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# Returning from the Dead: His Secret Lover Chapter 1138

“Nonsense!” Benedict barked.

Alas, he couldn't really do anything about it.

In the end, he made a call and booked a flight to Zarain with one thought in mind—to save his son.

There was no way Edmund could be the spy.

He didn't even know when exactly his father hooked up with those people!

Thud!

Another punch landed on his belly. The man tied to the chair trembled and lowered his head in anguish.

“You'd better spill, or else you'll die in this basement,” the attacker warned.

Curling into a ball, Edmund couldn't utter a word for some time until the pain subsided.

He finally looked up, his face damp with cold sweat.

“I said, I don't know who you are. I'm not a spy!” he answered weakly.

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“You don’t know us?” The man chuckled icily before tossing a stack of photos in front of him.

Edmund’s gaze landed on the photos. His eyes turned saucers when he realized who the person in the pictures was.

“What? My dad—”

“You don’t know? Ha! Your dad has taken a lot of money from us. By the way, we helped him get to his current position, too!” the man reminded with a sinister smile.

Edmund’s already pale face somehow turned paler at his words.

“No, impossible. My dad isn’t like that. He’s a key official! There’s no way he’ll do something like this. You must be spouting nonsense and lying to me!” he declared, on the verge of losing control.

The mocking smile on the man’s lips widened as he gave Edmund a pitiful gaze.

“Oh, do you seriously think that a fool like your dad achieved success through his own means? How naïve of you,” he hissed in a nasty manner.

Edmund bit his cheek so hard it was starting to bleed.

Soon, another man came in and saw his reaction. Inching nearer to his accomplice, who had just beaten Edmund up, he whispered, “He doesn’t look like he knows his dad is on our side.”

“What do you mean?”

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“Benedict has been uncooperative on various occasions, especially now that he’s the Senate Speaker. Why don’t we keep his son here?”

A sinister gaze landed on Edmund, and he instinctively recoiled in fear.

His struggles were futile, for the men strode over to grab his collar.

“Mmph...”

“You don’t know about your dad and us, right? Let’s go. We shall find out how he’ll react after finding out what we did to you!” They guffawed and dragged him out roughly.

In a hotel in Bellridge.

It took two whole days for Sabrina to realize that the annoying man who refused to leave her side had disappeared into thin air.

Where is he?

She was in a daze.

In fact, she had been in a daze after being rescued from the forest and regaining consciousness.

Though she wasn’t in a trance, it seemed like she had lost all interest in life. For the past two days, she was either asleep or sitting still in a spot.

It was as though one was watching a withering flower that was about to die soon.

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Until one day, Edmund's subordinate rushed into her room.

"Mrs. Jadeson, bad news. Mr. Edmund is in trouble. I need to find help to rescue him and can't stay with you. Why don't I book a flight ticket for you so you can return to the Jadeson residence?" he asked anxiously.

An eternity seemingly passed before Sabrina's gaze moved from the sight outside the window to the man.

"What?" Her voice sounded raspy, for she hadn't spoken for a while.

The man bristled angrily. "I said, Mr. Edmund is in trouble! I'll ask someone to give you a ride to the airport later."

As soon as his words fell, he was about to leave.

However, before he could do so, she pulled the blanket away from her body and rose to her feet.

"Ms. Sabrina?"

He didn't receive a reply.

The woman came to a stop before him and stood, rooted to the spot.

As she seemed lifeless, brainless even, he had no idea what she was getting at.

When he stepped out, he realized she had come after him.

"Ms. Sabrina, are you coming with me to save Mr. Edmund?"

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“Where is he?” she finally asked.

Her voice was cold, and she didn't bother with the formalities.

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