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Returning from the Dead: His Secret Lover Chapter 899

“That’s right. Would we need to mess around here if we were that good at it?”

“Forget it. There’s no point explaining too much. She just runs a bar and probably doesn’t have any understanding of something as sophisticated as floral art.”

That last part was the straw that broke the camel’s back.

Floral arrangement is the mark of sophistication?

Should that be the case, would someone like her, who cuts a stalk or two from her garden at home to fiddle with out of boredom, not be immersed in acts of sophistication day in, day out?

Sabrina found the comment terribly absurd.

She scrutinized all the scornful looks from those around her, including that of Shanae. Shanae’s gaze was especially vile, as though she thought Sabrina was pathetic.

Me? Pathetic?

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Sabrina bent down and gathered a few stalks of roses. She trimmed them up to their peduncles and then gently massaged the flower buds.

All those around her were astonished to see the closed buds starting to open up.

That was not all. After she was done with that step, she got someone from the bar to fetch her some steel wires.

The steel support was threaded through the peduncles and then maneuvered in such a way that fastened the flowers together. By doing so, she had created a cluster of blossoms that seemingly came straight from the gardens themselves. The crowd before her gawked.

This... This is simply incredible!

They had been painstakingly stringing the flowers, one by one, before grouping them together on the wall to form an ocean of blossoms. On the other hand, the proprietress of this bar managed to create the same effect with much less effort.

“This... is akin to the floral art from Thymion. This is no longer floral arrangement but a work of artisanal proficiency.”

“Really?” Someone who knew a thing or two about the topic exclaimed when she saw this bouquet.

Everyone was in a state of stunned disbelief.

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Shanae, too, looked thoroughly embarrassed when she saw that bouquet for herself.

How could this bar operator know how to do this?

According to what she heard, floral art from Thymion was much more arduous than the floral arrangement practiced locally. Only the wealthiest folks had the means to commission such works.

This woman knows how to do it. What does this imply?

Shanae then withdrew her own surprised gaze as resentment took over.

Conversely, Sabrina demonstrated magnanimity by introducing these yokels to a truly skilled floral arrangement. With a wave of her hand, she gestured to her staff to follow suit.

After ten minutes or so, the work was close to completion and Sabrina was ready to leave.

“Let’s have lunch, Sasha. Let’s go!” She beckoned to Sasha once again.

At this moment, a towering man decked out in an olive green military outfit suddenly showed up outside the bar’s entrance. Upon entering the premises, his keen eyes casually swept across the interior and landed on her.

“Sabrina?”

“Huh?” Sabrina, who was still barking out instructions, immediately turned around.

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“Devin? You’re back!”

Letting out a cry of exhilaration, she stopped short of jumping for joy when she saw the handsome man coming toward her.

Devin acknowledged her with a nod. “Yeah. I was just passing through the area. What are you doing? Have you eaten yet?”

He seemed to be a little evasive—or perhaps his behavior could be better described as not as forthcoming as he had been before.

Not that Sabrina cared that much about the details, though. She was already over the moon when she learned that the man came by to ask her to dine together.

“Come on out, Sasha. Devin’s here to join us for lunch.” She raised her voice even louder.

Sasha did not hear her holler, however. Instead, Sabrina’s words caught the attention of Shanae who was being cheered on by the riotous masses to cut that three-tiered cake in the middle of the bar’s dance floor.

Devin?

She wondered if she heard it correctly. Why would anyone be calling that name here?

When she lifted her eyes, she chanced upon the unexpected sight of a bodacious woman throwing herself into the arms of a statuesque man near the bar counter.

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Actually, Sabrina was merely grasping Devin's arm; she was not throwing herself into his embrace, per se.

That, however, was enough to infuriate Shanae, because the latter had come to recognize the tall and dashing man to be the very guy who she clamored for. Devin, the son of the Jadesons!

What is he doing here and what's the deal with that woman? Isn't she the owner of this bar? Why is she being so chummy with him?

Shanae's pretty face stiffened. No longer in the mood to cut the cake, she chucked the plastic knife aside, lifted the hem of her dress, and stormed over.

Tension filled the entire room. Even Finn, who was on one knee with a blue box in his hands, looked bewildered.

Oblivious to what was transpiring on the dance floor, Sabrina continued to cling onto the man's arm. "Where shall we go later?"

"Let go of me first!"

"What cuisine should we go for? Angladurn or Chanaean? I heard that there's a Chartreuse Heritage Kitchen here with an exceptional menu. Why don't we head over there and try it out?"

Sabrina paid no heed to the man's struggle.

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