

Runaway 221

Chapter 221

Irene asked, "Are you alright?"

Robin could tell what she was referring to, and bitterly said, "I haven't been with him for that long, but we used to be happy. He would always watch my theater shows and treat me to gourmet food. We hold

hands when we go shopping, and I'd lean on his shoulder at the cinema..."

The memories left her eyes welling with tears.

"I mean, I know that we don't suit each other—he's a child of the Jefferson family, while I'm just some unknown thespian. I know we wouldn't go all the way, but... It's just so sudden! I can't take it, even if I knew this was inevitable."

Irene listened attentively, and asked gingerly, "But why would he suddenly break up with you? Maybe he met someone else? You know how changeable men can be."

Robin thought about it. "I don't think so... He's actually been quite busy lately."

"What with?" Irene tried to sound casual.

"I'm not sure..."

Still, Robin suddenly realized that Irene was asking about Ian, and quickly became wary. "Why'd you ask?"

Irene made herself look pensive just then. "No reason in particular... I just feel a little empathetic toward you, since I've been dumped like that too. I guess I'm eager to find out if your boyfriend was a scumbag like my ex."

Just knowing the fact that Irene had been dumped allowed Robin to see her as a kindred spirit just then, bridging the gap between them—even losing all wariness just then.

"How long did it take you to recover?" she asked.

"Oh, you won't feel a thing soon enough... with the help of a little alcohol along the way," Irene simply said.

It felt like an epiphany for Robin. "Yes, time heals everything..."

"But I think I heard something about another woman, I think? Don't you think that he's actually just cheating?" Irene asked, once again directing their focus on Ian.

She came here for information in the first place anyway.

Now that Robin had calmed down, she remembered that she did hear Ian say that over the phone. "No, but I guess I must find out."

"Would you like my help?" Irene asked.

Robin stared at her for a moment. "We're not that close..."

"We can be friends if you don't mind. But if you feel-"

"Of course!" Robin exclaimed, cutting her short.

Right now, she needed a pillar of guidance, especially from someone like Irene who had experienced breakups

"By the way, what's your name?" Robin asked.

"I'm Irene Spencer."

"Nice to meet you. I'm Robin Lynd. Hold on for a moment, I'll apply for leave," Robin said, eager to find out

why Ian wanted to break up with her right then.

"Okay," Irene replied.

Soon, Robin had settled matters with her office, and they both took a taxi to go look for Ian.

They headed to Ian's home, but he was not around.

Robin narrowed her eyes. "Maybe he's there?"

"Where?" Irene asked right then.

“There’s this underground casino he’s managing. Not many people know about it, and he’s only taken me

there twice,” Robin said.

Irene’s eyes widened—lan had a casino?

“Do you know where it is?” she asked.

Robin nodded.

“Yeah,” she said, and told the driver, “Southport, please.” Irene was even more shocked at that. “It’s at the port?”

Chapter 222

Robin stared at Irene. “Why are you so surprised?”

Irene quickly composed herself and smiled, “Well, I’m just a doctor who only has dancing as a hobby. I haven’t ever gambled even though I’m an adult, so an underground casino is both exciting and new to me

‘Look, don’t tell anyone,” Robin told her. “This sort of business is illicit, and it’s an indictment if the authorities find out.”

“My lips are sealed,” Irene said, but her tone soon changed sharply. “Wait, are you still being considerate after he dumped you?”

“We used to be happy and that’s all that matters,” Robin quietly said, her tone conveying helplessness and misery. “I don’t want to see him in jail even if we’ve broken up...”

“Oh, but didn’t you say that he is from the Jefferson family? They have both power and money, don’t they? *Irene asked while feigning ignorance.

“I’m not sure, but I just know that he has a serious grudge against his cousin,” Robin replied. “That’s

why his casino is not legal and he cannot afford to operate in broad daylight. He would be fine as long as his cousin doesn’t mess with him.”

Irene lowered her gaze, knowing that the ‘cousin’ was Isaac

She also remembered Isaac mentioning that Ian's mother had made an attempt on his life, and resorting to murder could only mean that there was no chance of peace between them!

Naturally, it was useful information for Isaac, so Irene pretended to be fiddling with her phone as she

texted him, while telling him, "Don't do anything for now. I've managed to make friends with Robin Lynd, so I will go in for a look first"

Any move should be clandestine before they found Tommy, or the child would be in danger if Ian was pushed too far

Saving Tommy was a priority.

On the other hand, Isaac's expression turned gloomy when he received Irene's text.

He already suspected Ian had another income source aside from his family, and it had to be illegal.

While Stan came up with nothing from his ongoing investigation, Irene had already found out about the underground casino.

He was certainly displeased with Stan's growing incompetence.

He texted back: [Be careful]

Naturally, he was also worried that Irene was going to the casino, and things would get dangerous if Ian saw her

Irene texted back (Got it)

With that, she put away her phone.

"What do you think I should say if I see him? Robin asked, suddenly feeling a little worried that she was being impulsive

Ian told her that they were breaking up, after all. He would only hate her more if she got clingy...

Irene quickly goaded her. "You're breaking up anyway, so why not make it a clean one instead of being wishy-washy? You have a right to know whether he no longer loves you or was just cheating on you. I mean, unless you don't want to know the reason?"

If Robin backs off now, she would not be able to find the casino.

Thankfully, Robin thought that Irene was being reasonable.

Ian might have dumped her, but it was not too much to ask for an answer, was it?

She had the right, did she not?

They soon arrived at Southport, and they alighted after Irene paid the driver.

There were mostly cargo ships around them, since it was a cargo port, with many containers kept at the docks.

Naturally, Irene could see that a casino could be hidden around a place like this.

"Is the casino inside a container?" she joked. "Or maybe one of the ships?"

Robin glanced at her and said, "It's in a container on a ship."

Irene was speechless, but there was no question that no one would find out that way.

"I'm not sure, but Ian told me that he won't be afraid of inspections this way," Robin explained. "If anyone finds out, he just has to sail the ship into international waters, and no one would be able to do anything about it."

Irene's expression cooled slightly. "Yeah, the idea is perfect."

Gambling was illegal, but Ian could come up with such a gimmick to hide his operations.

It just goes to show how cunning he could be.

Chapter 223

If Robin had not told her, Irene would never have thought that there was a casino hidden in this cargo port.

“Come on, I can take you there,” Robin said, leading her to a small boat.

There were two men on it, and the boat was meant to ferry passengers to the casino.

Both men had seen Robin before, so they let her on.

However, they stopped Irene since they never saw her. “You’re not allowed here.”

“She’s with me,” Robin said. “She’s a friend of mine, and she knows about the casino. Your boss told me to never breathe a word about it and I never did, and I’m here to look for him. Is he in?”

Ian had his arms around Robin when they last came, and both men knew that she was Ian’s girlfriend.

They had to let Irene as well since Robin vouched for her,

but...

“Your phones, please.”

Robin knew the rules, and quickly passed hers to them.

Irene, however, needed hers to contact Isaac-once she surrendered it, she could not reach him even if she finds

Tommy.

“What?”

“Sorry, but it’s the rules. They don’t want anyone making calls from the ship.” Robin explained when she saw her hesitance.

Irene therefore had to give in. “Okay.”

She turned off her phone and handed it over, and the two men finally started the ship after they did!

They were sailing for over half an hour when Irene saw a cargo ship nearby, stacked full of shipping containers.

“We’ve arrived,” Robin said just then.

Irene frowned. “That’s a lot of containers...”

She thought a couple would be enough, but there must be over twenty on that ship!

The crew, under the impression that Irene was a hick, started to brag proudly, “She could take over 300 people, or 400 if needed. It’s a slow day, though, so it’s just over 100 for today.”

Irene was left gaping.

Hundreds of people frequented that place? It certainly deserved to be called a casino, just as one must admit that it takes balls to operate something of that scale!

And Ian certainly had a pair!

As they closed in on the cargo ship, the crew brought out a plank that would be used as a bridge.

“Let’s go,” Robin told Irene then.

She nodded, and they carefully walked over the plank.

Once on the ship, however, Irene said, “I’ll wait for you here. You should go look for your boyfriend.”

“You’re not coming with me?” Robin asked.

“I think having a stranger would make things awkward,” Irene explained. “Just ask him what’s going on, and we can leave. I’ll wait here for you.”

Robin thought so too, since this was between her and Ian.

Nodding, she said, “Okay. Thanks for coming here with me.”

Irene smiled, but felt a little guilty inside for tricking Robin.

She was quite naive and easily believed Irene, but Irene was exploiting her trust.

Also, Irene was not going with Robin because she was worried Ian would recognize her, and realized

that she came on board as a spy!

Taking a deep breath, Robin headed toward the containers, while Irene went to work as well.

The ship was enormous, but most of the people were inside the containers.

She peeked inside one of the containers to find a dozen men around the table, and a woman dressed like a bunny standing in the middle. She was the dealer and was

waiting as the men placed their bets before rolling the roulette.

There were many other babes like her, dealing out cards to many others at different tables, with stacks of chips placed before them.

Irene quietly left, since she did not find any clues she needed just then... until she heard crying!

Chapter 224

Irene's expression stiffened.

Where was the crying coming from?

She quickly followed the voice, and arrived at a red shipping container.

Robin, Ian, and the woman who had been crying were inside!

Irene frowned—the woman seemed young. Was she the woman who had recently delivered a baby, whom Ian was asking for?

“Who told you to come, huh?” Ian was scowling and glaring viciously at Robin.

The reason he had broken up with her was because he was worried Isaac would turn his crosshairs on her, and then track her down to this ship.

But here she was! He had every reason to be furious!

Robin, however, did not understand that she simply believed that he was angry from the embarrassment of being caught cheating.

And it was the first time she had ever seen him flip out!

“You’re dumping me because of her?” She could not help sobbing-when she entered the container, she found the

woman topless and facing Ian.

This was his office, and why else would she be undressing?

Any idiot could tell!

She felt as if her heart was breaking—she never expected

that he had really cheated on her!

“Yes,” Ian said, not bothering to explain.

Robin burst into tears, and she felt like she was crumbling.

“How could you do this to me?” She sobbed, and firmly wiped her tears away. “Fine. If you want a

break up, let’s break up—since you can get yourself another woman, I can get myself a man too!”

With that, she started to leave the container.

Ian, however, could not stand the thought of her seeing another man.

Striding forward and catching her wrist, he growled, “ Don’t be so petty.”

Robin wheeled on her, and shot back, “I’m not—why can’t I hook up with someone new when you already did?”

Ian, who never explained himself to anyone actually cracked right then. “Look, I asked her to be a wet nurse. She was just undressing for milking-”

“What would you need a wet nurse for?” Robin asked.

That was Ian’s limit, and he released Robin right then.

In her eyes, that move was a silent acknowledgement of his misdeed!

Robin felt despair right then, and her tone turned icy. "I never knew that you're such a scumbag. I must be delusional to think that I was special!"

Ian did not bother to answer, "Well, now you know. Leave and never come back."

Robin smiled. "I won't."

With that, she strode out of the container.

Ian did not stop her, and instead directed his lackeys to take the wet nurse away.

Robin watched as he left, feeling cold inside and could not help laughing at herself!

What was she expecting?

She wiped away her tears.

Love was not everything -it was not as if she would die from being dumped.

Taking a deep breath, she walked up to the deck and remembered then that she had come with Irene.

Was Irene not supposed to wait for her here?

Where was she?

Robin started looking, calling out for Irene as she did.

"Irene? Irene Spencer?"

That was when Ian heard her.

Chapter 225

Striding toward Robin, Ian demanded, "Who are you looking for?"

"Irene Spencer. What's wrong with that?" Robin replied.

Ian narrowed his eyes. "She's onboard?!"

Robin had no idea why he was glowering, and explained, She just came here with me. She's a friend,

and she won't tell anyone about this place. We're leaving once she comes back--"

"A friend?" Ian's brow was twitching. "Do you even know who she is?!"

Robin felt a foreboding sensation just then. "We just met

"Just met?!" Ian growled through his teeth. "And you already brought her aboard?"

"Who is she? Why are you so upset?" Robin asked then- was Irene Spencer someone special?

"She's Isaac's wife!" Ian bellowed, and took a moment to calm himself. "Well, whatever. Thank goodness I found out early and this didn't get worse. She's not getting away as long as she's on board."

Robin froze. "She approached me... On purpose?"

"What do you think?" Ian retorted. "I dumped you

because I was hoping Isaac and his people wouldn't come after you. Guess I was still too late, but no matter. Now that the cat is out of the bag, I can tell you that Irene Spencer was using you to find her baby."

"You took her baby?" Robin gasped in surprise.

"Yes, and he's everything to me. As long as I have him, I can force Isaac to give me everything he has even Light Group."

"And that woman just now..."

"Like I said, a wet nurse," Ian answered simply, before adding, "The baby was having a crying fit. I needed her to feed him."

Robin came to her senses then. "It was all just a misunderstanding?"

"What do you think?" Ian sighed--now that Robin understood that she had been targeted, he did not have to break up with her either.

"Come with me," he said, and directed his crew, "Find that woman!"

The ship was only that large—there was no place to hide.

“I’m sorry.” Robin apologized to him then. “I’ve brought trouble to your doorstep.”

Ian put a hand on her waist. “Actually, you didn’t. Once

we get her, I have two bargaining chips against Isaac.”

Still, Robin felt like she owed him because she caused him trouble.

After all, he was trying to protect her when he dumped her, a thought which left her feeling guilty.

She blamed her own recklessness—she should have stayed calm.

Irene could swim, and had hid herself by latching herself to one of the lifebuoys tied up over the hull of the cargo ship.

However, when Ian’s crew failed to find her on the ship, they thought of the hull as well, and found her in no time at all.

“Over here!” one of the crew members yelled, and his companions were there soon.

“Let’s go look,” Ian said, bringing Robin along.

His crew did not capture Irene immediately, since she would not be able to hold on for that long—they simply stood aside, watching and laughing at her.

As Ian looked down at her as well, he smiled. “Did you think you would get away in the middle of the ocean? You came here on your own, so don’t blame me if I prove to be less than gentlemanly.”

With that, he gestured for the crew to pull her aboard.

Irene glanced at the sea beneath. She would break something if she jumped and it was too far to swim

Henry had boarded the cargo ship at some point in time, and bellowed at Robin, stopping her just as she was about to hit Irene.

When Robin turned and saw him, she remembered how respectful Ian was around him.

Knowing who he was, she refrained from hitting Irene, and gingerly retreated behind Ian.

As Henry walked toward them on his crutch, he growled at Ian, "Come with me."

Ian naturally could not refuse his elder, but before he left, he gestured for his crew to keep Irene under their custody and prevent her escape.

Once they were gone, the crew took her to another

container.

As they stepped inside Ian's office, Henry gave him a look and said, "Release Irene and her child now. There is still time--"

"Time for what, Grandfather?" Ian asked in return, cutting him short.

Then, before Henry could answer, he said, "Do you think

you could convince Isaac to step down?"

Henry's expression darkened. "Let them go, and I'll be able to do it. He'll respect me as long as I'm alive."

Naturally, Ian refused. "I'm your grandson, and my father's your son! But you gave everything to Isaac because he's your favorite! My grievance, and the conflict in the family, is all because of you!"

Money Penny could not stop himself just then. "Master Jefferson did so because your mother--"

"Stop," Henry growled, stopping him just in time. "Since you're being so obstinate, I have nothing to say

to you. You'll be solely responsible for what's coming to you now.

"Of course I will!" Ian certainly knew what he was doing, and the outcome was naturally his to bear.

He would not apologize for what he did either!

"In that case, there's nothing more to say." Henry headed outside then.

Money Penny had no idea why Henry refused to tell Ian what his mother had done. "Sir..."

"Stop it." Henry raised a hand, gesturing for his silence.

Money Penny had to follow suit!

Still, after they left the cargo ship, Money Penny finally asked his question. "Sir, didn't you go on the ship to look

for the boy? He's right there, along with Ms. Irene--"

"Money Penny," Henry interrupted him. "What do you think my family needs to prosper?"

Money Penny did not hesitate in his answer. "A leader who is competent, has foresight, and moves swiftly and decisively. A man of such caliber would ensure a lasting dynasty..."

Catching on to Henry's intentions just then, Money Penny gaped. "Are you saying that you want to find out who's better among the two?"

"Ian deserves a chance." Henry said earnestly – he was a Jefferson after all, and whether he could claim the right to rule was all on him.

Henry had decided to refrain from meddling this time, just to see if Ian stood a chance against Isaac.

If Ian won, it would not be a bad option to have him become the next family head—that was only fair.

Personal merit will decide the victor!

"With two leverages against Master Isaac, Master Ian does seem to have the advantage of the moment." Money Penny pointed out.

"It does seem that way," Henry replied. "But it's too early to say who is the victor.

"With two leverages against Master Isaac, Master Ian does seem to have the advantage of the moment." Money Penny pointed out.

“It does seem that way,” Henry replied. “But it’s too early to say who is the victor.

Meanwhile, Ian’s crew had taken Irene to another container, inside of which was a simple bed arranged

Chapter 227

Irene was shaking with rage.

She put down Tommy and suddenly dashed toward Ian.

She moved so quickly that before anyone noticed or could move to stop her, she had reached him and slapped him

across the face!

The ensuing smack seemed to echo in the container, and everyone froze!

Irene had struck Ian so hard her palm turned numb—she

had struck him as hard as she could!

“Irene Spencer!” Robin yelled, running up and shoving Irene when she saw her beloved being struck.

“How dare you touch him?!”

“Why wouldn’t I?!” Irene’s eyes were red. “I will kill him if anything happens to Tommy!”

“And I’ll kill you if you do!” Robin yelled back, her eyes bulging furiously.

After learning that Ian had broken up with her just to protect her, she fell deeper in love and was now willing to

kill for him!

That was when Isaac walked up, pushing Robin aside, and

strode toward Irene with the look of a frenzied beast.

Irene took a step back warily. “Take it up with Isaac Jefferson if you have a beef with him! Do you think you’re a man, abducting an infant?”

Ian simply narrowed his eyes.

The red palm print on his face was ever distinct as he smiled. "No one's ever slapped me. Did you think I'd ? forgive you?"

Irene reared her chin at him, not yielding despite her clear disadvantage. "Did you, after you hurt my child?"

Ian cracked his knuckles just then, his veins bulging over the back of his hand, and laughed despite his rage. "Fine, I don't lay a finger on women anyway – but I can make you wish you were dead, while humiliating Isaac at the same time."

Irene felt the ominous intent, and had to suppress her terror right then. "What are you doing?"

"Paying you back for the slap," Ian said darkly, and turned toward his crew. "You can have her, boys–

that's a pretty face if I ever saw one. Show her some proper love now, because you're having the honor of bagging a

woman who slept with Isaac Jefferson!"

With that, he put a hand around Robin's waist and said, Let's go."

Just as he stepped outside, he stopped and told the crew, Don't disappoint me, and remember to

record it. I have to show everyone that Isaac's woman is available to the public–and he's nothing but a cuck!"

"We're related, Ian Jefferson!" Irene snapped.

She was attempting to make Ian eat his words, even though she knew there was not much of a chance – she was just desperate.

To no one's surprise, Ian simply snorted. "So what if we are? Isaac and I stand apart. Did you think you carry weight around here?"

Ian's crew leered and ogled her then, as if ready to lunge and devour her at any moment, leaving her retreating in

fear.

“Wait, what about Henry?” Irene asked, suddenly

remembering about the eldest Jefferson.

“Who, my grandfather?” Ian laughed in disdain. “Doesn’t matter who you cry to for help -I’m the alpha and the omega on this ship, and that old man’s already left!

Chapter 228

Panicking, Irene tried to kick her feet, but Ian’s crew was keeping her completely restrained.

As terror seized her, she abandoned all dignity and shrieked, “Help!”

She could not stay calm in this situation—there were so many men around her, leering at her hungrily.

She would not survive!

“Go on, scream. It just excites me more,” the man said as he took off his shirt, but just as he moved on top of her, the container door swung open with a loud bang!

The crew leader snapped indignantly, “Who the f-”

A dark blur flashed before his eyes before he could finish

or see what it was.

Then, he was sent flying, hovering in the air for a

moment before crashing onto the sidewall panel of the

container!

While the crew leader was clutching his stomach, curling up and groaning in agony, the rest of the crew were yelling and snapping at another group of men who

suddenly showed up. “Don’t you know where you are? Or who you’re messing with?”

Stan Hill stepped forward, growling icily, “You are the ones who know nothing. None of you are getting away!”

The men he brought rushed forward at his order, overwhelming and subduing the crew in no time at all.

Suddenly, the container was even more crowded, and audible groans of pain could soon be heard everywhere.

Irene got up, suddenly feeling warmth over her shoulders
even as she found Isaac.

Despite his seemingly calm demeanor, he was seething- he was simply keeping it under wraps.

Irene could see the hurt and fear in his eyes.

Was that because of her?

However, she did not have the time to dwell on it-

sliding her hands into the sleeves of the jacket he draped over her, she leaped off the wooden crates and scooped up Tommy in her arms.

The boy was reacting again due to the commotion — the sleeping pill must have worn off.

He was not crying, but his round eyes were wide open and darting everywhere as if he was studying his

surroundings.

Irene tried to stop her tears, but they were flowing freely
and trickling onto little Tommy's face.

"I'm so sorry..." she rasped, blaming herself so much for not taking care of him, while feeling spite for Ian who drugged him.

She suddenly looked up to find Isaac studying Tommy.

His eyes were burning with emotions, but his hand was

shaking even as he reached out to touch Tommy, and he

could hardly stop the swelling excitement within himself.

Chapter 229

As Irene followed Isaac out of the container, Ian rushed to the scene, having heard the commotion.

He glowered when he saw that Isaac had saved his wife and child. "How did you get here?"

He was convinced that Isaac would never find this place— he was too used to Stan's style in reconnaissance, which had helped him elude them thus far.

That naturally left him confused—if he had managed to stay out of Stan's range, how did they get here?!

Robin remembered something then, and turned toward Irene. "It was you, wasn't it? You were fiddling

with your phone on the way here. Did you leak our location?"

Ian snarled right then, "You ruined all my hard work!"

"Hard work?" Irene glared at him icily. "You deserve what's coming at you for all that you've done!"

Robin realized that she had ruined Ian's plan, and felt sorry for him while she glared at Irene with spite. If she had not naively believed Irene and gotten exploited as a result, Ian's plan would not have fallen through, and his

casino would not have been exposed!

She clenched her fist.

On the other hand, Ian was not giving in despite the circumstances he certainly did not think that he had

lost.

He could still turn this around!

“It’s too early to think that you’ve won.” He raised his chin proudly.

Isaac kept one hand around Irene as he straightened. His shadow extended over the deck, magnifying his sinister

presence.

“Whatever you say. I’ll just mind my own business,” he growled. “Stan Hill.”

Stan quickly walked up to him. “Yes, Mr. Jefferson?”

“That man who touched my wife—feed him to the fishes.

Isaac’s tone and visage was icy, while Stan understood his orders right away.

The crew leader was too hurt to stand, and had to be dragged out of the container.

“Hey, pal. Let’s get you a drink,” Stan said as he helped his men carry him to the edge of the ship.

The man was screaming in fear. “Please, stop! I was just following orders! Ian told us to do it—”

“Do it.” Isaac naturally knew that Ian was the

mastermind, but killing the crew leader would placate

himself and Irene. He should have known better than to

lay a finger on any woman he could reach!

In addition, it was a demonstration for Ian’s crew-

provoking Isaac would only end badly for them, and their

boss would not be able to save them!

“Please, Ian! Save me!” The crew leader started bawling

then.

Ian certainly wanted to, but he could not—Isaac had clearly taken control over his ship, and he was barely safe as it was. How was he supposed to help?

Meanwhile, the man was still begging, “Please, sir! I’ve served you well and done so much for you! You can’t just let me die! You told us to do it!”

Nonetheless, Stan and his men threw him into the sea, and he landed with a loud splash!

It turns out that the man could not swim, and kept struggling to stay afloat.

“Help” he yelled after gulping a mouthful of seawater.

He would sink a foot below the surface whenever he

moved, before floating for a moment again and gulping seawater again—that process repeated endlessly as he kept struggling!

Splash, splash.

Everyone on the boat could only watch—none of them tried to help.

Ian’s crew was especially left cowering at the sight, fearful that they would be next.

They were in the midst of deep waters. Even if they could swim, they would eventually get exhausted and drown!

The man below was a perfect example.

His struggling was becoming feeble, and he was hanging on by a thread!

Meanwhile, Isaac smiled coolly. “It doesn’t pay to be in

your crew, does it?”

Ian’s face turned ashen—Isaac was clearly sowing doubts in the minds of his crew!

Suddenly, sirens could be heard blaring!

Chapter 230

As the sirens approached, the gamblers who had been entranced heard it and ran out of the containers, and

swarmed toward Ian when they saw him.

“Why are the coast guard coming?” they demanded.

They knew that they were involved in a crime, and they were naturally worried about getting caught.

“Just shut up if you don’t want to get caught,” Ian

growled angrily, and carved a path through the crowd as he made his way to Isaac. “Things won’t end well for you once word of this gets out. Don’t forget—I’m your family. Aren’t you afraid of ruining the reputation of the

illustrious Jefferson dynasty?”

Though he owned this illegal casino, everyone knew who

he was!

If he was indicted and once word got out, Isaac would not fare any better?

Isaac remained indifferent, his lips curling up with

disdain and callousness. “What does that have to do with

me?”

He might be a Jefferson, but after seeing that Henry had come aboard without lifting a finger to save Irene or his child, he no longer had any qualms!

From now on, he would protect his real family—Irene and Tommy deserved all his attention.

Soon, the cargo ship was surrounded, and the blaring sirens left many hearts pounding!

Fearing arrest, the crowd was in an uproar as panic and guilt seized them.

Stan and his men cleared a path, while Isaac left with Irene and Tommy on another boat.

“I’m leaving this to you. Don’t disappoint me,” Isaac growled with a solemn look.

Stan’s recent performance had been subpar and Isaac had been meaning to straighten him out.

Stan was naturally aware, and said, “Don’t worry, sir.”

He would do his best this time.

Isaac trusted him too, and naturally would not give up on him so quickly—everyone deserved a second chance.

“Leave no stone unturned. I could tell that those men

have dirty laundry, and I don’t want them out and about again,” Isaac added. “Understand?”

“Yes—anyone who laid a finger on Mrs. Jefferson will be punished.”

Stan was certainly smart. Isaac was being deliberately

vague, but he understood anyway. Still, it was to be expected after he served the man so long, and

gained an intimate understanding of how he thought.

He even knew how to address Irene to suit Isaac’s mood!

“Get it done,” Isaac said flatly, and Stan returned to the cargo ship with his men.

Isaac then headed above the deck and told the crew to

bring the boat ashore.

As the boat sailed steadily over the sea’s surface, Irene’s

heart was still strung up, unable to relax.

She feared that harm had come to Tommy.

On the other hand, Isaac hesitated for a long while, but could not bring himself to ask her to let him hold Tommy.

At the moment, it seemed that Irene would not let go of

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the baby—she just seemed so anxious, and words of comfort seemed to be ineffective.

“I won’t let any danger come to you ever again,” he said quietly, his eyes fixed on Tommy.

The boy looks so much like himself...

Irene did not look up, but she replied, “Thank you.”

Isaac understood how she felt.

Once they made port and Irene carried Tommy from the boat, he said, “Can we go to the hospital? I want to get Tommy checked.”

“I’ll take you there,” Isaac said.

“Okay,” she replied, and got into his car.

His phone suddenly started ringing—it was a call from Money Penny, who told him that Henry wanted to see him.

“Got it,” he replied, and hung up.

He did not head to the Jefferson Manor, however, and instead brought Irene straight to the hospital.

“You can leave me if you’re busy. I just need Jimmy with me.”

“It’s nothing urgent,” Isaac said.

No matter who was asking for him now or what situation needed his attention, nothing was more important than the safety of his child.

In fact, Tommy had better be safe, or he would hold everyone responsible—even Henry!

Soon, they arrived at the hospital.

Once the car stopped, Isaac alighted first, and opened the door for Irene, walking with her as she carried Tommy

out of the car.

The examination soon concluded that the boy was fine-

lan did not overdose him.

“Wargh-

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Tommy suddenly started crying from hunger.

“What is this?!”

Isaac, however, quickly became anxious and presumed that the doctor had made some mistake, and caused the baby discomfort.

Glaring sharply at the doctor, he growled, “What have you done?!”

Irene promptly tugged at his sleeve—it had nothing to do with the doctor. “Tommy is just hungry.”