

The Billionaire's Secret Quartet by Thalassa and Elowen

Chapter 3

Chapter 3

Thalassa gingerly balanced a tray, making her way towards VB. She was petrified that she might accidentally smash the expensive booze.

“Ah!” Suddenly, someone emerged from the intersection, bumping into Thalassa and letting out a startled yelp-

Thalassa nearly jumped out of her skin, hastily clutching the unstable bottles on the tray. Phew, thank God, the bottles didn't break

“What's your problem, can't you apologize after bumping into someone” A sharp, biting voice echoed in the air.

Thalassa looked at the newcomer, spotting a face full of hostility It wasn't her fault, but clients came first. She was about to apologize, but the animosity from the woman made her change her mind

“You!”

“Your” They both exclaimed in surprise.

Isabella eyed Thalassa up and down, snickering. “Well, well, I didn't expect to see you slumming it in a nightclub. If you're really struggling, you should have come to me. I could have found you some decent work. After all, I'm a hotshot now, and I own my own company. We're family. We're supposed to help each other out.”

From the moment Isabella first saw Thalassa's boyfriend, Leopold, she was completely smitten. He was just too good-looking, way more attractive than her own boyfriend! Her mind started spinning with wicked ideas. She offered to help Thalassa cook and during the meal, she kept finding excuses to get Leopold to drink.

Until he passed out.

Using the excuse that Thalassa and Leopold needed to bathe, she asked Thalassa to fetch firewood for heating water. Then she locked Thalassa in the woodshed, and tricked Leopold to have sex with her.

Afterwards, despite her relentless pursuit, Leopold showed zero interest in her. Eventually, she had to give up.

Thalassa shot her a dirty look. "Move, you're in my way!"

Thalassa was no fool. After the incident, she suspected that it was Isabella who had locked her in the shed and shamelessly seduced Leopold!

Isabella ruined her bright future! This woman was conniving and shameless

Unfortunately, life wasn't always fair. Somehow, Isabella came into a large sum of money, started a business, and even hooked up with a rich boyfriend.

After what happened five years ago, Thalassa cut off all communication with Isabella. But she couldn't avoid hearing others sing Isabella's praises, about how successful she was now, how blissful her life was.

Hearing this, Isabella lost her cool. "You dare to talk to me like that?"

She rolled up her sleeves, ready for a fight. She had always disliked Thalassa. With her alluring face and seductive charm, men were easily ensnared by her. Leopold was the prime example!

Before she could confront Thalassa, the door to the VIP room swung open, and a man with an aristocratic air stepped out. "What's all the noise? Aren't you going to deliver the order?"

Isabella glanced at him and recognized Alaric, the infamous heir to the Falconer group. She knew who she could mess with and who she couldn't. Falconer definitely fell into the latter category. She gave Alaric a polite nod and a curtsey, then, still bowing, she led her friends away. She was here to have fun, not to pick a fight with an insignificant woman and offend such an important figure.

After Isabella left, Thalassa took a deep breath and checked the room number. This was V8.

"I'm sorry. I'll deliver it right away," she responded quickly.

"Hurry up," the man urged.

Thalassa entered the room, placing the cigarettes they had ordered on the table. She looked around the room, noting the four men. Each had two beautiful women at their sides. They were all swe

et and gentle, some fed the men fruit, while others lit their cigarettes. Except for one man sitting alone with no women by his side.

This man was incredibly handsome, with a dark, daunting aura, full of nobility, and an intimidating presence.

Every other man was either flirting with the girls or singing, but this man was busy on his phone, seemingly working.

Thalassa was new to the nightclub scene and naturally wanted to sell drinks to earn commission. One bottle would earn her a thousand dollars, enough for the kids' meal for two months. At the moment, her best bet was this man, since he was the only one who seemed to have the time to entertain her. But she was new to sales, and the man's aura was quite intimidating. She didn't know how to start the conversation and could only stare at him, wanting to speak but not knowing how.

Seeing her hesitation, the man who had opened the door earlier, Alaric, sneered after taking a bite of the fruit a woman had offered him. "What's the matter, darling? Are you aiming for a seat next to our Lysander?"

"Another fearless one trying to seduce Lysander. Don't bother, love. Lysander only has eyes for one, and it's not you," Richard, the CEO of the Draven group, leaved.

"Lysander could have any woman he wants, but his heart is already taken by a woman who's no longer with us. He has no interest in anyone else," Ethan Crawley of the Crawley Group joked.

Turned out this hunky guy's love had passed away, so he was sworn off women, and devoted all his feelings to the woman who was no longer with us. Such a loyal guy. Wonder which lady was so lucky to have this devoted man's love.

Through the banter of these three guys, Thalassa got the scoop on why this guy named Lysander was so chill. But she didn't want any misunderstandings. She wasn't trying to make a move on this hunky guy. She was a mom of four, and life had already worn down all her romantic notions – who had time for that?

She clarified, "Gentlemen, you got it all wrong. I just wanted to ask if anyone is up for a drink? Our booze here is pretty good"

The young guys were just messing around, and Lysander didn't even look up. But when Thalassa spoke, he was drawn to her. His eyes, deep as the night sky, were fixed on her.

Her voice was like a bolt of lightning, unlocking something deep within him, a feeling long buried. Why did this woman's voice sound so familiar?

is the booze really good? Have you tried it?" Alaric switched the topic

Thalassa honestly replied, "Nope"

Then crack open a bottle, give it a try, and tell us what it's like. If it's good, we'll buy it. If not, sorry, we don't do bad booze. Richard looked on expectantly. They could've dismissed her, but Lysander actually looked at her, didn't get mad, and didn't ask her to leave! Weird!

For the first time, Lysander didn't send away a woman who seemed to be making a move on him. Could it be that Lysander was interested in this woman? How could they miss this golden opportunity to tease Lysander?

Thalassa felt caught in a bind. How would she know what kind of booze they liked?

If she opened a bottle and they didn't like it, would the cost be on her? These guys were so cunning; they were just messing with her.

If she left now, she would offend them, and they'd think she was disrespecting them.

Thalassa was really stuck between a rock and a hard place. But she could handle it.

"How about this, I'll pour a glass for each of your ladies, let them taste it and tell you what it's like. This way, you won't think I'm overselling it. How's that?" Thalassa cleverly passed the buck to them.