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Returning from the Dead: His Secret Lover Chapter 1189

Chapter 1189 Separated

The woman's face changed when she caught sight of his action.

Just then, a bullet was fired from the floor above.

Bang!

Blood splattered everywhere as the bullet penetrated the man's wrist right when he was about to pull the trigger. The gun slipped out of his hand and fell to the floor with a crash.

A blood-curdling cry rang through the entire villa.

The woman appeared to be slightly shocked by the turn of events.

By the time she recovered and killed off her last two opponents, she noticed that a tall man was emerging from the darkness on the second floor.

It was a young man whom she had never met before.

He had a handsome face and a well-built body, but there seemed to be something malevolent about him.

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“Who are you?” the woman asked guardedly.

Devin felt a mix of emotions as he looked at her face, stained with blood and devoid of her usual tenderness. “I’m Edmund, Benedict Cooper’s son.”

“Who?” The moment she heard the words, her eyes widened, and her face paled. She stumbled a few steps backward as if the person standing before her was an abominable beast.

Indeed, the Coopers were her sworn enemies.

Noticing that she had put up her guard, Devin quickly tried to set her heart at ease. “Don’t worry. I’m not on his side. My purpose in coming here is to ask you a question. Are you the one who saved Isaac’s foster parents?”

“So what if I am? Why else would I fight my way in here?” the woman admitted without hesitation.

As she spoke, her eyes flashed with murderous intent, and she emanated a deadly aura. It was as if she was getting ready to attack Devin if he said anything else.

Devin was silent.

He wondered what a person would have to experience to go through such a change. In his memory, he still remembered her as Janice from the Jadeson family in Gossamer Creek.

Janice was gentle, good-natured, and always had a smile on her face. At Oceanic Estate, she greeted everyone politely and graciously, including Devin.

However, things were different now.

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Devin squeezed the gun in his hand as he shifted his gaze away from the face before him that was beginning to look ferocious. "Did he kill his foster parents?"

"He did!"

"How are you related to the Sheerwood family? Why are you revenging him? Isaac is the head of The Coffee Shop. The person who wants to kill him is the one backing him. Aren't you afraid they'll come after you for what you've done?" Deciding to stop beating around the bush, Devin asked her point-blank about her actual relationship with Isaac.

Janice's face was filled with shock when she heard his questions. Does he actually know Isaac's real identity?

However, she recollected herself quickly when she remembered that this person before her was a Cooper. Since Benedict was the same sort of person as she was, it was no wonder that his son would know as much as he did. "What about you? Now that you're appeared here and shot that guy over there, aren't you afraid too?"

"I'm not. Since my dad was killed by them, they're precisely the ones I'm looking for!" Devin decided to be forthright and brought up Benedict.

It had an instant effect on Janice. She seemed to let down her guard a little. Even her facial expression began to look more relaxed. "So your dad was killed by them. I guess you're planning to take revenge on them?"

"You're right!"

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“Haha! Do you think it’s going to be that easy? As you’ve seen for yourself, my nephew was their right-hand man, yet they decide to get rid of him as they wish!” Janice was seething with rage as she spoke.

Nephew? Devin finally got the answer that he was setting her up to spill. Suddenly, he let out a sigh as he fixed his gaze on Janice. When I called Sebastian in the afternoon, he mentioned the name “Felicity Durant.” Now I see that Isaac is not Janice’s son. He is the son of Felicity, her older sister.

“So, how did you track down your nephew? If my memory serves me right, you used to be part of The Coffee Shop as well.”

“Yes, I went to that godforsaken place only to look for him.” There was a pained expression on Janice’s face as she spoke.

She squeezed the scalpel in her hand as she recalled her tragic past. At one point, she was so agitated that her hands were trembling. “Years ago, my sister was duped by that heartless jerk. He told her that he’d marry her once he’d reached Jadeborough. However, once he entered the local government, she didn’t hear from him again. Being unmarried and pregnant, she didn’t dare to remain at home. So she sneaked her way to Jadeborough to look for the heartless man.”

I suppose this heartless man is Alfred White? Devin knitted his brows as he asked broodingly, “What happened next?”

Eyes brimming with tears, Janice continued, “My sister promised to write to me once she reached Jadeborough. However, I only received three letters from her before she stopped writing completely.”

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