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Returning from the Dead: His Secret Lover Chapter 967

Only then did Jonathan snort coldly and stomp away, holding his walking stick.

Sebastian remained expressionless and was about to leave too when he heard Devin grunt in pain. The latter was dragging his injured leg behind him.

Sebastian stopped in his tracks before turning around and holding Devin's arm.

"Don't you know how to resist?"

"What?"

"You deserve to be beaten to death. How could you just stay motionless like that?" demanded Sebastian coldly. "Do you know your actions are what caused him to develop such a twisted personality?"

Devin was at a loss for words.

He glanced at Sebastian and chuckled helplessly.

I had to endure it. It's not like I can just retaliate, right?

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The two brothers helped each other out of the military zone. Jonathan and Mark were already gone as they had expected. Before getting into the car, Devin paused.

“Sebastian, are you really going to return to Avenport?”

“Yeah.”

“Why?” He panicked again since neither Jonathan nor anyone from the military was present there.

“Are you still furious about what Grandpa said? Well, if you’d like to be the heir of the Jadesons, I—”

“I don’t!” Sebastian cut him off.

“Listen up! I really don’t want to. I was forced to come here, and I’ve never thought of this place as my home. My home is in Avenport, where my parents and the rest of my family are. It’s the place that nurtured me. The same goes for Sasha, understand?” He emphasized every word, reiterating his stance clearly. His tone was heavy and laced with a hint of impatience as Devin kept refusing to believe him.

He’s never thought of this place as his home after all this time? Devin was speechless, feeling a little upset. However, it was not the time to say anything else. Neither of them spoke on the way to the Red Pavilion.

Just when Devin was about to get out of the car, Janice walked out to welcome him.

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“Oh, right. About what happened at Coldbridge, that woman from the Woods was merely putting up a show. Don’t fall for their trick,” reminded Sebastian in the car.

Huh?

Devin was stunned.

When he returned to his senses and wanted to clarify what was happening, Sebastian had already driven away.

An act? How did he know that it was an act?

According to the surveillance footage, wasn’t he the one who dragged the person in? He was not present, so how did he know that it was an act?

Devin fell into deep thought.

“What’s wrong, Devin? Are you all right?”

After a while, he looked at Janice and asked, “Aunt Janice, do you know where the surveillance footage I brought from Coldbridge is?”

“Huh?” Janice was surprised. “I think Sebastian smashed it with his foot the other day at the entrance.”

She tried her best to recall what happened that morning when he brought it back.

Smashed it? If it was just some footage, why did he have to smash it? What made him so furious?

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Devin's heart pounded rapidly.

In the evening, Mark came back and told Sasha that Sebastian was bringing them back to Avenport.

Oh my God! Are we finally going back?

She was so elated that she did not know what to do.

Casting her work aside, she dashed into the elevator and rushed up to the third floor.

Returning to Avenport was her dream.

For so many years, she had been struggling to hold on for the sake of her fragmented family. She did not even return to that city to visit her aged father, nor call her aunt and uncle.

No one could even fathom how much she yearned to return home.

Sasha ran to the bedroom on the third floor.

"Darling, I heard we're going back to Avenport. Is that true?" Sasha asked in excitement, panting heavily and staring at Sebastian

Sebastian was in the middle of packing his belongings. When he saw Sasha, he glanced back at the messy closet in front of him.

"You've come at the right time. I'm handing this over to you."

He always liked to avoid the question.

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However, after Sasha heard that, she understood what he meant and was overjoyed.

“Okay! I’ll do it. Just don’t touch anything and leave it to me!” Sasha volunteered to take care of all the packing, surprised and delighted.

Sebastian was glad that he did not have to do anything.

Grabbing a random book, he started reading at the desk beside the window.

As he read, he felt that something was amiss. Someone seemed to be staring at him very intently from the side.

Sebastian shook his head in resignation.

“Are you saying that you’re bringing us back to Avenport?”

Sasha tossed the clothes aside, stood beside him, and stared at him.

Sebastian froze.

After a while, he averted his gaze. Still looking as aloof as before, he flipped the pages of the book casually and replied, “Yeah. Don’t you want to go back?”

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