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Returning from the Dead: His Secret Lover Chapter 922

“Who told you to say that? Huh? Did I give you the authority? Why did you force him to send the lunatic to 711? Did you think that you were really smart to have come up with such a perfect solution?”

“No... It’s not that, Sir. I... I just said it on a whim,” Walter stuttered as he tried to explain.

Just as he spoke, the middle-aged man bellowed at him with even greater intensity.

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“On a whim? What a smart*ss you are. Your whim has messed up my carefully planned moves. Whose side are you really on anyway?” The angry middle-aged man snarled in his chair.

Walter looked up in fear.

“Sir, I... Of course I’m on your side. Please don’t misunderstand. I didn’t do it on purpose just now. I was thinking since that lunatic has been diagnosed as clinically insane, we won’t be able to dispose of him. Hence, it would be a good idea to lock him up at 711 instead.”

“Bullsh*t! It was my intention for him to be declared insane all along. How do you know I’m unable to dispose of him? Don’t you realize I’ve done all this to make it easier for me to destroy him?”

Filled with rage, Alfred lost his usual composure and admonished Walter.

Walter was stunned by Alfred’s words.

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This is the plan all along?

“I’m sorry, Sir. I have made a mistake-”

“Your brain is just full of crap. Let me warn you now. If Jonathan manages to find something through this investigation, you will suffer the consequences!”

Alfred’s reprimand forced Walter to start counting down the days to his doom.

At that moment, Alfred had a strange expression. Having been president for many years, he had always projected a warm and gentle demeanor. In fact, he seemed very much down to earth.

However, behind the gentle facade was a mind filled with malice.

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Ever since his son's death, Alfred was no longer the same man.

Also, the pressure he felt over the years had contributed to the change in him. The repressed frustrations of his position as the president caused him to feel like a puppet.

Meanwhile, when Franklin entered and saw Walter kneeling on the ground, a fearful expression set upon his face.

"Sir, Jonathan has led his men to the military base. He has also brought the Chief Prosecutor along with him."

"What did you say?"

Alfred's face grew insidiously solemn at the news.

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With the Chief Prosecutor there, any proof discovered could be directly admitted as evidence in court.

Infuriated, Alfred's teeth chattered in rage.

"In that case, have you instructed them to destroy all the evidence? Did they leave any clues from that night?"

"Don't worry, the staff at the bistro wouldn't leave a trace. We just need to worry about Stephen. I just wonder if he will spoil our plans."

"Stephen?"

Suddenly, Alfred had an epiphany.

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That's right. Why didn't I think of him? This is the perfect opportunity to use him as my pawn.

"In that case, get Stephen involved. Coincidentally, I am looking forward to seeing the look on his face when he realizes that he has been betrayed by his own son."

Alfred finally let out a cunning laugh.

With a vicious glint in his eye, he pulled out a napkin to wipe his dirty hands.

It was hard to believe that a person like him was the president.

Meanwhile, Sasha was finally overwhelmed with exhaustion. As she was boiling some herbs for medication, she sprawled on the table and fell asleep.

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The early autumn breeze was blowing into the room, making it chilly and damp at the same time. Very quickly, the table was covered with an icy mist.

However, she didn't feel anything.

After working tirelessly for days, she was utterly drained. In addition, because she wasn't in good shape to begin with, she fell into a deep sleep as if she had lost consciousness.

Glug... Glug...

The electric pot continued to boil with the medication inside.

Just as the pot was about to boil itself dry, a hand reached over and turned off the pot.

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Subsequently, the gurgling sounds stopped.

After the room returned to silence, Sebastian walked toward the window. When he noticed Sasha fast asleep on the desk, he lowered his gaze at her.

Suddenly, he bent over and carried her up.

“You silly gal...”

Feeling how light she was, his heart ached at the amount of weight she had lost. It pained him to see how scrawny she had become.

His eyes reddened as a result.

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Without saying another word, he carried her to his bed. Holding her in his arms as if she was a rebellious kitten, the two slept underneath the blanket.

“Sebby,” Sasha murmured in her sleep as she snuggled in his embrace which gave her a sense of familiarity and warmth.

Jolted by her words, Sebastian tightened his hug and replied, “Mm... I’m here.”

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