

The hidden billionaire heiress (Lyra Melvin)

Chapter 2

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"What?"

Melvin frowned. It seemed that he didn't expect her to initiate the divorce. Obviously, it was her who drugged him last night. What kind of trick was she playing early in the morning!?

"Are you crazy?"

Lyra coldly glanced at him. Although she was much smaller than the man, her aura was completely on par with Melvin's at the moment.

"Haven't you always wanted a divorce? Since you were forced to marry me by your grandpa, now that he passed away and no one can stop you from marrying Charlotte. Don't you want to do it?"

Melvin pursed his lips and gave her a deep look. Would she really be so kind as to give up the marriage?

Seeing that she was serious and did not look like she was telling lies, he hummed lightly and spoke in a cool tone, "Don't regret it."

Lyra sneered, and had never been so determined.
"The only thing I regret is that I married you."

After saying that, she turned her head and left the room. Her back was decisive and dashing.

Melvin stared at her back for a long time.

In the past, when he saw her, she always behaved in a gentle and soft way, pretending to be innocent, but today, her attitude was unexpectedly tough.

Could it be that she was really wronged about what happened last night?

But if it was not her, who else could it be?

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The two went to the Civil Affairs Bureau that morning, one after the other.

Lyra, wearing ugly and cheap clothes, looked extraordinarily incongruous with Melvin who was in Prada's high-couture black suit, which attracted a lot of people's attentions.

But Lyra didn't care much. She just wanted to get it over with as soon as possible.

With only ten minutes, the miserable marriage was finally brought to a close.

Looking at the glaring divorce certificate in her hand, Lyra was absent-minded momentarily.

"In the future, you take care of yourself."

It was the his cool voice, and when Lyra looked up again, the man had long disappeared, without any reluctance, as if he had never been there.

"That's good."

Her smile faded and she shook her head.

Since he was heartless enough, they would be just strangers when she met him again in the future.

She stopped thinking and walked to the roadside.

Suddenly a black Bentley stretch limo stopped in front of her.

The car door opened and a middle-aged man with half-white hair, escorted by four bodyguards, approached her.

Lyra saw the person coming toward her and slightly raised her chin. Suddenly she seemed to carry a innate noble aura, "My dad is really omnipotent. I just got divorced and you found me."

Douglas, the butler, had a flattering smile on his face and bowed deeply to her before speaking, "Miss, the three years you

agreed with your father have come to an end ..."

He paused and glanced at the divorce certificate in Lyra's hand.

Pretending to be sorry, he said, "It seems that you have not been able to make Melvin fall in love with you. In that case, it is time

for you to fulfill your promise and return to Suham to inherit the family business."

Lyra frowned and was silent for a long time.

At the age of fifteen, she was persecuted, lost her memory, and was stranded in the Frayton

Orphanage. Later, because she

happened to save the old Mr. Freeman, she was brought back to the Freeman Manor by the old man.

Until she came of age,

Melvin was ordered to marry her.

On the wedding night, there was an accident and she happened to regain her memory. It was

ridiculous that she loved Melvin so

much at the time, refused to go back with Douglas, and finally set this three-year agreement with her

father.

Now when she thought about the past, she only felt what she did for the man who did not love her at all

over the three years was

just a waste of time.

"Your father really misses you. Miss, just come back with me. Don't get angry with your father. He ..."

"Douglas."

Lyra interrupted him. Her face grew colder at the mention of the old story, "He has that woman with

him. My family is not short of

me as an idle person. I have important things to do in Frayton. I am not going back with you."

For the past two years, she had been quietly investigated who caused her amnesia and made her stray in Frayton. She had found that the person was probably in her family, but who exactly was, she did not know yet.

Now that the enemy was in the dark and she was in the light. It was too dangerous to go back to the Lloyd family.

What was more, she didn't want to see that woman. Douglas sighed, "Your father is right. You still resent him and refuse to go back with me."

Then he respectfully took out a black gold card, "This is your bank card. No one uses the thirty billion dollars in it."

Then he waved his hand at a bodyguard behind him, who quickly handed a brand new contract to Lyra. □□□□□□□□□□□□□□□□

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