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# Returning from the Dead: His Secret Lover Chapter 1168

Chapter 1168 Is That You

“We’re here, Mr. Cooper.”

Seeing that they had arrived, Wendy had no choice but to ask for the child.

Edmund appeared reluctant.

In the end, he couldn’t help but give the baby a gentle kiss on the forehead before giving her back to Wendy.

“By the way, where’s her mother? Hasn’t she come back? What was Jaena doing in Oceanic Estate, anyway?”

Wendy, who was just about to alight the vehicle, looked avoidant as soon as she heard that.

Being the sharp-minded man he was, Edmund immediately realized something was up, and he stopped the woman.

“What happened? Is she okay?”

“Calm down, Mr. Cooper. Ms. Sabrina’s...doing okay. It’s just that when she went to your—Mr. Devin’s grave after coming back, his uncle, Waylon, came

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looking for her. I don't know what happened exactly, but they ended up in a fight, and Ms. Sabrina was eventually hospitalized. She's been depressed ever since she went home, and she doesn't seem to want to talk to anyone now."

Unable to hide the truth, Wendy explained everything to Edmund.

Indeed, Sabrina hadn't been talking much as of late, nor did she bother with anything at all ever since she left the hospital. The woman appeared fine, but she would often just sit somewhere quietly.

Sometimes, she would remain in a daze for the entire day, not doing anything even if her child was crying.

That was why Jaena had to be brought back to Oceanic Estate.

Sigh...

Wendy felt concerned for the child.

But she certainly didn't expect the man who had remained calm all this while to suddenly lose his cool.

Edmund's face grew increasingly pale as his pupils dilated in fear.

Before Wendy and the chauffeur could even react, he opened the car door and sprinted into the Red Pavilion.

"Mr. Cooper! Wait, Mr. Cooper!"

"Come back!"

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The two were beyond stunned, especially Wendy.

The woman hastily ran after Edmund while carrying the baby.

Yet, Edmund was nowhere to be seen, for he had long made his way up the stairs in just ten seconds.

On top of that, he had managed to grab the exact key to Sabrina's room—or rather, the room Devin used to stay in—under the stupefied gazes of all the housemaids.

“Sabrina! Open the door, Sabrina!”

Upon realizing that the door was locked, the man proceeded to bang on it, trying to get the woman to come out.

Yet, he was met with silence.

The housemaids stood downstairs anxiously as they watched him, unsure whether or not to tell him that Sabrina had locked herself up in that room for several days.

Moreover, they could only leave all her meals outside her door.

“Sabrina!” yelled Edmund.

Not receiving a single response after a long while, he swung a foot toward the door.

Bang!

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As the door flew open, a pungent stench wafted into his nostrils, accompanied by harrowing darkness. Edmund's mind went blank.

Is she insane?

What the hell is she doing? Weren't we apart for just a few days?

All these years, the man never feared the bullets of his enemies, nor did he ever cover from any inhuman torture he received. But now, what he just saw instantly made him weak at the knees.

The room looked like the abyss—so dark that no light could ever escape it. Edmund was filled with so much fear that he couldn't even stand up straight.

That was because he knew that she had also encountered such a scenario in Bellridge.

"Sabrina..."

Edmund stumbled into the room, fumbling around in the dark for the light switch before flipping it with his quivering hand.

Click!

The room lit up at once.

But as soon as the tall, unswerving man took a good look inside the room, his eyes widened in terror, and he broke down.

What met him was the sight of his woman lying in bed. She hadn't touched anything else in the room, nor had she done anything to hurt herself. However,

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right next to her was a black-and-white photo—the same one that hung inside the mourning hall.

And just like that, she held onto it as though she was embracing the person in the photo.

Next to her bed were a bunch of wilted olive leaves.

What have I done?

Trembling violently with tears tricking down his face, Edmund walked toward her slowly. Then, he bent over and pulled her into his arms from behind.

“Devin? Is... Is that you?” the half-conscious woman asked as she felt her body being hugged.

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