothing."

He was actually worried about Thomas and Marie's safety, but he must not risk their safety blindly.

They would have to wait until James arrived.

He told Zachary, "Take Irene and go."

Irene refused and kept a vice-like grip on Isaac's hand. "Where should I go? You're coming with me if I have to!"

The runaway groom (Irene and Isaac)

Chapter 944

As Isaac blinked, Irene noticed the scarring on his face from his fall, which had since recovered.

She gently touched his face and eyelids, murmuring, "It was so difficult for us to find you. How could I leave you?" Isaac held her wrist and said quietly, "There's this couple who saved me. I can't leave them."

"We'll come with you," Irene said—from her perspective, a savior of Isaac's was her savior too.

"Why don't we leave together and strategize instead?" Zachary then suggested. "We don't know who our enemies are, and going in recklessly would make us passive."

Isaac thought about it, but Zachary was definitely making sense.

Moreover, he was blind, while James had yet to arrive.

This was not the time to go back to the vineyard!

"Yeah," he said. "Let's go somewhere safe and decide how we can help them."

They returned to the jeep which was parked nearby, and while Irene had her arms around Isaac's, she noticed that Isaac was being hesitant as he walked, even shambling.

And as she looked at him, puzzled, she realized that he was not looking at

him. He was scowling and quietly said, "I'm fine."

Irene had definitely been too excited to notice anything wrong with him, but now she

did. His eyes were not even on where he was going but darting everywhere without a

focus. She had a bad feeling about that, and her heart clenched.

She tentatively raised her hand in front of his eyes and waved, but he did not react at all and his eyes never

moved. Zachary froze.

"Isaac—"

He was about to speak, but Irene shook her head at him, telling him to stop.

Isaac must be in a delicate state at the moment even if he did not show it, and he had always been good at pretending. Still, Irene slowed down and discreetly watched out for him.

Isaac, however, can sense her reaction changing.

But since she did not mention it, he did not say anything.

They all soon returned and got into the jeep, but they were noticed just as they were about to drive off.

Bang!

A shot hit the jeep, which was not bulletproof but sturdy enough compared to the average sedan.

Stan promptly floored the gas pedal and turned the jeep around on the bumpy road while the tires spun above the pebbles and left the jeep shaking endlessly!

Irene kept one hand on the handle while holding tightly onto Isaac, worried that he would hit himself from the violent shaking because he could not see.

However, it would not be that difficult for him to find a balance point even if he could not see. The jeep was only that large, and he could determine the layout.

Still, he did not try to look for one and instead stayed quietly in Irene's embrace.

He smiled self-deprecatingly—to think that he had fallen that far, that he had to be protected by a woman. Should he be pleased or upset?

That being said, Stan was wise to pick a jeep. The horsepower was certainly up to task, and they easily spun around despite the bumpy path and thundered forward!

Nonetheless, it was still very jerky inside the jeep, and the people chasing after them were still firing at them.

As the rear windshield shattered, Isaac grabbed Irene and dropped beneath their seats, while Stan held on to the wheel and jammed his foot further down the gas pedal!

Fortunately, the pursuers did not bring their car, and they gave up soon after they realized they could not catch up. And around half an hour later, the jeep finally reached an even road and the ride smoothed out.

Stan asked while he drove, "Where to?"

"It's too isolated here," Zachary said. "Let's just go somewhere with people for now."

As he spoke, he glanced at the nearest locations on the map and decided on a small town. "Here.

Vos." In the backseat, Irene suddenly asked Isaac, "Are you hurt?"

She just noticed that he was bleeding from the neck!

The runaway groom (Irene and Isaac)

Chapter 945

Irene panicked.

Fearing that Isaac was shot, she checked the back of his neck.

Frowning slightly, he said, "I'm fine."

Irene also noticed where he was bleeding from soon enough—the sharp end of a triangular glass shrapnel was digging into his flesh.

He must have been hit by the glass when the rear windshield shattered, and it hurt to look at.

As a doctor, Irene had seen all sorts of injuries and sickness, and she could handle it with composure.

However, she was not that calm when it was a person she cared about.

While her heart ached for him and was stricken by worry, Isaac quietly assured her, "It won't kill me. Don't worry."

Irene said nothing but firmly wiped away her tears—she knew very well that this was not the time to be emotional.

She took a deep breath and looked around inside the jeep.

There was nothing that could be used, but if she did not remove the shrapnel, it would hurt a

lot. It might even cut further into Isaac's flesh since they were in a jeep.

She hesitated for a moment before taking off her jacket and pulling out one of its straps—she did not have to care, because all she wanted to do was ease Isaac's pain, even if it was just a little.

"This will hurt a little," she told him quietly.

"Yeah," he replied softly.

With that, Irene pulled out the shrapnel with quick precision. Once that was done, she pressed down on the wound with her jacket.

Zachary turned to look. "Is he alright?"

"Yeah." Irene nodded, but it was quite a deep cut and her hands were quickly covered in blood.

There was no sedative or disinfectant in the car, so she had to use the most primitive method to stop the bleeding. She would only disinfect it once they obtained medication.

Isaac leaned on her just then, putting his face on her slim shoulders.

It allowed her to have a better angle to put pressure on his wound, while he could feel the warmth from her skin.

He raised his hand and felt around, feeling the bare skin of her shoulders and neck. Still, he could feel fabric beneath, on her chest and waist.

"What are you wearing?" he asked, remembering that Irene usually dressed conservatively and not something so skimpy.

Irene looked down to check. "A camisole."

Isaac said nothing, but he quickly took off his jacket and pulled it over her shoulders.

Irene leaned in to whisper into his ear, "Are you really worried about that in this situation?!"

Isaac pursed his lips and said nothing.

At the driver's seat, Stan noticed that they were running out of gas again and asked, "How much longer to Vos?"

Zachary checked the distance.

"It's still over an hour's journey," he said. "We have to stop for fuel."

Zachary looked behind—there was no one chasing them, but they must not let down their guard.

"There's a gas station around six miles ahead," Zachary said.

"Okay," Stan replied, and he accelerated the jeep.

They soon arrived, and while Stan refueled the jeep, Zachary stood to the rear to keep an eye out for anyone approaching.

Bzzt—

Zachary's phone rang—it was a call from James.

"I've arrived," James said.

"Wait, we actually got Isaac out already," Zachary said. "You have to be careful—those people have guns. Hold on, I'll pass the phone to Isaac."

Isaac mentioned a couple who saved him, but Zachary was not sure about the vineyard and had no details to give. It would be easier if Isaac told James directly.

As such, he held out his phone to Isaac. "It's James. He brought his people over."

Irene glanced at the phone and took it to put it in Isaac's hand.

Zachary's expression darkened slightly, and he turned around!

The runaway groom (Irene and Isaac)

Chapter 946

Zachary did not want to see Isaac like this—Isaac had always been such a proud man, carrying such profound insight and acumen for business.

And now, Isaac could not even take Zachary's phone because he could not see.

Zachary did not dare to ask what happened to Isaac's eyes in front of Irene either, worried that he would get uncomfortable because of that.

Zachary gave Irene a look so that she got out of the car.

Hence, while Isaac was talking to James over the phone, Irene excused herself for a toilet break and alighted. Zachary pulled her aside. "Why don't you head back with Isaac first? I can arrange for a chauffeur."

Irene shook her head—she knew Isaac too well. "He's worried. He won't rest easy until James gives an update." "But his eyes... Can that really wait?" Zachary asked.

They had no idea what had caused Isaac's blindness and were worried it would get more serious the longer they waited. Even so, Irene believed they had to wait instead of rushing things along.

"I've already stopped the bleeding on his neck," she said calmly. "I'll talk to him when we reach lodgings."

Zachary considered it. "Fine."

"Let's go!" Stan called out then, having refilled the gas tank.

As they got in, Isaac was done speaking with James and said, "Zachary. Your phone." Isaac held it out, letting Zachary take it for himself.

As Zachary reached out for it, the atmosphere in the car became weird again—it was unusually awkward and suffocating in there.

Zachary looked ahead and said nothing while Irene tried to start a conversation to ease the awkwardness.

She looked up at Isaac, saying, "Did you know? I haven't had a good night's sleep ever since you went missing." It was true, and Isaac could tell as much.

"Yeah," he murmured softly.

"I was so afraid that I won't see you again," she whispered. Isaac reached out to pat her head in response.

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They drove on for a while, and soon saw people.

The sign boards also indicated that they were approaching Vos. It was a rather quiet town.

Irene then said, "Find a hospital first."

There were no hospitals, however, just a clinic.

Still, it was good enough since Isaac did not need surgery—just some simple disinfecting and bandaging. Irene stayed with Isaac at the clinic while Stan took the jeep for repairs since the rear windshield was broken. Zachary stood outside the clinic, keeping an eye out for suspicious characters while looking for lodgings.

Fortunately, there was a motel in Vos.

After Isaac had his neck wound cleaned and bandaged, Zachary helped him walk out. "Our motel is just a couple blocks down," Zachary said. "You and Isaac need a break." "Okay," Irene nodded.

Soon, they reached their rooms, and both Isaac and Irene entered to find that it was very clean despite the modest size.

They had a bathtub with warm water as well.

Irene texted Zachary just then. [Check if there are any stores selling male clothing nearby.] Then, turning toward Isaac, she said, "Let's get you a bath!"

He sat on the edge of the bed and was not moving much. "Am I that dirty?" he asked.

"No," Irene replied, leaning close to his lips. Isaac smiled. "You wouldn't mind if I'm blind too?"

Irene's nose turned watery right then, as a gush of wetness rushed up her nostrils without warning. At the same time, her eyes became heated and swollen!

Even so, she gently kissed him on the lips. "I'll make you better," she said. "Once we get home, I'll get you the best optometrist." "Sure," Isaac replied.

"You should be happy," Irene teased him. "I wouldn't help you bathe if you were fine."

Isaac did not say a thing, but as she undid his belt, he wrapped a hand around her waist, pulling her dainty form into his arms. "Did you miss me?" he asked.

The runaway groom (Irene and Isaac)

Chapter 947

Irene said solemnly, "Yes, I missed you so much."

Leaning gently over Isaac's chest, she asked. "What about you? Did you miss me?" "Every waking moment," he replied.

Irene smiled and reared her head to kiss his Adams's apple and his chest, while her soft hands slid down his abdomen to undo his belt.

Isaac stiffened, probably because she was being too flirtatious. "Irene..." His voice was deep and hoarse.

"Yeah?" Irene replied mildly.

"I can't stop myself if you keep doing this," he said. Irene smiled.

"I know."

She certainly would not want to mess around, not while he was hurt! "Let's get you bathed," she said.

However, Isaac felt uncomfortable because he felt like he was stripped naked in public, to be gawked at. "I can do this myself," he said.

Irene refused right then. "No, your neck is hurt and shouldn't get wet. Moreover, you can't see, so I have to be here to help."

Isaac could say nothing to that, and he heard the bathroom door close while the tap was turned on, with splashing immediately ensuing.

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Zachary returned to the motel after buying new clothes for Isaac. He

knocked on their door a couple times and waited outside.

It was a long while before Irene finally came to the door—she was very wet after bathing Isaac, and the bathroom was so small her cheeks were red from the stuffiness.

Zachary was left staring at her. "What were you doing?" "Bathing Isaac,"

Irene replied, taking the bag of clothes.

Zachary flashed a knowing grin then. "Quit the newlywed act and hold back a little. Isaac's hurt, you know." Irene

rolled her eyes at him—how did he jump to that conclusion?

"Shut up!" she snapped.

While Zachary was speechless, she grabbed the door handle and said, "Call us when it's time for dinner." And with

that, she shut the door in his face, leaving Zachary at a loss of words.

Was it something he said?

Whatever—he should be checking in with Stan to see if the jeep was fixed.

At the same time, Irene took out the clothes from the bag Zachary brought and saw that it was all casualwear that would fit Isaac. The style suited him too, and Zachary was attentive enough to buy complete sets.

Irene rarely saw Isaac in casual wear. Once he put them on, he seemed to lose his usual sharp businesslike demeanor and appeared more mortal.

His wet hair and simple attire actually made him appear youthful too!

If Isaac knew what Irene was thinking just then, he would be asking, "Am I that old?" What a

shame he could not read minds.

As Irene dried his hair, she asked, "Are you hungry?"

Isaac simply slid his arms around her waist, and Irene allowed herself to sit on his lap.

He murmured, "I want to stay a little longer with you."

"Yeah," she replied as she leaned against his chest, and they embraced each other fiercely in silence. After a long

while, they heard a knock on their door, interrupting their moment of silent respite.

"Let's get something to eat," Zachary said from outside the door. "Okay!" Irene

answered. "Coming!"

She pulled out of Isaac's embrace and said quietly, "Come on, let's eat." "Yeah," Isaac

said very softly.

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The restaurant they went for was quite nice, though Irene could not tell if it was Stan or Zachary who found it. As they

sat down, Zachary left to make the orders.

Stan stayed with them and said, "The jeep's rear windshield would only be repaired tomorrow. We'll be staying the night." There was a

small population in the small town, and it should be safe enough.

"Good," Irene replied.

Then, Zachary returned in a hurry and handed his phone to Isaac. "It's James. He said it's urgent." Isaac

answered and heard James's voice from the other end.

The runaway groom (Irene and Isaac)

Chapter 948

James asked, "Where are you right now?" "In a

small town called Vos," Isaac replied.

"You need to leave right away," James urged him and hung up before Isaac could say a word. Isaac

frowned and said, "We have to go."

"We haven't eaten yet," Zachary pointed out.

"No time," Isaac said, knowing that the gang were after them.

There was no other reason James would sound so urgent, and Isaac was concerned if James would be fine, especially since James hung up so suddenly.

Irene in turn told Stan right away, "Get the car." Stan

began, "But it isn't fixed..."

"It's fine. Just go," Irene urged nonetheless.

It was fine since it was just the rear windshield—the jeep could still move.

With that, Stan started running to the garage, while Irene helped Isaac to his feet as they left. Zachary

was looking around as he asked, "Who are those people? They're relentless."

All Isaac knew was that they found out about the gang's secret. It was serious enough that once it was exposed, they would lose a lot of money and be implicated for it.

That was why they were bent on silencing any witnesses!

In fact, just as Isaac and the rest stepped outside the restaurant, there was a loud bang and the bullet fired shattered the glass door!

Irene quickly pulled Isaac back inside to hide behind a table, while the other customers in the restaurant started screaming and scrambling for cover as well!

Bang! Bang!

Bang! "Argh!"

There were screams everywhere!

Zachary returned to them just then and tugged at Irene. "There's a back door."

Irene nodded, and both of them shielded Isaac while staying low, darting through the tables and the scrambling crowd to reach the back door.

Zachary did not run outside immediately but instead called Stan. "Bring the car to the back of the restaurant! It has a back door leading to the alley behind it!"

"Okay!" Stan replied, while the streets suddenly cracked with gunfire as well.

The shots were not aimed for them this time—it was a firefight, and the scene was utter pandemonium! "There are

others?!" Zachary exclaimed.

Irene shook her head, indicating her confusion. Isaac

suggested, "Could it be James?"

There was no way they would fight amongst themselves.

However, Zachary did not dare to poke his head out to look when there were two gangs with guns and bullets being fired everywhere!

One stray would be enough to kill!

Zachary whipped out his phone and tried to call James, but he could not reach James.

What should they do? They were caught in the restaurant, with both front doors and back doors blocked! Zachary was sweating buckets from his forehead, unable to come up with anything just then!

At the same time, Irene was squeezing Isaac's hand and sweating profusely from her palm. Still, the gunfire died down for a moment, only to get even more violent after!

Zachary cursed. "Those f*ckers don't care if they live!"

Beside him, Irene's expression was somber—they would have no way out if the gunfire shifted into this restaurant. They needed a way to escape!

Bzzt!

Zachary's phone started to vibrate in his pocket, and he answered it when he saw that it was Stan's number.

However, it was James who spoke from the other end. "Where are you right now?"

"At this restaurant called Aalla! We're inside without a way out!" Zachary replied.

"Stan is with me. I'll try to draw them away while Stan comes to you. You need to get out of Dunesia—this gang basically controls this area."

"Okay!" Zachary replied. He then put away his phone and turned to Irene. "We're saved. James has arrived too, and he might be fighting those gangsters, but he said that the gang has control over this area—we need to go."

The runaway groom (Irene and Isaac)

Chapter 949

"Okay."

Irene nodded—she would do her best to go with the plan.

Still, Zachary was considerably relieved to know that their allies were outside. At the very least, they might escape this yet. Rat-tat-tat-tat-tat...

They could not tell whose side one particular gunman was on, but they were shooting as if bullets cost nothing.

Still, they thought it might be the enemy since James would not have been able to gather so much firepower in an instant.

However, Zachary felt worried again at the thought of James and his men being outgunned and that James might be beaten. They would not have any way to escape!

This was the first time he was so close to a firefight, and this was supposed to be an era of peace! Still, even if there was order in Zidonia, they were now abroad!

Nonetheless, it was obvious that the gang were retreating, to the alley on the edge of the street.

And once the gang was forced there, Stan drove up to the restaurant. Zachary dashed outside to open the door, while Irene quickly followed as she helped Isaac move.

Once they were all in the car, Stan promptly floored the gas pedal!

One good point of a vehicle with high horsepower was definitely its rapid acceleration!

However, just as the jeep sped out, the commotion drew the enemy's attention, and they could see inside because the rear windshield had not been fixed!

They all started running towards it and barraging it with bullets, while James did not have enough firepower to stop them! And within the car, Irene could see a foreigner's savage face as he leveled his gun at them.

Frowning, she lunged at Isaac and pulled him down the next instant!

Vroom!

Stan floored the gas pedal again while James kept trying to divert the enemy's attention from behind. It was dangerous, but they managed to get away.

Still, Zachary's expression was somber. "Is James going to be alright?" That gang had packed enough firepower for war!

"He'll come up with something and slip away," Stan replied as he drove.

Zachary nodded, but he still felt gloomy.

Those people were not playing around, and this was clearly not over yet!

That much was obvious as the gang charged at them with everything they got, as if they would not rest until everyone in this car was dead!

"Irene."

Isaac called out just then, since Irene had been very silent.

"I'm here," she replied, though her brow was deeply furrowed and there were droplets of sweat over her forehead.

Isaac narrowed his eyes—he sensed the hoarseness in her tone despite her best attempts at disguising it. "Are you hurt?"

"No," she replied, quickly denying it.

However, Zachary overheard their conversation and turned.

He saw Irene's face turning pale, clearly having been wounded.

He was going to speak when Irene shook her head at him—she did not want Isaac to worry. The bullet had only hit her on the shoulder and was not lethal.

However, it hurt a lot and she was bleeding profusely.

Zachary pursed his lips worriedly while urging Stan, "Drive faster."

"I am!" Stan exclaimed, not to mention that there was more than one car on the road. They have to consider safety along with speed!

In the backseat, Irene was squeezing Isaac's hand and leaning on his chest.

Isaac frowned as he brushed his fingers through her hair and felt wetness all over her forehead. He did not ask any other questions because he knew the answer inside.

He gulped and squeezed her hand in turn. "You'll be alright, Irene. Okay?"

"Yeah," Irene said, smiling at him and burying her face in his chest, murmuring frailly, "Tommy and our baby are waiting for us to get

home!"

She told herself to survive in her heart too, but her eyelids felt so heavy! She

must be feeling dizzy from losing too much blood!

The runaway groom (Irene and Isaac)

Chapter 950

Irene was starting to see double and her vision was starting to blur over all.

She muttered, "I'm so sleepy, Isaac..."

Isaac leaned down to kiss her cheek. "Nope. Don't sleep."

"Yeah," she said ever so softly.

"Find the nearest hospital, Zachary!" Isaac barked right then.

Zachary searched the map, but there were none nearby, and he said, "I'll take a look at her!"

He was a doctor too—he could at least help her with first aid.

With that, Stan stopped the car by the road, while Zachary alighted and jumped in the backseat.

Once he was in, Stan continued driving while Zachary checked on Irene's injury.

The bullet that hit her on the shoulder was embedded deeply, and she was still bleeding endlessly.

He took off his clothes and held it down with his teeth to tear a chunk out, and then tore off the sleeve as well.

He then raised Irene's arm and fashioned the sleeve into a tourniquet, tying it from her underarm up to her shoulder, just an inch away from the bullet wound. He then tore out another chunk of fabric and tied it over her arm.

It would stop her bleeding.

Irene then brought out the scalpel she carried around for self-defense and held it out at Zachary.

Zachary understood her intention but refused. "You've bled too much—the bullet might have hit an artery. Taking it now might cause massive hemorrhage, and we have nothing else to use in the car to stop it. The bleeding is stopping a little too, so just hold on for now."

"Okay," she murmured feebly, her lips sickly pale as she worked hard to summon her strength.

However, her eyelids were failing her and kept drooping!

"Isaac," she called out softly. "I'm cold. Hold me."

Isaac put his arms firmly around her right then, and her body felt so tender he might crush her if he was a little too strong!

"Just hold on," Zachary said, but Irene did not respond this time.

She did not even have the strength to talk now!

Zachary was certainly anxious, but it was not until an hour later that Stan got off the highway, entered a city, and started to look for a hospital.

"A pharmacy would do!" Zachary told Stan.

Zachary had a scalpel, so he could get the bullet out for Irene, and he did not do it yet because she would need medicine too.

"Got it," Stan said.

Zachary also whipped out his phone to scan through the maps for hospitals or pharmacies, but there were none in the fringes of the city. Clinics would not be marked on the map either, so they had to make do with a pharmacy.

Finding one, he showed Stan his phone. "There, a pharmacy."

Stan glanced at it and nodded, while Zachary told Irene softly, "Just a little longer, Irene. We're reaching a pharmacy soon."

Irene could only bat her eyelids in response.

"Yeah," she murmured very softly.

The road to the pharmacy was broad, though there was considerably more traffic.

However, that also meant they were much safer.

After quite a while, they arrived at the pharmacy and stopped outside.

Zachary got out and went in to buy all the medicine needed before returning to help Irene extract the bullet!

"Stop the car," he told Stan—with the car still moving, he might miss his mark when he used the scalpel.

That would wound Irene further while impeding his effort to extract the bullet.

"Okay. Don't worry, just do what you must," Stan told Zachary as he turned off the engine while keeping an eye out for danger!

Zachary held out a packet of pills at Irene just then. "Sorry. They only have Vicodin."

It was a painkiller, and it was far less effective than anesthetics, which completely dulled the senses.

"Just bear with it for now," he said, stuffing the pill into Irene's mouth.

Irene swallowed, and murmured, "Yeah."

Zachary then disinfected the bullet wound first, cleaning the blood and clot around the wound. Then, he found the precise spot of entry and thrust the scalpel inside.

Snikt!

There was a hair-raising sound as the blade cut into Irene's flesh.

She felt a sharp pain right then that seemed to strike her very core, causing her fingers to clench!