

The hidden billionaire heiress (Lyra Melvin)

Chapter 1

• • •

It was at night.

Lyra Carroll slept restlessly.

She felt like she was pinned underneath by something and was almost out of breath.

And she could hear heavy and rapid breathing.

Immediately after, a sharp and stabbing pain came from her lower body.

After realizing what happened, Lyra opened her eyes in horror and vaguely saw a person propping up above her. The figure was like a man.

"Melvin, is that ... you?"

The man replied lightly with "hmm". His body was teemed with the strong smell of alcohol. After carrying rounds of attack, this man made no sound.

Hearing the familiar voice, Lyra sighed with relief. As the man moved, she gradually entered the state.

Involuntarily, she let out delicate and enjoyable sound.

The attack became more and more fierce. She gritted her teeth and endured the pain. And her whole body sank in this ambiguous atmosphere, as in the clouds.

After three years of marriage, Melvin Freeman finally slept with her!

Because she was chosen by the old Mr. Freeman, Melvin never looked at her properly over the past three years.

This time, he came into her room whatever his reason was.

She was indeed very happy!

Two hours later, with a heavy and muffled grunt, Melvin lay exhaustively on top of her. The moonlight outside the floor-to-ceiling window sketched the contours of his perfect body shape.

Lyra listened to his extremely fast heartbeat. It was so real, yet like a dream.

If it was really a dream, she would rather never wake up.

She wrapped her arms around the back of his neck, almost obsessively, with a post-exercise panting, "Melvin...Melvin, I really ..."

She hadn't finished the two words "love you", but heard the man's low voice, "Lottie ..."

Lyra was petrified on the spot.

Her heart throbbed fiercely.

Lottie was the nickname of Charlotte Matthews, who was the first love of Melvin. For the old Mr. Freeman's sake, Charlotte had been abroad over the years.

But Charlotte returned home just yesterday. And, she even sent her provocative text messages.

"Lyra, I'm back. There's no place for you in the Freeman family!"

"I've been a friend of Melvin since childhood. Do you really think you can replace me? Get back to your orphanage. That's where you belong."

"You don't know how much Melvin loves me. He'll definitely call my name even when he's having sex with you. You're only worthy of being my stand-in. Lyra, it must be bad to feel this way, right?"

Stand-in?

She was appointed by the old Mr. Freeman as his granddaughter-in-law, the rightful Mrs. Freeman.

She was Lyra, not somebody else' substitute!

However, Lyra could still hear Melvin's murmur, "Lottie, Lottie ..."

The sarcastic text messages from Charlotte kept echoing in her head, showing how self-deluded she was!

Her tears suddenly gushed out uncontrollably. Lyra clenched her fists, suppressing her body from trembling.

Over the past few years, she had always been careful to be a good wife of Melvin, and she even quit her job just for him.

Her mother-in-law and sister-in-law only felt that she was a kind of person who was from unknown origin and extremely

snobbish. Repeatedly, they made things difficult for her and humiliated her. Nevertheless, she did not want to cause Melvin any

troubles, so she had to endure this all by herself.

Wasn't she humble enough to get his love?

Why did he even viciously trample on her last bit of self-respect!?

The night was extraordinarily long.

Lyra stayed awake all night.

...

The next morning.

Melvin was awakened by the blinding sunlight outside the window.

He rubbed his eyebrows. As soon as he opened his eyes, he saw Lyra sitting by the dressing table with her back to him.

The craziness of last night suddenly flashed back in his mind. He realized something and closed his eyes tightly with the

coldness around him gradually rising.

Lyra, although her back was turned to him, could clearly feel the hostility of the man's body.

She continued to apply her skin care products as if nothing had happened, but her wrist was suddenly clutched fiercely and yanked up.

The skin care product in her hand fell to the ground, and a glass bottle was smashed into pieces with the cream being spilled all over the floor.

Lyra looked up and glared at him, but her heart still throbbed uncontrollably when she saw the man's eyes of rage and disgust.

"You think you can be the real Mrs. Freeman? Use such a despicable way to drug me and make me sleep with you?"

Melvin stood tall, gritting his teeth and staring at her. His hand did not let go of her, but instead clenched her harder.

His handsome face was unusually appalling because of his ruthless and tyrannical look.

Drug him?

Lyra smiled miserably, "In your eyes, am I that kind of woman?"

Melvin's corners of mouth were turned upwards with sarcasm. In his eyes, there was great disgust at her, "You used some

means to fool my grandfather as well at that time. So I had to marry you. Now why do you pretend to be simple an innocent?"

"You're cheap and mean by nature. Can't even compare to Lottie's one toe!"

Cheap and mean, pretend to be simple ...

It turned out that she was so bad in his heart.

As for drugging, if she really wanted to do it, she would have done it early. Why did she wait until now?

It was ridiculous that the effort she made over the past three years was nothing but a bullshit!

In that case, there was no need for her to insist in doing so.

Lyra endured the pain of her wrist, gritted her teeth, and fiercely shook off his hand.

And then she looked up and said in a firm tone.

"Melvin, let's get a divorce." □□□□□□□□□□□□□□

• • •