

## **Billionaire 231**

### **Chapter 231 She used to treat him badly?**

Chad hastily slapped his face to stop himself from imagining.

This was the first time he followed Miss Lyra alone. Maybe that was her character, and he should trust her feelings for his boss!

However, he should never let his boss know these details!

In the bedroom.

Lyra gently wandered the sharp part of the dagger over Travis' face, moving all the way down his neck and finally stopping at his heart.

Travis was shuddering. He was terrified that the dagger would pierce his skin in the next second.

There was some kind of weird and eerie aura in this room, which overwhelmed him.

Seeing that he was so scared, Lyra sneered, "It's just a dagger and you're scared like this. You're just a weakling and dare to fight with my Mel?"

Travis seemed to be stimulated by what she said so his fear was reduced a lot.

Because he knew in his heart that Lyra would not dare and could not kill him in the White Manor.

Seeing that he calmed down a bit, Lyra guessed what he was probably thinking, "That's right. I'm not going to kill you. I'm more of a tormentor and slow abuser, so I'm just here to collect some interest today."

"Because of you, Mel is still on the operating table this moment. You don't deserve to leisurely lie in bed and sleep. I want you awake, feel ten times more painful than him!"

She was ruthless, and the tip of the dagger gently advanced into Travis' heart, but was extremely measured in not piercing his heart.

Blood instantly gurgled out, staining the snow-white bathrobe at Travis' chest, and his face went wan with pain.

"Don't worry. The injury is not enough to kill you immediately."

Lyra collected the dagger and took out a packet of powder to show to Travis.

"This is itching powder. I will sprinkle it all over your body. When you itch unbearably, your muscles will twitch. The blood in your whole body will flow faster and the blood from the wound will keep flowing. I just don't know if you will lose too much blood and die. Let's try?"

In her innocent tone, she said this extremely vicious.

Travis looked at the powder in her hand in horror and kept shaking his head, mumbling something.

Lyra's face was cold and she didn't talk to him, directly sprinkling the powder all over his body, starting from his neck, mercilessly.

There were certain places that were not convenient for her to spread the powder, so she called Chad in.

learned that she was also going to sprinkle between Travis's legs in front and

was

he would have to become sexually impotent,

...

In the hospital.

Fortunately, the bullet was two inches out of position and did not hit

too much blood loss, his body was very weak and he

"Rara ..."

from the anesthetic. His voice was hoarse and weak

clean and white ward

Lyra whom he was thinking about, or even anyone else. It was

with

pain in his heart.

would wait for him and would listen

lie to

just been wrapped around his heart, and sat up to get out of bed. His feet were weak, and he could only barely hold on to

it was quiet and

empty and unoccupied, only the cold wind blowing every now and then to

and he felt his

the chest was a hundred times

"Rara ..."

Where was she?

not want to

he had used up all his strength to get out of the ward, he was weak

of seeing Lyra kept him trying to maintain

and turned pale with fear. She ran over to help him, "Oh my

her hand from touching and asked weakly, "Where's Miss

is already early in the morning. She  
suffocating

She was gone.

not forgive him and did not want to  
and the empty corridor echoed with  
nurse felt bad, "Mr.

"Please get out!"

glared over coldly and hostilely. Although he was sick, his eyes were  
nurse was too stunned to

### **Chapter 232 I mean, let me do it tonight**

She helped Malcolm to the bed and tucked him in.

But he had just finished surgery, his body was weak. And after standing in the corridor for more than half an hour, his body was cold.

Lyra helped him turn the heat on and sat right next to his bed.

She poured him a cup of hot water and handed it to him, saying, "Many things were explained to me in detail during your surgery by Chad, so I don't need you to explain them again. But I have a few doubts that I need you to answer."

Malcolm nodded his head.

"Why are you Melvin? And if you are Malcolm, where is the real Melvin?"

Malcolm clutched her small hand and felt her warm palm before he began speaking, "Do you remember what I told you about that car accident 13 years ago?"

"Yes."

"The real Melvin died when he was 15 years old because he saved me. At that time, the White family was in chaos. I was young and there was no way to contend against my uncle Kacper. Melvin was sent to the National Investigation Bureau from childhood by his grandfather. His family hadn't met him."

"So grandpa let me temporarily take refuge in Melvin's name. 13 years ago when the car accident happened, the people who escorted me died. No one in Frayton knew my true identity, and I became Melvin as a matter of course to help him show filial respect for his grandpa and mother and help him revitalize Freeman Group."

"So it is." Lyra lowered her eyes, "So the box of ashes you had six months ago was also a fake? Your body was burned under Nineteen's watch. Is also fake?"

"The ashes are real of the real Melvin's. As for the body, it was Chad who found a man in the warehouse at the time who was similar in stature to me. Because of the fire, he had been burned beyond recognition, so Nineteen must not have noticed."

His voice was low and soft, and his eyes glowed with a shimmer as he looked at Lyra.

"Rara, I didn't mean to lie to you. After I was back to Suham to wield the power ... I really can't go Frayton. When I knew you made you identity public, you didn't even know how happy I was."

Lyra didn't say anything, staring at him quietly.

By her such expressionless stare, Malcolm was a little nervous, "I pretend not to recognize you at that night of your welcoming party. I also cheated you. I was wrong. If you're still angry, you can continue to punish me. I receive all, OK?"

"No."

Malcolm didn't expect her to refuse so decisively, and his heart went cold.

His long and curly eyelashes gently drooped, concealing his sadness.

When he wasn't looking at her, Lyra leaned down and kissed him lightly on his eyes, forehead, face, and finally on his cold and thin lips, each kiss with great patience and doting.

"Silly man, I'm not angry anymore."

"Really?"

Malcolm's dark eyes regained their light, "So you're not breaking off the engagement? Do you forgive me?"

"Guess what?"

proving her attitude to him

eyes, feeling each other's breathing which

it, refusing to let her

Don't

up and remained at

"No ..."

disturbed. His ears were slightly red, and his dark

had guessed what was going on, "Do you

were red and his lashes trembled nervously. He hesitated for a while before gathering the courage

collar of his gown. His chest's wound was still thickly bandaged, as well as the

had surgery. His body was still weak. How

not very

Lyra barely gave it a

reacted, she had already said

by the man's desire to

pale, was

words, his

going to force himself to get up and

pushed him back gently,

ears. Her enchanting voice was very seductive: "Mel, I mean, let me do it tonight. I'm on

Malcolm's eyes was instantly doused by her words. The heat on

what she was

on top of him. Her knees were propped up on the bed for fear of

dominantly cupped his chin and kissed him again

was difficult to restrain the

Rara, what

was able to sink

after the absurdity was

He was also willing!

wanted to

stopped by her and she put his hands

don't listen to me. They say they

again, "So disobedient that you want to

pursed his lower lip and

it. Then she raised his hands above his head and tied both of his wrists to the steel brace

times when she tied him roughly with a belt, this time her movements were gentle and

asked him, "How

shook his head

### **Chapter 233 Rara's tired and needs massage**

He spoke in an upturned tone and was in an extraordinarily good mood.

It was as if he was a piece of art carefully sculpted by Lyra.

And his eyes seemed to say, "Look! This is what my wife did. Isn't it cool?"

"Ahem, beautiful!" Chad gulped, nodded heartily, and exclaimed, "Miss Lyra, truly brave!"

Satisfied, Malcolm buttoned up his shirt to cover those ambiguously sweet marks.

Chad saw that he was in such a good mood, so he hurriedly took credit, "Boss, I made contribution, right? Miss Lyra was so moved by my emotional performance at night. I can make up for it this time."

He was previously deducted for two years and one month's salary!

"Very well."

Malcolm curved his lips. His black eyes were the ultimate in reserved arrogance, "I'll return your two years and one month's salary, plus six months of bonus."

Chad was cheering and roaring inside.

Oooh, Boss was the best! Boss was the most understanding leader in the world!

Still, Chad was worried about his health.

"But Boss, don't do this kind of bitter trick next time! Although you already knew you were not shot in the heart, the loss of blood will be life-threatening."

Malcolm lowered his eyes coldly and gave him a stern glance, "Next time? It seems you'd like me to fight with Rara?"

Chad was so scared that he turned pale.

"Blah blah blah! I said nonsense. Boss, don't deduct my salary. My salary just comes back to me ..."

Chad wanted to take back the comments about Boss being understanding!

He was clearly temperamental and irrational!

Malcolm couldn't hear his inner sarcasm. His face returned to its hostility, "Get to the point."

Chad quickly changed to a serious expression, "Tonight, Miss Lyra took me on a quiet trip to the White Manor to get some interest from Mr. Travis for you."

when he learned that Lyra

and took itching powder and sprinkled it all over his body. Even in his

his brows and his tone was chilly, "She sprinkled

It's me

you have such a great

then returned

small thing. Travis is not willing to let go. I guess tomorrow morning,  
only at the White Manor's hall. Send

"Yes, boss."

going back to be with

without waiting for Chad to answer,

looked at his back and

finally slept with the one he loved so he was extra happy when

...

Early the next morning.

female nurses to give him an intravenous drip, so it

once the nurse pushed open the door, he

dressed in a hospital gown, sat at the bedside and thoughtfully fed

The nurse was confused.

was

froze for a long time. Looking at

his wife on the highest

just knew Lyra was

not easy for him to coax back his ex-wife so

her to the point that she can never leave him or she will not

nurse and refusing

and Malcolm consciously held out

get out of bed, leaving

"You worked hard last night. Lie down a little longer. Does your back still hurt? I'll

Lyra instantly blushed.

There is an outsider!

something so shameless and unpleasant

"Fuck you!"

his shoulder. Her face was growing red like a carrot. She simply buried her face under

**Chapter 234 Even my dog is better than you**

"Yes, yes, I'm sorry. It's my first time to pass on a message. Please don't take it personally."

Tom originally relied on the fact that he was Travis's man and didn't put the two in his sights.

Who knew that Malcolm did not say anything. And Lyra directly berated him who was dumbfounded by the fierce and looked at Malcolm's back in a much more respectful way.

Lyra was defending for him, and Malcolm was so happy that he just played nice, "I'll be back in two hours from the drip."

"Okay." Tom added before he left, "Miss Lloyd is your fiancée, so if it's convenient, you can come back to the hall together too."

"Hmm."

Malcolm answered softly, and when the door closed again, he was about to put his head in Lyra's arms again when his cheek was grabbed by Lyra's fingers.

"Hiss! Rara don't ..."

He could bear the pain and his features were distorted, not hiding.

Lyra felt helpless and her hand unconsciously loosened, "OK, Malcolm, you're mean enough. Let me play tough and you play good?"

"No, you're the one who's protecting me, and I'm happy."

Lyra then let go and her thumb gently rubbed his slightly pinched red face for him.

Malcolm was content to enjoy her affection.

Thinking about Travis, he turned a serious face in a second, "Rara, I'll take you back to Lloyd's Parlor first later. You don't have to go over to the hall."

"Why?"

Lyra's tone was light, "I'm your fiancée. It's known all over. I did it last night. There's no reason I couldn't have been there. Although your family couldn't do anything to me, I just want to see the fun."

Malcolm hooked the tip of her nose with his finger, "Okay, since you want to go, let's go together."

After the drip, Lyra helped him change into a shirt, then a suit.

The hickey marks all over his body were too conspicuous, especially on his neck, and he can't even cover them up, like he was bullied.

Lyra regretted it a little.

She should have known she should have been more restrained and more gentle!

She found a scarf to put on Malcolm.

was incredulous, "Rara, it's almost summer and you're wrapping me in a



just undergo the surgery. You should have recuperated for a few days. Because of Travis, you have to go back and to put on the scarf. Don't

Okay.

to put on the scarf. Then

fingers were interlocked and they went to the White

seated properly. Ryan, Albert and Sylvia were all present, except for Malcolm's aunt Alice White

no one

the photos of deceased

atmosphere was

in the main seat. He lowered his head, sipping tea without saying

Lyra walked in hand in hand as if no one

the people, except the old Mr. White, stood

rest of the

"Grandpa."

"Rudolph."

to the old Mr. White and spoke in

was sweet and soothing to the old Mr. White's

of them came in holding hands, the old Mr. White couldn't help but give his grandson

before yesterday, she made a fuss about withdrawing from the marriage, and today he was done with

to his most prized

kids, I'm good. Come

began to ask in a deep voice, "Uncle called me back in such a hurry. What's the

towards the old man before he began to

the bodyguards, and attacked Travis. Using methods that were vicious. If not for a bodyguard

viciously at Lyra who had

little expression, "Where

is still unconscious. But he wasn't unconscious when the bodyguard saved him last night. Saying that his attackers were Miss Lloyd, Malcolm's fiancée, and Chad, a

face and squeezed two tears out of his eyes, "Dad, I'm here today to ask for justice. Can he do whatever he wants and hurts his relatives

was cold, arrogant

turned pale,

out and gave

her with a wan face and shushed her, "The wound

it was so intense that he did not tear his wound. Now he was crying out in

gaze was gentle, "You just finished surgery. Your body is still very weak. Talk less, and let me speak

Whites, so if you're here to observe, forget it. It doesn't seem appropriate to be involved in the

ignored him and got up to face the old Mr. White. Her voice was

considered as half of the Whites. Mel he is seriously injured and should not talk much. I did have a hand

Whites" amused the

### **Chapter 235 Malcolm doesn't keep his virtue as a male**

Malcolm finally spoke up, and all eyes in the room were unanimously on him.

He reached for his scarf and the gold buttons of his suit.

The wound on his chest was the most visual proof of this.

Seeing the large purple and red hickeys on her chest and collarbone that were about to be exposed to all the Whites, Lyra's pupils quaked with fear and she grabbed him by the lapels and covered them tightly.

"No taking off! So many people are watching. Are you ashamed of yourself?"

This son of bitch didn't keep his virtue as a male!

When he healed, let's see how she will deal with him!

Malcolm pursed his lips: "I'm a man. It's normal to show my chest."

"Not normal!" Lyra gave him an angry glare and threatened in a small voice, "Your body is only allowed to be shown to me from now on! Hurry up and put it on!"

Malcolm heard her asserting her sovereignty over himself.

He was really happy that the woman he loved was possessive of him!

He fastened his buttons and looked toward Chad who was at the door.

Chad came in with a bound young man, threw him in the open space in the middle of the hall, and took out another document, which Charles handed to the old Mr. White to read.

"He's the one who lied about Mr. Malcolm while he was on assignment. When I went to catch him last night, he just happened to have Mr. Travis' fee and was ready to run. This information is his confession."

The old Mr. White read the statement carefully and looked at Ryan with a serious expression.

Ryan froze slightly.

Travis clearly told him that the man had been quietly dragged to the suburbs to be killed. How could Chad still catch him?

The old Mr. White handed him the confession, and he read it from beginning to end for three times, repeatedly confirming its authenticity.

Finally it came to the conclusion that Travis's man was doing a bad job! He was caught!

Chad continued, "Mr. Malcolm is in charge of the White family. Mr. Travis almost got him killed this time. Shouldn't he be dealt with according to the White family's rules?"

The people in the hall looked at the old Mr. White, as if asking him to give an instruction.

stood up in Charles's assistance, "Malcolm, now you're the master of the family. You decide for yourself. I

slightly, "Take

"Dad! Don't you go!"

Ryan shouted twice.

gone, there was

down. This was Travis's first independent work,

old Mr. White ignored it and left the hall

the rest of the Whites felt free

the blink of an eye, only Lyra, Malcolm, Chad and Ryan were

young man who just committed the crime was also taken down by

no need to describe that he deliberately harmed you, not to mention that he was also injured. Until now he's still unconscious.

is my idea. If you are dissatisfied, you can scold

twice and looked at Malcolm: "What

and rubbed her face dotingly, showing affection like no one

One size

and his eyes returned to coldness: "I heard my cousin is

and scold him. Next time he should do things

to Chad, "You personally take someone to invite Mr. Travis. Even if you have to

immediately winked at the bodyguard

minutes later, Travis was escorted into the hall by  
Mr. Ryan's bodyguard tried to sneak away from the  
"Good."

was saved by his bodyguard last night. He was a man and was saved in time. For him, the injury was not  
serious at

long ago that

do you think the

Fortunately, there is no big problem on you, or else I can give him a small punishment. Let me take him  
back and whip him thirty

"Dad!"

Travis was defiant.

punished!? He just had bad

why the bullet didn't hit Malcolm's heart or head

she didn't know

Ryan's words. His face was grim and cold. Obviously, he was

Malcolm hadn't been so lucky this time, I'm afraid

"You are still alive and well, but you want half of

it would be more than just ten disciplinary lashes.

the old Mr. White back

can't even get away

### **Chapter 236 Displays of affection**

Lyra's heart throbbed with pain.

If she hadn't seen it with her own eyes, she wouldn't have been able to feel so truly how much Malcolm  
had suffered for her, and how painfully he was wounded badly!

Guilt, self-blame, and sadness filled her.

Her mind was in a state of confusion and she was pulled out of the White Manor by Malcolm's hand in a  
daze.

Until she got in the car, her eyes were red, like a frightened bunny.

Malcolm took her into his arms, kissed her forehead, and sounded a little self-conscious: "Scared? It's  
my fault. There's no need to see this bloody scene. I should have let Chad take you out."

Lyra's nose was sore, and she buried her face in his neck, whimpering.

"It's me who should say sorry. I now realize how hard you were whipped before, but I hate that I didn't even have a word of comfort at that time. I was mean to you. I was so bad."

"Nonsense."

Malcolm cupped her tear-stained face and spoke in a serious tone, "Beating shows affection and scolding shows love. Your tears mean to me that you love me so much that I can't wait to be happy."

What kind of weird reasoning was this?

Lyra knew he was trying to make her happy, and did not feel any less guilty about it. Her starry eyes were shining with tears.

"It's all in the past. My injury has long since healed, not even a scar left. It doesn't hurt at all."

Malcolm leaned down and kissed her tears away patiently with his cold and thin lips, "Your tears are more precious to me than Nordica black pearls. Don't cry. I'll be broke if you cry again."

Lyra managed to get a laugh out of him, "Slick. Who did you learn that from?"

Chad was concentrating on driving when he noticed Lyra's gaze and hurried to prove his innocence, "I've never been in love in my life. I'm pure!"

OK.

She didn't have to make it difficult for a man who was never in a relationship before.

Malcolm grabbed her small hand and gently placed her palm over his heart through his suit, "I'm not being slick and coaxing you on purpose, so can you feel my sincerity?"

carefully pressed against his heart, feeling his heartbeat and

She smiled playfully, came

closed his eyes and kissed

scent wafted

the steering wheel, glancing twice from the rear-view mirror every now and

were really unbearable! Can't they see that there was another person in the car? Why did

single person, he was so

considerate of his fragile heart as an older single

minutes of deep kissing in the car ended with

touched his face and noticed something strange, "Why are you so

"It's normal to look bad after

"But ..."

about to ask more question when Malcolm interrupted her, "Are  
at the rear-view mirror, understood Malcolm's meaning, and took the initiative to answer, "By the way  
pretended to look at the time, "It's two hours before the meeting. Shall we  
else, "Okay, but I'm not going back to Lloyd's Parlor. You can take me to Angle Group Tower. The  
opening ceremony will be in two days. I

all the way down

car, Malcolm kissed Lyra's forehead, "Don't rush off tonight.

to leave, but waved at him three times a step back, smiling extra

waved in response, smiling

inside the building, the bloody

the window, covered his lips

knuckles were stained with

"Boss,

"Go to the lab."

on his lips and hands elegantly. A pair of dark eyes stared intently at the blood

Lab.

Jimmy Yeager,

later, the atmosphere in the laboratory was

well suppressed before. Why is it

Malcolm did not speak.

a mission. Two centimeters away the heart. In order to get back

his suit and shirt

### **Chapter 237 Mel's life is at stake!**

Malcolm's face was calm, as if he was not the one who was sentenced to death by the doctor.

"You mean, if the virus is not suppressed properly, there is a possibility that I may suddenly lose my life  
one day?"

Jimmy lowered his head and didn't answer.

It seemed to be a confirmation.

Malcolm also fell silent.

He thought his body would have no problem living for at least a few decades with the inhibitors.

If he had known that this was the case, then he might as well not let Rara know that he was still alive, lest she would suffer again later because of his death.

In the heavy atmosphere of sadness, Chad did not hold back and silently stood aside to shed tears.

Malcolm heard the sobs and gave him a stare, "Why are you crying? I'm not dead yet."

"I, I just feel ..." he felt so sorry for his boss.

His boss was only less than 30 years old. He had to suffer from illness all day long, but also to live a life of fear.

He was too bitter!

Jimmy scratched his head, a little embarrassed, "actually not so bad. I just said if, according to the current situation, as long as with the treatment, to maintain a good resistance, my inhibitor can also keep Malcolm at least twenty years!"

Chad's face was mournful, "What about after twenty years?"

Jimmy gave Malcolm a reassuring look, "It's been twenty years. Maybe I'll have developed a cure by then, and Malcolm will live a long life!"

At least there was hope for a cure, and the room was gradually warming up.

Chad took a tissue and blew his nose, being quite depressed, "Doctor, can you talk it non stop?! It's scary as hell!"

Jimmy laughed and gave Malcolm another injection of inhibitor to strengthen the effect of the drugs in his body, and then prescribed him with drugs to help the wound heal and suppress angina, respectively.

He was instructed to restrain his beastly nature before his injury healed and not to engage in that strenuous exercise anymore.

Although Malcolm said yes, he was actually distracted and didn't listen much.

the day when they came out

was about to go back to his car to pick up Lyra from the Angle Group when he came across Collin who was in a dark airline uniform. His face was cold and

gotten off the plane and came over, and neither looked very

coming to pick a

politely shouted, "Hello Mr. Collin, hello

ignoring it. And he

a good relationship. Malcolm restrained his hostility in his eyes, "Why is Mr.

pistol directly, aiming it at his head with a

Collin?!" Chad

flustered. His hands were in his trouser's pockets, leisurely and elegantly.

killing intent,

...

Tower, waited for five minutes without

said he would come over early to pick her up to dinner,

was about to call and ask when she received a text message from

to kill

Collin back all of

remembering that she had called Collin the other day to check Malcolm's

"It's screwed!"

bag and took a taxi

out of the car, she looked through the window and saw Collin holding a gun to Malcolm's head

are

the other hand to protect Malcolm to the back, smile very pleasing, "We

Collin did not move.

also helped to persuade, "Honey, put the gun away. Be careful not to

His face was cold, which was

"Collin didn't hit you,

His lips curved slightly, "How could I let

see that he still had time to talk

intimately. His eyebrows tightened in anger, "Lyra! Do you know he has been

why his sister was suddenly so interested in this fiancé, and only when he looked deeper did he

known for a long time that what happened before was actually a misunderstanding.

by him! Three years of youth can't just be offset. I'm going to help you get out

"Don't, Collin!"

he did to me before! And he saved me three times in Frayton. If it wasn't for him, your sister can't return to Suham unharmed. Keith was touched

looked at her askance, not



## **Chapter 238 Rara and Mr. Malcolm put on a bittersweet show**

Lyra's face turned pale with fear when she heard Collin's roar.

It was screwed! She should have controlled herself!

This was going to screw up!

Malcolm did not say a word. His posture was upright and proud. He was not afraid at all, and there was a few unrepentant arrogance.

He looked like this, and in Collin's eyes it was provocative.

Collin was furious and made a move to pull the trigger.

"No, no, no! Collin, you're mistaken! It was me, I I...I slept with him!"

Lyra shivered her lips in embarrassment.

Malcolm's life was more important than her, of course!

Collin: "?"

"If you don't believe me, you can look at his neck. It was me...who didn't hold back ..."

The more she said, the smaller her voice became, covering her cheeks in shame with hands. Her whole face and neck were burning hot.

Collin, full of suspicion, with gun still in hand, slowly approached Malcolm.

Malcolm didn't move, letting him lift the woolen scarf.

The deep red hickeys all over his neck froze Collin in his tracks.

His sister was too brave.

The air was instantly quiet and the atmosphere was a bit eerie.

Lyra covered her face tightly. The atmosphere was so awkward that she wanted to leave immediately.

Now, not only did Chad and Collin know about her affair in the hospital, but even her sister-in-law knew about it!

Ahhhhh! She felt extremely embarrassed!

She was frantic inside when her right ear was suddenly twisted viciously by a pair of large hands.

was so heavy that she felt

and Chad are both still looking at the, "You can

lungs were about to explode, "Well done Lyra. You did me

for praise. I'm modest!" if he was

you dare to joke about

eyes were tinged with danger, and his big hands let go of her ears and turned to the last three

wanted to cry

She had to be beaten

around and headed for the car,

dark eyes, which was cold, "Mr. Collin, Rara is an adult. She has the right to choose what she wants to do. And she is my fiancée. There is

sister. No

coldly sarcastic, "I heard the White family's rules are strict, but I didn't expect to raise such a scum who doesn't know how to behave himself. Don't think that because she protects you, so I don't know you are luring her! I'll beat her first, and then

each other, as if there would a

to leave, but Malcolm clutched his

let go of Lyra and quickly pushed Malcolm with

didn't fight back and was hit just on

steps. His face was pale and his chest was in severe

came up. He tried to swallow back, but could not hold back. The crimson blood drowned

"Mel!"

him. Seeing him spitting blood, she knew that Collin just

He's badly injured. Just

was covered in cold sweat because of pain. He looked

a bad fighter and that he could fight back and forth with him,

his arms and held his breath, "Mr. Collin, I am Rara's fianc., I'll receive your punishment for her. Is this slap enough? If not,

Mel..." Lyra's tears flew down, raising her face

in a miserable smile. His fingertips trembled lightly

really hurt. He can't hold

"Rara, hug me..."

he arched his back, shrinking weakly into her arms, resting on

stared blankly at the two who were showing their love. Their

own sister was made to cry and he didn't say anything

a modern world. Since they are engaged, sleeping or not sleeping is so important?

Collin was speechless.

head to look at his

become the only bad guy

### **Chapter 239 Scolded by my own brother**

"Don't ..."

Malcolm burrowed into her neck. His voice was weak and feeble, pouting, "I still like to hear you call me Mel."

Lyra cupped his face and kissed his thin and bloodied lips without disdain, "Okay, from now on, you're the only one I'll call Mel."

Malcolm's miserable pale lips were gently curled in contentment.

Lyra carefully adjusted into a position to support him, "Is this okay to walk?"

"Yes."

The two walked slowly in the direction of the car in an assisted position.

Chad watched the backs of the two and froze in place.

He felt like he was just redundant!

They went back to the White Manor.

As soon as Malcolm lay down on the bed, Lyra started to took his clothes off.

"Just be reserved. Let Chad do this."

Lyra glared at him, "What? Afraid that if I look at your body, I'll want to eat you? Don't worry about it. You're so badly hurt. I'm not such a beast yet."

"Oh, then it seems my charm is not enough."

He sounded a little disappointed.

Lyra pursed her lips to stifle a smile and gave him a gentle kiss on the lips as a reward.

Malcolm couldn't get enough.

That was it?

Lyra received his accusing look, smiled sweetly, and was extra serious in her pupils that were as dazzling as stars.

"Mel, you're hurt. I'll feel guilty and feel like I'm trashing you, so absolutely not. You're not allowed to try to seduce me again!"

When she said the last sentence, her eyebrows furrowed in accusation against him.

the corner of

He tut-tutted.

Trash, seduce.

words

boss' sickly look was quite

two at the head of

unison, they said,

of his head, "I thought my boss needs me on the medicine. Since Miss Lyra is here, it seems I have nothing

the medicine and medical kit he brought back from the lab on

left, Lyra began to undress

and blood soaked his shirt, even through the

lied to me again. You call it

of blood. I

even if I do go home with him, with my dad and Kathleen protecting me, he'll just give me a couple of token smacks at most, but it's different if he hits you. Why

Collin had twisted it. It wasn't red anymore but he was still

more and more overwhelmed with

wanted to hold in his heart and spoil for

hurt a finger of her, others, including her

shifting her gaze to get

no experience in applying medication and changing bandages, so Malcolm had to teach her as a master while doing

a few hours, the medicine was finally applied

medicine. His face recovered a little, and he fell asleep on her lap in a

late. If she

back, she was afraid Collin was going to have to be mean

a

who seemed

asleep, his features

She unconsciously look fascinated.

the phone rang that her thoughts were

It was Kathleen calling.

how's it going?

injured. This time there is a new wound on top of the old. Since we're back to the

somewhat, but still asked symbolically, "So serious? Collin was ill-considered, so what are you planning?

because of Collin that, he's hurt like this. I feel guilty about it, so I want to stay with him temporarily and take care of him for a few days.

"This ..."

the phone microphone and said in a very small voice, "if you want to stay, just stay. I'll help you, but remember to

her sentence when Collin's angry yell came from far away on the other end of

to sleep with him again, I will definitely break your legs when you come back!

#### **Chapter 240 Mel has a strange hobby?**

Lyra stared at the man who was pretending to be asleep and smiled evilly. She sounded a little regretful.

"I'm relieved to see you're sleeping so deeply. I've thought carefully and I think it's better to go back to Lloyd's Parlor. I'll leave it to Chad to take good care of you afterwards. See you in a couple of days."

She was about to move his head away and get up.

The man on his lap suddenly circled her waist with a strong force, regardless of his head into her arms.

"Chad is careless. Can't take care of me. Rara ..."

His voice even sounded a little aggrieved.

Lyra stifled a laugh and deliberately pushed him out, "That won't do. my luggage is at Lloyd's Parlor. I have to get back."

Malcolm rose from her arms, grabbed his cell phone, and called Chad.

"Tomorrow, go to the mall to buy something. Rara's size is S size. Foot size is 34. buy those good-looking necklace, earrings and jewelry. Fill the wardrobes with clothes."

After the command, he quickly hung up the phone.

Lyra was still in a daze when he was in her arms once again.

He was tall but he looked sickly as if he was weaker than her.

However, when she didn't notice, he snickered wickedly.

Once she lived in his villa, she can't move out again!

Lyra didn't know what he had in mind, and her thoughts were still on his words when she asked curiously, "How do you know I wear size S?"

"I've hugged you."

Well, she was thin, but anyone who was thoughtful should be able to guess.

But ...

Lyra frowned suspiciously, "And how do you know my foot size?"

Malcolm didn't know what to say.

Did he reveal something?

saw that he was silent. He was probably thinking about how to fool

was quiet, it

fingertips and grabbed his cheek

"Hiss!"

to his wronged expression, "Be gentle. I'm

every time she was able

Malcolm was quite depressed.

didn't pay attention to his tone of pretending to be aggrieved, "Tell me honestly. When you all night. I just wiped your face and washed your feet. And the night you got drunk at

that time, he saw that her feet were so

and fair,

hand and compared it to her foot size, not realizing that Rara's

and her toes subconsciously

her feet was something she would never have dreamed Malcolm would sneak in while she was drunk and

How embarrassing was this!

and there was another cry of pain

Malcolm? Come on, tell me!" Lyra

Malcolm was wordless.

What was it?

wrong, or was

about to explain. Lyra was suddenly terrified that he would say something amazing that she couldn't yet. Let me calm

of her arms, got up, and

and possible special fetishes, I have decided to observe

with me at night. I'll sleep in the next room while I take care of you. I'll lock the door! You behave yourself! If you dare to pry in the door in the middle of the night, I'll chop off both your hands! If you dare to sneak into

his legs and made a chopping motion. Her eyes were

"Rara ..."

Malcolm was so wronged.

finally had the chance to sleep with her again, and he was losing

grievance and tried to pull her hand, but ended up grabbing

get well. One more word from

inexplicably banned, and could only weakly watch her leave

He tried to explain.

ignored him for a month,

and there