

Billionaire 221

Chapter 221 From hell to heaven

Malcolm was kicked so hard in the side of his back by her foot that he cramped up in pain.

He covered the side of his waist. Before he could endure the sharp pain in his back, Lyra moved quickly, took a decorative vase on the bedside table, and tried to smash it on his head.

Malcolm hastily clutched his head and arched his back.

He did not fight back, did not dodge and let her beat him.

The vase Lyra was holding hit him on the back three times in a row.

Because she was dizzy, the force of her hands was not great.

But the hard vase smashed into the backbone and it still hurt.

Malcolm was going to have a psychological disorder.

He was depressed thinking that in the future, he would never put anything on his bedside table that could be used as a murder weapon!

After a few smashes, as if she was not relieved, Lyra knocked the vase onto the corner of the table. And the vase was shattered with pieces. Then she picked a sharp shred and swung it viciously at him.

"Lyra!"

Malcolm had to duck for fear that the sharp shred in her hands would hurt herself.

Because of the hesitation, he did not dodge in time and was cut by the shred in the right clavicle. The skin was stained with a shallow bloody slash, and the white shirt collar quickly was soaked with blood.

Lyra originally intended to cut his neck but failed.

Malcolm took advantage of her movement and quickly grabbed her wrist, throwing the murder weapon she was holding.

Lyra stared at his mask with indignation, "Malcolm! You're wearing this stupid thing to scare me, aren't you? I'd like to see how ugly your face is under this mask!"

"Don't, I ..."

He had no time to explain, and Lyra knocked his head directly with her forehead.

Taking advantage of his loosened grip, Lyra's wrists were free and she took his mask off with one hand.

Malcolm was so confused. He didn't think she could be so fierce even though she was drunk!

The mask was taken off, and he turned his back on her with a guilty conscience, as if his heart was beating so fast that it was running out of his throat.

However, after he had waited for one second, two seconds ...

The woman behind her, who had been screaming so much, suddenly stopped talking and the room was quiet.

He cautiously turned back and glanced at her.

slept unconsciously. There was a large and red mark on her forehead. Apparently it was caused by just hitting his head with her forehead

so relieved but his

The

sore from all the

He felt so wronged!

he didn't think she could hit him

day from the morning when he learned she had a crush on someone, to

of his nose was hard to resist the

grieving, Lyra on the bed squinted her eyes and watched

aware

his head, he looked

was the expression

Did she recognize him?

His mind was whirling,

waiting for him to say anything, Lyra sat up and came close to him. Cupping his face with both hands,

dreams. Although this time his face seems a little

sprayed Malcolm's face with a strong scent of

blank and he

It's my dream. It's

a smirk and an impish look

he was still confused, her small mouth gave him a soft kiss to his cold and

The soft feeling on his lips hadn't disappeared, and he was stunned in place like

... take the

eyebrows and a contented face, but those eyes were still dazed. Obviously,

and he

she would do something
it a slap to his face, or
gently wrapped around his strong waist. She gazed down, found the blood stains on
can you be injured in my dream? Who dares to hurt
even if he realized that she was probably mistaking him for
tone, "I'm fine. It
mouth turned
"But I'm heartbroken."
saying this, she moved up and gently kissed the shallow wound on
a kitten, soothing
beat him violently.
"Lyra, you ..."
watched her move
kissed by her soft lips, like honey that sweetened his whole heart and
arms tightly around her waist and wouldn't let
of losing her again. All kinds
that time could stop at
even selfishly hoped that Lyra's affection would always belong to him

Chapter 222 What is hiding?

Violet the shit!
He would never do anything to force Lyra unless she volunteered.
And, it was Lyra who was violet last night!!!
Malcolm was beaten up last night, and now his back was still hurting, so he can't be the only one who
was miserable.
He coldly glanced at Chad, "just the words. One word. Deduct a month's salary. You count yourself."
"Huh?!"
Jesus! Chad's expression can not be more bitter.
That sentence just now was so long, so wouldn't he have to work for a year for nothing?
His boss was ruthless and unreasonable!

He was drowning in grief and froze in place.

Malcolm had a wicked smile, turning his head to leave. Although the back and neck were painful, he still walked as fast as he could, glowing. He seemed to be in a very good mood.

Chad chased after him while wailing, "Boss, I'm taking trash! Give me a chance to make up for my mistake!"

...

Lyra hadn't slept soundly for a long time.

She slept until 9:30 when she was awakened by the ringing of the phone.

"Baby, for last night's incident, dad has scolded her. There will never be such problems again. You can go back to the villa tonight to rest, okay? The day after tomorrow is your welcoming party. You have to prepare for it ..."

Reginald's coughing was very noticeable.

Lyra, who was dazed from sleep, thought for a moment before saying, "Okay."

"Then remember to come back early. Try on your dress after you're done with your matter, okay?"

"Hmm."

Hanging up the phone, she rolled over and was about to go back to sleep when she gradually became sober.

She didn't go back to Lloyd's Parlor last night and went to Peachpuff for drinks.

was she sleeping in the

over the floor next to the bedside table, and she was so confused that she

quickly opened the door and

last night and couldn't quite remember what happened last night, "Who drove me to the

and he took care

Lyra's brows furrowed.

and

have gone

if nothing happened last night, what was the situation with

not remember whether there was any argument with Malcolm, only to remember that she seemed to dream about

were afraid that only Malcolm

Tell him

Fifteen

go to the hotel manager. I'll pay for the broken

"Okay."

who was pushing the food cart were just coming

that Lyra wanted to compensate, the manager smiled very pleasingly, "Miss Lloyd, for the vase, Mr.

in addition to tissue paper, no decorations should be put on bedside table in every room in the

about this, the manager smiled even wider and moved a step to the side to show Lyra

that, Mr. Malcolm has also ordered breakfast for you. All freshly

bringing all the breakfasts to the small table in the suite, filling the whole

at the table of breakfast and pursed

Malcolm was so attentive?

she always feel there was a conspiracy? He didn't

quietly checked again to make sure there was no pain

find a breakthrough, she could only ask the hotel manager tentatively, "I've just returned to

a ghost face mask, but I have seen his back. His legs are long and he's tall. He

Lyra didn't say anything.

the only way to find out was to meet Malcolm in

hotel after washing up and went

"Miss, I went to the White Manor. Mr.

"What about White Corp?"

went to ask all of them. And

OK.

after tomorrow he will

two days, and even sent people deliberately in front of the White Manor and White Corp. They still didn't

this an attempt to

What was he hiding?

Chapter 223 Be locked and there is no escape this time

Lyra was full of doubts.

While she was lost in thought, the old Mr. White was still saying, "... Malcolm the boy is really taken with you, but Lyra you've been back for a few days. Have you two met? What was your first impression of him?"

"No yet, Rudolph."

Lyra took advantage of the situation, "I've been asking someone to ask Mr. Malcolm to meet me for the past few days, but he seems to be intentionally avoiding me, so I haven't seen him."

The old Mr. White's expression grew grave, "I can't believe this is happening!"

He beckoned Charles, his butler, and ordered in a deep voice, "Get Malcolm over here."

"Yes."

Lyra was smiling and chatting with the old Mr. White.

Ten minutes later, Charles came in.

"Master, he doesn't come tonight. He said he went on a mission."

"Which mission in the past two days is so urgent? It's worth him leaving his fiancée's welcoming party behind? This brat!"

The old Mr. White stomped with the cane. With Lyra here, he can not scold him too much but reassured her, "Lyra, don't worry. I'll force him to get here."

Lyra didn't retort but smiled, "It's all up to you."

The old Mr. White looked at her lovingly and turned his head to look at Charles when his expression instantly turned sullen.

"Tell Malcolm if he doesn't show up on time today, he'll kneel for three days and three nights! Until his legs are broken!"

Charles went out again.

Ten minutes later, he came back again with a depressed expression.

"H said he knew it. When he returns from his mission in the evening, he'll go to the ... hall to receive his punishment."

The old Mr. White was angry!

He would rather be punished than come to his fiancée's party. He was determined to go against his grandpa!

In front of Lyra, he could only try again, "He's not afraid to be punished, right? Fine, you go tell him again, if he dares not come, a hundred times of whipping!"

Charles changed his face instantly.

times? Are

stomped and looked away, grunting without

is stubborn. If he is determined not to come, he will really go to the hall to receive the whip! If he really goes there, do I whip

turned pale, bowing

men's expressions

White family's whip thing

would kill a man like Malcolm, who came out of the army

words

he said he did not punish Malcolm, he would be

atmosphere in the room was

that the old Mr. White was waiting for her

voice was soft: "Rudolph, this whip sounds so powerful as Charles said. It's just a party

sighed repeatedly, "What a

"It's okay, Rudolph."

acted, the more

find a way to get you to meet with him! Let

...

The party was underway.

soon as Lyra appeared on stage, she attracted the attention of the audience and became the center

custom-made dress with her elegant and exquisite makeup, she

supposed to exist

made some official remarks about returning to the family as a

the time she finished, Reginald took the stage and, amid a chorus of

Reginald chose to simplify the event and skim

party proceeded to the

toasting all the guests, she sat alone by a small and

felt distressed and went to

Malcolm, you don't actually

say a word and

at him. Today is such an important day. He can be absent, let you alone

it seems like no one in the room today

Lyra, I regret that I did not let my parents go to talk to Reginald about your marriage earlier. But, not necessary. I don't want to." Lyra didn't

Do you really like Malcolm

glass and was serious, "I do not like him and will not marry him, likewise, I am only a friend to you. We can not get married. I hope you can understand

pale and

night Eleven

had been ambushed around the Lloyd family, quickly ran to the long-parked car

opened the car door and got

Chapter 224 Malcolm, you look like a man

Malcolm held his breath and turned his eyes back gently.

Lyra was sitting on a sofa by the window, with her back to him, sipping wine.

He clenched his palms so tightly that they were sweating. He was thinking. Could she possibly be drunk again?

Will she be as gentle with him again as it was the other night?

"I don't think I know Mr. Malcolm, but you have actually tried to get engaged to me. About this, don't you think you should give me an explanation?"

Malcolm was twisting the door's handle and felt desperate.

Because Lyra spoke clearly and smoothly and her breath was steady, it was estimated she was not drunk yet!

Then wouldn't he be finished tonight?

But he hasn't figured out how to face her ...

He quickly walked towards the window and tried to jump out of it and run away.

Lyra's careless voice came, "Rudolph ordered in advance to lock the window. I heard it is still bulletproof glass. You can't break it. Just talk. Are you afraid of what?"

This time, he can't run away and can't avoid it.

Malcolm subconsciously touched his face. The ghost face mask was still on, then Lyra should not be so easy to recognize him.

He cleared his throat, "Miss Lloyd is joking. I don't know you and I only chose to get engaged to you because I had my fortune told and thought it was a good fit."

Lyra put down her red wine glass and looked back at him while saying, "I told you last time that I had someone I like ..."

She stuttered abruptly.

The man standing by the window was dressed in a suit, which was reserved and awe-inspiring.

Simply by standing in place, the familiarity that ran deep into her mind came over her.

Her expression gradually froze, and she sized up the man by the window from top to bottom, carefully.

Malcolm noticed the change in her face and his Adam's apple bobbed in his throat.

"Mr. Malcolm, you look like a person?"

Lyra got up. Her brows furrowed, and she slowly walked towards Malcolm.

"You should be mistaken. We didn't meet before."

His eyes were cold and his voice was low and husky.

Lyra's eyes gradually reddened as she looked into his unmistakably familiar dark eyes.

She suddenly reached out, grabbed him by the collar of his suit and pressed him hard against the window glass.

just because you wear a mask? Your eyes, your every little movement, you can

Malcolm was numb.

Would he confess?

was lying to

him originally and will be more disgusted with him later. And she will be more

didn't die. Why didn't you come to me? Why did you

with tightness. There was

"Miss Lloyd, I ..."

you

other hand raised. Her elbow bent and swung

"Hiss ..."

twisted together under his ghostly face mask in pain, and he bent his spine uncontrollably, only to have Lyra grab him by the collar

fight back because he was

Lyra didn't
full
him with violent rage, and her sanity almost
was that Melvin wasn't dead. He was
didn't he
why did
admit it, do you? Fine! I'll
and went to
good idea for you to put your hands on me tonight. When we're officially meeting
are you afraid to let me see your face? If you're really just
"I ..."
didn't give him a chance to argue, and her elbow
advantage of his extreme pain, Lyra quickly removed his
were looking at each other, the air seemed to freeze for two
looked at his face in
exactly the same, other features had almost been changed and there was 50 or
and his
He was obviously Melvin!
mask, right?" She grabbed his face's skin fiercely and tried to lift
hers and said in a serious tone,
believe it! You've had a face-lift, haven't you? You think I won't recognize you if you change your face? If
you have the guts, you can take
angry that she gritted
find more favorable proof on Malcolm's face than
still badly burned and whipped before the accident, she broke free of his restraint and went
it too soon for Miss
around! If you're not weak-minded,
"Okay, you check."
and let her take his clothes

her suspicions, always retained

taking off his clothes piece by piece, she pulled his shirt up from under his belt and lifted it upwards with the back was glossy and tanned, which looked especially good in the

was no sign of any injury. Melvin had a deep scar on his waist after being cut by Collin's men for going to

Chapter 225 Missed the best chance

Malcolm's mind was blank.

Mel?

He never thought that the word would come out of Lyra's mouth. Was she shouting at him when he was Melvin?

Did this prove that she actually still had at least a touch of affection for him?

His heart was in turmoil. After vacillating for a while, he finally decided to muster the courage to speak.

"Lyra, I actually ..."

Not waiting for him to finish, Lyra, who was sleeping on the bed and whose face was red, indignantly grabbed his cuffs.

"Melvin! If you dare to lie to me again, I'll see your corpse! I'll dig your grave! I'll dig out your coffin and flog your corpse for 300 times!"

So cruel...

The words that he just wanted to say were instantly choked back.

Being dejected, he sat on the edge of the bed, contemplating.

Lyra didn't love him anymore, and he knew it all along.

As her ex-husband, his only role seemed to be a tool used by her for blame-shifting.

If Lyra knew that he had made a huge lie, she would abhor him and never give him another chance, right?

His heart was stifled and he sat silently on the edge of the bed looking at Lyra who was sleeping.

This marriage contract was what he took the trouble to beg for, because what he regretted most in his life was divorcing her on the spot. He was so afraid he would lose her again.

Since confessing would make things worse, he just let her accept the fact that Melvin was dead forever.

Let him start over with her all over again as Malcolm!

Lyra slept restlessly, and her furrowed brows made her expression fierce even when she was asleep.

Malcolm carefully smoothed her brows with his hand and leaned down to gently kiss her forehead.

Then he went to the bathroom and took out a towel to help her wipe her face and hands, and finally went to the closet and got a clean quilt. After that, he went to the small sofa and curled up for the night.

...

through the night in a

the sound of the lock being unlocked outside

sleeping and he gingerly made his

door was Charles. His eyes narrowed into a smile, "Mr. Malcolm, are you congenial

a

subject, "When she wakes up, let her have breakfast with grandpa

"Yes, Mr. Malcolm."

to wash up before

reached the entrance of the villa, he heard a voice coming from around the

listened carefully, he noticed

there was another person. It seemed to be

shouldn't be awake yet. You might have to wait

lot at the party, so I guess

Fifteen sighed heavily.

"What's wrong

"It's all happening in the past. She

know. And there are only

who was separated from the two by a wall, was ready to leave. But

Mr. Melvin six months ago, right? Since Miss came back from the funeral, she shut herself in Mr. Melvin's room. For three days, she didn't eat and drink, but cried. And she drank all the spirits with heavy concentration of alcohol on the

Chad was shocked.

"Miss Lyra she...actually..."

Mr. Melvin. She couldn't accept the fact that he died, and had collapsed

heard she's

given a single look to any other man except for

two men said

His brain buzzed.
that Lyra cared about him
her eyes
alcohol, which almost caused
he loved so much also still loved him all
had a crush on someone other than Garrett, did she mean a crush on
whole body was shaking and his emotion could no longer be described with
so
think that
eyes were red and he turned around and was
to tell her that he
flashed in front of him. It was Chad who had just finished

Chapter 226 Tomorrow, everything will be revealed

Malcolm sighed, remembering what Fifteen had just said, and feeling incredibly guilty.

"Hurry up. I caused her to live so hard over the past six months. I always have to pay her back something so that I won't feel guilty."

Chad wanted to say something but couldn't.

He didn't owe Miss Lyra any more!

But Chad knew that his boss loved Lyra too much and wanted to please her in every possible way.

His love was too humble!

Chad really felt bad for his boss, yet there was nothing he can do about it.

...

Lyra was awake.

The first thing to do was to check her body if there were obvious hickeys.

On the small sofa, the quilt was neatly folded.

It seemed that Malcolm didn't take the opportunity to sleep her last night.

He actually was willing to give in and sleep on the sofa. It turned out that he was an abstained man the the rumor she heard was wrong.

She still remembered all those things that happened last night before she got so drunk that she was unconscious.

But last night, because of alcohol, she was not very sensible.

The Malcolm thing was so fishy. She needed to check it out again.

When she found out that the old Mr. White had invited her to breakfast, she declined. But when she remembered the things about Malcolm, she accepted it anyway.

At the dining table, she took advantage of the interval when she was chattering with the old Mr. White and tentatively interjected.

"Rudolph, I heard Mr. Malcolm came back only six months ago? I saw him in person last night. He's quite handsome, but how come there are rumors that he is ugly?"

The old Mr. White did not change his face, "After he gains a foothold in Suham, too many celebrities want to pursue him. He doesn't like them, so he deliberately let people spread the rumor."

"I see." Lyra smiled and continued to ask, "So has he always looked like this now?"

Mr. White gave her a quizzical look, a very natural

just saw Mr. Malcolm. He's so handsome. I was wondering if there

photos. Malcolm the kid

Hate taking photos?

was quite similar to

and continued to eat

Back in the car.

Sylvia had told

months ago. His whole body was covered with blood. And his wound was serious. I

returned to the

there be any connection between

she made a phone

flattered. You took the initiative to call

with a sullen look, "Sylvia, the main reason I called you today is

"Wow!"

was meaningful, "I understand, Lyra. What do you want to know? I'll tell

did Malcolm go back to the

the phone thought seriously, "It's been

Malcolm at present,

was sent to the army since he was a child. He rarely came back over the years, especially after fifteen years

and he never returned

It was quite strange.

back six months ago. Where did he get hurt? Did

he was badly

asking, she felt that there was not much particularly useful

pleasantries with her and

"Miss, why are you suddenly so concerned about Mr. Malcolm? Last night, did you

to figure this out to pay attention to his garrulousness and just said, "Fifteen, I always feel something strange. It

Melvin had serious injuries. He went there single-handed. The chance of survival is very

a fake? That someone of similar

doesn't he come back to you? He used to be dying to be by your side

what Lyra had never been able

and Malcolm's face from last night gradually appeared before

always felt like she knew her. And his habitual gestures he would make when

such a coincidence

were there no scars on his

Chapter 227 I'm beatable

The next day, White Corp.

Chad, being depressed, walked into the president's office. Yesterday, he had been Suham's major horse ranches, finally found a whip that tamed wild horses especially, and placed it to Malcolm's desk.

"This horsewhip is very rough. Boss, be careful."

Malcolm thought about it and put his things away.

Chad was very uneasy and reminded him again, "Boss, if Miss Lyra really beat you tonight, don't just endure it. You can pretend that you're wronged and shout in pain. And make some tears to let her feel sorry for you."

Malcolm nodded and didn't say anything, still trying to figure out how to explain it in the evening.

Chad looked at him. Clearly, his boss was not taking his words to heart, which made him anxious!

But on second thought, if his boss was not afraid of being beaten, what was the use that he was anxious and stomped?

Lyra went to the Angle Group during the day as usual to continue her preparations.

After a calm and busy day, Collin finished the research and finally sent to her via fax before the end of the day.

Lyra printed it out and read it carefully, with an increasingly cold expression.

The information showed that Malcolm did go to Howheudor once a few months ago!

The White family had no business in Howheudor. She could not think of a better reason for him to travel to Howheudor than to go to the plastic surgery hospital.

So, Malcolm was really lying to her last night?

As she was thinking about it, Fifteen suddenly knocked on the door, "Miss, Chad just came by and said that Mr .Malcolm asks you for dinner at the villa after work. He cooks it himself. Will you go?"

"Yes."

Lyra replied with little hesitation.

Since it was not easy to check that, she would just go ahead and test Malcolm.

She cleared her desk, stuffed that information into her bag, grabbed her coat from the coat rack, and glanced at Fifteen, "Off duty, now."

Fifteen froze. Seeing that she walked away, he hurried to follow.

got to the White Manor, Lyra couldn't remember the winding roads in the courtyard, so she asked

a few of the villa's security guards were already

over, Chad respectfully bowed to her, "Miss Lyra,

I came here, I saw you before

Hmm...

and hurriedly changed the topic, "Mr.

calmly withdrew her gaze and walked alone towards

steps away, Chad added some words behind her, "There is an urgent mission for the Bureau tonight. He has to leave

"What do you mean?"

gave him a

had resisted the urge to say something straight for several times before finally sighing

his reluctance to say more,

the villa's door and was about to knock when she
sprang out from behind the door and clutched her wrist to pull her whole body before she could see the
situation
embrace held her tightly. It was so tight that
that the other side
Malcolm, what are you
wore only a thin silk white
large step backward, and slowly knelt
action and understood
"Melvin."
a question, but an
"It's me."
not purposely lower his
were tears shining in her eyes, he felt extremely heartbroken. His guilt was overwhelmed and his eyes
became red as
prevented herself from crying and replaced her expression
not dead, but you didn't come to me. And you deliberately made a sensational note to me. Just to make
fun of me? To see how I was fooled by you, how stupid I am that I couldn't
"No, Rara I ..."
me like that.
"I'm sorry. Last night, it was my fault. I backed out when I should have confessed. But I didn't lie to you
when
It's because you found out I didn't believe your acting skills? And you were afraid that I'll find out first?
You
was not completely right, she really guessed a
she had guessed correctly, and
people lie to me. Let alone when you lie to

Chapter 228 You're scheming and you trick me

"You even prepare the beaten things in advance. That's thoughtful of you, Malcolm. You think you are
now more precious than before, so I don't dare to beat you?"

Malcolm lifted his face to see her. His eyes were red, showing his grievance, "In front of you, there is no the man in power of White Corp. There is no Mr. Malcolm. I make you angry and you should beat me."

Now the acting was much better than last night.

"Then I'll make your dream come true!"

She raised the whip and her eyes were fierce.

She had an urge to beat him until there was blood oozing in his body, and until he crawled and wailed to her for mercy!

But when she really did this, she instinctively wasn't at her all strength. She whipped him twice and all landed on his left arm.

"Does it hurt?" Her eyes were icy cold which was unabated.

Malcolm's brows furrowed lightly, and the trembling of his entire arm was controlled by him in the smallest of arcs.

He quietly took a deep breath and his dark eyes contained a smile, "It doesn't hurt."

What a bullshit!

Although the force she used was not particularly great which would cause his arm swollen at most, two times of whipping tore his shirt with the barbs on the whip, along with the flesh and skin rolled, leaving two shocking blood marks. The crimson blood on his white shirt was particularly striking.

Lyra realized something was wrong and looked down at the whip she was holding.

The whip was very rough. There were a number of lifted barbs. No wonder it cut the skin when she wasn't at her full strength. And those barbs of the whip were stained with beads of his blood.

She felt a little bad by those beads of blood.

But only momentarily, her brain was reoccupied with anger and rage that almost burned her entire sanity.

In order to play this drama, he was really willing to make efforts!

She gently picked his chin with the sheath of the whip and smiled in a cold and sarcastic way.

using of self-injury to win my heart. Malcolm, you're really something! Doesn't it

didn't mean to fool you. Lying to you to make you sad is my fault. I receive the punishment. But when you are done with the punishment and your anger is subsided, can you

wait until I finish. If you still have the strength

closed his eyes, clenched his

the whip in her hand again, but the

the sound of whip

already knew the power of this whip, her hand can not swing down the third
was she
for the past six months, she was really angry and wanted
she was so angry that she really wanted to use the whip to beat him, she can not do so because she was
very heartbroken and simply can not
the one who lost
suddenly very
of displeasure that she was cheated by Malcolm made her lash
and Fifteen, who were standing outside the villa far away heard the sound of whipping and
doing this, Lyra threw the whip and did not look at Malcolm who was still kneeling the ground. Then she
turned her head and left quickly, not
to be so quick, with the hemostatic
it was too late and Lyra saw them clearly just
in Lyra's eyes had implied that he
sneered: "He even prepared this. Using those schemes on me. He does this unworthy of his
paled in horror, "No, no, I prepared it. It has nothing to do with Mr.
villa, which was too appalling. Thinking that Malcolm would have to go on a
coldness in Lyra's eyes was even stronger. Apparently, she didn't believe it
also realized that his words were a bit useless. The more he said, the easier she would misunderstand.
He started stuttering, trying to
didn't want to hear it and left the White Manor without
she left, Chad slapped his mouth in chagrin and rushed into the villa
floor and
marks on his left arm. He felt a little bit relieved and
were embedded in Malcolm's arm. Chad carefully helped him pick them out with tweezers
about what just happened at the door,
dangerous. I didn't expect to be caught by Miss
what I did. Your explanation is
was sad, Chad had hard

Chapter 229 Another bitter trick? No, it's real

Lyra's eyes were firm, "Yes Rudolph, I don't think Mr. Malcolm and I will be a good match. He ... and I could be friends later on if there is an opportunity."

The old Mr. White was still surprised that she would suddenly make such a decision, "Lyra, did Malcolm bully you? You can tell me, and I'll help you fix him!"

"No, he wouldn't dare to bully me. It's just that I ..."

Fifteen minutes later.

Lyra came out of the old Mr. White's villa with a sullen look on her face, and Fifteen was waiting for her at the door.

When she came out, he rushed forward and asked, "How is it going? Does he agree?"

Lyra's eyes drooped in depression and she shook her head gently.

The old Mr. White analyzed with her the advantages and disadvantages. The marriage between she and Malcolm was not ordinary. There were many factors involved. It was a business alliance by marriage.

If they canceled the engagement after only two days, it would have been a huge financial loss and arouse public opinion for both White Corp and the Lloyd's Corp.

The impact can be very significant.

Moreover, the old Mr. White was no longer involved in the White family affairs. Malcolm was the current head of the White family. If it was withdrew, they must discuss it with Malcolm.

But with Malcolm's character, she guessed even if she put a gun to his head, he would not agree to withdraw.

Lyra was angry, but there was nothing she could do about it.

Malcolm made the perfect plan!

She finally understood why Keith was engaged to Irene for more than two years. Keith hated Irene, but he didn't cancel the engagement. As the off-springs of wealthy families, business marriage was not really to be canceled.

Forget it.

She sighed, thought about it in the long run, and ignored Malcolm the son of bitch.

if Malcolm and his bodyguards, subordinates and whoever else that come to me, I will not see

"Yes."

Fifteen nodded and left.

old Mr. White's villa without knowing that a young man in a blue suit with gold-rimmed glasses noticed her

asked the bodyguard behind

her carefully, "It

like she's in a good mood. Go ask around and find out what she was doing here

"Yes, Mr. Travis."

Travis, she

"Withdrawal of marriage?"

so she's a very special existence in Malcolm's

"But I heard that Mr. Malcolm didn't even go to her welcoming party, so she seems to be less

you can guess so easily. Go ahead

do you mean, Mr.

gunfight going on. What will happen if he know his fiancée

"Don't worry, Mr. Travis. I'll arrange someone to deliver the

...

being, Lyra put the problem aside

few days of preparation, it was almost ready. In the next two days, the Angle Group's signed artists would be transferred, and then

browsing the files of every artist signed by the

close to the end of the day. There was a sudden noise from outside the hallway. It was so loud

doing and was about to go out

suddenly opened and Chad came in

was surprised, and looked out the door. Twelve and Seventeen were beaten, limping, with a look

in

over to find you. They were refused. I had to come personally, using brute force to break in, but don't worry. These blood on my body is not theirs. They were

but since Chad had to barge in, it must

in a deep voice, "You're in such

Chapter 230 I'll collect some interest for him first

Lyra's tears fell even harder, and she couldn't stop them.

She grabbed his hand and yelled at him, "Malcolm, you're not dying! If you die, I'll find another man and marry him right now! I'll make you regret it for the rest of your life!"

Malcolm's bloodied lips curled in a grim smile.

"That...no, you're my ..."

She cried and laughed, and hurriedly looked to the medical staff on either side, "I'm already here. Get him inside!"

Malcolm still took her hand and refused to let go, "Rara, you...listen to me explain, OK ..."

"You need the surgery. I'll be right outside. When you come out, I'll listen to your explanation."

Malcolm's face was so pale that he was losing blood and could not delay any longer.

But he still stubbornly took her hand and did not let go. He wanted to see her properly again. He might die on the operating table. Perhaps he did not have the opportunity to wake up again.

Lyra looked distressed and could only forcibly break his hand and watched him being pushed into the emergency room.

The surgical lights were turned on and Lyra was sitting outside waiting. The tears didn't dry yet on her face.

It was the first time she shed tears in front of so many people, but she didn't even care. She just knew she didn't want Malcolm to die ...

After waiting for three hours, until 9:00 p.m., Malcolm did not come out.

Chad dismissed the rest of people. With a grim face, he sat down in the waiting seat opposite Lyra.

After a long time of thinking, he spoke.

"You have always felt that he lied to you about the abandoned warehouse thing six months ago, but it is true. He was really determined to die at that time. If our brothers didn't arrive in time to save him, he really will be buried in the fire."

Lyra slowly raised her eyes and looked at him.

Chad continued with seriousness: "As for why he is alive and not back to you, it's because the White family had unrest at that time. He must go back to control it. As for the whip wound on his back, he was whipped because he went against the White family's rules. Although he managed to get back after the warehouse incident, there were large burns on his face and body. His legs were fractured in the fight. His internal body was not good ..."

slightly and skipped over the fact that Malcolm had the bio-virus in his

in his body and the doctor wasn't able to find a way to

Malcolm gave an order not to reveal

he gave his life to get you back every time. He's wholehearted to you! He is a fool in relationship. He only knows to give without reservation, but will not tell you his grief. After he regained his identity, he did not dare to recognize you, because he is afraid you'll hate him more. He

heart was filled with guilt

her eyes, what was in her mind was always Malcolm who was covered with blood, but it had happened to him more

abandoned warehouse, he

with him because of his concealment,

it was being stabbed by a knife. It was so painful that she could barely

"Sorry ..."

seemed to be nothing else she can do

needs is not an apology. As long as you spoil him and love him a little, he

six months, he blamed himself. letting me find the whip is not to play

marriage with the old Mr. White early in the morning. And the old Mr. White agreed. He lost his

frowned, "I did go to Rudolph to ask for a withdrawal, but he didn't agree. I was going to think about it in the long run.

both realized that something was not right. And Chad immediately had someone look into

Half an hour later.

entrance to the emergency room was

sent people

serious, "Travis White? How's

family's unrest is caused by Travis. Mr. Malcolm went back three days later, and the power almost fell to Travis.

her lips and lowered her eyes

her eyes grew cold and she asked in a deep voice, "Do

are you going

eyes were cold and

collect

...

at night

with the subtle sound of

bathroom wearing a bathrobe, while taking a towel to

off. The curtains were rustling by the wind, and a certain chilly aura

difference, he put his gold-rimmed glasses back