

The hidden billionaire heiress (Lyra Melvin)

Chapter 16

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Melvin's face completely went dark. He looked at her disappointingly and there was violent rage.

"You're unbelievable."

He yanked Sheila's hand off his sleeve and ordered, "From today on, you are grounded. You are not allowed to go anywhere

without my permission, so reflect on your mistakes!"

After saying that, he pulled Charlotte away.

Sheila tried to go after her, but Fred held her down and she could only cry and beg for mercy.

Finally, she was forcibly dragged back to the Freeman Manor.

She was so mad that she started smashing things to vent as soon as she got back, and the whole room crackled.

Fiona was awakened by a violent noise and rushed over to check it out.

"Good girl, what's going on? Didn't you go to the party? Why did you get like this?"

"Mommy! Woo ..."

Sheila cried and jumped into Fiona's arms and told her what happened at the dinner party, "Mom, you have to do something for me! Brother is biased! Not only did he not fix that bitch, he even grounded me! You have to help me out with this!"

Fiona stroked her back and smoothed her.

"How do you want mommy to help you?"

Sheila's eyes welled up with viciousness, "I want her dead!"

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Lyra hadn't found a place to live yet, so she stayed at Keith's villa for the time being.

Connie, the maid, was thrilled and relieved to see her, calling her a grown-up girl and helping her move her luggage and clean up her bedroom.

Lyra was going to help when Keith pulled her to the couch and sat down.

"Rara, you're coming into the office tomorrow. What are your plans?"

"Just according to what we agreed before, you can be the president first. You handle the company's big and small affairs. I will learn."

Keith pondered slightly, "Okay, since you don't want people to know about your relationship with me, I won't drive you to the

office after tomorrow. I've matched you with a limited edition Maserati MC77. It will be the style you like."

"MC77 is too expensive."

Lyra shook her head with a firm attitude, "It's just a daily commute. A cheap one is enough. If you have to give me a car, then

give me a Volkswagen Santana."

Keith frowned, "It's too much grievance too."

Lyra smiled with arched eyebrows and took his arm, "Not at all, Keith. I'm not even going to reveal my true identity for now."

since she lost her memory and strayed to Frayton, the person who harmed her had no movement any longer. Presumably, the person still did not know that she had been in the Freeman Manor all these years.

Before she could find out who that person really was, it was too dangerous to reveal her identity.

Keith was a smart man and can probably guess her concerns.

"I have excellent security facilities here, you can rest assured to stay here during this period. Absolutely no one will come to disturb you."

He remembered something and added: "By the way, Collin recently flies to foreign countries every day.

Micah's hospital receives

a patient with rare disease. they are too busy to take time off. They heard that you divorced. They are very happy, and bought you a small gift. It's estimated that the gift will arrive in a few days."

Lyra compressed her mouth in disgust, "When your sister divorces, her brothers are as happy as the celebrating? No one will be like you guys!"

Although that was the case, she was curious. Collin was the first captain, while running enterprise around the world and having informants both in legal and illegal worlds. Micah was the medical elite.

These two people were going to give her a gift, so it must be something absolutely great.

Keith looked at her quick-witted eyes and smiled, scratching the bridge of her nose before going upstairs to take a shower.

Late at night.

Melvin drove Charlotte back to the hotel and headed to the villa.

He opened the door and the living room was dark and empty.

Without the figure that waited for him to return home every day, it seemed extraordinarily cold.

He couldn't tell what he felt in his heart. It was a bit complicated.

Turning on the lights, he sat down on the couch and lit a cigarette while listening to Fred's report.

"I'm sorry president. I didn't find out where Miss Carroll went. She left the hotel and evaporated as if she was gone. Her cell phone and account had signal source interference. Our people tried all kinds of methods and couldn't crack it."

Melvin took a puff of his cigarette and looked obscure.

Human evaporation?

His men were all elite hackers, and they couldn't search her location.

Someone was helping her? □ □ □

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