

After Divorce I Am A Billionaire

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Chapter 26 Keep Your Man In Check

The more she said, the weaker her voice became, but the stronger the hatred in her eyes. However, seemed to have no courage to open that door to confirm it. “Just come in and see for yourself.”

Lyra shrugged unconcernedly, jerked the door fully open and pointed to where Melvin had just been standing, “Man, right there!”

Charlotte’s heart skipped a beat.

Following the direction where Lyra was pointing to, she found no one there apart from the wall.

“Is this a prank?”

She glared at Lyra with malice in her eyes.

Lyra also froze.

The man was standing right there just now. Did he have some superpowers that she was unaware of?

Charlotte was observing Lyra’s expression. She still felt it suspicious, so she shoved Lyra aside in anger, pushing open every door of each cubicle to take a closer look.

Lyra was standing right behind her, also looking at where Melvin was hiding. After checking all the cubicles, their eyes coincidentally fell on the last cubicle that was not completely closed.

Charlotte took a deep breath and thrust the door open!

Empty.

Lyra, however, turned to look at the open window on the right side of the cubicle and understood exactly what happened.

She couldn’t help laughing when she imagined the scene that the president of Freeman Group was forced to flee through the window .

Charlotte was confused by Lyra’s amused expression, and her doubt rose again.

“If you were the only one in the restroom, what was that phone ringing earlier?”

Lyra waved her hand and did not answer.

Meaning, let Charlotte guess for herself.

Charlotte looked at her angrily and threatened, “Lyra, you and Melvin no longer have any relationship. I’m warning you. Stay away from him. If I find out you’re still trying to seduce him, I won’t let you off the hook!”

Lyra smiled as she listened, not intimidated at all, “I never look back and cry over something I’ve abandoned. But if you piss me off, I don’t mind taking away everything you want, including the man.”

“Shut up!”

Charlotte was deterred by the coldness in Lyra’s eyes, and failed to refute her

for the moment.

Before Lyra left, she glanced back at Charlotte again and spoke sarcastically, "By the way, keep your man in check and tell him not to mess with me again, because both you and he disgust me."

"Bitch!"

Charlotte was furious, but there was nothing she could do about it. She was frustrated about why those people didn't get Lyra last night.

She stomped her feet in indignation, washed her hands and came out of the restroom.

"Lottie."

She had just taken two steps when a familiar voice behind her called out to her.

Charlotte turned around and saw that it was Melvin walking out of the men's restroom with a calm and relaxed face. She could finally rest assured.

Maybe she was too flustered back that she misheard it, while the bell might have come from the men's restroom?

"Melvin, did you hear what I just said in the hallway?"

Melvin nodded, "Hmm."

Charlotte instantly blushed. She didn't want to leave a bad impression in Melvin's heart with her screaming just now.

"I'm sorry. It's my fault. I just thought it was you in the ladies' room and that's why I lost control of my emotions. I'll never suspect you again and I won't definitely yell again."

Melvin didn't say anything and looked at her with questioning gaze.

When he saw a faint dark circles under her eyes, he suddenly remembered that last night, she came to him late at night; he refused to see her, so she stood in front of the house for almost half the night, and talked about what had happened years ago.

Although he felt somewhat threatened, he still agreed to her engagement request out of a man's commitment.

Nevertheless...

Somewhere along the way, Charlotte seemed to be more and more like a strange person to him; sometimes he even doubted that whether she was the blithesome girl years ago.

"Lottie, you seem to have changed a lot in the few years you've been abroad."

He said this impassively and passed by Charlotte to go back to the restaurant.

Charlotte, however, was like struck by lightning and stiffened on the spot.

How could he... look at her with that look?

Did he find out something?

...

Lyra had just sat back down when Cody was about to go look for her. He heaved a sigh of relief when he saw that she finally came back.

"Lyra, what took you so long?"

"What's wrong? Anything happened?" Lyra asked in return, noticing the look on his face.

"Keith sent for you, saying that he's found something about the matter you asked him to look into yesterday, and you should talk to him when you have

time.”

“Okay, I’m on my way.”

“Hey, hey! You should at least finish your meal before you go!”

He shouted sulkily, while Lyra had already driven off.

After Melvin’s side finished his meal, he also sent Charlotte back to the hotel.

Looking at the lonely room, Charlotte pulled his hand and pouted, “Melvin, we are engaged. Can’t I go back to live with you at the villa?”

Melvin frowned.

He had clearly told her last time that she couldn’t stay in the villa. Why did she still mention it?

Although his heart was not pleased, he still comforted her, “Just wait a while. I’ll have someone arrange a suitable accommodation for you as soon as possible.”

Charlotte was keenly aware of his displeasure.

Thus, she felt more aggrieved.

Why was Lyra allowed to live in that villa and be the hostess for three years, while she was not even eligible to enter the house?

But she didn’t dare to ask; she knew Melvin didn’t like jealous and whiny girls.

“It’s okay. I don’t have to live in the villa. But this hotel room is cold and empty.

Melvin, can you stay with me? One night would be fine.”

Her voice was soft and imploring; her pitiful little face made it hard for any man to reject her.

But Melvin didn’t even look at her. It was an obscure expression on his face.

“I have things to do at the office. You should rest early.”

After saying that, he forcibly drew his hand out of hers and left.

As the door closed, Charlotte slumped onto the carpet, tears welling up in her eyes.

Why had everything changed since she returned from abroad?

Melvin no longer treated her in the same doting and pampering way he once did.

Did... he already know?

Panic surged in Charlotte’s heart.

She was dismayed at the thought when the door opened again and the man’s black leather shoes came into sight.

“Melvin! I knew you ...”

Before she could finish her sentence, she looked up and saw that the person who entered was not Melvin, but Fred.

She was frustrated again.

Fred looked at her despondent look, and his heart ached, but he still had to say it, “Miss Matthews, I’m sorry to bother you. There is something really urgent that needs your explanation.”

“Say it, and I will answer you honestly.”

Seeing her smile, Fred was even more distressed and he asked softly, “Last night, Miss Lyra Carroll was driving back after work. On her way home, she was surrounded by a group of gangsters and got into a very dangerous situation.

Charlotte was shocked, “What! Is she okay?”

“She’s fine, the boss happened to be there last night and put the gangsters to

rest, but the boss asked me to investigate on the mastermind behind this.” He said, looking up to observe Charlotte’s expression.

Charlotte seemed relieved, “That’s good.”

Then she seemed to have understood Fred’s implication and looked at him incredulously, “So, you came to ask me because you thought the person who sent those men to hurt Lyra, was me?”

Chapter 27 Settle the Account

Fred didn’t say anything, but the implication in his eyes was unmistakable.

If it were not for the special circumstances, he would never have suspected Charlotte. But that day he had just spoken to Charlotte about his boss’s visit to Lyra at the Angle Group underground parking, and later that night Lyra was sieged on the road.

It was just too coincidental.

It’s hard to say that Charlotte didn’t have anything to do with it.

Charlotte looked hurt and said painfully, “Fred, I always considered you as my best friend, but I never thought you would suspect me? How could I have sent someone to harm Lyra? I didn’t even know which route she would drive.”

Fred was instantly convinced by her.

“I believe you are a kind person and you surely haven’t done this, but did you tell anyone else about it?”

Charlotte paused.

Since Fred already suspected her, if she didn’t give him some useful information, he would probably go check her recent calls. By then, the image she worked so hard to build in front of him would be gone.

When things come to a head, she had no choice but to sacrifice others.

She pretended to ponder over it for a while and suddenly think of something, “I was so sad that day. Sheila called to ask about me and I told her...”

She paused and quickly waved her hands, “No, no way! Sheila won’t do such a thing either. I trust her.”

Fred sighed rather gratefully, “Miss Matthews, you are a good girl, but others might not be as innocent and kind as you are.”

He comforted her with a few more words and then left the hotel in a flash. He sent someone to the Freeman Manor for in-depth investigation, and then arranged someone else to quietly erase the associations between this matter and Charlotte.

Only when he was gone did Charlotte stomp her feet in anger.

She was wondering why no one came back to report last night, so it turned out that Melvin had saved that bitch!

Now she could only give Sheila out to protect herself. And when Melvin knew about it, he would definitely enhance his guard against the Freeman Manor, so Sheila Freeman, this pawn, would not be available for the time being!

It had racked her brain to get someone like Sheila to befriend her.

But she just could not spare that bitch Lyra so easily!

She clenched her fist, her nails embedded in her palm, and the savageness and

malice in her eyes were undisguised.

...

Lyra went back to Keith's villa and got the details from Keith.

It was Fiona who hired the gangsters, and Sheila who encouraged her to do so.

After reading the evidence, Lyra looked unimpressed.

She had already guessed that this matter had everything to do with the Freeman family, but...

"Did Charlotte really have nothing to do with what happened last night?"

Keith mused, "I'll send someone over to Charlotte's side to double-check."

"Good."

Keith asked again, "But now that you know who it is, what are you going to do about it?"

The corners of Lyra's mouth curved up; she already had something in mind.

"Keith, lend me some strong bodyguards."

Keith was charmed by her fox-like cunning look and tapped on her nose affectionately, "When my little princess wants someone, surely I won't dare reject her. You can have as much as you want."

Lyra smiled kittenishly, her voice soft and sweet, "I know you're the best in the world."

In the evening, the Freeman Manor.

Fiona was sitting on a lounge chair in the garden leisurely, letting the beautician giving her a facial spa treatment.

A loud bang, however, suddenly came from the big iron gate.

Fiona was so startled that she sat up straight and her wrinkles didn't disappear with the spa, but more were scared out of her skin.

She turned her head to see a globally limited-edition Rolls-Royce directly smashed her iron gate and rushed towards the garden without even slowing down.

The surrounding servants were frightened to hell, and Fiona was also dumbfounded.

Immediately afterwards, the Rolls-Royce was seen whisking relentlessly through the best blooming field of roses in the garden.

Finally, the Rolls-Royce turned around with a handsome drift and stopped steadily by the gate.

One second the roses were all flourishing in the garden, and the next, they had been crushed into the dirt.

Fiona almost passed out from this horror.

Those were her favorite flowers!

No matter how powerful the person in the car was, she would sue the other party till he or she went bankruptcy!

Fiona charged aggressively towards the Rolls Royce, only to see the door open and a pair of high heels land first.

Followed was the a gorgeous face like those girls in the magazines, and her gracefulness, how phenomenal!

Fiona froze on the spot The woman looked familiar, but she couldn't remember who it was.

Until Sheila heard the commotion and came down, growling, "Lyra Carroll, you bitch! How dare you appear in front of me. I'll tear you apart!"

Fiona stopped her daughter and looked incredulously at Lyra, who had her arms crossed and seemed like a proud princess.

It had only been a few days. Why did this little bitch seem like a completely different person?

How come she didn't find her so beautiful before?

Lyra stared at Fiona with amusement and sarcasm in her eyes, "What? Can't recognize me already?"

Now that she knew that Lyra was the one who damaged her rose field, Fiona got more arrogant and lifted her haughty chin.

"Don't think you can ride on my head just because you had found a rich man to support you! You've ruined my garden, and I want you to compensate me a thousand times over!"

Lyra asked absently, "And then what?"

Fiona looked at her daughter behind her and snorted. "Last time you had bullied Sheila, and now you brought yourself to our door. I want you to kneel down and kowtow to Sheila and admit your mistakes, and pay back all that you've owed to her!" said she while gesturing to the maids on either side.

Several maids understood what she meant and started to approach towards Lyra.

Lyra leaned against the car door, fiddling with her nails, and spoke lightly, "Okay, I've got it all memorized. I'll let you all have a taste of it. After all, I'm here today to settle the account."

Settle the account?

What did they owe her?

In confusion, Fiona saw Lyra clap her hands and ten sturdy, black-clad bodyguards suddenly appeared and stood behind her orderly.

It was intimidating enough, which scared back the few servants who just went up to Lyra.

Fiona was flustered and asked, "What do you want?"

"As I said, settle the account."

Lyra's gaze grew colder and she commanded her bodyguards behind her, "Don't touch anything in the old Mr. Freeman's room and study on the third floor as well as in the hall on the first floor. As for the other rooms, smash everything that's valuable. Everything, remember?"

"Don't you dare!"

Sheila and Fiona yelled almost simultaneously.

Fiona's eyes were red with hatred and her face was as livid as the concrete.

"Trespassing is against the law! If you break any one of my bowls, I'll call the police immediately! I'll put you behind bars!"

Lyra narrowed her eyes and smiled as she unhurriedly took out a copy of the evidence from her bag.

"Yeah, I'd like to see if the police will arrest you guys or me."

Chapter 28 I Prefer Torturing People Than Killing Them

Fiona and Sheila glanced at the contents of the photocopy, and their faces went colorless. They dared not utter a word.

They failed to set her up but instead she had gotten the goods on them.

They were in the wrong this time!

Lyra saw them both deflated and shook her head sarcastically.

She thought they would have been tougher and resisted a little longer!

“Go, hurry up with the smashing so we can proceed to the next step.” As she finished talking, a meaningful smile played over her lips.

It was almost seconds before the bodyguards quickly took action.

Four of the bodyguards gathered all the servants in the garden and contained them there, while the other six were responsible for carrying out the apocalyptic destruction on the manor.

Soon the whole manor was filled with sounds of cracking and smashing.

The contained servants listened to the noise and cowered together, not daring to look.

Fiona also listened with her heart beating crazily fast.

Sheila shrank into her arms in fear, then suddenly remembered something and she jumped, “Oh no! I just got the set of LC Limited-Edition Cosmetics from Matania last month! You can’t destroy it! Stop!”

She panicked and broke away from Fiona’s embrace and ran upstairs to stop them.

There were screams mixed with the sound of broken porcelain.

From a distance, it sounded like an eerie symphony.

Fiona’s fingernails were cutting into her palm, and her sinister stare at Lyra looked like she wanted to chop her into pieces.

It was the money she had lost, which made her heart wrench severely.

But decades of wealthy life had become part of her blood. She would not bow down to this little bitch no matter what!

She forced down the pain of a probable heart attack and glowered at Lyra with indignation, “You’re downright vicious! Bitch! You’ll get your karma. I’ll hunt you down!”

Lyra laughed, “If I’m considered vicious just by this, then what are the things you did to me in the previous three years? So vicious that it’s outrageous, right?”

Fiona sneered, “You’re just a bumpkin who came out of nowhere. You don’t deserve my son. What I did was just to teach you rules of a prestigious family. It was you who couldn’t stand the hardships and asked to divorce. What does it have to do with me? Is that my fault?”

Her sophistry made Lyra laugh.

Forget it. These people were so full of themselves, and would never think they have done anything wrong.

Lyra found it a waste of breath to argue with them.

Fiona wanted to continue when she saw two bodyguards dragging Sheila out of the manor, who kept cursing on the way.

The bodyguards’ strength was so great while Sheila kept struggling, so her

wrists and arms were bruised.

Fiona was distraught and tried to rescue her baby girl back from the bodyguard, but was held down by another guard and couldn't move, so she could only look at Lyra in horror.

"What do you want to do to Sheila! I was the one who sent the men. It had nothing to do with Sheila. Kill me if you have the guts!"

"I prefer torturing people than killing them."

Lyra curled her lips into a smile, "Last time, I said that if you messed with me again, I'll double my vengeance on you, but ..."

She paused while the bodyguard brought her a chair, and she sat down right in the middle of the gate without going inside.

Because she had said before, even if Fiona begged her on her knees, she would not step into the Freeman Manor again.

"Considering that you were once my mother-in-law, an elder to me, I won't touch you, so she'll pay your debt."

She said, her stern gaze darting on Sheila.

Sheila had experienced Lyra's punishment at the party before, and she immediately shivered. "Mom! Help me! She's gonna to kill me!"

Although Fiona was held by the bodyguards, she was able to speak, and she kept accusing Lyra of her "bad deeds", cursing and threatening her non-stop.

Mixed with Sheila's wailing, it was deafening as hell.

Lyra frowned unpleasantly, "So noisy. Gag her."

The bodyguard casually found some rags which were used to clean the room and stuffed them into the two women's mouths.

The only sound left in the garden was the weak whimpering of the two women, the shouting finally stopped.

Lyra's playtime began.

"Remember when you accused me of stealing the jewelry and you took the chance to snatch away my shares of the Freeman Group? But since I've destroyed all your belongings, this debt is settled. But, as for the time when you forced me to kneel down in the rain, we can't forget that, right?"

She passed a wink.

The bodyguard kicked Sheila on the crooks of her knees.

Sheila could not stand the force and slumped on the ground heavily. Those fine small pebbles grinding her knees brought excruciating pain to her. Sheila's head, because of inertia, fell downward uncontrollably.

Sheila's head didn't hit the ground because she was pulled back by the bodyguard, but from a distance, it looked like she was kowtowing to Lyra.

Sheila's face was distorted in pain. Such a grave humiliation.

Fiona's eyes were teary with pain, and her mouth was still mumbling, seemingly she was yelling curses like "Bitch, you're going to die".

"Heartbreaking already?"

Lyra smiled indifferently, "When you see that it is your own daughter who is suffering, you can't stand it anymore? I was not your daughter, but I have a mom too. When you treated me like this, had you ever thought that my mother

would also be heartbroken?”

At the mentioning of her mother, Lyra subconsciously clenched her fists tightly until it hurt.

Some bad memories came to her mind.

A few moments later, she suppressed the emotions that had suddenly risen, and looked up at the red glow in the sky with a sullen look.

“It’s a pity that it isn’t raining heavily today. The account is not completely settled.”

She frowned in contemplation, suddenly her eyes glinted with a hint of delight.

She got a good idea, “Go get a few buckets of water from the pond.”

The bodyguard went to do it immediately.

The servants, cowering in the corner of the garden, gasped as they heard how Lyra was torturing the two women, but none dared to come forward and plead for mercy.

After all, many of them had witnessed how Lyra had been treated like this before; as for the rest, even if they had not seen it, they had heard of how mean Fiona was to her daughter-in-law.

And Sheila used to bully Lyra too.

So it seemed quite fair now for the daughter to pay her mother’s debt.

Soon, the bodyguards got five buckets of water. Because it was a fish pond, they had accidentally scooped up a few small shrimps and water plants as well.

Sheila’s wide-open eyes were saturated with dread, and she kept shaking her head at Lyra and begging for mercy, sobbing uncontrollably, with no trace of her former arrogance and bossiness.

“Pour on them.”

Her icy tone rendered the mother and daughter in complete despair.

Splash—

A whole bucket of pond water was poured over Sheila’s head, not a drop left.

Sheila was now pale-faced, shuddering from the coldness, water plants stuck to her face, shrimps still bouncing on her head, indescribably wretched.

She looked up and saw her mother weeping but unable to do anything about it, and saw Lyra, whom she hated most, looking at her mockingly.

There were also those servants who always got scolded by her, and they were sneaking glances at her, witnessing her shame.

Her pride, her self-esteem, was all shattered. Unbearable and humiliating emotions filled her up.

She broke down completely and bawled.

She passed out before the bodyguards could pour the second bucket of water down.

Lyra saw that Sheila had really fainted, so she let the bodyguard release the restraint.

As soon as she was released, Fiona dashed to check on her daughter first, even forgetting to curse Lyra.

“I’m just teaching you a lesson today. If you dare do it again, it will be more than this.”

Seeing that the account was almost settled, Lyra called her bodyguards back

and prepared to go home.
Just as she turned her head, she met the magnetic eyes.
Melvin was staring at her, his face gloomy, his thin lips pursed.

Chapter 29 Less of An Asshole

Looking at Melvin's expression, Lyra guessed that he should have also found out who was behind it.

So, he came over here to condemn her or what?

Melvin didn't say anything, just staring at her.

Instead, Fred came forward first and protested, "Miss Carroll, you're ruthless!"

Though Lyra had divorced Melvin, after all, the two were her former mother-in-law and sister-in-law. Even if they had done something wrong, the punishment for them had gone too far, right?

His admiration for the kind-hearted Charlotte had instantly increased a bit more.

Lyra glanced at him and did not retort, merely sparing Melvin a thoughtful glance.

"You think so too?"

Melvin frowned, about to speak, but Fiona, who heard the movement at the door, lunged over and hugged him, starting to denounce Lyra, "Son, look what this vicious bitch has done to your sister! She even smashed up the house! You must send her to jail. I want her to stay there until she dies and repent for the rest of her life!"

Melvin's handsome eyebrows were knitted more tightly.

Everyone looked at him as if they were waiting for him to make a decision.

So was Lyra .

However, she remained calm and collected, ready for the next step no matter which side Melvin would choose.

Fiona put on her smugness again. As her baby son was back, he was sure to help her!

She's waiting to see how this bitch Lyra dies!

As the crowd watched, having their own opinions in heart, Melvin took two steps closer to Lyra.

The black-clad bodyguards immediately went to block in front of Lyra, but were stopped by the latter.

She wanted to see what he was up to.

Melvin stopped there, a few steps away from Lyra.

He sighed, and his head lowered slightly toward Lyra.

"This time, it was they who tried to hurt you first, and you deserved to retaliate against the Freeman family. It was their fault, and I apologize on their behalf."

At these words, everyone was shocked!

Lyra also fell into silence.

She had thought he might defend his own family.

But it never occurred to her that he didn't object to her retaliation and even offered an apology?

This was the first time she felt he was sensible, responsible, and less of an

asshole.

Fiona, however, could not accept it.

She grabbed Melvin and started to scream and shout.

“You’re my son! How could you not take my side but go help this bitch! Do you have the heart to watch her torture your sister and me? How can you be so heartless?”

“I don’t care! You must give me an explanation! Or I’ll disown you, ungrateful brat!”

Although Melvin was being pulled by her, he was still unruffled in that blue tailormade suit.

He didn’t move a muscle, letting his mother do whatever she wanted.

When Fiona saw that he was unmoved, she was so pissed that she rushed straight towards Lyra, trying to tear her apart. It was only then that Melvin turned to stare to the servants who were watching the show beside.

“The lady has lost her mind. Take her back to her room and call the family doctor to come take a look.”

With the order, Fred quickly arranged for the servants to take the cursing Fiona into the manor.

They also carried Sheila on the garden floor to her room.

The rest of the servants also dispersed and began to clean up the mess.

Outside the Freeman Manor, there were only Melvin and Lyra along with the ten black-clad bodyguards Lyra brought with her.

Lyra saw him staring at her face all the time and didn’t know what he was looking at, so she uncomfortably turned her face to the side.

“You helped me that day, so this time I only gave them a small punishment.

Otherwise, I would have also sent the evidence to the police and put them both in jail.”

As she was speaking, she took a look at the organized file again, “But I still have the evidence. If they mess with me again, I’ll make use of this.”

Melvin looked at her sly smile and couldn’t help but curl up his lips. She was like a cunning little fox, calculating and ruthless.

Lyra looked at him who was also smiling, wondering what he was thinking about.

She soon put away her smile, “You better keep them in check. Next time if they offend me again, I’ll count you in together to settle the score.”

After saying that, she left with her bodyguards, swaggering away.

After Lyra left, Melvin stepped over the broken porcelain and went to check on Sheila.

The family doctor had arrived and was checking Sheila’s body.

Fiona was much stabler now and just sat by Sheila’s bed, sobbing.

Seeing Melvin enter, she pulled her son by his shirt and pointed worriedly at Sheila’s knee.

The original fair skin on the knee became blue-purple, bruised with black spots, swollen in a nasty way.

“Look how your sister is hurt? Don’t you, as a brother, feel pain? Ever since she was little, she has been my precious baby. Now she was hurt by that bitch. How

would she bear this humiliation? If you don't revenge her, she'll fall apart! Can you really bear to see your sister bite the dust like that?"

Fiona kept jabbering and crying like she was greatly aggrieved.

As a mother, she knew that her son couldn't bear to see her like this.

This time Lyra had really gone too outrageous. She had to teach that chick a lesson!

Otherwise, she couldn't swallow an insult like that!

Melvin pursed his thin lips and remained silent.

Although staring at Sheila's unsightly knees, Melvin seemed to be pondering over something else.

Before he came, he asked the maid and learned that Fiona had deliberately framed Lyra for the former jewelry incident.

Back then, he was working overtime in the company, and just roughly heard about the incident, but did not know the details.

Melvin's heart ached for a moment.

So Lyra had been so unhappy and disappointed at the Freeman Manor that she had no other choice but divorce?

The scene of her petite and stubborn figure kneeling in the rainy night suddenly popped up in his head. Sheila kneeled for a short while and her knees had become swollen like this. Then what about Lyra who had kneeled there for a whole night...

But she never complained to him once about these things in their marriage.

"Son?! Are you listening to mom or not?"

Fiona shook his arm, interrupting his thoughts.

"Don't you forget that your father had entrusted your sister and me to you, and now your grandma has gone, you can't ignore me and your sister just because you've gotten in charge of the Freeman family!"

If she couldn't get Melvin help them out of pity, then persuade him with a man's responsibility and commitment. Fiona didn't believe he could still defend that bitch.

Melvin turned his head to look at her, but didn't answer her directly.

"How did you all bully Lyra before? Tell me about it."

Fiona was stunned, not expecting him to ask about this at all.

"It's been a long time ago. You and she are divorced now. What's there to tell? Besides, as her mother-in-law, what's wrong with me scolding her occasionally?"

Did this bitch tell on you? No wonder she's such a malicious and indecent woman!"

Just as she finished, she noticed that Melvin's face had been completely livid, so she hastily changed the topic, "Good boy, look at my arm, all bruises, and your delicate sister. Can you bear to see us being bullied?"

"Alright."

Melvin's lips curled into a smile, but his eyes were cold, "I know what to do."

Fiona was delighted, and her grip on his arm tightened.

"Really?!"

Chapter 31 This Woman Drinks Like a Fish

Stacy's face froze, but then she smiled even wider.

d figures of Grandviz. They could easily decide whether our

She pulled Lyra aside and whispered in her ear, "The three directors are all re artists will get the main roles of this TV show. Be careful not to offend them." Lyra nodded, with little expression on her face. The two finished their private chitchat and politely turned back around.

The three directors stared at Lyra with unblinking eyes, their eyes glinting with lust, which disgusted Lyra. "Miss Carroll really lives up to your name. Not only are you beautiful, you're in such a good shape." Mr. Harper was the first to speak. "Thank you for your compliment. You three misters are the best of the best." Lyra replied with a smile.

Stacy greeted everyone warmly and have them seated,

She raised the glass, being the first to toast to Lyra, "Miss Carroll, this is your first time negotiating business in person since *you* took office. Here's to you. I wish you a success."

A glass of red wine was forced into Lyra's hands. Lyra elegantly swirled the wine and took a sniff, "1982 Chateau Lafite Rothschild, excellent."

She smiled and gently clinked her glass with Stacy, before raising her head and gulping it all down. Mr. McCormick tried to fawn on her, "I didn't expect Miss Carroll also have a profound understanding of wine, and *you don't* hesitate to drink. How charming! Please accept my toast" Lyra asked, "Are we here today to talk about the casting of Grandviz's new show? *We haven't* got to the point yet." The directors were all unhurried, "Surly we'll get to that. But the rule is to drink first before talking about the business. Miss Carroll, you aren't gonna break the rule, right?" The three directors were all smiles and came up to toast to her. Lyra didn't even refuse and drank glass after glass.

At the President's office, Frazier Group.

Fred knocked on the door and respectfully handed over a file containing information about Lyra's life. "Boss, our people have carefully checked three times. This is the result we've got. Please take a look."

Melvin took it, browsing through the file, flipping the pages back and forth for several times, and his handsome brows were slightly furrowed.

Her experience may seem seamless on the surface and her life uneventful. But about the years before she was fifteen years old, it only said she was in an orphanage. That was all, it was even a mystery about when she was put in the orphanage.

Not even Melvin's elite hackers could dig out her history?

Fred saw his suspicion and asked, "Should we let them continue to dig deeper?"

"It's not necessary. Melvin closed the file and put it on the pile, "She is deliberately hiding it from us. It would just be a waste of energy to investigate further, but her life must be more than that." His walked to the floor-to-ceiling window, lit up a cigarette, unfathomable emotions in his eyes. Fred opened the schedule on his iPad and asked again, "Boss, you have a dinner reservation for tonight that you've made a week ago. Are you attending?"

"Yes."

At the Grandviz dinner party.

Four people took turns filling up Lyra's glass and they had toasted for about three rounds, Lyra never refused once.

They had finished six bottles of red wine already.

However, her cheeks were only slightly flushed, which making her more seductive in the hazy light, but her eyes were very clear. Stacy shook her dizzy head and got a little frustrated. She didn't expect this chick to drink so much, so much so that she and the three directors were drunk, but Lyra was sober as hell? They could hardly drink anymore. The saw Lyra voluntarily poured herself another glass of red wine and gulped it down once again. And then, the pair of clear, bright eyes glanced at them one by one, with a gorgeous but somewhat sarcastic smile on her face.

Chapter 38 This Woman Drinks Like a Fish Good God

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They were in awe! If they didn't see it with their own eyes, they wouldn't have believed that this woman actually drink like a fish!

“Misters. Miss Kim, why aren’t you drinking anymore? If you’ve had enough, then couldn’t we start talking about business?”

Now it was Lyra who took the upper hand and toast them in return.

The three directors hurriedly darted their stern gazes at Stacy, as if to tell her to hurry up and fix this. They couldn’t continue to drink anymore, or they would crash onto the ground the next moment.

Stacy gritted her teeth in hatred, knowing full well that this was not the right way to go.

Luckily, before coming here, Irene gave her a packet of colorless and odorless powder just in case of a change of plan.

She exchanged a look with Mr. Pollard, who understood and spoke with a smile. “Has Miss Carroll read the plan for our new TV show?” He asked while taking out a document and handing it to Lyra, “Here’s the latest version. You might want to take another look at it and tell us whom you have in mind.”

Lyra got up to take it.

Suddenly, there was a clank.

It was her glass that was accidentally knocked to the floor by Stacy next to her. “Sorry, so sorry! I didn’t mean to do it. Maybe I’m a little drunk now. Let me get you a new glass of wine.” Lyra threw her a thoughtful glance, but didn’t stop her. A few moments later, Stacy came back with a new wine glass, filled it up with red wine and handed it to Lyra. Mr. Pollard and Stacy continued to exchange glances and couldn’t wait to raise their glasses and start toasting Lyra again. Lyra didn’t take it, “There’s no rush. This one is for the end of the night.”

Mr. Pollard didn’t understand what she meant and echoed, “Ok, alright, whatever the pretty lady says.” “I’ve looked at this character sheet carefully, and I think there seems to be a bit of a problem here...” said Lyra while moving her glass slightly.

She got up, held the file in her hand, leaned over, and handed it to Mr. Pollard to read. The three directors looked at her hot body and couldn’t withdraw their gazes.

Due to the lack of support, Lyra had to place the document on two glasses which were put next to each other before she pointed out the specific problem.

The directors’ attention was not even on the documents at this moment, only thinking of finishing the talk quickly. No matter what Lyra suggested, they didn’t hesitate to agree to it. Mr. Pollard once again urgently raised his glass, “Miss Carroll, now that the job is do

ne, why don't we all raise our glasses and celebrate our upcoming collaboration." Lyra didn't refuse this time, lifted her glass and gently clinked it with the others, but she didn't rush to drink. The four finished their drinks almost instantly, their eyes all looking either expectantly or excitedly at Lyra. The dark red wine smelled intoxicatingly aromatic. Lyra brought the wine to her lips and, after a slight hesitation, drank it all. But in a few seconds, her eyes became hazy and she shook her head dizzily, finally collapsing onto the table in a defenseless state. The four men looked at the glass with not a drop left and smiled triumphantly.

In the middle of the meal, Melvin came out of the box and went to the bathroom. On the way back through the emergency exit, he noticed a woman that seemed familiar talking to a big-bellied man in the corner.

He looked carefully and found that the woman was the one showing off her BMW to Lyra that day at the underground parking.

Melvin was

not interested in gossips and turned his head to leave, but then he keenly heard the woman's words. "Mr. Pollard, please remind the other two directors to record a video of Lyra for me afterwards, and please give me the priority in all future projects of Mr. Harper and Mr. McCormick." "Don't worry, you'll get your share of the cake." After Mr. Pollard finished, he rubbed his hands together and was eager to go back to the private room to enjoy the beautiful girl. However, just as he turned his head, his collar was clutched violently by someone else.

Chapter 30 Do You Deserve It?

Melvin called the housekeeper in.

"From today onwards, Lady Fiona and Miss Freeman are grounded together. No one is allowed to let them out without my permission. And if anyone dares to disobey, they will be dealt with according to the Freeman Manor's severest punishment."

"Huh?"

He was not gonna get even with that bitch Lyra? Fiona blew her stack, pointing at Melvin and scolding him relentlessly, saying that he was an ungrateful bastard, heartless, disobedient and unfilial...

Melvin let her be and didn't say another word, leaving the room with a sullen face.

He called in Fred.

"Whatever was smashed, have them replaced as soon as possible, and then send someone to keep an eye on the Freeman Manor. A

ny phone call must be monitored and reported to me quickly.” “Yes.” Fred gave him a hesitant glance, “...But boss, would that be a bit too harsh on the lady and Miss Freeman? Miss Carroll is so merciless on this.

When he thought of the misery Fiona and Sheila had gone through, Fred couldn't bear it. He didn't understand why Boss was so protective of that Lyra.

He could even tolerate her making such a mess to the Freeman Manor.

Melvin uncharacteristically did not get angry or shout at him to get lost. He just asked in an emotionless tone, “If someone has set you up several times which almost kills you, and you suffered a lot because of it, would you forgive him?” “Of course not!” Fred answered firmly, “I'll find a chance to get back at him.”

As soon as he finished, he froze on the spot. Melvin didn't say another word and walked away without looking back.

Having settled the score with those two women, Lyra was high-spirited on her way home.

The gifts from her big brother and second brother, Collin and Micah, were also successfully delivered. She couldn't wait to open one of the gift boxes, but she did not expect that it was. A small, self-made plane model from the Bureau of Aeronautics!

Shit!

Had Collin forgotten that she was not a 15-year-old kid anymore! She had been looking forward to his gift for so long. Keith was laughing next to her, and when he saw that her face was red with anger, he coughed to hide his amusement. “Rara, this is a limited-edition plane made by Collin himself. Not even money can buy it. There's only one of it. It's unique, it's just for you!” Lyra rolled her eyes. Luckily, Micah's gift was not bad and relieved her anger at Collin. It was a beautiful Emerald Green Ring with a hidden mechanism inside that could pop up a silver needle—a useful weapon when necessary.

She put the ring on, and as for the small plane, she put it in the corner of her room.

And after that, she went to shower and get in bed.

The next day. Lyra arrived at work on time. As she pushed open the office door, she saw a slender and unfamiliar figure standing in front of her desk.

The woman heard the door open and turned her head to meet Lyra's eyes. Her almond-shaped eyes on a small round face were filled with condescension and contempt, which turned into jealousy and hate as the woman was sizing Lyra up.

This strange woman seemed to be very hostile to her, huh? Without waiting for Lyra to speak, the strange woman took the initiative and said, "Emily at the reception had told me about you, but I didn't believe her. Now that I've seen you, you really look like a witch." Lyra was baffled.

She went straight past the woman to sit on the office chair and spoke, "This lady. I have to work. Please leave."

The woman ignored her words and warned in a cold voice, "It's fine if you want to make a living in the Angle Group, but you *must* stay a way from Keith. If I find out that you dare to seduce him or have an immoral relationship with him, I'll make you suffer worse than death!" "Keith? Lyra became interested, "You like him?" The woman folded her arms proudly and sneered, "I'm his fiancée."

Fiancée?

It was the woman who got engaged to Keith the year before, the second young lady from one of the big families in Suham, Irene Frazier.

How come Lyra had never heard Keith mention her before?

It seemed

Keith probably didn't dig this woman. It was just as well that she didn't want such a superficial person to be her future in-law. Irene smiled. "That's it? Fiancée is someone that can be changed before getting married. Miss Frazier, you've begun to declare your sovereignty now? Sorry, this humble place is not where you should be. Goodbye."

"Hey!"

Irene was furious.

Before Irene could retort, Lyra was already concentrating on work, treating her like she was invisible and ignoring her no matter what she said.

She had no place to vent her anger, so she eventually had to leave unhappily

Exiting Lyra's office, Irene glanced toward Stacy. Stacy understood and followed her, one after the other, down a remote corridor with no surveillance cameras. "Is this new director a decent person?"

Stacy glanced around to make sure no one was here, and then leaned in to tell Irene her own version of the story. "She was brought into the company by Mr. Lloyd personally. He also asked us to take care of her. She had probably hooked up with Mr. Lloyd before she entered the company. Moreover, she has always been

so snooty. She even beat up the company's popular artists before. How arrogant is that. "Are you serious?!"

Irene was furious, "in that case, there's all the more reason to drive her out."

She beckoned Stacy to come closer and gave a few instructions in a voice that only the two of them could hear.

As Stacy was listening, she hesitated. "Is this... really okay? Will it be too much?" Irene gently patted her shoulder, "Don't worry. Just do it. I'll put in a good word for you in front of Keith after it's done, and let you take her place as the director."

On one side was the condemnation of conscience, and on the other side was the promotion and pay rise. Stacy dithered for a few seconds and chose the latter.

Afternoon. Lyra was still in the office assigning artists to recent activities when Stacy knocked on the door with a smile on her face, and her attitude was better than ever.

"Miss Carroll, have you heard that the Grandviz Group is gonna put a hefty investment in making a male-protagonist TV show?" Lyra didn't even look up, focusing on the form, "What's wrong?" Stacy smiled broadly and put the file on Lyra's desk respectfully, "I've got the opportunity for the company's artists to talk to the head of Grandviz, but Grandviz only wants Miss Carroll for the meeting." Lyra looked up at this point and gave her a cold look. Stacy was intimidated by her penetrating gaze in that moment, stunned. Lyra smiled sarcastically, "This is a good chance to increase your commission. You're the one who start this deal, so you can go settle it." Stacy hastened to explain with an ingratiating smile on her face. "I wanted to go, but Grandviz think I'm high-rank enough, and they're only willing to talk with people of director-level. In fact, the commission is not that important. After all, it is a good opportunity to boost our artists' career, all for the sake of the company. As long as we get this deal, it doesn't matter who's the one in charge of it." Lyra kept observing Stacy's expression and said in surprise, "Miss Kim, this is the first time you've been so respectful to me." Stacy froze and smiled even wider. "I've seen your power, Director, and I don't dare cause trouble again. However, this meeting with the head of Grandviz is really an excellent opportunity. Would you please consider it?" "Sure, of course I'll go." Lyra smiled. How would she find out what tricks Stacy were trying to play if she didn't go take a look? In the evening, as soon as they got off work, Stacy took Lyra by the arm and brought her to the restaurant where they would meet people from Grandviz. When they arrived at the deluxe private room, three middle-aged men with big bellies stood up politely and looked at Lyra with sparks in their eyes. Stacy took the initiative to introduce each other, "This is our beautiful director of Angle Group, Miss Lyra Carroll. "Director, these three are directors from Grandviz, Mr. Harper, Mr. McCormick and Mr. Pollard."

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Chapter 32 No Way She Would Have Herself At A Disadvantage

Mr. Pollard's eyes widened in horror when he saw who was the man.

"Mr. Freeman... What are you doing here? Melvin's face was livid and frightening, the veins on his forehead throbbing, his grip on the collar tightened, "Which room is she in? What are you going to do to her?" Mr. Pollard was scared half to death by the man's horrifying glare He told Melvin everything out of fright. Stacy's face also paled with fear quietly looking for an opportunity to sneak away. But she was caught by Fred who just arrived. Melvin left both of them to Fred, "Tie them up, find a room and lock them there. I'll deal with them later." After saying that, he ran to Lyra's room like he was gonna kill someone.

He had a bad hunch.

That bastard Mr. Pollard told him that Lyra had already been drugged, and fifteen minutes had passed since then, did she...

His scarlet eyes were gradually tinged with killing intent He Pushed open the door of the room violently The first thing he saw was a bloody mess, with blood trailing all the way to the small bathroom inside the private room He heard constant groaning of men coming from the bathroom. Two men!

Melvin was completely infuriated and rushed towards the bathroom, but his eyes inadvertently caught a glimpse of a leisurely figure not far away.

He fixed his eyes on it

It was Lyra!

Her exquisite face had put on light makeup. At the moment she was gracefully leaning back in the chair, her slender fingers tapping on a broken stool leg next to her On the tip of the stool leg were a few sharp screws, stained with blood that would drip to the ground occasionally. Obviously, it had experienced a fierce battle

Melvin sized her up twice.

“Are you really okay?” Lyra tilted her head and smiled playfully, “What, Mr. Freeman wants something to happen to me?” Of course not. When he was about to retort, Lyra continued, “But Mr. Freeman is really well-informed. Did you come here specially to witness the jaw-dropping scandal of the showbiz?” “What?”

Melvin was confused.

The bathroom door suddenly opened and two lumps of something squirmed and crawled towards them,

He took a look

Not things, but two men who got beaten the shit out of them. One of them, his face turned morbidly red, wincing, like he was drugged. His hand was covering his crotch, from where blood was sipping through his fingers. The other one mournfully covered his behind, also bloodied, his features distorted in pain. Melvin was slightly startled, yet completely relieved. Last time he found out that Lyra had a martial art foundation. Sure enough, she won't let herself be at a disadvantage. Mr. Harper and Mr. McCormick miserably crawled to the spot two meters away from Lyra, kneeling there, and they suddenly burst into wailing.

“Your Majesty, it was Mr. Pollard and Stacy's idea... They made me do it! I was forced to do it.” “Yes, yes! We're really wrong. Please spare us. We dare not do this again...” Lyra sneered as she took out her phone and opened the profile about the two men which she had asked some to look up in advance. “Mark Harper, director of Grandviz, greedy for money and lascivious, has unusual kinks, likes to torture women. Many female celebrities and female staff in the circle had been abused by you. Accountable for 5 human lives. “Woah, John McCormick is even better. Slept with both men and women. Accountable for 11 human lives. Do you really think you deserve mercy?” The two cried even more after hearing her words.

Their legs were as weak as the melting butter. “Your Majesty, please forgive us. We've realized our mistakes. And we, we swear we'll never dare to do it again, or otherwise we'll be damned! Lyra elegantly poured herself a glass of red wine, held it in her hand and swirled slightly. “Good since you know you are wrong, then post the video you recorded in the room on Twitter, tell the public your crime, apologize sincerely to the victims, and be sure to let everyone see clearly how abhorrent you are! Disgusting!” The two men blanched at her words. Mr. McCormick immediately shook his head, “No... I can't! I will be removed from the board of directors. The public will spit on me, and the police will also arrest me. That is still a dead end to me!” Mr. Harper also pleaded, “Your Majesty, please, mercy! We can promise you everything except this!” If they are convicted, before the death penalty, they would be beaten and abused by other inmates in the prison. They dared not imagine that... Melvin stood there in silence, and as he was listening, his lips sli

ghtly curled up. Lyra was really decisive and ruthless, and she got like countless means to deal with the bad people.

Rather, it was very similar to his way of doing things. Without waiting for Lyra to speak, he spoke to the two men on the floor with a grim face, "Do as Miss Carroll says."

The two men humbly looked up at him again. Before they could open their mouths to beg for mercy, he added, "Or do you want to be taken away by me and have a taste of my torture as

well?

Lyra was perplexed. But the two men shuddered at his threat. They had heard of Melvin's methods of torturing people. That would really be a life worse than death! Being hung upside down and letting the blood drained from one's body, or cutting a person 3000 times when the man was still alive...

The two men were even more frightened.

"We'll post it! We'll post the video!" The two men posted the tweet with shaky hands under Lyra's cold, stern gaze. Seeing that things were almost done, Lyra massaged her wrist as she had punched someone, got up and walked straight out of the room, without even looking at Melvin. Melvin made a call to Fred and followed after her. Only Mr. Harper and Mr. McCormick were left in the box, clinging to each other, howling in despair. In less than five minutes, the Internet burst into a commotion. Fred notified the police to come quickly to arrest them, and the two men were taken away in a police car before they could howl for two minutes. They didn't even have time to see how they got roasted on the internet before they were taken out through the back door of the restaurant by the police and cried until they broke down. Lyra walked fast, Melvin tried to catch up with her but failed. He looked around the restaurant and eventually saw Lyra in front of the gate. It was already dark, but the lights in front of the restaurant were bright. He saw Lyra with her head down and her eyes contentedly looking at the man, Keith, who was crouching at her feet, tenderly rubbing her sore calves. Keith was doing his job while looking up at Lyra dotingly, "The kick hurts, doesn't it? Next time you want to beat someone up, tell me in advance. Why bother doing it yourself." Lyra giggled, "Haven't got into a fight for a long time so I became a bit rusty at it. This time I finally got a chance to exercise. It's satisfying"

Melvin was frozen in place. He found this scene such an eyesore. Keith finished massaging her calves and then took off his blazer, wrapping the petite person in it, while taking her to the car. As he closed the car door, he stared back at Melvin with a cold, warning gaze.

The Rolls—

Royce then took off. Melvin stared at the direction the two left, with a stirring of emotions in his chest, oddly enough. The scene of Keith rubbing Lyra's legs kept flashing across his mind, and he couldn't let go of it for a long time. Fred came out of the restaurant and saw his boss standing there blankly, and alone, not knowing what he was thinking. "Boss? What's wrong with you?" Melvin returned to his senses, his gaze still tinged with displeasure, "What is it? "Mark and John have been taken away. As for the two upstairs, what do you intend to do with them?"

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ay She Would Have Hersell! ALA Distantage

Melvin thought for a moment, and the scene just now popped up in his mind once again. He said impassively. Just let them go."

"Huh? That's all?"

Fred was stunned. He had gone through a lot of troubles to drag them into the small dark room.

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