

Shadows 83

Chapter 83 Closing In For all his brilliance , Dominic's temperament was cold - so cold that some even called him eccentric . But then , every genius carried quirks the rest of the world couldn't quite understand . And in truth , every one of the seven Jenson brothers had their own . But no matter how different their personalities , there was one belief that bound them all together - family and blood . Those words alone were enough for them to set aside every flaw , bury every grudge , and stand shoulder to shoulder .

When one of their own was in trouble , nothing else mattered . Their pride in being a Jenson ran deeper than anything . And if anyone dared harm one of them , the Jensons would not forgive , would not forget - they would drag that enemy straight to hell . If they told Dominic , who was still in Lucien on business , maybe things could turn around . " No. " Russell crushed his cigarette into the ashtray , jaw tight . " This is my mess . I'm not dumping it on Dominic to clean up . He's in Lucien right now negotiating a deal worth billions . I won't be the reason he loses focus .

" Silence settled over the room again . Of course . With Russell's pride , how could he ever admit he'd been forced into a corner by Tilda - let alone ask Dominic to step in and save him ? Besides , none of them wanted the rest of the family to worry . Even if the Jensons motto had always been " we face things together , " when the crisis was right in front of them , they still tried to handle it in private . In their minds , that was its own kind of protection . Just then , Russell's phone rang . He glanced at the caller ID , his brow tightening almost imperceptibly before he answered .

" Yes ... I understand . Good . Send me the details . " When he hung up , Blair asked carefully , " Honey , did something come up ? " " They found Andy's hotel and his contact information . He hasn't left yet . I'm going there myself to see if I can grab one last chance . " " But ... honey ... The scene at the airport flashed through Blair mind . Andy wasn't just any lawyer - he was one of the top names in Cetherland . Convincing him to walk away from this case would take more than money . The real problem was obvious - Andy and Tilda seemed far too close .

There was no way he'd abandon her case just because the Jensons threw money at him . " Doesn't matter . I have to try . This was my mistake , so I'll deal with it myself , " Russell said . " This time , I'll go alone . You don't need to come with me . " " But ... I'm worried about you , " Blair whispered , biting her lip . Russell pulled her into a hug , smoothing a hand over her hair as he comforted her , " Don't worry . I'm not walking to my death . Business is business .

Back when we built Jenson Group together , we faced tougher crises than this and always came through . This won't be any different ." She stayed quiet for a long moment before answering . " Then in martial arts . If something goes wrong , he can protect you ." at least take Howard with you . He's trained

Howard stepped forward, his gaze unwavering and burning. "Dad, let me come. I won't be at ease otherwise. It's my duty as your son to protect you." Russell hesitated, then nodded. "... Alright. Let's go. Darling, wait here for my news." "Okay," Blair replied.

Russell and Howard arrived quietly at a five-star hotel named Maple Hotel in Slosa, keeping a low profile. The private investigator they had hired had been keeping watch. The moment he spotted Russell, he hurried over and reported, "Mr. Jenson, I've been on him all day. He hasn't left the hotel." "Good. I'll wire your payment on time." "He's in Room 502. The elevator requires a keycard, so I've already booked you a room. Here's the card and the elevator pass." "Thanks," Russell said.

He took the cards, ready to head upstairs with Howard and intercept Andy - at the very least, to force a conversation. But just then, a sleek Porsche Cayenne rolled up to the entrance. Tilda stepped out, sliding off her sunglasses and slipping them casually into her pocket. She tossed her keys to the valet, who would take care of parking it in the private lot reserved for VIP guests. After all, at a five-star hotel like this, VIPs had every service at their fingertips. And Tilda was the kind of guest who could book a suite for a month at a time.

She came by so often to meet people that the staff recognized her on sight - one of their most familiar regulars. And just like that, Tilda's eyes locked onto Russell and Howard. "Well, well. Back at your dirty little tricks again?" Her gaze was sharp, dripping with contempt. Both men froze, their expressions darkening. "The two men froze, their expressions darkening. Of all times to run into her, it had to be now. She always showed up at the worst possible moment. Was she a curse to the Jensons? "What, you own the place?

You can stay here but I can't?" "Come on, Russell. Everyone knows exactly why you're here. Why bother masking it with excuses? When Andy and I walk out later, don't you dare come chasing after us." Tilda dropped the remark and strode into the hotel, not sparing them another glance.