# Returning from the Dead: His Secret Lover Chapter 1180

Chapter 1180 The Truth

After all, the technology was painstakingly developed through a massive investment of wealth and effort and could almost be considered foundational to both their defense and weapons system.

Before this man, however, they seemed no more than child's play.

"I'm completely convinced now that he is not the son of Benedict Cooper but that Jadeson who was presumed to be deceased!

He shuddered as he declared this conclusion.

After all, that person must be very familiar with military warfare as no ordinary person could have destroyed their setup this easily.

A sliver of hatred and rage was evoked in the man as he began to collate screenshots of the footage, preparing to send them out to make the truth public.

Bang!

He immediately turned to face the door to the room when he heard it being kicked in.

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"It's you?"

"Thinking about doing screencaps, huh? How about you let me cap you instead!" With her child cradled in one hand, Sabrina used the other to raise a chair above her own head and brought it crashing down upon the man's skull.

Jaena already had her little ears plugged and was thus oblivious to what was happening.

Having never faced such a belligerent woman, the ill-prepared man immediately dropped to the ground with his head bloodied and smashed in.

After booting him aside, Sabrina surveyed the surveillance equipment that filled the cabin. She then started to kick and smash them at will, reducing the entire interior of the room to scrap in no time at all.

Still thinking about spying? Fat chance!

Quite satisfied with her own handiwork, the woman carried the child and made her exit.

"You planned for this, didn't you?"

However, she had not been expecting to run into anyone the moment she walked out. From the opposite direction, the man who spotted her approached the cabin menacingly one step at a time.

Sabrina withdrew herself.

"I've no idea what you're talking about. Why can't I fight back when I was taken here against my will?"

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"Fight back?"

The man's shrill voice broke into laughter. Against the pall of the consuming darkness, its eeriness was akin to that of a ghoul that has clawed its way out of a crypt.

"Oh yeah. I almost forgot how feisty you've always been, Sabrina Hayes. How could you have possibly remained so pliant, offering no resistance the entire time and even bringing your own daughter along for the ride?

Adrenaline coursed through Sabrina's veins as she silently clutched her daughter tightly and prepared herself for battle.

The astonishing speed at which that man lunged at her took her by surprise and left even someone as skilled as she was without time to react.

Fortunately, just as he was almost upon her, three or four black silhouettes appeared behind her.

They stepped to the fore and immediately engaged the man in a fierce skirmish.

"Quickly, Ms. Sabrina. Take the child and go! Mr. Sebastian's men are already here, and Mr. Devin has also reached the hillside."

"Okay!"

When Sabrina heard that, she immediately ran off to the side with the child.

The man had guessed correctly; she had indeed intended for things to play out the way it did.

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Everything she did throughout the day had been planned beforehand, from the purchasing of diapers to her wandering inside the mall. All of it was done to lure these people into sending her a message under Edmund's appropriated identity.

It was her brother, Sebastian, who masterminded this grand scheme.

Initially, Sebastian did not agree to it when she first proposed using herself as bait. He was reluctant to allow her to undertake that risk and was even less willing to send his three-month-old niece into such dangerous territory.

She, however, insisted.

That was because she hated this bunch of people who almost took the life of the man she loved and destroyed their family.

Hence, she wanted in. Moreover, she felt obligated to do so as a member of the Jadesons.

That was how she ended up partaking in this day-long charade.

Sabrina ran as fast as her legs could carry her to her objective at the foot of the mountain.

However, before she was able to leave that cabin area, she heard a bone-crunching snap that prompted her to glance over her shoulder.

The sight that greeted her filled her heart with horror.

It was that of the black-clad man who urged her to run. His noggin dangled limply, having just had his neck snapped like a twig.

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Sabrina clenched her fingers so tightly that her nails almost dug into her palms.

"Run, Ms. Sabrina, run!" those few who remained there screamed hysterically in unison.

Her eyelids suddenly felt heavy.

She gritted her teeth while her heart pounded violently against her chest. Stealing a final glimpse at those few men, she steeled her heart and turned around sharply to resume her mad dash.

Though professionals through and through, the men from SteelFort were shockingly defenseless against this person who easily bested them. That went to show what a terrifying organization The Coffee Shop was.

With her daughter held in her arms, Sabrina kept her head down and kept on running, but still, that was not enough to help her escape from that man's grasp.

When she exited the hinterland and almost made visual contact with those who had come to receive her, she heard a rush of wind to her rear. Then, she felt herself being grabbed from behind and lifted off the ground.