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Returning from the Dead: His Secret Lover

Chapter 377 - 378

After Lance dealt the only cards he had, the duo burst out laughing because their speculations were spot on.

“Hahaha! You have lost again! In other words, we’re going to gain ownership of another oilfield of yours, Dickson!”

“Why are you guys so excited when it’s not even over yet? Allow me to show both of you how I’m going to turn the tables against all odds!”

The moment Lance started running his fingers across the cards he had dealt, the combination of cards turned into a royal flush, which happened to be the rarest and strongest hand in poker.

What’s going on?

There was an uproar coming from the onlookers in the room. Similarly, Dickson stared at the cards with his eyes widened in disbelief.

“What’s going on? What just happened to the cards?”

“Isn’t it obvious? Someone has been messing with your cards!” Lance reached for another few cards and started separating the cards with his slender fingers.

Sasha had her eyes glued to his fingers while Dickson started examining the cards Lance had just separated in front of everyone.

Suddenly, the infuriated Dickson turned around and glared at his friends. He yelled, “Have you been cheating throughout the games?”

“N-No! It’s not what it looks like!”

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“Stop making excuses to deceive me when the truth is as clear as day!” The wrathful tycoon went berserk in front of everyone and hurled a chair in the direction of his friends.

Lance knew things had spiraled out of control. Immediately after he grasped the dazed woman next to him, he dragged her out of the room with all his might.

“It’s time to go!”

“H-Huh?”

Sasha, who was still in a state of bewilderment, had something else in mind which was equally mind-blowing as the fact that Lance had exposed the duo cheating.

She couldn’t snap out of her trance ever since that particular thought crossed her mind a few minutes ago.

Bang!

As things got increasingly intense upstairs, gunshots could be heard firing just moments after they fled the scene.

When Lance heard it, he dashed down the stairs with Sasha as quickly as possible.

All of a sudden, someone in the jam-packed casino yelled, “They’re coming again! Hurry up and run for your life!”

Seconds later, all hell broke loose in the casino as everyone started running in different directions. To make things worse, gunshots could be heard outside the casino.

Holy moly! Why did I even agree to make the trip in the first place?

Only then did Sasha return to her senses and feel her legs turning to jelly. With that, she collapsed onto the ground in fright. After all, she had never been to a warring country before.

Lance pulled her over with all his might and yelled, “Sasha!”

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Slouching against the man, she felt a sense of security when she caught a whiff of a familiar scent coming from him.

Sasha was lost in thought again and snapped out of it only after they made their way into a car.

She couldn't recall anything apart from the fact that she had been carried and brought out of the casino.

While Lance fastened the seatbelt for her, he noticed her eyes flickering and gazed at her with concern. "How are you feeling?"

His chest heaved while he panted for breath.

When Sasha raised her head and looked at him, she caught a whiff of blood. Immediately, she asked, "Are you hurt?"

She started scrutinizing the man in front of her, her face puckered in fear.

Lance waved dismissively and started wiping the blood off his wounds.

"It's just a bruise. We should consider ourselves lucky since we're able to make it out unscathed when the casino has been blown into pieces," he replied calmly.

The casino has been blown up?

Sasha started shivering in fear when she heard that, and it took her a few minutes to gather her thoughts.

"H-How did we manage to make it out alive?"

"Have you forgotten the hitman we hired?"

"Oh! So we're alive because of him! Well, I guess he's the best for a reason, huh? I'm glad we didn't spend that one million for nothing!"

Sasha started jumping for joy, but the young man in front of her went dead silent.

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When Sasha glanced at him, a thought struck her. She started searching high and low for something and asked, "Where's my phone? Have you seen my phone?"

"Why do you need your phone?"

"We need to board the next available flight and get ourselves out of here as soon as possible! Otherwise, we won't even last another day!" Immediately after she retrieved her phone, she started purchasing the tickets for the next available flight.

Lance stopped her and took her phone away when he heard her plan.

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"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?"

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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.

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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!

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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.

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