

The hidden billionaire heiress (Lyra Melvin)

Chapter 6

• • •

Melvin frowned. When did he ever say he wanted to abandon her? Why would she think that?

He was baffled and just wanted to go after her to make things clear but his pant leg was clutched from behind.

"Melvin ... I know it's wrong."

Charlotte on the floor raised her miserable little face and softly choked as she explained, "I'm just afraid... afraid that you'll really

like Lyra for the three years I've been away. I'm afraid you won't want me ..."

Melvin frowned, looked down and saw her slightly puffy cheeks. His eyes slightly moved, and he reached out to help her up.

"I said I'll give you the status of being my wife.

Divorce is a matter of time, and you are too eager this time." His tone softened a bit.

Charlotte grabbed his sleeve and pursed her mouth in aggression, "It's all my fault, but I didn't want to harm anyone. I just used the wrong method, Melvin ... forgive me!"

When he didn't say anything else, she softly leaned into his arms, tentatively revealing her fair shoulder. Melvin's dark eyes froze and he almost subconsciously pushed her away.

"Melvin!"

Charlotte's eyes got even redder and her gaze stared at him sorrowfully. Was he so resistant to her now?

She was so resigned to it.

Why was it that Lyra could do it last night, and she couldn't even just get close and try!?

"That's enough."

Melvin clutched her hand. His cold and strange eyes narrowed slightly, looking at her askance.

"Lottie, I never thought that you would actually use these tactics and say that kind of sarcastic words too. You used to be very simple."

Charlotte was stunned and realized that she had really pissed him off this time.

Melvin was a man with principles. Once she touched his bottom line, she would only make him more disgusted with her.

"It's not like that! I'm sorry. I really know I'm wrong. I just got confused for a moment. I won't dare to do it again. Melvin, even for the sake of that I saved you years ago, give me a chance to change my ways."

When he mentioned the thing years ago, Melvin's eyes flashed back to her resolute and bright eyes. She was so small at that time, but was able to stand up for him.

That was all.

He gradually softened his eyes, "This incident will be treated as if it did not happen. Do not repeat it in the future."

Charlotte was relieved and was about to pout at him when she saw his palm facing up and spreading out in front of her.

"Give me the key."

Her face stiffened and she was just about to argue when she was interrupted by Melvin again, "I know Fred gave you the villa key without my permission. Take it out."

Fred was Melvin's assistant and had been with him for years.

Seeing that it had been exposed, Charlotte had no choice but to reluctantly hand over the key.

"Don't come back to this villa in the future. I will let you live in a new place as soon as possible. You must be so tired today. Go back to the hotel and rest."

Without waiting for Charlotte to speak, Melvin directly asked the driver to send her back.

When Charlotte had gone, Fred, who was standing in the garden, entered the living room cautiously and stood in front of Melvin, waiting to hear the lecture.

Melvin's dark eyes looked askance at him, and his tone was cold, "You are not in charge of my affairs. Next time, get lost."

"Yes."

He tugged at his tie in annoyance and took another puff of his cigarette, but the look in Lyra's eyes before she left flashed before his eyes.

The look was cold and piercing.

Was it because she had been wronged this time that she was determined to get a divorce?

She really thought that she can live without money?

He did not want to care about her life, but he felt a blockage in his chest. Always, he felt irritable for no reason, "Send someone

to find Lyra. Report to me immediately. Also, transfer this villa to her name. It's also my compensation for the divorce."

"Yes."

...

Lyra found the address of Angle Group on the internet and went there directly with her luggage by taxi.

Since she agreed to take over this company, she should come early to get informed and hurry up to finish the handover.

When she arrived at the downstairs of the company, Lyra went up and greeted the receptionist, "Inform your current president that I want to see him."

The receptionist's expression froze on the spot, sizing Lyra up from head to toe.

Although her face looked quite beautiful, what she dressed was likely costed no more than two hundred dollars. She wanted to

see the president with that? Shameless!

"Do you have an appointment?"

Lyra shook her head, "No."

When the receptionist heard this, she almost laughed out loud, "How dare you come to the Angle Group without an

appointment? Who do you think you are?!"

The harsh and unpleasant words made Lyra frown,

"Is this how you usually receive clients?" □□□□

• • •