

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

## **Chapter 16**

### *Chapter 16*

*The middle-aged lady was making a scene, her face twisted in rage and her hair flying around due to her excessive agitation. Her eyes were bulging out, her arm thin as a blade, swinging towards Thalassa's face.*

*Thalassa felt the icy chill of the wind hitting her face, the pain cutting like a knife. She held her breath, watching the woman's hand swing down rapidly. At a distance of just a centimeter from her face, she managed to grab it accurately.*

*"You dare to resist. You lowly woman, you're asking for it!" The woman was arrogant and violent, raising her other hand.*

*Thalassa kicked at her hand, pushing her away with force. The middle-aged lady was strong, so Thalassa had to use all her strength just to counter her. After this series of movements, she was totally drained. The lady took a step back, steadied herself and charged at Thalassa more fiercely.*

*Thalassa's pupils dilated, she had no strength left to fight. How could this woman be so difficult, attacking without reason.*

*Thalassa took a few steps back, trying to create some distance, but the woman was determined to hit her, relentlessly pursuing. Just as Thalassa was about to be cornered and be hit by the woman's fist, the supervisor from the cleaning department stepped in, stopping the woman's actions.*

*Lady, this is the Sinclair group, not a place where you can cause a ruckus. Watch your behavior." The supervisor spoke formally, representing the authority of the Sinclair group.*

*The lady was taken aback by the supervisor's stern attitude. No matter how arrogant she was, she dared not challenge the authority of the Sinclair group. She ranted, exaggerating the story to the supervisor of how Thalassa had seduced her husband, and when rejected, had hired someone to beat him up.*

*Thalassa couldn't stand it; this was clearly slander. She retorted breathlessly, "Get your facts straight. It was your husband who harassed me. Despite being rejected numerous times, he still wouldn't leave me alone. The CEO's assistant saw it and fired him. Your husband's broken leg has nothing to do with me, and I had no idea what happened."*

*“You dare to refute me. I’m going to call the police on you Let’s see if you can still deny it.” The middle-aged lady was sputtering, looking repulsive.*

*Thalassa stood her ground. “Go ahead and call the police. I’m going to sue your husband for harassment.”*

*The lady was furious, pulling out her phone and started dialing the police, cursing all the while.*

*The supervisor didn’t pay much attention to the matter. He said to Thalassa in a leader’s tone, “You go clean the conference room first. I’ll call you when the police arrive.”*

*“Alright.” Thalassa complied and left.*

*The lady continued swearing, trying to stop her, but was blocked by the supervisor.*

*Only her second day at work and she had already run into such annoying problems. Thalassa felt frustrated. While cleaning the conference room, she was distracted, without any energy. She picked up the trash around Lysander’s area, accidentally bumping into him.*

*The employees in the conference room, seeing Thalassa’s body making contact with Lysander’s neat suit, were all shocked. The already solemn atmosphere turned even more oppressive, silence ensued.*

*Faye, standing in front of the projector, was displaying the design materials of each employee. Seeing Thalassa getting close to Lysander, her face darkened. The blue light of the projector shone on her face, and coupled with her gloomy expression, she looked cold and intimidating. Was this Thalassa trying to catch Mr. Sinclair’s attention on purpose?*

*Thalassa, the person involved, was lost in her thoughts, completely unaware of the severity of the situation. She swept the floor casually with a broom, sweeping over Lysander’s shiny, spotless leather shoes. There was a collective gasp from the room, everyone feeling nervous for Thalassa.*

*Faye saw Thalassa’s actions and was so angry that she gripped the projector’s remote control tightly. The design materials on the big screen started jumping around because she was pressing the buttons on the remote, but she didn’t even notice.*

*Lysander’s deep gaze, full of pressure, was fixed on the woman in front of him. She was sweeping around his feet haphazardly, as if they had a grudge or something. Was she trying to catch his attention on purpose? Lysander sneered in his heart, filled with contempt.*

*After Thalassa finished sweeping up the crumpled paper, she picked up the broom and walked to the coffee table to pour some coffee. She was so distracted that she spilled the coffee over the edge of the cup, burning her hand. She winced, flapping her hand, and knocked over an empty cup beside her. The cup bounced twice on the wooden floor, emitting a dull noise.*

*The entire room fell silent. Thalassa was startled and widened her eyes in shock. As the cup settled, she breathed a sigh of relief. Thankfully, the cup was still intact and hadn't broken.*

*She thought, how come yesterday it was a porcelain cup, and today it was plastic? She quickly picked up the cup.*

*At this time, on the conference table side, the meeting was proceeding normally, someone was presenting a plan, and Faye had adjusted the projector to project the design images onto the big screen.*

*Lysander, who should have been listening to the plan, had his eyes locked on Thalassa, observing her every move, his gaze deepening.*

*The employee who had just finished presenting her plan carefully sat down. It was as if she had spoken in vain. The CEO didn't seem to have heard a*

*thing*

*Where did this janitor come from, and how did she manage to capture the attention of everyone in the meeting room? Even Mr. Sinclair found his gaze drawn to her. This was the first time he hadn't immediately rejected a proposal due to distraction. Everyone seated around the conference table was on edge, their nerves taut, beads of sweat forming on their brows.*

*Lysander stared at Thalassa, seeing her pick up the cup and wipe her burned, reddened hand with a napkin. This scene seemed to touch a nerve. He hated people who were disorganized, who didn't even know how to treat their injuries. Was she an idiot?*

*His brows knitted together, full of displeasure, his gaze returned to the conference table, and he said, "The plan just now is approved. Meeting- adjourned."*

*Everyone looked at each other, feeling both surprised and incredulous. The clothing design plan that had been rejected by the CEO for almost half a month was suddenly approved*

*The employee who had just presented the plan felt even more incredulous, both elated and nervous. She held her design plan and excitedly left the conference room. The other employees left one after another.*

*Thalassa dried her hands, and in a daze, she realized the meeting had already concluded. She turned her head and saw Lysander's dark and indifferent gaze, which was as cold as ice*

*Her heartbeat quickened. This man, with just one look, could strike fear into anyone. Surely, he must be displeased with the way she had been handling things.*

*Thalassa tensed her back and lowered her head, trying to make herself as inconspicuous as possible. She quickly tidied up her desk and poured the coffee she had just made back into the sink.*

*After finishing her tasks, she turned to leave, passing by Lysander. She accidentally stumbled over his shoe, letting out a cry of surprise as her body leaned forward, as if about to make contact with the ground*

*A strong hand suddenly wrapped around her waist and yanked her back upright. She found herself crashing into a broad and sturdy chest.*

*Staring into Lysander's handsome face, her heart pounded with surprise. Hastily, she pushed him away, stood up, and blurted out in a state of panic and fear. "You tripped me on purpose."*

*Chapter 17*