

The hidden billionaire heiress (Lyra Melvin)

Chapter 4

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Fiona was stunned by her aura.

Was she still the same wishy-washy daughter-in-law?

"So you were pretending before!"

The more Fiona thought about it, the angrier she got, "I'm not going to let you go off today. I'm going to tell Melvin and make him

divorce you! Even if you beg me on your knees, I will still kick you out of my family!" Fiona ground her teeth and threatened.

Lyra sneered, with disdain on her face.

"Oh, I just forgot to mention that. Just ten minutes ago, Melvin and I got divorced. Even if you beg me on your knees, I won't

enter the Freeman Manor any more."

Divorced? And just divorced?

No way! This dirtbag used to be so desperate to stay in the Freeman family. She finally gave up?

Suspiciously, Fiona looked at Lyra's back as she left. To confirm it, she made a phone call to Melvin right away.

"Melvin, do you really divorce?"

Melvin replied with a "hmm" and suddenly frowned, "Just did the paperwork. Who told you that?"

"Who else could it be? I ran into Lyra on the way. This bitch just yelled at me!"

Her face was glowing with anger. Thinking that it was a real divorce, she then burst into laughter, "But great! You are finally divorced. She's just a unknown woman picked up from the orphanage. How can she be worthy of my excellent son? She should have been kicked out long ago ..."

Melvin pursed his lips. His mood was exact opposite of Fiona's exuberance.

There was even ... a touch of inexplicable irritation and guilt.

Before this, he originally thought that Lyra would not easily agree to divorce, so he prepared three million dollar compensation and a villa in advance. But this time it was her initiative, and she did not take any compensation from him.

After the divorce, she had no money and no relatives around her. How was she going to live in the future?

Anyway, when she was driven desperate, she might always come to him.

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Lyra took a taxi back to the villa where she and Melvin lived alone. This place was full of the suffering of the past three years.

The memories were so overwhelming that she didn't want to bring them up again.

Through a small garden in front of the villa, she went upstairs to pack her luggage. After packing up, she didn't want to stay in the villa for a second.

However, just after she walked down to the first floor, a person in the hall turned back and looked at her.

It was Charlotte in a snow-white dress. She was smiling warmly, "Lyra, it's been a long time."

Lyra froze slightly, as if she didn't expect to see Charlotte here.

They just divorced and Melvin had given Charlotte the key to the villa. So she was ready to move in? He really loved Charlotte.

Lyra just felt disgusted in her heart and smiled as she walked gracefully down the stairs.

Seeing her uncompromising manner, Charlotte paused and then smiled again, "Lyra, it's only been a few years, and you're getting more and more like Mrs. Freeman."

"Oops, I said the wrong thing." Charlotte covered her mouth with her hands and smiled awkwardly, "I forgot that you divorced

Melvin. You are no longer Mrs. Freeman."

Knowing that she came here to play tough, Lyra was not angry and had a dashing smile on her face.

"I'm just tired of Melvin. If you like him, I'll give you then. But don't be too anxious. You look like you're a mistress."

Hearing these words, the smile on Charlotte's face quickly faded and she scowled at Lyra.

"Melvin and I love each other very much. If it wasn't for you, he and I would have been together long ago. You're the mistress.

You should be scorned!"

Lyra gave her a sarcastic look, "You'll soon find out who is the mistress."

After saying that, she did not intend to stay. She walked around Charlotte and was about to leave when her wrist was suddenly grabbed by a hand.

She turned around and saw Charlotte whose expression was pitiful and her eyes were as red as a rabbit's, as if she had suffered a great deal of grievance.

"Lyra, I'm sorry. I've always treated you like my good friend. I just wanted to come and see you. I am kind. I didn't know you guys got divorced. I really didn't mean anything else. Don't be mad at me, okay?"

"You're two-faced?"

She snorted and was about to shake off Charlotte's hand. However, Charlotte suddenly lent her movement and fell softly to the ground while screaming in agony.

If someone could look at them from a distance from behind, it looked like it was Lyra who pushed Charlotte to the ground.

Oh, it was interesting.

Lyra coldly watched this self-directed drama. If she was right, would Melvin be happened to be back and probably stand at the door watching now?

As expected, she heard a sudden sound of rage behind her.

"What are you doing!?" □ □ □ □ □ □

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