

# The hidden billionaire heiress (Lyra Melvin)

Chapter 12

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In the garden.

Lyra had her arms crossed and stood in front the fountain to get some fresh air.

If she didn't come out to get some air, she was probably going to be fainted by the disgusting smell of the banquet hall.

"Lyra!"

A shrill voice suddenly sounded behind.

She turned her head and saw that it was Sheila walking towards her, holding her head high.

"Didn't it hurt enough? Still want me to help you recall it?" She coldly looked back and her tone was aloof and cold.

Sheila was so angry at her words that she wanted to go up and scratch her face, but thinking of her plan, she clenched her hands and held herself back.

She took a bank card out of her LV bag and handed it to Lyra with a patronizing tone.

"There's \$300,000 in here. It's yours as long as you promise never to hang around my brother again.

Leave Frayton and never

come back."

Lyra frowned and gave an odd look at the bank card in her hand.

A mere \$300,000 can't even buy a strand of Lyra Lloyd's hair, and she wanted to buy her and let her get out of Frayton?

Sheila looked at her expression and thought that she must be persuaded, so Sheila became even more pleased with herself.

"You grew up in an orphanage, so I'm afraid you've never seen so much money like this. But this money is just a week's allowance for me. I think that you need it more than I do."

"I seem to remember that you asked your mother to borrow money before, but unfortunately she didn't lend it to you. Now it's good. With this money you can buy everything."

"How's that? Have you wavered?"

Sheila's eyes sparkled with excitement as she kept thinking to herself, "Take the money! Take it!

She was pretty sure. When Lyra was in the Freeman family, Fiona withheld all of Lyra's allowance. In the past three years, she can't even afford a decent brand clothes.

So she was so sure that Lyra, being so poor, must not refuse her.

As long as Lyra took her money, she could say her money was stolen before the party was over and falsely caught her before she called the police.

Once Lyra was caught, she would bribe the guards to beat Lyra to death. And it could leave her a record of theft by the way. Lyra would never be able to get out of this kind of life! Thinking about this, the excitement in her eyes could barely be hidden.

"Take it. I didn't mean what I just did. I apologize, but this time I really mean it. You are so short of money. Just take it."

Lyra cocked her head and sized her up, taking in all her expressions and shaking her head mockingly. Then she tuned on her phone and sent a text message to Keith's special assistant, Jalen.

[The black gold card is in my bag in the car on the way here. Help me go to the bank and get a million over. I'm in the garden. Be quick.]

It took almost two seconds for her to receive the reply.

[Copy! Two minutes to arrive]

Getting the accurate information, Lyra casually sat on a stone platform by the fountain.

Sheila saw that she was not even paying attention to her and got a little angry, "Hey? Are you listening to me or not?"

Lyra stroked her shoulders lazily, "Wait a little longer."

"Wait?"

Sheila didn't understand, "What are you waiting for? I know you're with Keith now, but he's just playing around with you at best.

You don't really think a guy like Keith, who's handsome, rich, and from a good family, will marry you, do you?"

Sheila was still persuading her when Jalen had arrived, carrying a black box in his hand and bending down to respectfully hand it to Lyra.

"It's the thing you asked for."

Sheila looked at the strange man who suddenly appeared and was confused.

And Lyra had gotten up, took the case handed over by Jalen, and looked at Sheila again with a cold glint in her eyes. She smiled wantonly.

"You've said so much. Now, it's my turn, right?" □□□

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