

# Returning from the Dead: His Secret Lover Chapter 257

Kelly was awfully pleased.

But on the surface, she maintained a facade of humility. "Oh, you flatter me," she exclaimed. "I'm just here to show my support."

"Mdm. Green, you delightful creature." The ladies were still praising her.

Sasha toyed with the idea of spilling the champagne on her tray onto Kelly. And while she changed out of her soiled dress, Sasha would steal her phone.

Before she could carry out her plan, the butler emerged from the villa.

"Madam, Mr. Frederick says it's almost time. I'm here to escort you to see the young lady."

"Very well, I will go now." Mrs. Sanders went promptly.

Without her, the ladies who remained were scarcely worth Kelly's time. After excusing herself, she headed towards the second floor and disappeared behind a door. Sasha tailed her cautiously.

"How did it go? Did she agree to lend you the money?"

Sasha froze in surprise. It was the voice of Xandra. She is here too!

"No, not yet," Kelly replied. "There are many guests today; it's not a good time. Perhaps later tonight."

She sounded impatient. Sasha heard the clink of glass as she poured herself tea.

Xandra noticed her aunt's temper. "Would she refuse to?" she asked nervously. "I'm telling you, I've posted the rumor online hours ago. If Sebastian finds out, he will not forgive us."

Her voice was shrill with panic.

Outside, Sasha's mind went blank with shock as she heard Xandra's confession.

It's really them!

But why? How did they know about this? Who told them?

That book, what did they have to do with it?

Sasha's brain swam with one question after another. She was furious, not daring to believe that her theory actually became a reality. Her heart sank again with the familiar sense of dread.

What do these two b\*tches want?

If they hired the psychologist to hypnotize me, it means that they really wanted me dead.

What about now?

What are they planning to do now?

Don't they care about ruining a man's reputation by exposing those details?

Sasha felt trapped. She made up her mind. Even if she were to die, she would not allow these two to succeed.

She left quickly before they had a chance to see her outside.

Ten minutes later, Kelly reappeared downstairs in search of Mrs. Sanders. Sasha slipped back upstairs to Xandra's room.

She opened the door and entered.

"Who said you can come in? I already told you, I don't need anything. Without my permission, no one is allowed in!"

Xandra had a white veil over her face. At the sight of the middle-aged housemaid, she lost her temper.

Hang on, this maid is unusual.

Sasha did not utter a sound or showed any indication that she was upset. She locked the door and approached Xandra.

"What do you want?" the latter asked, suddenly feeling uneasy. She stumbled backward as Sasha approached her with a thin and long needle.

"Sasha, is that you?" Xandra cried in recognition.

She turned even paler than her veil.

Sasha looked at her without expression nonchalantly. Her gaze was as deep and calm as an old well.

"How did you know about the secret?"

“What secret?”

“Was it because of that book? Who gave it to you?” Sasha asked. “You’d better tell me what I want to know. I won’t hesitate to finish you off with this.” She showed her needle.

Her tone was even, betraying no sign of anger.

There are people in the world who were more frightening than those with terrible tempers, like Sasha. Her murderous air was as light as a cloud on a sunny day.

She did not make threats; she promised consequences.

It was a shame that Xandra did not know that before it was too late.

She did not for a moment to believe that Sasha would be capable of such a thing.

“Finish me off?” Xandra scoffed. “Are you intimidating me, Sasha? Fine, I’ll tell you. I found out about the secret from the book. But I’m not telling you who gave it to me. Are you going to finish me now?”

Sasha’s smile was devoid of warmth and mirth. The next moment, her lust for murder became overpowering. As if by instinct, the needle flew out of her hand towards Xandra.

The woman saw the glint for a split second under the light from the window. Before she had time to retreat, she sank to the floor in a dead faint.