

Billionaire 541

Chapter 541 Three days of the same script; Lyra suspects

He decisively struck again, clutching Lyra's left wrist.

With her hands confined, Lyra, in a manic state, immediately began to kick with her feet.

Malcolm could only be forced to step back, release her shackles and roll twice towards the bed, landing firmly on the carpet.

While the frenzied Lyra went looking for something to vent on, he ran quickly to the coat rack in the moonlight outside the window. Then he took down a belt sharply, crossed to the other side of the bed before Lyra could smash something, and handed the belt to her.

Lyra's eyes became more bloodthirsty and vicious after she got the weapon.

"Wait a minute!"

Malcolm stopped in horror and quickly stripped himself of his pajamas and pants, throwing them on the bed and standing naked in front of Lyra to prevent another set of clothes from being smashed.

"Come on Rara. Hurry up and finish and go to bed."

Lyra hissed in a low voice, like a raging little beast. She was completely out of her senses and consciousness.

He could not see any expression of pity in her eyes except for venting, and she struggled to swing the belt at him.

Snap!

"Hiss ..."

Each blow almost superimposed on the old injury from last night. Malcolm fought against the vital area, breathed deeply and gritted his teeth to bear it.

He silently counted this down in his heart, to calculate how long he had to stay up.

Late at night, the sound of the belt whistling was horrifying and especially spooky.

Such a stormy one-sided abuse continued for nearly an hour.

The belt that landed on the body gradually became much lighter in strength.

Malcolm looked up and saw the mania in Lyra's eyes fade into exhaustion.

She fell backwards, and Malcolm was quick to catch her.

Just as skillfully as last night, she was placed back on the bed and settled.

He counted. She beat him for two hundred and eighteen times with belt. When Rara raged up, her force was really great.

He gasped.

It hurt too much on his body.

no skin on

but propped himself up on the side of the bed with

Lyra up, he picked up his pajamas and pants from the bed and held himself up against the wall to go out the

was naked and came to the living room. He took out the ice bag in the refrigerator for his face and checked the

increased twofold, and there was not a single

swelling, deep purple, they were all the marks

stumbled and held on to

consumed her physical strength, and he, who was hit and had to resist consumed even more physical

sleep for the past

and he had to hurry to finish the medication and take Lyra to the

of this, he braced himself mentally, fetched the swelling cream Jimmy had given him during

and then it turned into a hot pain, like being burned with boiling water which seemed to lift off a

was twice as painful as the beating, and Malcolm, who had great endurance,

sweat. His head was giddy, and

to heal these wounds on his body sooner, he fetched a towel, bit

he drank a glass of water to relieve the pressure from the burning pain all

were all bruised and

held back and gingerly carried the

they arrived

had long since received his message and rushed back

Jimmy looked at him heartily, "Malcolm, you are too tired. Go to the next room to sleep. The infusion will take at

stood without letting go

called you up for overtime in the middle of the night. I just can't let you help me watch my wife. You can go to sleep.

was obviously tired, but still wanted to stay with Lyra. For no reason, he

there were not

tribulations will pass, and Rara and I,
with you then. I can't sleep
and took a chair to
bruises on Malcolm's wrists
places like your wrist are the easiest
"It's
pat him on the back to soothe him,
hand stiffened for a minute, and Jimmy chose to take it back
convenient to put medicine on your back, is it? Sit down and
I came out. My back is with the swelling spray. Anyway, it doesn't bother
And knowing that he could not persuade,
stayed up together for more than an hour. Malcolm could not stand up a bit and propped himself up on
the bed with one hand, closing his eyes for
she has another attack tomorrow, it's better to give her a strong sedative. Don't be a human sandbag.
Look at your injuries. If you take another beating, I don't think you
his breathing
you prepare a set of protective gear to wear on your body. It is better than

Chapter 542 She actually hurt Malcolm so badly

Malcolm smiled lightly without changing his face, "I'm in good health. What can happen?"
Lyra didn't believe it at all, having spent so much time with him and knowing his smallest gestures too well.
It was a little normal if it happened once or twice. For three days in a row, that was too abnormal.
She reached toward Malcolm, "Give me the bowl. I want to eat it myself."
Seeing her insistence, Malcolm handed her the bowl and instructed in a gentle voice, "Be careful. Don't get burned."
Lyra nodded her head.
The moment she took the bowl, she turned her hand and put it on the bedside table, grabbed Malcolm's hand with both hands and lifted his cuffs with one hand to check his wrist which had just reacted visibly.
"Rara!"
By the time Malcolm pulled his hand back, it was too late, and Lyra could already see the broken skin and red welts on his wrist.

Lyra stared at him in shock, with anger brewing in her chest, "How did you get hurt like this? Even when you made mistakes, I never spared to beat you so hard. Who did this?"

Malcolm lowered his eyes which were flickering slightly. He did not dare look at her in the eye and tightened his cuffs with guilty conscience.

"No one did it. It was when I was cooking porridge, I was accidentally burned by the edge of the pot. I didn't rinse with the cool water in time afterwards. I didn't expect to break the skin, but it has been medicated. Don't worry."

How was it possible not to worry?

Lyra's eyes reddened as she carefully recalled the scene she had just seen.

How can a pot rim burn be that large piece of skin and the bruises were flat, like they were hit by something.

"I don't believe you. Put your hand out and I'll take a closer look."

He didn't move, very much in denial, "It's really okay. No need to make a fuss."

"Come on, hold it out!" Her tone was heavier. It was a command that brooked no argument.

"Why are you hiding your injury?"

Malcolm lowered his head and remained motionless, not explaining or reaching out.

He was inwardly depressed. Lyra was really shrewd as always. A little small action can not hide her eyes.

"Mel, you know me. I will not rest until I reach my goal. You can not show me now, but you have to be sure that you can hide it. Otherwise I will know sooner or later."

She lightened her tone and went to grab the back of his hand, "I am heartbroken for you. Let me see it."

Malcolm pulled his hand back to keep her from touching it.

and unfocused thoughts to decisively rush over and forcefully

at the sight of more than one wound on

swelling marks, which had smooth and flush edges, were absolutely impossible to be

it hurt so badly ... Who

hide it. Malcolm sighed helplessly, "Rara, you calm

and inexplicably are injured like this. How do you let me calm down?

didn't strike up a

was on the verge of an emotional

her every day, was the patriarch of the White family and the boss of National Investigation Bureau in Suham, had suffered such a serious

were watery, and suddenly another key point came
like this. What about the rest of the body? What kind of injuries will
sat up and pulled Malcolm's suit, "Let me see
"Rara ..."
up early, and beaten.
face was paler and the
infusion last night and after a full night's rest, plus with her emotional anger, Lyra's force was
Malcolm's tie and ripped the buttons
be fair and delicate chest and abdominal muscles, but were crisscrossed
as she watched, and her chest felt as if it was being pinched
and horrific scars, she suddenly
her, being beaten under his belt and
fragmented image appear in her
could it be
these bruises, did
as well, "Rara, don't be sad first.
explain was to
meant it
laughed lightly like a self-deprecating laugh. Malcolm would never let a second person touch a finger of
his besides
were actually caused by her
"I'm sorry."
hand to reach his chest's broken skin where there were purple wounds, but because of his skin was
covered with wounds, her
I hurt you like this. How can
stared in defeat and shock at his
the teardrops, "It's not your fault. Rara you are just sick. I'm really not in any pain. It's just superficial
wounds. It looks scary, but it's not really damaging,
I have eyes. I can see." She sniffled and asked again, "What disease do I
"Mania."

head grimly,

wasn't for my poor measures, you wouldn't have gotten pregnant with the babies, let alone travel all the way to European Swye for my illness. The reason you got this disease is basically a factor related to me, so Rara, I let you vent out on me. Don't

didn't feel guilty. How could Lyra not

wiping her tears, "My good babe, don't cry,

serious manner, "There are not light injuries. You have to apply medicine every day to heal

Chapter 543 Divorce, the baby belongs to you, and I have nothing

Malcolm did not realize what happened at first, and it took several seconds for his mind to digest Lyra's words.

For just a moment, his eyelashes fluttered terribly and his eyes were frighteningly red, "Do you even know what you're talking about?"

Lyra nodded firmly, "I'm sober now. Of course I know what I'm talking about. With a divorce, you will no longer be hurt. And I will not feel guilty about it. It's better for both you and me."

Malcolm's eyes were tearful, and soon he fell into extreme despair, "I tried everything to hide your condition. I am afraid that you will make this extreme choice. I did not expect you to accidentally know it. You really will do so ..."

His bruised spine was gently trembling from grief, and his eyes looked sad.

"Rara, this is already the second time you ask me for a divorce. The last time I divorced, I almost gave up this life to get you back. This time, how many lives do you want me to give up?"

Lyra's breath hitched and she sighed as she raised her hand up to his back, and she was ready to continue the medication.

Malcolm sulked and moved to the side, not letting her touch.

Seeing that he was sad, Lyra softened her tone and explained, "Mel, I didn't mean that. I don't even know who I am when I have an attack. I'll hurt you."

She took a deep breath and re-explained, "I mean to say divorce, but the babies belong to you. You can lock me up and let me focus on treatment. If the cure is hopeless, you help the babies find a gentler and kinder mother to take care of them without bothering me, and we can remarry when I can fully recover from my illness. Is that okay?"

"No."

Malcolm did not need to think at all. He refused very decisively, "I do not divorce. There is no guarantee that you will look at other men during single. I am five years older than you, then I am old and decrepit, you will not like me any more. I will have no hope to remarry."

Lyra was speechless.

He continued, and his dark eyes looked resolute, "From now on, there will never be a divorce in my household register."

Lyra sighed once again, "Mel ..."

"Call honey or husband." Malcolm looked away, sulking.

She said helplessly and was extra serious, "I really don't want to hurt you. Just like when you were hit with S404 biochemical virus and your life was in danger, you would also choose to give me up in order not to make me sad. I am now in the same mood. Can you understand?"

Malcolm propped up his arm and sat in front of her, asking righteously, "But at first, you were determined not to give up on me either. I'm in the same state of mind as you were then. Can you understand that?"

Lyra was wordless.

is not a serious illness. Jimmy said that if the treatment effect is still good, you will recover in six months at most, and the

two looked at each other, both

an attack, you can just

sedate you and

add some more conditions, "You have to promise not to get hurt again. Even if I do have to hit you again, you must fight back. If I wake up next time and check your body and find that you

down and came close to her cheek, pressing the tip of her nose and asking with concern, "How will you not spare me? I've been hurt like this. Do you still

Lyra's throat choked.

natural that she

for three days. Even fainting was okay. As long as it can

you, and if you don't listen, I'll show you my power when the time comes.

is up to you." He casually coaxed. As long as the divorce was

lie down nicely and I'll put

her back while Lyra dipped her fingers into the cream and gently applied it to the injuries on her

his red and swollen skin,

the medicine,

seizure was something she couldn't control, and she knew better

probably use

again. She will

mind in thought, she did
in a heavy mood, and the atmosphere between them was not as completely
her commuter clothes, and Malcolm came to take her little hand customarily
Lyra drew back her hand, "I'm in good spirits now. When I get off work, I'll be back half an
He did not speak but frown
fingertips stroked his handsome
the car seat will hurt, right? Be a
Malcolm agreed.
needed to make up for his doze
was dropped off by him at the White family's garage. He watched as she drove away from sight in her
luxury car, before slowly making his way back to Lyre
Lyra, who drove away from the White family, didn't
car at the corner of the street five hundred
for a while, the phone was quickly answered
a

Chapter 544 If you get hurt, I don't want you

The night was getting late.

The light in Keith's villa study was still on.

Keith took a refreshing shower, was wrapped in a bathrobe and walked slowly upstairs to see Melissa who was doing her homework in the study.

He opened the door to his study gently and glanced inside behind the desk.

A certain lazy cat named Melissa was sleeping on her desk.

Being speechless, he pushed the door in and walked in without intentionally hiding the sound of his footsteps.

But Melissa, who was asleep, was not alert at all and did not wake up at all.

He cleared his throat before waking Melissa, who was sleeping and unaware.

Melissa rubbed her sleepy eyes slightly and looked up at Keith, "Why are you up here? I haven't finished reading it yet. There's still ..." she flipped through the exams materials in front of her, "there's still up to ten paragraphs left. I'll be good and go to bed."

Keith knew she was being perfunctory, and said with his bass voice, "Melissa, are you that afraid to share a bed with me? I told you I would never try to touch you until you agreed. Just cuddle and sleep. Can you believe me?"

Melissa didn't say anything.

The director of the orphanage often taught that men's words cannot be trustworthy.

What did he mean only sleeping on a bed and doing nothing? Once they were really lying on that bed, he would be bestial. What if he could not control himself?

Keith was hurt, "Melissa, we're an unmarried couple. You still won't accept me even now?"

Melissa replied dryly, "No Mr. Keith, you go to sleep. I'm really reading. I'll definitely go to my room when I'm done."

Keith did not know what to say.

He bent down and took the materials on the table in front of Melissa, and casually flipped through a few pages.

were reading in the study. I came in and saw that you were sleeping. You ended up

"Er ..."

Keith continued, "Some time ago you said that you do not think you are suitable for the acting industry. I help you drop out. You said you want to study. This is something you have never imagined. In the future, you want to be a professor. I also support you.

poor foundation. This year I may not be able to pass the exam, maybe next year. As for

back four years ago, Melissa was childish, simple and heartless now, just like

sighed. If he let her go on like this, he was afraid

he said with his bass voice, "Melissa, in my place, there is no such thing as passing the exam next year. Since you have made the exam a goal, you must pass it this year. From now on, I will come back

with some

Keith choked.

pressed her into bed and do it all night, so that she could

for Melissa, who was now young, will only think that he was a pervert and a

changed the idea of

a sample for you from tonight to see

you let me read it again? I got up from a nap and feel dazed. My mind is blank

innocent expression, Keith softened

I will come up on time to check on it. If there are too many mistakes, you have to be mentally

good. I'll do a

determination, and she quickly plunged into concentrating on memorizing the

*

same time, Lyre Spiti

slept straight through the

a small, subtle movement

next to him, but this figure was

He could only get out of bed

the bedroom, when the overhead light was turned on, he got a good look at the large

were scarlet and bloodthirsty, and her expression was hideous like a

expected, there

He noticed Lyra's hands and feet were bound

wrists and

stung Malcolm's eyes, "Lyra, you're too stupid to want to hurt me. You shouldn't

Chapter 545 Keith has raised a trouble-making daughter

His words were entirely comforting to himself.

Lyra, who had completely lost her consciousness after the attack, could not have given him any response.

After thinking, he continued to say with fluke, "How about this, I do not uncuff you but I help you remove the towel from your mouth. Let you bite me a few times over. It is not considered a foul, right?"

He said to himself resentfully and looked down to observe which place on his body should be bitten, which was the least obvious.

Eventually, he focused on the soft flesh under his arm.

Having deliberated, he approached Lyra again and reached out to help her remove the towel from her mouth.

However, as he just removed the towel, his eyes were drawn to a line on the towel.

It read, [If you dare to take the towel from my mouth, Malcolm, when I come to my senses tomorrow, you'll be doomed! Give it back to me now!

How dare you let me bite you to vent my anger? If I find any teeth marks on you tomorrow, you will be dead! I'll run away to a place you'll never find me in your next life!

Malcolm was speechless.

Rara had planned every step. She was really smart.

He was deflated sitting on the edge of the bed. He could not help but watch her anxiously. What can be done to ...

Seeing that Lyra's originally fair wrists and feet had more and more obvious blood marks, which were hideous and horrible, he couldn't stay anything.

He had no choice but to take out a strong sedative. To reduce Lyra's pain, he decisively injected the medicine into her arm.

As a full dose of strong sedatives was injected, Lyra's struggles became less and less violent, and finally she calmed down completely.

Malcolm rubbed her face in dismay and distress, wishing he could have suffered all the pain for her.

After a brief moment of grief, he skillfully and quickly found the keys to the handcuffs and footcuffs in the drawer of the bedside table.

The key were put in by Lyra in advance. She had been in the habit of putting small keys under the lamp, or in the drawer. She thought he didn't know about it.

After helping her out of the restraints, he quickly carried her downstairs to the garage to drive to the lab for an infusion.

...

Keith's Villa.

The study.

always passed especially fast

felt like she had blinked just a few

half of what Keith was going to check tonight when she saw Keith come

accepted

and didn't intend to make things too difficult for her, so he

the word

"Huh?"

baffled by the question, "Mr. Keith, I haven't had a chance to

deeply as if he were teaching his

only way to succeed, he was unconcerned, "You didn't read it tonight, but you did last

not know what

and purposely read the words very slowly for her to deconstruct, "I'll read it again.

Melissa's mind went blank.

those she just read. She didn't the

only force herself to answer, "Just ... means good

meaning is somewhat similar. Let me

"Then ... kind?"

smiled and rubbed his head, "Right answer. I'll move on to the next one. It's late tonight. I'll only ask ten English words. You must pay

her head furiously in

more than ten consecutive minutes of asking, Keith's face grew

first answer was right

the end, and Melissa's first one answer was a

more difficult and she couldn't even

yesterday, just to not sleep in the same bed with me, so you came to the study to sleep overnight,

embarrassed

fell in love, was really cold to him, making him

certain reasons

his sorrowful thoughts and began to execute the punishment in a proper

give me your

hand out

grabbed her delicate fingertips, and pronounced in a deep voice, "Nine mistakes tonight, so let me hit you nine times.

"Huh?"

her palm if she answered

use

Chapter 546 My abs want to be pampered too

The original fair and delicate skin was worn by heavy metal handcuffs. It hurt quite badly.

Fortunately, Malcolm gave timely sedation. Otherwise tonight, the skin of Lyra's hands must be broken.

Jimmy stood right by the door, watching the warm duo with a heartfelt sigh.

Life was really about ups and downs. After that, there were always downs.

As far as he could remember, Malcolm and Lyra's life had never been peaceful, as fate would have it.

Jimmy was thinking about it when Malcolm asked, "Can you think of another way to get Rara back to depleted strength quickly without injecting sedatives?"

Jimmy sighed, "Malcolm, if only there is a way like that."

The light under Malcolm's eyes dimmed a little.

Seeing that his mood was momentarily low, Jimmy proposed a solution, "For now, tying up her and locking her up in the basement for a whole night is the best way to go."

Malcolm didn't even look at him as if he hadn't said it.

He was still continuing to deliberate, and proposed another way, "Or else transform the basement, and then put some decompression stuff that can make her vent out, but not hurt the body. You can lock her into the basement, and when she is exhausted and has no movement, you will carry her out, and bring her to the laboratory for infusion."

"Malcolm, think about it. I think this solution is really the best so far, not to hurt you, but also to protect her."

Malcolm mused, thinking that maybe he could really try.

"I'll discuss it with Rara when she wakes up tomorrow."

More than two hours later, Malcolm was walking alone down the winding alley of the White family with Lyra sleeping in his arms.

All along the way, he pondered what Jimmy had just proposed.

The more he thought about it, the more he thought this method can be tried.

He quickly carried Lyra back to the room to rest. This afternoon, he was at home to catch up on the day's sleep. Now he was not able to sleep anyway so he could go try to remodel the basement.

He immediately put into practice the renovation of the basement.

...

after getting sick,

time she woke up, it was

thing was that the fatigue in her body had

as Malcolm was figuring it was time for her to wake up and

half leaned on the head of the bed and looked

scene, and the familiar bowl of

eat. Today it's

and those dark eyes looked warm and

watched Malcolm blow the porridge and pass it to her mouth, but she wanted to vomit for no apparent
the porridge? I'm sick of seeing

last time of having porridge. Tomorrow I will change the recipe. Steamed egg custard, fried beef and
rice, braised pork,

licked her lips and kind of wanted

of porridge. When you're done I'll show you a

noded fervently and added coldly, "In between, one more thing should be

"What?"

leaned close to his ear, "Strip you

last night. I

see it with my own eyes

there was no injury,

quickly. I'll take it off for you when

looking at his body, Lyra ate decisively despite

touch the porridge spoon and was very determined

was determined to see the injury, so she didn't stop him but ate every bite he

eating, Malcolm stood by the bed and stripped himself of his

Without a rag.

bedding, stepped on the carpet with her bare feet, and slowly approached him, looking at every inch of
his skin

with confidence,

came around behind him to

had started to

"Rara?"

that she didn't turn to the front for a while, Malcolm was puzzled when the skin on his

of patient kissing, which was

eyes

took care of very inch of his back. Because

Chapter 547 How can there be so many coincidences

The pleasant and harmonious time passed and Malcolm led Lyra downstairs.

The door to the basement opened and the inside was completely transformed after a night of remodeling.

Lyra was shocked to look at this. The floor mat was made by special material. It was soft and if she fell, it did not hurt. Even the entire wall was pasted with such protective material.

The basement was no longer filled with clutter.

In the middle, there was a line from the roof, hanging two sturdy leather sandbags, and a number of gadgets that could provide venting, but did not hurt herself. That was abundant.

The basement door was reinforced with heavy metal. It was not easy to crash, but in order to prevent Lyra from being injured in the rampage, Malcolm affixed a layer of special soft padding.

A low bed was placed in the corners, with the fluffiest of quilts, pillows and mattresses.

What Lyra could feel was Malcolm's love and heart.

Malcolm held her hand tightly and intertwined his fingers, "How about you sleep here tonight and I'll wait at the door all the time. If you are lucky enough not to have an attack, I'll carry you back to our room and sleep. If you have an attack, I'll wait until you are done venting before I come in and go to the lab for an infusion?"

This will not hurt Malcolm, and did not require Lyra to wear handcuffs to abuse herself, which was by far the most worthwhile approach to try.

"I really like this arrangement. Thank you honey."

She stood on her tiptoes and gave Malcolm another kiss on the face, which she couldn't seem to get enough of.

Malcolm took her hand, staring at the bandage on her wrists and feeling distressed.

He carefully placed a kiss on the bandage, "The suffering will pass. No matter what happen, I am with you."

Lyra smiled and fervently agreed with him, "Our suffering will soon be over, but Ethel's is coming."

She meant it, and there was a dark light of revenge in her eyes.

After exiting the basement, Lyra drove to the Lloyd's Corp as usual.

Two days ago, she sent quite a few of her trusted subordinate to interfere Anne's cooperation.

time to see

dog had its days, Ethel should

her office chair when there was a quick knock on the door and Bruno Wallace, who had managed to snatch the

TOA recently and finally managed to get the contract, especially since this contract was still on the verge of being signed by

get it securely, but the result was a last-minute interference before signing the contract, which

"Well done for detailing

began his statement

it. You don't even know. When I saw Anne Windsor walking out of the conference

inwardly snorted. A mere

Paul anyway, then she will fight against AN Group, so that Anne had no backer

being hit in the back of the head with a stick, one by one, she wanted

interfered and the initial loss was just the

she was bound to

high, "You take this cooperation. Well done. You can go

Ms.

soon he left the president office to go to the finance to receive

the assistant

Lloyd, business director of AN Group, Anne Windsor has requested an appointment to meet with you in the next few days. Will you meet

from her. With the operation of being robbed by Bruno, she returned to

then that she couldn't wait to make an appointment to

I'm fully busy for the week and tell

"Okay Ms. Lloyd."

a relaxing and leisurely half afternoon,

several days in a row and finally got something, which he called and sent to

password

who was arrested when she was a teenager in

father's company had a mole. Its financial fraud led to serious tax evasion. After the incident, that person took the initiative to leave and Anne's father as the

he was wrongly accused, that was

jail and later transferred to a mental hospital, where he died of suicide

working three jobs to send her abroad

study at Crana, she died of a brain attack, leaving Anne orphaned and relying on her mother's inheritance and the Owhil

Chapter 548 The original plan of basement failed?

Thinking resentfully, Lyra put Anne's matter aside and went back to work.

When she worked seriously, time always passed extra fast.

Lyra was processing the last document to be signed when the alarm on her phone went off.

This was the alarm clock she set in order to leave work half an hour early.

Tonight she had a date with Malcolm to go to Grandpa's villa for dinner and to see how Spencer and Momo were doing when they were taken care of at Grandpa's home.

Tonight if she had the onset again, according to Malcolm's idea, it can successfully solve the injurious problem. She still hoped to pick up the babies as soon as possible. With them by her side, she would feel much at ease.

She thought as she packed up in preparation for her shift.

Coming out of the president's office, she received a call from Malcolm before she even got into the elevator.

"Honey, I'm already in the garage."

"So soon?"

Malcolm laughed, "When I pick you up and bring you home, I naturally have to be active."

Lyra's heart felt sweet and she quickly went downstairs.

In the underground parking lot, Malcolm leaned leisurely on the side of the car. His face was still handsome as ever.

When he saw Lyra coming, he opened the car door and held the roof edge with his hand as usual to prevent Lyra from accidentally bumping her head when she got in, and then bent down to help her put on her seat belt.

Lyra took advantage of his proximity and gave him a delicate kiss on the cheek.

"Honey, I am really close to being spoiled by you into a small waste. If I leave you in the future, I'm afraid I can't even take care of myself."

Malcolm lifted her cheek with one hand and kissed her on the lips, feeling her sweetness.

"Then never leave me. My favor for you is unique and no one can take a single bit of you."

Lyra asked reluctantly, "What about Momo? They say that daughters are the little lovers of their fathers in their past lives. Don't you even spoil this sweet little lover?"

dark eyes were always drenched in honey-like sweetness when he looked

has a brother, so I'll leave the task of spoiling her and taking
reasonable and Lyra nodded her
longer before Malcolm walked back around to the main driver,
pulled back to the White family's garage, and Lyra was about to get out when Malcolm stepped around
to the
carried by Malcolm through the
we're going to Grandpa's villa for dinner, so it's not good to display our affection intimately,
"Rara, don't worry. Grandpa won't care about that. I just want to spoil my wife. No one will
Lyra had to let him do
few minutes later, the two entered the
learned that the two were coming over for dinner
old Mr. White's wheelchair and slowly went over
nice to have my dear grandson's
old Mr. White and Charles had smiles of relief on their
wife is made of pearls.
Mr. White and Charles laughed loudly
blessing in my life to be married
Charles laughed even more, and
What the kitchen prepared today is all what you love to eat. Lyra must eat more. Maybe
also said, "Everyone
Lyra was a little embarrassed, "Grandpa, are you joking? It's not my turn to make decisions. It depends
on whether
slightly at the corners
power. Lyra should be the most clear about
to the child, when the pain and sadness still went for him and Rara.
no such ideas in six months for
topic, "Well grandpa, I'm hungry. Let's go
happily shifted positions and went to
meal, Lyra went to

the last two days, Spencer and Momo had been well taken care of by Grandpa and lovingly joined Malcolm and coaxed the babies for getting late and it was almost 9:30, it was close to the time the old Mr. White and back at home, Lyra did not go upstairs at all but directly door was opened and Malcolm took her hand and wouldn't let go. He was a little

Chapter 549 Come on, babe, let's see who gets tired first

With a hiss of pain inside, Malcolm abruptly opened the door to the basement.

The moment the lights were turned on, he saw the mess inside.

The original venting gadgets prepared for Lyra were all torn to pieces by Lyra.

In her manic state, she was like an evil.

Malcolm cared more about Lyra than the condition of the other items in the basement.

But he saw Lyra without any bruises or blood on her body. Her horrifyingly red eyes were staring straight at him, like watching prey waiting to be released.

"Rara?"

Malcolm shouted uncertainly.

No response.

Obviously, she was not out of the cranky state yet.

He instantly understood that the Lyra in the attack was deliberately making a different sound to attract him to open the door because she had run out of venting tools.

Lyra had lost her consciousness, but her mind was still sharp.

Malcolm stood still and watched her from a distance, waiting for her to dismantle the sandbag and charge towards him.

Within two minutes, the last sandbag was torn into pieces and the quicksand fell all over the floor.

Lyra, like a terrifying demon, rushed towards Malcolm with great speed.

A slap whistled through the air.

Malcolm clutched her wrist and deftly avoided Lyra's attacks.

The two just fought in the basement.

Before in the bedroom, it was not convenient to do so. He was afraid that Lyra dropped things and hurt herself in chaos.

modified and there were no sharp things. As long as he controlled the proportion of his strikes, he
let's see
and he was already in Lyra's
him as a human sandbag to vent out her anger,
and use his own stamina to
Plus being crazy, every move was very real and powerful,
to retreat, and could only force
half an hour. Under the disparity between the physical strength of men and women, Lyra gradually lost
strength because the attack just started so
and attacked with a slightly heavier force, but stopped each time before he
minutes of continuous warfare. The hostility in her eyes gradually reduced and she looked a bit
to fight back and fainted, Malcolm steadily
fighting, two people were tired and
carried the unconscious Lyra, went back to the bedroom, and helped Lyra and himself
time, because of an unexpected situation, by the time they arrived at the laboratory, it was already late
at night at
Tonight was surprising
returned to Lyre Spiti with Lyra, who had finished
was
any sleep all night and braced himself for sleepiness
for
didn't wake up until 2:00 or
waist was wrapped tightly in her sleep, Lyra carefully turned over, and saw Malcolm
and excellent skin. When he
admired her husband as if he had been finely sculpted by the Creator, and her fingertips daintily slid
up, slowly opened his eyes, and the first thing he did was to put his arms around Lyra and give her
by his kiss. Her palm covered his face and pushed him
me about last
and told her all about last night's

attempt to lock Lyra in the basement and have something else help her vent out
bedroom quickly fell into silence as the two mulled the
discussed solutions with

put away all the things that are in the way or easily make us injured. And then you accompany me to
fight

this approach, he would also be

her all the time, take her

the way up to the third floor bedroom made his stamina dropped significantly and

Chapter 550 Away from home; games addicted

Lyra did not answer immediately, but turned her head to look at Malcolm, who was lying next to her.

She found him staring at herself with dark eyes sulking.

He was obediently lying, so it was surprising that he can't have sex with her, which was really too
tormenting.

Lyra knew this as well, decisively refused the assistant on the phone, "I'm not available today. I rest at
home for a day. I won't go to the company. If she is willing to wait, show her some respect to serve her
tea or something. If she wants to sit in the parlor for a day, let her do it."

"Okay, Ms. Lloyd."

"Well, I have business today. Very busy, so don't bother me if it's not a big deal that the group is closing
down."

"Yes, Ms. Lloyd."

Hanging up the phone, she pressed herself against Malcolm, "Honey, for the the way to handle it, are
you satisfied?"

Malcolm smiled uncontrollably and gently. His inner delight was not concealed.

He leaned close to Lyra's ear and said in a teasing voice, "Very satisfying."

Lyra leaned in and kissed him again on the lips.

Sweetness intertwined as the two spent a rare and wonderful afternoon together.

From waking up in the afternoon, to the evening, the two had not gotten out of bed. After strenuous
sex, they had been lying in bed playing. It was the world only for each other.

Near the end of the night, Lyra's cell phone rang again.

But this time it wasn't official business; the caller was Melissa.

Since Melissa lost her memory for four years, she had been taken back by Keith and carefully taken care
of, and it had been a long time since she hadn't called her.

Melissa's muffled voice came through on the phone, "Lyra, are you free at the moment? Can you come out?"

Lyra was keen to hear something unusual in her voice, "Melissa, what's wrong with you? Are you in a bad mood?"

Melissa didn't say a word.

and I'll help you teach him

of the villa

regressed four years, and today she was completely devoid

away from

where are

buildings. Suham was unfamiliar in her

her for quite a while, could not figure out her location, and finally had to teach her to use What's App

is estimated to have quarreled with Keith. She is a little emotional. I

was outwardly calm and reasonable,

"What happened to you and Melissa? How dare you let her have the opportunity to run away from home

ran away

work and didn't get to go

out his other phone and called the villa's bodyguard. He learned from the bodyguard that Melissa was indeed not at the villa and had snuck out at

that he didn't feel like

I've been pretty nice lately. I haven't

The two men exchanged.

*

and in the dark of the

front of Melissa, asking in a soft voice, "Why are you here? What is

lowered her head. She did not have much energy and looked sickly, "Recently because I want to study for the exam, Mr. Keith is so strict. Every night, after he is back home, he checks on my

Lyra didn't say anything.

made a good student, and Keith did this because he

Melissa's literary foundation was really poor,

was pushing

drop of a hat. How anxious should Keith be when

his place, not really my home. I just want to be alone. I can't memorize the exam material well this afternoon.

she was beaten with his hand, after all, it was punishment and

helped her straighten her hair, "Melissa, you sneaked out alone in the dark. Aren't you afraid of meeting bad

you next to me at this

and was a

you when I was upset, like we did before at the orphanage. I forgot you are married with babies. I'm the one who disturbed

Anyway, I'm at home and have nothing to do, so I came over to talk