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Returning from the Dead: His Secret Lover Chapter 1162

Chapter 1162 Reel In The Catch

After some time when the two seemed to have drifted off, a tall figure pushed the door open, walked over to them, and picked up the woman hogging her daughter's bed.

"Daddy..."

Vivian hadn't fallen asleep completely.

Seeing that, Sebastian bent over to tuck the girl in. He then kissed her on the forehead.

"Get some rest. I'll be taking Mommy back with me now."

"Okay, Daddy. Be nice to Mommy. The comic book I read said that girls should always be treated nicely, so don't be mean to her."

The girl was clearly growing up; she could even school her own father now.

Sebastian felt exasperated and amused at the same time. Ultimately, he couldn't resist his daughter's puppy eyes and nodded, promising to do as she asked. Then, he left with the woman.

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I really shouldn't have.

How could I have lost my temper at her back then just because I was in a bad mood?

Feeling guilty, the man carried his wife upstairs and was about to tuck her underneath the blanket, for it was extremely cold here, unlike in Avenport.

But just as he bent over and was about to put her down, he felt a movement in his arms.

Is she pretending to be asleep?

Sebastian immediately stopped in his tracks and stared at her intently from above.

She's faking it!

Feeling a fiery gaze on her, Sasha tensed up before finally opening her eyes.

"Hehe... I really was asleep. I swear."

"Were you?" the man drawled, a hint of danger in his voice.

Sasha fell silent.

As alarm bells set off in her head, she tried to dive underneath the blanket, but Sebastian pinned her down and began smothering her with kisses.

That was the price she had to pay for pretending to be asleep.

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The next morning, Sasha woke up feeling so sore that she barely had the strength to get out of bed.

“Are you awake, Madam?”

“Yeah,” Sasha replied, a faint blush spreading across her cheeks. “Where’s Sebastian?”

Olivia pointed toward the stairs. “I’m not sure what happened, but he left first thing in the morning.”

Sasha froze.

Has he gone to pick Sabrina up?

That was what she assumed, at least. Sebastian hadn’t returned to the White House ever since he let go of his responsibilities there, so the only reason he’d leave home this early had to be because of Sabrina.

It was only when noon came that Sasha realized she had made the wrong guess.

Indeed, Sabrina had left the hospital, but Sebastian wasn’t the one who had picked her up; rather, it was Isaac who had sent her back to the Red Pavilion after she insisted on returning there.

Sebastian, on the other hand, had boarded a helicopter early in the morning and headed to Bellridge, Zarain.

The man couldn’t remember how long he had cast this large net for.

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Still, he knew what he was after—to catch the biggest fish and tear it into pieces. On top of that, he intended to do it inside the same forest where his own people had been killed.

That forest was stained with the Jadesons' blood, and naturally, he was going to make his enemies pay.

The helicopter traveled at an incredible speed and arrived at the forest by noon.

With the aircraft hovering above the trees, Sebastian observed the situation below with a pair of binoculars. There, he saw an army green Jeep making its way over on the main road. Sebastian's eyes turned bloodshot as he saw a man covered in blood being dragged along outside the vehicle.

"Isn't that... Karl Frost!?"

The pilot in front gasped in horror as he noticed it too.

Without another word, Sebastian put the binoculars down and grabbed the sniper rifle next to him.

Meanwhile, the people inside the Jeep down below cursed in anger. "That lunatic, Yariel, has been watching us the whole time! We're dead if this guy out here turns out to be one of his men!"

"That's not happening. He won't make it out of the forest alive today!"

"We should get something out of him before killing him, though. Yariel's way too terrifying, and I bet he's got lots of traps laid out for us. We're dead meat if we don't manage to find out what he's up to."

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The man who spoke last gave a signal, and someone in the back of the Jeep proceeded to swing an iron rod at Karl, intending to break the latter's legs.

Suddenly, a loud gunshot rang out. Bang!

The iron rod never reached Karl's limbs.

Instead, the man holding the weapon collapsed—right after having his head blown into pieces by a bullet.

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