

## Chapter 245

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"I'm sorry, Ms. Alyssa, Ms. Tatiana. Please have a safe trip home," Sean said with a sigh. "I'll be leaving now. But please, contact me if there's anything urgent, and I'll come to your aid. immediately!"

"Alright, alright. You nag more than women do," Alyssa scowled, gently pushing him onward.

Sean gazed at her for a moment more before finally leaving with a smile.

The sight filled Tatiana up with envy, a bitter feeling rising from her heart to her throat. But she wasn't jealous of her sister at all. Alyssa truly was a marvelous and exceptional woman. It made perfect sense for Sean to have a crush on her instead.

Someone as weak and soft-spoken as Tatiana herself would never get his attention.

But then, why did Alyssa's ex-husband divorce her?

Maybe he had cancer and didn't want to become a burden...

Alyssa had booked a VIP room for them at the karaoke. A bone-chilling wail came from the opposite room when they reached its door.

"So scary!" Tatiana grabbed onto her sister's arm.

"Sounds like a donkey in heat."

Alyssa and Tatiana quickly entered their room, not wanting possible contact with the lunatic across the hallway.

They ordered two buckets of iced beers and a table full of fruits and snacks. They were professionals when it came to singing, after all.

The two sang everything from opera to musicals to pop music, making full use of their time

Alyssa ended up somewhat drunk by the end of their session, having drunk and snacked more than usual with the addition of her good mood from having secured the Verdane Valley project.

"Taty. I'm going to the washroom. Wait for me here, don't- don't go anywhere!" Alyssa drawled, getting up from her seat.

"Are you drunk, Alyssa? I'll come with you." Tatiana could tell from her sister's flushed cheeks.

"No way! How can I be drunk? I'm your big sister. You should be the one getting drunk first, and I'm supposed to—uh, send you home safe after!"

Tatiana giggled, finding her sister's logic amusing.

Alyssa had to steady herself on the walls as she walked back to their VIP room. Her limbs were initially heavy and sluggish, but she slowly got the hang of controlling them.

The karaoke club's decor was decorated like the Palace of Pteryx, with gold reflective mirrors and wallpaper everywhere, and with the confusingly numbered rooms, Alyssa soon found herself lost.

She squinted, carefully finding her way back.

Just then, she came face to face with a tall figure, bumping squarely into his chest.

"Oof!" Alyssa huffed, her mind rattled from the contact. Her feet wobbled beneath her, and she started falling backward.

The man reached out to support her by the waist, stopping her fall. He could feel how lean and supple she was beneath her silk dress. He was able to hold her up with a single hand.

He gazed at her through his gold-rimmed spectacles, marveling at her beautiful features.

"I believe you've had too much to drink, miss."

"Uh... No, I haven't." Alyssa gazed back at the man, meeting his eyes.

Suddenly, she grinned and reached up to take off his spectacles. The man's eyes instantly flashed. murderously.

The last person to have touched his spectacles was a hundred feet underwater in the nearest ocean.

"You! Little bastard!" Alyssa cried happily.

The man's breathing hitched as he narrowed his eyes, once again searching for familiarity on Alyssa's face.