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Returning from the Dead: His Secret Lover Chapter 697 - 698

“Mr. Akiyama, although you managed to rush to her rescue in the nick of time, she had been sent flying from quite a distance away. In other words, there was no way she could make it out unscathed. She might not pull it through had it not been for me.”

Standing next to the heavily injured patient on the bed, Haruto couldn't resist the urge to claim the credits he thought he deserved.

Solomon remained quiet throughout their conversation since he was aware the woman was on the verge of death over the past three months.

There was no way she could pull herself without the aid of the Jetroinian next to him.

It took him a few minutes to gather his thoughts. Seconds after he returned to his senses, he asked, “If that's the case, when will she regain consciousness?”

“I need another three months to ensure everything's fine. It took me three months to work on her system. I need another three months to do something about her fractured bones. If worse comes to worst, I'll have to resort to extreme countermeasures.”

Solomon went dead silent when he caught a glimpse of Haruto staring at the dislocated limbs of the patient on the bed.

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Unable to withstand the prickling sensation he felt behind his eyes, he had to look elsewhere to stop himself from letting loose of his emotions.

“Alright, just leave us alone for a few minutes. I wish to spend some time with her.” Shortly after he asked the foreigner to leave him alone, Solomon got himself a chair and took a seat next to the patient.

Has she ever regretted any of her decisions? He’s the reason she’s currently unconscious! In fact, he’s the reason she has gone through all sorts of ups and downs in life! When will she ever learn her lessons?

Holding her hands, he continued staring at the lifeless woman on the bed, muttering to himself, “What’s so great about him? Why have you put your life at stake more than once for him? Does it have something to do with your guilt?”

He knew it was impossible for her to answer his question when she was merely alive if not for the equipment next to her.

In the end, he stared at her in silence as if he couldn’t bear to leave her alone in the ward.

A few minutes later, holding her hands, he leaned over and kissed her on the forehead to express the sort of affection he had for her.

Truth be told, it was the first time he had the chance to do that.

She had always been the one and only woman he had in mind ever since he was young. To be precise, he thought of resorting to extreme countermeasures just to get her into a relationship with him.

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Nonetheless, he had never once put his thoughts into action, making him different from the man she was head over heels in love with.

Throughout the years, he had been a secret admirer of hers. On the contrary, the man she was head over heels in love had forced her into submission against her will for more than once.

Closing his eyes, he assured the unconscious woman, "Alright, as long as you regain consciousness, I'll stop getting in your way and allow you to meet him in person! I'll leave you to rot if you ever put your life at stake because of him again!"

He started trembling against his will due to the heart-wrenching sensation he felt. Sitting next to the unconscious woman, torrents of grief streamed down his cheeks as he knew it was time for him to move on in life.

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Once again, three months passed by in the blink of an eye.

The Jadesons had been spending the past three months in fear because of the uncertainties in store for them.

They were afraid that Sebastian would lose his mind and sneak his way out of the hospital to take them out, just like the time he murdered those in Jade Court.

Therefore, it had been three exhausting months for all of them.

Three months later, the doctor thought it wouldn't be necessary to keep Sebastian confined anymore.

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“The patient’s condition has drastically improved. It’s time for him to return home. Otherwise, it’s going to take a toll on him if he continues staying here. If you’re willing to guide him along the way, I’m sure he’s going to be fine in no time.”

The director of the hospital, Grayson, asked Jonathan to consult him in person prior to deciding the next best course of action for the patient.

The patient with a hospital gown in the ward started sketching something under the tree outside of the ward and kept himself occupied.

It was already mid-summer in Jadeborough, but the patient did a great job focusing on sketching as if he couldn’t be bothered by the scorching sun out there.

Upon a simple glimpse, Jonathan thought the patient could no longer pose any threat to him and his family.

Thus, he nodded and beckoned Grayson to set Sebastian free. After spending the past three months in isolation, Sebastian was finally discharged from the hospital.

Devin, who had figured out his grandfather’s decision, rushed to the hospital and asked, “Grandpa, where are you taking him with you?”

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Jonathan glanced at his grandson and asked, "What do you think? Are you expecting me to take him home when everyone's petrified by his presence?"

Devin was at a loss for words because he had made up his mind to take care of Sebastian even if his parents were against the idea.

As long as his grandfather wasn't against the idea, he would definitely bring Sebastian back to his place with him.

Nonetheless, his grandfather was against the idea and brought Sebastian back to Heron Hill with him as he thought Heron Hill was the best option available.

However, as soon as they made their way back, the rest of the Jadesons instructed, "We need everyone on guard at the foothill to stop him from sneaking his way out without our consent!"

They had dispatched countless platoons to be on the lookout against Sebastian because they were afraid Sebastian would make a scene and turn everyone's life upside down again.

In other words, no one could leave without the consent of the ones representing the family.

Tony, the butler of the family, was infuriated when he found out the decisions of the rest of the Jadesons. He rushed his way to Jonathan's side wanting to tell him the things going on.

"Mr. Jadeson, they have-

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“You’re staying here from now onwards! I want you to wake up at five sharp in the morning and ensure you’re ready by five-thirty! Join the rest and run five laps with the rest to start the day! Am I clear?”

Jonathan instructed at the top of his lungs as soon as he brought Sebastian to the log cabin on top of the hill.

He started emanating a menacing aura, indicating he wanted Sebastian to join the platoon assigned to him on a daily basis.

Sebastian stood right where he was, glaring at the man in front of him as if he wasn’t in his right mind.

Jonathan glared at him in return and warned, “Stop glaring at me! Have I not made myself clear? You better listen to me since I have brought you back! If you fail to behave yourself, I’ll throw you out without a second thought!”

Tony started perspiring at the entrance when he heard the duo’s conversation. It turned out Jonathan had long figured out the things the rest of the Jadesons were up to.

Staring at the departing Jonathan, Tony was afraid he would take things out on Sebastian if he failed to listen to him.

Therefore, he rushed over and remarked, “Mr. Sebastian, you need to stop getting on his nerves when he’s merely trying to do you a favor for the sake of your health! On top of that, he has gotten used to training others! It’s just one of his many habits!”

A few seconds later, Sebastian responded with a snort and stomped his way back to his room, banging the door open.

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Tony was at a loss for words in fear of the turbulent life ahead of him.

As soon as the sun rose, someone blew the whistle with all his might, rousing Sebastian from his sleep when he had no intention to start his day just yet.

Seconds after the whistle was a man yelling at the top of his lungs, "It's time to wake up! If anyone's late, they'll have to do fifty push-ups!"

Sebastian's frustration was written all over his scrunched-up face because he had a hard time falling asleep last night.

It had been a long time since he had a great night. To make things worse, the moment he fell asleep, he was roused from his sleep by a bunch of men.

Sebastian stuffed his ears with cotton balls and tried to bring himself back to sleep again.

When he was nowhere to be seen in the field after fifteen minutes, the platoon leader knew it was time to barge into Sebastian's room.

"Drag him out of bed and make sure he's awake!"

"Yes, sir!"

Two members of the platoon marched in the direction of Sebastian's log cabin.

Sebastian was unaware of the things awaiting him. He wasn't even aware someone had barged into his room.

By the time he noticed something was wrong, two silhouettes had closed in.

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Sebastian was no longer in the mood to sleep. He yelled, "It's so irritating!"

He could barely suppress the murderous intent he felt ever since he was diagnosed with multiple personality disorder.

Unable to suppress the urge to take out those around him, he launched powerful kicks in their directions.

To his surprise, they were a match for him in terms of combat skills. The duo could easily dodge his seemingly powerful kicks.

In return, they grasped his legs to stop him from going berserk.

I guess they're not wimps since that senile old fool has sent them, huh?

Sebastian knew it would be tough to outmatch them. Thus, he evaded their attacks and got himself ready for the time to strike against them again.

His heart sank to the bottom of his stomach when one of them launched a powerful kick in his direction and rendered him incapable of motion on the bed.

They seemed to have successfully anticipated the things Sebastian had in mind due to the experience they gained from the battlefield.

"Mr. Sebastian, why don't you come with us instead of trying anything silly? Otherwise, your grandfather is going to take things out on you for not disciplining yourself!"

Jonathan Jadeson, you're such a jerk!

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