

Runaway 797

Chapter 797

James reported, "We have nothing to go on. The mastermind was very cautious."

It was certainly worrying that they could not uncover the mastermind—it meant a time bomb was lurking in the shadows and going to blow up at any moment, catching them completely off guard!

Isaac was scowling—he was worried too.

"Why don't we try to lure them out too?" James suggested.

Since the mastermind's target was Irene, they just had to let Irene appear isolated while Eagle kept an eye on her from the shadows.

That just might lure the mastermind out of hiding and they could set up an ambush to grab them in one swift stroke!

While it was certainly an idea, there was no assurance that it would all go according to plan, and Isaac would never risk Irene.

"Let me think about it." Isaac needed a perfect plan, and James understood that too.

Naturally, all that was left was to handle what was right in front of him for now, and he glanced nearby at the group of scumbags.

Although he felt that it was beneath him to even look their way, he had to do it despite his disgust.

He must personally see to it that they wish they were dead, and none of them were getting away from the inhuman torture waiting for them!

They would not only be punished, but they would also be denied their own manhoods!

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It was not until three hours later that they were done with the gang, and James had his man load them into a truck like livestock and send them to the nearest precinct.

They were all career criminals, and they would be punished by law.

James would also be pulling some strings, so ensuring that they would be jailed for life was very easy.

As the cops took in the men and found them bruised and battered, even hanging by a thread, one of them asked, "What happened to them?"

"They weren't submitting," James replied nonchalantly. "We had to get a little rough with them."

"Oh."

James made sure to settle everything before rendezvousing with Isaac.

Isaac, however, frowned—he was heading home. "You're still following me?"

James rubbed his nose. "I heard you and Irene visited Erin. Is she alright?"

"Yeah," Isaac replied.

James naturally had more to ask. "Is she doing well? Is the trauma still affecting her?"

"She's more open-minded about it now," Isaac replied patiently. "She's ready to get a job again."

James was relieved inwardly, since he was worried that Erin could not get over what happened.

"Good."

Even if they dealt with the gang who hurt her, they had yet to reach the mastermind.

It meant that this was not really over just yet, and he could not tie up loose ends for Erin's sake.

He must therefore stop himself from reaching out to her, and it was likely that she did not want to see him for the time being as well.

They both needed time to get over what happened anyway.

"Go home," Isaac said, holding his gaze, and James finally drove off at that.

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The hilltop mansion was quiet when Isaac entered, though he found the door to Tommy's room ajar while he was heading upstairs.

He walked over and gently opened it to find Irene sleeping on Tommy's bed.

As he entered, Tommy groggily noticed him. "Papa..."

“Shush.”

Isaac put a finger on his lips.

As Tommy rubbed his eyes, Isaac picked him up and asked softly, “Did I wake you?”

Tommy shook his head and wrapped his arms around his neck, his voice soft and raspy as he exclaimed happily, “Papa, Mama is going to sleep with me.”

Isaac turned to look at the woman in the bed then.

He had no protests if she wanted to sleep with their son... but who would be sleeping with him?!