

## After Divorce I Am A Billionaire

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### Chapter 19

Lyra took the remote key fob and kept pressing it when she went to different floors of the parking facility.

Finally, after twenty minutes, hearing the beep, she found her new car.

Looking at the lime green spray paint, she stroked her chin and tsked twice.

Although this model was relatively traditional, but it never went outdated and was a really practical type of car, not to mention this color... Sassy!

She loved it!

She couldn't wait to get her hands on the new car and try it out.

A woman's sarcastic voice suddenly came from behind her.

"Oops, isn't this our fantastic Miss Carroll? Let me see what kind of car you're driving..."

Stacy smiled as she came over to check on Lyra's car. And when she saw it, she pouted her lips in disdain.

"I thought it was some fancy car. A Volkswagen Santana? Miss Carroll is in a high rank now. Why not buy a better one to reward yourself?"

Lyra didn't take offense, just smiling, "The car is just a transportation means for me. I only need it to be practical."

Stacy rolled her eyes.

cunning excuse for the

her vanity exploded and all her grievance caused by

at least the bitch was

like they were homies, "Miss Carroll, I just recently got a new car. Would you mind telling me your thoughts

Lyra to say anything, she took Lyra's arm and walked to a parking space not  
distance, it did look quite cool, but it wasn't far from a good choice for commuting, only  
suitable for

guess you haven't seen this style of sports car before, right? This is the latest BMW  
Z70 this year. The bare price is 1.5 million. I have

Lyra frowned.

could this car be a

thought her words had irritated Lyra. Haughtiness

offense, but you're after all a department director. Your car is a bit too cheap. We're an  
entertainment company. Those artists and celebrities would see how's it going with our  
company. Your crappy car would

"Huh ..."

Her face with light makeup on and red lips, looked

amused,

between a Z4 and a Z70, and you're standing here

was confused and looked at

butt of her BMW, grabbed her hand and

"What are you doing!"

up to her eyes, "Take a good look. You've got old dirt on

out a wet wipe to clean her hands. She didn't believe Lyra's words,

"You're really stupid."

Lyra snickered and explained, "This is not a Z70. It's the old Z4 model three years ago.  
Moreover, this was a second-hand car of low configuration, 350,000 dollars at best, I  
guess. If you don't believe me, find a professional technician to take a look at it and  
you'll know."

Stacy shook her head in astonishment, "No way, how can this be a used Z4! You are  
just jealous of me and deliberately denigrate my car. You think I'll fall for it, don't you?"

Lyra had explained it so clearly, but Stacy actually thought she was bullshitting. Was she habitually stupid?

“From what you’re saying, I don’t think you bought the car yourself, did you?”

Lyra paused and thought of something, her tone suddenly turning serious, “Stacy, which of the company’s executives did you date?”

Stacy’s face went colorless and she pushed Lyra away in irritation.

“I don’t understand what you’re saying! Ridiculous!” She quickly drove away.

Lyra looked at the direction Stacy fled in haste and became more convinced that she was right, narrowing her eyes.

The company had this kind of scum in the senior leadership. If she found out who he was, he would definitely have a taste of his own medicine!

She withdrew her gaze and returned to her little Volkswagen Santana.

Having just opened the car door to a crack, suddenly two large hands pressed on the door.

The man’s cold and familiar low voice came from behind her.

“Why doesn’t he buy you a nice car?” □□□□□□□□□□□□□□□□