

The runaway groom (Irene and Isaac)

Chapter 951

Irene grunted dully in pain, her fingernails almost digging into Isaac's arm

right then! "Umph!"

Isaac knew that she was hurting a lot, but words of comfort seemed to be pointless

just then. Even as he caressed Irene's cheek, he told Zachary, "Hurry."

Zachary was certainly working as fast as he could and was in full concentration as he tried to extract the

bullet. Fortunately, he could see the entire bullet clearly without any equipment and easily took it out!

However, Irene's started to bleed even more freely after he did, and he promptly pressed hemostatic powder over her

wound. Irene was almost passing out, and she was sweating so much it was as if she had just taken a shower!

Zachary then poked his head out to yell at Stan,

"Let's go!" Stan got in and asked, "Is it done? Did

you take the bullet out?"

"Yeah," Zachary replied, while Stan started to car and they resumed their journey.

They were not far from Franconia—a little more road past this town, and they would reach the Dunesian border.

"Rest for now," Zachary told Irene, but she was lying limply in Isaac's arms, no longer having the strength or spirit to

respond. "Sleep," Isaac told her then, and she snuggled against his chest, her eyes closed and her lips pale as a

sheet.

There was no telling how long had passed when they finally crossed the Dunesian border and arrived at Franconia.

They were much safer now—whoever that gang was, they would not dare to shoot at them out in the open at

Franconia! Still, they were not relaxing just yet, nor did they return to the castle.

If the gang easily found them in Vos before, they might still be tracking them even now.

As such, they changed vehicles and took a detour, ensuring that they were not being followed before finally heading back to the castle.

While everyone alighted, Zachary walked up to Isaac and said, "I'll carry her."

"No," Isaac growled, and he stubbornly scooped Irene up in his arms while Zachary led the way.

Still, Zachary could not help arguing, "How could you be so petty? You're hurt and you can't see, while I'm just trying to help. I'm not getting any funny ideas with Irene either."

"She's still mine, and I have hands," Isaac retorted. "I'm only blind, not crippled."

Zachary realized he might have misspoken just then and apologized. "Sorry. I didn't

mean it." Isaac took no offense and said, "Get a doctor."

Zachary gave Stan a look, and Stan quickly caught his cue. "I'll go

right now." He turned and strode outside, while the others headed

inside the castle.

Sheryl was keeping a constant eye on Irene's baby since he was starting to walk and would fall if he lost a little balance. She needed to be around to catch him immediately.

Seeing Isaac entering just then, she picked up the baby and greeted Isaac,

"Welcome home." "Yeah," Isaac murmured.

Zachary then said, "Irene is injured. Let them rest."

"Okay. Run along now," Sheryl quickly said without asking what was wrong. "Do you need

my help?" "Just keep watching the baby," Zachary replied. "Stan is off to get a doctor already."

Sheryl nodded. "I'll keep both eyes on the children. Don't worry."

"Sir?" Pierre arrived just then.

"Cook us something," Zachary told him—they had been too busy

running to eat. "Of course," Pierre replied and promptly told the kitchen

to get to work.

Meanwhile, Zachary led Isaac back to his bedroom while he was still

carrying Irene. After Isaac lay Irene on the bed, Zachary said, "I'll call

James."

They had no idea if James had managed to get away safely,

after all. Isaac nodded but said, "Do it outside."

Zachary glanced at Irene, realizing that he had been a little considerate since he might wake Irene.

Zachary stepped outside, closing the door behind him and walking some distance before

calling James. His call was answered soon enough!

"Are you alright, James?" Zachary quickly asked.

"James, you say? So his name is James, I see... I'm afraid he's in our hands right now. You're a friend of his, aren't you? Do you want to save him?"

Zachary's face fell

right then! Who did

that voice belong

to?!

The runaway groom (Irene and Isaac)

Chapter 952

Before Zachary could react, the man continued pompously on the other end, "Not coming, are you? Just give us an address, and we'll send you one of his legs. How about that?"

"Lay a finger on him, and I'll cut you into pieces!" Zachary bellowed.

"Oh, really?" The man laughed smugly. "Why do I doubt that? Come to us if you dare—I'll

wait." Zachary was at once stumped!

He quickly hung up and set his phone to airplane mode in fear that the gang would trace his signal here.

It was obvious that those gang members were serial criminals, and that meant they were capable of anything! And now, they had James!

He paced around anxiously.

What should they do? How were they going to save James?

Still, she soon remembered that Isaac was the smartest among them, and they would need him to make the call. However...

Zachary glanced at his bedroom then.

Irene was shot, and although he got the bullet out, she needed time to recover. Isaac was blind.

And Stan left to get a doctor and was not back yet.

Moreover, after searching for Isaac for days, they did not really get any real meals. But James's situation could not wait!

In the end, he walked up and knocked on Isaac's bedroom door. He heard movement inside, and the door was soon opened.

Isaac was standing at the doorway and holding out a hand.

Zachary quickly understood and offered Isaac his arm, while Isaac said flatly, "Let's get to the study." Zachary nodded, but on the way there, he could not stop himself from saying, "James is in trouble." Isaac's expression changed ever so slightly, though he soon regained his calm.

It was a taboo to lose composure in the face of adversity!

However, Zachary was hardly calm. "They're threatening to hack off his leg. What should we do? Do you think they'll really do it?"

"Why are you panicking?" Isaac growled.

Zachary turned silent and studied Isaac gingerly for a moment. "Do you think it's a bluff?" "Not really," Isaac replied.

Zachary was left speechless for a moment and exclaimed, "Well, aren't you worried?" "Would that help?" Isaac asked in return.

Zachary was left speechless right then, but he soon cried, "We should come up with a plan, at least!"

In reality, Isaac was anxious since not only did that gang prove themselves deadly, but they were also prepared to die for their cause.

But Zachary yapping around him only left him irritated. Isaac growled impatiently, "Why don't you do it?!" Zachary turned silent for good then.

Helping Isaac to a chair in his study, Zachary said, "Here, sit."

He still stayed silent, up until Stan returned to the castle with a doctor. "You should get checked too," Zachary said.

"Fine. Now, leave," Isaac replied—Zachary was too antsy and getting on his nerves.

Zachary said nothing and merely clapped Stan on the shoulder when he was walking past. "Someone must stay here, and that means you. I think Isaac is annoyed with me now."

"Me too," Stan said.

"F*ck off," Zachary snapped, giving him a nudge in the rump with his foot. "I'm in a bad mood. Don't joke around." Stan looked at Zachary then and saw no mirth in Zachary's eyes at all.

Composing himself, he replied, "Got it."

Zachary closed the door behind him as he left, while Stan told the doctor, "Please take a look at him, doctor."

The doctor put down his briefcase and got some tools from inside. He then made sure he set the briefcase so that it would not fall before getting to work.

As he examined Isaac, he asked, "What caused your blindness?" "I had a fall," Isaac replied.

"Oh," the doctor replied. "It's an external factor, and it should be treatable."

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Stan was slightly relieved to hear the doctor's words and walked up to ask, "Are you saying that treating it will be easy?"

"Relatively speaking, blindness caused by external factors should be easier to treat than blindness caused by illness," the doctor explained. "However, we need to find out what's actually causing his blindness first, to decide if it's treatable."

The cause was certainly very important in treatment, though Stan became weary from the doctor's response. He thought then that everything the doctor said was pointless!

Still, the doctor glanced at Stan and said, "Please keep it down. I'd rather not be disturbed while I examine the patient." Stan slid a peek at Isaac to see that the latter was pursing his lips and glowering.

Stan promptly turned silent—another word, and Isaac would really get mad!

The doctor opened Isaac's eye just then and held his flashlight in front of his pupils, asking, "Can you see this light?" Isaac could somewhat see it, but it was very faint.

"Do you feel any pain?" the doctor

asked. "No,"

Isaac replied.

"My guess is that it's a retinal rupture," the doctor said. "But I suggest a trip to the hospital for further confirmation. That said, if it's caused by a concussion, it would not be that hard to treat it."

Isaac was relieved inwardly. "Understood."

While the doctor packed up his briefcase, Isaac told Stan, "Escort the doctor out of here."

Stan did not move, since he was convinced the doctor was right. "Aren't you going to the hospital?"

And once they performed further examinations, they could determine the cause and treat it. After all, it might get more serious if they had to delay it!

However, Isaac did not bother to

explain himself. "Just go." Stan finally

turned to the doctor then. "This way,

please."

Once they left and closed the door, Isaac called

Zachary into his study. Being blind was

inconvenient, and he had to make a few calls.

Right now, he must confirm if James was really captured, and the priority was to save James if that was the case.

After Zachary came in, he said, "Open the top right drawer on my desk. There's a brown notebook—take it out, and call the sixth number from the top on the first page."

Zachary did as he said, finding the notebook and calling the number as Isaac instructed, with the phone on his desk. Once the call was answered, he passed the speaker to Isaac.

It beeped a few times before someone picked up, and a man spoke with a

Dunesian accent. "Jefferson." "A friend of mine was abducted in Dunesia. I need to find him."

"Alright, I'll look. Do you know who

the captors were?" "No," Isaac

replied. "That's why I'm asking

you."

"Haha!" The man laughed for a while. "Guess I have to help since it's you asking. Anyway, come by and visit when you're free."

"The check is on

me," Isaac

replied. "Sure."

Hanging up, Isaac then turned back to Zachary. "Second page, first number." Zachary repeated the routine, and the call was answered quickly again.

However, Zachary did not hear what the other end was saying, but Isaac's expression turned grim and dark. "Yeah. Make it fast," he eventually said flatly and clearly.

"Okay," the person on the other end replied.

Isaac then hung up and told Zachary, "Send the location where you found me to this email address." "Okay," Zachary replied.

As he opened the laptop, he asked, "Do you think

James will be alright?" Isaac was silent, reluctant to speak.

Zachary pouted. "Fine. I misspoke again, huh?"

The runaway groom (Irene and Isaac)

Chapter 954

Isaac said, "Shut up if you don't have anything meaningful to say."

Zachary was speechless for a moment, but he soon

said, "Why are you so cold?" "Why don't you leave?"

Isaac said quietly.

Zachary, however, stayed on the laptop and kept working. "Do you think you can send the map to the right email address if I do? You won't even find the toilet on your own without me around."

He was certainly getting bold since Isaac was blind, and Isaac had no retort aside from bellowing angrily, "Get out!!!" "No way." Zachary remained there stubbornly. "You can't do anything to me anyway."

Isaac scowled. "You're full of it."

"Actually, I'm famished," Zachary replied. "Come on. Let's go eat once I'm done sending the email—Pierre should have something ready by now. I'm so hungry I could die!"

Isaac snorted coldly. "Still in the mood to eat? Can you actually stomach it?"

"I'd be worrying pointlessly now anyway," Zachary said, shrugging. "Since I can't do anything, I'll put my hopes on you instead!" "Don't talk so much if that's what you're going for, and quit bothering me so

much," Isaac said, rising to his feet.

Zachary quickly held Isaac's arm. "Well I can't help it. I'm your eyes now, so I have to follow you around. There's no helping it since you can't be away from me."

Zachary was more than gleeful!

If Isaac could see, he would be kicking Zachary out right about now.

Zachary would never dare mock Isaac on any other day, but since Isaac was blind at the moment and could not do anything to him, he now had the guts to be glib!

Stan made it back just as they left the study, and Isaac told Stan to eat while he returned to his room.

However, Zachary was eager to strike a nerve whenever he could at the moment. "You can't see, so you won't see Irene even if you return to your room. Just come with us to eat!"

While Isaac said nothing, Stan sneaked a peek at his face and saw that he

was already glowering. He would never dare tease Isaac like that, while

Zachary was proving himself fearless!

Still, Zachary summoned Pierre and said, "Bring some

room to Isaac's bedroom." After all, Irene should be

hungry too.

"Of course," Pierre replied and went to work immediately.

With that, Zachary helped Isaac head to the dining room, while Isaac was left seething.

If only he could see...

"You've really grown a spine, Zachary," he growled.

Zachary was nonchalant. "Get your eyes fixed before you fix me!"

Still, as Pierre had a maid bring food to the master bedroom, Irene stepped out with a shawl

draped over her shoulders. She said nothing and waved at Zachary, who glanced at Isaac

beside him.

He cleared his throat on purpose—it really was terrible that Isaac could not see!

In fact, he had never seen Isaac being this vulnerable since he met the man, since Isaac would be the one bullying everyone else.

And now, Zachary could easily mess around right under Isaac's nose.

As Zachary walked over to Irene, she pulled him aside and said, "You need to receive Erin from the airport."

Zachary stared at her in confusion, so she explained, "She flew to Zidonia since it's been a while she lost contact with him. She flew to Franconia when she found out he's here, and she only called me now."

"But we don't know what happened to James..." Zachary muttered.

"She's already here. What else do you think we should do?" Irene said, shooting him a look.

Before he could respond, she added, "She'd be even more worried if you didn't bring her here. Just tell her later that Isaac sent him to another country to expand their business."

Pausing, she then asked, "Have you still not contacted James?"

The runaway groom (Irene and Isaac)

Chapter 955

Zachary replied, "I did."

Irene frowned. "Then why'd you say you don't know what happened to him?"

Unable to hide it, Zachary said, "He might have been captured. Don't worry, though—Isaac has already asked people to find him."

Irene remained worried. "Is he really going to be alright?"

Zachary did not tell her about the phone conversation he had with that gang member, so that she

would not worry too much. "You're still hurt," he said instead. "You should be resting. Isaac and I will

find James."

After all, Irene was arching her back slightly even as she stood, and her face was pale—the bullet wound her shoulder must still hurt.

"Call me immediately when there's

news," she rasped. "Yeah. I'll go

bring Erin over now," Zachary

replied.

Irene nodded, and

Zachary turned to

leave. Pierre

approached her then.

"Ma'am."

Irene then saw a maid carrying a tray of food and said, "Just bring it to the dining room. I'll

eat with everyone else." "Sure." Pierre gestured for the maid to leave.

Irene sat beside Isaac then, and he asked,

"What are you doing here?" "My shoulder hurts,

but lying down hurts more," Irene replied.

"You should get your injury

checked at the hospital again." "It's

fine," Irene said. "Zachary did his

best."

Then, putting some food on Isaac's plate, she said, "Here, eat up! I'll feed you."

He looked weary at that, and Irene smiled. "What, are you getting embarrassed even

though we're married?" Isaac was speechless.

It was not as if he was embarrassed, but the way he felt powerless, as if he could not do

anything, was terrible. "Let's get your eyes checked at the hospital," Irene said. "I know a

good optometrist."

"I already had a doctor examine him," Stan

said, butting in just then. "What did he say?"

Irene asked.

"It might be a retinal rupture, but further examination at the hospital is needed to determine the cause before they treat him. Mr. Jefferson refused to go, however," Stan said, sliding a peek at Isaac.

Irene did not say anything. Instead, she scooped a bowl of soup, blowing on a spoonful until it was just the right temperature, and held it beside Isaac's lips. "I know you're worried about James, but you won't be able to do much while you're blind."

Then, before Isaac could respond, she continued, "Zachary and Stan are on it, aren't there? Zachary also told me that you had sent people to find James too."

"Those people must be part of a huge organization," Isaac said. "Things might be bad if

they really got James." Irene's heart clenched.

"Still, you have nothing to worry about," Isaac said. "I know people, and they'll find James

as quickly as possible." "Yeah," Irene replied, but there was no easing her worry now.

It had certainly been a close shave—those men were real savages!

And if they had really captured James... the consequences

would be too severe! Irene would not know how she should

face Erin.

What would happen to Erin if she found out about James? The worry alone would kill her!

As Irene sighed, Isaac changed the subject. "You brought our kids. Ready to move here already?"

"Yeah," Irene replied. "It'd be more convenient for your work. I've resigned anyway, so I can stay home to take care of them. That said..."

Taking a moment to breathe in, she said solemnly, "Whatever your business entails, just don't go too far ever again. I don't know anything about your job, but you should know that you're not a lone wolf now—you have a family, a wife and kids, so think of us before you do anything. Don't make so many enemies!"

The runaway groom (Irene and Isaac)

Chapter 956

Irene understood that Isaac's hostile takeover over Smartville Tech was what led to the whole mess.

When people are desperate and have nothing to lose, they would fight without holding anything

back—even if it kills them! As the saying goes, "Never contend with a man who has nothing to

lose."

And none of this would have happened at all if

not for the plane crash! "Yeah," Isaac replied.

"I'm going out

later," Irene then

said. "Where to?"

Isaac asked.

"I need to cook up something so Erin will be willing to go back to Minerva. I'm afraid she'll find out something about James if she stays here with us," Irene told him.

"Your excuse might arouse her suspicion anyway," Isaac pointed out. "You're still injured, so

you should stay here." "What if she asks about your blindness? What would you say here?"

Irene asked.

"She must have heard about the plane crash, right?" Isaac asked in return.

Irene shook her head. "She would not be here this late if she did.

She doesn't know." Isaac was silent since what Irene said was

reasonable.

Erin might be his stepsister, but she had always

treated them like family! If she knew Isaac was

in trouble, she would have been here by now.

She was not, and that probably meant she did not know.

"Anyway, the bullet wound is much better now," Irene said. "It doesn't hurt that much. I'm going out to get some Vicodin." "Yeah," Isaac replied flatly.

He wanted to hug her just then, but he could not see too well to do it right.

Still, Irene leaned in to give him a peck on the cheek and did her makeup after eating, so as to make herself look presentable. As she got dressed, she called Zachary and said, "Take Erin to Rodleaf Avenue. I'll be there later."

Zachary cast a sideways glance at Erin on the other end. "Why?"

"What should I tell her if she sees that Isaac is blind?" Irene asked without elaborating. "Just take her there."

"Oh, okay." Zachary did not press her and hung up before turning to Erin. "Irene's going to Rodleaf Avenue. She told me to take you there."

"Okay." Erin nodded.

With that, Zachary took Erin to Rodleaf Avenue, and Irene was already there when they arrived.

Still, Zachary did a double take when he saw Irene—she had still been sickly back at the castle, but she was suddenly standing there, looking perfectly fine!

She rarely applied lipstick, but she did now to cover her pale lips.

He had to admit that makeup was certainly a miraculous invention, capable of hiding anything!

"You can go," Irene told Zachary.

Zachary was

hesitant. "What

about you?" "Eagle

is with me," Irene

replied.

"Okay," Zachary replied and turned to leave.

After he was gone, Erin asked, "Why did you bring me here, Irene?"

"I heard that this place is fun," Irene replied. "I've never been here, and since you're here anyway, I was thinking about going shopping with you."

Smiling at Erin then, she added, "Just speak up if anything catches your eye. I'm buying."

Erin walked up and put a hand around her arm, and just happened to touch Irene

where she was shot. Even though Irene's arm was numb, being touched there

made her shoulder hurt again.

Still, she bore with it and said, "James is abroad, helping Isaac with an errand. He won't be returning so soon—"

"Zachary told me," Erin replied, suddenly looking Irene straight in the eye. "I understand that he's working, but why can't I reach him?"

The runaway groom (Irene and Isaac)

Chapter 957

Irene was left stumped.

She stammered a little before saying, "The place he went to was remote and has poor cell signals..."

"He wouldn't let that stop him," Erin said, her eyes almost ablaze as she held Irene's gaze. "I hope you're not hiding anything from me, Irene."

Irene was afraid to look Erin in the eye just then—she could not do it while lying to those

exceedingly sharp eyes. "Why would I lie to you?" Irene said.

"But why did you bring me out here? To persuade me to go home?"

Irene quickly denied it. "Of course not. You just came, so of course I'd like you to stay a few more days... but you can't stay because of work, right?"

"I applied for an extended leave," Erin

replied. Irene was stumped.

Erin was not so easily fooled. What should

she do? Irene certainly did not know what to

do just then.

To make things worse, Erin suddenly said, "Let's go. Once we're done shopping, we can

head to your place." And with that, Irene could not tell her to return to Minerva at all!

If Erin headed to the castle and saw Isaac's eyes, she would be able to tell that

something was wrong! In fact, she already did!

Still, Irene had no choice but to play along, following Erin while looking like her

soul had left her. Erin sensed that and smiled. "What's on your mind, Irene? You

look so distracted."

Irene sighed. "Didn't you check out the news?"

"I've been busy," Erin replied. "We just finished an important project, which was why the higher-ups

allowed me to take leave." In fact, she had been working overtime until midnight and drove to work

before sunrise.

She had no time at all to check out the news.

As such, Irene told her, "Isaac's plane to Franconia

crashed..." Erin became flustered right then. "Is he

alright?"

Irene nodded. "He's fine, but his eyes were injured. It caused a huge mess, so James had to leave to deal with the cleanup. We didn't want to tell you in case we'd worry you, and James was probably concerned he could not tell you if you asked, so he decided to cut off contact entirely."

Erin was skeptical. "Really?"

"Why would I lie to you?" Irene said. "Just come home with me later and

you'll understand." Since there was no way she could send Erin home, she

just had to bring Erin to the castle. Erin stopped walking right then. "We

should go to your place, then."

When Irene turned to look at her, she said anxiously, "I didn't know something so bad happened to Isaac. I really am a bad sister... I would like to check on him sooner."

"He's much better now," Irene assured Erin.

"But you just said his eyes were injured. To what extent?"

Irene was quiet for a moment. "The doctor said that

it's treatable." Erin remained worried and pulled Irene

along, "Let's go."

The motion pulled on Irene's injury as well, and she scowled

in pain. "What's wrong?" Erin asked when she noticed her

reaction.

"My hand is sore," Irene said, hastily coming up with

an excuse. Erin loosened her grip on Irene but did not

let Irene go.

With that, they hurried home to check on Isaac, with Irene having no choice but to follow since she could not stop Erin.

Erin kept urging the chauffeur to hurry along the way even though he was already

going very fast. "Calm down," Irene told Erin.

"This is very serious," Erin retorted. "How can I calm

down?" Irene said nothing to that, since Erin was

right.

No one could stay calm after going through something

so terrible! Soon, their car stopped outside the castle.

"This is where you're staying?" Erin asked,

gaping. "Yeah," Irene replied.

"Well, it beats your mansion in Zidonia, at least," Erin said.

"Yeah," Irene replied—the environment was certainly peaceful and quiet.

Just as they walked up the steps, they found Pierre glaring at two men before him and arguing, "There must be a mistake. We never ordered that."

Irene walked up to them and asked, "What is it?"

"They said they're delivering food ingredients," Pierre answered. "They said we ordered

it, but we didn't." Even before he finished, both men had run back to their car and were

hightailing it.

Irene promptly sensed something fishy—this was not your

ordinary delivery! She turned toward the box placed on the

ground right then!

The runaway groom (Irene and Isaac)

Chapter 958

Did those men put something dangerous in the box?!

Irene became nervous at the thought and told Pierre, "Get Stan and Zachary."

"Also..." She then turned to Erin and Eagle and said solemnly, "You two should go inside."

Eagle was the best fighter among them, and she would only be at ease if he was in the castle with

Isaac and their children. "Yes, ma'am," Eagle said and turned to Erin. "Let's go, Ms. Gooding."

Erin pursed her lips, but she followed Eagle in the end.

Irene did not dare to open the box alone, however, and waited until Stan and Zachary arrived.

Pointing at the box, she said, "Two suspicious men brought that. I don't know what's in it,

but it might be dangerous!" Stan and Zachary traded glances before Zachary turned back to

Irene. "You should go inside."

Irene nodded, and before she went into the castle, she turned and told them, "Be

careful, both of you." Zachary waved her off. "Just go."

Still, Irene was looking back from time to time before she headed in, while both men watched and waited until she was really gone from sight.

That was so that the people inside would not be caught if it was some sort of explosive. They then carried the box to a quiet road.

"So who's going to open it?" Zachary asked. Stan looked up at him.

Zachary sighed. "Fine, I'll do it."

"I didn't say anything!" Stan exclaimed.

"Fine, you open it," Zachary said, rolling his eyes and turning to leave. Naturally, he had planned that.

Somehow, Stan did not stop Zachary and actually told him to go further away. "Run as far as you can! If it's a bomb, you might still get caught in the blast!"

"Come on," Zachary moaned. "How could I leave you alone? We're in this together!"

"Fine, then stay. We'll just die together if it's a bomb!" Stan said. "Think, man, think—one person can do this. Two people dying for it is stupid."

Still, Zachary was not so afraid of death that he would leave the dangerous task to Stan himself. After some discussion, they decided against risking the other person's life.

A stalemate lasted for a while between them until they eventually agreed on using rock paper scissors to decide who would open it.

Zachary won. He promptly chased Stan away and pried open the box, and he frowned slightly when he saw the black bag inside.

Stan shouted from a distance, "What's in the box?!"

Zachary said nothing because he did not open the bag yet.

But being an experienced doctor, he felt a sudden pang of fear toward what it might be.

And when he picked up the scent of rot right then, he became even more reluctant to open the black bag! What if it was a corpse? And it could well be James's corpse, too!

His heart was leaping up his throat, while an impatient Stan ran to him. Seeing the black bag, he asked, "Guess it's not a bomb. What's in it, though?" Zachary's expression remained grim as he stayed silent.

Stan came to a realization and pursed his lips. "No. No way..."

Then, trying to reassure Zachary as much as himself, he said, "Come on. James is always the smartest! He can get away even if he's caught!"

With that, Zachary arched his back and reached out to pull the zipper on the black bag!

The runaway groom (Irene and Isaac)

Chapter 959

Stan closed his eyes, afraid to look just then!

As Zachary pulled the zipper, the sound seemed so loud it was deafening! Stan's lips were trembling, but he did not dare to make a sound.

At the same time, Zachary opened the zipper and forced himself to see what he did not want to see. It was a leg, still soaked in blood.

Thankfully, it was not an entire corpse. Zachary stared at it grimly.

On the other hand, Stan had not been hearing anything for a while, and he slowly opened his eyes! He stumbled backward when he saw what it was.

However, he was not so faint-hearted that mere gore would scare him. He was afraid that it was James's leg!

"Our location is compromised," Zachary said quietly then. Stan nodded.

The gangsters obviously had their address. That was how they sent this here. "Doesn't that mean everyone is in danger?" Stan asked.

Zachary did not respond to that. "Check whose leg it is. I'll tell Isaac." Stan nodded. "Okay."

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In the castle, Irene could hear Erin sobbing on the couch when she entered, in shock that Isaac was blind.

She had presumed Irene meant that Isaac's eye was scarred or something along those lines. She did not expect him to lose his sight!

"Don't worry. It's treatable," Irene said, walking up to her and comforting her, patting her on the back. "See? That's why James and everyone didn't want to tell you. We're worried you'd take it badly."

Erin wiped her eyes and tried to calm herself just then, and she turned to Isaac. "You should come to Minerva with me. They have the best optometrists over there, and we should be quick to make sure there are no lingering effects—"

Before Erin finished, Zachary rushed into the room, cutting her short.

"Isaac." He panted, but seeing the others in the room, he walked up to Isaac and whispered to him, telling him what just happened.

Isaac's brow twitched. "Are you sure?"

"No, but isn't it obvious?" Zachary pointed out.

Irene glanced between them, knowing that they must be talking about

the box. "Tell Stan to find someone to check if it is," Isaac said.

"Yes, I'll do that," Zachary replied. "But right now, we need to move. It isn't safe

here." Isaac nodded. "Make preparations right away."

Zachary nodded and turned to leave, but he soon turned around and told Isaac quietly, "Any property under your name would be found easily. Stay at my place instead—I bought it years ago, and it's hard to trace."

"Yeah," Isaac said softly and then said, "Irene? Let's go to our room."

As he got up, Irene hurried to his side and helped him to his feet while turning to tell Erin, "Tommy misses you. It's been a while since you last saw him."

"Okay," Erin said, getting to her feet. "I'll go see him right now."

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Once they were in their room, Irene quickly asked Isaac, "What's in the box?"

"A leg," Isaac replied.

Irene was left gaping and almost wobbled right then.

However, Isaac quickly told her, "Nothing's confirmed yet. Don't jump to conclusions!" Irene composed herself then. "Well, what should we do now?"

"They sent the box right to our doorstep," Isaac said. "That means they know where we are. We're not safe here." "Well, where should we go?" Irene asked.

"Zachary will make the arrangements."

Irene nodded, but was feeling more uneasy by the second.

Her heart was pounding as she remembered that Erin was right outside, and that she had already been wounded thoroughly back at Zidonia. That incident cost her lively nature!

And now...

But she loved James so much!

"What if it really is James?" Irene murmured.

"Irene?"

The door suddenly opened!

The runaway groom (Irene and Isaac)

Chapter 960

Irene jumped in surprise at Erin's sudden arrival.

Still, she soon composed herself and spoke as calmly as possible. "What's wrong?"

Erin glanced between Irene and Isaac before saying awkwardly, "Sorry I didn't

knock. Am I disturbing?" "No," Irene quickly said.

"Oh, okay." Erin smiled. "Anyway, Tommy's tutor is here to give him Franconian lessons at the moment, so I thought I shouldn't impose."

Irene walked up to Erin and turned to glance at Isaac while she thought about what she should say.

"Erin, we can't stay here." "Why?" Erin asked.

"B-Because..."

Irene could not come up with a reason just then.

Surely they could not tell Erin that they just received what they suspected to be James's leg and that it was dangerous here so they had to leave?

"I just reached out to a hospital to treat my eyes. It'd be more convenient

over there," Isaac said. Erin pursed her lips. "But this place is just fine... And

the treatment is not permanent, right?"

Maybe they would move back after Isaac's eyes were better?

It was an acceptable excuse, but what about the children? And moving around so much

would be taxing, right? "I wanted to move," Irene said. "I just thought staying closer

would make it easier to take care of him."

Erin smiled. "You're too lovey-dovey, honestly. I mean, can't you stand being apart from each other for just a while? Well, it's fine. I guess I can help out."

With that, she closed the door, while Irene gulped.

Although they had managed to come up with an excuse, Irene's heart was still pounding

heavily from nervousness! And this excuse would not work in the long run either.

"Is there still no news?" Irene asked.

Isaac said nothing, but his expression was grave!

He had asked his contacts to search for James, but there was no word yet! Irene had a hunch that was the case and did not ask any further.

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Sheryl did not ask why they were moving again—she had simply been following Irene and Isaac's arrangements for a while now anyway.

She understood that moving house was not decided lightly, and that the reason must be serious.

She liked it in Franconia, too, having adapted well aside from the language barrier. She especially loved that the children could play anywhere within the castle grounds!

Meanwhile, Zachary told them that they just needed to bring their clothes, and he had his people prepare other daily necessities. They moved quickly, too, and only the people Irene brought with her from Zidonia followed.

Still, Zachary's house was not that huge, but it could accommodate everyone—it was temporary anyway, and they would return once the crisis is over.

Be that as it may, Zachary deliberately mentioned a little loudly, "This place is a little small. I don't think it'd fit everyone." He said that for Erin's benefit, since he wanted her to leave soon!

Erin did not respond, however, since she had already applied for leave, and she had to stay to help now that Isaac was blind. It was Mrs. Watson who asked, "Should I stay elsewhere?"

"I'm just kidding," Zachary quickly said. "You can stay."

As he spoke, his eyes were fixed on Erin, who was confused about his intentions. "What are you staring at me for?" she asked.

Zachary cleared his throat awkwardly. "I'm not."

"You were." Erin pouted. "And you shouldn't do that."

"I'm spoken for." Wow.

He was misunderstood.

Zachary could not say anything to that.

Nonetheless, Erin added, "I'm just kidding. Don't be so serious." That only left Zachary speechless again.

Bzzt...

His phone was vibrating just then, and he walked to a corner before taking it out. Seeing that it was Stan, he answered immediately.

Stan's voice could soon be heard, and he sounded light-hearted. "We have the DNA test results. The leg doesn't match James's DNA at all, so it definitely isn't his."

Zachary smiled in delight.

"Really?!" "Really. But..."

"But what?" Zachary became worried again right then. "Don't leave your sentence hanging."

Just spit it out already!" He could suffer a heart attack right then!

Stan then said, "We know the person that the leg belongs to."