# Returning from the Dead: His Secret Lover Chapter 1188

Chapter 1188 Jealousy

"Shall we go back? It's getting late."

"Back where?"

"Back to Jadeborough, of course. Our daughter is still at home." Devin reminded Sabrina.

When Sabrina heard that, she finally snapped out of her daze.

"Now? But... But we still have unfinished business here." Surprisingly, she was unwilling to leave, preferring to stay until everything was settled.

"Don't worry. I'll take care of everything here. You're injured, and Jaena is waiting at home. It's better for you to go back." Devin tried to coax her.

Sabrina lowered her head in silence.

Devin frowned as he felt a prick in his heart.

He understood that Sabrina wanted to personally attend to the funeral arrangements of the Sheerwoods out of guilt. She probably wanted to

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compensate them and redeem herself. However, this was not a safe place for her to stay.

Hence, he decided to be more assertive. "Let's go. I'll walk you out."

With that, he walked straight to her bedside and got ready to scoop her up in his arms to carry her out.

Unexpectedly, as he stretched out his arms, Sabrina shrank away from him. "I-I don't want to go back. Devin, can I... attend to their funeral arrangements personally? Sasha will look after Jaena. I just want to stay until their bodies are properly buried, and I'll go home after that. Please?"

When she lifted her head, he saw her usually bright and cold eyes were red and brimming with tears.

Devin was at a loss for words.

His clenched hands froze mid-air, and his fingertips even turned a little pale. Finally, he yielded.

Sabrina remained in the hospital that night while Devin left after midnight.

"Solomon, I'll need to trouble you to keep an eye on things in the hospital. I have something else to attend to tonight," he instructed Solomon before he left.

Solomon was not the kind who liked to probe into other peoples' affairs. Shortly after he hung up the phone, several men clad in black arrived at the hospital under the cover of the night.

Their mission was to ensure Sabrina's ward was tightly guarded.

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It was a very dark night.

This city, located in the south, was not as bitterly cold as Jadeborough. However, the air seemed especially frigid and almost bone-chillingly cold at that time.

Devin drove his car to a high-class neighborhood full of luxury villas.

Datura flowers?

He took out the airtight bag from his car again and ascertained that the objects found on the bodies were the same datura flowers blooming out of season at the entrance to this villa compound.

Turning off the car engine, he then got out of the vehicle.

A few minutes later, he heard sounds of people fighting coming from one of the villas, which still had its lights on.

Crash!

An unknown object was sent smashing to the ground with a loud crash.

Like a leopard, he hopped into the villa's front yard before swiftly climbing up to the balcony on the second floor.

Crack!

There were indeed people embroiled in a fight inside the villa. As soon as he reached the second floor, he heard what sounded like someone's bones cracking.

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He also could not help noticing the strong fragrance of datura flowers in the air.

"Useless things! All of you, go and kill her now!" The booming voice of a man was heard coming from downstairs. He sounded like he was seething with murderous rage.

It was as if he wanted his enemy to be torn into pieces!

Devin walked into the unlit second floor. No one noticed him in the pitch darkness. Still shrouded in the fragrance of the datura flowers, he casually walked to the top of the staircase and looked down.

It was a woman dressed in black, and her hair was held up with a wooden stick.

Although five or six burly men surrounded her, she appeared utterly unfazed. Armed with a silver metallic object that glistened under the lights, she moved so swiftly and nimbly that even Devin was impressed. She's a good fighter indeed.

Slash!

In no time, she slit one of her opponents' throats with the weapon in her hand.

The man collapsed onto the floor as blood spurted out from his throat like a fountain. The scent of datura flowers that had permeated the room earlier seemed to have grown fainter as the smell of fresh blood began to hang more thickly in the air.

"You..." The potbellied, middle-aged man who was giving instructions to the fighters watched the scene unfold before his eyes in a mix of horror and fury. His face began to pale.

However, the woman was unstoppable.

Her appetite for killing seemed to have been whet by the first life that she took. With a flick of her wrist, she rotated the silver blade in her hand so quickly that all he saw were silver spots.

Schluk! Schluk!

The sounds of something sharp stabbing into human flesh rang out.

Three of the men who had surrounded her earlier collapsed onto the floor.

Madness! This is madness! Fear was written all over the middle-aged man's face as he gingerly stepped back from the scene of the bloodshed. While the woman was engaged in an exchange of blows with the two remaining fighters, he dashed to a cupboard and drew out a gun.