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Returning from the Dead: His Secret Lover Chapter 689 - 690

Despite Sebastian's non-response, Tiffany continued screaming and hurling threats at him which irked him further. Once again, his gun was pointed at her.

"I'll ask you again. Where is Charles?"

"I dare you to kill me! I'm..."

Bang!

He pulled the trigger instantly.

This time around, Sebastian aimed for her other shoulder. Due to the close proximity, the bullet bore a hole right through her flesh and created a depression on the soil behind her.

"Ahhhhhhhhh!" Her agonizing shrieks filled the air once more.

That zero-hesitation shot he made was plenty sufficient for Tiffany to know that this man was serious. He could kill her right now if he wanted to. She felt fear coursing through her veins, so strong that she was trembling amidst her pain.

Who is this psycho acting out here? I'm Tiffany Jadeson for god's sake!

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“W-Who are you?” It took every ounce of courage left within her to ask.

“Sebastian Hayes.” His choice to reply was already a benevolent act considering it came from him. Deep down, he was trying his best to surpass his irritation.

Hearing his answer, Tiffany froze.

He’s Sebastian? Shin’s son? The man even Dad and Eric could not get rid of!

Now that she unmasked his identity, everything about him from head to toe screamed terror. She hugged herself into a ball, trying to make herself less conspicuous.

But the fear Tiffany felt for her life was so overwhelming, she misunderstood Sebastian’s purpose for coming here and accidentally blurted out, “Y-You’re here to rescue Sabrina, aren’t you? I’ll tell you her whereabouts! She’s at Building 13, Seaview Apartment, Room 601. She’s still alive!”

Sebastian tilted his head slightly. This was obviously his sister they were talking about, yet he remained unfazed. For the first time, Tiffany noticed how his pair of alluring eyes were hollow and cold, devoid of any emotions. If eyes could kill, this would have been it.

“Don’t make me repeat myself. Where is he?”

There was a few seconds of silence.

Bang!

That mere second of hesitation cost Tiffany one of her legs.

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“Ahhhhh!” At this point, after receiving three gunshots, she was bawling her eyes out from the intense pain. “I’ll tell you! P-Please don’t shoot me anymore!”

That third gunshot was the last straw before she caved in. She was mere child’s play in front of a lunatic like Sebastian.

“My dad’s at...”

Her sentence was interrupted by clueless Tyler, who entered the scene boisterously. “Tiffany! We did it! We finally did it!”

His appearance was like a god-sent for her as she started screaming desperately, “Tyler! Kill this lunatic!”

Her only shred of hope was for this cousin of hers to be able to put up a fight against Sebastian. But, all it took was a few seconds before her dreams came crashing down as she saw Sebastian point the gun at Tyler in one swift motion. There was no time for the victim to even grapple with the situation.

Bang!

The bullet hit right between his brows.

Poor Tyler was dead without even knowing why.

“Arghhhhhhhhhhh!” It was just screaming after that as his motionless body broke Tiffany’s spirit completely.

By the time Jonathan and his men arrived, the entire Jade Court was dyed with red like the aftermath of a massacre. Many of the housemaids, bodyguards, Tiffany, and Tyler were either heavily injured or dead.

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The situation would have been far worse if not for Devin's father, Stephen, who had rushed over first to subdue Sebastian.

"Sebastian, what the hell are you doing? Do you really want to die that much?" Jonathan was trembling with rage. He strode towards Sebastian, who was still under Stephen's grasp and helped him up.

Stephen knew what was on his father's mind. Since the latter could not kill Sebastian in the past, he would not do so now either. Hence, he made sure to only immobilize Sebastian and not hurt him, allowing his father to decide for himself how to discipline this guy.

Yet, Jonathan did nothing of that sort, surprising everyone.

Sebastian replied, "You're wrong. They're the ones that are dead. Not me."

"What'd you just say?" the old man's anger was reaching a new peak as his face took on a hue of dark red.

"You imbecile! I dare you to repeat that. I'll have you know, I can get rid of you right here and now!" His murderous intent was clear as day as he took a gun from his adjutant.

On the other hand, Sebastian remained unfazed at his threat. There was even a confident smug plastered on his still good-looking blood-splattered face. "Would you just stop it with those empty words? I know you won't kill me. You're not done redeeming your sins yet."

"You!" Jonathan was rendered speechless.

Seeing how the situation was taking a bad turn, Stephen hurriedly stepped in. "Dad, calm down for a moment! Sebastian probably has his reasons for going

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on a rampage! I heard Sabrina's kidnapping incident was planned by Tyler and Tiffany!"

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"Wait. What?" Taken aback by this newfound information, Jonathan turned to face his son.

Stephen nodded hastily. "I'm not making this up! One of the maids overheard Sebastian and Tiffany's conversation and confessed to me. She even revealed Sabrina's kidnapped location."

More so than anyone, Stephen would not lie about this. This wonderful piece of news could potentially clear his son, Devin, of his accusations.

"Tiffany Jadeson! Is what Stephen said the truth? Has your family gone nuts to have done such a thing!" Jonathan bore his eyes on that half-dead woman lying on the ground.

Tiffany, who had barely recovered some of her senses was back to ground zero. Jonathan's confrontation drained off all the blood from her face.

"N-No! Grandpa, please listen to my explanation..."

"Explanation? Do you dare say you're not involved in this? You sly brat, what I hate most is family members selling out one another, and you did just that! I

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can't even phantom your future for you have displayed such viciousnesses at this age. The world will be much better off without you."

His words were no different from a death sentence. With her life at stake, her injuries would have to take a backseat. She gritted through the pain and crawled pitifully towards the head of the Jadeson family.

"Grandpa, I know my mistakes! P-Please forgive me just this once! I beg you!" She kneeled in front of him while slamming her head repeatedly against the ground.

Tiffany's mother too, kneeled down and begged for his forgiveness. "Uncle Jonathan, please forgive her just this once! Eric's gone and Charles is still locked up. My foolish daughter was just trying to get revenge for her brother and father that she committed such a huge mistake." She was hoping this approach would appeal to the old man's emotions and weaken his resolve to kill Tiffany.

Stephen on the other hand was infuriated. "What'd you say? Revenge? What revenge would involve Devin? My son's all in this miserable plight because of your daughter!"

"You..."

He continued, "Besides, with Tyler dead now, you still dare beg for your daughter's forgiveness? You should be more worried about what his dad will do to the both of you when he finds out."

His words were literally sending the mother-daughter pair to the grave.

During that time, Jonathan had come to a decision. He ordered his men over. "Drag her to the military. We'll let them decide her punishment."

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That decision made no difference except prolonging her death.

Once in the military, she would have no choice but to admit to planning everything, including the deaths of a few soldiers. Under military law, her crimes were punishable by death. In the end, it made no difference even if she were to be shot by Jonathan on the head now.

Tiffany started wailing uncontrollably. "Please, no! I don't want to be sent to the military! I don't want to be executed!"

But she was clearly not in any position to choose. Jonathan's men came in as soon as he instructed and dragged her out of the Jade Court. Her horrific screams lingered even after some time.

Meanwhile, Tiffany's mother had collapsed from shock. None of her staff dared to go near her.

And finally, with the screaming gone, peace prevailed the Jade Court. Jonathan turned his attention back to Sebastian, staring at him viciously. "Are you happy now?"

Besides the same deadpan expression, Jonathan received no answer from Sebastian. It was as if whatever just happened had nothing to do with him.

After a few moments of silence, he started, "Why would I be satisfied? Where's Charles? I haven't seen him yet." Even in this situation, he was still asking for his target.

Jonathan erupted, "Why're are you looking for him? Are you not done yet?"

"Obviously. I'm not done until Charles is dead. Tell me his whereabouts, or I can't guarantee something like today won't happen again." Sebastian made no

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effort to conceal his bloodlust towards Charles. To make matters worse, he had just calmly announced to everyone that he would continue his killing spree until his target was dead.

Jonathan was seething with rage while everyone else was stupefied beyond words by Sebastian's declaration.

What the hell?

Is he crazy?

At this point, everyone was questioning his sanity. No one in their right mind would kill so many others just to get rid of a single man.

To be more precise, he was a killing machine. Nothing about his emotionless and cold eyes was normal.

Suddenly, Stephen sensed that something was amiss. At the same time, Jonathan had readied his gun.

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