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# Returning from the Dead: His Secret Lover Chapter 687 - 688

Jasmine dropped to her knees right away and cut to the chase.

“Dad, I- I’m here because Frederick Hayes’ daughter came to Devon and said she wanted to see her brother. However, because there was no news from Heron Hill, we dared not take the liberty of disturbing you. Unfortunately, something regrettable cropped up last night. She was kidnapped... Her captors then threatened Devin to bring an offender who was recently captured in exchange for her. What do we do now?”

Jasmine was intelligent enough to word her plea such that it sounded like the arrangements that were made for Sabrina were their idea and not a result of Devin’s decision.

When Jonathan heard her, he immediately set down the bowl of medicine he was concocting on the table.

“Who gave you the permission to allow her to stay?”

“No- I- We- Dad, we did so on the account of her being Sebastian’s sister. Since she traveled all the way to see him, we didn’t think it was right to send her away. If Sebastian learned of this after he awakens, we wouldn’t want to risk him blaming us.”

Jasmine indignantly defended herself.

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Her statement was kind of true.

When Devin made arrangements for Sabrina to stay at the hotel, Stephen analyzed the situation for her to prevent her from committing any foolish decisions.

Her husband reminded her that Jonathan came to Sebastian's rescue and had been nursing him for about three months. That alone was a testament to his acceptance of Sebastian as a grandson. When the latter finally wakes up, it would probably be time to acknowledge his heritage.

Hence, Jasmine avoided troubling Sabrina.

However, after her reply to Jonathan, there was zilch response from the inside of the courtyard.

What does that mean?

Nervousness and unsettling began to engulf her once again.

"Tony."

"Yes, sir."

"Come here. Give this to that little b\*stard. I'm heading out for a while."

Jonathan glared at the motionless figure lying on the bed before he furiously handed Tony a bowl of medicine.

Tony received the bowl with a grin and answered, "Yes, I will. Go ahead, sir. I'll be here."

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Then, he strode over to lift Sebastian up.

It was the beginning of summer over at Heron Hill. Golden rays of sunlight penetrated the wide windows and illuminated the whole room. As sunlight gleamed on Sebastian's stationary figure, he looked like a lifeless yet delicate work of art.

Nonetheless, he was a living, breathing human being with a heartbeat.

"Huh... Mr. Sebastian, please wake up soon. In all the years I've worked for him, I've never seen Old Mr. Jadeson care for someone like he did the past three months. As someone who's lived his life revered by others, he's never had to serve anyone. Mr. Sebastian, please don't harbor any grudge against him anymore."

As Tony fed Sebastian medicine, he mumbled to himself.

Yet, there was still no reaction from the man he was giving his attention to. Even the medicine that he fed him remained in his mouth undevoured.

Tony was exasperated.

"Mr. Sebastian, how could you be like this? Don't force my hand. I'll have to use that needle to prick you again." Tony whispered in his ear to threaten him.

Strangely enough, the medicine slowly went down his throat.

That finally satisfied Tony. He then finished feeding him the rest of the medicine and gently helped him to lie back down.

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“Oh right. Mr. Sebastian, I heard your sister was here, but something tragic happened to her. What do we do now? I don’t even know whether Old Mr. Jadeson will save her.”

Silence ensued.

“Forget it. We’ll just have to wait and see.”

The long-winded butler continued to talk under his breath for a little longer before he left the room.

The moment he stepped out of the room, Sebastian’s finger shifted ever so slightly. Those eyes that had been shut for a good three months finally fluttered open.

Once his eyes were fully open, a piercing cold stare took the place of his previously closed eyelids.

By the time Jonathan made his way to the bottom of the hill, it was too late.

Devin’s rescue mission was a complete failure. Not only was he unsuccessful in rescuing Sabrina, the convict that he borrowed was also blown into pieces on the spot.

Even all the subordinates that he brought along were sacrificed in that fruitless mission.

When Jonathan arrived, Devin had already been detained by his superiors.

“Old Mr. Jadeson, there’s nothing much I can do about this. The higher-ups will require an explanation. With the offender deceased and the hostage still

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endangered, on top of several of our men's lives sacrificed, Devin has to take responsibility for this."

"I know."

The dire situation left Jonathan with few options as well.

However, owing to Jonathan's influence, Devin's punishment was still reduced significantly. Instead of discharging him from the military, they recorded the incident as a major offense and demoted his rank.

Moreover, he was strictly forbidden from presiding over any important mission for the next six months.

Jasmine was devastated upon hearing the news.

No major missions under his leadership signified a consequential demotion. There would be little room for advancements in the future.

It was going to be extremely difficult for him to secure a higher position.

In the Jadeson family, the foremost criteria for one to be considered an heir was a notable ranking in the military. That meant Devin stood little to no chance.

Jasmine was absolutely irate. At this moment, she utterly detested Sabrina. In the depths of her heart, she even secretly hoped for her demise.

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When Jonathan returned to Heron Hill, Sebastian had already vanished. Tony was panicking and pacing around the living room.

“How did he go missing? Wasn’t he still unconscious?”

Jonathan flared up upon hearing the news.

Tony hurriedly explained, “Yes, that’s what I thought as well. But when I came by to check on him again, there was nobody on the bed.”

Jonathan was rendered speechless.

Jonathan glared at the empty bed and left the place.

That b\*stard!

He was prepared to summon an army of men to search for him in Heron Hill.

Heron Hill was not somewhere where people could come and go as they pleased. The security was tight and sentries were aplenty.

Jonathan thought he would be able to find him in no time.

Alas, he was wrong. Even after an hour, those who reported back said they didn’t even spot Sebastian’s shadow.

“Old Mr. Jadeson, we’ve searched the entire hill multiple times to no avail.”

“There is nothing on our side.”

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Their responses were all the same.

Jonathan was enraged even further. “How can it be that none of you has seen him? Could it be that he grew wings and flew? Huh?”

Everyone fell silent.

The horde of men stood there petrified. None of them dared to utter a single word.

In actual fact, they were feeling sullen. They truly hadn't seen a trace of Sebastian.

They sighed to themselves.

In the end, they were all chased out and Jonathan himself took on the task of searching.

Just as they all vacated the courtyard, a slender figure emerged from Jonathan's study.

His expression was calm while his eyes were devoid of emotion. He didn't even bother to look at the courtyard before he proceeded to leave with a black suit in hand.

The suit was identical to the ones worn by the mob of security.

None of them thought to look in the study, for it was Jonathan's private space and was strictly off-limits to anyone else.

Soon after, Sebastian left Heron Hill.

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However, instead of going to the aid of Sabrina, he flagged a cab at the foot of the hill and demanded the driver to head to Jade Court.

“Yes, sir,” the driver replied and sped off.

An uncontrollable shiver ran down the driver’s spine on hearing Sebastian’s glacial tone.

He didn’t even dare to make small talk throughout the ride and merely focused on sending his passenger to the Jadesons’ Residence at lightning speed.

“Sir, we’ve arrived.”

To his confusion, there was no response.

All of a sudden, a watch was thrust into his hand. The passenger then unlocked the door and stepped out.

“Sir, I-”

The driver instantaneously attempted to return the watch.

This looks like it costs a fortune! The ride was but a mere amount compares to the price of this watch. How could this be considered a suitable payment?

However, Sebastian did not bother to pay him any attention.

After he shut the door, he marched off to his destination. From afar, the driver could tell he was reaching for something in his pocket.

What’s that? Oh god. Is that a gun?

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The color drained from the driver's face upon realizing what it was. Without another word, he ignited the engine and speedily drove off.

Inside the Jade Court.

Tiffany was merrily humming to herself in the garden. She didn't expect the plan to go so well.

"Ms. Tiffany, what do we do with that woman now?"

The housemaid inquired after seeing Tiffany so happy.

That woman?

The question prompted Tiffany to think about what happened at the apartment the previous day. With a sly grin, she replied, "We'll see to her demise."

"What is that supposed to mean, Ms. Tiffany?"

"Since Devin failed to see through the deal, wouldn't it make sense for the kidnappers to kill the hostage? Hahaha..."

She chuckled sinisterly.

The housemaid joined in and laughed along with her.

Unfortunately for them, the laughter was cut short by the abrupt intrusion of an unwelcome guest. "Where is Charles Jadeson?" he questioned them coldly.

"What?"

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Tiffany instantly stopped giggling and turned to look at the source of the voice.

Never had she expected to see a man walk in, emitting a chillingly cold aura.

Clad in a black suit, the man's chiseled features were enhanced by the afternoon sun. His handsome visage took her by surprise, for he looked like a perfectly sculpted work of art.

"Who...who are you? Why are you looking for my father?"

Father?

Sebastian cast her a dirty look. Out of the blue, he fished out his gun.

Bang!

At that moment, Tiffany barely had time to react before she pressed her hand against her shoulder and hit the ground.

"Help! There's a murderer on the loose! Come quick!" Upon seeing Tiffany drop to the floor, the housemaid shrieked and sprinted off.

Sebastian remained unfazed.

He strolled over to Tiffany and slowly trampled on her gunshot wound.

"Aaaahh!"

Tiffany screamed in agony.

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“Who- Who the hell are you? I’m going to crush you into pieces!” She attempted to intimidate him.

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