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# Returning from the Dead: His Secret Lover

## Chapter 1287

Chapter 1287 Who Switched Her Man

Sabrina stomped her feet in anger. Left with no other option, she contacted Devin.

Does he have time to answer my call? He's probably bogged down by work, trying to think of a solution.

"Yes, I know that. You all should remain indoors at Oceanic Estate, okay? We can't be with you right now, and Sebastian's condition isn't helping. Sabrina, you're now the only one who knows martial arts. You ought to protect every single one of them at home. Do you understand?"

Unexpectedly, Devin landed a crucial task on the shoulders of Sabrina.

Gasping in disbelief, she faltered. She knew she could not back down nor say anything discouraging at that moment.

"All right, I know what to do."

"Great! You're a gem. Please take special care of Sebastian. He's undergoing a critical period. You have to protect him at all costs, okay?" Devin reminded.

Upon hanging up, Sabrina instructed the housemaid to look after the children while she rushed to the third floor.

"I called Devin, Sasha. They won't have the time to worry about us. So, we are on our own."

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Sasha froze. Then, she put down the bottle of medicine and stared at Sabrina solemnly.

“Is it that serious?”

“Yes, I think so. I heard multiple explosions over the phone. Devin was at the White House...” Her lips paled before she could complete her sentence.

Sasha was equally petrified.

If there’s bombing at the White House, things are surely not looking good. That cunning old fox must be behind all these. First, he caused Sebastian to be severely injured. Then, he created a loophole for himself to attack fiercely.

Sasha wondered if Devin and Jonathan could withstand these tricky attacks.

Having ants in her pants, Sasha gazed at the man on the bed. After pondering over the situation outside, she entered the room with a tightly clenched jaw.

Seeing her reaction, Sabrina trailed behind her and questioned, “What are you doing?”

Sasha did not respond. Immediately, she fished out a thin silver needle from her medication box.

At that, Sabrina held her breath, narrowed her eyes, and witnessed how Sasha approached the man with the needle.

Phew...

As the needle was injected, Sebastian opened his eyes, just as she had expected.

The two ladies were stunned when they saw a hand grabbed the needle at once. They were met by a sharp, death stare.

This man seems to be an excellent fighter. So, it’s him?

A thought flashed across Sabrina’s mind upon snapping back into her senses.

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Even though Sasha was also overwhelmed by what happened under her nose, her first reaction was to stop Sabrina from moving an inch.

“Be still. He’s awakened because I startled him,” Sasha said, suppressing her fear.

Standing at the side, Sabrina did not dare to move a muscle.

Subsequently, Sasha cast a gentle gaze at him.

“Don’t be nervous, Sebby. You’ve been in a coma for way too long. I woke you up because there’s an urgent matter which needs your attention and advice. Easy... don’t get too work up,” she consoled him softly as she pulled the needle out of his neck.

With that, the man softened his gaze and dropped his guard. Gradually, he also released his grip and relaxed.

“What... happened?” His coarse voice was different now compared to then, but Sasha did not think it was a big deal. She assumed that the change in his voice was an after-effect of the accident since he had a serious injury to the head.

“Eddie has launched his attacks, causing an uproar in Jadeborough. When Sab called Devin, she could hear explosions coming from the White House. What should we do now?” she described what was going on in a shaky voice.

The attacks have begun?

He shut his eyes. One could see frustration and rage in his expression.

“Give me time to think.”

“Sure,” Sasha agreed before leaving the room with Sabrina.

As soon as they closed the door behind them, the two ladies simultaneously exchanged glances.

Sabrina was anxious whereas Sasha felt weak at the knees. She could not hold herself together and collapse on the former.

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"You..."

"Shh..."

Sasha turned ghastly as tears began rolling down her welled-up eyes.

"Let's talk about it in the afternoon," trying her best to get a grip, Sasha said softly.

If Sabrina could tell the difference, what more I who have been sharing the same bed with this man for years? My man will never shoot me such a ferocious, cold, and frightening glare. My man will never act so hostile upon seeing the needle in my hand because the needle has saved him countless times. He has long treated it as a part of him!

With Sabrina's assistance, Sasha staggered her way downstairs.

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