

Returning from the Dead: His Secret Lover Chapter 703

Jonathan was utterly horrified by the presence of the young man in front of him. Sebastian wasn't even thirty-year-old, but he was capable of manipulating others into dancing to his tune. On top of that, the thing horrifying him the most was the fact he couldn't figure out the way Sebastian had taken Charles out without others being aware.

Shin isn't even a match for his son when it comes to plotting against his foes! If I can't cultivate his talent for a greater cause, I need to take him out for the sake of the nation!

Sebastian went dead silent, looking at Jonathan in the eyes, indicating his speculations were spot on.

Consequently, Jonathan's face scrunched up in angst. The enraged man pulled the trigger and asked, "Are you going to admit you're the one at fault or not?"

Jonathan fired another shot at Sebastian's arm since his grandson had the guts to challenge his authority.

Subsequently, Sebastian staggered and took another few steps back. His face turned pale and haggard, but he wasn't apologetic at all.

"N-No!"

Bam!

Sebastian couldn't take it anymore since Jonathan had fired a shot at his leg. He got down on his knee as a result of the racking sensation coming from his injured leg.

Jonathan could no longer keep his emotions in check. He yelled, "Are you going to admit your fault?"

His effort was to no avail as Sebastian had no intention to grovel himself at his mercy at all.

After puking a mouthful of blood, the man with a haggard look raised his head and pulled a face at Jonathan.

“You don’t have to waste your bullets and your time! Just put a bullet through my head if you wish to keep the rest of the Jadesons safe! Otherwise, I’ll continue stirring things up as long as I’m alive! I won’t stop until I get rid of the entire family!”

Jonathan knew it was time to stop getting his hopes high because Sebastian had morphed into a bloodlust beast.

Staring at his grandson, he took aim at his head and announced, “Alright, I’ll do you a favor and send you to hell!”

Bam!

“What do you think you’re doing! Stop it!” a woman shrieked a few seconds before the shot was fired.

A few seconds later, Jonathan could feel someone pushing him with all her might and changed the trajectory of the shot meant to take out his grandson in the nick of time.

Who is this?

His mind was all over the place as the bullet ended up in the middle of the air.

A commotion came from the woods as animals inhabiting the forest started fleeing because of the shot.

Who is this woman? Why has she gotten in my way? How dare she try to get in my way?

Shortly after he returned to his senses, Jonathan glared at the woman because she had ruined his plan to kill his grandson.

On the other hand, the woman couldn’t care less and rushed in the direction of the heavily injured man.

“Sebastian! Wake up! Stay with me!” she wailed at the top of her lungs as if she was afraid of losing the man she deemed important in her life.

As a result, her voice started quivering against her will. In the end, she held the heavily injured Sebastian in her arms and stopped him from falling to the ground seconds before he passed out.

She started weeping next to him, but he couldn’t pull himself together anymore. After enduring the prolonged confrontation, he had no strength to defy the pent-up fatigue any longer.

“Sebby!”

When he heard a familiar voice addressing him in an intimate manner, he couldn't help but wonder if the woman he held dear in mind had finally returned to him.

As much as he wished to hold the woman next to him, he couldn't because he had lost control over his heavily injured arms.

In the end, he closed his eyes and passed out in the arms of the woman he thought he once held dear in mind.

Is this Sasha? I miss you so much, Sasha!

Jonathan couldn't believe a woman had the guts to challenge his authority and rush to the rescue of someone he was about to kill.

When he was about to march in the direction of the fearless woman, someone showed up behind him and asked, “What do you think you're doing? Aren't you supposed to be taking care of the patient? Why have you started a fight with him?”

Jonathan turned around and paused the moment he saw the man behind him. He asked, “Grayson? What brings you here today?”

The person behind Jonathan was none other than the director of General Hospital, Grayson.

Grayson tapped on Jonathan's shoulder when he saw the frustrated man with a gun in his hand. It was evident Jonathan had yet to regain his composure.

“Your grandson, Devin, was the one who had gotten me over to check on his dearest cousin. He told me Sebastian had been having it tough. So this is what happened? You're not going to kill your grandson, are you?”

Grayson, who was one of the mere few capable of pulling the almighty Jonathan's leg without bearing serious consequences, disguised his question with a half-witted joke.

The duo used to be brothers in arms back in the day. Jonathan was one of the pioneers on the battlefield while Grayson was the best paramedic available.

When Jonathan heard his comrade's rhetorical question, he finally returned to his senses.

The moment he found out the woman had been trying to save the man next to him, his face scrunched up in irritation again.