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# Returning from the Dead: His Secret Lover Chapter 1170

Chapter 1170 Have You Fallen III

“Why is he here? Isn’t he an illegitimate child?”

“I heard that he has Benedict’s will!”

“Will? Benedict has never mentioned a will before. Besides, who knows where he got it from? It might be forged!”

“You are right. It looks like this bastard is here to pocket all of his father’s wealth!”

Edmund’s appearance sparked gossip. Everyone bombarded him with criticisms, suspecting that he had something to do with Benedict’s death and that he was merely here to take all the Coopers’ wealth for himself.

Though Devin played a hand in orchestrating Benedict’s death, he could not care less about the Coopers’ pitiful inheritance.

The Jadesons were much more well-off than the Coopers.

Devin swept a cold gaze across the women, who had been petrified because of the other Coopers. Casually, he made his way to the living room and took a seat.

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“Pocket? I am the son he raised for over twenty years. Though I am his illegitimate son, I’ve lived a better life than these three women.” He pointed at the women huddled in the corner. “If the wealth isn’t going to me, do you really think that he’s giving it to you?” Devin drawled as he crossed his legs.

“Y-You!” The crowd choked with fury when they heard his belittling words. Even the women flushed in embarrassment.

However, they could not refute him.

After all, Benedict had always been biased toward his illegitimate son.

Seeing that the horde still refused to budge, Devin drew a gun from his pocket and began to polish it as the Coopers bickered amongst themselves.

Finally, the crowd caught sight of the deadly gun clasped in his hands. Is that a gun? Their faces turned deathly pale as all color drained from their cheeks.

“W-What are you trying to do?” one stammered.

“I’m not doing anything,” Devin replied airily. “Can’t I clean my gun? However, I ought to give you guys a reminder. If you think I killed my father but can’t bring any evidence to support your accusations, then don’t blame me for lashing out.”

It was a typical tone of Edmund.

Scared out of their wits, the crowd scattered.

Though the Cooper women were dying to ask about Benedict’s inheritance, the sight of Devin’s gun prompted them to restrain themselves.

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“Are you planning to stay in Jadeborough from now on?”

“Yes. Am I not welcomed?” Devin looked up.

He was surprised that Gabriella was brave enough to ask him a question.

Benedict’s wife was no saint. After Edmund was born, she acknowledged him solely for her own gain, as it would solidify her position in the Cooper family.

“No, not at all,” she said hastily. “But your father’s death has created a huge mess. How should we deal with it? We don’t even know how many businesses he owns. Furthermore, he is the Senate’s leader. Now that he’s gone, what is going to happen to the White House?”

“This is why you should get me in. If one of you even stumbles, the entire Cooper family will crumble. I am the only one capable enough to support the Coopers now. This way, you can continue your life of extravagance and comfort. What do you think?”

Devin enjoyed making deals with women like her because she was quick on her feet and often went the extra mile. Her shrewd demeanor helped lessen his worries.

True to his expectations, she agreed, albeit a little reluctantly.

“Someone important will be present at the funeral tomorrow. You can seek his help,” Gabriella said.

“Who is he?”

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“During the nation’s founding, he was the one who received the medal. He’s a capable man. Your father was the one who promoted him,” she replied impatiently.

Oh, she’s referring to the medal.

Without another word, Devin merely smiled and continued to wipe his gun.

That night, the residents of Oceanic Estate were restless.

Sebastian was not the only one who had trouble sleeping. Even Jonathan found himself tossing and turning with worry. Only Sasha, who was blissfully unaware about everything, had a worry-free night. She had brought the mother and daughter duo, who returned at the wee hours to their room.

How strange. Why did she return in the middle of the night?

When Sasha returned from preparing a bottle of formula, she found Sabrina still seated on the bed, cooing at the baby in her arms excitedly.

Unable to resist the urge, Sasha placed her palm on Sabrina’s forehead.

“What are you doing?” Sabrina snapped irritably, annoyed that her interaction with Jaena was interrupted.

She swatted her hand away, but Sasha merely gave her a pointed stare.

“Are you all right? Two days ago, you were in such a gloomy mood. You wouldn’t even leave the room when we yelled at you. Yet, you’re in high spirits tonight. Have you fallen ill?”

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“You’re the one who’s ill.” Sabrina rolled her eyes. “Where’s my daughter’s milk?”

Instead of answering Sasha’s question, she demanded to have the bottle.

In the end, Sasha chose not to comment any further and handed Sabrina the milk bottle.

After drinking the formula, the three-month-old Jaena fell asleep in the blink of an eye. Although Sasha felt sleepy after laying the baby in the crib, she dared not leave.

She was worried that something would happen to Sabrina again.

The latter fell speechless when she noticed Sasha had her guard up. Is she traumatized because of me?

However, Sabrina’s annoyance was quickly replaced with guilt. All this time, her deranged behavior had caused Sasha countless troubles and worries. Despite it all, she remained by her side and took care of Jaena.

“Sasha, thank you for everything.” For the first time, Sabrina spoke in a tone softer than usual.

“Huh?” On the other hand, Sasha was utterly startled by the sudden change in her demeanor.

Is this a dream? Did she just thank me?

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