

Chapter 159 Fair Game

No one knew when Robin had boarded the ship. He stepped forward and stopped Lilith just as she was about to slap Camila.

Lilith whirled around, her eyes widening at the sight of the old man.

Travis had been reverent toward him that day in the hospital. She already had a vague idea who Robin was.

In the end, she refrained from hitting Camila. She retreated behind Travis, her face a mask of resentment.

Robin hobbled over with the help of his cane.

"Come with me," he told Travis.

As his grandson, Travis couldn't say no. But before he left, he gave his subordinates a pointed look that was telling them to keep an eye on Camila.

The men understood and immediately captured her.

Robin walked into one of the container vans and narrowed his eyes at Travis. "Now, let Camila and the child go. It's not too late for you to—"

"What are you saying, Grandpa?" Travis interrupted.

Robin opened his mouth, but before he could say anything, Travis added, "Do you think you can persuade Isaac to act in my favor?"

The old man scowled. "I might if you let them go. He wouldn't push past me as long as I'm around."

Travis shook his head wryly. "Grandpa, my father is your son, too, you know. I am also your grandson. Yet you have given all the family wealth to Isaac. Don't you think you're being too partial? I am only doing these things because you refuse to give me what I deserve."

Stevie wasn't able to hold himself back. "The only reason why Mr. Johnston gave all the assets to Isaac is because—"

"Stevie." Robin cut him off sternly before turning back to his grandson. "Since you insist on doing things your way, I will not meddle anymore. But you'd better be able to bear the consequences of your actions."

"Don't you think I know that already?!" Travis was very clear with his intentions from the beginning. Of course, he would handle the consequences, whether good or bad.

He wouldn't deny the things he had done, not when he had come this far.

"In that case, there is nothing more for us to discuss." Robin turned and made for the exit.

Stevie looked on in confusion. Why didn't the old man tell his errant grandson about the things his vicious mother had done? "Mr. Johnston..."

"Stop it." Robin waved his hand.

Stevie had no choice but to keep his opinions to himself.

Once they were off the ship, however, he piped up again, "Sir, didn't we come here to find the child? The boy is obviously on the ship. Camila, she—"

"Stevie, what kind of person do you think would make the Johnston family prosper in the long run?" Robin interjected.

Stevie answered without a second thought, "A capable one, of course, a discerning and decisive leader."

No sooner had he finished speaking than his eyes widened in understanding. "So, you want to see who between the two is more capable?"

"It's only right to give Travis a fair chance," Robin said.

Travis was right. He was still Robin's grandson. He was entitled to his share of the Johnston family's wealth.

Now, whether he could prove himself worthy of this opportunity depended solely on him.

Robin decided not to interfere this time because he wanted to see if Travis had what it took to win against Isaac.

If he somehow managed that, he just might hand the family business over to Travis.

He would do right by Travis.

His two grandsons both had their own strengths that would be useful to the family.

"Travis has the upper hand at the moment," Stevie thought out loud. "He has Isaac's weakness in his clutches."

"It appears that way," Robin said wisely. "But there is no way of knowing for certain who would come out the victor."

Back on the ship, Camila had been dragged into a different container van.

The first thing she saw was a makeshift bed made of wooden boxes. There were no pillows, just a single quilt. And in the center of the bed was a baby. They had made such a racket upon their entry, yet the baby never stirred. Something was not right.

Camila all but pounced at the child. She held Joe in her arms and desperately patted his cheek. No response. She turned to glare at Travis. "What the hell did you do to my son?"

Travis was unbothered. "He was too noisy, so I gave him some sleeping pills."

"He is just a baby!" Camila screamed in horror.

"Please, he's not going to die," Travis scoffed.

He wasn't trying to kill the child, but the constant crying was so damn annoying. If he did nothing about it, the patrons on the ship were bound to notice, so he dispatched a doctor to administer some sleeping medicine.

Camila's small frame trembled with rage. She carefully set Joe down and lunged at Travis. Her movement was so sudden that no one had the time to react.

The lackeys rushed forward to stop her, but they were too late. She had already landed a slap on Travis' face.

The cracking sound of skin hitting skin rang out in the boxed space.

Everyone froze in shock.

The hand that Camila had hit him with was tingling and rapidly going numb. She had put all of her strength on that single slap.

"Camila!" Lilith pushed away Camila in outrage. "How dare you hit him?"

"And why shouldn't I dare? If anything happens to my son, I will kill him with my own hands!"

"Hurt him again, and I will kill you myself!" Lilith's eyes flashed with anger. After learning that Travis had only broken up with her to keep her safe, her devotion to him had doubled in extent.

Travis reached out to push Lilith aside, then he stalked over to Camila.

He was sporting an expression as ferocious as that of a wild beast.

Camila was instantly vigilant, and she took a wary step back. "Whatever enmity you have with Isaac should be settled between the two of you. How can you drag a baby barely a year old into this mess? And you call yourself a man?!"

Travis narrowed his eyes. An angry welt in the shape of a hand was already forming on his cheek. "You know, no one has ever slapped me, not even when I was a child. You're the first one to do so. Do you think I'll let you get away with it?"

Camila raised her chin, unwilling to back down despite being at a disadvantage. "Do you think I will ever forgive you for touching my son?"

Travis' hands clenched into fists, his veins standing out against his

skin, his knuckles making the distinct, cracking sound of bones.

He let out a hollow laugh. "Well, I'm not going to beat a woman up. But I assure you, I can make your life a living hell and humiliate Isaac in the process."

A deep sense of foreboding came over Camila, but she did her best to suppress it. "What are you planning?" she demanded coldly.

"Well, first of all, I will take my revenge for that slap." He turned to his men and raised an eyebrow. "I'll be leaving this woman to you. She is a beauty, don't you think? Make sure to treat her well. Oh, and she is Isaac's woman, so how about that? You can have a taste of the same woman he has slept with. Count yourselves lucky."

Then he put an arm around Lilith's shoulder and made for the door. "Come on, let's go."

Just as they were about to step out, Travis paused and turned back to his men. "Don't disappoint me. Also, I want the world to know that Isaac's woman is a slut. Record everything that you do. Everyone is going to know that Isaac was cuckolded."

"Travis, I am your cousin's wife!" Camila cried out in an attempt to make him change his mind.

She knew that the odds were slim, but she had to try.

"So what?" Travis snorted. "Isaac and I are at a full-blown war with each other. Do you think your claims mean anything to me?"

Camila finally gave in to her fear, and she cowered back in fright.

Travis' subordinates were leering at her with greedy eyes. They would be upon her at any second.

"Grandpa!" She suddenly remembered Robin. "Where is Grandpa?"

"He is my grandfather, not yours," Travis sneered. "It's no use calling for anyone. I am the god on this ship. Grandpa left a long time ago. No one else is coming to save you, so you can't escape. You should blame Isaac for your predicament. If he were any stronger, you and your child wouldn't be here."

A cold gleam seeped into Camila's eyes.

The grudges between the Johnston family members really ran deep.

They would go so far as to destroy each other who went in their way.

"Well, carry on with your instructions," Travis snapped at his men.

They had been on the ship for months on end, and had never seen a beautiful woman in all that time, let alone touch one. They were eager to have their way with Camila.

Sure enough, they instantly swarmed around her and tore at her clothes.

"Go away! Don't touch me!" Camila struggled as best as she could.

Camila's shirt was soon pulled off her, exposing her delicate skin.

The sight almost drove the men into a frenzy.

"Grab her arms and legs," the leader ordered. "I'll go first."

Camila was pinned against the bed, her hands and feet all held down by the men. She lay sprawled, helpless and at their mercy, and it aroused the men's most basic instincts even more.

"Damn, she's so enticing!" the leader muttered before straddling her.

