

After Divorce I Am A Billionaire

After Divorce I Am A Billionaire

Chapter 12

In the garden.

Lyra had her arms crossed and stood in front the fountain to get some fresh air.

If she didn't come out to get some air, she was probably going to be fainted by the disgusting smell of the banquet hall.

"Lyra!"

A shrill voice suddenly sounded behind.

She turned her head and saw that it was Sheila walking towards her, holding her head high.

"Didn't it hurt enough? Still want me to help you recall it?" She coldly looked back and her tone was aloof and cold.

Sheila was so angry at her words that she wanted to go up and scratch her face, but thinking of her plan, she clenched her hands and held herself back.

She took a bank card out of her LV bag and handed it to Lyra with a patronizing tone.

"There's \$300,000 in here. It's yours as long as you promise never to hang around my brother again. Leave Frayton and never come back."

an odd look at the bank

can't even buy a strand of Lyra Lloyd's hair, and she wanted to buy her and

that she must be persuaded, so Sheila became even more

I'm afraid you've never seen so much money like this. But this money is

to borrow money before, but unfortunately she didn't lend it to you. Now it's good. With

that? Have you

excitement as she kept thinking to

When Lyra was in the Freeman family, Fiona withheld all of Lyra's allowance. In the past three

Lyra, being so poor, must

she could say her money was stolen before the party was over and falsely caught her before she called the

would bribe the guards to beat Lyra to death. And it could leave her a record of theft by the way. Lyra would never be able to

excitement in

I apologize, but this time I really mean it. You are so short of money.

taking in all her expressions and shaking

sent a text message to

is in my bag in the car on the way here. Help me go to the bank and

took almost two seconds for her to receive the

[Copy! Two minutes to arrive]

Getting the accurate information, Lyra casually sat on a stone platform by the fountain.

Sheila saw that she was not even paying attention to her and got a little angry, "Hey? Are you listening to me or not?"

Lyra stroked her shoulders lazily, "Wait a little longer."

"Wait?"

Sheila didn't understand, "What are you waiting for? I know you're with Keith now, but he's just playing around with you at best. You don't really think a guy like Keith, who's handsome, rich, and from a good family, will marry you, do you?"

Sheila was still persuading her when Jalen had arrived, carrying a black box in his hand and bending down to respectfully hand it to Lyra.

"It's the thing you asked for."

Sheila looked at the strange man who suddenly appeared and was confused.

And Lyra had gotten up, took the case handed over by Jalen, and looked at Sheila again with a cold glint in her eyes. She smiled wantonly.

“You’ve said so much. Now, it’s my turn, right?”□□□