

# Returning from the Dead: His Secret Lover Chapter 303

"I'll remember what you did today!" he growled.

Sasha was tidying her documents in the room, so Lance was the only one standing at the doorway watching Andy.

When he heard the threat, he casually retorted, "You are right. I will remember what you did today as well!"

"What did you say?"

"I said, I will remember you as well. Count yourself lucky that bullet isn't in your brain. If this happened in the past, doing what you did after taking a billion from me, you would be riddled with holes like a shooting target board already." Lance leaned in and whispered eerily into Andy's ear. Following that, he removed his thick glasses to reveal a pair of sinister-looking eyes.

Andy's eyes widened in shock!

A billion?

He said it was his billion?

He turned to take a close look at that handsome face next to him. The next moment, all colors drained from his face.

No! This is not possible. This can't be true!

Fear overwhelmed him and he fell stiffly onto the floor.

"Mr. Rind, Mr. Rind..." His men got flustered and panicked.

Sasha and Solomon were finalizing the contract with Mr. Hashimoto in the room when they heard the commotion, so they rushed out immediately.

"What happened? Why are you out here, Lennie?" she asked with concern.

"Oh, I saw him fell to the ground, so I came out to check on him." Lance put on his glasses and calmly replied.

What a reckless kid!

His nonchalant attitude nearly gave Sasha a heart attack. She quickly pulled him back into the room and warned, "You stay away from these people, okay?"

“Okay. I will.”

Solomon could only helplessly watch on. Despite his misgivings about what happened, there was nothing he could do. It was an unexpected twist of the event.

He had thought that by helping Sasha close this deal, he would be her knight in shining armor. Never in his dreams did he expect the hero would turn out to be Lance!

He hired a sniper?

Isn't he just a college kid? How did he know about this and pull it off?

When he re-entered the room, Lance was helping Sasha pack up, and the two were standing close together.

“Lennie, how did you come up with the idea of getting a sniper? And where did you get the contact for such service?” He had to ask.

Sasha turned her gaze on her cousin as well.

Lance got nervous and started stammering again. “I... I... I got it from the black market. Your... your friend gave me the contact, Solomon.”

Solomon was speechless, caught off-guard as he did not expect his friend to be involved as well.

“Solomon's friend? The one who has kindly accommodated us?”

“Yes. I was worried the place would not be safe for the two of us, so I asked him for advice. His contact was expensive, Sha. It costs me five thousand.” He nervously evaded Sasha's eyes for fear of being reprimanded.

“Don't be silly! You saved our family with just five thousand. If not for you, we would have lost everything! It is okay. I won't blame you. In fact, I will even reward you for what you did!” Sasha softened her tone to console him.

“Really?”

“Of course! Tell me what you want. It can be in cash too! You are a big boy now, so you can get anything you want.”

“You are the best, Sha!”

The two of them chatted away happily, leaving a frowning Solomon in the cold.

The man could not accept Lance's explanation wholeheartedly like Sasha. There was a lot to be suspicious about, and he wrecked his brain trying to find fault with the explanation.

Solomon could not believe a college kid who just arrived in the city knew how to make such calculated moves.

After Sasha closed her first successful deal in the financial industry, she immediately transferred all the money into Jackson's account.

When Lance saw that, he was concerned. "You gave everything to Uncle Jackson? Ain't you worried he would keep everything for himself?"

"No, I am not worried. I would not blame him, even if he really does that. I owe him too much."

Her voice was filled with deep sadness, and Lance got heavy-hearted, too.

When will she let go of this emotional burden?

He clenched his fist in agony for a long time before continuing, "But I heard his daughter's death was not your fault. She brought it upon herself! Why do you want to take responsibility for that?"

"How can I not take responsibility? She brought that upon herself, but she was the only child Uncle Jackson and Aunt Sharon had. How could I forgive myself, now that she is gone?"