

After Divorce I Am A Billionaire

Chapter 36 Cant Wait to Take Her Down

“Bitch! You’re a siren!” Irene was furious that this bitch had seduced Keith in front of her, Kelth’s real fiancée! She followed him from Suham to Frayton, not to mention how much she had put in getting engaged to him in the first place. How many women in the world could love a man like she did for Keith! But Keith always refused to see her, and let Jalen use various excuses to brush her off. This time, again, he said he was busy, but his so-called “busy” was busy having lunch with this bitch? The more Irene thought about it, the angrier she became. Underneath her delicate makeup was a fierce face. She glared at Lyra viciously and raised her hand to slap her. Lyra didn’t duck, but just waited there without moving.

However.

Irene’s hand didn’t even get to touch a strand of Lyra’s hair before it was clutched. Jalen clamped her wrist tightly and his tone was serious, “Miss Frazier, this is Angle Group. You can’t use violence here. Please behave yourself Irene tried to pull her hand back, but her strength was no match for Jalen’s,

She was furious, “Let go! This kind of shameless bitch deserves a good beating. If you get in my way again, I’ll beat you too!” Jalen’s face gradually turned sullen, and his hand did not let go. “Miss Frazier, Mr. Lloyd is inside. Are you trying to make a scene and force him to come out and see you behaving like a shrew?”

A shrew?

She was the Miss Frazier of Suham, born with a silver spoon. She couldn’t have her image ruined in front of Keith. Seeing that she gradually regained her senses and her anger subsided, Jalen withdrew his hand. At the thought that this woman could restrain herself even if she was in rage, Lyra couldn’t help snickering.

“I’ve heard long ago that Miss Frazier is a fiery and domineering person who can go as far as throwing caution to the wind.” Lyra tsked, shook her head, and continued, “Today, I only see that you’re a coward, and that’s all.” “Shut up!” Irene was simply furious, resisting the urge to go up and tear her apart. In the end, she could only watch Lyra enter the elevator in a breezy manner and disappear completely from sight. But Irene was unable to pacify herself. What makes this bitch think she could provoke

her like that? She wouldn't deserve to be a Frazier if she didn't send this bitch to hell! Gradually, she calmed down. A name suddenly flashed across her mind

It was the first time that Irene ever visited a detention house. She was here to meet a woman. A few moments later, a woman wearing a blue uniform, with disheveled hair and bloodshot eyes, was led by police officers to the visiting room. Even through the glass, Irene was shocked and subconsciously covered her nose, talking with disgust, "Stacy, it's only been a few days. Why are you in such a mess?" Stacy licked her dry lips and stared at Irene with hatred, "If it weren't for your eagerness to cut ties with me, would I be like this?" Just two days ago, Stacy begged the police to approach Irene; she wanted Irene to help bail her out. But instead of helping her, Irene passed the whole buck to her and even bribed someone to speed up her trial! Tomorrow, she would be transferred to prison, not knowing if she would have a chance to see the sun again in this life. She thought Lyra Lloyd was her enemy, but in fact Irene was the demon who pushed her into hell. Irene frowned, her hand still covering her nose. She talked to Stacy behind the two layers of glass through a microphone. "I had no other choice. My family accidentally found out about it, and they wouldn't allow my reputation to be tarnished, so I could only sacrifice you. "But don't worry. I'll buy off the people here to ensure that you can have a better life in the future, but in exchange, you must tell me everything you know about Lyra." Irene smiled in self-assurance, "How about that? It's a good deal, right?" But to her surprise, Stacy suddenly burst into a guffaw, even to the point of pounding the table in excitement. Irene was baffled, "Is that funny?" Trying to get her future sister-in-law killed. Isn't that funny? But Stacy didn't say this; she hated Lyra, but she also hated Irene.

Chapter 36 Can't wait to Take Her Down

0 0 Error How could she see the two of them getting along in the future? "You just can't wait to take her down?" The creepy smile on her face, with the messy dry hair and bloodshot eyes made her look like a ghost from a haunted asylum in the horror movie. Irene steadied herself before saying, "Of course. But you also want her too, right?"

"Well, then I'll tell you." Stacy grinned as she whispered to the receiver, "Her backer is not to be mess with. You may not stand a chance if you go against her directly. But I know she has been divorced once, so maybe you can start with that."

Irene sounded excited, "Good. Don't worry. I'll help you get revenge on Lyra!" After she finished, she got up and left without looking back

Stacy stared at her curvy figure, the smile on her face looked even more insane.

It was just a pity that she wouldn't be able to see their fight! Once out, Irene couldn't wait to make a call, "Find out who Lyra's ex-husband is. I want every single detail, and be quick" After waiting for half an hour, a document was sent to her phone. She clicked on it and her knitted brows were finally smoothed. Her eyes fixed on a certain name and the corner of her lips lifted, "Charlotte Matthews?"

At the President's office, Freeman group.. Melvin's hand rested on his temple and his eyes were slightly closed. Fred stood straight in front respectfully and reported the Freeman Manor's situation to him.

"The day before yesterday, Young Lady Sheila made a protest, while the security guards dared not let her get out. These two days, she has been extra quiet and well-behaved. She only made a few phone calls to Miss Matthews, but Miss Matthews did not answer..."

Melvin opened his eyes as Fred's last few words caught his attention.

"Why didn't Lottie answer her call?"

Sheila had been good friends with Charlotte and they often called each other. But ever since Lyra went to take revenge on the Freeman Manor, Charlotte did not once mention Sheila in front of him.

Melvin frowned slightly.

Fred explained. "Maybe... Miss Matthews was just busy and didn't hear Lady Sheila's call."

It was normal not to answer someone's call once in a while, but for several times in a row...

What was Charlotte trying to avoid?

Something was off.

He got up, his face solemn. 'Haven't seen Lottie in days. I'll go to her apartment.'

Fred stood still, "Miss Matthews doesn't seem to be in the apartment. She's out."

Out?

Forget it, maybe he was overthinking it.

Melvin sat back in his office chair. *Fred* looked at the dark circles under his eyes, and he couldn't help asking, "Boss, you haven't rested well recently? You don't seem too well."

Melvin rubbed his temples, a bit *fretful*. Recently, he was still living in the villa, and every time he went back, no *matter* how late it was, he kept thinking of Lyra.

There she was mopping the floor in her apron, and smiling at him when she saw him.

There in the garden, she was bending down sweeping the leaves. And there she was in bed that night... All these made him sleepless at night. Even when he got up to pour himself a glass of water, he would recall the scene of Keith gently rubbing Lyra's calves at the gate of the restaurant.

"Boss?"

Chapter 37: Being the Matthews Group's sole heir

Fred saw Melvin's livid face and thus called him. Melvin snapped back from his own thoughts and instructed, "About the Group's transfer of the villa, the lawyer must give us a draft of the agreement today, and then contact Lyra to come over to sign it." "Yes, I'll get to it immediately At the Angle Group Tower, Since Stacy was jailed, Lyra had lacked someone to help her, and now she had to focus on the reality talent competition project, so she decided to pick a replacement from those agents and assistants.

At the moment, in her small office, seven female employees of varying heights were standing in two *rows*.

Most of the female employees in the first row looked pretty, but not standing upright, looking a bit ostentatious. Lyra only took a glance at the first row and she didn't like them being so fake.

She scanned across every face and her eyes were drawn to the girl standing furthest away in the second *row*,

"You, step forward The girl did not expect to be called. Surprised and delighted, she cautiously took two steps *forward*, "Hello Director, *my* name is Kellie Winters. Lyra looked at her profile.

A newcomer, born in a remote area, nothing dodgy in her history and family background. That's exactly the kind of person Lyra wanted. *Then it's you. Start as my assistant

Kellie was flattered

The other employees were upset, "Director, she's only been here for a month, and she's still on probation. Is this compliance with the rules? Lyra threw them another glance. "I am the rule. The crowd choked on her words. Without being selected, they could only leave discontentedly. The newcomer Kellie was very excited and kept bowing to thank her, "Thank you, Director, for giving me this opportunity. I'll do my best in every task you give me, I promise..." "Okay, I see, but actions speak louder than words." She gave Kellie an affirmative look and handed her a pile of documents, "Familiarize yourself with these matters as soon as possible."

"Okay, Director

Kellie carried the documents out. Once she was gone, Lyra turned her office chair to look out the floor-to-ceiling window, while rubbing her shoulders tiredly. Angle Group was not exactly a well-known entertainment company in Frayton. Many collaboration opportunities were in fact drawn by Keith's name. Lyra wanted to increase the profits by 5% this year. Therefore, she had got to make some big moves, something new and exciting. Although it would be very risky, but this was the typical Lyra Lloyd—always rising to the challenge. As she was thinking, Kellie knocked on the door again and came in. "Director, just now there was a call from you. The person said it was Mr. Watts from Shihai. He wants you to go over to sign a house ownership transfer agreement. Lyra wondered, "What house?" "He said it was a seaside villa in Riverview. The wedding house for Melvin and her back then? The had been divorced for quite a while. Why did Melvin suddenly want to give the house to her? For compensation, or out of guilt?"

Ridiculous "Okay, I'll be there after work."

Lyra didn't refuse. Although she didn't lack money, there was no reason for her not to accept the money that was offered to her.

Besides, the house might come in handy in the future.

In the café.

Charlotte, wearing sunglasses, walked to a table with two roses, as promised. Looking at the delicate woman sitting opposite her, she removed her sunglasses and put on a fake smile, "Miss Frazier, you wanted to see me?"

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Irene looked her up and down. "You're the illegitimate daughter of the Matthews family, Charlotte Matthews? You're pretty, but your bearing is far from that of a real gentlewoman." She pointed out the status difference between them right out of the gate as Irene tr

ying to overpower her? Charlotte frowned slightly displeased, but she still managed to keep sn. If you ask me here just to humiliate me, it is really not necessary.”

She was actually about to take her bag and leave when Irene held her hand, “Don’t rush. Let’s get down to business. You hate your fiancé’s ex-wife, right?” Hearing that it had something to do with Lyra, Charlotte paused immediately. “What are you trying to say?” “Because I don’t like that bitch either, I can help you get rid of her Charlotte hesitated The Frazier family’s strength was indeed not to be underestimated. She was quite tempted at the idea, but she didn’t the way Irene talked, which was so supercilious and overbearing

If she couldn’t get substantial help from Irene, she would only end up being Irene’s puppet. With that, Charlotte sighed, “Sorry, Miss Frazier. I’m just an insignificant illegitimate child of the Matthews family with no power, and she almost got me several times before. I’m afraid I won’t be able to beat her. I can’t help you.”

She gave Irene another glance and got up to leave again.

“So what that you’re an illegitimate child. If you join forces with me, I’ll help you change that and make you the sole heir of Matton Corp.” A glint of triumph flashed across Charlotte’s eyes. “Deal”

When it was time to get off work, Lyra drove to the Seaside Villa in her Santana unhurriedly. She looked blankly at the unchanged scenery outside the gate and was surprised to find that her heart was still vaguely aching. The security guard knew she would come over and didn’t stop her. She walked straight through the garden and pushed open the door. There was no lawyer in the living room, only Melvin wearing a BOL haute couture black suit, with his long legs crossed, sitting elegantly on the sofa sipping black coffee. It came as no surprise to Lyra that she would see him at the villa.

Just...

She strutted inside in her high heels. It was only when she got closer did she see Melvin’s face clearly, which was still handsome but a bit haggard, especially with the obvious dark circles under his eyes. She didn’t hold back her laugh from amusement. She had known Melvin for so many years, but it was the first time she had seen this ghostly look on him. “It seemed that Mr. Freeman had had a busy night life these days.” Melvin’s face turned sullener and he raised his head to gaze at her, “Miss Carroll has got a sharper tongue now.” “Of course.” She folded her arms and her eyes suddenly went cold, “Whether I’ll be nice or not depends on whom I’m talking to, but you, don’t deserve it.” Melvin frowned, and he got up stepping directly over the coffee table, quickly approaching her. Lyra was prepared for this. She preemptively struck an attack, but was sidestepped by

Melvin. Then, a big hand reached over to grab her shoulder Lyra backed a step, raising her long leg wearing the 12–cm high heel and threw a fierce kick at where was between the man's legs.

Taken by surprise, Melvin took a step back and accurately grabbed her delicate ankle.

Fred, who was keeping watch in the garden, heard a commotion in the house and quietly took a peek, only to see the two fighting What was this about?

Just signing an agreement, right? if she did not like the house, she could refuse. Why fighting? He was dumblounded to see that Lyra was aiming at Melvin's weakest spot every time she struck ferociously. Melvin was only defending and not attacking. The situation was dangerous. Fred hissed. Was she trying to kill him? What a ruthless woman! Fred was really afraid to see the scene of his boss lying on the floor covered in blood the next second. He resisted the urge to go in and stop the fight, just plugged his ears and hid a way.

Chapter 38 Unbelievable Move

The two people in the living room had already fought for about two rounds.

Lyra's first strike missed its aim. In the following protracted battle, she couldn't rival Melvin in terms of physical strength, plus the inconvenience caused by her high heels, she was forced to the corner before she realized it.

Melvin smiled, clutching her left wrist and pressing it onto the wall

Just like what he did in the previous fights, This time Lyra had learned her lesson, knowing full well that he wanted to confine her hands by holding them against the wall. Thus, while Melvin was paying attention to grab her left hand, Lyra took the opportunity to pressed on the ring on her right hand, and the silver pin popped out

Melvin was caught off guard. The silver needle on Lyra's Emerald Green Ring was held against his Adam's apple, Fortunately, she had been wearing the ring all the time for protection ever since Micah gave her this. Thought the silver needle was small, it was made from a very hard material.

The two seemed to have been frozen on the spot.

So close that they could feel each other's breath. As Melvin swallowed, his Adam's apple moved, and a bead of crimson blood slipped down from his neck. quickly staining the collar of his white shirt, on which it looked a small poppy flower. His brow furrowed, "So ruthless?

Lyra sneered, "To deal with a pestering asshole like you, I have to be ruthless." Melvin's thin lips curved up slightly and he leaned in an inch closer. He didn't seem to believe tha

t she dared to take his life at the villa 'If you come a millimeter closer, I'll slit your throat without hesitation. Try it if you don't believe me.'

There was no emotion in her voice, but Melvin clearly saw the absolute determination in her eyes.

This woman would kill whoever annoyed her when she was angry. He chuckled, let go of her hand, and took two steps back –
Lyra gently massaged her left wrist, and walked around him to get the transfer agreement on the coffee table. Flipping through it, she didn't find anything suspicious in the agreement. She picked up the pen next to her and finished signing the two copies without hesitation. Then, she took one of the copies and left the house without looking back. Melvin looked at her back and raised his hand to touch the blood at his throat, the look on his face unfathomable.

Lyra got out of the villa,

When Fred saw her, he involuntarily flinched. Having waited for her to walk past him, he rushed to the villa to see how Melvin was doing –
Lyra ignored him and took out her cell phone to call Kellie. Help me find some people to take care of my Seaside Villa, the whole furnishings need to be replaced, and the flowers in the garden have to be replanted Okay, Director.' Kellie asked, "When do you plan to move in? I can start the arrangement as soon as possible accordingly. Lyra giggled, "When did I say I'm moving in?" Ituh? You're not living there? Then..." Before Kellie on the other end of the line could finish her sentence. Lyra hung up. She walked straight to her Volkswagen Santana parked at the front gate. Just as she opened the door, she heard the sound of a car slowly approaching behind her.

The car stopped a short distance away

Charlotte got out of the back seat. There seemed to be someone else in the back of the car, probably a woman, judging from her movement, but the face was blocked and it was impossible to see who she was.

Lyra didn't bother, just took one look and then withdrew her gaze, ready to get in the car and leave.

Charlotte trotted closer to her and blocked her car door, sounding surprised. "Why are you here? Do you still want to pester Melvin He has nothing to do with you now!"

Lyra was amused, curling up her lips playfully, 'That's something you should ask him. He told me to come here' Charlotte's heart sank. "How is that possible! If you hadn't pestered him, do you really think he's willing to pay attention to you?" However, she said she didn't believe in, but her heart still retained a trace of doubt.

O Chapter 38 Unbelievable Move Lyra took the transfer agreement out of her purse and waved it in front of Charlotte, "Look closely, your Melvin is giving this house to me."

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After saying that, she pushed Charlotte away. Charlotte could not stand the force and staggered several steps before steadying herself, her eyes red with shock. Melvin actually gave this house to Lyra? He didn't even allow her to approach the villa, but he was so generous to give it to this woman?

What

for! She was so angry that she almost had a heart attack, but on second thought, she figured it out. Glaring at Lyra, she grunted, "This is Melvin's compensation for your divorce, right? He did this just to completely cut off ties with you. He's

implying that don't you ever try to get near him again!" Lyra sneered, not at all pissed, her cold eyes staring back, "This is my private property *from* now on. People like you had better stay far away, or I don't mind having someone throw you out."

"You!"

Charlotte's face was almost distorted with rage. But seeing Lyra open the door and get into the driver's seat, she smiled smugly again.

"I couldn't fight you before when you had Keith backing you up, but from tomorrow, I'll trample you under my feet forever!"

Lyra

gave her a nonchalant glance, not taking her threat into account, and fired up the engine with a roar, and the Volkswagen Santana quickly swaggered off, spewing the tailpipe exhaust right in Charlotte's face.

Charlotte was choking and coughing, glaring at the green Santana, stamping her foot fiercely, her eyes glinting with malice. She would like to see how long this bitch could still be so cocky!

Lyra drove all the way back to Keith's villa. When she passed by the big LED screen at the shopping center, it was broadcasting the news of Abigail Matthews's car accident due to her DUI. Abigail was the firstborn daughter of the Matton Corp's president. After surgery, Abigail's life was out of danger, but she may be in a vegetative state forever. The Matthews couple cried uncontrollably in front of the camera. Lyra just glanced at the screen and didn't pay much attention to it.

Three days had passed. Today, Lyra went to the cafeteria for lunch. The employees today seemed to be extra gossipy and the look on their faces were rather interesting when they were chatting.

Lyra found it a bit strange, but she wasn't really interested in gossips nor did she often follow the news on the internet.

"Director, have you heard the big news this morning?" Kellie came over with two other approachable assistants and sat next to Lyra.

"What news?"

Seeing that she didn't know, Kellie couldn't wait to tell her, "The daughter of Matton Corp's president had a car accident. You heard that, right? But shortly after the accident, the Matthews family announced that they were bringing home their youngest daughter who had been in foster care abroad due to illness."

Lyra didn't look up, concentrating on eating, "What's so unusual about that?" "Do you know who the second daughter of the Matthews couple is? It's Charlotte Matthews, the fiancée of Mr. Freeman, who are gonna get engaged next month!"

Lyra's hands paused. Seeing her finally reacted, Kellie was very excited, "Everyone is mocking the Matthews couple. Their eldest daughter has become a vegetable, but they haven't even been sad for long enough. Now they already want to have their younger daughter back home... The two other female employees at the table also quickly joined the discussion, no more than expressing their dissatisfaction with the Matthew couple's behavior. They even had a bold speculation that Charlotte's identity must not be as simple as it seemed.

There were many different opinions on the matter

Lyra listened quietly and did not chime in. She suddenly remembered Charlotte's threat to her in front of Seaside

Villa a few days ago. It seemed that there was more behind Abigail Matthews' car accident. Now that Charlotte had finally be recognized as a member of the Matthews family, what would be her next big move?

Chapter 39 Don't miss the Good Show

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Chapter 39 Don't Miss the Good Show

Having finished her lunch in the cafeteria, Lyra went back to her office
im on her work mode again.

She only had a speculation about the matter of the Matthews family, but there was no s
ubstantial evidence, and neither did she actually care.

But if Charlotte took the initiative to mess with her, then it would be different, Halfway thr
ough the afternoon, Cody called.

What came to Lyra's ear was a sweet boyish voice, "Lyra, are you free tonight?"

Lyra was lapping the keyboard, her tone flat, "Nope"

Cody pouted and continued anyway. "I have to go to the banquet at the Matthews' tonig
ht. I've been working for seven days in a row, so you have to give me a break, right?"

"Granted." Not expecting her to agree so readily. Cody tentatively asked again, "And ma
y I have the pleasure to invite Miss Carroll to be my date for the evening?" Lyra pursed
her lips, her starry eyes flickering, thinking over something A while later, she replied, "O
K" With one brief word, Lyra hung up the phone. Cody on the other end of the phone
silently lamented that the Queen was so cold and emotionless!

Lyra hadnt planned to go, but since Cody mentioned it, she might as well stop by to join
in the fun. 30 minutes later, Kellie came to her office and placed a delicate gift box on Ly
ra's desk. "Director, this was just delivered. It's for you."

"Got it, you can leave now."

When Kellie was gone, Lyra got up and opened the gift box. It was an evening dress. Th
e style is quite in line
with her aesthetics. Cody that boy really made a full preparation for this. She shook her
head in amusement, took a few more glance at the dress before putting it back and wen
t back to work

As soon as the end of the
day came, most of the employees started to pack up and prepared to leave. Lyra told th
ose who
like to work overtime to go back early as well. When almost everyone in the company h
ad left, she took the elevator to get down. in front of the Angle Group Tower, Cody was
waiting by a new silver-
gray Maybach. When he saw Lyra come out, he took a look at her.

Just a glance, he couldn't move
his eyes away anymore She was simply stunning in that snow-
white dress, who could even outshine many popular movie stars. Unfortunately, Lyra did

n't really care to be a star. Cody tsked and smiled as he trotted over, stretching out his arm in a gentlemanly way, "My queen, it is my greatest honor to join you at the banquet. Lyra snickered and reached out to give him a pop on the head, "Knock it off." Cody covered his head, pouting, "I'm telling the truth." As Lyra walked towards the car, Cody hurried to open the door for her, meanwhile continuing with his compliment, "Lyra, you have such a good taste. This dress is amazing."

Lyra paused in her tracks. Looking at him suspiciously, she asked, "Didn't you pick this for me and send it over?" Cody was confused and also a little embarrassed, "I was going to pick a dress for you personally, but I was on set all afternoon and so busy that I forgot." Lyra's expression became serious. She remembered that she didn't see the name of the sender on the box this afternoon. Since she and Cody had talked on the phone before that she assumed it was from this kid and didn't care too much. Now things had become interesting! Cody thought she was angry with him so asked weakly,

"Lyra, what's wrong?" Lyra did not explain anything, red lips curled up into a smile, "Let's go. We can't miss the good show." In the dressing room on the second floor, the Matthews House. Charlotte was still putting on her makeup. She had been making preparation since noon. Today, she must be the center of attention. Sheila sat next to her, chattering without stop. "If it wasn't for your invitation to this party, my brother would have grounded me for who knows how long. You don't know, those jerks in the Freeman Manor are keeping a strict watch on me. I'm bored to death."

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Chapter 39 Don't

Miss the Good Show Charlotte smiled and comforted her, "You're out now, right? I guess Melvin won't confine you guys there anymore."

"That's not necessarily true. My brother is a hard-hearted person, principled and stubborn." She sighed and continued to complain. "And you, don't know what you're doing these days. You didn't even answer my calls. I'm even wondering if you have sold me out."

"How could I possibly do such a thing! You've always been my

Charlotte's face stiffened, but soon she went to take Sheila's hand affectionately. "I'm quite sad that you'd think of me like that."

Sheila saw her expression was sincere, so she believed it. "I was just joking. Please don't take it to the heart. However, congratulations. You can finally marry into our family as the daughter of the Matthews family, all the more worthy of my brother! Charlotte's face turned sullen, but changed back to a warm smile the moment Sheila looked over. Sheila didn't even notice and continued talking "But then again, now you're one of the Matthe

ws, as well as the future heir to Matton Corp. With such a high status, Lyra that bitch is no match for you.”

This made Charlotte very complacent,

When she was about to humblebrag about it, there was a noise outside the door It sounded like something had dropped to the ground,

The two looked at each other and got up to open the door

It turned out it was the maid who came to deliver the dress, but she accidentally collided with the cart of the passing cleaner, and things fell all over the place, so the maid was helping to pick them up.

Sheila covered her nose in disgust, “Ugh, what a mess. It’s dirty!” The cleaner went up to apologize in fear and trepidation.

“I’m sorry ladies. It’ll be done soon and won’t dirty your door.”

Charlotte frowned

in disgust, but after all, Sheila was there, so she could not directly chide them. She only smiled and said, “Forget it, it’s not a big deal. Many guests are gonna be here today. Hurry up and do your job.” Then she turned to the maid who was helping, “Bring in the dresses. The size has been altered, right? *Come on.*”

“Yes.”

The maid hurriedly picked up the intact dress box from the floor and followed Charlotte into the dressing room. With the box opened it was a snow-white haute couture dress. Sheila was directly mesmerized, “Dear god, what a beautiful dress. This is from a famous designer’s abroad, right? Charlotte, no wonder *you’re* the center of spotlight tonight. Uncle and aunt love you so much that even I’m envious.”

Charlotte was actually so satisfied by Sheila words although she denied modestly, “This is nothing. You’re little princess of the Freeman family

The two complimented each other for a while. Then Sheila took a few photos with her “bestie” and posted them on Instagram, writing, “Welcoming party for my bestie. She is a stunner.” It soon drew a bunch of comments from Sheila’s celebrity fans, praising both of them in every possible exaggerating way. Sheila, who had not been out for a long time, got her vanity boost tonight. Charlotte found a way to make Sheila leave, “Girl, please help me go take a look how many people have come here. Isn’t it almost time to start?”

“Alright”

As soon as Sheila left, Charlotte quickly made a phone call. "How's it going with the bit h? Nothing's gonna go wrong tonight, right?" Irene on the other end of the phone sound ed confident, "No, my people are watching her. You'll see. With her words, Charlotte was completely rest assured. She co uldn't hold back her excitement for the good show ahead. Tonight, she would become th e first socialite of Frayton with Lyra under her feet!

Chapter 40 Which One Is Fake

ALB:00 pm the Matthews House was full of guests, except for their own Fatives, all of w hom came from the upper echelon of dignitaries.

Katelyn Morgan, also known as the Mrs Matthews, stood quietly besim ie Matthews, smi ling and greeting the guests every now and then

But she was not happy at all Her real daughter was still in a coma, but Jamie already asked to bring his mistress's daughter back and let Katelyn adinit that girl as her child She was downright furious

But she also knew that the Matthews family did not have any son as the heir, and her on ly daughter had become a vegetable. To prevent the Matthews family from collapsing, she could only listen to Jamie.

So no matter how reluctant she was, she had to pretend to love Charlotte, "Look! It's Mi ss Charlotte Matthews!"

Someone in the crowd suddenly shouted, and all eyes instantly followed the spotlight an d looked to the second floor. Charlotte was wearing delicate makeup, a fue- tuned smile on her face, with a dress that brought out her elegance. Her seemed so gra ceful as she walked down the stairs.

The crowd burst into a commotion Cheers and applause surrounded her,

A lady spoke to Katelyn, "Mrs. Matthews, you're really lucky Your younger daughter is also a stunning beauty, and her fiancé is the president of the Free man group. How enviable"

Another lady chimed in, "Yes, Mr. Freeman is a handsome and promising young man. T he two of them are really a match made in heaven. You're so lucky!

"Thank you. But you two both have a son and a daughter, right? It must be a jolly family. .." Katelyn managed a smile as her fists were clenched tightly. Melvin, who was mention ed, was sitting

quietly at the moment, with no extra expression on his face. Despite not saying a word, he himself still held a strong presence with his own charisma. Charlotte felt the crowd's either admiring or envious gazes, enjoying the vanity of being the star in the limelight. T

here were many wealthy boys on the first floor, who hadn't pulled their eyes away from her ever, since she came out.

Charlotte noticed it too, which was why she deliberately take it slowly when walking down the stairs.

However,

She was just halfway down the stairs when the crowd suddenly gasped again. Someone was shouting, "Cody Carver is here!" Everyone turned their heads to look at the door. The young and handsome

Cody came step by step from the end of the red carpet with his female companion. Because he was a big star and the young master of the Carver family, his appearance made the guests more thrilled. And the first thing people noticed when they look sideways was Lyra beside him. A long white dress went well with her glowing skin; her makeup today was very light, but together with the dress, the two unexpectedly complemented each other. When walking over, Lyra looked like an angel. The crowd was almost entirely enchanted, and no one paid any more

attention to Charlotte behind them. Charlotte was still standing in the middle of the stairs. Never had she expected that Lyra crushed her the moment she entered the house. Now she was stuck there and no one was paying attention to her at all. She didn't know whether to get down or go back, so pissed that she almost passed out This bitch could look so stunning even in a knock-

oll dress? The delicate makeup she spent all afternoon painting was not as effective as the bitch's light makeup? Why!

She was no way worse than this bitch!

Charlotte gritted her teeth, and she

elegantly covered her mouth and coughed lightly twice, trying to draw back the attention. A guest nearby turned to glance at her, and his keen eye spotted what was wrong and shouted. "Look at this! Mr. Carver's date is wearing the same dress as Miss Matthews."

"It's true! As the saying goes, the most embarrassing part isn't when you and the other dress the same, but when you find you're the uglier one! Mr. Carver's female companion is simply stunning, I totally forgot what Miss Matthews looks like in it..."

The guests started to dart their eyes between the two. In front of the unhurried, classy and stylish Lyra, Charlotte was completely slayed. Charlotte felt like she was about to vomit blood from the rage.

This was not at all what she wanted to see!

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Chapter 40 Which one is Fake Soon, someone else noticed that something was wrong. “This dress seems to be the work of the famous foreign designer Miss Z. It’s called First Snow, right?”

“Yikes! It’s really the First Snow!” “But Miss Z’s every design is unique. It’s always limited to one piece in the pieces of First Snow at the same time?” “Who the hell is wearing a knock-off dress?!”

1. dd. You can’t get it even if you have money. How can there be two

The crowd was in an uproar. All of a sudden, the atmosphere became intense, Two identical pieces, which meant that one of them must be a knock-off! Charlotte was relieved to see that things were finally back on track Jamie and Katelyn, however, were stunned.

They didn’t expect a supposedly peaceful party to turn into a fashion drama

Guests were chattering here and there, and the atmosphere in the ballroom was instantly ignited

The people here are noblemen and noblewomen who abhorred knock-offs

Fearing that things would get out of hand, Katelyn walked to the microphone in the middle of the hall

“I’m sorry that this happened today. It’s unexpected to us as well. But I have to explain to everyone that this dress on my daughter was delivered yesterday, right after I personally called Miss Z and purchased it at a price of \$30 million. There’s absolutely *no way* that it is fake.” There was another gasp from the crowd. 30 million for an evening dress! It seemed that the Matthews couple really doted on their new baby girl! Once again, the guests looked at Charlotte with envy. Having regained attention, Charlotte walked down steadily while holding the handrails to stand alongside Katelyn.

She put on a polite smile, showing the crowd that she was indeed the gentlewoman of the prestigious Matthews family. With Katelyn’s explanation, the crowd was convinced, basically concluding that the one on Lyra was a fake. Cody stepped forward and blocked the malicious glances aiming at Lyra. Then he looked at Katelyn on the stage and sneered, “So Mrs. Matthews is suggesting that my date is wearing a fake dress?” Katelyn was choked at his words, not knowing how to reply. Jamie was even more terrified for a while.

What to do?

If it was admitted that the date Mr. Carver brought here was wearing a knock-off dress and the Carver family was disgraced, it would certainly be dangerous for the Matthews family's collaboration with them. But if they said Charlotte was wearing the fake one, it would also greatly tarnish the Matthews family's reputation. They would lose their dignity in the upper circle. It seemed like no matter which choice they made, the Matthews family would suffer a huge loss. Jamie was in a dilemma. Who could've thought that a normal party would end up like this! Just when the crowd was waiting for the truth to be revealed and murmuring to each other, Sheila suddenly stood up. "Did you buy the clothes she was wearing yourself, Mr. Carver?" Cody replied, "No." "That's right. Mr. Carver, *you were probably hoodwinked by her.*" Sheila *smiled* smugly and continued to explain in front of the guests, "I'm sure you all don't know this woman. She's an orphan my grandfather picked up *from* the orphanage. Her name is Lyra Carroll. "She used to like to steal things when she was living in my house. If it wasn't for my mom's kindness, she would've been kicked out long ago. For an immoral person like her, how is it possible for her to get Miss Z's recognition? This one must be fake!"