

## Returning from the Dead: His Secret Lover Chapter 898

Sasha had no idea where this woman's bountiful flirtatiousness stemmed from but since it was a lunch invitation, she decidedly tidied up and stepped out.

"Well, come on."

"Oh, all right..."

Sabrina was finally sufficiently satisfied. She snapped her fingers and the two of them prepared to set off.

It was at this moment that a server from the bar hustled over. "Boss, the gentleman who booked the entire place said that he wants us to help with the decoration. The flowers and balloons have already arrived. Should we go ahead with his request?"

Decoration? Does he think that this is his wedding venue?

The short-fused Sabrina reflexively thought about declining the request but Sasha held her back.

"Since you've accepted such a generous payment from him, surely it's not that big of a deal to lend a hand? It's not like you have to do it yourself."

Sabrina twitched her lips and grunted grudgingly.

Following that, she sent some people to move the delivered flowers, balloons, and the likes inside.

"Wow. This rich brat's quite the lavish spender, isn't he? Buying this many white roses must have cost a bomb."

"Of course, each and every stalk was directly air-flown from overseas."

"Damn... Air-flown, huh? Isn't it just a birthday celebration? Who's the girl that this wealthy scion is splashing out so much money for?"

Those assigned to the task started to speculate fervently amongst themselves because all of the flowers that were delivered were non-native and unavailable locally. Everyone became intrigued by Shanae.

Sasha was not around and Sabrina had no idea who Shanae was. She was scrutinizing the flowers in the workers' hands when she overheard their exchange.

Imported? Haha. That has got to be the lowest quality stuff.

Sabrina took it upon herself to direct the staff to move everything to the bar's main dance floor.

"Hey, pretty boy. Your stuff's here. How do you want them to be set up?"

"Go check with Shae."

Unexpectedly, that rich boy pointed his finger at the stage. Seated right in front of it was a girl in a white dress who was the center of everyone's attention.

Sabrina's sight, too, naturally fell upon her.

Truth be told, the high and mighty Sabrina Hayes had never served anyone before. For the sake of that five million, however, she decided to make an exception, just for today.

Sabrina thus strolled over. "Tell us how you want it done, sugar."

Shanae rolled her eye at Sabrina. "How will y'all be able to turn this dump into anything half-decent? Just go on ahead and do whatever."

The quietly seething Sabrina was that close to flipping the table and storming off.

What the hell? She was outraged by that slight.

Finn happened to be walking by. When he heard Shanae's words, he immediately started to pacify her. "What sort of decorations would you like, Shae? How about we all work together to get it done?"

“Yeah, Shae. Just say the word and we’ll make it happen.”

A minor commotion broke out below the stage when the people who had gathered there seconded his proposal.

Sabrina watched as that lass impassively turned her eyes skyward while she sat there. “The Dysonii. Do you guys know how to create that?”

“Why, yes! Of course we do!”

The group nodded agreeably before they rolled up their sleeves and got to work.

What the heck is a Dysonii?

Sabrina’s brows furrowed. She had no clue as to the meaning of the term.

However, she felt a little more at ease once she saw how this group seemed able to execute their task without the involvement of her own people. Hence, she decided to pack it in and head out with Sasha as they had earlier planned.

“Say, who’s this Shanae?”

“Don’t you know she’s the scion of the Woods family? That illustrious family of academics based in Jadeborough?”

Sabrina suddenly overheard someone discussing the girl’s identity on her way out.

An illustrious family of academics?

Not exactly well-informed culturally, Sabrina was not able to grasp the significance of this girl’s stature.

Regardless, she inferred from what she did manage to pick up that the girl must be someone rather important. With that understanding, she became less surprised as to why the girl had so many people fawning over her.

Sabrina was about to make her exit when she was stopped in her tracks.

“Um, why are you leaving, Boss? Aren’t you going to stay and assist us?”

“What?” Sabrina turned back wide-eyed. She thought she might have misheard the question. “Assist you?”

“That’s right. Don’t you know how many bouquets we’ll need to put together to form a Dysonii? We paid good money for this, so surely you’re not expecting to be doing nothing.”

One of the girls in the crowd immediately started to gripe when she saw that Sabrina still did not seem to get it. That displeasure quickly spread to the others in the group.

Most of their unhappiness seemed to be directed at the bar staff for not pulling their weight.

In spite of her own chagrin, Sabrina contained herself upon considering that the bar had only started operation recently. Subsequently, she recalled her staff and then proceeded to assist with the decoration effort.

It was at that point that she realized they were supposed to bunch up the roses into the shapes resembling a butterfly’s wing, secure the creations with a string, and tack them onto the bar’s wall.

Are you crazy? Is it necessary to go to such lengths?

When Sabrina saw the manner in which her staff was being pushed around, the habitually volatile woman decided that she had had enough.

“Hang on a second here. What’s this for? To have this place looking like a butterfly? Is this approach even necessary? Can’t you just arrange them directly? Why do you have to make it so troublesome?”

“Arrange them?”

Her comment prompted a sharp retort. “Do you think this is something you can simply clobber together? The arrangement you described can only be created by a skilled floral artist.”