

Returning from the Dead: His Secret Lover Chapter 1153

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What is she doing in the room? Why can't I hear anything coming from the room? I guess I'll just have to leave her alone for the time being.

In the afternoon, Benedict finally showed up. The assistant he brought along with him announced, "Mr. Edmund, can you please answer the door? Mr. Cooper is here for you!"

Edmund dismissed the one knocking on the door and continued preparing the serving of steak the staff brought him in the kitchen.

As the scent permeated throughout the suite, those outside of the suite knocked on the door again.

Out of nowhere, a woman stomped her way out of the room and marched in the direction of the entrance to answer the door.

"Can't you wait? Why the hell are you in a hurry? Are you dying or what?" she yelled when she was a few feet away from the entrance, startling the man in the kitchen.

Afraid the woman would try something rash after answering the door and getting in the way of those at the entrance, he looked at them while holding the serving of steak.

The man at the entrance couldn't think of the proper way to carry on with the conversation because he had never encountered such a fearsome woman.

In the end, he greeted her, "M-Mrs. Jadeson, we're here for Mr. Edmund. Can you tell me if he's here?"

"No! He's dead!" she yelled with her arms tucked, indicating she was irked.

Edmund, who was in the suite, felt his lips twitching against his will and accidentally dropped the serving of steak on the sizzling skillet.

Once those at the entrance heard the sound coming from the suite, the man asked, "I-It's Mr. Edmund, isn't it?"

Sabrina turned around with her eyes narrowed to a slit while asking in a sarcastic manner, "Are you sure you're not hearing things when I'm the

only one here? I'm warning you to get the hell out of my sight at once! Otherwise, don't blame me for whatever's in store for you!"

As soon as she made herself clear, she clasped her fingers together and cracked them in front of them, implying she was ready to take them on.

When will this silly woman learn to behave herself and stop stirring things up? What's with the sudden change of attitude when she refused to acknowledge she was the one who had brought up the request to take me away when Karl was here?

Why has she gotten in their way when they show up at the doorstep looking for me? Isn't she aware of the risk associated with her actions?

Edmund turned off the stove and joined the trio at the entrance instead of having his sweet time in the kitchen.

The moment he showed up, the frustrated man at the entrance exclaimed, "Mr. Edmund, I knew it! See! He's right here!"

The annoyed Benedict glared at his so-called son in silence throughout the session.

It was the same for Edmund as he couldn't care less about their presence. The one he cared about the most was the woman getting in the way of the duo.

Edmund requested, "Ms. Sabrina, can you please show them the way to the suite?"

Sabrina, who was ready to take out the men at the entrance, turned around with a look of disbelief when she heard Edmund.

What the hell is wrong with him? Is he seriously asking me to show them the way into the suite? Has he a death wish or something?

He assured the annoyed woman, "I'm pretty sure they won't try anything silly since you're around. Why don't you take a break in the room and allow me to deal with them?"

Sabrina turned around with her eyes narrowed to a slit in a suspicious manner. A few seconds later, she finally stopped getting in their way at the entrance.

Instead of returning to the room as suggested, she continued cooking the serving of steak in the kitchen while skinning the peels of fruits off nonchalantly.

After engaging himself in a conversation with her a few minutes ago, the assistant Benedict brought along found her a horrifying woman and thought it would be better to stay away from her.

Once the trio took a seat in the living room, Benedict asked, "Have you spent the night here?"

Seated opposite his father, Edmund asked sarcastically, "Where else could I've spent the night at?"

As the young man showed no signs of serving his father anything, the assistant brought himself to the kitchen to retrieve a glass of water on Benedict's behalf.

Benedict instructed in a callous tone, "You need to stay away from her. I'll bring her to Jadeborough with me once I'm done. Meanwhile, I want you to return to Yorksland with him."

Yorksland?

Edmund looked at his father in the eyes with a confused look because he couldn't figure out the reason his so-called father wanted him to return to Yorksland.

I get it if he wants to take Sabrina away with him since she's the one stirring things up as a member of the Jadesons, but why does he want to send me to Yorksland? Isn't it too soon? Things seemed to have progressed too well to be true!

Edmund queried while squinting his eyes, "Have you sorted things out on my behalf? Are you sure they're willing to let me off the hook?"

"Yes, that's precisely the reason I need you to leave as soon as possible. It was never my intention to doubt you, but I had to play safe. Things are quite complicated around here."

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Edmund couldn't believe his ears since Benedict actually acknowledged he was the one at fault for the first time.

He went dead silent when he recalled the sort of capabilities Benedict possessed. Otherwise, his father couldn't have sorted out the issue on his behalf so soon.

It turns out I've underestimated him again! He's way more influential than I think he is! If a member of the Senate is capable of this, what about the ones hiding behind the scene? Is his superior far more capable than him?

He tried his best to remain calm in spite of feeling overwhelmed. In the end, he agreed to return with his so-called father under one condition.

"She's quite a pain in the ass since she's not really in her right mind for most of the time. I'm afraid none of you can take her away against her will. I'll get in touch with her brother and get him to pick her up."

"Well, I guess it's fine."

Benedict agreed and departed from the hotel shortly after he wrapped up the session with his son.

Meanwhile, Edmund returned to the side of Sabrina shortly after the departure of his father. He asked, "Ms. Sabrina, what are you doing?"

Sabrina was occupied with something. She remarked while staring at the map in front of her, "Are you blind? Can't you see I'm trying to plan your escape route?"

She was there throughout his conversation with his so-called father. To his surprise, she seemed to have considered the possibility of Benedict trying something else instead of sending him to Yorksland as promised.

Standing next to the woman, he felt great for the first time in a while and murmured in an intimate manner, "Ms. Sabrina..."

He made it sound as if they were husband and wife, but Sabrina, who wasn't aware of the things he had in mind, repeated her question, "What do you want?"

"Shall we disguise ourselves and sneak to the airport using a secret route? As long as we look different, I'm sure his men can't find us!"

"Are you serious?"

She turned around and looked at him in the eyes. It was evident the man had successfully deceived her again.

It wasn't because she was a fool. In fact, it was because she had faith in those she deemed reliable, including the man next to her. Therefore, she wasn't suspicious of his suggestion at all.

To make sure he could convince her, he showed her the route using the map he had installed. Ten minutes later, they took a detour to the mall to get themselves disguised.

On their way to the mall, Edmund drafted a text to Karl.

Edmund: I want you to pick her up at the mall after an hour.

What the hell is going on?

Karl was confused by the sudden turn of events until he came across the assault in the shopping mall after spending another hour in the cybercafé.

Edmund's eyes gleamed when the woman marched out of the fitting room with Gothic clothes. Subsequently, he complimented her with a sincere smile, "Ms. Sabrina, you look great!"

He was intrigued and found out it was his fault for not acknowledging the sort of affection he had for when he had the chance to appreciate her presence.

With that being said, he blamed his upbringing because he was brought up with values different from the woman he had a thing for.

He made fun of her and considered her a freak because of her preferences. Unwilling to be considered a freak, he tried to distance himself from her.

Unbeknownst to him, he had long fallen for the woman he considered a freak.

Similarly, Sabrina, who was in the middle of touching up her look, flushed when she heard the man's compliment.

She had never heard others praising her for being herself. Thus, she stammered in return, "W-What are you talking about? Hurry up and go get yourself changed! Aren't we in a hurry?"

In order to get herself out of the awkward situation, she brought up something else to divert his attention.

Nodding with a smile, he headed into the fitting room to disguise his look. A few minutes later, a handsome man returned with a set of fashionable clothes.

"Y-You—"

"It took me some time to pick something to go along with your dress! What do you think, Ms. Sabrina?"

Sabrina had a hard time breathing because of the man's presence and affectionate gaze. As much as she thought of looking elsewhere, she found out she couldn't.

What the hell is wrong with me? Have I fallen for him or something? How is that even possible?

He took her breath away with his grin while caressing her hair in an affectionate manner. Consequently, she felt her heart racing again.

"Ms. Sabrina, has your husband told you that you're a gorgeous woman?"

"N-No—"

"Well, it's an honor to be the first to compliment your beauty. You're truly the most gorgeous woman I have ever encountered throughout my life. Others might not learn to appreciate you, but it's fine because you're one-of-a-kind. After all, beauty is in the eyes of the beholder."

Although there was nothing special with the man's orated speech, Sabrina's mind went completely blank because of it.

She wasn't even aware of the things going on, including the firearm assault in the mall, because the man's affectionate speech was the only thing she had in mind.

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In the end, Sabrina plunged into unconsciousness.

When Karl rushed over to the haute couture boutique and found her unscathed, Edmund had been taken away.

"Damn it! Why was he taken away? I've already made arrangements in advance. Why did those people come over here to arrest him? What went wrong? Argh!"

Benedict threw a fit at the sight in the boutique.

It was indeed bizarre.

He informed Edmund to come back, as he had spoken to those people, so they wouldn't mess with his son.

Why did that happen again?

Benedict was smoldering with fury.

As a result, he decided to attack their headquarters with his men. Infuriated, he dialed a number.

Right after he made the call, Sebastian, who was staring at a screen at Oceanic Estate in Jadeborough, saw a red dot flicker.

"Look! It's moving!" Jonathan yelled and was over the moon the second he saw it.

However, Sebastian remained silent.

When the red dot had moved a few inches away, only then did he pick up his phone from the table.

"Hello. It's me. Find out the IP address of the red spot moving on the screen."

"Yes, Mr. Hayes," an unflinching voice from SteelFort sounded.

In the meantime, in the mall at Bellridge, Karl watched Benedict storm away with his men.

He felt worried, yet assured.

It finally works this time.

Soon, he took the unconscious Sabrina away. Immediately, he asked someone to carry her into a helicopter to send her back to Jadeborough.

"How about you? Aren't you leaving?"

A SteelFort subordinate's expression changed upon realizing that his leader seemed to have no intention of boarding the helicopter.

Karl patted his shoulder with a smile. "Why should I? I've yet to complete the mission given by Mr. Hayes."

"W-What mission?"

“The one about taking her back.”

Karl let out a hearty laugh. In the next second, he turned around.

When the subordinate recollected himself and wanted to catch hold of Karl, the helicopter had taken off.

“Mr. Frost!”

Gaping at his lonely figure, several SteelFort subordinates couldn't do nothing but choke up and shriek in desperation as the helicopter rose into the sky.

It was incredibly heart-wrenching

Everyone was sacrificing themselves amid this tragedy, including the superior Jadesons, and the Hayeses who had been trying to steer clear of troubles and disputes.

Soon, Karl drove the black Jeep away.

Back in the country.

It was already at night when the helicopter brought Sabrina back to Oceanic Estate. Sebastian and Sasha had attended the banquet in the White House. Only Mark alone was home.

Hearing that someone was back, he marched to the entrance right away.

“You guys...”

“Mr. Stewart, Mr. Frost has stayed back at Bellridge to assist Mr. Cooper, so we're here to send Ms. Sabrina home. We'll leave her to you now.”

As soon as the SteelFort subordinates saw Mark, they carried Sabrina out of the helicopter and briefly told him about their situation.

An astonished look crossed Mark's face.

“How could he do that? That place is so dangerous. If you need more manpower, we can mobilize more men from here. Mr. Frost does not need to stay there.”

“We're Mr. Hayes' subordinates as well.”

With that said, the group of tough, unswerving men left.

Mark was nonplussed, looking at them.

They were right. Though they were from the Hayes family, Mr. Sebastian, who was living in the Jadeson residence, was also their master. What was the difference between them?

Afterward, Mark brought Sabrina into the house.

Meanwhile, Jonathan was still awake in his study. Mark saw it and approached him. His eyes were glued to the computer screen that he did not even notice it when Mark came in.

“How is it? Is the banquet still on?”

“Yes, it is. I can’t believe Carlos is there!”

Sitting at the desk, Jonathan stared intensely at a man with an odd expression.

Is that Carlos?

Mark was shocked when he heard that name.

Dashing to the computer, he spotted an old man being pushed around in a wheelchair in the surveillance footage.

In front of him stood Sebastian.

“What is he trying to do? Is he still holding grudges that you took his place? Now that you’re retired, is he going to make a move against Mr. Sebastian?”

Instinctively, Mark reached out to touch his left ear to inform the Jadesons who were lurking around the White House.

Nevertheless, Jonathan stopped him.

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Back then, Jonathan snatched his position from someone else, and the man was Carlos Smith.

The two of them led their troops in a war, and were responsible for different areas. Because of the ideal terrain at the battlefield, Carlos was supposed to win without breaking a sweat, but he lost terribly.

On the other hand, in the northwest, Jonathan led his troop to victory and successfully quelled the war in the country.

Since then, Jonathan became the general of the entire army, and Carlos had not shown up in the White House for decades.

Scrutinizing the old man in the footage, Jonathan had a menacing expression on his face.

Why does he suddenly appear on such an important occasion?

“Hold still for now. Let’s see what he’s up to. I believe he does not have the nerve to mess around at National Day banquet.” Jonathan wanted to observe the old man first.

Mark obeyed and waited patiently.

Everyone who attended the National Day banquet in the White House came with an ulterior motive.

However, none had the guts to do anything reckless there.

Apparently, the one who organized such an event had a hidden agenda as well.

“Mr. Hayes, let me introduce you to Mr. Smith, a general who fought alongside with your grandpa in wars before.”

At the banquet, Carlos had been brought to Sebastian, who was sitting at the table in the White House.

However, other than Sebastian, no one else was at the table.

They either did it intentionally or they were really busy entertaining the guests. As the new Speaker of the House, being abandoned at the table alone made him appear forlorn.

A general?

Hearing that, Sebastian glanced languidly at the old man with his legs crossed.

"I've never heard of him."

The man behind Carlos' wheelchair clenched his fists so hard that the sound of his knuckle cracking could be heard.

They knew he was rather haughty, but never had they expected him to be this insolent. Does he know who he's talking to?

Even his grandfather, Jonathan, dared not ignore Carlos.

The man behind the wheelchair was about to boast Carlos' achievements to daunt Sebastian.

Unexpectedly, Carlos waved his hand dismissively to gesture him to leave.

"Mr. Hayes, you've taken after your father. He was equally prideful when he was under me."

"Really?"

Sebastian's expression remained indifferent.

His next sentence was even more maniacal. "I'm not sure about that, since I've never seen him."

There was a moment of silence between them.

The atmosphere was extremely awkward.

This time, even Carlos could no longer stand it. A hint of fury flitted across his face.

Right then, the host of the banquet, Silas, who was also the president, came over with a glass of wine.

"Mr. Smith, here you are. I was going to introduce you to the new House Speaker. He's from the military, so I'm sure you would surely like to meet him."

With a cheerful grin, he came to them and insisted on introducing them to one another.

Still, Sebastian remained seated in silence.

Carlos simmered down as soon as he saw the president.

“We’ve met each other. His demeanor shows that he’s indeed one of the Jadesons.”

“Right.” Silas’ smile grew wider.

“In this case, Mr. Smith, would you like to join the House for some time? Old Mr. Jadeson is now ill and on bed rest. Yariel has just taken over the House, so he’s not familiar with the operation yet. I’m worried because no one is here to guide him.”

His words came like a bolt from the blue.

Did he invite Carlos to the banquet to make him join the House and rule over me? Is he trying to stir up trouble?

Swirling the wineglass in his hand, Sebastian sniggered.

“You might as well save yourself some hassle and ask Mr. Smith to be the House Speaker in replacement of myself. I told you previously that I have no experience and was unable to handle this position.”

“Yariel, how could you...”

Instantly, Silas’ face flushed crimson with embarrassment.

Gasps of astonishment sounded around them as his words drew the attention of the people around him.

Yariel indeed has the balls to speak up. Does he even know that Silas is the new president? Besides, we are in the White House. How insolent. Isn’t he afraid his action might get him into trouble?

When everyone saw that, they were gleeful — they thought the Jadesons and the White House were going to be on bad terms.

A few minutes later, Silas left sulkily, while Carlos shook his head at the audacious young man.

“Yariel, you should really change your hot temper.”

“Why should I?” Sebastian refuted him with an expressionless face.

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In the end, Carlos simply sighed and had someone wheel him away without saying a word.

Just like that, that table became a lot more quiet as no one came over even when the party was about to end.

After the maids had left, Sasha popped out of a corner and ran straight over while holding the hem of her dress up.

“What are you doing, Sebby? Huh? Are you all done eating? Why are you the only one left at the table?”

She reached out to surprise him by covering his eyes from behind, but stopped herself when she saw him sitting at the table full of dishes all by himself.

For some reason, seeing Sebastian glancing at his smartphone while being lost in thought made her heart ache a little.

He arched an eyebrow when he saw her, and his expression that had been cold the whole evening finally turned gentle.

“Yeah, how are things on your end? Everything over?”

“Mhmm!” Sasha’s face sank upon hearing that as she didn’t really have a great time with the maids earlier.

“Sebby, did you know that Mrs. Zander is very close with Mrs. Croll, Mrs. Oveson, and Mrs. Hamilton? They were chatting away happily the whole evening!”

“And?”

“And then I got a little mad! While I wasn’t ignored completely, seeing them like that made me extremely uncomfortable! This is the White House, and they’re there forming cliques!” Sasha pouted as she said that.

Sebastian had hired someone to help doll her up nicely before they came over, and everyone was staring at them for quite some time when they arrived.

But her pretty little face had become so puckered up that Sebastian couldn’t help but chuckle at how ugly she looked.

Oh, man... Look at this silly girl, getting all angry over people like that! What happened to all that big talk before we left the house?

With that in mind, Sebastian gave her a little pinch on the nose and said, "All right, don't be so angry now. We're not coming here often, so there's no need to get so worked up over such trivial matters."

"But, you..."

"I'm not going to stay here for long either. Once we've taken out the trash, we'll head back to Avenport and never return."

There was a hint of exhaustion in Sebastian's bloodshot eyes when he said that.

Of course he's tired... He's been supporting the entire Jadeson family and protecting their safety all by himself for so long! As strong as he may be, Sebastian is still human and would surely get exhausted!

Sasha's eyes reddened at the thought of that, and she wrapped her arms around him before kissing him on the forehead.

"All right, we'll do as you say."

The two of them had the most beautiful moment in the world.

Meanwhile, a middle-aged woman wearing a green baniere entered and came over when she saw her husband inside.

They were about to leave after placing their wine glasses down when they saw Sasha and Sebastian being all lovey-dovey.

"Were we like them as well back then?"

The middle-aged man was wearing a gray suit and a pair of gold-rimmed glasses. He arched his eyebrow as he stared at the two and replied, "I guess so. I don't really remember."

The woman in the green baniere chuckled in response. "Of course you don't remember! You only care about that group of guys from your squad!"

"Are you jealous?"

"No, I was just wondering... Given what you're doing to the son of your commander that you miss dearly, how will you face him after you die?" the

woman whispered into his ear with a light chuckle as they left hand in hand.

The sound of her laughter was completely different from when she was with Sasha earlier. She had maintained an elegant posture the whole time while seated at the table, and even her laughter had an air of nobility to it.

However, she sounded just like any other ordinary person when she was with the man in that moment.

“I could ask you the same thing. You pissed off that young girl pretty badly too, didn’t you?”

“Eh, she’s all right. She’s a smart woman and had found a bunch of people to help her out even before entering the White House. I didn’t really get to ignore her earlier,” the woman replied with a sigh.

It was as if she had finally met an opponent strong enough to frustrate her.

They then walked too far to be heard, but Sasha and Sebastian noticed Carlos talking to a few people when they came out of the ballroom.

“Sebby?”

“Shh...”

Sebastian quickly tugged at her arm, and the two stopped in their tracks.