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Returning from the Dead: His Secret Lover Chapter 921

Before Mark could finish, a calm Sasha had already handed him a list she wrote. Mark gaped in response.

This is the psychiatric ward. Given how dangerous Sebastian is right now, how can she stay here with him? Also, isn't she still supposed to be wallowing in her sorrow? How is it possible she could recover so quickly after crying so hard? She even instructed me to get her a medical kit and equipment. Will she begin treating him again?

Astounded by her response, Mark was rendered speechless.

He had never seen someone that tenacious before and was deeply moved by the mental strength she demonstrated.

In the end, Sasha remained in the ward.

Meanwhile, cognizant of how relentless Sasha was, Jonathan made no objection. He knew she would find a way to achieve what she wanted, even if he stopped her. It was similar to how she had fled Oceanic Estate three days ago.

From that day onward, Sasha began treating Sebastian again in the ward.

As if she had forgotten about the devastating blow she felt, she treated Sebastian every day and kept in close contact with the professor from

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Jetroina. They tirelessly experimented on potential treatments that could help him.

However, all anyone could hear from outside the ward most of the time was a loud ruckus.

Sebastian would scream uncontrollably, "Get out! Get out!"

His voice sounded so terrifying that Mark could not help but worry. He felt the urge to dash in and save Sasha. However, just as he was about to open the door every time, the ruckus would wind down.

Somehow, Sasha always managed to tame the ferocious beast inside even though she often ended up injured.

After spending a week in the ward, Sasha lost a lot of weight.

Meanwhile, the White House had also accepted the conclusion of the hospital's most renowned psychologist that Sebastian was mentally unsound. Consequently, he was not found guilty of killing Logan.

After all, an insane person does not have to take legal responsibility for killing someone.

"What does this mean? Did Logan die in vain?"

"That's right. Given that he was a Major, how could his killer have gotten off scot-free?"

When the conclusion was brought up within the Cabinet Council, many of its members expressed their dissatisfaction.

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Even the Chief of the Cabinet Council, Franklin Hamilton, showed his displeasure. "If that's the case, how do we explain it to the family of the deceased? They are still waiting in the White House for our statement."

"Exactly."

"I feel that we owe it to family to hold someone responsible. We can't let a murderer off the hook just because he has been diagnosed as being clinically insane."

The moment Franklin protested, many others voiced their support.

Jonathan's expression turned grim.

"So, what do you want to do? Have him dead?"

"Old Mr. Jadeson, there's no need to get worked up. That's not what we are asking for. However, you shouldn't have brought your grandson to the barracks when you obviously knew that he is mentally unsound. At the end of the day, someone has to take responsibility. Why don't you send him to 711?"

Suddenly, Walter Xaver, the Deputy Chief, remarked with an insidious tone.

"What did you say? I dare you to repeat it?"

Jonathan slammed the table in anger.

711 was a hospital housing the nation's most "special" patients. It was obvious what kind of place it was.

Jonathan was infuriated. Pointing at Walter, he roared, "I know what you're trying to do. All of you are trying to kill my grandson, isn't that right?"

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No one responded.

Nevertheless, many of their expressions drastically changed, including that of Walter.

“Let me warn you: there’s no way I’m going to let you do that. Since you insist on holding someone accountable, I promise you that I will get to the bottom of the matter. If my investigations reveal that my grandson killed Logan in his rage, I will punish him myself. If not... Listen to this well—I will deal with all of you, one by one!”

Jonathan was not afraid of anyone at all.

He swept his finger across all their faces while staring at them and snarling angrily.

After that, he sprang up from his chair and left, leaving everyone taken aback.

Watching Jonathan leave, the few who had protested earlier were suddenly filled with a sense of dread. Gradually, their eyes shifted to the security camera in the room.

At that moment, they realized that they were in trouble.

A few minutes later in the president’s office...

The moment Walter entered, a coffee mug flew in his direction.

Thump!

Not daring to avoid it, Walter bore the brunt of the hot coffee and the heavy mug. The next moment, blood began to trickle down his head.

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