

The hidden billionaire heiress (Lyra Melvin)

Chapter 13

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Sheila looked at her smile and was even more confused.

And Lyra had already opened the box, grabbed a large amount of bill with her hand and smashed it in Sheila's face.

Before Sheila had time to react, she saw something smash over, and her face suddenly hurt, followed by the entire box of bills hitting her head and floating down from the top of her head, landing all over the floor.

She was dumbfounded on the spot.

Lyra teasingly curled her lips, "Here is a million dollars. As long as you voluntarily remove your name from the Freeman family and get out, this money is yours. How about that? Are you excited? This is several times more than what you offered!"

"You!"

Sheila was so angry that her chest was heaving and her eyes were red with anger. This bitch dared to hit her face with money!

And she taunted her with what she just said!

"You're a sleeping-around whore! Bitch! How dare you show off with the money from sleeping with men! Ah! I'll kill you!"

She gritted her teeth and rushed over with a grimace.

Jalen quickly got in front of Lyra but was pushed back by Lyra.

Without the help from Jalen, Sheila reached out to grab Lyra's hair. Before she could touch Lyra's hair, her wrist was quickly

caught by Lyra. With a violent force, Sheila's wrist was directly put behind her own back.

Sheila didn't give in and swung her other hand at Lyra's face, but was clamped down again. Both of her hands were twisted

behind her back, and she could not move.

The whole process was unhurried.

Lyra was quick and her movement was clean. She was calm as hell.

In fact, the Lloyd family's children and grandchildren had been training since they were young, and when they really git into a

fight, one v.s. five was a matter of time. Because she was a girl and her physical strength was no match for her several brothers,

her father deliberately chose Gracie Jiu-Jitsu for her.

And she already took Gracie Jiu-Jitsu's Black Belt at the age of 12. She just tolerated the Freemans over the past three years and never took a shot.

Oh, Sheila really thought she was weak and easy to be bullied?

Sheila, who was shocked to find herself instantly sec-killed, could not accept this fact at all and screamed in a frenzy.

"Ah! Bitch! I'll kill you!! You bitch! Only seduces men ..."

The more Sheila cursed, the more she got angry. And what she said was unpleasant to hear.

Lyra frowned, "Looks like you need to wash your mouth."

Saying that, her eyes suddenly became fierce. She stood behind Sheila, used one hand to clamp Sheila's hands, the other to nip the back of her neck, and press her into the water of the fountain.

Sheila struggled desperately, but no matter how much she wriggled, the back of her neck was always pressed by Lyra.

She wondered in amazement, when did this bitch get so strong?!

The fountain water splashed into her face. The more she struggled, the more water came into her nose, choking her to have a

violent cough. She was about to faint.

Lyra's temper had subsided and she was about to let her go when a sudden, violent yell came from behind her.

"Stop it."

Lyra turned around and met Melvin's angry dark eyes.

She let go of the hand. Sheila fell to the ground, weak and limp. Charlotte saw the situation and rushed to help, but did not

succeed. The two sat on the ground together.

At this time, Sheila's makeup was a mess. Her hair was wet. Her black eyeliner was smudged. She was ugly as drenched

chicken. She kept coughing, which made her look very tragic.

On the contrary, Lyra, whose face was indifferent with her makeup and hair unscathed, had her arms crossed nobly and coldly.

Because of Sheila's scream, the garden was now crowded with people.

Seeing the ground full of money, the crowd was dumbfounded, and many people quietly went to pick up the money.

And out of compassion for the underdog, everyone unanimously acquiesced that it was Lyra who was the bully. They looked at her in unison, as if asking her to give an explanation.

Melvin was no exception.

He stared at Lyra, and his face was sullen, "What the hell is going on?" □

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