

## Returning from the Dead: His Secret Lover Chapter 1202

Why? Why did he do this? Didn't he claim that he'll always protect the country and the people? Why did he still do something like this? The seal on the military map clearly shows that he has sold the map to the rival army. What did he do to end up selling this?

"There's a river at Hallsbay. When he went there to quell the war, it still belonged to our country. After that war, it became Hallsbay's."

"Why?"

"Because he lost that battle," replied the person from the military tribunal mockingly.

Sebastian's mind turned blank.

What right does he have? What right does he have to give our country's land away?

His eyes reddened as disappointment engulfed him. He could almost feel something snapping within him as if his entire world had just collapsed onto him. Unable to keep his balance anymore, he staggered backward.

"Tell me! Why did you do that? Is it true? It's not, right?" Sebastian asked with his last ounce of hope as he strode over to Jonathan, who was handcuffed in front of him.

However, Jonathan did not even have the courage to meet his gaze.

“That river... is a saltwater river. It doesn't have any use in our country. My troop had been stationed there for three whole days at that time. We couldn't take the enemy down. I... I didn't want any more people to die.”

“So you gave it up just like that? What right do you have? How is it different from colluding with the enemy and betraying your country? The land belongs to the country, not you.”

“Nonsense! The river didn't belong to any country. Louis insisted on having me fight the war, so I had to go there with my troops. I did not commit treason. I merely made a choice after considering the mutual benefits!” Jonathan snapped as if triggered by being accused of betraying the country.

Sebastian was stunned.

When he returned to his senses, fury surged through him.

“Is your choice selling the military map? You made your vanguard sacrifice their lives just to put up a show. You said you didn't want more soldiers to die, but what about them? Do their lives mean nothing to you?”

He finally exploded with rage.

Stricken with fury, disappointment, and heartache, he pointed at Jonathan and bellowed loudly. After yelling at the top of his lungs, he could not utter anything else. All he could do was tremble vigorously.

A murderous aura enveloped him as he felt an urge to shoot a bullet through Jonathan's head.

Indeed, Sebastian wished to kill him.

Doesn't he know what he has done? How can he retort me so indignantly like that?

His head was spinning, and his vision was darkening intermittently.

No one could understand how he was feeling.

In the past, he used to be a businessman. To describe it bluntly, people in business only cared about profits.

After coming to this place, he disliked Jonathan because they did not get along well. However, almost imperceptibly, Jonathan's mindsets started to influence him gradually.

For example, when he unleashed a massacre at The Ataraxy, he would rather sweep it under the carpet than threaten the military's stability.

When the White House was undergoing political unrest, he gave in rather than let the nation be plunged into chaos.

Including how they had eliminated the Ten Medals, the message conveyed by Jonathan was extremely clear.

He would rather let his grandson fake his death and undergo plastic surgery to become someone else. He agreed to have a stroke and put up an entire show just to eliminate those people and safeguard the country's peace. Then why was he so

foolish in the past? Doesn't he know that it'll warrant him a death sentence? Doesn't he know that he has violated his duties and values as a soldier?

Sebastian's rage and agony reached a peak. In the end, he could not utter a single word.

Jonathan kept quiet too as he stood there grimly.

When those from the military tribunal were about to take him away, he gazed at his grandson, who was having a mental breakdown while supporting his weight on the table.

"You're right. I am guilty. Even after all these years, I'd still jolt awake in the middle of the night because of this. This time, you don't need to save me. Just make arrangements for the Jadesons and return to wherever you're supposed to go."

A minute passed.

While hugging the three children upstairs, Sasha sobbed with a hand clasped over her mouth. Suddenly, Sebastian flipped the table in front of him.

Crash!

“Jonathan, why didn’t you just die earlier?”

The Jadesons’ fate changed drastically within a night.

Sasha moved out with the three children overnight. As Jonathan had been detained, Oceanic Estate was going to be confiscated. Those in Jadeborough could not accept that the man they had hailed as a hero was actually a traitor.

They started attacking the Jadesons and besieging Oceanic Estate.

Left with no choice, Sasha had to sneak away with the children at night. What worried her the most was that Sebastian’s headache had relapsed.

He could not sleep at night, and his mental state was deteriorating significantly.

Even so, he was still trying to seek a solution. Sometimes, he would spend hours in front of his computer.

“Mr. Hayes, the situation is getting worse. All of the Jadesons’ assets have been confiscated, including those at The Ataraxy and Gossamer Creek. Even Mr. Steward has been taken away this morning. Do you think you’ll be their next target?”

When Karl reported to Sebastian again, his face was pale.