

Returning from the Dead: His Secret Lover Chapter 539

To her horror, Yancy realized she did not even notice the woman she had been looking for through the screen was actually right beside Sebastian. The woman had her head low all this while.

Why is she not looking down?

Wait...

It finally occurred to Yancy that ever since that woman came in with Sebastian, she had not moved.

The woman simply followed Sebastian quietly like a lifeless robot. Yancy was so preoccupied with Sebastian just now that she completely forgot about the woman.

“What a b*tch!” Yancy cried out in anger, grabbing the first thing she saw and slamming it against the floor.

When people from Sinch Enterprise saw that things were going out of hand, they rushed in toward Yancy.

“We should do something, Mrs. Tsurka. Things are out of our control now. It is time we pull the trump card.”

“You mean... Sasha Wand?”

“Yes. She’s still confined in Jade Garden,” the man said, looking at his watch.

“It’s almost time Ms. Sato acts. Why don’t we take the chance and send him a few photos so we can shut him up.”

Yancy reached for her phone immediately and made a call to Jetroina.

Little did Yancy know, the moment she landed in Avenport, Karl had already arrived at Jade Garden.

“How may I help you?” the maid asked the man.

“Mrs. Tsurka forgot to bring something important. I’m here to pick it up for her.”

Karl was wearing a pair of sunglasses and he was dressed exactly the same as those guards working under Yamada. He spoke Jetroinian fluently and had his hands folded in front of his chest as he waited impatiently.

The maid fell for it and opened the gate for him.

“What does Mrs. Tsurka want? I’ll get it for you.”

“Her toiletries bag and a set of pajamas. She said it’s all in a bag.”

The maid hurried upstairs to Yancy’s room to look for it.

Upon the maid’s departure, Karl searched through the whole house at lightning speed, but to his chagrin, he could not find anything peculiar.

Dang! What does Mr. Hayes want me to look for?

Just as he was wracking his brain trying to figure out what Sebastian wanted him to look for, a car pulled up outside.

He sprang to a corner and hid.

A Jetroinian woman who had her hair combed immaculately came out of the car, bringing a doctor into the house.

“Ms. Sato, may I know how old is the woman who is doing a face transplant?”

“She’s in her twenties. How long will the surgery take, and how long will it take before she recovers?”

The woman sounded testy from her tone.

“The surgery won’t take long, but if you want to keep her whole face intact, then it will take longer.”

“Keep her whole face in one piece?”

“Yes. It will take a longer time if you want me to do that.”

“What for?”

“You can use her face for something else. It is way better than artificial skin. It will also look better on the person who receives that face.”

The Jetroinian woman paused and thought about the woman locked up in the basement.

She's really pretty.

No, she's very pretty. She has two men head over heels for her.

All of a sudden, the doctor's suggestion sounded tempting to Hanako.

"Keep her whole face then."

"Sure. It'll take longer but I won't disappoint you. Have you decided on which face she'll be receiving?"

"The ugliest one."

She answered without any hesitation.

Karl was appalled having overheard the conversation.

A face transplant?

That old witch sure is crazy! Who is this person getting a face transplant? The ugliest one too.

Karl shook his head thinking about the poor girl's face, but he did not dwell on the matter.

After all, he had received orders to come here to look for something, not to get involved in something else, so he went out.

After a few minutes, Hanako and the surgeon arrived at the secret room.

Creak!

When Sasha heard the piercing sound of the door opening, she instinctively moved to the corner, shivering in her bed.

There was nothing else she could do.

When the light was switched on, she saw Hanako and the doctor behind her.

"What... What are you doing? Let me go!" Sasha shrieked and shouted, trying to resist the two of them, but her struggle was futile.

There was no way she could break free. She was just a sheep waiting to be slaughtered, completely at their mercy.