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Returning from the Dead: His Secret Lover

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Half an hour later, the duo departed and made their way to the casino.

It was a place with an intricate network since people from all walks of life had gathered there with different agendas.

As soon as Sasha alighted from the car, she was stupefied by the lavish casino in front of her, where all sorts of luxury vehicles could be seen parked at the entrance. But the thing that took her by surprise the most was the door that was made out of gold.

Oh god! Is this some sort of gold mine?

As Sasha swallowed hard, she heard Lance asking, "What's wrong? Are you afraid? "

Lance, who had been walking behind Sasha ever since they reached the casino, stepped forward and stood next to her when he noticed she stopping in her tracks.

Sasha shook her head and rebuked, "That's not the case! Come on! I'll show you the way around!"

Afraid of startling her younger cousin, she tried her best to put on a strong front.

Are you kidding me? How am I supposed to close the deal if I chicken out now?

After pulling herself together, she strode toward the entrance.

Unfortunately, as soon as they approached the entrance, the bouncer, who had never seen them before, rushed over and stopped them from entering the casino.

Subconsciously, she tapped on Lance's shoulder and assured, "Don't worry!"

Lance, who had been surveying the surroundings, looked at the hand on his shoulder when he felt someone grasping him out of nowhere.

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Sasha shared the reason for her visit with the man at the entrance. "Hi, we're here to see someone!"

"Someone? Who are you talking about?"

"We're here for Mr. Coyle! He has asked us to meet him in person here!" Sasha reached for Dickson's name card and handed it over to the bouncer.

I'm sure he has heard of this filthy rich tycoon since he's a bigshot around here!

"Mr. Coyle has been anticipating your arrival. Please head upstairs and meet him in Room 303."

Sasha secretly heaved a sigh of relief when the bouncer greeted her in a courteous manner and showed her the way upstairs once he saw the name card.

Immediately, she marched into the casino with Lance.

While they were making their way into the casino, she muttered, "Is it necessary to make a fuss out of everything? Lennie, you need to keep up with me, okay? If you're lost, I might not be able to find you!"

She had no idea that the young man behind her couldn't move his eyes away from her hand that was gripping his wrist.

It wouldn't be an exaggeration to consider her hand miniature as it was merely half the size of his gigantic palm.

Afraid of losing him, she refused to loosen her grip. Despite being anxious herself, she showed no signs of setting him free at all.

Along the way, she repetitively reassured him that things would turn out just fine.

Silly woman!

Despite having that thought, a smile crept up on Lance's face.

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As soon as they reached the first floor, they found the designated room within a few minutes.

Knock! Knock! Knock!

“Who is it?”

The duo could tell from the sound of cards being shuffled that the people inside the room were in the middle of a game. Immediately after they heard the knock, someone rushed over to answer the door.

The moment Sasha saw a blonde answering the door, she introduced herself, “Hello, I’m here on behalf of Andy from Wall Street! I have an appointment with Mr. Coyle!”

“Andy? You acquired the service of a third party?”

The blonde responded with a frown and directed another question at those inside the room.

Sasha, who had always been observant, figured out that something was wrong the moment she heard the blonde’s question.

Did Dickson approach several companies at the same time?

“Luna, please don’t blame me since I’m just trying to make the most out of the deal. Isn’t that how business works?”

The moment Sasha pieced the puzzles together, a man with a bandana came to the door.

He had no intention to keep Sasha in the dark and rushed over to wrap his arms around the blonde when he saw that she was irked.

Sasha’s mind was all over the place as she was equally frustrated.

What the heck is wrong with this man? No! What the heck is wrong with Andy? Why did he collaborate with this man in the first place?

Sasha had no intention to join the intimate duo in the room. She asked, “Mr. Coyle, if you’re going to collaborate with this gorgeous lady over here, allow me to excuse myself.”

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Having said that, she turned and left, which took the man by surprise.

He didn't expect Sasha to be such a bold woman.

"Ms. Nancy, is it? I'm impressed! I'll make you another offer since I like your attitude! How about two billion? What do you think?"

Two billion? That's a few folds of his initial offer! Damn!

Tempted by the tycoon's offer, Sasha brought herself to a halt.

Standing behind her, Lance's lips twitched involuntarily upon seeing that.

In the end, Sasha joined the man in the room and found out that there were a few other guests as well. The moment she entered the room, they shifted their gazes to her.

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One of them approached her and exclaimed, "It's such a rare occasion to have an Astorian with us today!"

"Actually, she seems quite young! Andy is quite a big shot on Wall Street, isn't he? Why did he send a pretty young thing on his behalf? Has he a new kink or something?"

The next moment, they felt someone behind the woman glaring at them.

All of a sudden, they felt a chill running down their spines and went dead silent instantly.

"Come over and join us, Ms. Nancy! Luna over here is trying to seal a deal with me as well! We'll just see if you're a match for her! If you're able to outmatch her, I'll seal the deal with you!"

"What exactly are we supposed to do?"

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Sasha was confident that she would stand a chance against the blondie if she could help the tycoon gain a higher profit.

Unfortunately, he suggested something else instead, "Since we're at a casino, of course we're going to gamble. They're all my friends, and I'll seal the deal with the one who's able to outmatch them!"

Has he lost his mind or something?

Sasha stared at Dickson with widened eyes and retorted, "Mr. Coyle, don't you think you should take this matter seriously when it involves more than two billion? On top of that, I don't really know how to play your games!"

Dickson replied with a frown, "It's such a shame. On top of the two billion deal, I thought of offering the commission for the oilfield that I've won from them to the winner. But since you're not interested, I'm afraid—"

What the hell? Is he out of his mind?

On the verge of throwing a fit, Sasha decided that it was time to leave the lunatics for good.

However, a haughty voice broke the silence at that moment. "Don't you think it's too stingy of you to offer only the commission when you possess a freaking oilfield? If you're willing to offer ten percent of future receivables, I'll consider doing it."

To everyone's surprise, the young man behind the helpless Sasha, Lance, volunteered to participate in their game.

What does he think he's doing? Is he really a match for them in gambling?

Sasha tried to stop him, but it was too late as Dickson had shifted his gaze to Lance and asked, "You've got guts! Consider it a deal! But what if you're not a match for my friends over here?"

"You'll get to seal the deal with that gorgeous lady over there! On top of that, I'll get my cousin over here to work for you for free for two years! She's one of the best in the industry and the prodigy of Wall Street!"

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Sasha was on the verge of going berserk when Lance wagered her future without her consent.

She started strangling him and yelled, "What the heck do you think you're doing, Lance? Have you lost your mind or something?"

Lance shrieked in pain, "Let go of me!"

"No! I'm not going to do that until you take back your words!"

Unable to withstand the racking sensation he felt, he grasped Sasha's wrist and asserted in a hushed voice, "Just take it easy! I have everything under control!"

Sasha's eyes widened in disbelief. She looked him in the eye and asked, "What do you mean you have everything under control when you're not even aware of the game rules?"

"It's a piece of cake since I'm good at games! Just leave the rest to me and allow me to make you a filthy rich woman overnight!"

Letting her go, he marched his way to join the rest at the table.

It took Sasha a few minutes to snap out of her bewilderment. As soon as she returned to her senses, she rushed over and took a seat behind him.

Truth be told, Dickson and his friends weren't the only ones who enjoyed wagering their fortunes for fun.

Since the country had been blessed with an abundance of natural resources, the citizens had long gotten used to having such exciting games as their favorite pastime.

Dickson must have set us up since he had lost in a few matches against his friends. I think he's using us to get back the things he has lost.

Sasha, who was seated next to Lance, was on pins and needles since a person's luck was crucial in probability games.

Soon, the players, including Lance, acquired their cards from the croupier. Lance carried himself as if it was nothing more than a casual game.

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However, the blonde started frowning as soon as she took a peek at her cards. As expected, she was eliminated after another few rounds.

Sasha was confused when Lance and two of Dickson's friends were the only ones left in the game.

However, she wasn't as anxious as before after seeing her cousin's calm demeanor.

Toward the end of the game, Lance had merely a few cards left with him.

"Mr. Wand, are you sure you want to keep going? You're aware you're not going to defeat me even with a royal flush, aren't you?"

When Dickson's friends found out that Lance only had two cards left, they couldn't resist the urge to make fun of him.

As soon as Dickson heard his friends' sarcastic remarks, his expression darkened as well.

H-Huh? What's going on? Are we in trouble?

Sensing the uneasiness in the air, Sasha's heart sank to the bottom of her stomach.

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