

## The Hidden Billionaire Heiress (Lyra Melvin) Chapter 87

Hearing this, Sheila's eyes sparkled with excitement.

She seemed to be feeling the thrill of revenge already and can't wait to see that bitch's miserable end.

...

Lyra was led by the maid to the dressing room backstage.

Abigail, in her wheelchair, also quietly avoided the guests and followed.

"Miss Carroll, these casual clothes are selected in your size. Please take your pick."

The maid respectfully pointed to the five sets of clothes laid out on the table.

Lyra was about to pick out a random piece when Abigail suddenly pushed in the door.

"I'm here. You can get out."

"Yes."

The maids quickly closed the door and left, leaving Lyra and Abigail alone in the dressing room for an instant.

Abigail looked serious, pushed her wheelchair to the window and opened it as soon as she could.

"Here is the second floor. Climb down with the water pipe. There is a path on the right, and then thirty meters ahead there is a small door. The door is not locked. I let people quietly open a slit. The security guards are also driven away ..."

"You're ... asking me to run away?" Lyra laughed at that.

"Or what?"

Abigail turned her wheelchair and came over with an unpleasant face and pulled her towards the window.

"Do you really want to fight Master Dacey? He has never been defeated since he became famous. This is clearly the Freeman family wants to fix you. If you really fight, you will die or cripple."

Lyra looked at her serious face, which was sincere for her own planning. She can't what the feeling was, which was very strange.

After all, they had known each other for even less than half a month.

Abigail saw that she did not say anything, and her expression was still strange, then she hastened to add, "Don't feel guilty. I am not doing this for you. If you have an accident, the Matthews family will take the primary responsibility, so you go now! I will go to explain."

She didn't move, but only smiled.

going anywhere, and, you're

tone was clearly

captivated by the light in her eyes that for a moment she wanted

Abigail was wandering, Lyra had grabbed a set of clothes at

crowd was distracted watching the show and waiting

impatiently and kept checking the

She's not going to run away from the battle, is

she looked around, she suddenly noticed something, "Why isn't

well, but

unhurried, "Afraid of what? She promised herself, and the Matthews family advocated her to change clothes. If she runs away, the Matthews family will the responsibility.

darkness under her eyes

dares to help her leave and make excuses, I will

Three shows had ended.

can't wait

impatiently and had

up and offered to ask Katelyn, "Mrs. Matthews, hasn't she changed her clothes

face froze and she gave a quick smile to

times, she saw that there was still nothing moving,

really sorry, Miss

here. What's your

interrupted by Lyra, who was coming out of the backstage and said to

grunted and rolled her

couldn't wait to see she would be beaten up by

The crowd was quiet.

waited to see Lyra get hit hard for

not cover her delicate body, lamenting that such a hot beauty unfortunately

had different minds

Lyra came on from each

you lose the fight

followed by the

Keith, he was still sitting nobly and sipping the wine

his expression and snickered that Keith must be sick of Lyra the bitch and

this mean she had

was looking at Keith's handsome face when Lyra was on the

her words, she quickly struck out. Her movements were clearly light but

the guests in the arena could react, Master Dacey had already been kicked in the chest and

room was stunned

was the