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Returning from the Dead: His Secret Lover Chapter 1231

Chapter 1231 Father And Son

When Sebastian woke up again, it was already the next morning.

Morning in the mountains was a quiet one after peace returned. The bright sunlight shone into the woods, and the birds sang their merry songs again. Wildflowers dotted the land as its fragrance filled the air. It was as if nothing had happened the day before.

Sebastian was in a daze.

When he opened his eyes to see the wooden ceiling, he was lost in his thoughts.

“You’re finally awake?”

Someone entered the room.

When that person saw that Sebastian was awake, he hurried toward the side of the bed.

Sebastian slowly turned his gaze to the side. It was then that he saw a familiar face.

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“Devin?”

“Mm.”

Devin nodded before helping him up.

Sebastian could feel his whole body aching.

When he sat up, pain and discomfort flared throughout his body. His chest, especially, felt like there was a wide, gaping wound on it.

He closed his eyes, his lips turning pale.

At that, Devin hurriedly filled a glass of warm water and handed it to him.

They took a long time to stabilize Sebastian’s condition the night before, for he had been through inhumane torment in the psychiatric ward.

Despite how Grayson had been protecting him, there were still things they had to go through and drugs he had to take.

Therefore, Sebastian’s health had deteriorated before getting out of there, and what happened the day before did not help.

Devin let out a sigh of relief when he saw some colors returning to Sebastian’s face after the drink.

“Don’t worry, Sebastian. I’ve assigned some special forces elites to it. Silas has also put out a warrant, and the entire nation is out for this man. I’m sure we’ll find him soon,” he consoled.

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After a beat, Sebastian slowly nodded.

“Okay. What about the others? Are they all okay?”

“Huh?”

Devin was gobsmacked, having not expected to hear Sebastian was concerned about others when he woke.

Who are the others you’re talking about?

Jonathan?

A smile appeared on Devin’s face as he said, “They’re all fine. The officers have all been summoned back. Also, Grandpa is going to have a retrial.”

“There is new evidence?” Sebastian promptly asked.

Devin nodded. “While we were fighting with Eddie, the officers had formed a group themselves and went to the place where the incident had happened back then. Then, after looking into it, they found the commander who had fought with Grandpa. He told them that he did collaborate with Grandpa, but their goal was to end the war earlier so that fewer people would die. Grandpa didn’t kill the troop. It was an avalanche that did it,” Devin told him.

it was a pleasant surprise.

No one thought that while the Jadeson brothers were fighting for the country, their old military subordinates were also searching for evidence to clear the Jadesons’ names.

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If they had not thought of Jonathan as the one true commander of the army, they would not have done this.

A delighted smile emerged on Sebastian's face.

After a while of sitting in silence, Devin stood up. He had noticed the flash of grey monk clothes outside.

"I'll head out first. They're still preparing your medication in the kitchen, so I'll go there to take a look at it."

"All right."

Sebastian nodded.

Not long after Devin left, an old monk with grey clothes entered with a pot of hot coffee.

The old monk was acting as if nothing had happened. After reaching Sebastian with the pot of coffee, he smiled and asked, "You're awake. Would you like to have some hot brew? These beans were just harvested not long ago."

For a second, fury shot up from Sebastian's chest to the top of his head.

He could not comprehend how someone could be that heartless. Decades. It's been decades. Has he never thought about how those people had struggled through life after thinking that he was dead?

Sebastian balled his fists until his knuckles cracked.

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In the end, he decided to tamp down his anger and pulled the blanket away from him instead.

A few minutes later, he sat cross-legged in front of the table as he stared at the old monk who was pouring coffee into his cup.

“Here, drink it. It’ll make you feel better,” Shin said, gesturing to the cup.

Sebastian fixed his cold eyes on the old monk for another second before lifting the cup and downing it in one gulp.

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