

Billionaire 611

Chapter 611 Business is business, not even family

Seeing his son's emotions out of control like this, he couldn't help anything and there was nothing he could do about Malcolm who was aloof.

Ryan felt powerless and sad, hugged Travis desperately, and glared at Malcolm coolly but savagely.

In a lazy manner, he took off the leather gloves that he had just touched Travis and gave them to the police officer to throw away.

The last thing he said before he left was, "This is the last chance last night. If I don't get the answers I want by ten o'clock tonight, I'll be damned with you in this matter."

"But I didn't know the truth about my parents' death, and I still don't know it. Without any loss. Ryan, that's not so good for you. You have to pay for your only precious son, and you're more responsible for this than I am."

He smiled coldly, sneered, turned around and left, letting them snuggle for a while.

Ryan took more than half an hour to quiet Travis and let him listen to him quietly.

"What did Malcolm do to you these past two days? How did you get caught again?"

Seeing that Travis was covered in injuries, Ryan's always steady and rich voice softened a bit.

Travis whimpered and was very sad, "Dad, before I could get on the cargo ship, I was caught by Ted at the dock. I ran and dived and was brought ashore. He handcuffed me directly, and stuffed me into the car and sent me here."

He swallowed. Remembering everything he had experienced in that cell before, he shivered and was scared to the extreme.

"Dad, the cell I was in was full of scumbags. They even tried to bully me and beat me up every few hours."

"They said the smell of blood on my body was unpleasant, so I was forced to sleep in the dirty and smelly toilet. They were really driving me crazy. Dad, save me!"

"I really don't want to be sent back! I'll be beaten to death by them! Please, Dad!"

Ryan patted him on the back and kept reassuring, "Dad won't let you be sent back again. Dad will definitely save you, and let you live a stable and rich life again."

Stable and rich?

These words were heavenly pleasing to ears for Travis.

What Travis never looked up to had now become an extravagant hope.

hated it to

so partial to Malcolm and why he refused to give the position of power to

happy. All the tortures I suffered in the cell were

hugged his arm which was slightly stiff, and was silent for a while before saying, "You don't understand. This truth is not a trivial matter. When Malcolm really knows it, he won't let everyone

wanted to save Travis and was reluctant to see him sent

too deceitful, completely unconditional, and threatened him

surged with hatred, "I just want to know. If the truth is known, it will make Malcolm unacceptable or not speaking

Travis was too tired.

starvation, his body was not strong enough, and he couldn't hold it

arms, he was

tightly, feeling powerless. His eyes pierced like a viper, and gradually he had

people living in this cell, the police officer

it but gave

devoured his food, and didn't have the temperament of a rich and noble boy before, Ryan felt distressed and touched his messy short

No one will rob you of this whole

his head and eating wildly. He was hungry for two days. He never imagined that a box lunch in the cell would be better than the top-level meal that used to

madly, and in just two days,

ten

and Ryan didn't drink a

he was really thirsty for too long, hungry for too long, and he

for a day and

*

afternoon, Malcolm leisurely stayed in the office to handle official

not in a hurry. He had a lot of time, and he

didn't expect that the door of the office was knocked, and the police officer who came in to report was not

the White family just came over and said that your grandfather didn't get through to your call, so he could only send him to find

his eyes slightly. He

Charles say about Grandpa asking him to come

his head, being unaware, "But from Charles' face, it

the time on his watch. It was four in

Chapter 612 Rara companies him for working overtime

Charles was startled at first, looked frightened, and then quickly regained his composure, "Mr. Malcolm, what's the truth about this matter? Do you think your grandfather, who used to dominate the military, will lie to you?"

Malcolm lowered his black eyes and said nothing.

But with his indifferent and cold face, he was obviously skeptical about this matter.

"Mr. Malcolm..."

"Charles, go back and tell my grandfather what I said. He knows what I want to hear."

"Mr. Malcolm." Charles called again.

After Malcolm got up and walked back to the desk, he sat down quietly and started to do business, as if Charles wasn't there.

With the obvious expulsion order, Charles had no hope any longer and could only sigh, "For your message, I will pass it on to him. Within today, I should come again."

This sentence made Malcolm frown suddenly.

Noticing the key words in Charles' words, he looked at the back of Charles' departure with a solemn gaze.

Before ten o'clock in the evening, forcing Ryan to confess was the deadline he gave, or sending Travis back to the previous cell.

As for his grandpa, it seemed that he wanted to let Charles handle these things within today.

Grandpa seemed to know his every move at NIB.

Was it grandpa's former subordinates who were monitoring him?

Because of one sentence, Malcolm fell into complicated thoughts, and various factors and reasons emerged frantically, disturbing him.

Ring-

A short bell rang was the prompt tone for What's App messages.

He glanced at it casually, and when he saw that the sender wrote "Dear wife", he immediately picked up his mobile phone and checked.

Lyra: [How are things in the bureau going? Do you want to go out for dinner tonight?]

Malcolm stared at this message for a long time, thinking about what would happen before tonight. With Ryan's temperament, he was afraid it won't be easy to compromise until the last moment.

He could only reluctantly reject his wife once.

I will work overtime at night, and I will compensate you next overtime?

Malcolm: [Before twelve o'clock.]

a while before replying: [Then you plan to

[Uh-huh...]

a

meals he cooked, and she must not be happy if he can't go back to cook for

desire

give up until he

more than six

of the office, and the policeman from

bad mood and

then quickly replied, "Mr. Malcolm, after sending breakfast, lunch and drinking water, Ryan didn't

"He only has one son, so why he doesn't

there is a father and son embracing and full of warmth going on in the cell. It seems Ryan has not

was sullen, and the hand that was writing didn't

"Yes, Mr. Malcolm."

policeman went out, and the atmosphere in

terrifying, and the hand that was

about Charles coming over just now kept popping up in

around him, or did he keep some military contacts in

rescue this grandson. Did he have anything to do with the car accident that

about it, there was a click

nib of the pen

out, staining a

thick ink made the

deep breath, suppressing his bored heart, and forced himself to the pen that stained with ink were also crumpled up and thrown into the trash retook the ink from the ink bottle, organized his thoughts again, and so much that someone quietly turned put down next to him, Malcolm quickly retracted his thoughts and glanced at the things that were placed on the a cup of frowned, and his voice was cold to the extreme, "Who allows you to bring coffee in without knocking on the time as he lectured, he raised his eyes and watched the half-smile, and after listening to his words, the smile on her face turns out I pour a cup of coffee for Mr.

Chapter 613 Kissing my wife is not a disgrace

"Hello, madam."

All the male and female police officers who passed by Malcolm and Lyra saluted respectfully.

There was envy in their eyes.

Lyra responded with a generous smile, leaving a gentle and kind impression on everyone.

But Lyra, while acting calm, was actually a little weird about Malcolm's choice.

Originally, she thought it was takeout and went to Malcolm's office to eat alone.

But Malcolm dragged her to the cafeteria, showing their affection generously.

Lyra originally refused to appear in such a high-profile canteen of the bureau, but Malcolm's attitude was very firm. Although she couldn't understand what he wanted to do, she chose to let him do so.

Malcolm took the plate and ordered two meals.

Halfway through, he called Levi, who was holding a plate, and said something close to Levi's ear before returning to the opposite table where Lyra was already sitting.

His expression was calm, but he was observing the police officers who were having lunch from time to time.

The meal in the cafeteria had a light taste, which was completely incomparable to the craftsmanship of Malcolm's own cooking.

But Lyra can accompany him to eat, and she won't go back to the villa to eat alone. She thought it will be fine to have a meal only.

Lyra barely managed to eat half of it, and the two left the cafeteria holding hands again.

Before leaving, Lyra could vaguely hear many police officers discussing them quietly, but most of them were envious and admiring.

"Honey."

She called him softly, but turned her head to see Malcolm who was staring straight ahead. His expression was cold and solemn, as if he was thinking about something.

"Honey?" Lyra called again, getting close to his ear.

Malcolm then recovered and turned to look at her, "What's wrong?"

"What happen to you?"

Malcolm was thinking that his grandfather knew about his every move in the bureau. He had just tried it out, and he believed it would soon come to an end.

had his

forced to use the connection for Travis and Ryan, or

former, it

if it was the latter, the problem

it was the former. Since he was

his grandfather was strict with him, he loved him very

the strong family relationship between him and

"Honey?"

trance again, and his thoughts were brought

sorry, "I'm

pressed it lightly on his

explain. I know what you're worrying

brought by this sentence

around the hallway, bent down slightly, and kissed his wife's cheek quickly, like secretly begging for sweet candy, with sly black

nudged his broad shoulders, "There's no camera in this corridor? Would you be ashamed

wife? Obviously they will envy me and be jealous of me, because they don't have a sweet wife

argument, and

ran into the office quickly, refusing

around the corridor at random, and

Eight pm.

two hours before the final

at his watch, never feeling that time passed so

the small sofa and played with her mobile phone, accompanying

the office door was knocked

at

again. Do you want

and

down her phone and turned her head to look at

and replied calmly,

"Yes, Mr. Malcolm."

completely disappeared, Malcolm got up immediately, walked towards Lyra, and said a few

*

police officer brought Charles into Malcolm's office, there was only Lyra in the office, and there was no Malcolm who wore a military uniform and was tall

for a moment, being bewildered, "Mr.

cut him off, "Get

officer

Chapter 614 Get business done in the office

Lyra wasn't being polite either.

"Then Charles, you can go back first. Malcolm is busy with work. I'm afraid he won't be free for a while, and he has to get off work overtime until ten o'clock tonight. When he gets off work, I will let him return to the White Mansion as soon as possible and come to see grandpa."

Charles' face was stiff, feeling a little embarrassed.

But he didn't leave. He didn't complete the task given by the old White, and he wouldn't go back.

"Ma'am, I'm here this time for Mr. Travis and Mr. Ryan. Mr. Rudolph already knew that he kept Mr. Travis together with the gangsters, which caused Mr. Travis to be bullied badly. Mr. Rudolph..."

The more Lyra listened to him, her brows became tighter, and she interrupted him unhappily, "Charles, Malcolm is helping Grandpa and me to seek justice. Travis is just suffering. Grandpa can't bear it?"

Charles smiled awkwardly, "I didn't mean that, ma'am. You misunderstood. Mr. Rudolph is strict. Mr. Travis did something wrong this time. Mr. Malcolm wanted to beat him with the whip and Mr. Rudolph didn't say anything. Since it's a family matter, it should be dealt with at home and don't make trouble at the judicial level of bureau."

Lyra slumped lazily into the back of the sofa, with her expression gradually becoming solemn.

Was it for dignity?

Grandpa didn't want the private affairs of the White family's descendants to be known by the outside world? He didn't want to leave criminal records and impact on Travis?

Or was grandpa worried that Travis will be completely unable to adapt to survive in the environment of prisons and cells, and will be driven mad or even killed?

Or, were these excuses, and grandpa was hiding his true thoughts?

Lyra sighed and glanced inadvertently in the direction of the bathroom, feeling a little distressed for Malcolm.

She alone had begun to speculate on the motives of Rudolph, whom Malcolm had once regarded as his most important kin.

What would Malcolm do if the day the truth was revealed, and the truth was really not so good?

Lyra retracted her gaze and lowered her eyes dimly, "Does Grandpa think that with Travis' body, he can withstand 60 whips?"

Charles: "Mr. Travis is weak and will definitely be beaten to death, but the purpose of Mr. Malcolm's punishment is to teach him a lesson. So that Mr. Travis will not dare to do it again. It doesn't have to stipulated so rigidly."

Lyra: "Just tell directly what you think."

"Mr. Rudolph means, sixty times of whipping can be divided into three. After each time of whipping, give Mr. Travis half a month to recuperate."

Lyra was silent, but her expression was not looking very good.

This was punishment. Why were they still haggling over and over again, testing Malcolm's limit step by step.

Even mentioning the instalment repayment, did they think it was a loan?

grandson, which was

long as Mr. Malcolm agrees to this condition, he will immediately tell all

silent again, peeking in the direction

didn't seem to want to come

Malcolm because of the truth about Malcolm's parents' death in

you and grandpa to Malcolm word for word. Whether he accepts it or not, I will

hour because Mr. Rudolph is old and in poor spirits, and needs

Lyra's tone was calm and decent. She got up and walked towards Charles, sending him out of the

"Charles, take care."

office door was closed again,

opened, and Malcolm was leaning against the wall, contemplating, as if considering the condition

are your plans for grandpa's

asked her, "If it's you who

knew what Rudolph meant to Malcolm, and she chose to

grandpa after all. Since grandpa doesn't want to care, it doesn't matter if

stupid in the future. Next time, there will always be a chance to catch his vulnerabilities and fix him, but the

helped him, "However, we can't guarantee what grandpa said must be the truth. I think we can take advantage of Ryan's imprisonment, and there is no way for him

wife who was standing in

analyze the situation, Lyra's whole body seemed to be covered with

every action,

and hugged

thing in

down and

the two were turned on at the

and his teeth

feeling

"Babe."

hoarse and eager, "First finish the business between us. Then

"But..."

were finished, Lyra was directly supported by Malcolm's big

around his waist to prevent herself
picked up
we're in NIB,
is, but this is my office,
but Lyra's palm resisted
no... lock the
carried her to the door, locked the door
looked

Chapter 615 Rudolph pretends to be ill

The couple left the bureau holding hands and quickly returned to the White Mansion to Rudolph's villa.

Charles was already waiting at the door of the villa, "Mr. Malcolm, you finally come back."

Malcolm: "Have you called the medical team over here?"

Charles nodded and led the two inside, "I've already made a call, and the medical team will be here in a few minutes."

Lyra asked, "Grandpa is doing well. Why does he faint again? Didn't the last inspection say it was basically okay, but did he eat the wrong food again?"

Charles looked sad, "As soon as I came back, he's in a coma. I don't know what happened. This time it is more aggressive than last time, so I can only ask you to come back and have a look."

The three entered the living room of the villa together and walked towards the stairwell.

Because Rudolph was old and had bad legs, and he had been relying on crutches, so the floor of the room was not high, just on the second floor.

Just after walking to the second floor, Charles suddenly looked at Lyra and said, "Ma'am, I just heard from Sophia that Spencer keeps crying and refuses to sleep. Sophia couldn't coax him. It just happens that you come back, ma'am, why not? Are you going to take a look?"

Spencer kept crying?

Lyra was stunned, looked at Malcolm, and didn't answer for the first time.

Malcolm seemed to have sensed Charles' intention, and said along the way, "Grandpa has me here. Spencer doesn't sleep and keeps crying at night. He must be uncomfortable, or he just misses you. Go and have a look. Grandpa is fine here. "

Lyra had no choice but to nod, "Then I'll go see Spencer first, and if there's no big problem, I'll come down to see grandpa."

"Okay." Malcolm's dark eyes were gentle. He stopped and watched her continue upstairs.

"Come on, Mr. Malcolm. Mr. Rudolph needs you."

away and followed Charles

master bedroom, the incandescent ceiling light

pillow. Those

high spirits with

guessed just as Charles intended to take

just call me directly. There is no need to pretend to be

slowly reached out

slowly, and sat obediently

eldest grandson, who had been disciplined by himself, with a sense

sent to me.

stretched out his wrinkled hands and gestured his height, "It's very mini, very cute. You always like to

every turn, but I actually has high hopes for you, so I'm so harsh on

spoke, the more he felt about it, "After more than 20 years, you have now completely replaced me, holding the White family firmly in your hands. At the same time ruling the military and business world, becoming the

a calm tone, "What do you want to say?

to my opinion. I asked Charles to

was very helpless when he accused him, "I respect you the most, but I have my limit. You know me. Whoever dares to touch the person who is closest to me and cares about me, no

You use the truth about my parents' car accident to force me into submission, and even pretends to be sick to

of his accusation, Rudolph was speechless and could only talk about

and Travis, and a granddaughter of Sylvia. The other grandchildren, maybe it's because of my

to touch the most promising the eldest grandson

from his touch as his fingers

face stiffened. He silently retracted his hand, and began to

to come tonight just to tell you the truth about what happened to your parents back then, but only if

eyes looked dimmed. He hesitated for a few seconds and then agreed to the old White's request, "Okay, I can let Ryan and Travis

Rudolph was stunned.

Chapter 616 Someone disappears; different truths

Rudolph sighed, "He doesn't actually know the real inside story. He just pieces together some news and wants to use it to threaten you. Only what I say is the truth."

Malcolm couldn't believe it and couldn't hear every word he said.

"Take a good rest. I have something to do with the bureau. I'll leave first."

Malcolm turned to leave.

"Malcolm."

Rudolph called out, "They are all relatives. I don't want to see the scenes of relatives being murdered and persecuted before I die. I hope to see all descendants living together."

Malcolm stopped where he was, but didn't look back. He seemed to consider his words for a long time before he left the room.

Rudolph's remarks about the truth of the year just made him confused.

Lyra had just come downstairs to see him standing in the hallway.

"How is grandpa's health? Has the medical team come to see him?"

Malcolm said succinctly, "He's fine."

These three words instantly made Lyra understand that the old White was pretending to be sick, but she couldn't say anything about this kind of thing as her granddaughter-in-law, so she could only keep silent.

Malcolm put his arms around her shoulders. "How are the babies? Are they asleep?"

Lyra nodded, "They're already asleep, and they cry for a while when I go up. Just a little comfort, the babies are very good."

Malcolm breathed a sigh of relief, "Well, let's go. I'll take you back to Lyre Spiti."

Lyra was inexplicable.

"You let me go home first?"

Malcolm looked at his watch. It was an hour to ten.

deal with Ryan and Travis,

palm and intertwined her fingers with him, "Then let's go together. I can't sleep when I go home alone.

high spirits. Malcolm couldn't refuse, and was moved to have his wife with

the two came out

door of the villa, Malcolm's

officer from
happened. Travis is missing
frowned and his expression
was wrong with his expression and
to the bureau and entered the cell where Ryan and Travis were
cell, only Ryan was sitting
rising smoke blurred his expression, adding a bit of
lowered his eyes, suppressed his determination to die together, and silently waited
You
well done. You can allow people to
way here, he and Lyra had already checked
working overtime to
was that just half an hour ago, the monitoring of the entire bureau was
half hour of surveillance,
in, Malcolm's expression was particularly cold, suppressing his
his expression and laughed
didn't you already guess who did it? You can't
He stared at Ryan by the wall without saying
movement of his fists,
quiet and dark cell, there
anger and took a sharp
Rudolph's strength, he could make
keep you around? Just because of guilt. In addition, he also wants to train a good
just had with the old
pretended to be sick and called him back, and just after he left
had already arranged someone in the bureau. Malcolm was investigating this afternoon, and something
happened
for anyone else not to doubt

Chapter 617 Is there such a coincidence?

The cell was dimly lit.

The light of the dagger was particularly dazzling.

Ryan clenched the handle of the dagger, looked fierce, and stabbed Malcolm in the waist.

When the dagger was about to pierce Malcolm's dark green uniform, and Ryan seemed to be able to see Malcolm's blood splashing in the next second, however, the dagger was forced to stop at the last few millimeters of distance.

Malcolm grabbed Ryan's wrist so hard that he couldn't move.

Malcolm's eyes were gloomy, and he sneered, "Ryan, you want to murder me in my territory. Are you impatient and wanna die?"

Ryan was startled, then raised his head and laughed, "I know. Even if I kill you, I can't get out of here."

Malcolm frowned, and with a force on his hand, Ryan couldn't hold the dagger in pain, and Malcolm took it.

"You know you can't kill me. Even if you do kill me, it's impossible not to take responsibility, but you still do it. Do you want to die with me?"

He played with the sharp dagger he snatched from Ryan's hand, and pressed it gently against Ryan's neck.

"Your attitude makes me believe your confession just now is the truth."

"Malcolm, every word I say is the truth. If you don't believe it, you can check it out. My words are at least much more credible than Rudolph's perfunctory so-called truth."

Faced with the dagger aiming at his neck, Ryan remained motionless. He was not afraid at all, and his tone sounded sincere and earnest.

"Malcolm, Travis is very simple and stupid, and he is the easiest to be taken advantage of. Since he has been secretly sent out of here, you should stop chasing him. Let him go. He will not return to the White Mansion, and will not bring any troubles to you."

Malcolm pursed his thin lips and looked cold. In the face of Ryan's obviously submissive attitude, he did not give a positive answer to Travis's matter.

"You should care about your own situation first. You try to murder me with a dagger. This is not a trivial matter. You should have gotten out in a few days, but now I am afraid you will have to go to the Ministry of Justice to consider whether you will be sent to the prison."

His deep voice was extraordinarily indifferent, as if mixed with ice.

The entire cell was filled with low air pressure that made it hard to breathe.

"As for Travis escaping again, it depends on your confession just now, whether it is the truth or not."

After the last few words, Malcolm got up, took the dagger, and walked out of the cell without looking back.

"Malcolm , I'm old. I'm at your disposal. Trade me for Travis. Don't hold him accountable."

As he walked to the door, Ryan spoke again, and his tone had a bit of helplessness and vicissitudes like an old father.

Malcolm paused, seeming to think about Ryan's words.

but quickly left

cell, Malcolm was still looking at the

never felt the love of his father

really do such a stupid

life than endanger his son's

And this dagger.

was searched before being sent to the cell. It was impossible for him to have such a murder weapon on his body. Someone could only quietly avoid the

entire National Investigation Bureau, there was only one person with the strength to cut off all surveillance and take the opportunity to

Rudolph.

the hilt of the dagger

Ted came over that he took back those

very well. Are you alright? Would you

dagger in his hand to Ted, "Ryan tried to murder me with a dagger when I was visiting him. This is the weapon he

respectfully took the dagger with both

went back to

on the small sofa

got up and walked to the door,

his jacket and his expression was

car accident was not an accident. It was a deliberate murder. And the

startled, "Albert

Although Lyra didn't know him, Albert had helped Malcolm

an honest man and looked like a good-natured person, and when Malcolm and Ryan were fighting for

idle old man who didn't care about the things

a person be the one who

to ease the solemn expression on her face, "I know you don't believe it,

have heard two completely different confessions and facts about this matter. Honey, who do you think is

to be investigated. There are many contradictions between Ryan and Grandpa's words, but we can't just rely on our

and agreed, "Then how are you going

Albert of being the mastermind behind the car accident and the real murderer, said grandpa lied to protect Albert, the only way is to find

something and her face

wrong with her expression

and I also wanted to hear from Albert, but I asked Sylvia. Albert is not in Suham. I heard that he is on a business trip. It's

"When did he leave?"

the other day when Ryan had a showdown with you, and you rushed to ask

grim, "He left at

Lyra nodded again.

the accident, he left Suham for a business trip, and his daughter

there such a

feel like maybe Albert knew the inside story, but he left Suham as soon as he heard the message, as if he

Chapter 618 Malcolm's false reasoning; punishing his wife

Malcolm thought for a while, "I have to deal with the stuff recently. I'm afraid I won't be able to travel for a few days."

"It's okay. Micah and Abigail are also tired from playing in Suham. They want to rest for a few days before leaving. They can wait for us."

Facing Lyra's enthusiasm, Malcolm was a little curious, "It seems you really want to travel this time? Don't you worry about the babies?"

Speaking of this, Lyra remembered their previous trip to Atria.

Because she was too worried about the babies' fever, she couldn't control her emotions when they went back to the hotel, and even beat Malcolm.

She felt apologetic, wrapping Malcolm's arm and resting her head lightly on his shoulder.

"The last time when we went to Atria, it was my fault to beat you. Even if you want to travel with me, you can take care of your business and the babies well. I was overly worried. I'm sorry."

Malcolm's black eyes were gentle, "I don't blame you. At that time, your mania was already a little bit manifested, and you almost couldn't control your emotions. It was because you were sick. How could I haggle it over?"

The more generous he was, the more guilty Lyra felt in her heart.

Back from Atria, she had so many troublesome stuffs to deal with that she didn't have a chance to apologize to Malcolm until tonight.

"At that time, I beat you with a hanger, and I beat you so hard. Otherwise... When we get home, I won't fight back and let you beat me back?"

Malcolm was startled.

Wife-beating?

What kind of man was he?

He lowered his eyes and saw the seriousness in Lyra's eyes. It seemed that she was not joking with him.

"If you really want to make up for me..." He paused for a moment, thought for a moment, and his dark eyes gradually looked scheming.

"When we get home, I can punish you any way I want. You can't resist. Just listen to me."

Lyra caught a glimpse of the evil smile on his face and whispered, "Is it the kind of punishment I think? Is it serious?"

Malcolm held back a smile, "Do you want it serious or not?"

"Since it is up to you to punish me, there is no reason for me to choose."

Malcolm suppressed the lust to "punish" her immediately, and concentrated on driving the luxury car home.

luxury car entered the

the car first, went around to the passenger seat to help Lyra open the door, and then bent over thoughtfully to carry her out of the

back, he repeatedly instructed, "You have agreed. No resistance is allowed. Let me punish you tonight. I want to try every way

Every way ...

Her waist!

holding back the madness in her heart. After all, she wanted to pay back the wrongs he

did not delay

were close to

tip of her nose. He disapproved

"What's the false reasoning..."

husband's

chatted, they returned to Lyra

because Rudolph lied about fainting and pretended to be sick, he and Rara could not finish their intimacy in the

had to make up for it

...

night, Lyra really had a

presumably going to the bureau to deal with Ryan and

in the

Back pain, fatigue.

like a tireless

her lower back

phone rang just in

picked up her phone and saw what she had asked to check

contents of the document, she frowned

ago, on the day of Malcolm's parents' car accident, Ryan appeared at the scene of the

the evidence provided

appeared on

Albert actually appeared at the scene

the car accident,

use this as a hole card to threaten

about everything going on and

can he use

it clearly and decisively forwarded the document to

had

in the kitchen. Remember to have it when you

today. It rains a little when I go to the bureau, and the temperature drops a little. Remember to

Chapter 619 Except for the evidence, the living are lying

Charles' face turned pale, but he quickly regained his composure and made his words complete.

"Although it has been many years, that incident brought the Whites grievous news. Although I don't know the details of the car accident and the specific truth behind it, I know Mr. Ryan and Mr. Albert should not be at the scene."

Lyra observed his expression and continued to ask calmly, "Then do you know where were Ryan and Albert at that time?"

Faced with this question, Charles stared at her firmly, "Just beside Mr. Rudolph, accompanying. Mr. Ryan and Mr. Albert heard the bad news of Mr. Denis and his wife's car accident with Mr. Rudolph. I was around them and was very impressed with it."

Lyra sighed and shook her head in disappointment.

Charles was puzzled, "What do you mean, ma'am? Don't you believe me?"

"I can't believe that you, grandpa, Ryan, and some of the evidence I have investigated. All have contradictory points that can't be connected. Who is lying?"

Charles lowered his eyes and said nothing.

Lyra took a step forward and said softly, "Or else, except for the evidence, all living people are lying and trying to cover up the real truth."

Charles' pupils dilated again, but he still lowered his head and said nothing.

Lyra sighed and patted Charles on the shoulder, and said to him earnestly, "Charles, the night Ryan had a showdown with Malcolm. Albert left Suham on a business trip, and you said they both didn't know the truth about the car accident. You're completely and deliberately favoring them and concealing the truth."

"Ma'am, I..."

Before Charles wanted to defend himself, Lyra interrupted, "Actually, I don't believe that such a kind-hearted person Albert would do such a vicious thing, but as you can see Charles, this matter involves the truth of the death of his parents. Malcolm will not give up. He will definitely send someone to find Albert, bring Albert to NIB for questioning."

"This matter is not as simple as you and grandpa thought. You thought it would be over if you just fool around. The death of his parents is the limit for Malcolm. It can't be ambiguous at all. He must know the truth."

Charles kept his head down, but was listening to Lyra.

"Charles, sooner or later, someone has to confess this matter. If you know the whole story, tell the truth. Otherwise, the relationship between Malcolm and Grandpa will definitely become more and more

estranged. Grandpa is getting older. I think you don't want to watch him being utterly isolated when he's old."

"Madam!"

Charles looked up suddenly.

Utterly isolated.

was too

and Ryan said he would never

a dagger. This is not a trivial matter. I am afraid he will be sentenced

Albert is involved in this matter, I'm afraid he will also be sanctioned by

future, then Grandpa

this way, it is to the point

Charles's expression was complicated.

unpleasant, but they

willing to say. Only you can help the White family, help Albert, help Grandpa, and help Malcolm. Don't

he hesitated

courage

Mr. Rudolph wakes up. He doesn't see

senses, "Okay, I'll send madam to the door and

got an answer, bowed to Lyra and

episode completely disrupted Charles' thoughts. He gestured

She was a little unwilling, and

seemed to feel uncomfortable, and explained in a low voice,

anything else. She

Lloyd's Corp, thinking about it

and Ryan gave

he hid himself on purpose, it would have taken some effort to find him

She didn't know if Rudolph had given an order or not, Charles didn't seem to dare say

matter whom she started with, it

that there may be a

were the heirs of White Corp, died in a sudden

this, there might be a big conspiracy

day, Lyra couldn't get to work at

have a new contract waiting to be signed in the past few days. She handed over everything at hand to her special assistant, and ran to the bureau

Chapter 620 The biggest suspect

Albert had been found and was on his way back to Suham.

Charles actually came here to confess at this time?

Lyra and Malcolm looked serious at the same time, looking at Charles without saying a word.

Seeing that they didn't speak, Charles walked up to Lyra who was sitting on the sofa, "Madam, you came to the villa two days ago and talked to me earnestly. I said at the time that I would consider it, and now I think about it clearly. Can you trust me?"

Lyra can see his eagerness for approval, and nodded, "I believe you. Charles, you have been with Grandpa for most of your life. No matter what decision you make, it's for Grandpa's good."

With her words, Charles breathed a sigh of relief.

Before Albert was sent back to NIB, Charles explained everything, from his perspective, without reservation.

"Mr. Ryan and Mr. Albert were indeed there on the day of the accident. Not only that, but they were sitting in the car that caused the Mr. Denis' accident..."

On the day of the incident, Ryan and Albert went to socialize together and drank a lot of alcohol during the dinner.

Albert wanted to call a chauffeur to drive them home, but Ryan insisted that he could drive back. Seeing that he was not obviously drunk, Albert agreed.

He didn't expect that Ryan would inexplicably detour a long way while driving.

He was speeding on the road and the vehicle lost control. When turning at the intersection, he happened to hit the luxury car of Malcolm's parents. Because it hit the most dangerous and weak position on the side of the luxury car, Malcolm's mother, who was the on co-driver, died on the spot.

It even caused an oil leak outside the fuel tank in the car, causing an explosion. Malcolm's father suffered multiple burns all over his body and died on the way to the hospital.

Rudolph led someone over. It was Albert who was intoxicated in the driver's seat, and both suffered minor injuries.

Rudolph was heartbroken, brought his two sober sons back to the family meeting for questioning, and even punished them based on the family rules.

However, for Rudolph, his eldest son and his daughter-in-law could not be saved.

that he was drunk and had an argument with Albert on

refused to admit it, and it was indeed Albert who was in the driving seat at

was almost drunk and in blackout, couldn't tell if

case, both sons must be responsible for this

he was afraid that

they were both his sons. Rudolph had to use all the connections in the military to suppress the news

two sons out of

*

as he

directly see his three sons die because of a car accident, and let the whole

serious, and he seemed to be strongly dissatisfied with the truth

or Albert planned this incident, there should always be a truth to the matter. However, grandpa did not choose to

was still covering up his two sons and

and he snorted, feeling

change in his mood, reached out and held his clenched fist, comforting him

Mr. Rudolph actually has felt guilty about this for a long time. He feels guilty for Mr. Denis and his wife, and he is also feeling guilty for you, so he brought you to his

not giving it to Mr. Ryan or Mr. Albert, and other elders in the clan who had voices. He just helped you to hold the position

have to say it so righteously. Grandpa just wants to cultivate the man in power with his own hands.

Otherwise he will not leave his men in NIB to monitor me. He pretended to be sick and called me home, and then let the planted agent secretly

charge of the family and had to maintain the balance. He has always loved you, the eldest grandson. It's not using, let alone trying to support

"All right."

and he interrupted, "Charles, you've been out for

obvious eviction order, and Charles

justify Rudolph, but obviously Malcolm couldn't hear him no matter how

Charles

I hope you can understand your grandfather. He's also suffering. When you're in his
said nothing and his
could only sigh, pulled the door