

Returning from the Dead: His Secret Lover Chapter 1143

When Sabrina was about to board the plane, she found something odd with the man next to her.

As soon as Karl picked up a call, he rushed out of the boarding hall as if he had to attend to an emergency.

When she headed out to search for him since he was away for quite some time, she found out he was occupied with his phone.

What's he doing?

She remained silent and continued observing the suspicious man for a few minutes before returning to the boarding hall.

When the man returned after another few minutes, Sabrina thought he would show her the way to the plane.

However, to her surprise, he mentioned, "Ms. Sabrina, I have to return to attend to an emergency! I'll send someone to escort you! Is that fine?"

Sabrina had no intention to poke her nose into Karl's business since he was the person in charge of SteelFort.

On top of that, he was in charge of matters regarding the Hayeses throughout the years. Thus, she wasn't particularly against the idea of having someone else escort her.

However, as soon as the man departed, she thought of something as she was alone in the boarding hall, awaiting the person to escort her to show up.

Where's he returning to? Is it Bellridge? What sort of emergency is he talking about? Does it have something to do with Devin?

She felt her heart racing and sprang up from her seat.

Meanwhile, Karl had long returned to Bellridge when he heard of the news at the airport.

To ensure he could reach the destination as soon as possible, he had the chopper ready when he was at the boarding hall.

Unfortunately, things were tough on the end of his subordinates.

The ones hiding in the dark had been anticipating his arrival.

Once Karl showed up, they came out of hiding and announced, "Mr. Frost, you're finally here! We've sent someone to lure Benedict away and infiltrate the hospital, but they're the ones with the upper hand."

Karl got increasingly worked up when he heard the news. He asked, "Why has he gotten suspicious out of the blue? Is it because of the freaking penicillin?"

His subordinate affirmed, "I'm afraid that's the case! After all, it's one of the most common antibiotics available in the country! He must have gotten suspicious since Edmund turned him down more than once!"

"What the hell? Is there a law ruling mandating the usage of penicillin?"

Another one of those affiliated with SteelFort remarked, "Unfortunately, Benedict's son had always relied on it whenever something was wrong with him."

Unable to resist the urge to throw a tantrum, Karl cursed, "What the hell! Has he or hasn't he relied on penicillin?"

"Benedict got increasingly suspicious because Edmund turned him down with the excuse of not having a skin prick test conducted beforehand."

Karl felt another strong urge to vent his anger because he was certain the dubious Benedict would do everything it would take to get to the bottom of the it.

Benedict has long gotten suspicious of his so-called son! If Edmund continues turning him down, Benedict is going to get increasingly dubious! In short, we're the ones with a nasty situation ahead of us!

To Karl's surprise, once he marched into the building with his face scrunched up in irritation, he encountered Benedict marching into the office of the attending physician.

Along with the rest of the members of SteelFort, Karl was at a loss for words.

Can I just take him out already?

Meanwhile, Edmund was thrilled since he thought he had successfully stopped Benedict from trying anything silly.

However, Benedict had no intention to let him off the hook just yet. He instructed the man next to him, "Take care of him when I'm away. I'll go get the doctor to conduct a skin prick test."

He made something up and walked out of the ward shortly after he wrapped up his conversation with the ones in the ward.

The man remained standing next to Edmund to take care of him as instructed.

Unable to withstand the awkward silence in the ward, he asked Edmund, "Do you want an apple? I've just bought a few fresh apples from the mart!"

Edmund, who was occupied with his phone, had no intention to eat the apple but changed his mind upon a glance.

He requested, "Can you wash and slice it on my behalf?"

"Sure!"

The one with the apple was thrilled. He rushed into the washroom to get the apple ready as Edmund requested.

By the time he returned, he noticed that Edmund had gotten increasingly excited. Judging by his response and the sound coming from his phone, he thought that Edmund must have started another game.

Ten minutes later, the doctor asked once he entered the ward with Benedict, "Mr. Cooper, have you requested to conduct a skin prick test?"

Edmund, who was occupied with his game, raised his head and looked at the doctor in the eyes.

Irrked by the scent of the antiseptic coming from the gloves of the doctor, he turned around and looked elsewhere with a deadpan look.

The doctor approached him and had everything ready for the test within split seconds. He gathered the sample he needed for the test once he sterilized the area around Edmund's wrist with an alcohol swab.

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Benedict couldn't move his eyes away from the doctor's pair of hands. It was evident he was afraid he would miss it, just like the time he headed out of the ward to answer the call.

A skin prick test was all it would take to determine if the young man was allergic to penicillin.

Silence remained in the ward as everyone held their breath throughout the session.

Once the doctor was done, he beckoned Edmund to hold on to the cotton bud and reminded him, "It's going to take twenty minutes until we get our hands on the result. If you feel uncomfortable, send someone to get me as soon as possible."

Edmund looked at the doctor in the eyes and took over the cotton bud as instructed.

On the other hand, the doctor paid no heed to him and marched out of the ward once he gathered the sample he needed.

Benedict, Edmund, and the one affiliated with the family were the only ones left in the ward.

Edmund had a mouthful of apple and continued playing his game as if he couldn't care less of those around him.

Benedict and the one affiliated with the family were speechless because of the young man's behavior.

Twenty minutes was nothing much for an ordinary person. However, it felt as if it was an eternity for the ones in the ward, especially Benedict.

He couldn't suppress the urge to pay the doctor another visit and headed out to figure out the progress of the test.

Within five minutes, he returned to the side of his so-called son and removed the cotton bud against his son's will.

"Why are you still holding on to this cotton bud?"

Edmund rolled his eyes and asked in a sarcastic manner, "Are you deaf or something? Haven't you heard the doctor's instructions?"

As a result of his sarcastic remark, Benedict's lips twitched against his will. The thing irritating him the most was the fact the pricked wound hadn't reacted to the allergen.

How is that possible? Why isn't he reacting to the allergens?

When the observant Edmund noticed the man's eyes flickering in despair, he sat upright and asked with a scowl, "What's wrong? Are you upset I'm doing fine?"

Benedict was at a loss for words to defend himself. Thus, Edmund added, "Were you the one who sent the nurse to administer penicillin? What? Are you trying to kill me merely because of the troubles I have caused you?"

Overwhelmed by angst, he cast the apple in the direction of his so-called father without holding back while yelling, "Why don't you go ahead and kill me?"

Benedict knew it was time for him to stop pushing his luck. Immediately after he evaded the apple launched in his direction, he leaned over and explained, "What are you talking about? You're my only son! There's no way I'm going to kill you!"

"Stop lying to me! If you're not going to kill me, what do you think you're doing? You don't think I'm a fool, do you?"

As he continued yelling hysterically, he smashed the nightstand with all his might and jumped out of bed.

"Mr. Edmund, you need to calm down because Mr. Cooper doesn't mean it—"

The one affiliated with the family couldn't even finish his sentence since the young man had rushed out of the ward.

The patient was nowhere to be seen anymore by the time they made it out of the ward.

Oh, God! Why has things turned out as such again?

He felt his heart aching when he wasn't even related to the Coopers.

Meanwhile, Benedict started stomping and yelling the moment he figured out his son had fled from the hospital, "I'm going to teach him another lesson the moment I find him!"

The man next to him begged to differ and thought the one yelling would be the one suffering once the young man returned.

Meanwhile, Karl and the rest of his party came out of hiding the moment the young man rushed down the stairs from his ward.

“Edmund!” Karl yelled when he was about to address the man with a different name a split second ago.

He was astonished because the young man continued staggering his way down the stairs with his hands covering his mouth as if he couldn't hear Karl and the rest.

“Mr. Frost, why aren't we going after him?”

Once his subordinate caught up to him, they asked since they couldn't figure out the reason Karl remained standing when they were so close to their target.

Karl went dead silent and had his eyes glued to the surveillance camera a few feet away from them. His expression darkened as if he was ready to take someone out to vent his anger.

We can't afford to make any mistakes!

On the other hand, Edmund finally made his way out of the hospital according to the route he had in mind in spite of his blurred vision.

He thought of traveling back to the hotel without the help of the others. Otherwise, he might not make it out alive if he failed to return within half an hour.

Honk!

Out of nowhere, he felt a strong gust on his cheek and took a step back when he was about to leave.

He leaned against the gate and started panting heavily in an attempt to catch his breath.

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It turned out a car had just whizzed through his side at top speed. Unfortunately, he couldn't even hear vehicles closing in.

His sense of touch was the sole thing he could rely on. However, none of those would matter since he would pass on if he couldn't return to the hotel in thirty minutes.

Out of the blue, someone alighted from the car and asked since she was equally astonished by his presence there, "Edmund?"

Edmund couldn't hear her, but he knew someone was on their way to him the moment she alighted from the car.

Unsure if she was a friend or a foe, he launched a powerful kick in her direction when he was merely a few feet away from her.

As a result of his powerful kick, the woman fell to the ground and shrieked in pain, "O-Ouch!"

When she felt the racking sensation coming from her head, she felt a strong urge to take out the man in front of her in a similar manner.

"What on earth is wrong with you? Can't you tell it's me? Have you a death wish or something? I'll send you to hell if you have enough of living!"

Huh? What's with this familiar scent? Wait! Who's this next to me?

He leaned over and started running his hands across the floor. When he found the pieces of papers all over the place, he picked those up and started examining them.

What is this? Are these pieces of notes?

His mind was all over the place when the woman finally brought herself up and saw him trying to get his hands on her notes.

Unable to stand the man's goofy look anymore, she rushed over and launched an equally powerful kick to retaliate against the man.

Bam!

He felt a racking sensation coming from his leg since she had put on a pair of high heels. As a result, he groaned in pain.

When she was about to launch another powerful kick, he stopped her in the nick of time and held her firmly in his arms.

“Ms. Sabrina, is that you? I can’t see!”

Sabrina, who was about to throw a powerful punch at the man, was startled by the things the man brought up.

“H-Huh?”

What does he mean? Why can’t he see?

“My father has beaten me to a pulp! As a result, I can’t really see or hear! He’s trying to take me out because of the troubles I’ve caused him!”

His head drooped over his shoulders as he nestled against the woman in his arms. He seemed as if he was a needy little boy in desperate need of others’ aid after others picked on him.

Sabrina couldn’t stand the man on her shoulder anymore. After all, he was a few feet taller than her in terms of height and a few pounds heavier than her in terms of weight.

Instead of pushing him away, she wrapped her arms around him to stop him from falling in the nick of time.

“What the heck is wrong with your father? Is he even in his right mind?”

The man couldn’t hear her, but he hadn’t lost his sense of smell yet. He leaned over and asked while begging with an aggrieved look, “Ms. Sabrina, can you do me a favor and take me home with you?”

Sabrina felt a strong urge to rush into the hospital to teach the young man’s father a lesson, but she couldn’t stand it anymore when the helpless man brought up his request.

She helped him up and returned to the hotel with him. They finally reached the hotel after twenty minutes.

Edmund was on the verge of passing out by the time they returned to the hotel.

As a result, Sabrina’s mind was all over the place as she tried to bring him to her room. She repeated herself, “Edmund? Stay with me, Edmund!”

Shall I rush him to the hospital? Since his father is still around, am I supposed to send him to another hospital?

Once Sabrina brought herself to a halt, the barely conscious man figured out the things she had in mind. Therefore, he muttered, “D-Don’t send me to the hospital. G-Get me the blue pill on top of the nightstand—.”

He couldn’t even finish his sentence since he had lost consciousness and fallen to the ground.

Startled, Sabrina yelled, “Edmund! Stay with me, Edmund!”

She had never seen his vulnerable side ever since they became acquainted with one another. To be precise, she found the man irritating all this while.

The young man was the one stopping her from traveling abroad to search for her husband with all sorts of excuses. He even mentioned that it was Sebastian’s instructions to keep her grounded.

She once thought of taking him out to get rid of him just like the current unconscious man in her arms.

However, when his limbs started turning stiff, she knew she didn’t mean it. On top of that, she was slightly flustered as colors started draining from his face.

She felt upset as if he was an important figure in her life. In spite of the hassle she had to go through, she finally returned to her room with the unconscious man.