

# Returning from the Dead: His Secret Lover Chapter 701

“Grandpa!”

Slap!

To everyone’s surprise, the infuriated Jonathan slapped Tiffany in the face, confusing those in the morgue, including Tiffany.

“Old Mr. Jadeson, what are you-”

“I’m so sorry, everyone! She’s merely making things up and accusing others! I hope none of you are taking her seriously!”

They thought they had been hearing things because the honorable man dismissed everything Tiffany brought up as soon as he showed up.

Covering her swollen cheek, Tiffany repeated herself at the top of her lungs, “I’m not making things up! It’s the truth-”

Unable to suppress his wrath anymore, Jonathan yelled at the young woman in the face, “What the hell do you mean it’s the truth? You don’t think others can easily infiltrate the military base, do you? Are you indicating he’s capable of teleporting to your father’s cell?”

He regretted doing her a favor and stopping others from taking her out. The thought of taking her out crossed his mind again. In fact, he wouldn’t hesitate to do so if he had a gun with him.

This fool is trying to bring upon the family’s undoing again!

Along with the onlookers, Tiffany was stunned due to Jonathan’s seemingly harsh remarks.

“Actually, it doesn’t make any sense since we’re in a heavily-guarded military base!”

“She had misled us into believing those were the truth! It doesn’t really sound convincing upon another thought! Otherwise, we can’t pride ourselves as one of the most impregnable bases anymore!”

“She’s the one misleading everyone by playing with our emotions!”

It was then the onlookers returned to their senses and thought something was wrong with them.

They started picking on Tiffany, but those were merely one of Jonathan's many tricks to assert influence and dominance over them in order to protect his family.

He had his fair share of doubts and couldn't figure out the actual cause of Charles' death. Nonetheless, he couldn't allow Tiffany to make a scene and accuse Sebastian.

Otherwise, the Jadesons' image would be tarnished again. On top of that, those affiliated with the White House had long thought of getting rid of the Jadesons.

If things were to spiral out of control, Alfred would make something up and weaken the power of the Jadesons.

Therefore, Jonathan knew he had to assure those affiliated with the army it wasn't a big deal.

Shortly after gathering their thoughts, the spokesperson of the army announced Charles had passed on due to health complications.

The saga was finally brought to an abrupt halt as the spokesperson warned the rest to stop spreading baseless accusations.

Once Jonathan made his way back with Charles' corpse, he acquired the aid of a renowned forensic specialist to carry on with the autopsy.

The forensic specialist announced, "Sir, the deceased hasn't died a natural death—it was a homicide. The murderer made use of something to reduce the oxygen level and drove the deceased to his death through organ failure."

Overwhelmed by the actual cause of Charles' death, Jonathan felt lightheaded in spite of foreseeing the outcome ever since quite some time ago.

In the end, he suppressed his wrath and asked, "What sort of thing are we talking about?"

Upon another glance, the forensic specialist announced, "I'm not so sure at the moment, but it's safe to assume that it's some sort of chemical substance. I need to carry out a series of tests to figure out the combinations of chemicals used."

Jonathan went dead silent as he knew there was nothing else the forensic specialist could tell him.

Shortly after their meeting, he made his way back to Heron Hill.

Meanwhile, Sebastian was in the middle of another drawing session at the bottom of a tree.

He was no longer the same after he was diagnosed with a multiple personality disorder. He could no longer enjoy the things his usual self used to indulge in.

Similarly, he started indulging himself in things his usual self wouldn't appreciate such as drawing.

Sasha and Sabrina had never seen him drawn, but he did a great job capturing the essence of the figures.

After spending a few hours working on the portrait of a woman, he had successfully encapsulated the woman's features, including her figures and facial features.

He continued indulging himself in finishing the portrait of the woman, but someone showed up out of nowhere and ruined the masterpiece he had been working on for a few hours with a bullet.

Bam!

"Who is it?"

The man morphed into a frustrated beast within a few seconds. The strong intent to take out the person interrupting him was written all over his face.

When he was about to turn around to confront the person assaulting him, the mysterious figure fired another shot at his hand.

Bam!

Subsequently, blood gushed out of Sebastian's wound. Unable to withstand the racking sensation, his hand drooped over his shoulder.

When Sebastian was on the verge of passing out, Jonathan remarked, "It turns out you can still feel the pain, huh? What about the time you take out others without a second thought? I'm impressed, Sebastian! I can't believe you're able to sneak your way into the isolation cell in the military base!"

Jonathan marched in the direction of his grandson. He couldn't suppress the strong murderous intent against Sebastian anymore.

When Sebastian heard Jonathan, he turned around and responded with a vicious smirk as if he had been anticipating his so-called grandfather.