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# Returning from the Dead: His Secret Lover Chapter 1163

## Chapter 1163 Killing Spree

“We’re under attack! Get ready! Now!”

Chaos erupted on the road in an instant.

The people inside the Jeep leaped out after hearing the commotion behind, only to be dumbfounded as they saw their dead comrade.

“What the hell happened? There’s someone else around here other than us?”

Yet, no one could answer that. After all, everyone had long been thrown into panic, nor did they have any idea who had just attacked them.

“Make a phone call and find out if those guys are behind this, Benedict.”

Dressed in traditional wear, a man who looked like he was in his seventies got out of the Jeep with the help of a cane and spoke to the person who had alighted the vehicle first.

It was the same elderly man from the casino.

After being given a reminder, Benedict whipped out his phone and prepared to make a call.

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Suddenly, the sound of another gunshot pierced the air.

Bang!

Another bullet came flying their way, and Benedict watched as his hand holding onto the phone detached itself from his arm.

“Arghhhh!”

That was the most agonizing pain he had felt his entire life.

Everyone else including the old man with the cane jumped in fright as the scene unfolded in front of their very eyes.

A sniper rifle!

This is a sniper rifle!

The elderly man noticed something unusual about Benedict’s broken wrist. Apart from blood spewing out of it uncontrollably, there was also something blue surrounding it. It’s the exact same kind of bullet we developed!

“Hurry! There’s a sniper around here! Everyone hide!” Fear finally surged within him as he ordered everyone to run for cover before hopping back into the Jeep.

Unfortunately, it was too late by now.

Right after the ambush on Benedict, the sounds of marching footsteps resonated from the top of the mountain. Soon, everyone spotted a series of gold badges shining brightly under the sun.

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The badges embedded on each helmet struck fear in every person who laid eyes on them—as though its bearers were gods who had descended from heaven.

Oh, my God. Aren't these special forces?

Having forgotten about his pain, Benedict clutched his bleeding arm and leaped back into the Jeep.

"It's the Jadesons! Retreat! I repeat; retreat!" A panic-stricken voice resonated across the main road.

Indeed, the country's special forces pretty much represented the Jadesons.

That was because Devin used to be the army's top-level commander before his demise.

In fact, Shin also used to lead this very same team.

Benedict began to regret ever coming here. How he wanted to disappear right away!

Alas, it was too late; the formidable army had already arrived before he could even make his way inside the Jeep. Standing on the top of the mountain, the troops began firing at the scumbags who tried to escape.

Bang! Bang! Bang!

"Arghh!"

"Ugh!"

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Words couldn't describe the horrifying scene.

Indeed, it was an utterly gruesome and ruthless sight.

But if one were to learn of all the atrocious crimes this group had committed, one would only believe that the fates of these monsters were nothing but well-deserved.

Sebastian descended from the helicopter only after his enemies had been taken care of. He then walked toward the Jeep with his rifle in his hands.

"Y-Yariel?"

Special forces had wiped out every single person except for those hiding inside the Jeep.

Sebastian smirked as he saw the middle-aged man cowering inside the vehicle. Then, his gaze fell on the person next to Benedict.

Who's that?

Sebastian had never met him.

However, it only took him one glance at the elderly man's missing thumb to realize who this person was. The latter didn't seem particularly nervous to see Sebastian either.

"So, you geezers are the ones behind all this."

Sebastian didn't sound furious; in fact, there wasn't a single hint of emotion on his face. He merely said a few words to the man whose identity he had guessed.

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It was now that the latter grew anxious.

“You know who I am?”

“Do you think you’re worthy of being known?” Sebastian lowered his head and inserted a bullet into his rifle.

The bullet had a red tip and was slimmer and longer than a normal bullet. There was also a blue line surrounding its rear, making it look especially appealing.

The old man’s face paled instantly.

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