

# Returning from the Dead: His Secret Lover Chapter 534

Yancy arrived in Avenport around midnight.

Stepping on the land again after so many years, she wanted to redeem herself desperately.

The day she left Avenport, her name was dragged through the mud.

Just because she fell in love with a married man, all those people had insulted and cursed at her. Even the Young family disowned her.

Hence, she wanted to show every one of them her glorious return.

“Mrs. Tsurka, I have informed Mr. Solomon, he will be here soon.”

“Right.”

Yancy grinned, clearly satisfied with the arrangement.

Half an hour later, Solomon arrived at the hotel.

“Sol, aren’t you excited at the thought that everything we have yearned for will be in our hands soon?” Yancy threw her arms open, wanting to wrap them around Solomon the moment she saw him.

However, he avoided her with a look of disgust.

Yancy was struck speechless at his actions.

“Who asks you to come here? Aren’t you afraid the people here will know that you’re alive?”

Solomon took a seat on the couch and poured himself a drink as he fixed his cold gaze at her.

Yancy’s cheerful mood soured instantly.

“Why should I be afraid? The reason I’m here is to show them I’m still alive and back. Moreover, I want them to know I that will be taking everything away from that man.”

Solomon didn't want to say even a word.

Yancy changed the topic when she observed him silently sitting there, not responding to her comments.

"Fine. Let's not talk about this further. Tell me your plan comes the morning. Do you have Sebastian's assets in your grasp?"

"He had them transferred under his name, but they will be under my name upon daybreak. As for the press conference, it will be as you have expected. It will be the largest ever held in this city over two decades."

Solomon summarized his arrangements and the current situation with a chilly tone.

Yancy's heart filled with glee at his report because her entire focus was on the press conference.

The largest press conference ever!

Excellent! This is exactly what I want!

I can clear my name in front of the thousand audiences who gaze upon me. I want everyone to see I have returned gloriously.

Yancy asked Solomon to head back.

As Solomon was about to leave the room, he turned around and said, "Were you involved in Sabrina's death?"

"What?"

Yancy was baffled at his question. "It wasn't me. Haven't I promised you to send her back? Why would I lay my hands on her?"

She denied it without a second thought.

Despite her denial, Solomon's gaze on her was still cold as ice. "But she's dead now. You have promised me not to touch Frederick, and he's dead too. Yancy Young, who do you want to kill next?"

His tone was frightening.

It sounded like they were hostile strangers instead of mother and son.

Yancy stared at him. She could feel that he was already at his limit and would sever their ties if she crossed him again. That meant their relationship would turn out for the worst.

“What are you talking about? I’ve told you it wasn’t me. Why would I lie to you?”

Yancy was now scared of him. She denied his claim urgently and even gave him a guarantee.

Solomon halted his interrogation.

However, his chilling gaze kept her on the alert. “Fine. I will trust you this time. But I’m warning you, don’t let me find out what you have done, else you’re going to regret it.”

Then, he left.

Yancy stomped her feet in anger. Her gleeful mood was gone.

Sabrina had actually died?

I haven’t asked anyone to touch her though.

Indeed, I do hate Sabrina. Back when I was Frederick’s lover, the six-year-old Sabrina would insult and play pranks on me every time I was at the Hayes Residence.

She called me a shameless sl\*t who seduced a married man.

She even asked her housemaid to splash water at me then released her dog to bite me. On top of that, she even went as far as to declare she would ask the housemaids to strip me then throw me onto the streets naked if I ever took a step into her house.

The only feeling I have for that woman is hatred.

So when Sabrina fell into my hands, I had instructed my subordinates to stuff her into a gurney bag and send it away on a boat. I wanted to sell her off to prostitution. Since she had insulted me for being a shameless sl\*t.

I want her to die while servicing men.

Who would know a call from Solomon came right after, asking for me to release her.

Now, who killed her?

Yancy was furious. She realized a possibility as she pondered and immediately picked up her phone and dialed.

“Hello?”

The receiver soon picked up her call. She supposed the receiver had just woken up for the press conference that would be happening soon.

Yancy kept her anger in check as she asked, “Were you the one who killed Sabrina?”