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# Returning from the Dead: His Secret Lover Chapter 1217

## Chapter 1217 A Rebound

However, that very night, Edmund and Sabrina were trying to keep the dish antenna they made out of sight.

Meanwhile, Sasha was trying to establish contact with the outside world in the temple's accounting room using an outdated computer. Through the windows, she could vaguely see the monks' grey robes undulating with the night breeze.

Nancy: Mr. Leonard, I'm online. May I know if you've considered the matter that I talked to you about in the day?

Raymond: Ms. Nancy, may I know what caused you to make such a request? You have to understand that this is a tough decision to make for the Leonard family.

It'd been years since they'd last touched base. The last time they met was when Sebastian barged into Raymond's manor and forcibly took her away.

For him to reply to her messages after that incident was a clear display of his gentlemanliness.

Sasha's fingers flew across the keys when she saw the response. Nancy: My apologies, Mr. Leonard. My family really did run into some unfortunate events,

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and I desperately need your help. My grandpa is on the verge of being executed.

Raymond: Executed?

He couldn't believe his eyes.

Sasha then talked him through what happened at home before continuing her pleas for help.

Nancy: Mr. Leonard, I heard that my grandpa once saved yours back in Smallpoint. Considering that, do you think you could help him out?

Raymond hesitated.

Nancy: In return for your family's help, I'll do anything for you. Anything.

Raymond: Really?

His response to that last message was nearly instantaneous.

Upon seeing that, she was sure that he would accept her offer and let out a sigh of relief.

Raymond was a person who was all about gains and losses. If he rejected one's offer, it simply meant that the offer wasn't good enough. His instant reaction to her proposal implied that he was interested.

Raymond: Nancy, it's not that I don't want to help you, but the Leonard family isn't royalty anymore. I'll need an opportunity to get into the palace and implore for mercy for your grandpa.

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Nancy: And what can I do to help create that opportunity?

Raymond: Odele is going to offer new shares on the market these few days. If you could buy them at the lowest price before it's publicly offered, then I'll be able to present them to the royals as a gift and start the ball rolling.

Sasha was taken aback by the man's audacious request. She never expected him to go that far.

Odele? Isn't that Yartran's famous e-commerce platform? If one could get their hands on the shares before Odele opens it up to the public, one's fortune would multiply by manifolds once the share value skyrockets after it's put up on the market. He's indeed clever. I get to do the dirty job—buying the shares at a low price, and he gets to gift them to the royals.

Sasha saw through his trick, but she didn't reject him. Instead, she quickly got back on her computer.

Nancy: Sure thing. How much would you like me to get?

Raymond: As much as my entire fortune can afford.

Their exchange went on and on till the wee hours of the night.

Edmund and Sabrina didn't ask Sasha anything. That night, in order to protect the dish antenna, Edmund slept outside.

Meanwhile in a hospital ward in Jadeborough, while they were racing with time to get the deal done, Sebastian recovered from his fever and finally woke up at dawn.

"Good morning."

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Grayson, who had been by his bed the whole night, was immensely relieved.

Sebastian smacked his chapped lips. “Wh-What time is it?”

“Not very late. You’ve only slept for a night. How are you feeling now? Any more adverse reactions? Let me know if you’re still feeling uncomfortable.”

The swollen wound behind Sebastian’s ear was popping red. Grayson was still worried and kept reminding Sebastian to get him anytime he felt unusual discomfort.

Sebastian closed his eyes.

Honestly, he wasn’t feeling great. His head was filled with pulsating pain, causing him to feel nauseous.

Yet, he shook his head sluggishly. “I’m all right. Can I contact him now?”

“Certainly. I’ve operated on them before, and based on those experiences, you should be able to contact them within a few hours of implanting it. You can try now.”

“Okay.”

Still lying feebly on his bed, Sebastian brought his finger to the back of his ear and pressed the swollen bump. Right after that, he heard something like the crackling of static in his ear.

“Hello? Sebastian?”

A familiar voice came from the other end of the line.

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That particular hello caused his eyes to brim with tears. Who knew a hardy man like him would have a moment so vulnerable?

Well, they were practically brothers after all.

They'd known each other since childhood, so Sebastian knew Devin like the back of his palm.

"Hello? Anybody home? Is the radio causing you too much discomfort? If yes, then ask Grayson to take it out. We'll find another way. Your health should always be the utmost priority."

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