

# Returning from the Dead: His Secret Lover Chapter 1140

They arrived at the apartment shortly after.

To their utter surprise, a familiar figure was already waiting there.

“Isn’t that Mr. Edmund?” the man shrieked in excitement. He got out of the car and ran toward Edmund swiftly.

Sabrina spotted him behind the wheel of her bike and hit the brakes. At once, the engine stopped roaring.

The man was indeed Edmund in the flesh.

However, he was in a terrible state. Besides his swollen face, he was trudging forward with one hand on his stomach, and his body bent slightly.

Did they beat him up?

Sabrina narrowed her eyes.

Edmund had spotted them as well. “W-Why are you here?” he asked weakly after coming to a stop.

He focused his swollen eyes on the woman on the bike as something glinted across his gaze.

His subordinate immediately supported him. “We’re here to save you, Mr. Edmund. You’ve been missing for two days. Mr. Cooper is back in Jadeborough and couldn’t make it here. I was so worried!”

“So you got the beggars to save me?”

Edmund swept his gaze over the bunch of beggars behind the man.

The latter nodded profusely. “Yes. Don’t look down on these beggars. They were the ones who told us where you are. Mr. Edmund, Ms. Sabrina is indeed amazing. I didn’t even think of this.”

Edmund didn’t bother to answer to his subordinate.

He glanced at the woman on the bike, biting back the pain flaring through his body.

To his surprise, she was clad in a hotel robe and slippers. If she wasn't staring at him without a word and he could feel the icy vibe emanating from her, he would've thought she was an innocent little wallflower.

However, she wasn't. He knew that she was a rose, one with pricks at that.

"Did they beat you up?" Sabrina questioned.

"Mm," came his curt reply.

"Do you want me to kill them?"

Indeed, when Edmund trudged over to her, blinded with pain, the first thing she asked was whether he wanted them dead.

He stopped in his tracks, speechless.

A few seconds later, he pressed one palm to his chest and glanced at her, appearing to be in misery.

"No. my dad is here. He'll handle it. Can you bring me to the hospital?" He shot her a wretched look.

At once, a trace of reluctance and displeasure appeared in Sabrina's eyes.

She begrudgingly nodded. After all, he couldn't even stand on his legs, and there didn't seem to be any cabs available in the vicinity.

Without further delay, Edmund climbed onto her bike.

"Mr. Edmund, why are you riding her bike? Didn't we—"

"Wait for my dad to arrive. He'll be here soon," Edmund cut his subordinate short with a brusque order.

He then flung his arms around the woman's waist in a natural manner.

"What are you doing? Let go!" Alas, she slapped his arms away as though he was a plague, her expression furious.

Edmund pressed his lips together quietly. Fine, I won't touch you.

He retracted his hands obediently and sat behind her.

Sabrina relaxed and started the engine to head to the hospital.

She wasn't about to allow any man to touch her, for she was a married woman. There was no way she'd lay her hand on another man.

Her face was grim, but on the way to the hospital, the man nearly slipped a few times off the bike. It might be from the pain or something else. She had no idea.

In the end, she had to grab his hands and put them around her waist.

"Sit tight. You don't want to fall, do you?" she hissed.

"Okay..." the man answered in a weak voice.

Was that a hint of delight in his voice? I must be hearing things!

Sabrina shook her head, trying to ignore the warmth spreading over her back. She floored the accelerator without hesitation.

Two hours later, they rolled to a stop in front of the hospital.

"Miss, how are you related to the patient?"

"What is it? Shoot!" Sabrina demanded impatiently after having to wait for a long time.

The doctor recoiled in fear and pointed at the CT film hastily.

"He's seriously wounded. Look, his ribs are broken, and his lungs are bruised, too. He should stay in the hospital for the time being to recover."

"Huh? I have to stay here?" Before she could say anything, Edmund blurted out in surprise, seemingly in a dilemma.

He was lying in bed when he said that.

## **Returning from the Dead: His Secret Lover Chapter 1141**

"Can I fly back home to receive treatment?" Edmund asked.

Right after he said that, the doctor glared at him angrily. "Are you serious? If you insist on boarding the plane, you'll die on the way back!"

Edmund fell silent.

"All right, he'll stay. I'll pay the fees now!" She grabbed the notice from the doctor and left to pay the medical expense for him.

A few minutes later, Edmund's subordinate arrived. He noticed that Edmund seemed pleased, though he was lying in bed. No one would've known that he had been beaten to a pulp a while ago!

"Mr. Edmund? Are you okay?" he asked carefully.

"Mm?"

Edmund put on a calm look and sat up to look at his subordinate.

"Have you settled everything?" he questioned tersely.

"Yes. You told me. Mr. Cooper would be there soon, but he didn't show up, though I waited for two hours," the man stated doubtfully.

Edmund looked away.

He was back to his usual aloof self. Impatiently, he said, "How would I know? Those men told me he would be there soon when they released me."

"Huh?" The subordinate was shocked to learn that. "You mean, they released you?"

"Yes. They said my dad was on the way and agreed to let me join them. I said yes, so they let me go," Edmund responded, his voice indicating a lack of patience.

Damn it! His subordinate turned pale. This is terrible!

He rushed out and called Benedict, who was still on his way here.

"Hello, Mr. Cooper. Are you here? We're in trouble!"

"What is it again?" Benedict, who had just gotten off his plane, roared in anger.

The man cried, "Mr. Edmund is back, but he just told me he agreed to work for those people."

"What?" As expected, Benedict blanched in horror.

He gripped his smartphone as his chest heaved angrily.

"Is he a fool? Why did he agree to work for them?" he demanded.

"Well, Mr. Cooper, those people must've tricked him. He told me they claimed you agreed to let him join, so he agreed to it," the subordinate revealed miserably.

No one from the Cooper family would agree to work for them. After all, Benedict and their collaboration was top-secret.

There was no way Benedict would allow any of the Coopers to work for those thugs.

Now, his own son had been roped in!

Benedict nearly fainted in rage. He rushed out of the airport and hailed a cab to go to Bellridge at once.

Right now, in Bellridge Hospital, Edmund had no idea how serious the situation was. After his subordinate rushed out to make a phone call and returned with a contorted expression, he found that strange.

He promptly asked, "Why are you looking like that? Are you upset that I'm still alive?"

"No, Mr. Edmund. Don't you know that those men lied to you? Mr. Cooper didn't agree for you to join them!" the subordinate exclaimed.

Edmund went silent.

Shortly after, Sabrina entered with the receipt, and he promptly focused on her.

"That's his business, so go talk to him," he declared rudely.

What the f\*ck?

The man nearly burst into tears.

Sabrina had no idea what had happened. She dealt with the admittance procedures and returned to the ward.

Glancing at him, she said, "I'm going back."

"Where?" Edmund asked hastily.

Frowning, Sabrina revealed, "Back to the hotel. I'm booking a flight back home this afternoon."

Edmund stared at the woman, his jaw agape.

This was the first time she mentioned about returning to her country. After her tedious insistence, he felt strange to hear that from her lips.

Did she finally think it through?

Edmund stared at her for a long while before his shock turned into a slight smile.

"That sounds good. You've been out and about for some time, so it's time for you to go home now. You should leave that to your brother and reunite with your kid. Some things are best left to men," he lamented.

Sabrina arched her brow at his words.

In all honesty, she didn't enjoy hearing that, especially when he claimed, "Some things are best left to men."

Is that discrimination against women?

## **Returning from the Dead: His Secret Lover Chapter 1142**

After a brief stare at his swollen face, she said nothing and strode out.

Sabrina walked out of the hospital.

"Ms. Sabrina, did you inform him?" There was a man waiting for her at the entrance. He came over to her and asked, his voice full of concern.

Sabrina seemed cranky, but she glanced at him and gave him a curt nod. "What's next? Did you tell Sebastian about the stuff I discovered in the casino?"

"Yes. He sent his men here, didn't he?" Karl assured her with a grin.

He dared not ruffle her feathers and could only play along with her. Otherwise, she might try something out of the ordinary.

Luckily, she seemed pleased at his explanation.

They both left the hospital.

That night, when Sabrina was on her way to the airport, Benedict arrived in Bellridge.

After he got off his car, he stood in front of the building, looking at the inpatient department, deep in thought. "Mr. Cooper?" the subordinate called.

Benedict remained silent as he stared at the ward.

After a few minutes, he asked, "Was he ever this obedient?"

"Huh?" The man froze in surprise.

Benedict added, "This is the first time he had ever listened to me in over twenty years. He agreed to work for those people when I said so."

Silence ensued.

Suddenly, the enormity of what had happened fully dawned on the subordinate.

Yes, Mr. Edmund had never been this obedient! He had always rebelled against his father, even if his life was at stake.

His eyes widened at the revelation. "Mr. Cooper, we—"

"Let's head up," Benedict declared, though he seemed absolutely gloomy.

He then stepped into the hospital.

At the inpatient department, he asked about his son, and the nurse pointed him in the direction of the ward.

Benedict and the man promptly went that way.

Bang!

The loud thump of the door shocked the entire quiet inpatient department. Even the nurses and doctors along the corridor were shocked, let alone the patients in their respective wards.

"Why? Are you here to kill me after I invited trouble again?"

Edmund wasn't asleep yet.

He was holding his smartphone in his hands as though he were engrossed in his game. When the loud bang reverberated throughout the ward, he looked up and glared at the unwanted visitors icily.

He was back to his usual annoying self.

Thus, the subordinate wasn't sure what was going on.

Benedict was unfazed. He stood at the door and scanned his son carefully before his gaze landed on the arm where Edmund had received an IV drip earlier.

There was a tiny gauze on the wound.

"How are you doing?" he asked.

"What do you mean by that?" Edmund stared at him as though he were a fool.

Benedict stopped asking questions and whipped out the report next to the bed. "Broken ribs and bruised lungs!"

Slam!

He slammed the report back to where it belonged hotly.

Edmund gave him a cool look and refused to comment further. He looked down and returned to his game.

An awkward silence settled in the ward.

The subordinate was wondering if he should break the silence when Benedict suppressed his anger. "I shall demand an explanation from them tomorrow. Stay here while I ask the doctor about Edmund's condition," he barked.

"Yes, Mr. Cooper," the subordinate responded, pleased that he didn't have to lighten the situation.

Edmund said nothing throughout their entire exchange.

After all, it was normal for a father to ask about his son's condition.



After Edmund finished a round of the game, a nurse entered with a syringe and solution on a tray.

“Mr. Cooper, I’m going to hook you to an IV drip,” she told him.

“Mm,” Edmund replied lazily without looking up. He stretched his dormant arm to the nurse.

The nurse tied his arm in a smooth action and inserted the sharp end of the needle into his vein.

A faint smell of solution lingered in the air.

The liquid flowed down the drip and into the pierced skin. Though it was faint, the man’s nose was sharp enough to detect it.

“What is this solution?” he inquired.

“It’s penicillin. Your dad came and told us you aren’t allergic to it, so we changed the solution to penicillin. It works faster than other antibiotics,” the nurse explained gently.

Hearing that, the man narrowed his gaze and stopped playing the game on his phone.