

The hidden billionaire heiress (Lyra Melvin)

Chapter 17

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Could it be Keith Lloyd?

Melvin frowned, his voice was cold and stern, "Keep searching, and send someone to investigate Keith. Report to me as soon as you find it."

"Yes."

Fred nodded his head, but defiance was written on his face.

Seeing that he was still standing there, Melvin was puzzled, "What are you standing here for? You've got something to say?"

Fred hesitated for a minute, knowing that it might piss off his boss, but he couldn't hold it back.

"Sorry, sir, but you're confusing me more and more. You are obviously divorced, but you are still so concerned about your exwife, when you should actually pay attention to Miss Matthews. May I ask what are you thinking?"

Melvin's eyes dimmed. He casually picked up the glass ashtray on the table, and smashed it towards Fred's feet.

"Scram."

Fred knew it was time for him to leave.

Melvin smoked two more cigarettes, and he looked a little hazy under the lingering smoke.

Feeling a bit hungry, he got up and opened the refrigerator.

The refrigerator was full, all of which were his favorite foods.

He was stunned in place.

It occurred to him that in the past three years, every time he came home, the first thing he saw would always be Lyra's expectant eyes.

She would greet him with a smile, hand him the slippers and say, "You're back. It must've been a tiring day. You're hungry?

Dinner is ready."

But he never looked her in the eye. As for the hot meal on the table, he usually just dropped a few taunts and then went to his room.

Obviously, she wouldn't receive any gratitude from Melvin, but that stupid woman still enjoyed cooking for him every day.

Thinking about it, he couldn't help laughing bitterly.

Tonight, he somehow wanted to taste that hot meal.

But the last words of Lyra before she left the party tonight rang in his ears all of a sudden.

" After three years of marriage, to you, I have a clear conscience..."

If she really had a clear conscience, what was with Keith Lloyd?

Realizing that he had been thinking about Lyra, Melvin had a stirring of emotions in his chest. He angrily slammed close the refrigerator and went upstairs to take a shower and go to bed.

Early in the next morning.

The lobby on the first floor of Angle Group was full of people.

The employees stood in several rows and waited for the arrival of their own president in silence.

Half an hour later, Keith appeared at the lobby gate with Lyra.

Lyra today purposely chose a two-piece white suit—a jacket and a pencil skirt. With her ponytail high up, she looked elegant and intellectual, chic and sexy.

With her appearance, there was a commotion among the staff.

Because the image of the two walking in through the door was just too eye-catching.

Keith walked to the middle and announced solemnly, "This is Miss Lyra Carroll, the company's new director of the agent

department, who will be working with you all in the future."

The crowd broke into a neat applause.

Lyra smiled and nodded in response.

And then, Keith made a short speech about the recent business progress and goals. Then he let the people go back to their

desks, but the agent team were asked to stay.

"Stacy Kim, Lyra is new in town and not yet familiar with the business. Please help her out."

Stacy, who was called out by Keith, was the agent-in-chief. Brownish wavy hair and rather heavy makeup, she was also a beauty with a great figure.

She nodded her head repeatedly and smiled warmly, "Mr. Lloyd, you can rest assured that I will do my best to help Lyra."

After Keith left, she stopped smiling and glanced at Lyra, "Lyra, please follow me."

When she looked over, Lyra happened to be looking at her as well, and the later immediately caught an imperceptible glint of disgust in Stacy's eyes.

This Stacy didn't seem to be welcoming!

"Miss Kim, please address me as Miss Carroll from now on."

Stacy's throat choked and her attitude immediately became submissive.

Throughout the morning, Lyra was in the office familiarizing herself with the company's materials as Stacy sent stacks and stacks of files to her desk

The pile of file was so tall that it looked like a small hill.

Lyra looked at the hill of files and asked with a frown, "Our department are directly in charge of agents and artists, right? Why are there so much documents to read?"

Stacy snorted a laugh.

"These are still just the basics, and when you're done with this pile, there's more."

She paused, her eyes mockingly looking at Lyra, "Miss Carroll doesn't seem familiar with this position, huh?"

Lyra nodded unabashedly, "Indeed. It's my first time."

Stacy was dumbfounded.

Originally, after the former director left, the position was vacant, and she was the most competitive candidate for it, but someone else suddenly parachuted and it turned out to be such an incompetent chick, who directly snatched away her position and caused her to be secretly ridiculed by other employees.

How could she tolerate this!

When Stacy looked at Lyra's delicate face again, her eyes were filled with jealousy and resentment.

"How did a loser like you, who has neither experienced nor well-educated, get into the Angle Group? Who did you sleep with to get here?" □□□□□□□□

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