

Chapter 356 His Lapdog

To her credit, Lilith had not dismissed the possibility that she might fail in her mission to save Travis.

Which was why, before coming here, she had gone to see Robin.

In her mind, Robin was the family patriarch, and more importantly, the men's grandfather.

Despite the fact that Isaac was undoubtedly a cold-blooded and ruthless man, or the fact that he was completely at odds with the entire Johnston family at the moment, Robin was still his grandfather.

Lilith could not imagine Isaac not having any sort of affection left toward the man who had raised him.

Hence, she was confident that Robin's intervention would guarantee Travis' salvation.

Unfortunately for her, things would not go as she expected.

Isaac glanced over, perfectly composed, even as he saw that it was Robin.

He wasn't the least bit bothered by the old man's presence.

Robin slowly approached with the help of a walking stick. He was clearly not doing well, regardless of the efforts exerted by his legion of doctors. His health was at its most fragile, and it showed in his face.

"Isaac," Robin said, his tone humble and pleading.

He didn't sound like an elder at all, much less the family patriarch.

Instead, he spoke like someone who had realized his mistakes and had now come to ask for forgiveness.

And Robin did regret everything he had done.

Back then, he had made the wrong decision.

He shouldn't have turned against Isaac. If anything, he should have utilized their familial ties in order to guide his grandson toward the right

path. If only he had been patient, things might not have turned out this way.

Sadly, it was all in the past. There was no coming back.

"I am sick. In dire condition. I'm afraid I don't have many days left. Travis is still your cousin—"

No sooner had Robin spoke than Isaac turned to his car. His chauffeur immediately opened the door to the backseat, and Isaac wasted no time getting in.

He didn't even let Robin finish.

"Isaac..."

"Mr. Johnston!" Stevie rushed forward and tried to stop Isaac from leaving. "Please spare us a moment and listen to what the old master has to say."

Stevie, too, hoped that he would be forgiving toward Travis, if only for their grandfather's sake.

After all, at the end of the day, they were still family.

And since Isaac was the one at an advantage, it was only right for him to concede.

Both he and Travis were still Johnstons, regardless of all that had transpired.

As a loyal servant, Stevie didn't want to witness the younger generation tearing each other apart.

"Mr. Johnston, please," he begged.

But Isaac never faltered. He slammed the car door closed. "Drive," he ordered the chauffeur.

"Mr. Johnston." Stevie tried to stop him again, but the car sped away in the next instant, leaving them in the dust.

Realizing that their efforts were in vain, Stevie returned to his master's side and supported the frail old man. "You already knew this would happen," he chided softly. "Why did you even bother to come?"

Robin cast a stern gaze at Alick and said, "I command you to release Travis immediately."

Alick was respectful to the old man, but he stood his ground. "You know that Mr. Johnston will fire me if I do that. Please do not force my hand."

With that, he motioned at his men. "Take Travis to the car and let's go."

"Alick, you are nothing more than Isaac's lapdog!" Lilith screeched as she desperately clutched Travis' arm. "What gives you the right to disobey Mr. Johnston's order?"

Travis was leaning into her arms, an odd smile playing on his lips. He realized then that Lilith truly cared about him.

He wasn't a total failure, after all.

At the very least, he had this woman, who loved him unconditionally.

In comparison, Isaac had tremendous wealth and success, but did he have someone who loved him more than anything?

"Lilith," Travis pulled back to look her in the eye. "Don't waste your breath. It's no use."

"But your grandfather has spoken! There's no way Alick would get away with disobeying his orders." Lilith clung to whatever hope she had left and refused to let go.

In the next moment, however, Alick marched over with his men and forcefully removed Travis from her arms. "You're right. I am indeed a lapdog. But I am Isaac's lapdog, and his alone. I only take orders from him, no one else."

Lilith glared at him. "You're not even worthy of that position, you bastard!"

"It looks like we need to take good care of Travis," one of Alick's subordinates mocked loudly. "We can't have his foul-mouthed girlfriend breathing down our necks!"

They were determined to stand up for Alick.

Lilith exploded. "How dare you!"

"Because we have custody of him. How about you? Do you dare to do anything, or are you just all bark and no bite?"

As Lilith seethed with outrage, they hauled Travis away and deposited them in one of the cars, slamming the door with a loud bang.

Lilith quickly scrambled to her feet and ran after them.

She banged at the windows and cried, but they ignored her. The driver didn't even seem concerned that he might run her over. He simply revved the engine and stepped on the gas.

Sure enough, Lilith was knocked back by the momentum. She fell on the gravel path, scraping her knees and hands.


One by one, the cars drove away into the distance.

Robin watched them disappear and heaved a long, weary sigh.

Sensing the direction of the old man's thoughts, Stevie ventured, "We can't possibly save Travis at this rate. However..."

Robin turned sharply at his loyal servant. "Do you have something in mind?"

"I do have an idea."

Stevie leaned closer and proceeded to speak in whispers. 

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