

# The hidden billionaire heiress (Lyra Melvin)

Chapter 20

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Lyra heard the voice and immediately frowned. The moment she turned back, she met with Melvin's unfathomable eyes that were close at hand. "This is the underground parking of the Angle Group. What is Mr. Freeman doing here?" Melvin's lips curled up into a smirk, "I came here to talk to Mr. Lloyd about collaboration. What? Is there a rule saying I can't show up here?" Lyra laughed at that. What kind of lame excuse was that? "The Freeman Group focuses on the real estate and construction market, which has nothing to do with the entertainment industry. So, are you here for selling houses to our artists?" She locked eyes with him, the sarcasm in her gaze bursting out, no less intimidating than him. Melvin was stung by her penetrating stare. His expression suddenly turned cold, and pressed her shoulders and pushed her

backwards, so that her back was completely against the car door, and her whole body was circled in the bend of his arms.

"What are you doing?"

Lyra's thighs were held against his knees so she could not move.

This pose was so strange...

The close proximity and the steamy atmosphere made Lyra blush involuntarily.

She struggled while glaring back at him viciously.

"Melvin, are you on drugs? You've lost your fucking mind!"

His eyes were fixed on her, like looking at an disobedient prey.

"What's with this new car? You've got Keith Lloyd as your backer but now you want to pretend you aren't after his money?"

Did he hear what he just said?

She rolled her eyes in her heart but didn't say anything.

"You urged to divorce me because of him, but it looks like he doesn't treat you that good." The man's eyes were full of sarcasm.

What was all this?

He came over here because he thought the reason why she divorced him was to be with Keith, and now he came to question her?

How ridiculous!

Lyra looked at him oddly, "Mr. Freeman, have you misunderstood something? We got a divorce because you didn't love me, and I was tired and didn't want to try anymore. It had nothing to do with anyone else.

"However..."

She said, her eyes filled with provocation, "Mr. Lloyd is indeed perfect! He is better tempered than you, more capable than you, and more handsome than you! You can't even compare with his toes!"

Had he said something similar to mock her before? The veins on Melvin's forehead were popping. He gripped her chin and forced her to look at him.

"You're deliberately provoking me? Is it because you want me to fuck you right here?"

Lyra was fuming too!

She was his ex-wife, ex-wife! Everything she was doing now had nothing to do with him anymore! Why did this jerk get to be mad at her and threaten her! Why!

"Melvin, I say this one more time. Get out of my way!"

The man did not move.

Lyra was furious. Being polite to him didn't work at all.

Bring out the ultimate strike!

She quickly struck out, intending to use jujitsu to knock her opponent down instantly.

But she didn't expect that the other party was faster than her!

Almost instantly, her hands were grabbed by Melvin with one hand, then held high above her head and pressed to the roof of the car.

Besides, the other party's strength was far above her, so she simply could not break free.

"Melvin!"

Lyra was furious, her whole face like a red shrimp.

Melvin curled up his lips into a smirk, his eyes glinting with the pleasure of revenge, seeming to be very happy to see her being angry and yet helpless like this.

When she blew her tops, her expression was fierce like a small lion, her bright eyes filled with stubbornness, her cute teeth biting the red lips, so beautiful and seductive.

Melvin couldn't help but recall the night before, when he was drugged, and in a trance, he saw her eyes, just like the young Charlotte years ago.

At that moment, he was really in full swing.

Looking back on it now, that night was incredibly wonderful to him.

Just from thinking about it, he felt desire surging down there.

Lyra soon noticed the man's body pressed against hers gradually stiffen and somewhere got hotter...

His thing was pressing against her belly.

"Melvin, you fucking pervert! Bastard! If you don't let go, I'll die with you!"

Her ferocious yell interrupted Melvin's thoughts.

He snapped back to his senses and grinned impishly, "I haven't done anything yet. How am I the pervert? Guess I'll have to

actually do something to deserve the name you've given me!"

The atmosphere between them was downright hot and steamy.

After he finished with his words, his gaze aimed at her lips, and his whole body suddenly pressed downward. He dashed straight to her lips, his eyes burning with punitive aggression.

Lyra heard a loud "bam" in her head; she was engulfed by shame and embarrassment.

"What are you doing!"

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