

Chapter 161 Blaming

The sound of the police siren grew louder. It roused the gamblers inside, and they all scampered out of the container vans. They came running up to Travis after seeing the cops. "Why are the police here?"

What they were doing was against the law, and they were so worried about getting caught that they acted frantically.

"Be quiet if you don't want to get caught!" Travis snapped.

He made his way through the crowd and over to Isaac. "If word of this gets out, it won't be good for you. Keep in mind that I'm a Johnston as well. Aren't you afraid of ruining the family name?"

Even though gambling was outlawed, Travis went ahead and opened the casino.

Everyone knew who he was.

As a Johnston family member, how could Isaac be immune to the fallout once this was publicized and Travis was named in the lawsuit?

"Don't you care about how this might affect you?" Travis asked.

The expression on Isaac's face was one of utter disinterest and contempt as he replied, "I don't care what will happen to the Johnston family anymore."

Indeed, he was a Johnston.

However, when Isaac learned that Robin had known Camila and Joe were trapped aboard the ship but had done nothing to free them, his moral compass was completely reoriented.

Now, all he cared about was keeping his loved ones safe.

The only ones deserving of his care were Camila and Joe.

It did not take long before the ship was surrounded.

Everyone became terrified by the constant blare of police sirens.

As they had just committed a crime, they naturally feared being apprehended. In a single moment, terror spread throughout the ship.

Willie led his men to make a way for his boss, while Camila followed Isaac off the ship and into their own waiting vessel.

"I'll let you handle the rest, Willie. Can you do it?" Isaac asked in a solemn tone.

He wanted Willie to know that his recent performance had been subpar so that he should work harder this time.

Aware of his failures, Willie replied, "Leave it to me, Mr. Johnston."

This time, he would handle the situation well.

Isaac had faith in Willie, so it was only natural that he would give him another chance.

"I want a thorough investigation because I don't trust these people. I don't want them to commit crimes again. Do you understand what I'm trying to say?" Isaac questioned.

"I understand. I won't let the people who mistreated Mrs. Johnston off the hook." Willie was perceptive enough to decipher Isaac's implied meanings. It also helped with the fact that he was one of Isaac's longest-serving employees.

On top of that, he knew exactly how Isaac's thought process worked.

The way Willie addressed Camila improved Isaac's mood.

"Good. Now, go," Isaac ordered.

With his men in tow, Willie returned to Travis' ship.

With Isaac's instruction, the navigator sailed away first.

Even though the ship was making steady progress across the water,

Camila was too anxious to let her guard down for even a second.

She was worried that something awful might happen to her newborn.

Isaac hesitated, wanting to cradle the baby for a while, but eventually gave up.

Judging from the anxious look on Camila's face, she would definitely not let go of the child at the moment.

It would be pointless to try to console her with words.

"From now on, I'll keep you safe from any danger," Isaac promised in a hushed tone, his gaze fixed on the baby in Camila's arms.

The resemblance between the child and him was striking.

Without raising her head, Camila replied, "Thank you."

At that moment, Isaac could empathize with her.

When the ship arrived at the shore, Camila climbed off the ship's deck carrying Joe. "I need to take him to the doctor."

She was afraid that the child might experience negative reactions to the sleeping medications.

"I'll take you there," Isaac offered.

"Okay."

Camila boarded the vehicle.

Isaac's phone suddenly rang. It was a call from Stevie.

He said Robin wanted to meet Isaac.

"I see," Isaac replied indifferently. After ending the call, instead of returning home, he got in the car to accompany Camila and Joe to the hospital.

"You can go ahead and do whatever it is you need to do first. I've got the driver here."

"It's fine," Isaac reassured.

To him, nothing else mattered more than making sure his child was safe.

If anything were to happen to Joe, not even Robin would be spared from Isaac's wrath.

Soon, the car arrived at the hospital. Isaac stepped out first and opened the door for Camila.

When Camila got out of the car, he immediately attended to her and the baby she was carrying.

After the examination, it was revealed that Joe was fine. Travis probably did not give him excessive sleeping pills.

Suddenly, the child began to wail.

He was hungry.

"What happened?" Isaac asked anxiously.

He sent the doctor a stern look, convinced that his lackadaisical examination must have been the cause of the baby's distress. "I told you to check up on him thoroughly."

Camila tugged at his sleeve. "Calm down. He's just hungry."

The doctor did nothing wrong.

The look in Isaac's eyes frightened the doctor, but he managed to say, "The Paediatrics Department stocks milk powder for infants. Do you want me to take you there?"

Camila nodded.

However, the milk powder from the hospital did not seem to be to Joe's liking. When Camila tried to feed him, he kept crying until his voice became hoarse.

After realizing that milk powder might be the issue, Camila had no choice but to take him back to the Haynes family's house while he was wailing.

Isaac felt his nerves tightening on the way home. "Is he in pain?"

He was worried and at a loss for what to do.

In his anxiousness to get to their destination quickly, he kept telling the driver to pick up the pace.

The driver did his best to follow his order, trembling with fear.

However, because of the high volume of traffic, he needed to take extra precautions while driving.

Eventually, they arrived at the Haynes family's house.

There was no one at home. They did not know where Rowena had gone.

Aldrin, on the other hand, was at the company.

Camila handed the infant to Isaac upon entering the house and announced, "I'm going to prepare his milk."

Joe's cries never died down. He must be really starving now.

Camila was in such a hurry to feed her son that she neglected to consider whether or not Isaac had any experience holding infants.

Indeed, Isaac had never held a child before.

It was his first time.

His entire frame was so rigid, and he dared not make the slightest of movements. When he looked down at the baby in his arms, his heart softened.

This was his child.

Happiness was rushing and roaring in his chest, and it was reflected in the gleam in his eyes.

After Camila poured water into the milk powder, she went to check on Isaac and found him standing motionless in the middle of the room. Even though he had never held a child before, he was extremely cautious.

The fact that he cared about Joe was evident.

Camila felt a sense of relief wash over her.

At least Isaac seemed to be fond of her child.

That was a good thing for her and Joe.

Camila approached the two and said, "Give him to me. I'll feed him."

Instead of handing the infant over, Isaac asked, "Can I feed him?"

Camila passed Isaac the milk bottle wordlessly.

"Sit down first," she instructed.

Blue veins started bulging on Isaac's forehead, revealing his extreme nervousness.

In the end, Camila took the baby from his arms and decided to feed Joe herself. "You don't know how to do it yet. Hold him more, and you'll get used to it eventually."

"Okay," Isaac replied breathlessly.

Joe's weeping ended once he drank the milk, but now, his face and eyes were red and swollen from crying so hard.

The child let out a whimper.

He had been hungry for a long time, and as a result, he ate in a rush and consumed more milk than he should have. He ended up vomiting the milk. As he did, Camila rubbed his back gently.

"What happened? Why did he throw up the milk?" Isaac asked anxiously.

"He's fine," Camila said.

It was normal for babies to throw up the milk they consumed.

Once the baby calmed down, Camila walked in the direction of the bathroom. "I'll give him a bath."

"Let me help you," Isaac offered without thinking.

Camila studied the guy in front of her. Normally, this man had inflated sense of self-importance.

Right now, though, he could pass for the father of any average family.

Camila nodded and lowered her gaze, saying, "All right. Run the bath for me."

However, as soon as Isaac entered the bathroom, the phone in his pocket rang once more.

There was a frown on Camila's face when she said, "You should get going. I can take care of Joe alone."

Isaac scowled. He was becoming irritated with the calls he kept getting.

"I'll be right back."

After meeting his child for the first time, he did not want to be separated from him for even a moment.

He really wished he could spend more time with him.

Camila's lips curled into a smile. "All right."

There was no trace of affection left on Isaac's face as he left the house. Once again, his expression was one of indifference.

He hopped in the car and directed the driver to go to the Johnston family's estate.

When the vehicle arrived at its destination, Isaac climbed out of the car and walked inside the house.

At the entrance, he found Stevie waiting for him. Upon recognizing Isaac, he approached the man to greet him. "Mr. Johnston..."

"Why do you want me to come here so badly?" Isaac demanded emotionlessly.

"I don't know, either. I'm just following orders," Stevie replied politely.

"Okay," Isaac replied breathlessly.

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"Why do you want me to come here so badly?" Isaac demanded emotionlessly.

"I don't know, either. I'm just following orders," Stevie replied politely.

Even if he did know, he was prohibited from informing Isaac of anything.

Isaac crossed the threshold and entered the house. Robin, sitting in front of the chessboard, laid down the piece in his hand. He inquired, "I heard you called the cops on Travis. Is that true?"

Had Robin begun to put the blame on him?

