

# Returning from the Dead: His Secret Lover Chapter 378

"Are you going to leave the money behind?"

As soon as Sasha heard him, her expression darkened. She asked in return, "What money are you talking about? The deal with the tycoon? I'm afraid Dickson has been blown into pulps, hasn't he?"

Meanwhile, Lance accessed her phone and canceled the reserved seats without a second thought.

"He's not dead. In fact, he made it out of the casino before us."

"Huh?" Sasha's eyes gleamed in excitement when she heard the great news.

In the end, they made up their mind to pay the tycoon a visit the next day. For the time being, they would take shelter in the hotel.

On the other hand, Solomon had been waiting for updates regarding the incident from his subordinates.

When he found out that Lance and Sasha had made it out of the casino unscathed, he asked with a frown, "Did he bring her out on his own?"

His assistant shook his head and explained, "We were waiting for Ms. Nancy as per your instructions. However, a bunch of men showed up out of nowhere and escorted them out of the casino in the nick of time."

"A bunch of men?"

Once again, Solomon was startled by what he heard.

It turned out that he was behind the commotion that had occurred. It wasn't much of a surprise for the militants to get instigated easily since they were in the middle of a warzone.

He was certain that if he rushed over to Sasha's rescue, she would stop turning him down.

What's with that brat, Lance? Why did a bunch of men show up out of nowhere and rush over to their rescue?

Solomon probed further, "Have you figured out the identity of the mysterious bunch?"

“Lance spent a million to hire a hitman to keep them safe. He’s supposed to be the best in the industry.”

Solomon asked rhetorically with a scowl, “Ha! You don’t think that’s all there is to that, do you?”

The assistant was at a loss for words.

It does sound baffling...

Who are the mysterious men who showed up out of nowhere? On top of that, they had guns with them! Even our men might not be a match for them in terms of combat skills!

Soon, Solomon’s assistant disappeared into the dark, leaving him alone.

Gritting his teeth, he repeated the name of a particular man while he stared at the pile of rubble before him, “Lance!”

Sasha had a long night as she couldn’t stop herself from recalling the chaotic situation they were in a few hours ago.

On top of that, she kept recalling the time the slender fingers ripped the cards into pieces.

Out of the blue, the owner of the hands showed up in front of her and took her by surprise with his familiar scent.

But when she looked at him, she noticed that his face was drenched in blood.

“Sebastian! No!”

As she shrieked, she jolted out of her dream.

It was morning by then, and she had a hard time opening her eyes to the room that had been illuminated by the shaft of light beaming through the windows.

After spending another few minutes in bed to gather her thoughts, she went to the washroom to wash up.

As much as she wished to forget the nightmare, it was way too surreal for her to do so.

Was it really just a dream?

Sasha turned on the tap and started washing her face to stop herself from recalling the horrifying moments she experienced in the casino.

Ten minutes later, Lance showed up with breakfast and asked, "What are you doing?"

"H-Huh? I'm just getting dressed!" Sasha was in a state of bewilderment when he barged into her room. His presence took her by surprise, and she rushed into the bathroom again.

Hello? Can he knock on my door instead of barging into my room without my consent?

Sasha regretted showing him her pale and haggard look.

There's no way I'm showing him this side of me! I need to get myself ready as soon as possible!

The thought of dolling herself up for the young man had never occurred to her up until that moment.

Meanwhile, Lance couldn't be bothered with the fleeing woman. He placed the meal he had bought her on the coffee table before he sat down on the couch and checked his phone.

Someone had sent him a text message: Are you okay?

Lance replied: I'm fine.

Then he received another message: I was only informed of the situation that had occurred in Corleon in the middle of the night. I couldn't reach you since your phone was switched off. Speaking of which, we have figured out the identity of the ones behind the attack. We think they're a bunch of retired militants.

Halfway through their conversation, the person on the other end revealed some newfound information and sent him a photo.

What are the retired militants trying to achieve by doing that?

When the young man was about to take a good look at the photo, the woman made her way out of the bathroom and asked, "Lennie, when are we making our way to Dickson's place?"

Sasha, who had dolled herself up, no longer looked pale and haggard. Right then, she was wearing a white shirt and a pair of jeans with her hair tied up.

The young man was dazed momentarily when he caught a glimpse of her slender pair of legs and slightly visible collarbone.

He secretly gulped at the beautiful woman in front of him.

