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# Returning from the Dead: His Secret Lover Chapter 924

After all, Alfred had declared that his ultimate aim was to dispose of Sebastian. But now that Jonathan had sent Sebastian to Heron Hill, their chances of success were reduced significantly.

When Walter saw Franklin, the former hurried over as if he had seen his savior. "Mr. Hamilton, what are we going to do? The lunatic has been sent to Heron Hill. How can we do anything about him now?"

There was little Franklin could do now other than placing his hopes on the group of men from the bistro.

"What else can we do? We will have to inform the men from the bistro and see if they have any ideas. Also, aren't you barking up the wrong tree? Aren't you supposed to focus on Logan's matter?" Franklin suddenly reminded with a grave expression.

Walter was stunned.

After regaining his composure, Walter's anxious look intensified further. "Did they find anything at the military base? Jonathan has not left ever since he went in yesterday. I have my eyes on the ground watching him. What about you? Did you hear any updates?"

"The entire military base is under his control. What do you think will happen there?"

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The words were so terrifying that they caused Walter to shudder and his knees to buckle.

That's true. Given that Jonathan runs the place, nothing within the military base can escape his notice. From the surveillance feeds to the defensive perimeter to every individual soldier, Jonathan has access to whatever he wants throughout his investigation.

Walter could feel his world collapsing upon him.

"In that case, what has he found?"

"He brought Jadeborough's best coroner on his way there. By the time he came out, he was carrying a broken combination lock and had apprehended the trainer who assessed the lunatic together with Logan. Aren't they all the leads he needs?"

Silence ensued before Walter dropped to his knees with a thud.

There was no need for further investigations. Just those two items alone were enough to turn the case from Sebastian killing someone out of insanity into one in which he was the victim of a plot to murder him.

"Don't... don't worry, Mr. Hamilton. The correct combination of the lock along with the fingerprint chip were handed to us by Jonathan's son. If he manages to find anything, we will drag his son down along with us."

Walter grabbed Franklin's hand in desperation as if he was the only person that could save him.

However, Franklin shoved him aside in disdain.

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“You had better pray that this pawn will come useful. Otherwise, I’m sure you are already aware that you will end up being the scapegoat for this!” Franklin declared candidly.

Walter’s anxiety intensified upon hearing that remark.

Nevertheless, he was still feeling hopeful. “It won’t happen. There’s no way he would abandon his healthy son of so many years in favor of a raving lunatic of a grandson.”

Franklin scoffed in response.

Meanwhile, back at Oceanic Estate...

After waiting for an entire night, Jonathan finally welcomed the positive news from the coroner and the Chief Prosecutor.

“Old Mr. Jadeson, we have very good news. After watching the surveillance footage, the trainer has admitted that Mr. Sebastian did extremely well in all of his assessments.” The Chief Prosecutor relayed the good news as he handed Jonathan a copy of the statement.

After having waited for an entire night, Jonathan reached out to receive the document. He was so anxious that his hand trembled while he did so.

In fact, he had never felt so nervous even when he was leading thousands of troops into battle.

The Chief Prosecutor couldn’t help but sigh in his heart.

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After going through the statement in detail, Jonathan asked, “Therefore, I suppose the premise that my grandson’s hysterical rage was triggered by Logan showing him a copy of the bad results no longer stands. Am I right?”

“Exactly!”

“So Logan had been acting suspiciously?”

Jonathan’s eyes widened with a ruthless glint.

The coroner denied at once. “No, the matter likely has nothing to do with Logan. When I examined the assessment results yesterday, I realized that he did not meet the conditions for handing over the results even though his fingerprints were on it.”

“Conditions?”

No one in the study understood what that word really meant.

Seeing their response, the coroner got up, tore a piece of paper from his notebook, and handed it to the stumped Chief Prosecutor.

The coroner explained, “Look at how my hands are placed when I’m handing this to you.”

He brought Jonathan and the Chief Prosecutor’s attention to his fingers, which were pinching the paper. Both of them finally understood his point.

“When you hand over the piece of paper, you will at least have put your thumb, index finger, and ring finger on it.”

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