

The Hidden Billionaire Heiress (Lyra Melvin) Chapter 49

It was a girl's voice.

"Shut up if you don't want to die." The scar-faced man was holding a dagger against the girl's cheek.

The other man, with one foot stepping on her chest, laughed wickedly.

The girl was so frightened that she could only nod in cooperation.

Seeing her gave up struggling, the two were even more pleased, "Babe, we haven't banged a woman for a long time. As long as you made us happy, we'll let you go afterwards."

The girl sobbed uncontrollably at his words.

The two men, lecherous grins on their faces, began to molest her.

Having just unbuttoned the collar of her shirt, one of the men felt a sudden blunt hit on the back of his head. Covering the bleeding wound with his hands, the man gave out a wail before collapsing.

The scar-faced man was startled by this sudden turn of events. He jerked his head to look and saw that it was a woman.

Lyra was holding the high heels in her hand, standing there like a queen in her all-white suits.

Once the scar-faced man saw her, his eyes lit up with surprise, "Yo, a feisty little kitty, I like it."

Fiddling with the high heels in her hand, Lyra sneered, "You like it? I'm way out of your league."

The scar-faced man was enraged. He cursed "bitch" and charged towards Lyra with his knife.

He was knocked down by Lyra in three strikes and couldn't even get up.

The girl huddled up into a ball out of fear, her whole body shaking, and her eyes filled with terror.

Her cheeks were tinted with redness, as if she was slightly drunk.

Looking at her cowering, Lyra suddenly felt an ache in her heart and an image flashed across her head so fast she couldn't even catch it.

She shook her head and the strange feeling she just had disappeared completely.

Perhaps... she was too tired today that she got hallucination?

Lyra did not think much about it and turned to look at the girl in the corner who looked about 18 years old.

"You're safe to go home."

leave when her wrist was suddenly

out drinking with my friends. I was separated from them. My phone was

name

looked at her phone, it was

quite remote, thus indeed rather dangerous

Where's your

No. 2,

hand, as if

didn't let go until she got

exhausted and

time to time, and when she saw

was running out of battery, so she called out to her twice to ask for more details

windows were all closed so it was very

sniffed and suddenly realized

drinking with friends, and although her face was flushed, she didn't smell a bit

didn't drink at

remote place in the suburbs, with

Katrina was pretending!

wind sweeping by her

was

thumb-length syringe was two millimeters short

did you... see

to crack her trick so quickly, so she stopped pretending. She increased strength on both hands, hellbent on stabbing the needle into Lyra's

with only one hand. The car was driving at a constant speed in the countryside when

balance and flipped straight over, breaking the guardrail and rolling

protected by an airbag, Lyra only scraped her

at the Volkswagen Santana, whose shell was almost smashed, Lyra tsked. It was a pity that the car had not been with her for long

the back seat did not come out, Lyra opened the car door and personally carried Katrina out of the car, who had passed out with her face and body

a few methods, Lyra finally

saved her, Katrina seemed incredulous, "Why did you save me? I hurt you. You

gave her a cold look and didn't answer her question, but only

mute and

"Let me guess, Charlotte Matthews,

it would be impossible for her to hire a such a

and you got me, so

a sarcastic smile, "How

at