

Returning from the Dead: His Secret Lover Chapter 1168

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Chapter 1168 Is That You

“We’re here, Mr. Cooper.”

Seeing that they had arrived, Wendy had no choice but to ask for the child.

Edmund appeared reluctant.

In the end, he couldn’t help but give the baby a gentle kiss on the forehead before giving her back to Wendy.

“By the way, where’s her mother? Hasn’t she come back? What was Jaena doing in Oceanic Estate, anyway?”

Wendy, who was just about to alight the vehicle, looked avoidant as soon as she heard that.

Being the sharp-minded man he was, Edmund immediately realized something was up, and he stopped the woman.

“What happened? Is she okay?”

“Calm down, Mr. Cooper. Ms. Sabrina’s...doing okay. It’s just that when she went to your—Mr. Devin’s grave after coming back, his uncle, Waylon, came looking for her. I don’t know what happened exactly, but they ended up in a fight, and Ms. Sabrina was eventually hospitalized. She’s been depressed ever since she went home, and she doesn’t seem to want to talk to anyone now.”

Unable to hide the truth, Wendy explained everything to Edmund.

Indeed, Sabrina hadn’t been talking much as of late, nor did she bother with anything at all ever since she left the hospital. The woman appeared fine, but she would often just sit somewhere quietly.

Sometimes, she would remain in a daze for the entire day, not doing anything even if her child was crying.

That was why Jaena had to be brought back to Oceanic Estate.

Sigh...

Wendy felt concerned for the child.

But she certainly didn't expect the man who had remained calm all this while to suddenly lose his cool.

Edmund's face grew increasingly pale as his pupils dilated in fear.

Before Wendy and the chauffeur could even react, he opened the car door and sprinted into the Red Pavilion.

"Mr. Cooper! Wait, Mr. Cooper!"

"Come back!"

The two were beyond stunned, especially Wendy.

The woman hastily ran after Edmund while carrying the baby.

Yet, Edmund was nowhere to be seen, for he had long made his way up the stairs in just ten seconds.

On top of that, he had managed to grab the exact key to Sabrina's room—or rather, the room Devin used to stay in—under the stupefied gazes of all the housemaids.

"Sabrina! Open the door, Sabrina!"

Upon realizing that the door was locked, the man proceeded to bang on it, trying to get the woman to come out.

Yet, he was met with silence.

The housemaids stood downstairs anxiously as they watched him, unsure whether or not to tell him that Sabrina had locked herself up in that room for several days.

Moreover, they could only leave all her meals outside her door.

"Sabrina!" yelled Edmund.

Not receiving a single response after a long while, he swung a foot toward the door.

Bang!

As the door flew open, a pungent stench wafted into his nostrils, accompanied by harrowing darkness. Edmund's mind went blank.

Is she insane?

What the hell is she doing? Weren't we apart for just a few days?

All these years, the man never feared the bullets of his enemies, nor did he ever cover from any inhuman torture he received. But now, what he just saw instantly made him weak at the knees.

The room looked like the abyss—so dark that no light could ever escape it. Edmund was filled with so much fear that he couldn't even stand up straight.

That was because he knew that she had also encountered such a scenario in Bellridge.

"Sabrina..."

Edmund stumbled into the room, fumbling around in the dark for the light switch before flipping it with his quivering hand.

Click!

The room lit up at once.

But as soon as the tall, unswerving man took a good look inside the room, his eyes widened in terror, and he broke down.

What met him was the sight of his woman lying in bed. She hadn't touched anything else in the room, nor had she done anything to hurt herself. However, right next to her was a black-and-white photo—the same one that hung inside the mourning hall.

And just like that, she held onto it as though she was embracing the person in the photo.

Next to her bed were a bunch of wilted olive leaves.

What have I done?

Trembling violently with tears tricking down his face, Edmund walked toward her slowly. Then, he bent over and pulled her into his arms from behind.

“Devin? Is... Is that you?” the half-conscious woman asked as she felt her body being hugged.

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Chapter 1169 Medal

Hearing her words, the man trembled and tightened his embrace. “I’m back. I’m back. I’m so sorry,” he murmured.

“Devin, it’s fine. I know I was wrong. Please don’t get mad. When I meet your mom, I-I’ll make sure to explain to her that it was all my fault and ask her to protect you...” Sabrina rambled on.

Her words seemed like a promise and repentance for her wrongdoings.

My mom? Why did she bring up my mom all of a sudden?

The man was slightly confused, but he realized she must have been provoked again, and it was much more serious than that time in Bellridge.

Why did I send her back here?

Feeling as if someone had stabbed a knife through his heart, he pulled Sabrina into his embrace wordlessly. For a long moment, he remained silent as he gazed at her face. Finally, he bent down and kissed her.

At last, Sabrina’s eyes widened. Immediately, she kept her gaze fixated intensely on the man’s face.

Back at Oceanic Estate, this sudden news reached Sebastian. However, he made no comment about it and temporarily stationed SteelFort’s men at Red Pavilion instead.

“Will it be fine if he returns to the Coopers?” Mark asked worriedly.

“What’s the worst that can happen? They are only a few women. Now that Benedict is dead, a funeral is inevitable. There will be people coming to poke their noses into the Coopers’ affairs. You should warn him to be careful,” Sebastian replied nonchalantly while toying with a medal in his hand.

Mark stole a glance at the medal and noticed a small mouse carved on its surface. The sight filled him with worry, and he could feel a pounding headache creeping up his head.

"They really are something else. What do you plan on doing next? How are you going to obtain the other nine medals?"

"It's easy." Sebastian shrugged. "Once Edmund takes over Benedict's position, I will remove Carlos from the picture. This way, Congress will fall into our hands. The nine medals will be mine for the taking."

Cold sweat trickled down Mark's forehead. Gosh, his plan is simple yet brutal. I'm sure those geezers will have a heart attack if they overhear this.

However, he had to admit that Sebastian's plan was effective and viable.

Though, I'm sure no one is as deranged as him.

Following Sebastian's instructions, Mark planted a spy at the Coopers' funeral.

Similarly, Edmund began his preparations to leave Red Pavilion. Before that, he had changed the bedroom's curtains and bedsheets to a brighter color, bringing life to it.

He then glanced at the babbling baby on the bed and shifted his gaze toward Sabrina. She was standing before the table in a daze.

"I'll be leaving now."

Sabrina was in the middle of preparing a bottle of formula when Edmund's words snapped her out of her daze.

It took a long time before she finally lifted her head.

She still found this entire notion somewhat unbelievable.

Whenever Sabrina looked up, a face different from the one in her memory greeted her. Even though a day had passed, she still found it difficult to wrap her head around it.

"Okay," she murmured and looked down again.

Edmund heaved a heavy sigh.

Yet, he did not try to continue his explanation. Instead, he made his way to the room's safe and entered the password.

Once the metal door swung open, he removed an object from it.

“Here,” Edmund said as he showed it to Sabrina.

What?

Instinctively, Sabrina looked down and caught sight of a gold medal. Under the lights, its shiny surface gleamed brightly. Promptly, she felt her heartbeat quicken.

Once again, Devin asked her the same question in earnest, “Do you still remember the last time I tried to give it to you? You told me that you didn’t want it. Right now, I’m giving it to you once more. Make sure you keep it safely, all right?”

Edmund... No, he’s not Edmund. He’s Devin!

Sabrina bit her bottom lip as tears began to stream down her cheeks. Wordlessly, she reached out and accepted the medal she had rejected in the past.

As soon as the medal was in her hand, she clutched it tightly.

“Do you believe me now?”

“Y-Yeah.” Sabrina nodded with teary eyes.

She’s still the same silly woman I’ve grown to love.

Devin bent down and kissed her sweetly before he bade them farewell. With that, he made his way to the Coopers.

Sabrina watched Devin’s departure from the balcony with her daughter in her arms.

After his figure vanished from her sight, she smiled at her daughter. “Look, aren’t you impressed with Mom? I brought your dad back home,” she whispered.

Benedict’s sudden death threw his family into a state of utter chaos.

After all, he had amassed a mountain of wealth through illegal means. After his passing, countless people dropped by the Coopers residence as they longed to obtain a piece of Benedict’s wealth for themselves.

Unfortunately, the women in the Cooper family could not fend themselves against the greedy horde.

Devin chose this moment to make an appearance.

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Chapter 1170 Have You Fallen Ill

“Why is he here? Isn’t he an illegitimate child?”

“I heard that he has Benedict’s will!”

“Will? Benedict has never mentioned a will before. Besides, who knows where he got it from? It might be forged!”

“You are right. It looks like this bastard is here to pocket all of his father’s wealth!”

Edmund’s appearance sparked gossip. Everyone bombarded him with criticisms, suspecting that he had something to do with Benedict’s death and that he was merely here to take all the Coopers’ wealth for himself.

Though Devin played a hand in orchestrating Benedict’s death, he could not care less about the Coopers’ pitiful inheritance.

The Jadesons were much more well-off than the Coopers.

Devin swept a cold gaze across the women, who had been petrified because of the other Coopers. Casually, he made his way to the living room and took a seat.

“Pocket? I am the son he raised for over twenty years. Though I am his illegitimate son, I’ve lived a better life than these three women.” He pointed at the women huddled in the corner. “If the wealth isn’t going to me, do you really think that he’s giving it to you?” Devin drawled as he crossed his legs.

“Y-You!” The crowd choked with fury when they heard his belittling words. Even the women flushed in embarrassment.

However, they could not refute him.

After all, Benedict had always been biased toward his illegitimate son.

Seeing that the horde still refused to budge, Devin drew a gun from his pocket and began to polish it as the Coopers bickered amongst themselves.

Finally, the crowd caught sight of the deadly gun clasped in his hands. Is that a gun? Their faces turned deathly pale as all color drained from their cheeks.

“W-What are you trying to do?” one stammered.

“I’m not doing anything,” Devin replied airily. “Can’t I clean my gun? However, I ought to give you guys a reminder. If you think I killed my father but can’t bring any evidence to support your accusations, then don’t blame me for lashing out.”

It was a typical tone of Edmund.

Scared out of their wits, the crowd scattered.

Though the Cooper women were dying to ask about Benedict’s inheritance, the sight of Devin’s gun prompted them to restrain themselves.

“Are you planning to stay in Jadeborough from now on?”

“Yes. Am I not welcomed?” Devin looked up.

He was surprised that Gabriella was brave enough to ask him a question.

Benedict’s wife was no saint. After Edmund was born, she acknowledged him solely for her own gain, as it would solidify her position in the Cooper family.

“No, not at all,” she said hastily. “But your father’s death has created a huge mess. How should we deal with it? We don’t even know how many businesses he owns. Furthermore, he is the Senate’s leader. Now that he’s gone, what is going to happen to the White House?”

“This is why you should get me in. If one of you even stumbles, the entire Cooper family will crumble. I am the only one capable enough to support the Coopers now. This way, you can continue your life of extravagance and comfort. What do you think?”

Devin enjoyed making deals with women like her because she was quick on her feet and often went the extra mile. Her shrewd demeanor helped lessen his worries.

True to his expectations, she agreed, albeit a little reluctantly.

"Someone important will be present at the funeral tomorrow. You can seek his help," Gabriella said.

"Who is he?"

"During the nation's founding, he was the one who received the medal. He's a capable man. Your father was the one who promoted him," she replied impatiently.

Oh, she's referring to the medal.

Without another word, Devin merely smiled and continued to wipe his gun.

That night, the residents of Oceanic Estate were restless.

Sebastian was not the only one who had trouble sleeping. Even Jonathan found himself tossing and turning with worry. Only Sasha, who was blissfully unaware about everything, had a worry-free night. She had brought the mother and daughter duo, who returned at the wee hours to their room.

How strange. Why did she return in the middle of the night?

When Sasha returned from preparing a bottle of formula, she found Sabrina still seated on the bed, cooing at the baby in her arms excitedly.

Unable to resist the urge, Sasha placed her palm on Sabrina's forehead.

"What are you doing?" Sabrina snapped irritably, annoyed that her interaction with Jaena was interrupted.

She swatted her hand away, but Sasha merely gave her a pointed stare.

"Are you all right? Two days ago, you were in such a gloomy mood. You wouldn't even leave the room when we yelled at you. Yet, you're in high spirits tonight. Have you fallen ill?"

"You're the one who's ill." Sabrina rolled her eyes. "Where's my daughter's milk?"

Instead of answering Sasha's question, she demanded to have the bottle.

In the end, Sasha chose not to comment any further and handed Sabrina the milk bottle.

After drinking the formula, the three-month-old Jaena fell asleep in the blink of an eye. Although Sasha felt sleepy after laying the baby in the crib, she dared not leave.

She was worried that something would happen to Sabrina again.

The latter fell speechless when she noticed Sasha had her guard up. Is she traumatized because of me?

However, Sabrina's annoyance was quickly replaced with guilt. All this time, her deranged behavior had caused Sasha countless troubles and worries. Despite it all, she remained by her side and took care of Jaena.

"Sasha, thank you for everything." For the first time, Sabrina spoke in a tone softer than usual.

"Huh?" On the other hand, Sasha was utterly startled by the sudden change in her demeanor.

Is this a dream? Did she just thank me?