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Returning from the Dead: His Secret Lover Chapter 877

His head was bowed as he laughed, his husky chortles sounding as sharp as a knife.

“So, he’s just protecting himself after all?”

“You...”

“Horton Clint, listen up. If he really wants to know everything, he should come and see me personally. Not like now, when all he does is send a few dogs like you to come and tempt or force me. You get me?”

Baylor had clearly lost all patience, his disdain and disinterest obvious in his eyes.

Horton immediately turned stony-faced.

How dare this kid call me a dog?

He shot up and snapped, “Baylor, watch your words! I’m just here to offer you a word of advice since I watched you grow up. How dare you say those things to me? Do you know what it means if your father were to come here?”

Baylor sniggered but offered no response.

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What would it mean?

Death, of course!

However, he keeps sending these watchdogs to talk to me. Does that mean I won't have to die if I confess?

This was all a huge joke to Baylor.

Horton eventually left angrily. Two hours later, due to the commotion both in and out of the White House, Alfred had no choice but to make a personal appearance.

He looked very cultured and noble indeed.

However, his domineering aura was clear for all to see under his pleasant smile. This sent shivers down everyone's backs, even as respect for the man welled up.

This was the air of a leader!

"I'm here now. Spill it."

He walked in and immediately glared coldly at his son, who was still huddled in a corner.

Baylor moved slightly and slowly opened his eyes.

In truth, he was approaching his physical limits. He was already terminally ill, so how could he endure a whole night of torture?

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He took a good look at his father who had finally appeared. With a slight twitch of his lips, he mustered every bit of his energy to prop himself up.

“Finally, you’ve relented and decided to come here?”

There was a hint of displeasure in his eyes which infuriated Alfred further.

“Stop stalling and start talking!”

Baylor laughed. However, he did not sustain that for long because doing so irritated that injured organ within him.

He closed his eyes and forced the bitter feeling back down his throat.

“All right, let me tell you the truth. All that I have done was in accordance with your intentions.”

“What are you talking about? My intentions?”

“Oh yes, have you forgotten? I’m the pawn that you arranged secretly in order to reduce the power of the Jadesons. From the forceful cut of their power to the microchips today, aren’t all these your ideas?”

As if he were possessed, he sat staring at his father and suddenly laughed as he said those blood-curdling words.

Alfred felt like he had been struck by lightning.

This was his best-kept secret. In his bid to get rid of the Jadesons, he had never brought this up to anybody all these years. He had thought that this was the perfect plan with no loopholes at all.

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However, he did not expect Baylor to tell him that he was the one who had completed all the tasks that he had set out all these years.

Alfred could not believe what he had heard.

“I don’t understand what you’re talking about.”

“You don’t understand me? Fine, I’ll explain it to you again.”

Baylor was not angry at all. His father’s disbelief led him to explain everything from the beginning again.

“The person you always look for is in a bistro. While it looks like a bistro, it’s actually a location where you carry out your plans. He likes to wear white shirts and paint while drinking coffee. In his leisure, he analyzes the relationships between the Jadesons. Am I right?”

He continued, “He has completed many tasks on your behalf, and the people that have helped him complete these tasks are men in black that have never revealed their faces. When they come to see him, they merely await his instructions behind a curtain, right? However, he never knew that the supposed men in black were just one person at the end of the day.”

Suddenly, he showed his father his hand.

Alfred was taken aback once again when he saw those pale and slender fingers.

Suddenly, Baylor touched his left pinky with his right hand.

Before Alfred could even react, he heard a crack. Baylor had broken his own pinky finger.

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“What are you doing? Are you mad?”

His face changed as he dashed toward his son in surprise and anger.

“Don’t worry, this is fake. My finger was cut off at the bistro a long time ago for failing a mission.”

The pale-faced Baylor finally smiled.

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