

Returning from the Dead: His Secret Lover Chapter 698

Jonathan glanced at his grandson and asked, "What do you think? Are you expecting me to take him home when everyone's petrified by his presence?"

Devin was at a loss for words because he had made up his mind to take care of Sebastian even if his parents were against the idea.

As long as his grandfather wasn't against the idea, he would definitely bring Sebastian back to his place with him.

Nonetheless, his grandfather was against the idea and brought Sebastian back to Heron Hill with him as he thought Heron Hill was the best option available.

However, as soon as they made their way back, the rest of the Jadesons instructed, "We need everyone on guard at the foothill to stop him from sneaking his way out without our consent!"

They had dispatched countless platoons to be on the lookout against Sebastian because they were afraid Sebastian would make a scene and turn everyone's life upside down again.

In other words, no one could leave without the consent of the ones representing the family.

Tony, the butler of the family, was infuriated when he found out the decisions of the rest of the Jadesons. He rushed his way to Jonathan's side wanting to tell him the things going on.

"Mr. Jadeson, they have-"

"You're staying here from now onwards! I want you to wake up at five sharp in the morning and ensure you're ready by five-thirty! Join the rest and run five laps with the rest to start the day! Am I clear?"

Jonathan instructed at the top of his lungs as soon as he brought Sebastian to the log cabin on top of the hill.

He started emanating a menacing aura, indicating he wanted Sebastian to join the platoon assigned to him on a daily basis.

Sebastian stood right where he was, glaring at the man in front of him as if he wasn't in his right mind.

Jonathan glared at him in return and warned, "Stop glaring at me! Have I not made myself clear? You better listen to me since I have brought you back! If you fail to behave yourself, I'll throw you out without a second thought!"

Tony started perspiring at the entrance when he heard the duo's conversation. It turned out Jonathan had long figured out the things the rest of the Jadesons were up to.

Staring at the departing Jonathan, Tony was afraid he would take things out on Sebastian if he failed to listen to him.

Therefore, he rushed over and remarked, "Mr. Sebastian, you need to stop getting on his nerves when he's merely trying to do you a favor for the sake of your health! On top of that, he has gotten used to training others! It's just one of his many habits!"

A few seconds later, Sebastian responded with a snort and stomped his way back to his room, banging the door open.

Tony was at a loss for words in fear of the turbulent life ahead of him.

As soon as the sun rose, someone blew the whistle with all his might, rousing Sebastian from his sleep when he had no intention to start his day just yet.

Seconds after the whistle was a man yelling at the top of his lungs, "It's time to wake up! If anyone's late, they'll have to do fifty push-ups!"

Sebastian's frustration was written all over his scrunched-up face because he had a hard time falling asleep last night.

It had been a long time since he had a great night. To make things worse, the moment he fell asleep, he was roused from his sleep by a bunch of men.

Sebastian stuffed his ears with cotton balls and tried to bring himself back to sleep again.

When he was nowhere to be seen in the field after fifteen minutes, the platoon leader knew it was time to barge into Sebastian's room.

"Drag him out of bed and make sure he's awake!"

“Yes, sir!”

Two members of the platoon marched in the direction of Sebastian’s log cabin.

Sebastian was unaware of the things awaiting him. He wasn’t even aware someone had barged into his room.

By the time he noticed something was wrong, two silhouettes had closed in.

Sebastian was no longer in the mood to sleep. He yelled, “It’s so irritating!”

He could barely suppress the murderous intent he felt ever since he was diagnosed with multiple personality disorder.

Unable to suppress the urge to take out those around him, he launched powerful kicks in their directions.

To his surprise, they were a match for him in terms of combat skills. The duo could easily dodge his seemingly powerful kicks.

In return, they grasped his legs to stop him from going berserk.

I guess they’re not wimps since that senile old fool has sent them, huh?

Sebastian knew it would be tough to outmatch them. Thus, he evaded their attacks and got himself ready for the time to strike against them again.

His heart sank to the bottom of his stomach when one of them launched a powerful kick in his direction and rendered him incapable of motion on the bed.

They seemed to have successfully anticipated the things Sebastian had in mind due to the experience they gained from the battlefield.

“Mr. Sebastian, why don’t you come with us instead of trying anything silly? Otherwise, your grandfather is going to take things out on you for not disciplining yourself!”

Jonathan Jadeson, you’re such a jerk!