

## **Billionaire 531**

### **Chapter 531 Concussion and bleeding; almost collapse**

The police officer was stunned and subconsciously glanced at Nil.

How dare he suspect Paul Hoare who was the Count of Owhil and VIP as Nil?

He did not dare to say anything, did not dare to ask anything, but silently wrote down his words.

Nil had little expression, as if he had guessed this would happen as early as when Lyra kept asking about Paul.

The police continued, "As for your key suspect, we will definitely investigate thoroughly, but we still hope you can explain why you suspect Mr. Hoare?"

Malcolm's tone was cold, "His relationship with me is already not good. Yesterday, we were shopping, and happened to meet him and Anne Windsor. He questioned my wife's cooperation with Duowiehl Group's project and asked Rara to give up the cooperation to him."

"He was rejected by me, and I ridiculed him twice. A cornered beast will do something desperate to put me and my wife to death."

The police officer steadily recorded his every word.

"Yes, I will inform the director of your suspicions truthfully and launch an investigation."

Nil had been listening silently.

Until the police left, he said, "I have an understanding of Paul's nature. He won't make such a bad behavior for such a little stuff. Perhaps ... there is some kind of misunderstanding?"

Malcolm face did not change, "He may not, but there is no guarantee that someone instigated him. You said, he truly likes his new girlfriend. It's reasonable if he is used. But these are only my speculation and suspicion, everything must wait for the investigation clearly. See the exact evidence to make a decision."

Nil nodded in recognition of his second half of the sentence, and added, "You and Ms. Lloyd maybe don't leave these two days. Wait for the matter to be investigated this time, so as to avoid that person behind the curtain to strike again. For the hotel, I will send additional staff to secretly protect you."

"Great."

Malcolm had no reason to refuse, and at this juncture, they really couldn't leave.

However, Rara was injured and still had to return home as soon as possible so Jimmy could check it out.

Thinking of this, he added, "I be resolved as soon as possible, without delay."

Nil: "Don't worry about this. I will put all my efforts into this matter recently and keep an eye on the police department to get results as soon as possible."

Malcolm carefully picked up the sleeping Lyra and planed to take her back to the hotel to rest.

keep it quiet for the time being. No international press

sure. Even if you don't say it, I'll  
department without looking back, carrying Lyra in  
on their way back, Nil sent an armed car  
came with a few  
there were not a few stupid who  
safely at the hotel's presidential suite, the police officers  
entered the room, the police officers  
who was in black police uniforms, had no facial expressions, like a statue  
guarded. You are too conspicuous here. If passers-by  
"Okay."  
forward, left the phone number with Malcolm,  
returned  
and locked the door and reentered  
at Lyra in her sleep, thinking about the gunshot wound in her arm and the  
the bedside, keeping  
a few light but delicate dishes and had the hotel's five-star chef make  
through this, Lyra remained asleep and did not  
time Malcolm had set the table, she was still sleeping heavily and showed  
on the edge of the bed again and called her gently, "Honey, it's time to eat. After such an  
"Rara?"  
row, his wife, who was on the  
wrong and probed her nostrils  
air and it was still  
"Wake up. Don't sleep."  
ran through the hair at the back of her head, trying to pick her up, but  
a bad omen inside, he shook his hand  
He looked down.  
a little  
which was no longer the

officers hidden in the hotel left behind, "Rara is in bad shape. Call an ambulance  
the phone, he hugged

twinge and his tears fell down uncontrollably. It was his

Otherwise I

### **Chapter 532 Rara has a first love?**

Lyra, who was dazed, vaguely heard the doctor and Malcolm's conversation clearly.

Intermittent amnesia?

Clichéd memory loss?

When she was 15 years old, Ethel injected a nerve-destroying drug into her neck and pushed her into the sea.

She had already lost her memory once.

The wound on her head was so easy to make her lose memory.

The doctor didn't tell the whole result at a time and liked to exaggerate this just to scare him.

Why was it the same as Micah? Did doctors like to intimidate their patients' families?

She sighed helplessly. Her eyelids were too heavy to lift. The injury at the back of her head was still faintly painful, and she felt tired and dizzy

Lyra didn't make a sound and continued to rest with her eyes closed.

When the doctor left, the ward returned to silence.

Malcolm clutched her hand so tightly she could visibly feel he was trembling.

And he shook quite a lot.

Within two minutes, very soft sobs came and droplets of water dripped down onto the back of her hand.

Malcolm was crying?

She was baffled. She was still breathing. How was it like she was dead?

As the hot teardrops continued to fall onto the back of her hand, her heart felt as if it was being burned, followed by a vague pain.

She broke the bonds of exhaustion and half-squinted her eyes open to look at Malcolm who sat at the head of the bed.

Malcolm's eyes were red. His dark eyes looked sad and mournful, and his handsome face was covered with tears, which were desperate to the extreme.

It was the first time she had seen his expression of near collapse.

She moved her fingers in a weak manner, and Malcolm immediately sensed it and raised his eyes to her.

"Rara, you're awake. Is there anything else wrong? I'm going to call the doctor."

He made a move to get up, but Lyra held his hand back.

Lyra looked weak and tried to say, "... you?" Why was he crying so hard?

was so weak that her complete sentence

shock for half a second, keenly seeing the

time to be surprised but fell back into

uncontrollably. He dropped his head, laid his

can you forget

Lyra: "?"

through all the hard times we had. We have two cute

at the man in front of her, who had always been calm and unruffled. He could actually crouch at the side of her bed crying. He was tall

was pathetic

time she had seen Malcolm who lost control like this, and

him, "Don't cry. I didn't, didn't

voice, Malcolm lifted his sad eyes, still holding

wiped his reddened eyes, and asked, "And who am

Lyra laughed, "My husband."

"What's my name?"

"Malcolm White."

him, Lyra answered quickly, not daring to

reduced a bit and he

"And what is the name

"Spencer White."

"The baby girl?"

"Molly Lloyd."

a breath and quickly followed up with a test,

was slightly

have a first love

palm tigher, waiting for her

She pondered slightly.

"Anthony?"

the memory test

she waited to

not yet fully bloomed. Malcolm's long eyelashes trembled and he seemed to be in a new round of despair. Even

have Anthony in your heart before you were talking and laughing with him in the still

was pale and hes sad, "He and I, have

Lyra turned cold.

drip, lifted gently and

and held his face against

pinched the soft

recovered, Lyra exerted

slightly and let

strained voice, "You're thinking too much all day long. If I

### **Chapter 533 Rara likes to return like for like to the end**

Because of the serious car accident and attack during the day was blocked up, now outside world was unaware of it.

Anne asked this as if she were really passing by to offer her condolences.

Lyra didn't have much strength, didn't want to care about her, didn't open her eyes, but continued to pretend to sleep.

Malcolm said in a cold voice, "It's just a minor problem. She'll be out of the hospital in a couple of days."

He looked down and played with the watch on his wrist, and his tone was careless, "Speaking of which, Earl Hoare, you and us are really destined to meet each other several times.

From the day at the museum to shopping mall, they met each other. Even Lyra quietly hospitalized, they could still meet each other.

Was it by chance, or was it intentional?

Paul laughed, "Yes, it is indeed destiny, but Ms. Lloyd and Anne are little girls at heart. They like shopping inevitably. As for the hospital, we just come here for a routine check-up."

He gazed at Lyra, "Seeing Ms. Lloyd's face doesn't look too good, she seems to be very sick. I don't know if it's because of too much work, if so, why don't you give me the right to cooperate with Duowiehl Group and let me help Ms. Lloyd share the burden."

Malcolm stared at him sternly.

"When is it the turn of outsiders to share in my wife's affairs?"

Paul's face paled slightly, "I said the wrong thing, but since I'm here today, I still want to discuss with Ms. Lloyd again about the partnership rights. Ms. Lloyd really won't think about it anymore?"

Lyra abruptly opened her eyes and tried to sit up from the bed.

Malcolm thoughtfully came forward and helped her stand up the pillow and helped her lean on the bed.

"Mr. Hoare wants the right to cooperate? No problem."

With these words, Paul's eyes seemed bursting with brilliant light.

Lyra coldly snorted and quickly continued, "However, if you want to take the right to cooperate, you have to be open and honest. And you can rely on your own strength to snatch back from my hands. If you dare to come underhanded, then sorry, I will accompany. And I will also return those vulgar tricks to you a hundred times."

Paul's face stiffened. He slightly pursed his lips and his blond beard had a slight movement, signaling displeasure.

was a

discerning to

"Well, Rara needs to rest. There are too many irrelevant people. Even the

so, they had to leave. Otherwise, they

much longer and called

the good sense

and smiled. And her voice sounded innocent, "Ms. Lloyd, take care. Oh, you have spent twenty years smoothly. You always have to experience something. That can be considered a successful life.

at her who was smiling. Her eyes looked cold and

but I estimate you will experience it soon. You wear high heels so you should be steadier. Don't fall.

After you fall

brightly as if she didn't understand the sarcasm in her words, "Thank you Ms. Lloyd for your concern. I too find the hospital

stepped forward, wrapped his arm around Anne's waist and headed out of the

and she looked sideways at the fruit and

even touch it. It should disappear

done so even if

quickly called the nurse to throw away all the gifts that Paul and Anne had brought, and even the bedside table had to be sprayed with

suspect that it was Paul in this

at the hospital, went into

her a glass of water and patiently fed it to her, "Then I still have a little more than you. I have a

wondered, "What extra ten percent did you

they rushed over to visit you and would not be prepared with such an elaborate

are only our guesses.

know him. Since he can strut in to demonstrate and also manage to ask for the right to cooperate, obviously he has already destroyed all the evidence, to ensure that he can escape unscathed. It

looking out the window at the gradually

color was obviously warm and melting, but Malcolm could not feel any heat.

delighted by Lyra's

was melancholy because

Corp has to work with Duowiehl Group after all. If Nil Grey really can not make the progress, forget it. There is no

the person behind this

Off the hook?

offended Lyra, she would never let go but

confirm our conjecture, I want to return the favor. Since they like to play dirty, I

on the lips, which was very doting, as

#### **Chapter 534 The truth of the matter; the paranoid revenge maniac?**

The the most elite and competent police officers at the entire police department were all transferred over to investigate this matter.

However, it took a day and there was no progress in the case.

Nil gave an ultimatum. Only three days, the person behind the curtain must be uncovered.

A young head of the police department was sitting in his office and was anxious as hell.

He reviewed the current information of the investigation and kept sighing and drinking coffee.

He was worried by the fact that no suspicious person had been identified for the time being.

Malcolm suspected Paul, but Paul's identity was special. If there was no solid evidence to charge him, the police department could not conduct a full investigation to him.

After all, with his status as a noble Owhil count in the picture, if they rushed to screen him, it would affect diplomatic relations between Atria and Owhil.

However, if they did not check Paul, it was not easy to explain to Malcolm.

Again, this will affect the diplomatic relations between Atria and Crana.

In the end, if nothing can be found, it was even more difficult to explain to Nil, then he had to step down from this position.

They were all not easy to mess with, so he simply felt it troublesome.

Looking at the messy and clueless pile of information, he was already smoking his third cigarette.

It was at the most annoying time when there was a knock on the office door.

"Come in." He shouted impatiently.

The person who pushed in the door was an uniformed police officer.

"There is a lady at the door. She says she understands the incident and can help you."

"Help me?"

collar in annoyance and grunted softly in disdain, "Which

as Mr. Earl Hoare's girlfriend,

Yo, another big shot.

go make

"Yes."

into the office by

department director invited her to the

and brightly, and did not pretend

you came over with

"I know what you're anxious about right now. I have a way to combine the three parties that have caused you trouble, give everyone a satisfactory

convinced. After all, the woman in front

better choice now, he chose to listen, "Tell

Her smile was seductive,  
eyes, no one knew she  
...  
was in the  
never even touched the ground and she was even carried by Malcolm himself to  
who was only a few years old and cannot  
during the day as usual, but did not make a video  
learn that the babies were being taken  
Nil Grey gave the police department, and the results of the investigation should be out by  
requested to be discharged from  
obstructive, and for Lyra, who was insistent,  
back of the head. Both of which were not major problems and she  
nothing to say but to take Lyra in the police department's armed car to the  
arrived just as Nil was arriving, and the two  
was  
three copies of the comprehensive evidence and gave one to

### **Chapter 535 Receiving gifts; a beautiful misunderstanding**

Irrelevant people ...

The director's expression froze. He lowered his gaze and unnaturally touched the tip of his nose, "No, I've been dealing with the nasty attack you encountered recently and haven't seen any outsiders."

Lyra observed his expression and turned her head to exchange a glance with Malcolm.

"OK, since you said so, I have no problem with it."

The director, who was standing in front of the blackboard, quietly shushed and wiped the thin sweat that had appeared on his forehead from nervousness with a tissue.

Nil walked Lyra and Malcolm out of the police department, and in the corridor, he asked as he walked, "The prisoner who hit Ms. Lloyd on the back of the head with a stick has been tortured for the past two days. Should Mr. Malcolm and Ms. Lloyd go over and see?"

Lyra shook her head, "Forget it. You just let the police department continue to take things seriously on their end. He and I have been stranded in Atria for too long. We haven't seen our babies at home in a while and want to go back home."

"Great."

Nil nodded his head very sensibly and looked at Malcolm again, "So Mr. Malcolm still wants to take this prisoner back to the Crana interrogation room?"

Malcolm took Lyra's small waist and helped her walk, "Since she has said he should be left to you, then forget it. After all, he's the Atria citizen, and not the mastermind. To apply for transnational case processing for such a person is too troublesome. It is unnecessary."

Nil nodded his head repeatedly.

"Rest assured that although the truck driver has got Atria citizenship, I will let the doctor treat him well, and once he can be cured, the sentence that should be served. It will not be less at all."

Malcolm's tone was indifferent, "Just a temporary scapegoat who was dragged out."

Nil was slightly stunned. As the first heir to the royal family, how could he not understand Malcolm's meaning, but he did not say anything, only with a smile on his face.

Before leaving the police department and getting into the armed car to go back to the hotel, Malcolm turned back and finally said, "Nil, the director of police department is not on the same page as you. This kind of person can block your way to succeed the royal family in the future. You should be careful."

He finished, helped Lyra into the car, and got in the car as well himself.

As the car door slammed shut, it only remained Nil who was slightly pale.

Nil watched the fading armed vehicle and quietly called the vice director of the police department.

"Go find out who your boss has been seeing lately, and do it quietly."

\*

In the car back to the hotel.

no words

that director. He met the person. The status is

smiled faintly, "As it happens, so do

waist, "What are

interfere Anne's cooperation. As for others, in the way of their

between her brows, "It

Malcolm carried her to the dry area of the bathroom, wrung out a hot towel himself, and wiped her

two

a vague pain in

eyelids were heavy. However, she couldn't open her eyes at

tightly. Her heart was like a mass of depression, inexplicably churning her

it wanted to bleed ...

"What happened?"

held her. He slept lightly and was keenly aware

table lamp and observed Lyra's

awake. She tried to speak, but her throat was

It was bizarre.

soon she was exhausted and fell into a deep

felt her stable breathing, thought she was having a nightmare and let out a

spent the latter part of the

the two got up. Their suitcases were once again organized and delivered to the airport by an armed

there were no surprises, and the two of them embarked on the

regained its usual silence. At last night, it seemed she had sleep paralysis so can not remember anything after she got

took her hand, intertwined his fingers, and kissed

on this business trip to Atria. If you were alone in Atria in such

leaned into his shoulder, but just said tiredly, "Honey, I'm a little sleepy. I want

"Okay, don't worry."

and Malcolm finally arrived at the airport

were coming

and made it look like

saw Lyra and Malcolm come out holding hands, the two rushed up to

helped with the suitcase, and Keira took Lyra's arm and tucked the

you have a good time on

added, "It finally fulfilled my brother's wish to travel abroad for his honeymoon... this trip, it was

day was completely unknown

and were on their honeymoon, and kept asking them what fun

and the mention of the trip abroad reminded him of Lyra's injury, and his face didn't

and pointing with her eyes to one of the suitcases Chad

**Chapter 536 Rara's state is very wrong**

Malcolm admired his bored expression, playfully smiling.

"It seems you don't want to thank me. You just want to receive Rara's gift."

Anthony had a professional fake smile, "Mr. Malcolm, thank you very much. You really understand me. I have been very fond of this watch. I did not expect to be picked by Mr. Malcolm first, but fortunately I finally have it as I expected. "

Malcolm wrinkled his eyebrows, "That's not bad. Try it on and see if the watch match you."

Lyra coaxed Momo who was in her arms and glanced the two men back and forth.

Those jealous words made her sigh.

It'd been a long time since they had not seen each other, and the two of them had a rare fight. Lyra wasn't going to get involved, but took the two babies, along with Sophia and Keira, to the fourth floor nursery, leaving the living room to the three men.

As soon as Lyra left, the smiles on Malcolm and Anthony's faces disappeared coincidentally, and they turned around to go about their respective business.

Malcolm went to the kitchen and was ready to cook.

Anthony consciously went to help organize the messy suitcases on the floor.

Only Chad was left and confused. He was still standing in place, scratching the back of his head in confusion.

Just now the atmosphere was quite harmonious. How suddenly was it changed?

He hesitated between going to the kitchen and packing the suitcase. Avoiding Malcolm's disapproval of his clumsiness, he finally chose to pack with Anthony.

The first meal after returning home was like a family dinner and was in harmony.

Because of her injury, Lyra left the project with Duowiehl Group and the signing of the contract to her subordinates, so she stayed home to spend two days with the babies while recovering from her injury.

As usual, Malcolm was running between White Corp and the National Investigation Bureau, working on both sides.

Everyone's life was back on track.

By the third day, Lyra's gunshot wound in the arm, which had been bandaged for almost a week or more, had begun to heal with the change of medication.

The stick wound on the back of the head was only slightly bleeding, and the marks of the injury and purple swelling were soon completely invisible.

The body has recovered to this extent and was basically considered healed.

She returned to the Lloyd's Corp to work on a project with Duowiehl Group.

In addition, she quietly sent someone to find out more about Paul's AN Group, especially Anne's current position and the collaborative projects in hand.

Her aim was to snatch up all projects, regardless of their size, and meddle cooperation.

she gradually had a sense of exhaustion

because of the concussion or

her eyes, and

a tendon in the brain tightened and drew up wisps

It was strange.

intercom and called the assistant outside the door in, "I'm a little tired. I need to take a nap in the office lounge. Don't

"Okay Ms. Lloyd."

The assistant left.

rubbed her head while walking towards

...

Corp, Office of the

dress he bought at Atria earlier, he talked

it tonight when she got back, and tonight was destined to be a wonderful and memorable

was pounding, and every minute he waited to

He looked at

took out his cell phone and called

rang for a long time, but

App and

waited for a few minutes, but

meeting, Lyra would have just hung up. Being suspicious, he called the Lloyd's Corp assistant

was answered in seconds

is resting in her office and won't let

asked worriedly, "She's not

was just tired, and when I went in she

"That's good."

his things, took the elevator downstairs,  
the time he got to the place, it was  
had unimpeded access to the  
politely and made a  
one was allowed to  
to all business employees,  
what the  
disturb the private life

\*

gingerly, turned on the light,  
"Rara?"  
to the lounge inside was closed but the lights  
door of the lounge opened a little  
and the books in the lounge were scattered messily on the floor.  
in with slight shock and  
"Babe?"

### **Chapter 537 Feeling headache about Rara's illness**

Half an hour later, Jimmy gave Lyra a targeted test and, incidentally, a blood test to check for the possibility of S404 biochemical virus being transmitted to the mother through the babies.

While waiting for the results, he stared at the miserable left side of Malcolm's face and sighed, "Malcolm, do you want some swelling medicine? I'll get you an ice pack to put on it?"

Malcolm licked the lining of his broken mouth and nodded in agreement, "Yes, I'll take care of the injury once I know what happened to Rara."

OK.

The lab fell silent with neither of them speaking.

The atmosphere was anxious.

After a tense hour of waiting, it was completely dark outside.

Jimmy got the results and went back to the ward with a solemn expression and frown.

Malcolm, who was guarding Lyra's side, immediately got up, "How's it going?"

Jimmy clutched the labs sheet, "Malcolm, there's a good news and a bad one, which do you want to hear first?"

Malcolm was very speechless. Why did he have to do multiple-choice questions?

But he replied patiently, "Then let's start with a good one."

"The results of the blood test show that there is no residue of S404 biochemical virus in her body, and there will not be any life-threatening danger, so you can rest assured."

Malcolm breathed a sigh of relief, "What about bad outcome?"

Jimmy's voice turned heavy, "All kinds of indicators show, combined with her previous various abnormal behavior, is mania."

Malcolm frowned deeply, "How is that possible? This is clearly a mental illness. How can she get mania from that stick to the back of the head?"

Jimmy patiently explained, "Her manic disease has long had hidden and omens. When she was pregnant with babies, she encountered too many things, resulting in excessive psychological pressure, mental depression and backlog caused by the injury to the back of the head. It only completely triggered the disease. It is not the root cause."

Jimmy sighed somewhat apologetically, "You said that when she was pregnant, she bit you and you bled because of a little thing, and then you went to the hospital for a checkup. The doctor said it was caused by too much progesterone and mental irritability. It was not a big problem."

and diseases if they are not properly regulated, and this time, her mania really

look at the unconscious Lyra on the bed, carefully remembering

out in European Swye. During the time she was working around Anthony for the super-virus

down the stairs, she was slandered, her relatives didn't

was bracing her strained body to deal with these things

Reginald died

had not stopped and had been

my negligence. I

this? Malcolm you should

scribbled something quickly

night. After you go back home, you have to observe her state. In addition, after she wakes

the edge of the bed, clutched Lyra's hand, and was silent for half a

of tranquilizers, but nerve will be damaged. You have to be considered at your discretion. If she has too much injection, the subsequent treatment is affected. In addition to this, the only way is to wait for her to finish venting. Then she will have physical exhaustion, and sleep later. It does not hurt the nerves, but

the next day she will feel fatigue. And this approach ... There are babies at home. It is estimated it is not very good to deal with

pondered and

there can't be any more. The back of her head would have been injured. Nerves are the

himself a little and nodded

the back of Lyra's hand and apologetically

mania, is there anything you can do to

illness. It is not easy to cure, but not incurable. I have to deploy a medicine solution suitable for her according to her physique, and with luck, she should recover

was relieved when he heard

as soon as possible, and when Rara has her next attack,

words, "Quietly? Malcolm, you're not going to tell her? You try to help her

mania that can hurt others, she will probably have a hard time. I know her. She may take extreme measures for the sake of the people

this was the case, Jimmy had nothing

simple dose of soothing,

infusion lasted for two and a half hours, with Malcolm standing by and applying ice packs

worked late into the night in the lab to finish dealing

who was still unconscious, and

he was finally able to rest. He hugged

slept until noon the

by a phone call from her

the project leader over Duowiehl Group is coming over this afternoon to sign the contract. It's almost one o'clock. Are you

### **Chapter 538 Malcolm has changed? I can't believe he doesn't want to have sex**

With her doubts, Malcolm's face did not change and he had already prepared what to response.

"You were so tired last night that you fell asleep in the little lounge. I went to the Lloyd's Corp to look for you and carried you back."

Lyra was mildly surprised, "So, I just slept through the night?"

Malcolm smiled and tickled the tip of her nose, "Yeah, my little lazy pig slept for over ten hours."

No wonder she had a headache. After sleeping for so long, she was dizzy from sleep, right?

She laughed at herself, "In that case, I should go to work more and walk more. I sleep too much nit I'm not even hungry."

He couldn't stop her and was not going to dissuade her, "If you are not feeling well, call me. Get off work half an hour earlier tonight. I want to cook something nice. Let's have our first candlelit dinner back home, a world for two. I will drive to pick you up then."

"That sounds great."

Lyra replied casually, not noticing the ' a world for two' in his words.

With the headache relieved, Lyra regained a lot of strength and was able to get out of bed and wash up.

When she slowly washed her face and put on her makeup, her thoughts gradually regained their clarity and her head didn't hurt as much.

Malcolm sat right next to the bed and quietly observed her state, "It's still early anyway. I made shredded chicken congee. Do you want to eat before you go?"

Lyra shook her head and refused, "Not hungry at all. And I have no appetite. I guess I'll be hungry later if I walk more. I'll just eat outside."

"Then I'll drive you to the office."

Malcolm got up, took her hand, interlocked her fingers, and led her out the door without a word.

Seeing that he was happy to be the driver, Lyra didn't refuse and let him pull her along.

In the afternoon, Lyra successfully signed a contract with Duowiehl Group's project manager.

"Ms. Lloyd, looking forward to the collaboration."

Lyra reached out and shook hands in a friendly manner, "So do I."

When they almost finished with the contract signing, the red haze outside the floor-to-ceiling windows reflected through the glass.

Lyra looked at the nice sunset and suddenly remembered Malcolm's words at noon.

She looked at the time. There was still half an hour before the end of the day.

Since it was promised, she should go home.

Lyra left the follow-up hospitality to her assistant, packed her bag and took the elevator down to the garage.

looked up and saw the familiar limousine

she saw that Malcolm was

her coming, Malcolm got out of the car, went around from the main driver's seat to the passenger side, offered to open the door

thoughtful and considerate as

over, Lyra raised her face and gave him a kiss on his thin lips, "If I am to give you an award, it would be the National Good Husband

one

you're the national good

inside because of such a harmonious couple

looked out the car window

observe her state,

young mother pushing baby

when the babies are a little older, one of us will push a stroller to take the babies out for a walk around. It must be

echoed, "The babies must have loved

mother pushing the stroller and suddenly

of which, I just left Lyre Spiti at noon, and it's only been a few hours since

slightly, "Tonight we do not mention our children. Go back to

although

than ten minutes later, the limousine

the car, got out first, went around to the passenger side

bent down and dominantly carried her across

attentive

mention sex again until you are fully recuperated from her concussion. All entertainment is

"So knowledgeable?"

"Honey, it's not like your character not to be so horny and not want

sloppy kiss on her red lips, "Nothing is as important

close to her ear, with her seductive voice softly saying, "But I'm almost healed. Concussions don't affect sex, so are you sure you don't want to try the first

the sensitive base of his ear,

swallowed and continued walking

playfully grabbed his tie with her hand and badly teased, "It's a candlelight

stop it. You know I have zero resistance to you

Okay.

in boredom, tucked his tie back into her suit lapel, and sat

placed her on the sofa. And the fruit and snacks were all brought to her, "I have prepared all the dishes for dinner in advance. I just need to stir-fry

nodded, but in her heart she felt he was a

he let her off

She always felt odd.

babies on the fourth floor, Lyra went upstairs to accompany them while he was frying

were

shock. Her panic was eroding all her

Spencer and Momo are gone. Something must

stopped frying with a silent sigh, not expecting her to find

### **Chapter 539 Malcolm is a sandbag; just do not hit his face**

He was sleeping until he woke up by the slap, which was simply too exciting.

Malcolm opened his eyes quickly.

In the darkness, another slap came against with the strong wind.

He sensed it keenly and struck quickly. He grabbed Lyra's wrist and got up to turn on the bedside table lamp.

Turning back again, he met Lyra's red and manic eyes.

Another attack, what happened?

He was puzzled when Lyra kicked at him. He dodged sideways, and with both of them having martial arts backgrounds, they fought directly on the bed.

Only, Malcolm was all about defense and Lyra was all about offense.

In terms of martial arts, despite Lyra's manic state, Malcolm was always better than her, and there was an even greater disparity in strength between men and women.

They lasted for about ten minutes of fighting. Lyra suddenly got out of bed sharply and furiously grabbed the bedside lamp to smash it.

"Rara don't!"

Malcolm was confused. How could this be a shift in strategy?

He rushed over to grab it and was too slow.

Snapping-

The lamp knocked into the corner of the table, with a loud bang. And it was smashed to pieces.

The flying glass shards cut Lyra's calf, but she felt no pain at all. Those scarlet eyes covered with murderous intent.

There seemed to be only one idea. That was to see blood.

She took a shattered and sharp bedside table lamp and pointed it straight at Malcolm's heart.

Malcolm spun around to avoid it and nimbly knocked the murder weapon out of her hand from the side.

"Honey, don't take such a life-threatening weapon. Let's just have a couple of moves."

He sounded helpless, but Lyra, in her manic state, had no idea what he was talking about.

The eyes were fierce and stern. She broke free from him with force and turned her head to slam bottles and jars on the dressing table again.

noticed that she was looking that way and quickly stepped in front

hurt you. You better hit me. I will not hide. Let you vent out your anger,

eyes were sinister, and once again, she

to smash down, Malcolm raised his arm to block and said sadly and helplessly, "Or

her left hand up and

his brain was racing

the head. And he can't

forgot to ask Jimmy for two shots of tranquilizer last night,

should he do ...

thinking about what

he made a

the coat rack and shoved into Lyra's hand,

in a sickly manner, and she flung the

hand, and between his legs with the other, to

belt whistled like a raging wind, constantly flung to his back, waist, arms, chest, buttocks, legs

part of the body was covered with pain, except for

his teeth and bore it in silence, acting as

Whoosh-pop-

Whoosh-pop-

the silence of the dark night,

he brought the babies to grandpa in advance. Otherwise such a commotion would have

was venting and it lasted for more than half an hour. Lyra, who

this uninterrupted and intense venting, she quickly ran out of

sound of breaking wind stopped, and Malcolm quickly took two steps forward, and

was exactly as Jimmy said, after venting

it was the ending of the night's grinding experience. Malcolm breathed a long sigh

make sure she was really sleeping peacefully, he endured the pain on his hip and carefully sat

smashed in many places and

was covered with the marks after abuse. Everywhere on his body was a deep red and purple belt marks, and some of the injuries had been drawn through

strength was

body, went downstairs to the kitchen and

sofa, smeared the swelling medicine on his body where he could touch. And he used the swelling spray on his back quickly

cleaned up the glass shards

doing this, it was already

the bruises on his body tightly, and carefully slept on the bed, tentatively holding Lyra to

...

again until

#### **Chapter 540 Another attack, Malcolm is afraid of sleeping**

Malcolm stopped blowing the porridge. Just for a second, his face was back to normal.

"Babe, you forget it. Last night you said the bedside table lamp is too blinding and you let me take it away. And you don't this kind of lamp any more."

Lyra was baffled.

"Why can't I remember anything? And this lamp is not very bright, so how come I feel blinding?"

Malcolm smiled gently and passed the cooled porridge the his spoon to her lips, "How should I know? I can never guess what you really think. You have been working too much recently. This kind of small thing may not be on your mind. When you get up, you forget about it. That is normal."

Was this normal?

This was not normal!

Her heart felt it strange. Although she was thinking, she habitually opened her mouth to accept Malcolm's feeding.

Malcolm looked at her dotingly and tenderly, focusing on the movements of his hands.

As she chewed the beef porridge in her mouth, her eyes suddenly glanced to the side and the strangeness in her heart intensified, "Honey, why is the bedside table lamp on your side still there?"

For her, who was a bit obsessive-compulsive, the bedside table lamp was only one so the layout was strange. How can she propose the act of taking away the lamp because of the blinding?

Malcolm remained unchanged as he explained, "If you don't like it, I'll take this lamp away later as well."

In the future, he should never put any dangerous items on the bedside table.

If he could, he would love to move Lyra's dressing table out of the bedroom.

Don't set up anything but this big bed.

But this was a situation that he can only think about.

Seeing that Lyra was still thinking about this strange thing, he decided to hand over a spoonful of beef porridge, "Well Rara, it's just a small thing. No need to take it to heart. You have a lot of work to deal with today, right? It's almost one o'clock. I'll take you to the Lloyd's Corp after eating."

"It's almost one o'clock?"

Lyra recently had doubt for her life. Why did she sleep until noon every day? And when she got up, she either had a headache or fatigue and she did not wake up midway.

Without making her think deeply, Malcolm handed another spoonful of beef porridge and quickly fed her.

She ate the whole bowl of porridge and lay down for Malcolm to massage.

When the soreness of her body was almost relieved, her delicate hands wrapped around Malcolm's strong waist.

There were bruises on his waist from last night's belt that broke the skin, and Malcolm trembled gently in pain. His brows were furrowing lightly.

himself to look right, stiffened his back, and let her hug him, enduring the

lightly sipped his thin lips, "You're so considerate. If you continue to spoil

Rara has big ambitions to do great

around his back and hugged him tightly, "Thank you, honey, for being willing

He adjusted his breathing, and his

"No problem."

while before Lyra got out of bed and went to wash

figure was fully inside the bathroom

jacket so Lyra did not feel it out. If it was pajamas, with Lyra's shrewdness, she will certainly find

put on light makeup, and walked out with Malcolm

drove Lyra

disappeared from view, he immediately looked serious and

took out his cell phone, called Jimmy, and told Jimmy

and

be unable to perceive what she has done when she is awake. She is not stopping her thoughts.

but was a little

was not taking advantage of mental illness and deliberately venting to

last night and how badly you were hurt. You can bring back some

"Great."

immediately turned around and went to

lab, he just took off his shirt and let

hurt the bones, but, your whole body was beaten like this. It hurts,

oddly, "How about you take a few hits?

shape. I am just a weak little doctor. I can't take a few hits. I will pass out. Malcolm, I'm not as sturdy

at him with twisted brows and a chill

Malcolm's shoulder, "Nothing else, it's a compliment to your

enough. Stop your

gave him a laboratory ointment specializing in bruises and swelling, "This one is better than the one you use at home. But the pain is intensified when

say that it would help the wound heal faster,

"Malcolm, if she goes crazy again tonight, you should not be a sandbag. Your body is not yet healed, and then a beating can hurt, right?

and

nervous system, which was detrimental to future treatment and

hand and would never consider using sedatives

Office of the President at

to work, Lyra was

Group's project collaboration in international news, these

to negotiate a certain cooperation, Lyra decided to send an elite

in less than two days, they would have a pretty

still had to spoil Anne's project and avenge her for

who had simply worked all afternoon, soon felt physically