

# Returning from the Dead: His Secret Lover Chapter 373

The anxious Sasha started pacing back and forth in the room. She asked, "Lennie, are you sure he's going to be fine on his own? Will anything bad happen to him?"

Lance, who was lying on the couch, furrowed his brows when he heard Sasha's question. His abysmal pair of eyes flickered as he answered her query in a sarcastic manner, "If you're worried about him, why don't you hail a cab and go after him? I'm pretty sure you'll make it in time if you depart immediately."

Alright, what the heck is wrong with him? Why won't he stop picking on me?

Instead of starting a fight, she got herself something to eat to make the most out of her limited time.

"Lennie, grab something to eat! I'm sure you're starving after such a long flight!"

"Thanks, but no thanks."

Lance, who was seated on the couch, had his eyes glued to his phone with a frown as though he was occupied with something important.

Sasha wondered if he was in the middle of another game. In the end, she placed his favorite sandwich and a cup of milk in front of him.

In order to get herself ready for the appointment with her client, she headed into the bathroom to take a shower.

Buzz! Buzz!

All of a sudden, the phone she left behind started ringing.

Lance looked up and finally strode over after a few seconds since the caller showed no signs of giving up.

"Hello?"

The moment he picked up the phone, Solomon asked, "Lance? Where's Sasha?"

Lance looked in the direction of the bathroom and queried with a serious look, "What do you want from her?"

"Can you get your cousin over at once? I need her to—"

Solomon couldn't even finish his sentence as Lance brought the conversation to an abrupt halt by hanging up the call.

What the heck? Did he just hang up my call? What on earth is wrong with him? Is he out of his mind?

I'll let it slide if it's something trivial, but I'm in the middle of something serious that requires Sasha's attention!

On the other hand, Sasha, who had just made her way out of the bathroom, noticed that someone had accessed her phone without her consent.

She looked at Lance and asked, "Did anyone call me?"

Lance had no intention to keep Sasha in the dark, so he answered with a deadpan look, "There was a call from Solomon."

Solomon?

Sasha, who had put on a bathrobe, continued drying her hair and asked, "Has he mentioned anything? Is everything fine on his end?"

Initially, Lance had his eyes glued to his phone, but when he caught a whiff of Sasha's unique scent, he instinctively raised his head and looked in her direction.

He stared at the woman in front of him with his mouth agape while she asked, "Hello? Has he mentioned anything?"

Sasha seemed to be unaware of Lance's odd expression as the only concern she had in mind was the progress on Solomon's end.

To their surprise, they suddenly heard someone unlocking the door from outside.

Before she could come to her senses, Lance, who was seated on the couch, dragged her into the bathroom against her will.

He instructed, "Get dressed now!"

"Huh?"

Sasha was utterly dumbfounded while the young man handed her a few garments as soon as he finished his sentence.

Has he always been such a control freak? What's wrong with wearing a bathrobe?

Meanwhile, Solomon had made his way into the room. When he saw Lance strolling on his phone languidly with his legs crossed, he couldn't take it anymore.

He yelled, "Lance, what exactly are you up to? Why did you hang up my call? Weren't you aware that I needed to reach Sasha urgently?"

"Well, she was still in the middle of her shower. Should I have handed her the phone instead of hanging up the call?"

"Y-You—"

Solomon was on the verge of losing his cool. Although Lance had a point, Solomon couldn't help but wonder if the young man had been trying to get on his nerves.

He took a deep breath in an attempt to regain his composure.

I have handled all sorts of clients! There's no way I can't deal with a brat like him!

As soon as he regained his composure, Solomon marched toward Lance and said, "I think we need to talk."

Lance responded with a nonchalant look and asked, "About what?"

"What else can it be apart from your attitude toward me? Lennie, I know you're holding a grudge against me for lying to your cousin previously. However, I won't repeat such a mistake in the future."

"Are you sure you're not trying to deceive me?"

"Yes! Otherwise, why would I even tag along on the trip in the first place?"

Solomon knew he had to patch things up with the young man, even if it would come at the cost of his dignity. Otherwise, the latter would get in his way in the future.

Lance finally put his phone aside and responded with a smile when he heard Solomon's explanation.

"Indeed, your effort is quite commendable, but are you sure this isn't part of your plan to prove yourself worthy?"

"What do you mean?"

"You should know that. I mean, why did Andy choose you when he could have sent others to join Sha on the trip? I'm sure you volunteered yourself, didn't you? That's quite a commendable effort, Mr. George!"