

The Hidden Billionaire Heiress (Lyra Melvin) Chapter 41

When Sheila finished, the whole room was shocked.

People's gaze towards Lyra changed instantly.

Cody knew Lyra's real identity. His was instantly infuriated, "Who the hell are you to slander my friend!"

Sheila was jealous and angry when she saw that Cody was still defending Lyra even after what she had said.

Sheila did not dare to offend the young devil of the Carver family, she could only suppress her fury, "Mr. Carver, you've been deceived by this woman. She is best at acting like an innocent angel and seducing men. She used to wheedle my grandfather like that!

"Bullshit! Lyra is..."

The person behind him suddenly pinched his arm so hard that Cody's words came to a screeching halt and he turned his head to look at Lyra.

Lyra slightly furrowed her brow and shook her head, her gaze indicative of something.

Melvin, who had been keeping silent in the crowd, saw the small movements between the two clearly and subconsciously frowned.

Cody, who understood Lyra's hint here, completely stopped talking.

Lyra looked straight at Sheila and snorted, "It seems that the lesson for you last time isn't enough? You still have the strength to come out and speak evil of others."

Sheila's entire body shivered with fear being stared by Lyra like this; she felt like her knees which had just recovered were aching again.

Considering that they were in the public and quite far apart from each other, Sheila thought that Lyra wouldn't dare do anything, so it emboldened her to denounce Lyra loudly.

"How dare you mention last time? You broke into my house and smashed everything because you had your paramour to back you up, and..."

"Sheila Freeman."

Not far away, Melvin called out to her in a calm tone.

Sheila subconsciously shuddered. When her brother called her by her full name, it usually meant that he was really enraged.

She was reluctant, but had to stop talking more about the last time and return to the topic of tonight.

"Hmph, no matter what, this dress on you is fake. Instead of waiting for the truth to be revealed, you might as well admit it directly now!"

Lyra did not speak.

Charlotte on the stage, however, took the microphone and said, "Lyra, if you really like the First Snow by Miss Z, I can send it to you after the party. Today is my special day, I do not want to spoil everyone's mood because of this. I'll let the maid take you down to get a new one first, alright?"

her words, not only did she make herself look generous and kind, she also reaffirmed the fact that Lyra's dress was

saw this and immediately passed a wink to

this lady to the

about to pull Lyra, who was still

in consensus that she was wearing

was a member of the Matthews family, while the other was just someone who grew up in an orphanage. The difference in status was too great, and the truth

"Wait."

maid approached, Lyra

by Miss Z are not only beautiful in shape, the sewing and stitching techniques of each dress are also very unique. Even though the knock-off dress looks like the original one,

confused, "What are you trying to

lightly, looking like a proud

is the authentic one, then do you dare battle

gentle, wild, coquettish, pampered, etc. This dance was difficult

room

hadn't gotten crazy enough,

the confidence to propose a

she had made enough of a

song, if she was wearing the knock-off dress, with that inferior stitching technique,

it would be an unprecedented scandal in front

willing to make a fool of themselves, they were more than happy to

on the stage was looking at Lyra, and she too was puzzled. What made Lyra so confident that she was wearing the authentic

did Lyra learn

up this type of dance recently, which was sort of a thing for the upper class. 'Lover' was so difficult that she could

to do it and even danced better

Charlotte was nervous.

silent Charlotte, "Miss Matthews, you don't dare? Are you

would certainly be looked down

don't be afraid to compete with her! She proposed the battle, so you let her dance first,

Yes! She almost forgot!

if she danced well, the dress would still be torn.

Lyra insists, then I'll play along. Take this

her skirt and smiling as she bowed toward

her attitude and

deciding who to dance first, Charlotte chose to

when she danced, and by then, who would be interested in appreciating her own

she had better go first to earn a round of

Charlotte instantly looked in the