

Returning from the Dead: His Secret Lover Chapter 688

When Jonathan returned to Heron Hill, Sebastian had already vanished. Tony was panicking and pacing around the living room.

“How did he go missing? Wasn’t he still unconscious?”

Jonathan flared up upon hearing the news.

Tony hurriedly explained, “Yes, that’s what I thought as well. But when I came by to check on him again, there was nobody on the bed.”

Jonathan was rendered speechless.

Jonathan glared at the empty bed and left the place.

That b*stard!

He was prepared to summon an army of men to search for him in Heron Hill.

Heron Hill was not somewhere where people could come and go as they pleased. The security was tight and sentries were aplenty.

Jonathan thought he would be able to find him in no time.

Alas, he was wrong. Even after an hour, those who reported back said they didn’t even spot Sebastian’s shadow.

“Old Mr. Jadeson, we’ve searched the entire hill multiple times to no avail.”

“There is nothing on our side.”

Their responses were all the same.

Jonathan was enraged even further. “How can it be that none of you has seen him? Could it be that he grew wings and flew? Huh?”

Everyone fell silent.

The horde of men stood there petrified. None of them dared to utter a single word.

In actual fact, they were feeling sullen. They truly hadn't seen a trace of Sebastian.

They sighed to themselves.

In the end, they were all chased out and Jonathan himself took on the task of searching.

Just as they all vacated the courtyard, a slender figure emerged from Jonathan's study.

His expression was calm while his eyes were devoid of emotion. He didn't even bother to look at the courtyard before he proceeded to leave with a black suit in hand.

The suit was identical to the ones worn by the mob of security.

None of them thought to look in the study, for it was Jonathan's private space and was strictly off-limits to anyone else.

Soon after, Sebastian left Heron Hill.

However, instead of going to the aid of Sabrina, he flagged a cab at the foot of the hill and demanded the driver to head to Jade Court.

"Yes, sir," the driver replied and sped off.

An uncontrollable shiver ran down the driver's spine on hearing Sebastian's glacial tone.

He didn't even dare to make small talk throughout the ride and merely focused on sending his passenger to the Jadesons' Residence at lightning speed.

"Sir, we've arrived."

To his confusion, there was no response.

All of a sudden, a watch was thrust into his hand. The passenger then unlocked the door and stepped out.

"Sir, I—"

The driver instantaneously attempted to return the watch.

This looks like it costs a fortune! The ride was but a mere amount compares to the price of this watch. How could this be considered a suitable payment?

However, Sebastian did not bother to pay him any attention.

After he shut the door, he marched off to his destination. From afar, the driver could tell he was reaching for something in his pocket.

What's that? Oh god. Is that a gun?

The color drained from the driver's face upon realizing what it was. Without another word, he ignited the engine and speedily drove off.

Inside the Jade Court.

Tiffany was merrily humming to herself in the garden. She didn't expect the plan to go so well.

"Ms. Tiffany, what do we do with that woman now?"

The housemaid inquired after seeing Tiffany so happy.

That woman?

The question prompted Tiffany to think about what happened at the apartment the previous day. With a sly grin, she replied, "We'll see to her demise."

"What is that supposed to mean, Ms. Tiffany?"

"Since Devin failed to see through the deal, wouldn't it make sense for the kidnappers to kill the hostage? Hahaha..."

She chuckled sinisterly.

The housemaid joined in and laughed along with her.

Unfortunately for them, the laughter was cut short by the abrupt intrusion of an unwelcome guest. "Where is Charles Jadeson?" he questioned them coldly.

"What?"

Tiffany instantly stopped giggling and turned to look at the source of the voice.

Never had she expected to see a man walk in, emitting a chillingly cold aura.

Clad in a black suit, the man's chiseled features were enhanced by the afternoon sun. His handsome visage took her by surprise, for he looked like a perfectly sculpted work of art.

"Who...who are you? Why are you looking for my father?"

Father?

Sebastian cast her a dirty look. Out of the blue, he fished out his gun.

Bang!

At that moment, Tiffany barely had time to react before she pressed her hand against her shoulder and hit the ground.

"Help! There's a murderer on the loose! Come quick!" Upon seeing Tiffany drop to the floor, the housemaid shrieked and sprinted off.

Sebastian remained unfazed.

He strolled over to Tiffany and slowly trampled on her gunshot wound.

"Aaaahh!"

Tiffany screamed in agony.

"Who- Who the hell are you? I'm going to crush you into pieces!" She attempted to intimidate him.