

# **The Billionaire's Secret Quartet by Thalassa and Elowen**

## **Chapter 12**

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*“Did HR mention during your interview that the cleaning crew has to report to security?” John suddenly spoke in a tone that screamed security officer. “Or are you not interested in keeping this job anymore?”*

*Indeed, during her interview, HR did mention that the security team would occasionally call upon the cleaners for some work, and they would need to*

*cooperate*

*Thalassa had just started working, and the pay was not bad. If she lost the job, she wouldn't be able to find a new one anytime soon. With four kids at home and the cost of formula still fluctuating she needed to earn money to buy winter coats.*

*The money she had earned with difficulty the day before, was gambled away by her mother overnight! Now they were flat broke. Without money, her kids would have to go hungry and shiver in the cold.*

*Thinking of her four adorable children, her heart filled with warmth. She had to swallow her anger. She didn't have the luxury to act up. She had to stomach any grievances and focus on keeping her job.*

*“Just get on with the job, no funny business!” Thalassa impatiently told John, deliberately keeping her distance before leaving the office.*

*In the first—*

*floor restroom, someone had vomited. Just from looking at the vomit, you could tell what the person had eaten. The chewed food was mixed with stomach acid, releasing a nauseating smell.*

*When Thalassa saw the mess, her stomach churned and she almost threw up, but she held it in. Bearing the discomfort, she cleaned up the mess. In no time, the floor was spotless, the smell of soap masking the previous odors.*

*Thalassa put down her mop, and washed her hands meticulously until they were fragrant with soap. Being a cleaner was tough, and the high pay was hard-earned*

*With no education, she had to endure the hardships of life. She was determined to properly educate her four children, to make sure they got a good education, and at least a university degree. If not, they'd end up struggling like her, earning barely enough to survive.*

*Because she was aware of this, she started educating her children as soon as they started talking. Now at only four years old, they knew many words. Compared to their peers, their knowledge was much wider.*

*As Thalassa was about to take the elevator up to the 10th floor, John blocked her way. “Evelyn, if you’re with me, I’ll take care of you. I won’t make you do such dirty, tiring work. I’ll get others to do it. You can easily earn eighteen hundred a month. With such good treatment, I think, you wouldn’t be ungrateful, would you?”*

*Thalassa used Evelyn on her ID card while working at the Sinclair group.*

*Looking at his disgusting face, Thalassa could no longer hold back the anger that had been building up, she blurted out. “Your face is more disgusting than the vomit! Have you looked at yourself in the mirror? Fat and greasy, I bet your penis is rotten and stinks to high heaven! And you have the audacity to harass women here. Have some self-awareness, will you?”*

*After saying this, Thalassa glared at him, stepped into the elevator, and pressed the close door button.*

*John stood outside the elevator, his face a mix of disbelief and humiliation. It took him a moment to realize he’d been snubbed and verbally lashed by this woman. He stormed off in a huff.*

*At this moment, Lysander and his secretary Faye just walked in. Lysander, who was tall and imposing with deep-set eyes, had seen everything.*

*Faye quickly said, “Mr. Sinclair, I’ll contact HR right away to fire Evelyn. She’s arrogant and speaks rudely.”*

*She was about to make a call when Lysander said coldly, “No need, she’s unimportant, don’t bother with what she does.”*

*After saying this, he walked into the elevator.*

*Faye was taken aback but quickly followed. She thought this was a good opportunity to fire Thalassa, but it didn’t happen.*

*In the afternoon.*

*Thalassa was taking a nap in her chair when she received a call from the cleaning department. “Evelyn, the CEO’s meeting room needs cleaning.”*

*“Understood, on my way” Thalassa wiped the drool from the corner of her mouth, got up, and quickly headed to the top floor.*

*The top floor.*

*The door to the meeting room was closed. She knocked on the door.*

*“Come in “A voice from inside said.*

*Thalassa entered with her cleaning supplies. The meeting room was elegant with a group of executives in black suits sitting around the conference table, each with a ceramic cup filled with aromatic coffee. They were holding stacks of documents.*

*Lysander sat at the head of the long conference table, a position of supreme status. His black suit was immaculate, without a single wrinkle. His long legs were casually crossed, and his face was calm and sharp. He was clearly a social elite.*

*Standing next to him was a man in a crisp suit. His face looked kind, with a professional smile; he was clearly Lysander’s assistant.*

*The entire meeting room was serious, oppressive, yet filled with an elegant scholarly atmosphere. This atmosphere made Thalassa subconsciously feel*

*serious and noble*

*Keeping her head down, trying to minimize her presence, she silently walked in and started picking up the crumpled wastepaper from the floor.*

*See, only those who were successful and educated could work in such places. And her, without an education, had to do the most basic work.*

*Her life and white-collar work passed each other by, and she would never have the chance to become a white-collar worker.*

*She had gone to university until her third year, and while she could’ve done some white-collar jobs, not having a degree was a threshold she couldn’t cross. She didn’t even have the chance to get interviews. Without any connections, she could only find jobs that didn’t require an education. But most of*

*these jobs were hard work.*

*Even so, she had no regrets. She might have lost her university degree, but she gained four adorable children. She was the happiest person in the world. No matter what job she did, she faced each day with optimism and cheerfulness.*

*Thalassa swept the floor carefully and meticulously*

One of the executives proposed a plan Lysander was dissatisfied, so he tore the page of the plan, crumpled it into a ball, threw it on the floor, and said in a low voice, "Trash Redo it!"

The crumpled paper hit Thalassa's head and fell to the ground.

Thalassa could feel the heavy tension in the room, as well as the icy vibe radiating off Lysander. She kept her head down, clearing up the crumpled papers before moving on to clean other areas.

Man, this Lysander guy was seriously all work and no play.

Every employee was walking on eggshells, too scared to even breathe. Thalassa suddenly felt sorry for them. Working under Lysander was no walk in the park.

One by one, proposals were put forward. However, they were all shot down by Lysander. The pile of crumpled papers on the floor grew larger. Thalassa cleaned up, one by one.

After a while, the meeting finally ended. The employees packed up their stuff and beat it out of the meeting room like bats out of hell.

Thalassa came over to clean up the coffee cups, while Lysander sat there, his deep and piercing gaze fixed on her. His stare made her skin crawl, feeling her hairs were standing on end. All she could do was to try her best to keep her breathing low and focus on cleaning the cups. Once she was done, she could make a beeline out of the meeting room, and no longer be under this man's thumb.

She finished collecting the cups and was about to scam. But in her haste, she dropped a cup on the floor, which smashed into pieces with a loud crash.

Thalassa felt a wave of anxiety. She knew Lysander was not gonna let this slide.

Chapter 13