

Returning from the Dead: His Secret Lover Chapter 372

When the trio was about to board the plane, Lance noticed that Solomon's seat was next to Sasha's. Irritated, Lance snatched Solomon's ticket away from him without hesitation.

"Here's your ticket!"

Solomon couldn't stand it anymore and asked, "Why?"

However, the young man in front of him dismissed his question and showed the woman the way to their designated seats.

As soon as Lance took his seat next to Sasha, he asserted, "It's because I don't want you anywhere near him."

"Y-You—"

"Alright, shall we stop getting worked up over such a trivial issue? Solomon, can you please let him take your seat? It's not a big deal, isn't it?"

Sasha, who was brought to her seat against her will, stopped the duo from bickering with one another since they were in the middle of a packed flight.

Oh god! I don't think I can take this anymore!

Thankfully, Solomon stopped making a fuss and made his way to Lance's seat after he took the latter's ticket.

Sasha thought it was about time to give Lance a lecture, but he turned around and closed his eyes before she had the chance to say anything.

What the hell? Since when did he turn into such an arrogant brat?

Sasha could only let him off the hook for the time being. As soon as she sorted out everything in front of her, she reached for her laptop to work on the contract of the project.

Halfway through her work, she felt something heavy on her shoulder. When she turned around, she found out that Lance had fallen asleep on her shoulder.

Why is his cheek so cold? Has he fallen ill?

As a doctor, Sasha figured out that something was wrong with Lance.

However, when she reached over in an attempt to touch his forehead, the young man opened his eyes and asked, "What are you doing?"

His glare sent a chill running down her spine, and she stuttered in return, "I-It's nothing! I-I'm just trying to check on you and see if you're sick!"

Sasha couldn't stop her heart from racing.

Oh god! What the heck is wrong with me? Why am I afraid of him when he's my freaking cousin?

Sasha tried her best to regain her composure. The moment she turned around to check on him, he looked languid again, and she started to suspect that she had been hallucinating.

Slouching against the seat, the seemingly exhausted young man answered, "I'm perfectly fine."

"Are you sure? If that's the case, why is your body so frigid and sweaty? Have you caught a cold or something?"

Once again, when Sasha tried to place her hand on his forehead, he shrugged her off and insisted, "I'm fine! You know what? Just mind your own business and leave me alone!"

Lance's frustration and indifference were written all over his face.

What is wrong with him? Is he irked by my presence? Has he forgotten that I'm his freaking elder cousin! He needs to learn to show me some respect!

Initially, Sasha wanted to teach the arrogant young man a lesson, but she changed her mind when she surveyed her surroundings and noticed that the passengers around them had fallen asleep.

Thus, she had no choice but to keep her rage to herself for the time being. Then she continued perusing the contract.

A few hours later, they finally reached the airport of Corleon.

"Nancy, things are quite complicated around here. I have reserved our accommodation for the trip upon touching down. Shall we head over to the hotel and get in touch with some reliable locals before heading over to meet the tycoon?"

Solomon approached Sasha and told her their upcoming plan when it was about time to alight from the plane.

As it was Sasha's first visit to a warzone, she couldn't help but worry about what awaited them.

Thus, she agreed without a second thought, "Alright, I think that's the best thing to do as well."

Lance wasn't particularly against the idea. After sleeping throughout the entire flight, he was no longer as exhausted.

However, he remained silent while alighting from the flight. When he noticed that Solomon was about to help Sasha take her things, he got ahead of him and snatched them away.

Solomon was at a loss for words at the young man's odd behavior.

On the other hand, Sasha urged, "We need to get going since it's getting late. As soon as we reach the hotel, we'll get in touch with the client and see if everything's fine on his end."

She got ahead of the duo and alighted from the flight shortly after she made herself clear.

Solomon had no intention of wasting his time picking on Lance, so he paid no heed to the young man and went after Sasha.

Forget it. He's just a meddlesome brat.

Once they exited the airport, they hailed a cab and made their way to the hotel Solomon had reserved.

In order to prove himself a reliable man, Solomon suggested getting in touch with their client on Sasha's behalf. To his surprise, the arrogant brat finally stopped getting in his way.

Instead, he brought their suitcases to their rooms and started indulging himself in doing nothing.