

The Hidden Billionaire Heiress (Lyra Melvin) Chapter 59

"Well done." Despite the compliment, Melvin didn't seem like he actually meant it, his expression unfathomable.

He was browsing the files while Fred explained to him, "You asked me to look into the accident of that year, and my investigation found that Miss Matthews' itinerary back then did coincide exactly with the timeline of your car accident. That is to say, there's conclusive proof that Miss Matthews did save your life thirteen years ago."

Fred looked at him firmly.

As Melvin was carefully flipped through the pages, his eyebrows slightly knitted, but his eyes didn't show any particular emotion.

"Also, there is one more thing." Fred had a hesitant look on his face.

"Say it." Melvin gave him a glance that signaled him to continue.

"I've found more about the incident that happened to Miss Matthews a few days ago, and the results I got are attached to the end of the document."

Melvin did as he said and flipped over a few pages to see some photos.

He took a closer look at them and his brow was furrowed again.

The green Volkswagen Santana on the photo, however tattered it looked, he could recognize it right away.

At the thought of this, inexplicable irritation surged up in his heart; he tried hard to suppress it and kept on reading.

The rest of the photos were pretty much the same, except the last one being a little different.

The photo was clearly shot in a dark night, in which a few figures were faintly visible. Melvin looked very closely and recognized one of them was Lyra.

"According to these photos and Miss Carroll's movement that day, she was indeed present at the scene where Miss Matthews was beaten. And this one."

He pointed to one of the photos and said, "Lyra seemed to be making some kind of deal with someone. The person standing behind her looked like Jalen, Keith Lloyd's assistant. It's likely that Lyra had Keith do this. Anyway, no matter what the result is, this matter must be related to Lyra."

Melvin's face was still impassive, and he just continued to stare intently at the photos.

shouldn't have

continued to urge, "You've got to seek justice

and nodded. "Okay,

returned to its original blandness, making it

Early the next morning.

was

up early, leaning against the headboard,

interview at this juncture might lead to speculation about my intentions and even push me

still want to clarify for the record that Mr. Freeman of the Freeman Group and I are childhood friends, and we've been in love with each other

public affirmatively that I

in her eyes, but she gritted her teeth

reporters pressing their shutters, and the camera flashes were too dazzling for her, making her barely able to

didn't dare let

to rely on showing her misery to

okay for you to answer them?" A reporter handed the microphone to

look as gracious as possible, "Ask away, and

and Mr. Freeman were in love, so why were you not the one who married Mr. Freeman back then? What happened? Where were you when Lyra and Mr. Freeman got married?

how exactly did you get hurt like this? Was it a retaliation for you being the mistress?

"And..."

interrupted her with

reporters were too greedy and their questions were tough enough, without any regard

so infuriated by their

lightly, "Sorry, I'm not feeling well. Let's call

eyes, indicating that nobody should disturb her

She needs to recuperate from her injuries, so if you have any questions, come ask

stood in the hallway, and

asked are concerned with our family's private matters, and it's also privacy between my daughter and Mr. Freeman. We refuse to answer

time? Miss Matthews got hurt, didn't

evidence, and that evidence strongly suggests that it has everything to

dare to hurt the heir of the Matthews family, we will make her