

Returning from the Dead: His Secret Lover Chapter 921

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Before Mark could finish, a calm Sasha had already handed him a list she wrote. Mark gaped in response.

This is the psychiatric ward. Given how dangerous Sebastian is right now, how can she stay here with him? Also, isn't she still supposed to be wallowing in her sorrow? How is it possible she could recover so quickly after crying so hard? She even instructed me to get her a medical kit and equipment. Will she begin treating him again?

Astounded by her response, Mark was rendered speechless.

He had never seen someone that tenacious before and was deeply moved by the mental strength she demonstrated.

In the end, Sasha remained in the ward.

Meanwhile, cognizant of how relentless Sasha was, Jonathan made no objection. He knew she would find a way to achieve what she wanted, even if he stopped her. It was similar to how she had fled Oceanic Estate three days ago.

From that day onward, Sasha began treating Sebastian again in the ward.

As if she had forgotten about the devastating blow she felt, she treated Sebastian every day and kept in close contact with the professor from Jetroina. They tirelessly experimented on potential treatments that could help him.

However, all anyone could hear from outside the ward most of the time was a loud ruckus.

Sebastian would scream uncontrollably, "Get out! Get out!"

His voice sounded so terrifying that Mark could not help but worry. He felt the urge to dash in and save Sasha. However, just as he was about to open the door every time, the ruckus would wind down.

Somehow, Sasha always managed to tame the ferocious beast inside even though she often ended up injured.

After spending a week in the ward, Sasha lost a lot of weight.

Meanwhile, the White House had also accepted the conclusion of the hospital's most renowned psychologist that Sebastian was mentally unsound. Consequently, he was not found guilty of killing Logan.

After all, an insane person does not have to take legal responsibility for killing someone.

"What does this mean? Did Logan die in vain?"

"That's right. Given that he was a Major, how could his killer have gotten off scot-free?"

When the conclusion was brought up within the Cabinet Council, many of its members expressed their dissatisfaction.

Even the Chief of the Cabinet Council, Franklin Hamilton, showed his displeasure. "If that's the case, how do we explain it to the family of the deceased? They are still waiting in the White House for our statement."

"Exactly."

"I feel that we owe it to family to hold someone responsible. We can't let a murderer off the hook just because he has been diagnosed as being clinically insane."

The moment Franklin protested, many others voiced their support.

Jonathan's expression turned grim.

"So, what do you want to do? Have him dead?"

"Old Mr. Jadeson, there's no need to get worked up. That's not what we are asking for. However, you shouldn't have brought your grandson to the barracks when you obviously knew that he is mentally unsound. At the end of the day, someone has to take responsibility. Why don't you send him to 711?"

Suddenly, Walter Xaver, the Deputy Chief, remarked with an insidious tone.

"What did you say? I dare you to repeat it?"

Jonathan slammed the table in anger.

711 was a hospital housing the nation's most "special" patients. It was obvious what kind of place it was.

Jonathan was infuriated. Pointing at Walter, he roared, "I know what you're trying to do. All of you are trying to kill my grandson, isn't that right?"

No one responded.

Nevertheless, many of their expressions drastically changed, including that of Walter.

"Let me warn you: there's no way I'm going to let you do that. Since you insist on holding someone accountable, I promise you that I will get to the bottom of the matter. If my investigations reveal that my grandson killed Logan in his rage, I will punish him myself. If not... Listen to this well—I will deal with all of you, one by one!"

Jonathan was not afraid of anyone at all.

He swept his finger across all their faces while staring at them and snarling angrily.

After that, he sprang up from his chair and left, leaving everyone taken aback.

Watching Jonathan leave, the few who had protested earlier were suddenly filled with a sense of dread. Gradually, their eyes shifted to the security camera in the room.

At that moment, they realized that they were in trouble.

A few minutes later in the president's office...

The moment Walter entered, a coffee mug flew in his direction.

Thump!

Not daring to avoid it, Walter bore the brunt of the hot coffee and the heavy mug. The next moment, blood began to trickle down his head.

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"Who told you to say that? Huh? Did I give you the authority? Why did you force him to send the lunatic to 711? Did you think that you were really smart to have come up with such a perfect solution?"

"No... It's not that, Sir. I... I just said it on a whim," Walter stuttered as he tried to explain.

Just as he spoke, the middle-aged man bellowed at him with even greater intensity.

"On a whim? What a smart*ss you are. Your whim has messed up my carefully planned moves. Whose side are you really on anyway?" The angry middle-aged man snarled in his chair.

Walter looked up in fear.

"Sir, I... Of course I'm on your side. Please don't misunderstand. I didn't do it on purpose just now. I was thinking since that lunatic has been diagnosed as clinically insane, we won't be able to dispose of him. Hence, it would be a good idea to lock him up at 711 instead."

"Bullsh*t! It was my intention for him to be declared insane all along. How do you know I'm unable to dispose of him? Don't you realize I've done all this to make it easier for me to destroy him?"

Filled with rage, Alfred lost his usual composure and admonished Walter.

Walter was stunned by Alfred's words.

This is the plan all along?

"I'm sorry, Sir. I have made a mistake--"

"Your brain is just full of crap. Let me warn you now. If Jonathan manages to find something through this investigation, you will suffer the consequences!"

Alfred's reprimand forced Walter to start counting down the days to his doom.

At that moment, Alfred had a strange expression. Having been president for many years, he had always projected a warm and gentle demeanor. In fact, he seemed very much down to earth.

However, behind the gentle facade was a mind filled with malice.

Ever since his son's death, Alfred was no longer the same man.

Also, the pressure he felt over the years had contributed to the change in him. The repressed frustrations of his position as the president caused him to feel like a puppet.

Meanwhile, when Franklin entered and saw Walter kneeling on the ground, a fearful expression set upon his face.

“Sir, Jonathan has led his men to the military base. He has also brought the Chief Prosecutor along with him.”

“What did you say?”

Alfred’s face grew insidiously solemn at the news.

With the Chief Prosecutor there, any proof discovered could be directly admitted as evidence in court.

Infuriated, Alfred’s teeth chattered in rage.

“In that case, have you instructed them to destroy all the evidence? Did they leave any clues from that night?”

“Don’t worry, the staff at the bistro wouldn’t leave a trace. We just need to worry about Stephen. I just wonder if he will spoil our plans.”

“Stephen?”

Suddenly, Alfred had an epiphany.

That’s right. Why didn’t I think of him? This is the perfect opportunity to use him as my pawn.

“In that case, get Stephen involved. Coincidentally, I am looking forward to seeing the look on his face when he realizes that he has been betrayed by his own son.”

Alfred finally let out a cunning laugh.

With a vicious glint in his eye, he pulled out a napkin to wipe his dirty hands.

It was hard to believe that a person like him was the president.

Meanwhile, Sasha was finally overwhelmed with exhaustion. As she was boiling some herbs for medication, she sprawled on the table and fell asleep.

The early autumn breeze was blowing into the room, making it chilly and damp at the same time. Very quickly, the table was covered with an icy mist.

However, she didn't feel anything.

After working tirelessly for days, she was utterly drained. In addition, because she wasn't in good shape to begin with, she fell into a deep sleep as if she had lost consciousness.

Glug... Glug...

The electric pot continued to boil with the medication inside.

Just as the pot was about to boil itself dry, a hand reached over and turned off the pot.

Subsequently, the gurgling sounds stopped.

After the room returned to silence, Sebastian walked toward the window. When he noticed Sasha fast asleep on the desk, he lowered his gaze at her.

Suddenly, he bent over and carried her up.

"You silly gal..."

Feeling how light she was, his heart ached at the amount of weight she had lost. It pained him to see how scrawny she had become.

His eyes reddened as a result.

Without saying another word, he carried her to his bed. Holding her in his arms as if she was a rebellious kitten, the two slept underneath the blanket.

"Sebby," Sasha murmured in her sleep as she snuggled in his embrace which gave her a sense of familiarity and warmth.

Jolted by her words, Sebastian tightened his hug and replied, "Mm... I'm here."

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That night, Sasha experienced the best sleep she had in a long time.

In her dream, she had returned to the time when they were still living at Frontier Bay. It was a quiet night. The children were sleeping peacefully downstairs while she was cuddling upstairs with Sebastian. With their bodies pressed against each other, she could sense his familiar warmth and scent.

The dream was so beautiful that she was reluctant to wake up.

However, when she opened her eyes the next day, she saw herself sprawled on the freezing cold table.

“Ms. Wand, are you awake?”

Sasha’s heart sank when someone suddenly greeted her in the room.

Turning around in a daze, she realized that it was a nurse who was cleaning the room and changing the bedsheets.

What’s going on? Why is she tidying up the room? Where’s Sebastian?

When her senses came back, Sasha asked, “Where is he?”

Springing up to her feet, she had forgotten that her limbs were numb. The moment she took a step, she almost fell flat on the floor.

“Ms. Wand, be careful!”

The nurse threw aside the bedsheet and hurried to support Sasha.

Only then did she steady herself.

When she found her balance again, she grabbed the nurse by the arm. “Where is he? Where has he gone?”

The nurse quickly reassured her, “Don’t worry, he has just gone for a check-up and will return very soon.”

Thank goodness it’s just a check-up.

Sasha heaved a sigh of relief.

Sure enough, after waiting for a while, Mark returned with Sebastian.

“Madam, you’re awake. Are you feeling all right? I saw you sleeping on the table this morning. If you want, I can arrange for you to rest in a ward.” Mark offered in concern the moment he saw her.

Sasha shook her head and shifted her equally worried gaze in Sebastian’s direction.

“How is it? Are there any problems with the check-up?”

Entering the ward with an indifferent expression, Sebastian scrutinized his surroundings before lying back on his bed. He behaved as if he was in his own world.

Both Sasha and Mark were stumped.

Even the nurse was bewildered. She was still in the middle of changing the bedsheet!

“Ms. Wand, uh...”

“It’s all right. You may go now; leave this to me.” Waving his hand, Mark motioned the nurse to leave.

The nurse quickly complied.

Meanwhile, Sasha continued to watch on with a blank stare.

Ever since she started treating Sebastian, she would wake up every morning filled with anticipation to see if there was any improvement.

However, she would always end up feeling disappointed.

That morning was no different.

Feeling the chill in her fingers, Sasha’s heart sank and a suffocating sensation began to creep into her.

“Madam?”

“I’m fine, what kind of check-up did you bring him for? What’s the result?”

Sasha pulled herself together to show that she was fine before enquiring about Sebastian’s condition.

Mark furrowed his eyebrows. "There's nothing wrong with him. It's just that Old Mr. Jadeson came by earlier and ordered him to undergo a full medical check-up before being transferred out."

"What?" Sasha was stunned.

"Why? Where is he being transferred to?" she inquired anxiously.

Mark quickly reassured her, "Don't worry, it's for his own protection. After what happened to Logan, the White House has been applying a lot of pressure on the matter. Old Mr. Jadeson intends to transfer Sebastian to a safer place to avoid any untoward incidents," Mark explained candidly.

Ever since Sasha rejoined them at Sebastian's ward, Mark had treated her as one of them.

Mark also didn't mind telling her in Sebastian's presence. After all, Sebastian was mentally unsound.

Sasha finally understood the situation.

"All right. Where will he be sent to?"

"Old Mr. Jadeson has decided to send him to Heron Hill," Mark finally replied.

Heron Hill...

When the image of the secluded residence and its beautiful surroundings popped into her head, Sasha felt that it was certainly a wonderful idea.

With that, Sebastian was sent to Heron Hill alongside Sasha that very afternoon.

When the news reached the White House, everyone there was outraged.

"That old fox has shown how sly he can be by sending Sebastian to Heron Hill!"

"Exactly. Heron Hill is considered his personal territory. When he was living there, it was impossible for anyone to enter without his permission. Now that the lunatic has been sent there, he's effectively out of our reach!"

The crowd sighed dejectedly.

Among them, Walter's face looked particularly pale.

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After all, Alfred had declared that his ultimate aim was to dispose of Sebastian. But now that Jonathan had sent Sebastian to Heron Hill, their chances of success were reduced significantly.

When Walter saw Franklin, the former hurried over as if he had seen his savior. "Mr. Hamilton, what are we going to do? The lunatic has been sent to Heron Hill. How can we do anything about him now?"

There was little Franklin could do now other than placing his hopes on the group of men from the bistro.

"What else can we do? We will have to inform the men from the bistro and see if they have any ideas. Also, aren't you barking up the wrong tree? Aren't you supposed to focus on Logan's matter?" Franklin suddenly reminded with a grave expression.

Walter was stunned.

After regaining his composure, Walter's anxious look intensified further. "Did they find anything at the military base? Jonathan has not left ever since he went in yesterday. I have my eyes on the ground watching him. What about you? Did you hear any updates?"

"The entire military base is under his control. What do you think will happen there?"

The words were so terrifying that they caused Walter to shudder and his knees to buckle.

That's true. Given that Jonathan runs the place, nothing within the military base can escape his notice. From the surveillance feeds to the defensive perimeter to every individual soldier, Jonathan has access to whatever he wants throughout his investigation.

Walter could feel his world collapsing upon him.

"In that case, what has he found?"

"He brought Jadeborough's best coroner on his way there. By the time he came out, he was carrying a broken combination lock and had

apprehended the trainer who assessed the lunatic together with Logan. Aren't they all the leads he needs?"

Silence ensued before Walter dropped to his knees with a thud.

There was no need for further investigations. Just those two items alone were enough to turn the case from Sebastian killing someone out of insanity into one in which he was the victim of a plot to murder him.

"Don't... don't worry, Mr. Hamilton. The correct combination of the lock along with the fingerprint chip were handed to us by Jonathan's son. If he manages to find anything, we will drag his son down along with us."

Walter grabbed Franklin's hand in desperation as if he was the only person that could save him.

However, Franklin shoved him aside in disdain.

"You had better pray that this pawn will come useful. Otherwise, I'm sure you are already aware that you will end up being the scapegoat for this!" Franklin declared candidly.

Walter's anxiety intensified upon hearing that remark.

Nevertheless, he was still feeling hopeful. "It won't happen. There's no way he would abandon his healthy son of so many years in favor of a raving lunatic of a grandson."

Franklin scoffed in response.

Meanwhile, back at Oceanic Estate...

After waiting for an entire night, Jonathan finally welcomed the positive news from the coroner and the Chief Prosecutor.

"Old Mr. Jadeson, we have very good news. After watching the surveillance footage, the trainer has admitted that Mr. Sebastian did extremely well in all of his assessments." The Chief Prosecutor relayed the good news as he handed Jonathan a copy of the statement.

After having waited for an entire night, Jonathan reached out to receive the document. He was so anxious that his hand trembled while he did so.

In fact, he had never felt so nervous even when he was leading thousands of troops into battle.

The Chief Prosecutor couldn't help but sigh in his heart.

After going through the statement in detail, Jonathan asked, "Therefore, I suppose the premise that my grandson's hysterical rage was triggered by Logan showing him a copy of the bad results no longer stands. Am I right?"

"Exactly!"

"So Logan had been acting suspiciously?"

Jonathan's eyes widened with a ruthless glint.

The coroner denied at once. "No, the matter likely has nothing to do with Logan. When I examined the assessment results yesterday, I realized that he did not meet the conditions for handing over the results even though his fingerprints were on it."

"Conditions?"

No one in the study understood what that word really meant.

Seeing their response, the coroner got up, tore a piece of paper from his notebook, and handed it to the stumped Chief Prosecutor.

The coroner explained, "Look at how my hands are placed when I'm handing this to you."

He brought Jonathan and the Chief Prosecutor's attention to his fingers, which were pinching the paper. Both of them finally understood his point.

"When you hand over the piece of paper, you will at least have put your thumb, index finger, and ring finger on it."

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"Exactly. However, there are only two fingerprints on the assessment report, corresponding to the thumb and index finger, respectively. Furthermore, the prints are very firm, as if while I'm holding it, someone has put something in between my fingers."

The coroner raised his fingers on purpose and slipped the piece of paper in between them. Just like that, the paper was snugly pinched.

The Chief Prosecutor was astounded.

In response, Jonathan, who was sitting in his chair, banged the table with his murderous fist. The atmosphere in the study suddenly turned terrifying.

Evidently, the assessment results were fake.

The results that Logan had in his hand when he went to see Sebastian had been switched.

“Go on!” Jonathan ordered as he desperately tried to control his rage.

Gulping, the coroner continued, “With regards to the combination lock, the fingerprints on it have been tampered with. And that’s what makes the matter so suspicious.”

“What do you mean?”

“A lock that has been used for a long time will never be clean of prints.”

The coroner shrugged his shoulders as he showed them the clean fingerprint collection film.

Silence ensued in the study.

It wasn’t hard to follow the lead provided by the combination lock. As long as they could verify it had been tampered with, Jonathan could easily find out who unlocked it on that night.

The reason was that other than the correct combination, one also needed a fingerprint chip before one could enter.

The fingerprint chip was placed at the military base and only an officer had access to it. Hence, it would not be difficult to find out who had used it back then.

Subsequently, Jonathan decided to head back to the military base.

However, he was oblivious to the fact that he would be utterly shocked at who the perpetrator was when he finally completed his investigations. And in fact, that realization would deal a devastating blow to him.

Back at Heron Hill.

Sasha was having a good day with Sebastian who was being locked up at the summit of the small hill.

After they were sent there, Sasha realized Sebastian no longer raged as he did in the hospital.

Instead, he was largely calm and quiet in the house. All he did was play chess alone with a set that Sasha had found in Jonathan's study.

On second thought, she wasn't even sure if he was playing a game.

Every time she went in, she would only see a few pieces placed on the board and he would be staring blankly at them.

What is he thinking?

Sasha felt the urge to know.

However, given how rare it was to be at peace, Sasha refrained from asking him. She treasured the fact that she could continue to spend time by his side.

"Darling, it's time for lunch. Look, I made you your favorite steak and mushroom soup. Why don't we give it a try?"

Given that it was lunchtime, Sasha called out to him as she served the food she had prepared.

She didn't change the way she addressed him.

After having suffered so many blows, she didn't want to lose the right to address him as such.

When she went to see him the moment he woke up, she called him "darling" to remind him of their relationship. Unfortunately, he responded with cold indifference.

After filling him a bowl of soup, she prepared his plate and put them on the table.

"Darling?"

"Open the door!"

Suddenly, Sebastian cried out as he swept aside the chess pieces. His gaze was trained at the sunlight that was penetrating the window.

Open the door? What is he trying to do?"

Sasha's expression darkened slightly. "Are... are you planning to go out for a walk? But..."

She wanted to tell him that he couldn't do so because he was sick. If he flew into a sudden fit of rage, she would not be able to stop him.

However, when she saw how intently he was looking outside as if it was his craving, her heart wavered.

"Fine. Wait for me."

After putting down her bowl, she ran out at once.

She came back a few minutes later with a red silky ribbon. She had removed it from somewhere, rushed back happily with it, and stood before Sebastian.

"Darling, I'm sorry, but can I tie this to your wrist?" she pleaded coyly.

She watched him warily as she raised the ribbon.

Sebastian stared at her.

Is she trying to leash me like a dog?

A few seconds later, he wiggled his wrist at her.

Sasha was delighted by his response and immediately tied the ribbon around his arm. After that, she made a circle with the ribbon and threaded her hand through it.

"All right, Darling, let's go now."

She was delighted at how both their arms were secured tightly with the ribbon.

However, Sebastian was speechless at the sight.