

The runaway groom (Irene and Isaac)

Chapter 981

Lulu looked up at Martin and said, "You're a married man. What's wrong with that?"

Martin appeared to pause for a moment as he watched her, but his lips soon curled up in a grin. "You're right."

Before she had a chance to speak, he gathered her fiercely in his arms and kissed her fervently!

And with that, they eagerly jumped in bed for yet another round of passionate lovemaking.

They had been married for a while now, but it had just been a few days since they consummated. For them, this was their real honeymoon!

When they were done, Lulu leaned her head against Martin's shoulder and asked, "Your break is almost over, right?"

Martin nodded and turned toward her. "You don't want me to work?"

"No," Lulu said, staring at his face. "I'm just worried."

After all, his work was dangerous, and she was worried that he would run into trouble again.

She caressed the surgical scar on his chest and murmured, "I hope I'll grow old with you."

"We will," Martin replied, taking her in his arms.

Lulu lifted his chin so that he looked straight at her, "Remember what you said. Don't you dare break your promise." Martin smiled. "Should I put that in writing?"

Lulu blinked and got out of bed right then. "Good idea."

Martin caught her wrist. "Wait, you're serious?"

"Why not?" Lulu asked. Martin

smiled. "Alright!"

Still, Lulu suddenly paused.

"But what if we lose the paper?" she asked, and suddenly stared at his muscular form and joked, "We can tattoo it on your body, right?"

Martin shot her a look. "Didn't you work at the precinct before? Don't you know that much about discipline?" Lulu returned to bed and lay in his arms again. "I'm kidding. Why so serious?"

Martin rolled his eyes and picked up his phone, recording a voice message for her on WhatsApp. "I swear that I will stay with Lulu and grow old with her."

Lulu smiled.

She picked up her own phone and said, "I'm saving this forever. You don't get to renege now."

Jean started crying just then, and Martin left to coax her.

He certainly was good with her, despite his rough exterior—he looked the part as he took care of the infant.

Moreover, he and Lulu often got intimate while he was on leave, and that in turn drew them closer to each other!

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The fish soup Martin cooked was eventually ready and he poured a bowl for her. "Drink it when it's less hot." Lulu nodded, while he got dressed and left.

Lulu did not ask why, but she had an idea—he had been checking flights to the nearest airport, so it must be to find out when Zachary was arriving.

The airport was actually quite far, so Martin could arrive just as Zachary disembarked.

Lulu held little Jean, but she did not look uneasy or apprehensive.

She was convinced Martin could make Zachary leave.

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Martin actually had to wait a while after arriving at the airport. Eventually, he heard the flight from Franconia being announced, and went to wait at the arrival hall.

Zachary brought nothing but himself, but he was not curious to see Martin waiting—Irene must have called him.

And as they approached each other, Martin said politely, "Hello. I'm your designated driver."

Zachary pursed his lips. "Is there somewhere I can talk?"

Martin nodded, and they left the airport together with him driving.

They were looking for a cafe or restaurant when they passed by a park, and Zachary said, "Let's stop there." It was a huge place, but it was very quiet with no one else in sight.

"Don't you want to eat something?" Martin asked. "Nope,"

Zachary replied.

And with that, Martin parked his car by the road, and both men strode to the park together.

They sat down on a long stone bench, and Zachary spoke first.

"I..."

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Chapter 982

Zachary felt a little awkward—to be precise, he felt too embarrassed to start.

After all, he was well aware that coming unannounced would cause trouble for both Martin and Lulu, and that he would be imposing.

Still, it takes one man to know another, and Martin turned toward Zachary just then. "You want to see the baby, don't you?"

While Zachary appeared taken aback, Martin said, "I understand that you're no stalker and that you wouldn't have wished us well in Cloud City if you really wanted to cause trouble for us."

Pausing for a moment, Martin then continued, "I understand how you feel, but I also hope you understand—Jean may be your baby, but most of all, she's Lulu's. I won't allow you to take Jean away from Lulu... Unless Lulu gives her to you willingly."

Martin knew very well that Lulu would refuse after carrying Jean around in her belly for ten months.

There was a blood tie that bound mother and daughter now, and there was no way it could be severed at the drop of a hand. Even Martin himself would have trouble letting Jean go—having that tiny person around him already made his life more colorful. Zachary would certainly like to take his baby away, but he also was aware that it was impossible.

If he did, Lulu would hate him to the bone.

Moreover, what would the people around Martin and Lulu think of them? Their tranquil life would be in shambles! In that sense, Zachary had been considerate toward them.

"I just wanted to see the baby, that's all!" he growled through his teeth.

Martin lowered his gaze just then. "Lulu is a good person. Why didn't you cherish her?" Zachary slumped right then, his back arching as he rested his elbows on his knees.

Yes, he certainly did not—which was why he had been so stricken by regrets!

Still, he tried to make light of the moment and chuckled. "Well, you wouldn't be as blissful as you are now if I didn't mess up." "True." Martin did not actually deny it.

Zachary pursed his lips. "No bragging, please.

I'd get jealous." Martin smiled. "I would never, but..."

Turning toward the distance, he said, "I'm really happy now."

Like him, Lulu liked this peaceful life and having the feeling of home.

Her parents were gone, so he was his only family now—how could he bear to give up everything they had now?

Half-joking and half-serious then, Martin said, "If you came to ruin things for me, I'll make sure you have to crawl around to find your teeth."

Zachary nodded. He was naturally self-aware enough to not challenge Martin. "I'm not dumb enough to fight you." Martin rose to his feet then. "It's late now. Let's go."

"Where?" Zachary asked, looking up at him.

"To visit Jean, of course—you're here, and that makes you a guest," Martin said. "I'll buy you a drink later." Zachary got up. "Sure."

They returned to his car, and Martin drove Zachary to his home. Neither spoke, but things were not awkward between them either. It was probably rare for rivals to get along like this too!

Arriving at his home in New Kent, Martin had Zachary wait downstairs while he got Jean.

Lulu had been waiting, and she trusted Martin as much as she knew about Zachary's impulsive nature. She was worried that they would come to blows, so she had been sitting restlessly on the couch.

She quickly turned when she heard the door open and quickly approached Martin when she saw him. "That was quick." Martin nodded and said, "He's downstairs. Do you want to see him?"

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Chapter 983

Lulu stared at Martin. "Are you trying to test me?"

Martin tousled her hair. "Don't think of it like that. You can be friends even if you're not into him now. There's no need to treat him like the enemy since you made his acquaintance, refusing to meet him at all. I don't mind it either—I trust you."

Lulu pouted. "I know you do, but I don't trust myself. Who knows, I might go with him if he starts to tempt me with sweet words..." Martin suddenly wrapped his arms around her and kissed her ferociously.

He knew she was joking, but he was still very much afraid that she would leave him. He held her so tightly as if to make them fuse together.

After a long while, Lulu said, "You should take Jean downstairs."

She believed it impossible that people could stay friends after break-ups, since she disliked confronting the past. Caressing Martin's firm cheeks just then, she said, "I only need you in my life now."

"You don't want Jean?"

Martin asked. Lulu paused just then. "He wants Jean?"

Martin shook his head. "He just wants to see her."

As Lulu wrapped her arms around his waist, "I used to think that Jean was just an accident and I didn't want her, but as she slowly grew in me, I began to have expectations and affection for her... That's how it feels to be a mother, I guess. I really can't bear to part with her now!"

Martin certainly understood and said, "I'll take her downstairs. Let's not keep the man waiting." "Okay," Lulu said and turned to carry Jean out of her crib.

Jean was asleep, and her little cheeks were bright red—she was still too young for anyone to tell who she took after, though it might be obvious once she was older.

As Lulu handed the baby to Martin, he asked again, "Are you really not coming?" "Ask again, and I'm leaving with him." Lulu shot him a glare.

Martin smiled. "Calm down—I'll apologize properly when I come home later."

Lulu simply pushed him out of the door and shut it behind him while Martin carried Jean downstairs.

When he saw Zachary, the man appeared uneasy and was pacing around, perhaps too nervous at the thought of seeing his baby.

He finally turned when Martin called out to him and stiffened when he saw the baby in Martin's arms.

He gulped, as everything including his blood seemed to freeze just then, and his foot suddenly seemed to weigh a ton when he tried to walk.

Martin understood that Zachary was excited and flustered, and he walked over to pass Jean into Zachary's arms, saying, "You can come again next time if you want."

He seemed generous, but Zachary knew that he must never do it—Jean was too young to remember everything, so he would do it when she was older.

But how was he supposed to answer if Jean asked who he was?

He would be bringing problems to Martin and Lulu while causing confusion for Jean.

Even so, his eyes were red even as he held the baby, while Martin said, "Lulu had birth complications, and they had to perform a C-section."

He was in the operation room and being prepped for surgery—his fate hanging in the balance just then!

When he recovered, he heard from Johnny that Lulu went into premature labor because of that, vowing to die with him if he did, even refusing to give birth.

He was both emotional and heartbroken when he heard that.

She was such a good person, but Zachary did not seem to value that! But it was also fortunate that thanks to that,

Martin stood a chance!

"She's so adorable..." Zachary rasped as he lowered his gaze at the baby.

The runaway groom (Irene and Isaac)

Chapter 984

"Yes, she is," Martin said.

He was watching Jean too, and he was certain she would grow up to be like Lulu—a woman of loyalty and sentiment. Once she was willing to help a person, she would even be willing to put her life on the line.

How could someone like that not be loved?

"Well, I guess you're just luckier than I am." Zachary sighed as he handed Jean back to Martin then, since he could not carry Jean off no matter how much he wanted.

Martin did not deny it.

After some thought, Zachary whipped out a debit card—financial support was about the only thing he could do for her now. "Here. It's for the little one."

Martin did not reject it since it was for Jean and he had no right to decide for her.

He would keep it and give it to her when she was older, telling her that she had the freedom to choose.

Likewise, she had the right to know her real father, as well as the right to choose her life!

Zachary was actually impressed by Martin's composure and generosity, and he decided that he had no qualms about losing. "You said you were going to buy me a drink?" he asked just then.

If he did not drink a little, he would never douse the fiery envy in him! With that, Martin carried Jean back upstairs, where Lulu was waiting. Handing Jean over to Lulu, he said, "I'm sending him off."

Lulu nodded.

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Martin took Zachary to a cheap bar, asking, "Is this alright with you?"

After all, he had always been an average Joe and lived as such, never visiting any expensive joints. Zachary shot him a look. "What's wrong with this? You know I'm jealous of you."

Martin smiled, looking blissful but saying, "What's there to be jealous about?"

"Showing off, are you?" Zachary snorted, and handed him a shot glass. "This is your punishment."

It was cheap vodka which cost less than twenty dollars, but Martin was sporting enough to chug his shot. But while he did, Zachary noticed the red mark visible beneath his shirt, just beside his collarbone.

His knuckles clenched beneath his table, and he lowered his gaze.

There was this feeling in his heart that really stung, but he refused to guess why there was a mark

there. However, he could not help seeing the image of Lulu and Martin cuddling and making out in his mind.

He and Lulu kissed at best, and he knew that she was not the type who surrendered herself to just anyone.

And yet, she would leave something such a kinky trace on Martin—it was obvious how much she loved

Martin! He suddenly smiled, even as tears gathered in eyes.

Martin seemed to notice that Zachary was getting emotional but did not sense what it was that upset him.

Martin picked up the bottle and poured a shot for Zachary, asking, "You alright

there?" As Zachary looked up, he said a little pettily, "That's two more on you."

"Nope." Martin waved Zachary off—he could hold his liquor, but he should not drink when he had a

family. How could a respectable husband go home drunk?

Still, Zachary poured two shots for him.

"Drink!" Martin was wary. "Is there something

wrong?" "Just do it!" Zachary urged.

Martin did not do it, however. "At least give me a

reason?" "Because you're a show-off," Zachary

snapped.

He tried to keep himself calm, but he could tell that his face was contorted with envy right now even without a mirror!

Martin stared blankly at him for a moment, but he soon noticed that Zachary was staring at his neck and realized with a start.

Clearing his throat, he mused that Lulu maybe should not have gotten so eager and left that on his neck.

Pulling up his collar just then, he said, "Alright, I'll drink."

The runaway groom (Irene and Isaac)

Chapter 985

Zachary's voice was quiet but there was no hiding that quiver in it. "If you don't, I can't promise I won't get physical." Martin

actually understood where Zachary was coming from, but there was no way he would surrender Lulu.

Heaving a long sigh, he chugged both shots, while Zachary poured himself another and chugged it too. He slammed

the shot glass down heavily, smacking his lips and saying, "Wow, this burns."

In fact, the taste of the alcohol was so hot it burned him in the lungs! Martin poured

him another. "It does pack a punch."

Zachary looked up at him, frowning. "And you're still drinking?"

Martin poured himself another as he said, "You have fine tastes. Very sweet, even." "Are you

talking about the drink?" Zachary stared at him meaningfully then.

"Was that what you're asking?" Martin asked in return, smiling.

There was no telling what either of them meant, but they chuckled as their eyes met.

Picking up a shot glass and clinking it with Martin's, Zachary said, "I guess you're luckier than I am." Martin did not

deny it, and they both chugged.

After that, Martin refilled their glasses, and Zachary asked, "Won't you be crawling home if you get that drunk?" Martin

chuckled. "Maybe!"

He did not plan to drink that much, but Zachary seemed to be in a really bad mood. If drinking

helped, he would stay with Zachary no matter how much he drank.

Zachary licked his lips. "Aren't you afraid?" "Nope,"

Martin replied.

Zachary sighed, and said, "Honestly, why would a girl choose to be a forensic doctor? She'd be facing corpses every day—isn't she afraid?"

In fact, Zachary himself tried to stop Lulu when she chose that profession, since he hoped that she would be a doctor instead. Martin said

nothing and chugged another shot.

There were rarely any female forensic doctors, which was why he admired her from the start.

But as he worked with her, he got to see how meticulous and calmly she worked, even remaining composed no matter the situation. And eventually, his admiration turned to liking without knowing it!

One way or another, he liked her now.

"That's what makes her different." Martin raised his chin at Zachary's shot glass. "Drink up." Zachary

chugged his glass, and Martin poured him another.

"You're staying over if you get drunk," he said. "At your

house?" Zachary chuckled.

Martin smiled enigmatically. "Well, you could—we have two rooms, and we can prepare the bed for you. I'm just worried you won't fall asleep."

There was clearly a different meaning to his words, and Zachary understood it right away. Swearing

under his breath, he poured Martin a shot. "Treat her well."

"I know," Martin replied.

Zachary got up then. "Time for me to leave." Martin looked

at him and murmured, "Yeah."

Even as Zachary turned, he was slumping and cutting a miserable figure.

Martin did not stop Zachary—adults were above the need for consolation, though Zachary still needed time to let that sink in. He waved at

the bartender to pay up before taking a taxi home.

Lulu was on the couch feeding Jean, her slender fair waist exposed. Martin leaned

against the door as he watched quietly.

Soon, Jean fell asleep.

Lulu put her on the couch and pulled down her shirt, then picked up her phone to check the time. "Have you

eaten yet?" Martin asked just then.

Lulu turned to find him leaning against the doorway and walking over to her. "When did you come home? I didn't hear you." "I was keeping quiet," he replied, the pungent scent swirling around him hitting Lulu's nose right then.

Closing the door behind him, she told him, "You should wash up before you sleep."

She did not ask why he was drinking or who he was drinking with—she knew that it must be Zachary.

Martin put a hand around her waist and pressed her against the wall, breathing beside her ear, "Do you still miss him?" Lulu frowned.

"You're drunk—"

Martin's lips were on hers before she could finish.

Maybe he was drunk or agitated... but he was being rough to her for the very first time!

The runaway groom (Irene and Isaac)

Chapter 986

Martin did not even ask Lulu's permission.

She struggled. "What's gotten into you... Umph!"

It hurt very much for the first time, and her nails were digging into his arm...

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Martin left her consciousness turning dull, and she eventually could not even make a sound.

It hurt below the waist, and she had no idea when she blacked out and fell asleep, let alone how she returned to their room.

Martin had her against the wall, the door, the floor... but his touch was cold and distant!

She tried to push him away but could not—he would only go harder if she resisted, and she eventually did not dare to resist.

Then, she heard Jean cry, but he refused to let her go.

Jean eventually stopped crying, while Lulu eventually felt something warm and damp over

herself. As she opened her eyes, she found Martin wiping her down.

Her expression was cool as she slapped his hand off and got

up. She felt a tearing sensation as she did and frowned.

Martin's fingers clenched on his warm towel as he looked at her, "Sorry..."

Lulu said nothing—she grabbed her clothes and threw them over herself as she strode to the washroom.

She examined her body and actually found swelling—she was left in disbelief that Martin would treat her like

this. She took a shower, and when she got out, Martin was still sitting there without moving an inch.

When she checked on Jean, he said, "I just fed her. She's

asleep." Lulu pursed her lips. "What did Zachary tell you?"

"Nothing," he replied, lowering his gaze.

Lulu remained where she stood. "So what did you—"

"I'm sorry," he apologized again, knowing that he was wrong.

Just like how Zachary could tell where the red marks on his neck were from, he could imagine how Jean was

conceived. And spurred on by alcohol, the agitation from the alcohol left him falling into pieces!

He never wanted to hurt her, but he did it.

He could even remember having his hands around her neck and could scarcely believe he would do that to

her. He loathed himself for doing something like that and got up to leave the room.

Lulu did not ask where he was going, her expression apathetic.

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James had been rescued, but when Irene saw him again, he was limping, his arm plastered and there were two deep gashes on her head.

Her eyes went red right then, and she could scarcely imagine what kind of torment he went through.

Erin was standing at his side, her eyes swelling red and having obviously cried a

lot. Having already arranged a room, Irene gestured for Erin to take him there.

"Good to have you back," she said and nothing else.

It would be pointless, since there was no comfort to be had!

And despite his injury, James remained optimistic. "The doctor said that I'll be fine in a few months. There's no need to

worry." It would have been better if he stayed quiet—Erin's eyes were welling with tears once he spoke!

Irene patted her on the back. "Just go in."

At the same time, James chuckled. "If you start crying again, everyone else would think that I'm bullying

you." Erin sniffled quietly but said nothing.

James sighed—she was refusing to listen. Even though he knew that she felt upset and that she was hurt, he felt stressed in turn that she kept crying.

Still, Erin wiped her tears and snapped, "You're almost limp now. You better be nice to me or I'm dumping you."

James smiled, but moving his cheek pulled on his facial scars, and he winced in pain.

It broke Erin's heart to see that. "Does it hurt?"

The runaway groom (Irene and Isaac)

Chapter 987

James shook his head. "No, it doesn't."

"You're lying," Erin snapped. Her heart could

break just then. Irene was a doctor, but she

could not help much there.

They had already sent James to the hospital for treatment and checkup, and he just

needed time to recover. "Come on in," Irene urged Erin again.

James was still standing outside and talking to everyone when he could take the time to rest!

Erin nodded and gingerly helped James walk, though he felt reluctant but had no choice either, since she

was really caring. He was just a little not used to Erin treating him like a child, but she was hurt in her

heart to notice James was uncomfortable. After they got in their room, Erin had him get in bed.

He tried to make her sit, but she shook her head. "Just lie down and wait. I'm going to cook something for you in the kitchen, and get some ribs to make soup with—"

"Erin," he said, cutting her short.

He looked at her eyes, and seeing genuine concern as well as worry, he ultimately decided against being harsh and asked, "Why ribs? I prefer fish."

"Your bones were hurt, and they say that you recover the parts you eat," Erin said, blinking.

James was speechless, but had no argument there and nodded as he watched her naive expression.

"Yeah. I'll make sure to have more."

Erin, however, saw that he was not lying down. "Aren't you

going to sleep?" "Can't right now," James replied.

"Do it anyway," she said with a demanding edge in her voice.

James was speechless, but he lay down tamely while Erin tucked him in.

Her gaze lingered on his face then—at the gruesome scars that

left one flinching. She gingerly touched it. "How did you hold out?"

This must hurt so much..." James held her wrist and looked at

her tenderly. "It's in the past now. Don't worry." Erin nodded—it

was fortunate that they brought him back.

She still remembered that Isaac went through meeting after meeting to save James, but fortunately, he had enough influence and help to find and rescue James.

She had not the faintest idea what favors he called to have James saved, especially since the gang that abducted James was based in a gray area. They were heavily involved in the black market and were armed and dangerous as well—they would really go all out in a direct confrontation.

She still remembered how James had been when they first got him back, having bled profusely with dried blood caking his cheek and neck. The gashes were so deep, fresh blood was trickling over the edge.

His arm and legs had also been crushed to different extent too!

"Go get the ribs!" James told Erin then—she would just feel miserable looking at him, and it would be

better if she did not. Erin thought he wanted to eat, and she smiled. "I'll go right now."

She tucked him under this blanket again, worried that he would catch a cold even though the climate

was not cold at all. She was just that excessively worried about James that she was so antsy.

She tried looking for Zachary, but told he was not around, while Stan returned to the office.

She was not used to this place nor knew where to get food ingredients, so she went

looking for Irene. Standing outside Irene's bedroom, she knocked on her door and asked,

"Are you in there, Irene?"

The runaway groom (Irene and Isaac)

Chapter 988

Irene was talking to Isaac, and she stopped when she heard knocking and opened the door.

"Erin..." "I was thinking about getting some ribs, but I don't know where to go," Erin said. "Do you?"

Irene did not, but she had an idea.

She told Eagle to get back to the castle and had Pierre do it—he was the type who can help with anything with their daily life.

Come to think of it, having the man around did make life easier.

"I'll go too," Erin said, wanting to pick the ingredients herself for her soup.

"Okay," Irene replied. "You can go with Eagle."

Erin smiled and nodded, but before she turned to leave, she remembered something and glanced at Irene. "Isaac's eyes..."

"We were just talking about that," Irene said.

Erin was very concerned about James, but she did not forget about Irene either. "Now that James is back, my brother's eyes can't wait."

Irene knew that too. "Yeah."

With that, Erin left to look for Eagle while Irene closed the door and turned toward Isaac. "Did you hear that?"

Isaac was staring into thin air, his gaze unfocused as he quietly said, "I don't care what you say. You're staying

here." "But I contacted the doctor," Irene argued—she wanted to go with him to Minerva.

She had personally looked into the optometrist and saw that he was accomplished in his field, and she also made the appointment.

If they stayed here and kept discussing it, when would they ever move?

Naturally, the sooner they got it done, the better—but Isaac was insistent on Irene staying home.

"What's wrong with me going with you?" she asked. "I'm a doctor, and I can care for you even if I can't treat your eyes. And I can care for you better than Stan can, can't I?"

"Have you fully recovered?" Isaac asked.

"Yes," she replied, but she definitely had not—gunshot wounds were not healed so easily! Pursing his lips, Isaac asked, "Why can't you listen?"

Irene pouted and turned away from him. "Fine, I won't go with you. Just hurry up and leave!"

Isaac understood that she was upset, but right now, he could not even pinpoint where she was, let alone hug her and coax her. Sighing, he said, "Don't get pouty on me now."

Irene naturally knew that this was not right, but she was simply uncomfortable about this.

Still, knowing that he was doing this for her sake anyway, she had to give in. "I know."

With that, Isaac left Franconia on the same day, and Irene stared at his departing plane blankly. Everyone seemed to be running around, busy with one thing after another.

When would they have peace?

She frowned, her expression gripped with melancholy.

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Martin was silent and blamed himself for being rough.

Lulu felt uncomfortable by how cold he was at the time and was silent too.

When Martin tried to put food on her plate during dinner, she would put it back.

He had no choice but to put it on his own plate while saying, "I'm going back to work tomorrow." His leave was over.

Lulu simply put down her knife and fork and returned quietly to their room.

Martin watched as she left, his gaze darkening as he sighed quietly.

He cleaned the dishes and the kitchen before taking a shower and returning to their bedroom. Lulu was already in bed, but just as he lay down, she said, "Sleep in the other room."

Martin did not listen but lay on his side and tried to put his arm around her waist. She grumpily knocked him off. "Don't touch me."

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Chapter 989

That was the first time Lulu had been so upset with or around him.

As Martin stayed silent, she sat up and stared at him. "What was the point? Why did you do that to me?! Who did you think I was?! I'm your wife!"

At the time, she felt no tenderness from him at all—he was as rough as he was savage.

He was never like that, since he would always care about how she felt no matter how passionate they got before. He never made her uncomfortable, and that was why she could let loose around him.

But this time, she just could not understand.

So many questions crossed her mind—did he stop cherishing her just because he had her now?

She was convinced that he was not like that.

But she could not come up with any other reason...

Hold on.

Suddenly remembering Zachary then, she wondered if he had said something that left Martin agitated.

No, that had to be it! Martin would not treat her like this otherwise!

And yet, Martin knew about her past...

It left her even confused and agitated because she could not come up with a reason!

As such, she asked curtly, "If there's something you're upset with me about, just tell me instead of hurting me." Martin apologized. "I'm sorry."

"I don't need apologies!" Lulu snapped, glaring at him.

However, he was quiet since he was not the type who argued with women.

Pursing her lips to calm herself, she said, "I'm being serious. Just tell me if you're upset with me directly. I don't need the silent treatment or a fight."

Martin lowered his gaze for a moment.

"It's not you... It's me," he said, looking up. "I was being petty, and shouldn't have drunk so much or let my thoughts wander." Lulu frowned. "What are you talking about?"

"I..." Martin had trouble talking.

He did not like himself like this.

After all, he always knew about Lulu's past and accepted it without qualms, nor did he think anything about it. Lulu asked him very clearly too if he did mind it.

He told her himself he did not, and he would—even now.

However, that issue kept bugging his mind after he got drunk, and what happened later was just history.

He did not know how to explain that to Lulu and could only say, "I won't ever do it again. Can you trust me?" Lulu stared at him for a long while, but she just did not know.

She trusted him a lot before, but she became unsure after what happened!

As she stayed silent, she lay down and said, "Don't touch me unless you explain yourself." Martin gave her some space right then.

Even so, they pretended to sleep since neither of them could.

Lulu was even breathing a little loudly, waiting for Martin to explain himself.

Eventually, she gave in and asked, "Did Zachary say something that hurt? Was that why you did it?" Martin closed his eyes. "Just don't ask, Lulu. It's all my fault..."

Lulu turned around then, and looked him in the eye. "So you don't plan to get along?"

Martin frowned. "What are you talking about?"

"There's an issue between us now. Do you think we'd get along if we don't resolve it?" Lulu asked sharply. So this was a fight—must be an unavoidable tradition for spouses.

Martin appeared taken aback, but he eventually said, "Even as I looked at you while I was drunk, I just couldn't stop thinking about you being with Zachary. I was jealous and angry, and I couldn't stop myself from feeling upset that someone had you... I know I came later and have no right to blame you for your past. Even so, my heart just hurts..."

The runaway groom (Irene and Isaac)

Chapter 990

The more Martin explained, the quieter and hoarser his voice became.

Even so, he sounded determined.

"I'm sorry, Lulu. It won't happen again."

Lulu looked into his eyes, stunned for a second and at a loss the next.

She should not have known, but...

She simply sat on bed in silence because she had no words.

There was nothing to explain here because it had happened before they were married, and Martin knew it too.

If he took offense, he would have to deal with that himself, and she would respect any choice he made.

She pulled up her blanket, closed her eyes, and snapped, "Sleep!"

She was so weirdly calm that she surprised herself!

"Are you angry?" Martin asked.

"No," she replied—and it was the truth.

After all, she had no right to be angry. It was something about her that made him uncomfortable and therefore her fault.

What should she say?

Apologize?

That would be unnecessary because that had been clear from the start and she did not have to worry about it now.

Martin knew that too and would therefore take responsibility!

Leaning against her then, he said, "Please give me another chance, Lulu."

Lulu did not push him away—she would not divorce him over this.

But she would not allow a repeat of this!

"Sleep!" she repeated coolly.

Martin understood that she felt somewhat discontented just then and said, "Lulu, humans always make mistakes, don't they?"

Lulu understood what he was getting at and said, "I'm not upset."

Martin shook his head. "I know you. You must be thinking that you'd divorce me if this happens again."

Lulu said nothing, so he continued, "You seem understanding, but you are selfish too—like right now. You can hit me or scold me, but you refuse to do so. Instead, you come up with something like planning a divorce, and I don't like it."

Lulu laughed despite herself. "You don't like it?"

"Yes," Martin replied.

Lulu said nothing again, while he said, "Look. If I had women before I had you, wouldn't your thoughts stray a little when you see her?!"

Lulu turned toward him then, and he said, "It's human nature. I know it's my fault, but please don't think about a divorce."

Lulu was silent, but he had a point—she just might take offense in that!

But even if she understood that, she refused to let that happen a second time.

It did not just hurt her physically.

It broke her heart.

"It won't ever happen again—ever," Martin said, burying his face in her hair as he put a hand around her waist. "And if there's another chance in the next life, I wish I'm the first one who meets you."

Lulu's heart softened then, and she bit her lip. "I know."

"No, you probably don't," Martin said, never feeling this exposed as he bared his heart. "I'm really fond of you."

Even more so after they became married.

He liked being with her so much he felt as if his soul was sucked in.

"Wargh..."

Jean suddenly started crying, and Martin quickly got out of bed to get her.

Lulu watched him then, understanding in that instant why Martin lost control.

There was this splinter stuck in his mind, and that was Jean's identity.

Zachary's appearance and the alcohol left him losing control!

Getting up then, she said, "Give her to me."