

# Returning from the Dead: His Secret Lover Chapter 256

“Ms. Wand, are you going to visit your Uncle Jackson? Mr. Hayes has instructed me to wait for you here.”

As soon as she stepped foot out of Royal Court One, an extremely well-built young man greeted her. He introduced himself and opened the car door for her.

Sasha could not be bothered. Nodding wordlessly, she got into the car.

Though the rumor was not widely spread, she had to remain alert.

It was definitely not a good omen. Nobody must know that the character was based on an actual person with a reputation to maintain. But this was how things were looking at the moment.

What is going to happen?

If this ruined Sebastian’s reputation, it would be disastrous. He would never forgive her.

Throughout the journey, Sasha sat quietly as if she was encased in a layer of snow.

“Sasha, you’re here? Where are the kids?” Her uncle greeted her as she exited the vehicle. He was surprised at her arrival. He thought something had happened between her and Sebastian.

Sasha shook her head. Glancing at the bodyguard assigned to her by Sebastian, she led her uncle into the living room, out of sight. “Uncle Jackson, I’m going on a little trip.”

“Trip? Where to?”

Sasha lowered her eyes to avoid his gaze. “To look for Brandon. He said that the birthday party was not arranged by the Emmanuels. There is another person who he wants me to meet.”

Sasha did not feel the need to lie to her uncle. He was well aware of the situation.

But then again, it is Brandon Emmanuel of all people!

Jackson was not pleased. “His name is Emmanuel. Why do you still trust him?”

“I believe he is not like his family,” Sasha replied stubbornly. She was confident in her evaluation of Brandon’s character.

He was more decent than most of his family.

Jackson could not persuade his niece otherwise, so he had no choice but to agree.

The guard outside had no idea that his charge had slipped out the back door to attend the Sanders' wedding.

Unbeknownst to Sasha, Sebastian had eyes at the venue, too.

"Hold on a second. If you go like that and Kelly recognizes you, we won't be able to proceed with our plan." Brandon said.

Sasha did not foresee this problem becoming a reality.

After considering the matter, she was forced to agree with him.

"So what do we do now?"

"Wait here, let me speak to my makeup artist." said Brandon, as he dialed her number.

The makeup artist did not turn Sasha into an attention-grabbing stunner again. This time, she was disguised as a woman in her forties.

Sasha was speechless, hardly able to recognize herself.

Is this really necessary?

Brandon laughed. "This is good, you'll be much safer. You don't know Kelly. She's always jealous of all the women younger and more beautiful than her. If you look good, you will draw attention to yourself."

"Then what role am I playing today? Your mother?" Sasha was in disbelief.

Brandon was flabbergasted.

What is she talking about?

She could have gone as his housemaid!

Brandon and Sasha set off cheerfully. After ten minutes, the entrance to the Sanders villa came into view. Brandon, looking smart in his suit and leather shoes, handed his invitation to the receptionist, and the pair entered, looking dignified.

In Avenport, the Sanders were not considered a very powerful family. Which was why the wedding wasn't on a spectacular scale.

The ceremony took place in the garden. As it was not spacious enough, the guests remained in the villa.

"I'll go in and have a look."

Brandon left Sasha outside and sneaked into the villa.

She nodded and wandered towards the garden.

“What are you still doing here? Don’t you have work to do?”

“Huh?”

Sasha turned and found a maid in front of her, with a puzzled expression on her face.

The maid got even angrier at Sasha’s confusion. She shoved the tray of champagne into the latter’s hands. “Goodness knows where they found lousy maids like you.”

Maid?

Even this maid treats me like a maid?

Sasha didn’t know what to say.

At this moment, she caught sight of a familiar figure in the midst of a group of chattering middle-aged women. Seizing the opportunity, she carried the tray over to them.

“Let me introduce you. This here is my dear friend Mdm. Green, without whom this wedding would be impossible.”

“Pleased to meet you, Mdm. Green.”

At the praise the hostess had lavished onto Kelly, the other ladies began voicing their reverence.

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