Returning from the Dead: His Secret Lover Chapter 1140

They arrived at the apartment shortly after.

To their utter surprise, a familiar figure was already waiting there.

"Isn't that Mr. Edmund?" the man shrieked in excitement. He got out of the car and ran toward Edmund swiftly.

Sabrina spotted him behind the wheel of her bike and hit the brakes. At once, the engine stopped roaring.

The man was indeed Edmund in the flesh.

However, he was in a terrible state. Besides his swollen face, he was trudging forward with one hand on his stomach, and his body bent slightly.

Did they beat him up?

Sabrina narrowed her eyes.

Edmund had spotted them as well. "W-Why are you here?" he asked weakly after coming to a stop.

He focused his swollen eyes on the woman on the bike as something glinted across his gaze.

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His subordinate immediately supported him. "We're here to save you, Mr. Edmund. You've been missing for two days. Mr. Cooper is back in Jadeborough and couldn't make it here. I was so worried!"

"So you got the beggars to save me?"

Edmund swept his gaze over the bunch of beggars behind the man.

The latter nodded profusely. "Yes. Don't look down on these beggars. They were the ones who told us where you are. Mr. Edmund, Ms. Sabrina is indeed amazing. I didn't even think of this."

Edmund didn't bother to answer to his subordinate.

He glanced at the woman on the bike, biting back the pain flaring through his body.

To his surprise, she was clad in a hotel robe and slippers. If she wasn't staring at him without a word and he could feel the icy vibe emanating from her, he would've thought she was an innocent little wallflower.

However, she wasn't. He knew that she was a rose, one with pricks at that.

"Did they beat you up?" Sabrina questioned.

"Mm," came his curt reply.

"Do you want me to kill them?"

Indeed, when Edmund trudged over to her, blinded with pain, the first thing she asked was whether he wanted them dead.

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He stopped in his tracks, speechless.

A few seconds later, he pressed one palm to his chest and glanced at her, appearing to be in misery.

"No. my dad is here. He'll handle it. Can you bring me to the hospital?" He shot her a wretched look.

At once, a trace of reluctance and displeasure appeared in Sabrina's eyes.

She begrudgingly nodded. After all, he couldn't even stand on his legs, and there didn't seem to be any cabs available in the vicinity.

Without further delay, Edmund climbed onto her bike.

"Mr. Edmund, why are you riding her bike? Didn't we-"

"Wait for my dad to arrive. He'll be here soon," Edmund cut his subordinate short with a brusque order.

He then flung his arms around the woman's waist in a natural manner.

"What are you doing? Let go!" Alas, she slapped his arms away as though he was a plague, her expression furious.

Edmund pressed his lips together quietly. Fine, I won't touch you.

He retracted his hands obediently and sat behind her.

Sabrina relaxed and started the engine to head to the hospital.

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She wasn't about to allow any man to touch her, for she was a married woman. There was no way she'd lay her hand on another man.

Her face was grim, but on the way to the hospital, the man nearly slipped a few times off the bike. It might be from the pain or something else. She had no idea.

In the end, she had to grab his hands and put them around her waist.

"Sit tight. You don't want to fall, do you?" she hissed.

"Okay..." the man answered in a weak voice.

Was that a hint of delight in his voice? I must be hearing things!

Sabrina shook her head, trying to ignore the warmth spreading over her back. She floored the accelerator without hesitation.

Two hours later, they rolled to a stop in front of the hospital.

"Miss, how are you related to the patient?"

"What is it? Shoot!" Sabrina demanded impatiently after having to wait for a long time.

The doctor recoiled in fear and pointed at the CT film hastily.

"He's seriously wounded. Look, his ribs are broken, and his lungs are bruised, too. He should stay in the hospital for the time being to recover."

"Huh? I have to stay here?" Before she could say anything, Edmund blurted out in surprise, seemingly in a dilemma.

He was lying in bed when he said that.