

Returning from the Dead: His Secret Lover Chapter 399

"Look at this place! Do you still dare to go in?" Brandon asked.

Sasha was silent, her face pale. But since I'm already here, I can't back out. I'll go in and take a look. If it's too much, then I'll leave.

Lifting her skirt slightly so that she would not step on it, she walked into the club, her heels clicking on the floor.

With her graceful gait and simple makeup that highlighted her features, she looked just like a flower in full bloom. As soon as she stepped into the nightclub, all eyes fell on her.

"Is this the newest arrival at Golden Gate Club?" someone remarked.

"Looks like it. Someone like her is a breath of fresh air. She's much better than the uncouth ones around here," another person said.

"Right? Quick, let's go and ask the boss," the first person replied.

Then, those men who could not wait to strip the clothes off Sasha's body hurried off to look for the nightclub's boss.

Sasha was oblivious to it all.

She had no idea that the dress Brandon got her would cause so much trouble.

Brandon was someone in the entertainment industry where the women jostled for attention by making every effort to dress up. And because of their influence, he had chosen that dress for Sasha.

Soon after they entered the nightclub, Sasha found the private room Travis had mentioned in his message.

"I'm here, Mr. Lozano," she said as she walked in.

The smell of alcohol hung in the air of the dimly lit private room, and the atmosphere made one feel uneasy. As soon as Sasha walked in, she saw several coquettish ladies seated on the couch, and they were pressing their bodies up against a man.

"Ah, Sasha. Come in. Let me introduce you to Frank Wheatley. He's one of our most prominent businessmen around here," Travis said.

Travis had looked up when he heard Sasha's voice, and his eyes lit up immediately. Well, well. She's gorgeous once she dresses up.

Frank also turned to look at Sasha. She wore a pearl white dress that showed off her slim waist, making her look tall and slender. With her fair skin, delicate features, and sparkling eyes, she looked absolutely breathtaking.

Frank's eyes widened, and he immediately pushed aside the women next to him. Where did such an ethereal beauty come from? Is she even human?

When Sasha saw that, she instantly felt a hint of disgust.

"Mr. Wheatley," she greeted.

"Pretty lady, come over here and let me take a good look at you. Tsk tsk, Travis, where did you find someone like her? She's so much better than any of these other ones," Frank said.

Sasha did not expect him to utter such perverse words and lunge toward her.

The color drained from her face, and she took a few steps backward.

At that moment, Brandon stepped in front of Sasha. "What's going on? Mr. Lozano, is this the client you mentioned? Do you have a death wish?" he demanded, raising his leg and aiming a kick at the disgusting bastard.

When Travis saw that, he quickly pulled Frank back.

"Mr. Wheatley, you're mistaken. She's not one of the girls here. She's Sasha Wand, and she's a friend of mine. I invited her here tonight to hang out with us," Travis explained.

"A friend?" When Frank heard that, he glanced at Sasha a trifle sadly and had no choice but to suppress his urges.

Sasha could not bear to stay in the room any longer. She had not expected that the person Travis wanted her help with was someone so disgusting that she felt like throwing up. Nonetheless, when she thought about her family, she forced herself to put up with it.

"That's right, Mr. Wheatley. I'm a friend of Mr. Lozano's. I heard that you're a very successful businessman. Would you consider giving Mr. Lozano a chance? Gerrain Enterprise is one of the best," said Sasha.

"So you're here to broker a deal," Frank replied.

The plump jerk! He figured it out immediately. Oh well, so be it. I won't have to beat around the bush then.

Sasha nodded. "I wouldn't go so far as to say that. A nobody like me wouldn't have the right to do so. Rather, I'm here to analyze the situation for you so that you can see how much benefits you'll gain by working with Gerrain Enterprise."

"Such as?" Frank asked.

"For example, if you work with Mr. Lozano, I can find a way to sell the futures that you've tried to get rid of for so long. Oh, you haven't gotten a single cent from the bonds you got from those other companies, have you? I can help you with that too," Sasha replied with a calm and polite smile in her eyes.

Frank's expression changed. How does she know about all that? No, that's not important. What's more important is that she says she has a solution. How is she going to do that?

Despite the fact that she was not over twenty years old, Frank began to take her seriously.

"You're not just full of hot air, are you? I've asked many experienced people about that, but I still haven't been able to find a solution. How is a young lady like you going to handle it?" he asked.

"By relying on the same skills that allowed me to work on Wall Street and achieve a record of one billion in orders. Mr. Wheatley, is that enough?" Sasha answered.

Everyone was shocked.

There was complete silence in the private room.