# Returning from the Dead: His Secret Lover Chapter 1132

"I have to tell you this, Mrs. Jadeson. This kind of traditional one-piece dress—baniere—is from Jazona. My hometown, Saspiuburg, especially, has a century-long history with baniere," Dorthea rambled on as she took off her mink coat with faked casualness.

Sasha quietly watched her.

"Wow, Mrs. Oveson, you're wearing baniere as well? Where did you buy this? It's so pretty!"

"Hear, hear. Mrs. Oveson, the baniere you have on must be an haute couture baniere, right?"

Dramatic gasps and praises rang out in the room. Before Sasha could say anything, the other women had begun showering her with praises.

There are haute couture banieres?

Sasha then let her confused eyes flicker between Dorthea's dress and hers.

She remembered that the accessories on her baniere were more traditional, for Sebastian had hired old tailors to make this dress by hand.

Yet, the moment Dorthea revealed her baniere, the other women began praising her in all kinds of ways possible.

On the other hand, all they had were looks of disdain and mockery for the baniere Sasha had on.

Sasha was speechless.

Thus, she ignored them. Right as she was about to head outside, the wife of the Minister of Transportation came to her.

"Mrs. Jadeson, it seems like Mrs. Oveson is quite an expert with banieres. Why don't you ask her to teach you a thing or two about how the buttons of the baniere should be?"

"That's right. Mrs. Jadeson, you have a different identity now. It's fine that you've made this laughable mistake in front of us, but you have no idea how disastrous things would be if you were to wear this to a gathering at the White House!"

"What?"

Sasha blinked at the woman who was about to undo her buttons, completely confounded.

Me? Making a laughable mistake?

Which part of me makes them think that I'm trying to make them laugh?

Finally, Sasha had run out of patience, and the look on her face darkened.

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"No thank you. Although I don't know much about banieres, I'm sure my husband does."

"Your husband?"

"That's right. Most of the banieres at Jazona are manufactured by his company, and he has several stores catering to the foreign ambassadors. Moreover, the tailors he hires are old tailors who come from families who have been making banieres for generations. The baniere I have on me comes from the hands of the oldest tailor. I don't think there's anything wrong with it," Sasha responded.

Once those words were out in the air, the room fell silent.

Indeed, they had all forgotten who she originally was. While she was currently powerless as the wife of the House Speaker, she used to be the wife of the empire's president.

On the other hand, if not for their husbands, those ladies would be completely powerless and poor.

Sasha did not care that the women were all blushing in embarrassment. She added, "Of course, if you still have doubts about my words, I can always have my husband send a few of these dresses over."

"A few?"

"Yes. My husband has said that the aesthetics of a baniere is dependent on its fabric. For example, the one I'm wearing is made with kossu. Do you know this?"

Once again, they gasped.

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In fact, Dorthea's face had turned colorless.

How could one not know of Kossu?

It was the most expensive and rarest item in silk tapestry. Every inch of the fabric would be of an exorbitant price. No ordinary person would be able to afford it.

Even wealthy women like them might not be able to afford a small piece of kossu.

Yet, what Sasha was wearing was an entire baniere made with kossu.

No one dared to make a single sound after that as they stared at the baniere Sasha was wearing with jealous, furious eyes.

Despite all of the negative feelings swirling in them, they dared not utter another word in fear of embarrassing themselves again.

Outside in the garden, the three children were playing with the other children.

"What's your name?"

"I'm Vivi! Wow, you play the violin very well. What song is this?"

Vivian was a child who sought constant entertainment.

Upon reaching the garden and seeing the two pretty girls playing violin, she quickly let go of her brothers and ran toward them.

Those two girls were the daughters of the Chief of Air Force, Axel Oveson.

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When they saw a random girl running toward them, they paused in their playing, annoyed.

"It's not like you'll know what it is even after I tell you the name."

"Huh?"

Vivian immediately widened her eyes in bewilderment, feeling a little upset.

How would I know if you refuse to say anything? I've heard of many songs, and Ian can play the piano. Moreover, he's really good at it. I always sit by his side and listen whenever he plays the piano.

However, Vivian could only pout before leaving to look for her brother.

"Come back. You're the girl of the Jadesons, aren't you?" the two girls abruptly called out.