

The Billionaire's Secret Quartet by Thalassa and Elowen

Chapter 4

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A bottle of booze was worth 20 grand Even if she had the guts to give it a shot , she didn't have the money to handle the fallout of a failure

"Good suggestion, start pouring Alaric made the call for the crew-

Just to double check, Thalassa asked, "Gentlemen, are you really sure?"

"Absolutely! Quit yapping and pour the drinks!" Alaric rushed her

Thalassa then confidently popped a bottle First heading towards Richard, who was sandwiched between two hotties. She brought two glasses, placed them in front of them, and leaned over to pour Unbeknownst to her, as she poured, her neckline plunged and her dress hiked up, giving off some serious visual feast

Lysander caught sight of this view. His eyebrows furrowed almost imperceptibly.

Thalassa then went on to pour for Richard, Ethan, and Alaric's lady friends. Next, she stood up straight, maintaining her professional smile "Ladies, please enjoy."

Upon receiving the green light from their gentlemen, the ladies took a sip from their glasses and unanimously appreciated it. "Delicious!"

In this kind of setting, all the women knew how to butter up these wealthy dudes. Who'd be crazy enough to risk saying the wine sucked?

In such a situation, everyone knew not to rock the boat.

"Hear that? They all said it's good, aren't you going to pour one for Lysander? He's the man of the hour tonight. If you overlook him, you can't handle the repercussions, Alaric commanded Thalassa, raising his eyebrows.

Tonight, the four notorious young masters of Starhaven, gathered because Lysander just got back. They were here to celebrate for him.

Thalassa got the message, promptly grabbed the bottle, and leaned over to pour for Lysander. She was careful with the pour, oblivious to the man's fiery gaze on her plunging neckline. Once she had finished pouring, she looked up, speaking respectfully and politely, "Sir, enjoy"

At a glance, she saw the man's eyes, dark as an abyss, and sharp as a sword, which scared the bejesus out of her. She quickly reflected on whether she had done something wrong to piss him off. Otherwise, why would he be giving her such a piercing look?

"Sir, is something wrong?" Thalassa, thinking she might have messed up, spoke in a cautious whisper.

To Lysander's ears, it sounded like a woman's low moan. Just like the woman from five years ago!

That night, the woman's voice sounded sweet and helpless. It was like a drunken kitten. Why did this woman's voice sound so.

Five years ago, he was fighting his enemy on a helicopter. He was drugged and fell from the helicopter after getting injured. He met a woman and then went abroad for treatment. He had been abroad ever since, and only returned today.

Five years ago, he sent a female secretary to find that woman, only to be told that the woman had been crushed to death by a collapsed building.

Could he have misheard, or was it just a similar voice. Was the woman in front of him not her?

Thalassa was scared by his beast-like gaze

She quickly stood up, intending to step back, and put some distance between them.

She got up too hastily, felt some numbness in her legs, lost her balance and fell forward, landing in his arms. Even more embarrassingly, her face was pressed against his. The man's skin was tense and hot, transmitting from Thalassa's cheek to her heart, making her heart race.

The other three, seeing this, started teasing excitedly, "Whoa, Lysander, love's knocking on your door."

"Hey, miss, what's your name? You've got guts."

"Did I just see Lysander being taken down by a woman? OMG, I'm gonna remember this for the rest of my life"

Thalassa was extremely panicked. She quickly stood up, supporting herself on his chest, but in her hurry, she slipped and fell on him again, her face bumping against his. She was even more flustered. I'm sorry, I didn't mean to..

She was so scared that she had no strength to get up and was ready to roll on to the sofa. Just as she was about to push herself up, she was grabbed by the wrist. His eyes were cold, his face was calm but with a hint of excitement. "What's your name?"

she was tightly

He was still doubting whether she was the woman from that night, but her face, soft and sweet to the touch, stirred up his deep desires. He didn't see the woman's face that night, but when he left, he purposely touched her face to remember the feel of her cheeks, that unique sweetness that moved him. How could there be another woman that made him feel the same?

With years of training, his strength was beyond ordinary, and with his emotions fluctuating, Lysander didn't realize he was holding her too tightly. Thalassa's wrist was hurting from his grip. She was in pain and scared.

It was a mess, she accidentally fell on him, and must have pissed him off. She quickly explained, "Sir, I'm just a waitress here to serve you and promote the wine I had no intention of seducing you, I really just lost my balance, and I'm sorry if I caused you any trouble."

She tried to pull her hand out, but Lysander wouldn't let go, her eyes watering from the pain.

Lysander's icy gaze was fixed on her. "Answer my question, what's your name!"

“Evelyn, Thalassa answered She was using her mother’s ID card for part-time jobs, so the money would go directly to her mother’s card, making it easier for her to buy things for the kids

Lysander’s eyes twitched, and he let go of her hand. The entire village where he fell from the helicopter had the same last name, but hers didn’t match. Thalassa, now free and her heart still pounding, bowed to him. “Sir, please enjoy your drink, I’ll be leaving now”

Having said that, she turned around and rushed out. Fearing the big shot in Box VB would come after her, Thalassa quickly found the supervisor. collected her commission for selling the wine and her hourly pay, and left Sapphire Skyline.

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Inside Box V8, Alaric noticed that Lysander’s attitude towards that woman was markedly different He teased, Lysander, need us to drag her over here For you?”

Lysander shot him a look. “Seems like you’ve got plenty of free time. I’ve got a project down in Antarctica that’s lacking a suitable person in charge Maybe.”

“Alright, alright, I’ll shut my trap. Didn’t say a thing Lysander, this red wine is truly top-notch, you should give it a try Alaric knew when to hit the brakes, so he dropped the topic

Lysander didn’t touch the wine, instead he stepped out of the box and made a phone call to his chief bodyguard

That woman I asked you to look for five years ago, are you sure she’s dead?” Lysander’s voice was cold and hard, even carrying a hint of anticipation

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