

## After Divorce I Am A Billionaire

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#### Chapter 20

Lyra heard the voice and immediately frowned.

The moment she turned back, she met with Melvin's unfathomable eyes that were close at hand.

"This is the underground parking of the Angle Group. What is Mr. Freeman doing here?"

Melvin's lips curled up into a smirk, "I came here to talk to Mr. Lloyd about collaboration. What? Is there a rule saying I can't show up here?"

Lyra laughed at that.

What kind of lame excuse was that?

"The Freeman Group focuses on the real estate and construction market, which has nothing to do with the entertainment industry. So, are you here for selling houses to our artists?"

She locked eyes with him, the sarcasm in her gaze bursting out, no less intimidating than him.

Melvin was stung by her penetrating stare. His expression suddenly turned cold, and pressed her shoulders and pushed her backwards, so that her back was completely against the car door, and her whole body was circled in the bend of his arms.

"What are you doing?"

Lyra's thighs were held against his knees so she could not move.

This pose was so strange...

The close proximity and the steamy atmosphere made Lyra blush involuntarily.

She struggled while glaring back at him viciously.

"Melvin, are you on drugs? You've lost your fucking mind!"

on her, like looking at

You've got Keith Lloyd as your backer but now you want

hear what he just

rolled her eyes in her heart but didn't

but it looks like he

What was all this?

she divorced him was to be with Keith, and now he

How ridiculous!

you didn't love me, and I was tired and didn't

"However..."

better tempered than you, more capable than you, and more handsome than you!

similar to mock

veins on Melvin's forehead were popping. He gripped her

Is it because you want me to fuck

Lyra was fuming too!

his ex-wife, ex-wife! Everything she was doing now had nothing to do

this jerk get to be mad

this one more time. Get

did

polite to him didn't work

the

use

she didn't expect that the other

her hands were grabbed by Melvin with one hand, then held

far above her, so she simply

“Melvin!”

Lyra was furious, her whole face like a red shrimp.

Melvin curled up his lips into a smirk, his eyes glinting with the pleasure of revenge, seeming to be very happy to see her being angry and yet helpless like this.

When she blew her tops, her expression was fierce like a small lion, her bright eyes filled with stubbornness, her cute teeth biting the red lips, so beautiful and seductive.

Melvin couldn't help but recall the night before, when he was drugged, and in a trance, he saw her eyes, just like the young Charlotte years ago.

At that moment, he was really in full swing.

Looking back on it now, that night was incredibly wonderful to him.

Just from thinking about it, he felt desire surging down there.

Lyra soon noticed the man's body pressed against hers gradually stiffen and somewhere got hotter... His thing was pressing against her belly.

“Melvin, you fucking pervert! Bastard! If you don't let go, I'll die with you!”

Her ferocious yell interrupted Melvin's thoughts.

He snapped back to his senses and grinned impishly, “I haven't done anything yet. How am I the pervert? Guess I'll have to actually do something to deserve the name you've given me!”

The atmosphere between them was downright hot and steamy.

After he finished with his words, his gaze aimed at her lips, and his whole body suddenly pressed downward. He dashed straight to her lips, his eyes burning with punitive aggression.

Lyra heard a loud “bam” in her head; she was engulfed by shame and embarrassment.

“What are you doing!”