

The Hidden Billionaire Heiress (Lyra Melvin) Chapter 68

"At Keith's villa?"

Irene sat up from her bed in shock as she felt wide awake.

"Get your story straight. How does Abigail get involved with him?"

"Have you forgotten? Since Lyra and Melvin divorced, she and Keith have been very close. Although Melvin transferred Seaside Villa to her, she doesn't live there, and we haven't been able to find out where she lives."

"What do you mean by that?" Irene frowned.

"Isn't obvious enough what I mean?" Charlotte rolled her eyes, "It means she's most likely living with Keith! There's no sign of Abigail in the whole Frayton, so it's likely Lyra is hiding her in Keith's villa!"

After thinking about it, Irene felt that Charlotte had a point and immediately sent someone to check it out.

Hanging up the phone, Charlotte tossed it aside in annoyance and leaned back against the bed to wait for her message.

Abigail did not die, but became a vegetable. The fact had been like a thorn in her heart.

No matter how proud she was in front of people, Abigail's presence always reminded her of her identity as an illegitimate daughter.

After becoming the heiress to the Matthews Group, she had been looking for an opportunity to fix Abigail, but Katelyn had been watching too closely and never left the ward.

She couldn't find a right time to do it.

But as long as Abigail was still alive in this world, her position as the heiress of the Matthews Group will not be secure.

She will inevitably be compared with Abigail by the outside world.

This time, Abigail's disappearance was a great opportunity, and she must take advantage of it to get rid of the two most obstructive people!

The sky was gradually bright, and the early morning sunlight was spilling over every corner, gently waking up the city.

Charlotte looked out the window at the increasingly bright sky and grew more and more anxious.

The phone rang. She took the phone as soon as she could, quickly unlocked the phone and connected, "How is it? Any news?"

it is not certain if Abigail must be at Keith's villa, the people sent there said that

Matthews Group and the Frazier Group are powerful and influential, there's no way we would mess

Charlotte was deflated.

a loss for words and had no idea what to

have my own arrangement. Don't need you

up the phone and threw it aside with

he pampered Lyra who suddenly appeared,

might both be at

She decided to go to Keith's villa and found out herself

sleep. Hurry up

Peter, who was still asleep, with

going to Keith's place this morning. Make arrangements for me immediately.

that he was only a bodyguard

...

Charlotte and took an early flight from the neighbor city back to

back to his apartment and decided to take

door gently, and before he could close

he found it was

smoke, his

men looked at each other and Fred was flustered, trying his best

residence was also under his personal arrangements, so Melvin

I do

and put down the bag in his hand, "You can call me directly if you need anything, so why make a trip yourself. It's still early. You haven't had breakfast yet, have you?"

"Where have you been?"

long fingers was extinguished in the ashtray. His icy eyes were like a sharp sword to pierce

I should always stay at the office. I want to exercise more, but usually I don't have time. I'm afraid to delay my work, so I took the

"Is that so?"

fell on him. His long leg stretched out and folded over the other. His fingers resting on the back of the sofa

alone, Fred felt

only reply stiffly, "It's all about this, boss. I just went for a morning exercise. You don't

you disappoint me so

Melvin's face, "Do you really think I