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A discordant voice in the distance suddenly interrupted them.

And it dissipated the sexual tension between the two.

Keith, with a long face, forcibly pulled the two apart before throwing a punch at Melvin's face.

It was too quick for Melvin to dodge. He grunted in pain, and was forced two steps back by this punch.

He tasted the rustiness and raised his hand to wipe off the blood seeping from the corner of his mouth.

Lyra had been guarded behind Keith. Seeing Melvin being hit, she felt a bit worried at first, but soon satisfaction was written all over her face. She almost clapped her hands and cheered.

That jerk dared bully her. A punch was too merciful to him!

She wanted to see him get beaten up!

"I heard that Mr. Freeman has a new girlfriend already, but you're still pestering your ex-wife. That's inappropriate, right?" Keith gave a half smile, resuming his usual gentlemanly manner, as if he was not the one who just threw a punch.

Melvin stared back at him, even though his face was bruised, he was no inferior to Keith.

"After all, an ex-wife was once a wife, but Mr. Lloyd, who are you to defend my ex-wife?"

He deliberately stressed on the word "my", like a proud lion announcing his ownership, in face of the enemy who coveted his prey.

Just because I'm her brother!

The smile on Keith's face faded away.

But he didn't say it out, as Lyra's grip on his arm tightened.

He grunted, "Mr. Freeman, you're funny. Lyra is an independent individual. She is entitled to choose anyone she likes. What rights do you have to selfishly classify her as your belongings?"

The two stared at each other, neck and neck, no conceding.

They seemed to be fighting with glares, eager to send the other side to hell, but it was too close to call.

One could almost smell the fire and smoke of the battlefield here.

Lyra, however, felt suffocated by it. She was exhausted after a long day of work and just wanted to get this damn fight over with.

She coughed, "It's late. Tomorrow is still a working day. Mr. Lloyd, Mr. Freeman, please, just leave."

Melvin saw that she was leaving and hurried to pull her back.

Keith moved a step forward and stopped him, his eyes flashing with a warning.

After all, they were in Keith's territory, Melvin couldn't go over the top in front of him, so he just smiled and looked at Lyra, "You haven't eaten yet, right? Why don't you join me for dinner tonight and have a good chat?"

Lyra didn't even think about it.

"Not hungry, no dinner, no chat!"

Melvin's face was gloomy as hell, but Keith snorted with laughter.

His little princess had such a sharp tongue!

Seemed like he got a small victory. Keith provocatively stared at Melvin, but opened his mouth to ask Lyra, "Rara, it's getting dark. Shall I take you back?"

Lyra turned her head and saw the two men glowering at each other again.

She was speechless. No, not again ...

How she wished God would take these two men away and return her a peaceful life.

She sighed tiredly, "No, I'll drive home myself, just so that I can familiarize myself with the route."

After saying that, she hurriedly got into the Santana and quickly drove away.

And the two men there were still in the battle.

Because Lyra didn't say yes to Keith's invitation either, Melvin smirked, "It seems Mr. Lloyd still doesn't know my ex-wife very well."

Keith looked askance at him, "I grew up with her, together. I know her better than you."

At the words, Melvin's face changed slightly.

Having noticed that, Keith was delighted, "A kind reminder to you. Keep your eyes on the person in front of him you, and stop coveting the person you've lost and can never get again."

After that, Keith walked upstairs with Jalen at a brisk pace.

Fortunately, he had seen what happened in the underground parking from the monitor screen back then, so he immediately instructed his men to seal the entrance of the lowest floor, not allowing any employees to be there. Otherwise, his little princess would have gotten into trouble again.

In the garage, Melvin stood straight. Due to the dim light, his expression also became unfathomable.

Fred looked at his boss from afar and became more and more upset.

Boss actually went tit-for-tat with Keith Lloyd for Lyra Bradley. Didn't he realize how much he cared about Lyra?

But would it be fair to Miss Matthews?

She was such a good girl, who had been driven abroad by the old Freeman and gone through numerous hardships for the sake of Melvin.

And the boss said he would marry Miss Matthews and cherish her. But now he turned a cold shoulder to her. It was just too sad.

Fred thought about this angrily and he sent a text message to Charlotte, telling her briefly about what happened today.

He hoped that Miss Matthews would find a way to get the president's heart back again after knowing this!

"Fred, go!"

Melvin, with something suddenly came to mind, shouted and then quickly got into the car, waiting for Fred to come over and drive.

Fred collected his thoughts and trotted over to the driver's seat and sat down.

...

Lyra was lost.

The damn navigation kept showing a weak signal, and she was driving at the most complicated multi-directional forks in Frayton, so she was led into who-knows-where by the navigation.

She had already made two turns on the same route.

With an inadvertent glance, she spotted a car behind that looked familiar. She suddenly realized that the car had been following her since a while ago.

From the rearview mirror, she saw the familiar license plate of the car, FA66699.

Melvin's car?

Lyra was instantly infuriated. What the hell was this bastard doing?

She had the impulse to get out of the car, pull the bastard out and beat him up, then kick him off to the back of the moon where she couldn't see him.

But she could only think about it, and what happened back in the parking lot made it clear to her that the bastard was clearly above her in terms of combat.

If you can't fight, then run!

Lyra picked up speed, intending to find more complicated routes to shake the tail off.

In the car behind, Fred inquired, "Boss, our guys have hacked into Miss Carroll's navigation, but she has apparently spotted us and is no longer following the route we planned for her. She's trying to shake us off."

Melvin stared at the green Santana in front of him, and there was always an inexplicable fury in his heart.

How flaunty she was! How high-profile!

This time, without Keith in the way, he was determined to win.

If he didn't give her a lesson and let her know the consequences of offending him, then he wouldn't be Melvin Freeman!

"Accelerate, look for an opportunity to surpass her and force her to stop as soon as it is safe to do so."

"Yes."

Two cars were racing down the highway at high speed.

But how could Lyra's little Volkswagen Santana rival with Melvin's Lambo Huracán? The speed of the two cars is simply not on the same level.

Melvin's car was about to catch up with her and even surpass her.

Lyra gritted her teeth and concentrated on the road. When she saw the traffic light intersection not far ahead, she had a plan in mind.

In approaching the last meter of the intersection, she jerked the steering wheel, driving to the left turn lane, and then took advantage of the last second of the yellow light to step on the acceleration, rushing past it.

By the time Melvin's car realized her intention, the light already turned red.

Lyra looked in the rearview mirror and saw the Lamborghini Hurricane forced to stop there, getting further and further away from her, and her heart was elated with joy!

Wanna race with her?

Too young, too foolish!

When she was just gloating about the foolish Melvin, two black cars suddenly sprang out of the left and right intersections aggressively, looking like they would force her to stop.

There were someone else who had their eyes on her?

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Lyra gritted her teeth. She didn't intend to reduce speed, but to speed up and dash forward, like she was determined to die with them together.

The two black cars in front of her saw her rushing straight ahead and were startled.

In the last two seconds before the impending collision, the two black cars moved backwards simultaneously by half a meter.

The gap between the two cars was just wide enough for the Santana to squeeze through.

No sooner had she breathed a sigh of relief than the two black cars quickly chased after her again.

Lyra tried to circle with them, but the Santana was simply no match for the two black cars in terms of speed, not to mention escaping from them.

She bit her lip, but her mind was extraordinarily calm.

Through the rearview mirror, she could see vaguely the number of people in the black cars.

Together with the driver, each black car and five people.

A total of ten people, all seemed to be sturdy men.

If she was gonna fight it in a hard way, she would certainly die. But if she used her wit to quickly settle the fight, she may have a 60% or 70% rate of winning.

This was inevitable, anyway, but she was not in a good mood today, so let's have a good fight!

Bring it on!

Having analyzed the situation, her gaze became steadfast. She chose to drive the car to the outskirts of an abandoned building and parked it there.

Two black cars came to a halt. The ten stout men got off in unison.

They were armed with rods and other weapons, all with fierce-looking faces.

Lyra leaned against the door of the car, arms crossed in a relaxed manner.

The crowd of gangsters were stunned when they saw her hot body under the white pencil skirt.

This deal today was indeed a one-way bet!

Lyra didn't panic at all, her eyes scanning across them one by one, her red lips open, "Tell me first. Who sent you?"

The leader of the gang looked at her with lustful eyes, "Beauty, don't blame us. You've offended someone you shouldn't have."

Seeing that they would not reveal the name of their employer, Lyra did not bother to talk any more.

Taking off her high heels and holding them in her hand in front of them, she smiled, but her gaze was icy cold. "Well then, come on!"

At her words, the ten gangsters raised their rods and rushed over.

"Honk!"

Not far away, suddenly sounded a sharp car horn.

A silver-grey Lamborghini Hurricane appeared in sight with an extremely slick drifting.

Sitting on the driver's seat now was a different person.

Fred was kicked out of the car by Melvin for his poor driving skills and had his salary deducted for a month.

Melvin got off the car with a handsome poker face.

With two straight long legs, he seemed to be walking with a swoosh of wind. Though he came alone, it seemed like he had got a troop behind him.

The gang were all frozen.

His cold eyes were burning with murderous intent. He walked past Lyra directly and kicked a man in the face.

Seeing this, the other gangsters instantly lifted their rods and fight with him.

Lyra saw that he was coming to the rescue, so she put her heels back on, and leaned against the car door to watch the combat.

Since someone was willing to make a move, she was happy to be the onlooker.

Melvin's strikes were ruthless and fast. Within a few minutes, seven or eight were down, leaving the gang leader, highly alerted for Melvin's attack.

Melvin squeezed the bones of his hands, crackled, and his eyes were like the supermassive blackholes.

The gang leader was frightened by his stare; his legs trembled, and he suddenly knelt down.

"Bro, please spare me. I can get lost now. I won't mess with that lady again. Please, mercy..."

Melvin opened his mouth and was about to ask a question, when Lyra walked over in her high heels, grabbing the gang leader by the collar with one hand. She asked in a hoarse voice, "Who sent you here?"

"I ... I don't know. We take any job as long as there's profit. I really don't know who it is."

"Don't wanna tell me?"

Lyra raised her other hand and instantly threw a hard slap on his face.

The gang leader was momentarily stunned by Lyra's toughness. Glancing at the hawk-like eyes of Melvin next to him, he cried out, "Oooh, miss! No no no, Goddess Lord! I swear I really don't know. That person paid generously, asking us to take turns to rape you and then take a video of the process and post it on the Internet. Ow!"

A kick suddenly came from the side and sent him flying straight onto a pillar.

With a bone cracked, the man spat out a large mouthful of blood and passed out on the spot.

Lyra scowled back at Melvin, "Why didn't you wait for him to finish?"

Melvin said with a livid face, "You can keep listening to that? These men are utterly disgusting! Do you still want to let him go?"

He didn't know what was wrong with him, and he couldn't control his anger when he learned what those people were planning to do to Lyra.

Although divorced, at least she was his ex-wife. He wouldn't allow others to do this to her.

But Lyra questioned him for that. Didn't the man deserve to die?

This excessive kindness of hers amounted to stupidity.

Lyra stared at him in annoyance, "He passed out straight after your kick. He hasn't even felt the pain at all. You're supposed to torture him while he's awake. Let him beg you for a quick death instead of endless sufferings. You were being too merciful."

Melvin was rendered wordless.

It turned out he was overthinking it.

Damn kindness! She was clearly vengeful.

"I'll have Fred look into what happened today, so you can rest assured that you don't have to be afraid."

Lyra rolled her eyes at him.

Did he actually think she was afraid?

However, Lyra had always been a grateful person. This time he saved her, so she could try not to be sarcastic as long as he didn't pester her again.

She looked around at the gangsters lying on the ground, and suddenly had a guess. She turned to Melvin, "You'd better investigate thoroughly if this incident is related to someone of your family. If so, I won't let them go."

Melvin nodded, "Don't worry. I'll be impartial..."

He paused and stared at Lyra with a smirk, "But now, isn't it time to talk about me and you?"

"Me and you?" Lyra was baffled, "The day I got my divorce papers, I was done with you for good. We had nothing to talk about."

She finished, turned her head and prepared to get into her car and go home.

"Watch out!"

Melvin yelled.

The gangster closest to Lyra was seen quietly getting up from the ground, already raising his stick and swinging it towards Lyra's head.

But Melvin was too far to stop it!

For the first time, the panic on his face was conspicuous.

The next second, Lyra accurately clutch the gangster's swinging stick, a kick plus a beautiful flying mare, the man knocked to the ground with a loud thump.

The man didn't even have time to wail before he passed out again.

After finishing this, Lyra looked back at Melvin, whose expression was still out of control, curled up her lips and raised her eyebrows, smiling provocatively.

Melvin's expression shifted from panic to shock.

He watched Lyra's green Santana pulled out of sight, and what lingered before his eyes was Lyra's skillful counter-attack and her enchanting smile before she left.

After three years of marriage, he always thought his wife was a good-for-nothing pushover.

But after the divorce, she had surprised him over and over again.

He had never understood her!

He looked at the direction where Lyra left, his facing turning solemn.

Looking at the speed and movement of her strikes just now, it seemed to be... jujitsu?

And probably of a high level.

This was by no means picked up overnight, and the pride exuding from her...

How could such a person be an orphan who grew up in the Frayton Orphanage?

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There must be more to her history than that.

As Melvin was lost in his thoughts, Fred had taken a taxi to the scene. Seeing the fainted men scattered here and there on the ground, he heaved a long sigh of relief.

The boss was really tough!

Melvin glanced at him, "Just in time, pack up all these people and bring them back. Find out who is behind it."

"Copy that." Fred nodded.

"Also, send someone to investigate Lyra's background. I want details."

"Yes, boss."

...

It was late when Lyra returned to the villa.

Keith was sitting on the couch waiting for her.

She told him what had happened tonight in details. Keith was angry and immediately sent someone to investigate it as well.

On the way back, Lyra had thought the matter over.

In addition to the person of the Lloyd family who tried to harm her, she did not have a feud with others. But if that person had known her whereabouts, it wouldn't have been as simple as a few gangsters coming to assault her and make a video about it.

Therefore, this was more like the Freeman's way of doing things, and she didn't believe Melvin was gonna be impartial when he found out the truth, so Keith's people had to investigate the matter as well.

Lyra went upstairs, took a shower and got to bed.

Early in the next morning.

She arrived at the office on time. Having just finished familiarizing herself with the materials yesterday, today she was already able to work on the arrangements for artists' activities.

Stacy was surprised at how quickly she managed to pick up her job and didn't dare to make things difficult for her anymore.

After a peaceful morning, Lyra stretched herself and was in an exceptionally relaxed mood.

However, just after lunch, her office door was slammed open.

Stacy rushed in with irritation on her face.

Lyra frowned, "Miss Kim, don't you know to knock first before you come in?"

Instead of answering her, Stacy slammed the iPad in front of her, "Look at what you've done!"

Lyra took the iPad and saw a picture of her artist Cody Carver having a fit on the set. Fortunately, his manager stopped the picture from spreading; otherwise, Cody would have been accused of putting on airs.

Lyra was speechless. She only rejected his application for a one day's leave, because he wanted to go out for fun instead of get his job done. And he made such a big scene?

"He is a popular idol. Just one day off, but you reject it! Now you've offended our young Satan here. I'm not cleaning up this mess for you!"

Stacy grunted with her arms crossed.

Lyra closed the iPad, grabbed her car keys and headed out.

Stacy caught up with her and asked, "Where are you going?"

"To the film set."

At the word, Stacy hurried to follow.

Cody Carver was notorious for his awful temper, and he had got like a million tricks to torture people. Stacy couldn't wait to see Lyra's face when she got crushed by Cody.

By then, she would bring this matter to the meeting. See how many days Lyra could sit in at position!

Cody's TV series was financed by the Angle Group and had just started shooting a few days ago. The crew was filming in Kellywood and Lyra flew over there in half an hour with Stacy.

Once they arrived at the set, the two heard a loud bang from afar, the sound of falling chairs.

As they approached, a handsome eighteen-year-old was having a fit of rage.

The agent and the assistant were too frightened to say anything, and other staff members of the crew were also hiding away.

Only the cleaning lady saw him making a mess and stepped forward to stop it.

"You kid! Look what you've done! Even though your family is rich, you shouldn't be so wasteful!"

The angry teenager did not listen to advice, but picked up the vase next to him, ready to smash it. "Yes, my family is rich! I can pay for everything I break. It's not your turn to talk!"

"Don't break this!"

The director hid far away, and he could only oppose verbally, his heart aching.

The vase was a priceless antique, which he borrowed from the museum for the authenticity of the show. If the vase was broken, it would be more than the matter of money!

The crowd was in shock as Cody's hand was raised high in the air.

Cody grunted coldly, and before he could throw the vase to the ground, his arm was clutched.

He turned around in surprise, and saw Lyra's keen eyes staring at him coldly.

“Put it down and apologize!”

Cody laughed at that, “Who are you? How dare you ask me to apologize?”

Stacy hurriedly explained with a smile, “Mr. Carver, this is Miss Lyra Carroll, the director of agent department who was just appointed yesterday. She is the one who rejected your leave of absence this time. I had advised her, but she said you were negligent of duties.”

Cody listened, the veins on his forehead popping, and he glared at Lyra menacingly.

“So you’re the one who started it all! I had been filming for two days in a row. What’s wrong with taking a day off? It’s only your second day of work and you dared reject my request!”

Seeing Cody’s anger was completely drawn to Lyra, Stacy was snickering in her heart, quietly back away from the scene to watch.

Lyra didn’t bother to talk to this kid, “I’ll ask you one last time. Do you want to apologize?”

Cody was furious, “I don’t hit women, but this time you asked for it!”

The crowd had already foreseen the tragic state of Lyra a minute later, so they lowered their heads as they couldn’t bear to look at it.

However, the beating was over quickly before it could be heard.

Instead of waiting for Lyra’s screams, the crowd heard Cody’s heart-rending shout.

“Ouch ouch ouch! Let go of me! My arm is going to dislocate!”

The crowd looked over in amazement to find Cody face down on the ground, his hands held behind his back by Lyra, lying there in a weird butt-pouting/kneeling position, his buttocks being stepped on by Lyra’s high heels.

The picture of him wailing and grimacing was unspeakably comical.

Looking at a cold-faced Lyra on the contrary, the crowd shouted, “Well done!”

Even the agent and assistant aside were impressed by Lyra, forgetting to go forward to stop her for the moment.

Surrounded by people watching his ridiculous look now, Cody wanted to dig a hole on the ground and hide away. His hatred for Lyra grew even stronger.

“Do you know who I am? How dare you hit me! You’re dead!”

Stacy, who was terrified, stepped forward to stop Lyra, “Let go! This is the young master of the Carver family! How dare you hit him!”

The Carver family was barely a distant relative to the Lloyd family, but among Suham’s large families, they were next to nobody, and they only dared to be arrogant in Frayton.

Not only did Lyra not let go, she kicked Cody’s ass even harder.

Cody burst into wailing.

When Stacy saw that Lyra didn’t take her words seriously, she stomped her feet, but a gloating smile was hanging on her face. “Miss Carroll, you’re screwed! Don’t blame me for not warning you!”

Lyra ignored her, looking down at Cody at her feet.

“Brat, will you surrender or not? It’s only been a few years since we met last time, and you dare defy me now?”

Cody heard her tone, and suddenly felt a little familiar. He struggled to turned his face from the ground to look closely at her face.

His expression suddenly changed from wincing to being surprised.

“Are you... Lyra?”

Lyra snorted, “Finally?”

Cody nodded his head desperately, “Lyra, I was wrong. If I had known it was you, I wouldn’t have been so reckless! Please let me go! It hurts!”

Lyra let go of her hand at this point.

Cody got up from the floor, patted off the dust on his face. He smiled ingratiatingly, inviting Lyra to sit in the chair, with one hand covering his butt.

The crowd was all flabbergasted when they saw this sudden plot twist.

What the hell?

Where was the wrath? Where was the death?

This smiling and bowing teenager was really the little devil Cody Carver?