

Returning from the Dead: His Secret Lover Chapter 1121

[/ Returning from the Dead: His Secret Lover](#)

Much to Sebastian's surprise, the new president openly said those words to him in front of everyone else.

The entire hall fell silent.

Benedict, who was seated behind Sebastian, watched on with a stunned expression.

What in the world? Isn't this ridiculous? Aside from the fact that there is no such precedent within the White House, Yariel doesn't have any military experience at all. So how can he have a position in the House? Isn't this pushing it too far?

Many among those present were both shocked and furious, primarily because they too coveted the position.

"Sir, have you truly given this decision due consideration? Given that Old Mr. Jadeson's grandson has never been in the army before, how is he fit to assume that position? After all, this relates to the nation's military matters!"

Those who were anxious began to protest even before Sebastian said a word.

Once doubt was cast upon Sebastian, many others in the hall supported the stance.

In summary, most of them felt that Sebastian wasn't qualified for the role.

Throughout the exchange, Sebastian remained silent.

All he did was stare intently at the president. Losing his calm, an icy glint flashed in his eye.

Did he just put a target on my back in public? Interesting!

“Calm down, everyone. I’m aware that Yariel doesn’t have any military experience. However, he is an extremely smart man. Before he joined the government, he was Astoria’s most prominent businessman. All of you shouldn’t underestimate him. After all, it’s just military affairs. I’m sure he can get the hang of it in no time.”

Silas stood by his decision.

However, those words caused further anxiety among everyone present. Just when they were prepared to remonstrate further, a frosty voice pierced through the chaos in the chamber.

“Fine. There’s no need to vote then.”

The next moment, everyone watched as the young man they had just ridiculed, raised his hand and threw the votes he was holding away.

It drove everyone mad.

Two hours later, the elections finally ended. Benedict was elected to the Senate, while the Cabinet Council accepted a new member.

As for the House, Sebastian was chosen for it.

When all of them were leaving, Benedict caught up with Sebastian.

“Yary, you really are a gutsy one. How dare you take up the position? You have never touched a gun nor fight on the battlefield before. How can you...”

Just as he walked, Benedict pointed at Sebastian with a worried and frustrated expression.

Sebastian swept his gaze at him. “What are you worried about? Isn’t my grandpa supporting me still?”

“You...”

Benedict almost burst a vessel.

Obviously, he didn't want the position to be taken by Sebastian as he too had his own preferred candidate.

Despite his exasperation, Benedict had little choice other than to accept it.

"No matter what, you just have to be more careful. Let me remind you, the representatives of the House have always been difficult even when your cousin was in the White House. Now that you have been given the hot seat, you have to stay vigilant against their ruthless schemes."

Maintaining his silence, Sebastian wasn't bothered to entertain Benedict. When he saw Mark already waiting in the car, he quickly got in.

Watching from behind, Benedict gritted his teeth and yelled, "Fine. Call me if you need anything. By the way, I'm heading to Yorksland in two days' time. Do you want me to bring your sister back?"

Sebastian paused just as he opened the car door.

"Are you going to Yorksland, Mr. Cooper? What for?"

"That's right. That mischievous son of mine has caused trouble again. This time, he has hurt someone's daughter. Hence, I have no choice but to go over and make sure that nothing comes out of it at such a crucial time," Benedict explained candidly.

Subsequently, Sebastian shifted his gaze toward Mark.

However, Mark averted his gaze from the undeniably conflicted expression.

Sebastian clenched his teeth...

"There's no need to. Ever since Devin's death, her emotions have become volatile. I'm worried that bringing her back would only make things worse. I'm sorry that she has imposed herself on your son for such a long time. In two days' time, I'll send someone to set her up with a place to stay for a while," Sebastian finally answered his question.

Benedict waved his hand. "It's fine. Just let her stay there. After all, my house there is huge. Having one extra person staying there doesn't make a difference."

Ever since the election ended, Benedict was even more attentive toward the Jadesons.

Without saying a word, Sebastian entered the car and left.

After more than ten minutes, when the White House could no longer be seen in the rearview mirror, Mark couldn't resist asking, "Mr. Sebastian, is it true that you have been elected to the House?"

Returning from the Dead: His Secret Lover Chapter 1122

[/ Returning from the Dead: His Secret Lover](#)
Sebastian plainly grunted, "Mmm-hmm."

Mark's eyes widened at the rearview mirror.

"Why did you? Before you left, didn't Old Mr. Jadeson remind you to stay out of all this? How did you end up stepping back into the center of power? By doing this, Old Mr. Jadeson will..."

"Silas was the one who forced me into it."

"Silas?" Mark gaped.

How is that possible? Isn't he the newly elected president? Why must he pressure the Jadesons when they no longer pose a threat to the White House? By putting a target on Mr. Sebastian's back, is he trying to destroy the Jadesons?

Within just a few seconds, Mark's face had lost all color.

However, Sebastian didn't share Mark's grim assessment of the situation. After massaging his forehead, he took out his phone.

“There’s no need to panic. It’s all just a game. If it’s too simple, where’s the fun in that?”

Mark’s eyes almost popped out of their sockets.

What sort of comment is that? Given how dire the situation is, how can he say that it’s just a game?

Suddenly, Mark could feel his old chest injury acting up again.

Meanwhile, inside a villa in Yorksland...

Sabrina noticed that there was something strange about Edmund.

For example, he had always loved to go out gallivanting. But over the last two days, he stayed at home holed up in his bedroom.

Also, when she happened to come downstairs, she saw him sitting in the living room reading some maps.

Is he planning to take me to Zarain?

Sabrina’s eyes lit up at the thought.

“Edmund, what are you doing?”

“Huh?”

Just when he was making notes on the map, Edmund panicked and almost dropped his pencil on the table.

“N-Nothing at all. Why did you come down? Weren’t you sleeping?” Springing up to his feet from the sofa, Edmund swiftly folded up the map.

Sabrina furrowed her eyebrows.

“Not really, I’ve slept enough. Anyway, what map is that? Is it one of Zarain? When are you going to take me to see my husband? It’s already been one week.”

Sabrina began to show her frustration.

In fact, she was further infuriated when he kept up the map instead of giving it to her.

So that's what it is.

Edmund chuckled. "No, this is a map of a holiday villa that I planned to invest in, not one of Zarain. I just want to see if there's anything interesting nearby."

"You..."

Sabrina was enraged.

However, the butler hurried in anxiously, "Mr. Edmund, bad news! Mr. Cooper is heading over from Jadeborough."

"What?"

Within a few seconds, the garden was plunged into utter chaos.

Sabrina stood there and watched with an indifferent expression.

Soon, a middle-aged man's voice thundered, causing Edmund's face to drastically change. When he ordered the maids to drag Sabrina upstairs, she forcefully shoved their hands away.

"You call yourself a man?"

Edmund gave her a baffled look.

But this time, she surprisingly complied. After giving him an earful, she went back up herself.

Heaving a sigh of relief, Edmund headed out of the house.

Boom!

The moment he opened the villa's main door, he saw a foot flying in his direction.

His pupils constricted at the sight.

As if by reflex, he opened his palms to intercept it. As long as he managed to catch the leg, he would be able to fracture or cripple it.

However, the very instant he launched his attack, something flashed across his mind.

The next moment, the kick landed on his body. Grunting in agony, he collapsed onto the ground and rolled for some distance.

“Argh...”

Coincidentally, the butler passed by and saw what happened. He exclaimed, “Mr. Edmund, Mr. Edmund, are you alright? Mr. Cooper, how can you be so cruel to your son? What if he gets hurt?”

“What if? The only thing on my mind right now is to beat him to death!”

The moment Benedict entered, he unleashed a tirade.

Everyone in the villa who came to see the ruckus didn't dare make a sound.

As for the butler, he helped Edmund back up without protesting further.

Instead, it was Edmund who picked himself up and waited for the agonizing pain to pass before staring daggers at his father.

“In that case, go on and beat me to death this instant!”

“You...”

Benedict was so furious that even his veins were throbbing all over.

Fortunately, just when Benedict found a stick to give Edmund a beating, the butler selflessly threw himself between the father and son.

“Mr. Cooper, don't blame Mr. Edmund for what happened. It's Mrs. Jadeson's fault instead. Mr. Edmund wasn't even home when the

two women came by. When Mrs. Jadeson found them to be annoying, she kicked them down from upstairs. Therefore, this matter has nothing to do with Mr. Edmund at all.”

Returning from the Dead: His Secret Lover Chapter 1123

[/ Returning from the Dead: His Secret Lover](#)

To protect Edmund, the butler had shifted all the blame to Sabrina.

However, Edmund’s expression turned gloomy at once.

“What nonsense are you talking about? Get lost!”

“Mr. Edmund...”

In the end, Benedict didn’t carry out his threat.

However, when he entered the living room and saw the tightly shut door upstairs, his expression changed drastically.

“I won’t hold you accountable for what happened. However, you have to get her to leave.”

“What did you say?”

Still holding onto his painful stomach, Edmund looked up the moment he heard those words. “Leave? But her body hasn’t recovered. She cannot go!”

“You don’t have to worry about that. Before I came here, her brother told me that he will find her a place to stay in a day or two. Once I give him a call, he will send someone to pick her up. Hence, there’s nothing for you to worry about.”

Just as he spoke, Benedict picked up the phone from the side table.

The moment he started dialing, Edmund quickly approached and slapped the phone away from his hand, causing it to crash onto the ground.

“What gives you the right to decide for me? Have you forgotten your place?”

“What did you say?”

Although it looked as if tempers were about to flare, that was how the father and son interacted with each other most of the time.

The reason was that Edmund was an illegitimate child. Ever since he was young, he would grow up amidst the mockery and contempt shown by others. Although Benedict would visit him once in a while, Edmund simply saw it as charity instead.

Therefore, he was filled with hatred for Benedict.

When the butler saw that the situation was going to escalate again, he quickly intervened to diffuse it.

“Mr. Cooper, is there a need to argue with Mr. Edmund over something as trivial as this? I’m sure you’re aware that he loves to go against you for the sake of it. By ordering him to send the woman away, he would definitely not comply even if he was willing to do so.”

After hearing those words, a sudden realization dawned upon Benedict.

“Do you mean...”

“Just sent her away when he isn’t around. By the time he returns, he likely won’t complain,” the butler suggested confidently.

In truth, that was how Edmund always behaved. Every time he had quarreled with his dad, the butler would discreetly resolve whatever problem it was. By the time he found out, he would turn a blind eye to it.

After calming down, Benedict agreed to the plan.

In truth, he wasn't being unreasonable.

He had indeed wanted to ally himself with the Jadesons. After all, he felt they would be of use in the future.

However, Sabrina was just too volatile to have around. At the rate things were going, he was worried she would bring catastrophe upon his son. Therefore, it was prudent for him to send her away as early as he could.

In the evening...

Sabrina had obediently stayed in her room that day.

After hearing the commotion downstairs and the sound of Edmund being beaten, she decided to wait patiently in the room despite the urge to sneak out earlier.

She wanted to wait for him to return so that she could bid him goodbye.

However, Edmund didn't see her that night. Instead, it was the butler who came by.

"Mrs. Jadeson, aren't you looking to travel to Zarain and find your husband? We have a car heading there right now. Do you want to go with it?"

Standing in the bedroom, Sabrina gave the butler an expressionless look.

After recuperating recently and having taken her medication, her mind wasn't as groggy as it was before. When she encountered any problems, she would crack her brain over it.

Is he sending me to Zarain in the middle of the night?

After pondering for half a minute, she turned around decisively and grabbed her things. Subsequently, she followed the butler out of the villa where she had stayed for almost ten days.

It was deep in the night where the freezing cold breeze was blowing everywhere.

The sky was so dark that she couldn't even see her fingers.

Sitting in the moving sedan, Sabrina maintained her silence. It wasn't until the car got on the highway that it suddenly changed directions and drove in the opposite way.

"Turn around!" Sabrina barked as she held an eyebrow razor against the driver's neck.

Terrified by the threat, the driver slammed on the brakes, causing the car to screech to a halt. The next moment, the car door opened, and he was kicked out of it just like a dog.

Subsequently, the car sped off toward Zarain.

It wasn't until the next morning that Edmund discovered what happened.

He was at the nightclub the night before and didn't return home due to his busy schedule. Furthermore, now that his hated father was there, he didn't want to see him at all.

The moment he returned and heard what transpired, he stood stunned for a few seconds.

"Who did you say took her away?"

"Mr. Cooper brought her back to Jadeborough. He had wanted to inform you but you didn't come home last night. Hence, he brought her with him right away," the butler explained eloquently.

The moment he finished, he saw Edmund's eyes turn bloodshot in rage. The next second, he was sent flying by a thunderous kick.

Thump!

It was a kick that left him no chance of survival.

Upon crashing onto the ground, the butler had stopped moving.

Returning from the Dead: His Secret Lover Chapter 1124

[/ Returning from the Dead: His Secret Lover](#)

Sabrina didn't sleep for the entire night as she sped toward Zarain in the dark. Other than stopping to refuel at a gas station, she barely rested at all.

By the time dawn broke, she had arrived at the border.

"Prepare the documents, we are about to cross the border soon."

"All right."

Slowing down her car, Sabrina caught a glimpse of the long line at the border checkpoint. Inside the pickup truck that was closest to her, she overheard the conversation between the couple inside.

Given that they were at the border waiting to cross into another country, they naturally needed their documents.

After driving the entire night, Sabrina furrowed her eyebrows. As her bloodshot eyes stared toward the front, she was forced to stop her car by the side.

How am I going to cross the border without my documents?

After rummaging through the car, she didn't find any sort of ID at all. The next moment, she raised her gaze and stared at the pickup.

"I found them, here they are. Look Hubby, our documents are all here."

"Good. Hang on to them, we'll-"

The male driver stopped mid-sentence when he saw a young lady suddenly appear beside their truck.

Holding onto the car window they were winding down, she glared intently at their documents.

“Do you have a way to smuggle me through? If you succeed, you can have the five hundred thousand in this card.”

Sabrina took out a gold card and waved it in front of the couple.

Both of them were stunned.

Five hundred thousand for taking her along? Did we hear wrongly?

However, this lady doesn't look rich at all. Her face looks pale while her hair is disheveled. The only thing positive about her is that she is dressed neatly. Even then, her clothes consist of casual everyday brands. Hence, is there really five hundred thousand in the card?

The couple was skeptical.

Sensing their hesitation, Sabrina began to lose her patience. “If you don't believe me, you can turn me in to the authorities even after smuggling me over. Isn't that right?”

The couple fell silent.

In the end, they couldn't resist the sudden temptation of money. Hence, they told Sabrina to get in.

Ten minutes later, the pickup truck drove up to the border checkpoint with Sabrina in the back. She was pretending to be a sick lady heading to Zarain for treatment.

“Sir, we are taking our sister for medical treatment in Zarain. She has cancer and has managed to secure an organ donor over there. Look, this is her medical record, and these are our papers.”

At the checkpoint, the couple handed the guard their documents and a set of medical records while explaining.

Much to Sabrina's surprise, what they told the guard was true. Furthermore, they even had a spare ID on hand.

However, they weren't really sending Sabrina for treatment still. Their real purpose was to bring someone from Zarain back.

Hence, when the border guard came over to check, he flipped open the canvas cover at the back of the pickup and saw a sickly woman all curled up just as the couple described.

"Fine. Go on then."

The guard didn't suspect anything at all.

After all, Sabrina was extremely skilled in makeup. Back at Avenport, she was known for her outlandish makeup and even had people comparing her to the devil.

With that, the pickup quickly drove through the checkpoint.

The next time they stopped, they had arrived at the first city in Zarain which was hundreds of kilometers away from the border.

"Alright now. You can let me off here. Here's the card. You can withdraw the money from the bank in front which is linked with our domestic banks. I'll be here waiting for you."

After jumping out from the back, Sabrina flung the card to the couple. Just as promised, she waited there for them.

When the couple saw that she dared to make such a promise, they naturally believed her.

"Miss, don't misunderstand, it's not that we don't trust you. Anyway, since you do not have an ID, you might still get into trouble here. Where are you going actually? You can tell us if you trust us. Perhaps, we can be of assistance."

Standing beside the pickup, Sabrina folded her arms and stared at the couple. After a long while, she finally replied, "I'm heading to Bellridge."

"What?" The couple were shocked.

Bellridge? Isn't that the most dangerous place in Zarain? Even though it is located at the border and has a thriving commercial

sector, it used to be an area torn by war some time ago. In fact, the situation had barely changed. Just a while ago, there was even news that a domestic military commander lost his life there while attacking bandits.

The couple was worried. "Do you really want to go there? It's not really peaceful there. In fact, it is dangerous for you to go alone."

"I'll be fine."

Sabrina had lost all patience. After giving them a frosty reply, she simply walked away.

Being a kind-hearted couple, they quickly caught up with her. "In that case, we'll give you the pickup. Without any documents, it's hard for you to secure a vehicle."

The husband handed over the keys.

After glancing at them, she took them and got back into the truck.

Returning from the Dead: His Secret Lover Chapter 1125

[/ Returning from the Dead: His Secret Lover](#)

Having half a million would make it easy to purchase a pickup. Moreover, once she had the car, many things would become even more convenient for her.

Thus, Sabrina drove the pickup to her destination.

Bellridge was indeed a dangerous place. It was not only because that place was a battlefield in the past, but because many criminals were lurking around the borders. In fact, Bellridge was a paradise for criminals.

By the time Edmund flew the helicopter into the city, Sabrina was already in Bellridge.

It was a piece of land spanning a few hundred thousand square kilometers. When he leaned to the side and looked down from the

helicopter, he could see the endless mountains and the towering buildings in the metropolitan area. It was a devastating sight for him.

“Mr. Edmund, don’t worry. He has arranged for men to look for Mrs. Jadeson, and these men are all locals. I’m sure they’ll soon find her,” said a Cooper who had come with him. The man gulped when he saw Edmund’s expression.

However, right as those words left his mouth, Edmund snapped his head to the side and hissed, “You’d better start praying that she’s fine. Otherwise, I’m going to end all of your lives!”

Edmund’s eyes were bloodshot, and his voice was like a demon crawled out of hell, sending chills down others’ spines.

The man watched Edmund leave in a daze.

It took him a long while before he could recompose himself and forced his trembling legs to make the climb down before hurrying after Edmund.

He had never seen Edmund act in this way before.

He could not believe that the man who had personally sent the butler into the ICU and flew the helicopter to this country was the Edmund Cooper he knew.

When did Edmund become so impressive? the man thought as he anxiously followed Edmund.

However, right as Edmund entered the city, he headed straight to the hospital to try to find out the woman’s whereabouts.

“I’m sorry, Mr. Cooper, I haven’t seen this woman before.”

Unfortunately, there were no traces of that woman in the hospital.

What about the mortuary?

As the other Cooper came up with the possibility, Edmund rushed out of the hospital and to the mortuary.

It was nothing too surprising.

Since that woman did not believe that her husband was dead, she would head to the last known location where he was seen alive. That way, she would be able to find out more details about him.

Once again, Edmund received bad news when he reached the mortuary—no one had seen her there.

Where else could she be?

Did she go to the place her husband died?

At that, his face turned drastically white.

Just as he was about to head to the forest, someone ran out of the mortuary, shouting, “Mr. Edmund, you’re here! We’ve found the one you’re looking for! She’s at Diega Casino.”

“What?” Edmund’s face paled further. “A casino?”

Has this woman gone mad?

How could she have gone there? Doesn’t she know what that place is?

Diega Casino was not an authentic casino. It was the infamous black market where criminals frequented and did shady deeds.

How can she go there?

Overwhelmed by fury and shock, Edmund’s vision turned dark for a moment. It took him a while before he could recollect himself, but right after he did, he rushed to the casino.

At Diega Casino.

Indeed, Sabrina was at a table in the casino.

When she first came, no one paid any attention to her, for she had messy hair and was wearing casual clothes. They all had thought she was a beggar, and they tried to chase her out of the place.

However, when she went straight to the table and threw out a black card, they all fell silent.

Sabrina was no different from her usual self.

After throwing the card on the table, she leaned back in the chair and put her legs on another chair. Once she was in a comfortable position, the emotionless words left her mouth. "Five million. Who's interested in playing with me? The only thing you have to do when I win is to answer a question of mine. If I lose, you'll get the money."

Five million?

Everyone widened their eyes.

It was no small sum. Although they were in a casino, Bellridge was located in Zarain; Zarain was a country with an underdeveloped economy, so the amount of money flowing in the market was not as much as in other countries.

Therefore, the rest were unable to tear their eyes away from the black card.

However, after a while of staring, their eyes widened even more.

The card she had thrown out was a limited global black card.

Immediately, the entire casino was engulfed by excitement. They stopped looking at her with disdainful gazes and began rubbing their palms in anticipation.

Sabrina did not stop them.

However, they soon realized that not only was the woman rich, but she also seemed like a brilliant gambler.

Returning from the Dead: His Secret Lover Chapter 1126

[/ Returning from the Dead: His Secret Lover](#)

“Three of a kind. I won this, didn’t I?”

“Ha,” was Sabrina’s only response to the first gambler she went up against.

In the next second, she threw her cards out on the table.

The crowd gasped loudly at the sight of the cards.

She had a flush!

It was unbelievable.

The other gambler was speechless for a moment before hanging his head, despondent. In the end, he threw his cards aside.

“Fine, you won. Say now. What do you want to know?”

“Okay,” Sabrina said gleefully.

She, too, threw her cards on the table before taking something out of her pocket and putting it in front of her.

“I want to know where this bullet is from.”

“What?”

Once again, the crowd gasped in surprise.

They were indeed at a black market, but still, she was the first they had ever seen to be so straightforward. Moreover, what she had fished out of her pocket was a bullet!

Their faces paled.

Even the gambler was stuttering. "H-How am I supposed to know the answer to that? A bullet's a bullet. That's all."

Nevertheless, Sabrina continued to stare at him, the smile on her face gone. "Take a closer look. If you give me the answer, this five million will be yours."

The gambler inhaled sharply.

It was basically free money.

Immediately, he lost his stammer. With his eyes fixed on the bullet, he blurted out, "This is a bullet from a sniper rifle. I think it's from an SSG model."

"No, how can this be from an SSG model? A bullet from an SSG sniper wouldn't be that long and complicated. It'll just be copper wrapped around gunpowder," someone instantly refuted.

Rage filled the gambler's chest when he heard that. "Am I the one playing, or are you the one playing? I'm the one who's answering her question."

The one who interrupted him fell silent.

"It's okay. Anyone here can tell me the origin of the bullet, and I'll bet a round with them. Then, the money's yours."

Sabrina shrugged, seemingly a completely generous person.

Immediately, a commotion broke out.

In seconds, all kinds of people were trying to inform Sabrina about the origins of the bullet. They fought, verbally and physically, just for the chance of getting rich.

Meanwhile, Sabrina watched them with slight disinterest.

Of course, at one point in time, a pen and a paper had appeared in her hands. Every time they revealed any information about the bullet, she would speedily note it down.

The tip of the bullet was lead, and there was a ring at the bottom.

It contained a luminescent agent that would provide more accurate aiming, which in return would lead to a more destructive shot.

The bullet was suitable for far-distance shooting, and once it buried itself in its target, the target was doomed to die.

At the last two sentences, Sabrina's hand stiffened, and her knuckles turned white.

"Miss, this bullet is basically from the latest weapon in the market. Are you thinking of buying it? If you want to, I can tell you how to. I know a shop that se—"

"What are all of you doing?"

Just as one of the gamblers was about to tell Sabrina where to get the bullet, a bellow came from the outside.

The moment the voice echoed in the place, the men who had been circling Sabrina's money like a pack of hyenas immediately dispersed as if they had turned into rats who had seen a cat.

"Mr. Drake!"

"Mr. Drake."

"Hello, Mr. Drake."

In the next second, a middle-aged man in local clothing appeared. Not a strand of hair on his head was out of place, and he had a tiny mustache. The moment he appeared by the staircase, everyone in the casino began greeting him politely.

Mr. Drake?

Is he not local?

If he is, then why is he a Drake? Wasn't Drakon the one who raped Shanae?

Sabrina quickly grabbed the bullet on the table as she stared at the man icily.

“What were you all doing earlier?”

“M-Mr. Drake, this lady here suddenly entered the casino and took out five million to bet with us. If we lose, we’ll have to tell her the origin of the bullet in her hand,” said one of the braver ones as he shakily pointed at the bullet in Sabrina’s hand.

Immediately, the middle-aged man narrowed his eyes in displeasure and let them drift toward Sabrina.

“Miss, may I know what your name is?”

With a cigarette in his hand, he strode toward the table Sabrina was at.

“The name’s Soprano. What’s the matter? Am I not allowed to play in this way? I’ve heard that we could make any deals here.”

There was no hint of fear on her face at all.

The casino owner’s eyes narrowed.

The woman had an unfamiliar face. He had been in the criminal underworld for so long, but he had never seen a woman as courageous and arrogant as her.

Then, his gaze slowly trailed toward the bullet in her hand.

Returning from the Dead: His Secret Lover Chapter 1127

[/ Returning from the Dead: His Secret Lover](#)

All of a sudden, he said, “Of course, but they might not have the full details of the information you want. Why don’t you show it to me instead? I’ve seen more things than they have. Perhaps I will be able to identify it with just a mere glance.”

Sabrina stared at him for a moment.

It had been a laborious trip to the forest to get this bullet. The moment she reached, she had been scouring through the woods like a madwoman.

It took her a long time to find the bullet.

When she did, she was overjoyed, for she knew that once she had gotten the bullet, she would be able to find the group of people who had fought against her husband.

If I find them, that means I'll find him.

In the end, Sabrina chose to hand over the bullet to him.

Yet, what she never expected was for the casino owner to pinch the bottom of the bullet as soon as he took it from her. She was sure that he must have pressed something, for the bullet instantly fell apart in his hands right in front of her.

“This bullet is part of the smuggled ammunition in the black market. Its key feature is that it's exceptionally lethal, light, and perfect for far-range shooting. Therefore, it's popular on the black market. However, about a month ago, a high-ranking military officer from your country had died from this bullet while he was looking into this. Once he died, the smuggling operations ceased. How is it, Ms. Soprano? Are you satisfied with this answer?”

In fact, after the casino owner nonchalantly told her about the origins of the bullet, he threw the bullet casing and its gunpowder onto the ground.

Sabrina nearly went mad.

In that one second, she could only watch as the man scatter the bullet she had salvaged with much difficulty onto the ground. Anger overpowered her.

“Who gave you the right to take apart the bullet? Who said you could do that? Fine. Since you know where it came from, tell me now where those people are! Tell me where those animals are!”

Sabrina no longer had a grip on her rationality.

The truth was that she had retreated into a world of fantasy after hearing the news. If she had been sober, she would not have been delighted to find the bullet, thinking that it would lead her to Devin.

By the time Edmund reached the casino, the place was in chaos.

Everyone was attacking one woman. The tables were flipped; the chips and the cards were everywhere. Right in the middle of the chaos was the woman Edmund was looking for. She was returning the attacks with the vigor of a dying, cornered animal.

"I'll kill you!" she screamed. Despite the numerous injuries on her, she was still throwing punches as if she was numb to all her senses. Her eyes were bloodshot, and it was a crazed look in them. Right then, she stabbed the knife in her hand in the direction of the casino owner.

At the same time, the casino owner raised the gun in his hand.

"Mr. Drake, it seems like your guess is right. This woman is here to investigate us. I never thought that she would be smart enough to find her way here after that officer died. Say, who is she really?"

"Who cares who is she? She'll be nothing but a dead person once you kill her!"

With a ruthless grin on his face, the casino owner pulled the trigger.

Bang!

A gunshot rang out.

Everyone fell silent, including Sabrina, who had lost her mind in the fight.

What confused her was that she could not see anything clearly anymore. She could only hear a quiet thump behind her before a blurry figure walked toward her.

"I'll...kill you."

When her mind registered that someone was walking toward her, she instinctively raised her knife, its blade blunt after the fight.

However, she was exhausted, for she had been fighting with all her strength until then. Her trembling arm could not raise the knife another time.

So, am I dying now?

That's fine.

If I die, I'll get to see him.

I won't need to try so hard to find him anymore.

Somehow, she was coming back to her senses at a time like this.

A figure rushed toward her but slowed down when it was right in front of her. In a soft voice, the figure worriedly said, "Ms. Sabrina?"

Sabrina tilted her head to the side.

Ms. Sabrina?

For a moment, she could not think who that person could possibly be.

Only when someone took her knife away, and the world spun—only when she fell into warm arms and before she lost consciousness—then did a name appear in her mind.

Edmund.

Two days later, Karl arrived in Bellridge and took away the few people in charge of the casino before setting the entire Diega Casino on fire.

When Benedict heard about it, he called Edmund in a panic.

"Brat, what have you been doing there? How could you have killed the casino owner and burned down the casino? Don't you know that they're- they're—"

Benedict repeated those last two words several times, but he still could not utter out loud the words he wanted to say.

However, Edmund responded in a flat tone, "He was about to kill Devin's wife. Am I supposed to sit on my hands and watch as they kill her? If she dies here, what are you going to say to the Jadesons?"

"Um..."

Finally, Benedict was at a loss for words.

Returning from the Dead: His Secret Lover Chapter 1128

[/ Returning from the Dead: His Secret Lover](#)

In the end, Benedict was the one to end the call.

However, before he did, he reminded Edmund to quickly take Sabrina back to Yorksland once she recovered.

That was what Edmund planned to do as well.

Yet, when Sabrina returned to the waking world, he realized there was something different about her.

One morning, when Edmund came to the local hospital and was about to head to Sabrina's ward, a nurse walked over and told him, "Mr. Cooper, Ms. Sabrina has woken up. However, she's not displaying any signs of negative emotions like you said she would. She's rather quiet."

Edmund froze.

Quiet?

He did not quite believe in the nurse's words. After all, from the moment he got to know about her, he had only seen her being anxious and angry.

With that thought in mind, Edmund came to her ward.

Like the nurse had said, he was greeted with the sight of a conscious Sabrina when he entered the room.

Oddly, she was looking out of the window, neither crying nor kicking up a fuss. It was as if she was in a whole different world from him.

She never even made any sign that indicated her noticing his entrance.

“Ms. Sabrina?”

Edmund’s heart skipped a beat as alarm bells rang in his head.

To his relief, the woman slowly turned around and asked, “What’s the matter?”

Edmund did not know what to say to her.

He stared into her empty, dead eyes as he digested the emotionless words that left her lips a second ago. His heartbeat, which had slowed down when she responded earlier, quickened again.

“Nothing. I just wanted to ask how you’re feeling. Are you feeling any discomfort anywhere?”

“No,” was all Sabrina said before turning her head to look out of the window again.

Was there anything out there?

The answer was no. What was outside were the tall buildings of Bellridge and the fire tree planted downstairs.

Fire trees were everywhere in Zarain—by the sides of the road, by the garden, and more. Its flowering period was around June and July, and when the flowers bloomed, the tree would turn into a brilliant shade of red.

However, that was not how the fire tree looked at that moment.

It was mid-fall in Zarain. The tree that would have caught the attention of many during summer had nothing but yellowing leaves billowing in the autumn breeze.

That tree was just like what Sabrina now was.

Edmund's face turned ashen. After a while, he walked over to her bed and tentatively suggested, "If you're fine, then let's discharge and go back, shall we? Your brother has called a few times by now. If we don't go back soon, I think he'll actually come here himself."

"Okay," the woman agreed, much to his surprise.

Edmund lowered his eyes as his heart sank even more.

"But before we go back, can I take a trip to the forest? I want to take a look at the place he...was last at," Sabrina added.

She did not even want to say that he was dead, for she had described the forest as the place he was last at instead of the place he had died at.

Edmund clenched his hands when he heard her request to the point his knuckles turned white, but in the end, he agreed to it.

Over an hour later, the two drove to the forest Devin was last at. On their way there, the warm sun let its rays shine on the trees, casting a spotty shadow over the land.

It felt like the sun was taunting them, for it was a beautiful scene.

Is it because of the lost life here?

Edmund soon stopped his car near a stop sign.

"The local government has forbidden anyone from entering this place because of your husband's incident. If you want to go in, we'll have to walk."

"Okay." Sabrina nodded, still expressionless.

Then, she pushed open the door and stepped out of the car.

Edmund was not lying when he said that the road was sealed off after Devin's incident, for several other nations' teams were involved in that operation back then as well.

After Devin's death, the team leaders had swiftly informed their higher-ups about the incident. Later on, Zarain received countless criticisms from various countries; they criticized Zarain for letting their government join the ranks of the criminal organizations and kill a high-ranking foreign military officer despite them entering Zarain to help with its crimes.

Due to the pressure from the various countries, Zarain was forced to make a formal apology to them, including Devin.

Then, Bellridge's security tightened, and the surrounding forest was sealed up.

Sabrina ambled along the side of the road.

She was still much weaker than she used to be. After labor, she had not received an adequate amount of rest, and the fight at the casino had not helped. Thus, for every short distance she covered, she had to stop to rest.

Edmund stayed by her side the entire time.

"Do you need some water?"

"No, I'm fine."

She continued walking.

A moment later, she stopped again. This time, Edmund took out a container and said, "Eat something. You haven't had anything since morning."

She shook her head again.

Colors were drained from Sabrina's face, and the sweat beading on her forehead was almost drenching her hair.

Returning from the Dead: His Secret Lover Chapter 1129

[/ Returning from the Dead: His Secret Lover](#)

Nevertheless, she persisted, and her efforts paid off. Soon, they arrived at the spot.

Edmund was taken aback when they arrived at their destination.

How did she know that this is the spot? After the forest was sealed off, all signs had been removed, and there was nothing to indicate where her husband had died.

Looking at her from the back, Edmund asked, "Have you been here before?"

She nodded. "Yes."

She then started to make her way past the guard rail.

"Be careful," Edmund said when he saw her.

He quickly reached out to grab her, but just as his fingers were about to touch her skin, she moved away from him as if he had the plague.

Then, she leaped over the guard rail.

Edmund stood transfixed for a few seconds as he watched her go down, his hand frozen midair.

What's going on?

I don't remember her avoiding me like this before coming to Zarain.

What's happening? Has she figured things out?

Edmund continued standing at the road as he mulled over the expressions and reactions she had back in the hospital. All of a

sudden, realization struck him, and all colors drained from his face.

She sobered up.

Despite the situation, she has come to her senses.

If that's what happened to her, then why would she still want to come here? Isn't she trying to sprinkle salt on her own wound?

The more Edmund thought about it, the less sense it made.

However, Sabrina was already down there, and her figure soon disappeared into the trees.

"Sabrina, come back!" Edmund yelled, livid.

Frightened out of his wits, he leaped over the rail and fled after her as well.

I should have thought of this earlier!

What else would she do other than this? There was no light in her eyes after she came to her senses.

"Sabrina, come back! I'm telling you now that you can't avenge your husband! Even if you can, he won't forgive you when you meet him! He only wants you to keep living, Sabrina!"

Edmund screamed and shouted, and his voice reverberated in the woods.

Yet, the woman running in front of him seemed to be deaf to it.

She just kept sprinting forward. As Edmund had expected, she was going to kill those people regardless of what price she had to pay. She was going to skin them alive.

Then, she was going to drag them to hell before reuniting with the man she loved.

Sabrina's eyes became redder and redder with each passing second.

Bang!

All of a sudden, a gunshot rang out in the forest.

Sabrina skidded to a stop as she instinctively turned around. A bullet whizzed past her cheek and shot through the tree by her side.

This is some impressive shooting! was the first thought she had.

It was then that bullet slammed into something else.

Clang!

It was the sound of metal meeting metal.

When she heard it, she spun around to look at it.

Only then, she saw the long bullet in a coat of copper falling to the ground right in front of a sign.

Sabrina could only blink at it.

A loud buzzing noise took over her mind, and everything else fell silent.

The only thing she knew at that moment was that bullet on the ground.

It's... It's the bullet I'm looking for.

Edmund caught up to her half a minute after the gunshot rang out. When he finally saw her standing still, anger thrummed in his veins. Unable to control himself, he raised his hand, about to slap her.

“You—”

No one could understand what he felt at that moment.

The throbbing fury that roared in his ears robbed him of all his other senses.

No words in any language could describe what he felt at that moment. All he could think was to slap that woman so that she would snap back her senses.

Yet, when he pulled her over and looked into her eyes, he realized she was staring at the bullet on the ground.

In an instant, his anger died off.

He could not bring himself to swing his hand downward.

“Do you know what you’re doing?” he asked in a hoarse voice after a long while, his eyes still fixed on her.

Sabrina slowly let her eyes drift toward his.

“Just leave me be. I know my limits.”

“Limits?”

Edmund barked out a loud laugh. “What limits? Did you think that you could sneak into their headquarters and avenge your husband after finding out their details at the casino? Do you know who they are?”

Sabrina was rendered speechless.

“Let me tell you this, Sabrina. They’re not just a small group of people; they’re an organization. They’re the dark web that spans across the entire globe. Not even your husband could stop them, and that was why they killed him. Do you think that you can really avenge him?”

He mentioned Devin’s death.

Returning from the Dead: His Secret Lover Chapter 1130

[/ Returning from the Dead: His Secret Lover](#)

The calm facade on Sabrina’s face finally began to crack as she menacingly glared at him. “Shut up! You’re not allowed to say his name!”

“Why can’t I? It’s a fact that he has failed. If not, then why did he die from that bullet?”

At that, he jabbed his finger in the direction of the bullet on the ground.

At that instant, the woman’s face turned ashen, and she shuddered. In the next second, she raised her hand and slapped the man.

Smack!

A loud and clear slap echoed in the forest, making birds fly away in surprise.

“Shut up right now! Don’t you dare slander my husband! He did not fail. He died from the bullet because he couldn’t win against a whole group of people! It’s not his fault!” the woman screamed in his face.

Not only did Edmund fail to slap her, but he was even slapped by her.

His face was on fire from the powerful slap, but he turned to the side and licked the corner of his bleeding lip.

Then, a relieved grin appeared on his face.

Yes, this is what’s normal.

“Fine, fine. You’re right. There’s nothing wrong with him, and it isn’t his fault. Then are you still going to avenge him? If he had lost against the people, do you really think you, a woman, would be stronger than him?”

Sabrina nearly slapped him again.

She had never hated a man as much as that moment.

Noticing that she was still in the same spot, Edmund said, “Think about it. This is a firearms smuggling case; you can’t resolve this

with mere fighting. That bullet in your hand. Do you know why he ended up getting shot at? It's because it's very different from the usual bullet in terms of trajectory and weight. Devin is a high-ranking military officer who has been in countless battles, and yet, he never noticed it coming. What about you? What can you do?"

Then, he pointed at the tree that he had shot at earlier.

Sabrina quietly looked at it.

Despite the fact that the bullet was what passed through the tree, the hole it made was as if a laser had gone through it.

Sabrina swayed. Finally, she slumped to the ground.

Edmund rushed over to hold her.

"I'm the one to blame. I killed him. It's me who killed him."

"What are you talking about?"

"If not for me, he wouldn't have stayed in Jetroina for so long. Things wouldn't have reached this unsalvageable point. It's all because of me that he ended up dying in their hands."

The woman ultimately let down all of her guards and began wailing in the middle of the forest.

Yes. If not for me, he wouldn't be dead.

That woman of the Woods family had said that she had asked her father to send Devin the letter, but that day, at Jetroina, Sabrina had kicked up a fuss after seeing Waylon.

After that, Devin was forced to stay in Jetroina for another week.

That extra week only existed because of her greed. The price for that extra week was his life.

Sabrina curled her body into a ball, her heart aching from the sorrow. At that very moment, remorse had stolen away her courage to look at the bullet and face the world.

She continued to curl her body as if she was trying to bury herself into the ground.

That way, she could redeem herself of the unforgivable sin before looking for him in the afterlife.

“Sabrina? Sabrina Hayes?”

Silence filled the atmosphere.

Anxious, Edmund quickly lifted her into his arms, only to find that she had passed out.

Back in the country, at Oceanic Estate.

After another boring meeting, Sebastian came home to see Karl in his study.

“Mr. Hayes, we’ve brought back the casino people. However, we’ve received more news from Bellridge while we were on our way back. Ms. Sabrina nearly ran off again.”

“What did you just say?”

Sebastian, who was tired from brushing off countless people in the meeting earlier, stomped his foot in fury when he heard Karl’s words.

“How long is she trying to drag this on? Is she seriously still running away?”

“No, I think she has come to her senses, but she then tried to avenge Mr. Devin. However, you need not worry because Edmund has already brought her back. So, should we pick her up?” Karl worriedly asked.

Indeed, the best and safest option was to pick her up.

Sebastian easily agreed to it, and Karl soon made himself scarce to work on it.

A few minutes later, Mark entered the room. “Mr. Jadeson, are we certain that the Coopers are involved in this Bellridge incident?”

“Yes,” Sebastian muttered dismissively as he flipped through the few military books he had just brought back from the White House.

When Mark caught sight of the books, he felt the urge to laugh. “What’s the matter, Mr. Jadeson? Are you really going to start learning about the military? I’d say that there’s no need for you to learn from these books. You should just ask Old Mr. Jadeson—”

Before he could finish his sentence, Sebastian’s gloomy gaze fixed on him.

Instantly, Mark zipped his mouth.

“Where’s Sasha?”

“Madam has brought the children to Mrs. Croll’s place. Mrs. Croll is the one who had given her the Golden Heights card last time.”

“The Minister of the Naval Force?”

A scowl appeared on Sebastian’s face.