

My Accidental Husband is a Billionaire ! #Chapter 101 - 101: The Stolen Life - Read My Accidental Husband is a Billionaire ! Chapter 101 - 101: The Stolen Life

Chapter 101 - 101: The Stolen Life

Keira's eyes were cold and sharp. The smirk at the corner of her mouth was devilishly enticing, carrying a wild vibe.

A sense of alienation from the world engulfed her.

The truth was, she never really felt she belonged to this world.

When she was little, Isla had her classmates isolate and bully her. After leaving the Olsen family, she kept to herself over the years, making few friends.

The opinions and views of others were irrelevant to her.

She wasn't afraid of the invectives on the internet, nor did she fear the real-life reproaches. The words of the journalists and Poppy hadn't perturbed her at all.

So even if she threw a punch and hit someone, which caused her name to trend online, she wouldn't care!

With that thought, she took a step forward. The aura of defiance around her suddenly intensified!

The journalists immediately hoisted up their cameras, ready to capture the moment she initiated an attack. Once that happened, she would become the target of public outrage!

But just then!

A deep voice filled with sternness rang out suddenly. "Stop!"

Surprised, Keira looked downstairs to see a tall figure striding toward them.

Lewis dressed in a tailored suit and was angry when he saw the scene. He waved his hand, and the bodyguards behind him surged forward, isolating Keira and the journalists and filling the narrow staircase.

The bodyguards emitted an intimidating aura, and their fierce appearance intimidated the journalists and Poppy.

Josh swallowed nervously. "Mr. Horton, what's going on?"

Lewis's eyes were dark. "I suspect that you're illegally infringing on Miss Olsen's freedom!"

Josh quickly defended himself. "We are just doing a normal interview..."

His voice lacked conviction even as he spoke.

"Normal?" Lewis scoffed. "You can discuss that with my legal team."

Having said that, he walked over to Keira, picked up her suitcase with one hand while grabbing her wrist with the other, and led her down the stairs.

This time, no one dared to obstruct them.

As Keira followed him down and out of the building, the sunlight showered upon her, sweeping away the gloom in her chest.

She looked up at the blinding sunlight, her expression cold and her voice indifferent. "You shouldn't have come. Those journalists couldn't have cornered me."

Lewis replied, "If you hit someone, you'll be criticized."

"I'm not afraid of being criticized."

"But you shouldn't be criticized."

II II

Keira was taken aback.

She had become accustomed to being criticized and being incompatible with others. She was used to putting up a prickly defense. She never thought she'd hear such words one day.

The coldness around her gradually faded, and the alienation in her eyes slowly vanished.

Suddenly, she let out a soft chuckle.

Lewis asked, "What are you laughing at?"

"I'm just thinking how miserable Connor must be right now."

Keira looked up and was back to her old self again. "He's probably on the verge of collapsing..."

If Connor couldn't hang in there and go to Isla, the two of them would fall out. Keira could then produce evidence of Connor being the murderer. Once he was arrested, he would expose the secret that Finley took to his grave...

As they talked, they came to Lewis's Bentley. As the car door opened, Keira immediately noticed that old Mrs. Horton was inside.

Old Mrs. Horton's gaze fell upon their still holding hands... Her eyes lit up. "Well done, my boy!"

Keira had just realized that they were holding hands.

She instantly withdrew her hand, finding the spot where he'd gripped her wrist was hot.

To change the subject from the old lady's amused expression, she asked, "Grandma, what are you doing here?"

Old Mrs. Horton promptly replied, "Of course, I came to pick up my granddaughter-in-law and take her home!"

"Home?"

"Yes!" Mrs. Horton seemed hopeful. "I'm sick of the hospital. My dear, since you can't stay here anymore, why not come home with me?"

Just as Keira was about to refuse, old Mrs. Horton said, "If you don't come home with me, I'll just continue to stay in the hospital."

Old Mrs. Horton's illness had long vanished. She had been pretending to be sick just to make Lewis and Keira stay by her side and spend more time together.

Lewis also said, "Miss Olsen, these reporters can be pretty persistent. Only the Horton family can ensure your safety. Please come stay with us for the time being.."

Chapter 102 - 102: The Stolen Life (2)

Keira said, "Okay."

"Fantastic, my dear granddaughter-in-law, let's go home!"

The car quickly entered House One Manor, winding along the driveway for ten minutes before entering the Horton residence

Despite not being her first visit, Keira still marveled at the size of the manor.

No wonder Isla was so keen to marry Jake and become the hostess here.

She was lost in her thoughts when their car pulled over. DissCover **u**updated novels on [n\(o\)v\(e\)lbin\(.\)com](http://n(o)v(e)lbin(.)com)

Keira and Lewis helped old Mrs. Horton out of the car and into the living room.

As they entered, they saw Isla trying to appease Jake. "Jake, don't be mad at me. I've already apologized to the Allen family. They won't blame me anymore."

Jake's expression was foul. He initially tried to ignore her, but upon hearing the approaching footsteps and seeing Keira entering alongside Lewis, he stood up in surprise. "Keira, what are you doing in my house?!"

Before he could continue, old Mrs. Horton snapped. "I invited my granddaughter-in-law here! Got a problem with that?"

Jake was taken aback, "Granddaughter-in-law?"

Isla quickly said, "Jake, it seems like Great-grandma has mistaken Keira for Mr. Horton's wife..."

Jake immediately glanced at Keira and Lewis, his brows furrowed.

Lewis suddenly emphasized each word. "Miss Olsen is our guest. She'll be staying with the Hortons for a while."

At the sound of these words, Isla clenched her fists even tighter, her eyes glowing with jealousy.

She voiced her disagreement. "Is this a good idea? Keira being labeled as a killer might bring trouble to the Horton family. If a reporter catches wind of her staying here, people might think we're harboring her. This might even affect the Horton's stock..."

Before she could say anything else, Lewis cut in with a cold voice, "The matters of the Horton family are none of your concern."

Isla felt insulted and bit her lip in frustration.

Suddenly, Jake grabbed her hand. "Uncle Lewis, Isla is just concerned for the Horton family. After all, she's my fiancée."

A wave of happiness washed over Isla!

Despite her efforts to make up for her mistakes recently, Jake had been ignoring her. But now that he suddenly supported her, she realized he was using her to target Keira.

Isla was never one to be blinded by love. She knew what she had to do. Jake wouldn't let her go because he still found her useful.

Now, what she needed to do was to stay here and get rid of Keira!

With this in mind, she gave Jake a nod and was about to speak when her phone suddenly rang.

Without thinking, she pulled out her phone and saw "Connor" flashing on the screen.

Now was a critical moment to win Jake back, so how could she take another man's call?

She immediately hung up and went on. “Mr. Horton, I’m not against Keira. I’m just giving advice from a PR perspective. The Horton family should clear its name from any negativity. I...”

She heard the ringtone.

Her phone rang again.

Isla quickly picked up and hung up again.

Before she could say anything, the phone rang once more.

Jake’s face darkened, and he let go of her hand. “Just answer your phone!”

Isla immediately clenched her fists, gave Jake an apologetic smile, and answered the phone. “Hey, I’m busy. Can we talk later...”

Before she could finish speaking, Connor snapped. “What could be more important than me?”

Isla tried to calm him down. “There really is something...”

“I don’t care. I need you to come over right now! The reporters are surrounding me, and they’re all lashing out at me. Aunt Poppy is also here at my school, blocking my dorm door and calling me an ungrateful wretch! Doesn’t she always listen to you? Come here and take her away!”

Isla bit her lip and looked back at Jake. He was expecting her to do something, and it was the only time in the past few days he’d seemed content with her. She knew she couldn’t leave today.

Otherwise, Jake would truly be fed up with her!

Isla covered the phone and said to Jake, “I’m going to take this call and try to finish it as quickly as possible.”

Then she walked out the door.

Once she left, Keira and Lewis exchanged a glance.

Lewis immediately pulled out his phone and began tapping the screen. He then handed Keira a Bluetooth earphone.

The conversation between Isla and Connor was immediately transmitted into the earpiece.

She could hear Isla's every word. "Connor, stop making a fuss. I have something very important going on now. You were just criticized a few times, right? Just bear with it a little longer..."

"I can't bear it!" Connor yelled angrily. "You don't know what it feels like. The way my classmates look at me—it's all disgusted and disdainful looks. When I go to the canteen, even the people there won't serve me food anymore! Wherever I go, I'm pointed at and whispered about. Isla, let's run away and leave this city! We'll find a place where no one knows us!"

Isla lost her patience and snapped back, "Enough! If we leave here, where would we go? Do you have money? Without any money, how are we supposed to live? In Oceanion, I'm Miss Olsen. If I go with you, could you provide me with the life I have now?"

Upon hearing this, Keira's eyes narrowed a bit.

She thought it would take at least a couple of days before Isla and Connor would have a fallout, but it wasn't even a full day before Connor lost his patience.

As she was contemplating this, she heard Connor roar on the phone, "I don't have any money, but I can make sure that you can't continue this life you're living in Oceanion! Do you think your current lifestyle can last? This life you're living now is actually all stolen from Keira!!"

Chapter 103 - 103: Arrest

Keira blinked slightly.

What did Isla steal from her?

While deep in thought, she heard Isla frantically defend herself. "What nonsense are you spouting?!"

"Did I hit a nerve?"

Connor, who had lost his composure at school, was taunting Isla relentlessly using her pain points against her. “Did you not steal Dr. South’s identity from her to win over Jake? Do you really think Jake would love you? He’s just interested in Dr. South! And then there’s the Allen family, you pretended to be Keira again, Isla. You seem quite familiar with this modus operandi!” Isla exploded in fury. “Connor Hill, shut your mouth!”

Connor sneered. “Why should I shut up when you’ve stolen something even more important from her? Do you want me to spell it out?” Something... more important? What could it be?!

Keira frowned.

Isla roared, “Shut up! Shut up!”

It seemed that Connor still had some expectations for her, so he didn’t bring up t at topic anymore, “Isla, I can stay silent, but you have to elope with me I’ll work hard to earn money and provide you with a better life...”

Isla took a deep breath and said resolutely, “You, a dropout, what can you give me what I want is the position of the mistress of the Horton family! Connor Hili, I’m not going with you!”

“You! Aren’t you afraid that I’ll reveal your secret?!” Connor growled with anger.

Isla chuckled. “Go ahead. Connor Hill, do you honestly believe that only you have leverage over me and that I have no leverage over you?”

Connor was stunned. “What do you mean?”

Isla seemed to have taken out a voice recorder, and after she turned it on there was first an electric current hiss, followed by Connor’s voice. “Isla, don’t worry I killed my father! He’ll never bother you again!”

Isla exclaimed, “How could you murder someone? You will end up in prison!” “No, I can pin the blame on Keira. Isla, I’ve removed these two annoying people for you at once. Remember, it’s all for your own good. I love you...”

The recording abruptly ended.

Isla laughed. "Connor, if you dare expose my secret, I'll hand this over to the police! If I lose everything, your ending will be a thousand times worse than mine!"

Connor sounded horrified. "Isla, you can't treat me like this!!"

"You and your father forced me first!" Isla's voice was exuberant as she said quietly, "Connor, we both hold each other's secrets, so let's be at peace."
"How can I be at peace? I'm surrounded by reporters and attacked by my aunt' I'm going crazy!"

Then suck it up!" Isla's voice was ruthless.

It seemed that Connor was frightened by her. "Isla, don't you care about my feelings at all? Don't you love me?"

But Isla didn't want to deal with him tactfully anymore. "Are you kidding me? If it wasn't for your father forcing me to tutor you, would I have treated you like that. Every time I see you and your father, I feel sick! You're parasites and blood-suckers! Connor Hill, don't bother me again!"

Connor was stunned. "You never loved me?"

Isla sneered. "I only love myself! If you obey, we can continue as before If you threaten me again, don't blame me for being unforgiving!"

Connor sobbed. "Isla, don't scare me. If I'm caught by the police, I'll expose your secret!"

After saying this, Connor hung up.

In the living room, Keira removed her earphones, her eyes shining brightly.

She took out her cell phone and sent a message to Holly. "You can arrest Connor Hill now."

After sending the message, she looked up at Lewis.

Lewis immediately understood her meaning and nodded slightly.

Their tacit interaction made Jake feel very uncomfortable!

There must be something between his uncle and Keira. But how could that be? Keira should be his!

He clenched his fist, his eyes welling up with tears. “Uncle, wouldn’t Auntie be displeased with Keira living here and being mistaken as jer by Grandma?”

Lewis smiled. “She probably won’t mind. Isn’t that right, Miss Olsen?”

Keira raised an eyebrow, “That should be the case, Mr. Horton.”

Their conversation was polite and distant, but it was strangely sweet.

Jake’s anger escalated, and he was about to say something, but Isla walked in from outside. “Mr. Horton, the point isn’t Mrs. Horton’s attitude, but that Keira is now deep in a public opinion controversy. I just checked online. She actually attacked a reporter and even harmed her own mother. Mr. Horton, the video of you taking her away has been released, and now everyone is saying that the person shielding her is the Horton family...”FiNd *updates* on [n\(o\)/velbin\(.\)com](http://n(o)/velbin(.)com)

Isla handed her phone to Jake. Indeed, the public opinion online was all criticisms toward the Horton family.

-I was wondering, wasn’t she supposed to be a rich second-generation heiress? Why would she live there? It turns out it’s not because this murderer is powerful, but because someone is shielding her!”

“The person who came to save her had his face blurred, but I can reveal a bit.

That person looked a lot like someone from the H family...

“The H family, the richest in Oceanion?”

“Yes, them...”

Isla calmly said, “I just checked the Horton Group’s stocks, and there has been a slight fluctuation. If journalists confirm that Keira is at the Horton’s, it’ll undoubtedly plummet immediately. Mr. Horton, surely you wouldn’t ’ jeopardize the Horton Group for a woman, right?”

Lewis straightened his sleeve, a smile still playing on his lips, but he didn’t say a word.

Jake echoed. “Uncle, you’re in charge of the Horton Group. If there’s a major blunder, Grandpa will definitely not let you off! Moreover, the shareholders of the Horton Group will also hold you responsible!”

Seeing that Lewis still remained silent, Isla turned towards Keira. “Keira, I know that you can’t stay at your rented house anymore. How about this, come home with me. The Olsen family has already been exposed anyway, so let’s not implicate the Horton family anymore... Old Mrs. Horton and Mr. Horton have been so good to you. You wouldn’t want to put them in a difficult position would you?”

Jake Horton immediately said, “Isla, you’re always reliable, not like some murderer. Once they manage to latch onto the Horton family, they stick around like plasters!”

Old Mrs. Horton immediately became enraged. “I was the one who invited her! Watch your language! Besides, she’s not a murderer! The police haven’t convicted her!”

Isla immediately said, “Great-grandma, as long as Keira’s suspicion isn’t cleared, she’ll have to carry this stigma...”

“Heh.”

Keira, who was playing with her phone, chuckled, her voice gentle. “How coincidental. It’s cleared now.”

She handed her phone to Isla.

It showed a photo taken by a reporter of Connor being arrested.

The color drained from Isla’s face instantly!!

Chapter 104: The Truth

Keira didn’t expect Connor to be arrested so soon. She didn’t realize that as soon as she named Connor as the murderer, Holly had already asked her colleagues at the police station to monitor him.

So, when the message arrived, the arrest happened swiftly.

What was more, due to the presence of journalists nearby, the whole process was filmed!

When the police, followed by the journalists, arrived at Connor's dormitory, Poppy was causing a fuss, hurling insults and hitting her nephew repeatedly, all while sobbing and cursing loudly.

"You ungrateful boy, how could you write a letter of forgiveness to Keira? Do you have any respect for your deceased father? FiNd *updates* on [n\(o\)/velbin\(.\)com](mailto:n(o)/velbin(.)com)

"You bastard, you sold your conscience for a bit of money! I'll kill you today! You better retract that letter immediately! I want that ungrateful creature to rot in jail! She must pay for her actions!

"You damn fool!"

Despite being a man, Connor was rather frail and, surrounded by a crowd of students, he felt unable to fight back.

Poppy, however, was a middle-aged woman with a strong hand, so Connor was left dodging her strikes and covering his head, unable to pull away from his aunt's grip.

Fortunately, the arrival of the police provided him with a timely rescue.

Enthusiastically, he blurted out, "Officers, please, take this crazy woman away! She's assaulting me!"

Unfortunately, the officers simply walked up to him. "Hello, you are suspected of murder. Please cooperate with our investigation."

Hearing this, both the surrounding journalists and Poppy were dumbfounded.

Poppy regained her composure to speak, "Yes, take him away. Make him retract that letter of forgiveness! I won't accept it! I want the murderer to die! Die!"

At her words, a nearby journalist inquired,

"Officer, we're confused. Why are you arresting Connor for murder? Shouldn't you be arresting the suspect?"

“Could it be because he was paid for the letter of forgiveness?”

“When will you arrest Miss Olsen? The murder suspect is out on bail awaiting trial. Why are you here arresting the victim? What’s the reason?”

“Have you been pressured by the wealthy family? Is there some kind of collusion going on?”

Poppy shouted, “You should be arresting Keira Olsen! She’s the murderer! Shoot her!”

Ordinarily, the police wouldn’t need to explain their actions to the public, but considering the widespread repercussions of this case, the officers applied for permission from their superiors before reluctantly addressing the journalists.

At the Horton residence...

Isla was as pale as a sheet. Looking at the resolve on Keira’s face, she felt a pang of fear.

Could it be as she had imagined?

Jake said “Uncle, are you watching? Even the journalists are starting to mention our family! Soon, people will find out that the wealthy family they’re referring to is the Horton family! Are you really going to protect a murderer?”

Lewis spoke in a somber tone, “Did you ever consider why the police are arresting Connor rather than Keira?”

Jake scoffed. “Why would that be? Surely it’s because they need more evidence from Connor Hill, right? I mean, Connor Hill can’t be the murderer, can he?”

Isla turned even paler at his words, her gaze fixated nervously on the scene unfolding on her phone screen.

Just then, the police officer spoke. “We have evidence that Connor Hill is the murderer. He has made false accusations against Miss Olsen, so we’re taking him into custody for further interrogation.”

Once these words were spoken, the journalists at the scene were dumbfounded.

Everyone began shouting.

“How is that possible?”

“That’s right! The victim is Connor Hill’s father! How could he be the murderer? Isn’t this a forced confession? Just to clear that woman’s name?”

Poppy, who had just violently confronted Connor, couldn’t bear to see her only nephew be executed. She abruptly stood in front of him, glaring angrily at the officers. “What nonsense are you speaking? How could Connor kill my brother?! Is this a setup by Keira Olsen? Did she bribe you to frame him?”

The police officers remained stoic and serious. “We won’t be lenient with any criminals, nor would we wrongfully accuse anyone. We have substantial and conclusive evidence.”

“What evidence? Unless you show us, you can’t take him away!”

Poppy continued to block Connor.

Connor swallowed hard. Being skilled at deception, he portrayed himself as a victim and pleaded to the camera. “I didn’t kill him. Aunt, please help me. I’ve already issued a letter forgiving Keira. What more do they want from me?”

The journalists were immediately misguided.

They gathered around Connor.

“Right now, we’re questioning your judicial fairness. Without sufficient evidence, you can’t take him away!”

“From the sound of it, wasn’t the letter of forgiveness given involuntarily? There must be some conspiracy!”

“Until this point, we’ve been stationed outside the wealthy H family’s mansion, yet we’ve seen no sign of any arrests. Instead, you’re arresting the victim. Are some people really above the law? Is your plan to arrest the victim’s family, so there’s no one left to protest?”

These uncertain voices came out of the phone.

Jake continued his questioning. “Uncle, did you pressure the police station or are you slandering Connor Hill? Do you hear that? The public isn’t blind. You

can't protect her with these underhanded tactics! With so many people watching, will you really disregard the Horton family's reputation for this woman?"

As he questioned, one of the officers took out a phone and played a recording.

The recording captured a conversation between Isla and Connor.

"Isla, don't worry. I killed my dad! He won't bother you anymore!"

"How could you kill someone? You'll go to jail for that!"

"No, I've framed Keira for it. Isla, I've taken care of both annoying people for you. I did it all for you. Remember that, I love you..."

Upon hearing these words, Connor shot a disbelieving look at the officers.

At the Horton residence, Isla swayed slightly, almost losing her balance.

She stared wide-eyed and in disbelief at the video on her phone...

How could this be... That was impossible!

How did this recording end up in the hands of the police?!

If Connor was arrested because of this recording, would he think she was behind it?

But then...

She swallowed nervously, hastily taking out her phone to call Connor.

Just when she was about to dial, Connor's voice came from the phone.. "It was Isla! She's behind it! That damn woman! I want to see Keira Olsen, I need to speak to her!!"

Chapter 105: Give Up

No one paid attention to Connor's desperate roar at that moment.

When the police played the recording, they had already convinced the reporters.

The police continued. "Of course, this recording alone cannot prove that he's the murderer. We also found his discarded phone, and after restoring its settings, we uncovered several recordings of the victim from that day that matched what Miss Olsen had said earlier. This is enough to prove that he had killed the victim before Miss Olsen arrived and tried to frame her. We have sufficient evidence to make an arrest, and here is the warrant!"

After the police showed the warrant, the reporters in front of them immediately dispersed.

The police swiftly apprehended Connor and left quickly.

The live broadcast ended there.

The Horton family.

The sudden turn of events caught everyone off guard.

Lewis looked at Jake with a grave expression. "Miss Olsen isn't the murderer, and I hope I won't hear that word from you again!"

Jake fell silent.

Just then, the butler suddenly entered the room. "Sir, there are police officers outside. They want Miss Olsen to go to the police station and assist with the investigation."

Upon hearing this, Jake found his courage again. "Uncle, even if she isn't the murderer, she's still connected to this case! It's unlucky for someone to keep going to the police station. It's not suitable for her to stay in the Horton residence."

But as soon as he finished speaking, the butler coughed and said sheepishly, "They're looking for... Miss Isla Olsen."

Jake Horton was shocked.

He looked at Isla, baffled, and asked, "What does this case have to do with you? Why do they want you there?!"

Isla's face turned pale; she was disoriented and stumbled, staring blankly at Jake. "Jake, I, I..."

Her mind was full of Connor, and she couldn't bring herself to comfort Jake immediately.

Keira, observing the scene, said with a smile, "Don't be nervous. The police want to see Isla probably for the case investigation. In that recording just now, the person talking to Connor on the phone was Isla, right? Isla, after Connor committed the murder, why did he call you?"

Isla swallowed nervously, clenched her fists, and upon seeing Jake's confused gaze, she rushed to explain, "I... I don't know. I felt sorry for him before and gave him some money, and he just clung to me..."

Keira looked down. "So, you're saying that you gave the recording to the police. After all, only you would have a recording of your conversation, right?"

Isla wanted to deny it, but Keira took a step closer, looking straight into her eyes, "After all, if it wasn't you, why would you cover for him?"

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Isla realized she had been backed into a corner.

After all, she couldn't provide a better explanation!

She clenched her fists and could only nod, "...Yes, it was me."

"No wonder the police came to ask for your cooperation in the investigation. When you get to the station, you'll certainly tell the police the truth, won't you?"

Isla was speechless

She took a deep breath and turned around sheepishly, preparing to follow the butler out when Keira suddenly looked at Jake, "Aren't you going with her?"

Jake was taken aback.

Keira raised an eyebrow, "She's your fiancée. Don't you care about her? After all, the police station is an ominous place."

Provoked by her words, Jake immediately went to Isla Olsen's side. "I'll go with you."

Isla was shocked.

She didn't need him there!

But Jake Horton didn't give her the chance to refuse and followed her out the door.

Inside the police station.

In the interrogation room, a police officer asked, "Please tell us, what exactly is your relationship with Connor?"

Isla explained, "I have no relationship with him. Back in junior high, I saw him being ostracized by classmates and felt pity for him, so I helped him with a few lessons, but then he clung to me, calling me frequently over the years..."

The police officer asked, "After he committed murder, he called you first. Why didn't you encourage him to turn himself in?"

With Jake standing right beside her, Isla dared not speak carelessly and continued to distance herself from the incident. "I never imagined he would go so far as to kill his own father. I was truly shocked. It's the first time in my life I've heard of someone committing murder and then trying to frame someone else... I've been blaming myself this whole time. I urged him to turn himself in, but he wouldn't listen and even threatened to kill me if I spoke out. Comrade officer, can you please not inform him of our conversation today? I'm afraid he'll retaliate against me after he's released."

"Of course, we'll protect the witness."

The police officer then said, "So the anonymous recording we received was actually sent by you, right?"

Isla paused for a moment, then admitted with reluctance. "Yes, I wanted to do something to help solve the case..."

"After receiving the recording you sent, we were able to identify the killer and promptly find his discarded cell phone. Otherwise, a few more days and a little

rain would have ruined the phone and all the incriminating audio files inside it, making us lose the most effective evidence...”

The police officer interviewing Isla stood up. “On behalf of the police station, I thank you for providing the evidence!”

Isla waved her hand. “It’s nothing. It’s what any citizen should do...”

The police officer pointed toward the door. “Good, thank you for your cooperation. I’ll escort you out.”

Isla and Jake walked out together, and on the way, she asked, “Sir, you won’t tell Connor about our conversation, will you? He’s very gloomy, and his gaze is really intimidating, so I hope you can take protective measures. I don’t want him to find out.”

The police officer nodded. “I assure you. He won’t be told.”

Isla left the police station looking uneasy.

After walking out of the police station, she looked back again.

It was already dark outside. The entrance was brightly lit, and the inside was just as bright with many officers moving about, taking notes and working diligently.

She wondered in which interrogation room Connor could be...

However, Isla tightened her jaw, took a deep breath, and a hint of scorn flashed through her eyes.

That was for the best. Sending Connor Hill away would mean he could no longer pester her!

“What are you thinking about? Get in the car!”

The sound of Jake’s voice brought Isla back to her senses.

She lowered her head. “Jake, I’m a bit scared of being retaliated against...”

“Don’t worry. I’m here.”

Jake protected her and led her to the car.

They didn't see that on the third floor of the police station, in a room with the lights off, Connor stood at the window, gazing down with a sinister look. "Snap!"

The light was turned on in the room.

Keira, Lewis, and Holly were sitting in the room watching him.

Keira tapped the table.. "You heard the interrogation just now, right? You also saw what's happening downstairs, so, do you have something you want to say to me?"

Chapter 106: Parentage

Connor's gaze was dark as he looked downstairs.

At this moment, he probably knew that everything was settled, and there were no more reasons to resist or deny it, so he appeared much calmer than he did during the live broadcast.

He was handcuffed, standing there.

He turned around and then obediently sat at the interrogation table, his face showing a mix of anger and struggle.

His eyes were bloodshot as he glared at Holly, "What you did is against the rules!"

Holly lowered the gaze. "We were in debt to Miss Olsen and Mr. Horton. They didn't hold us accountable, so helping her with this small favor is nothing. Even if the department punishes me, at most I'll get a demerit. I'm not afraid." Connor angrily slapped the table. "You can't do this to me; it's too cruel!" "Cruel?" Keira stepped forward, closing in on him. "Is it more cruel than you murdering your own father with your own hands? Connor Hill, stop playing the innocent here. You've seen Isla's true color; you don't need to keep her secret anymore."

But Connor clutched at his head. "I don't believe it! She couldn't possibly have set me up! How could she! There's no benefit to her in doing this! You people must be playing tricks!"

Keira slowly said, “No benefit? Who says so?”

She stood up straight and looked toward Lewis. “Mr. Horton, these past few days, Isla has been trying to reconcile with Jake, but it seems he hasn’t agreed to meet her, has he?”

Lewis went along. “The Horton family wouldn’t welcome a woman who steals others’ credit.”

Keira smiled. “What about now? After her successful report, the police station will award her a commendation for bravery.”

After finishing her statement, Keira winked at Lewis.

She stood gracefully, her cunning and seductive eyes giving others a sense of profound affection. Her gesture at that moment was more enchanting than any other people, which was quite tempting.

Lewis swallowed, and his eyes darkened slightly.

He withdrew his gaze and played along. “The Horton family needs this kind of positive image. Didn’t you see? Jake’s attitude toward her has softened.” Keira raised an eyebrow, expressing her thanks to him.

She then looked at Connor. “Hear that? She did all this to get that award, and then to knock on Horton family’s door.”

Connor’s eyes were about to split with fury. “Shut up!”

Keira slowly closed in. “So, you’re really okay with her stepping on you to climb up? You’d spend the rest of your life in prison, while she could marry into the Horton family and become the young madam...”

“I said, shut up!”

Connor suddenly stood up. Even wearing handcuffs, he lunged at Keira Olsen! “Watch out!” DissCover *updated novels on n(o)v(e)lbin(.)com*

“Be careful!”

Holly and Lewis didn’t expect his sudden rage, and they immediately cried out in warning, but in the next moment, they saw Keira raise her hand and seize Connor’s wrist, pressing it hard onto the table!

“Bang!”

The handcuffs and table collided, making a loud noise.

Connor tried to struggle again, but Keira casually pinned him down, and he couldn't move an inch.

He bared his teeth in a smile. “Keira, you think by doing this, I'll tell you that secret? Give it up! I won't say anything!”

Keira paused slightly.

Holly had already stepped forward, quickly binding the handcuffs to the interrogation table's chair, preventing him from lashing out again.

Keira released her hold on him, her brow furrowed in inquiry. “You asked me to come here, saying you had something to say.”

“I don't anymore.”

Connor looked at her and Holly. “I confess, but as the victim's son, I have the right to write a letter of mercy for myself, right? That bastard drove me to a desperate situation. That's why I did it! I shouldn't be sentenced to death right?”

Keira frowned.

Something seemed off about Connor.

She gave Holly a meaningful glance, and the two of them stepped out of the interrogation room.

Keira asked first, “Will you really be disciplined because of this?”

No, Holly said, her pretty face still tense, as she explained. “You didn't hold us accountable, and you presented the evidence. Captain Lincoln and the others feel guilty about it. They'd be more than willing to help with this small favor. Besides, we have never failed to protect the privacy of those who report crimes. Isla isn't the person who provided the evidence, anyway.”

Keira then breathed a sigh of relief.

It was good that Holly hadn't really been implicated.

She frowned. "Doesn't Connor's attitude seem a bit off?"

Upon hearing this, Holly said, "That's exactly what I was about to tell you. I just asked the colleagues who arrested him, and they said that at the time of his arrest, he was screaming about wanting to see you. But then suddenly, he calmed down and stopped shouting as if he had resigned himself to his fate." Keira frowned and suddenly asked, "Can I see his phone?"

"Sure."

When Connor was arrested, all his personal belongings were confiscated.

The colleague who fetched Connor's phone had also been involved in the arrest, and he explained, "It was after looking at his phone that Connor suddenly calmed down."

Scratching his head, he added. "After we arrested him and asked him to hand over his phone, there was a message he saw. He tried to delete it, but we stopped him."

Keira turned on his phone, and quickly checked his call history and messages, but found nothing. Then she opened WhatsApp.

His WhatsApp was blowing up. Classmates and relatives were bombarding him with inquiries in group chats.

Keira ignored them all and scrolled down.

She came across the last message he had opened, which was sent by Isla.

As Keira opened it, her pupils shrank slightly at the sight of the picture.

She whirled around and strode back into the interrogation room, positioning herself directly in front of Connor. "Are you not telling me because Isla is pregnant? Is it your child?"

The last message Isla sent to Connor was a pregnancy test result!

The date of conception was clearly written on it.

Connor laughed. "What are you talking about? I don't understand. Isla's child is, of course, Mr. Horton's, since she's about to marry him and become his wife..." According to the date, it was his child!

Although Connor despised Isla so much he wished she would die with him, it was different now that Isla was carrying his child!

All his life, he could only live in his father's shadow, looked down upon by others... Since childhood, he swore never to let his own child live this life!

Now, his child was about to become a Horton, destined for glory and riches from birth. So even if Isla betrayed him, what did it matter? As long as she could give birth to his child...

Keira observed Connor's expression, knowing he wouldn't speak anymore.

But she wasn't disappointed. Instead, she suddenly leaned forward, her whole demeanor becoming confrontational. "Connor, let me tell you a secret."
"What?"

"Actually, we've been monitoring your phone. Every conversation you had with Isla, I heard it all."

Connor froze.

But Keira smirked. "Did you think that if you didn't tell me the secret, I wouldn't be able to guess it? You said Isla stole my life, so, this secret is obviously related to my own identity!"

Connor's pupils contracted sharply!

Keira knew then that she had guessed correctly!

She and Isla Olsen were both Taylor's daughters, and the only possible issue concerning their identity was....

Chapter 107: Confirm

Translator: Henyee Translations | Editor: Henyee Translations

Keira's eyes flashed with a bright light, and she felt as if her life had suddenly burst into splendid color.

Could it be as she had guessed?

Mrs. Olsen was her mother...

Only this reason could explain why Isla had been blackmailed by Finley for so many years, and also why Connor would say that Isla had stolen Keira's life.

Keira felt a seed of hope deep within her suddenly take root and sprout rapidly. "If you say it is, then it is."

However, Connor spoke up, his eyes showing a hint of relaxation.

His sudden change of demeanor made Keira frown, unable to grasp his intentions for a moment.

Connor was like a rat in the dark. After killing Finley, he put on an act of unjust fear, deceiving both Captain Lincoln and Holly.

At this moment, his demeanor made Keira uncertain of the truth.

But she wasn't in a hurry. "Connor, I'll find out after a DNA test. What use is there in hiding it so well?"

Keira stood up straight, narrowing her eyes. "You always said that your dad treated you badly and that you're burdened by so much debt, which is why you killed him, but you've always known, haven't you? Isla was forced by your dad to tutor you. Your dad had so much gambling debt, yet you always had money for school fees and living expenses, even if it was meager. Even in the end, your dad told you that secret, also wanting you to continue blackmailing Isla..."

So, it's not that you had no choice. You've always been a bad person..."

Upon hearing this, Connor suddenly looked up, his gaze frighteningly fixed on her.

But Keira had already turned and left the interrogation room. She nodded to Holly, who then had people take Connor to the detention center.

Keira asked, "What sentence will he receive?"

Holly said, "Death sentence with a suspension, usually. When the execution is suspended, he won't be executed. He'll most likely face life imprisonment in the end."

"As long as he doesn't die."

Keira said, "If I guessed wrong, that secret still has to be squeezed out of him in the end."

Unable to help herself, Holly asked, "Isn't he completely devoted to Isla? Will he still talk?"

Keira glanced at her. "You really don't know Isla very well."

Holly paused, then turned her head away. "Back in middle school, I only knew you, and she was only your sister..."

Speaking of the past, Keira couldn't help but probe, "Back then..."

Holly stiffened slightly.

Keira knew she cared a lot about the events of that year, so she said softly with downcast eyes, "Back then, I didn't mean to deceive you."

Holly's eyes immediately reddened. "Then why didn't you properly take the middle school examination? We had an agreement to get into the best high schools together and to study hard together. I know how excellent your grades were!"

Keira gave a wry smile. "Can't you just think of it as a performance slip?" "No!" Holly Sims said earnestly, "You had already self-studied the high school curriculum in middle school. You could have done well even with one eye closed. How could you not do well in your exam?"

Keira sighed silently.

Although she moved out from the Olsen family during middle school, she and Isla were still at the same school.

Back then, during the middle school exams, she had agreed with Holly to get into the best high school.

But the night before the exam, Poppy came to her, demanding that she not take the exam. If she dared to tangle with Isla and attend the same high school, Poppy wouldn't let her off the hook.

Keira feared that telling Holly in advance might affect her performance.

She just made sure she got a score that was low enough.

After the results came out, she tried to explain, but Holly just wouldn't listen to her.

Later on, Keira was busy working part-time jobs to earn money for living expenses and tuition and gradually lost contact with Holly.

But Holly was the first female friend in Keira's life, and Keira always thought of her.

She lowered her head and explained, "You saw it for yourself. Poppy is my mother, and she practically wishes me dead. She wouldn't let me and Isla attend the same high school."

Holly immediately said, "Then you could have told me, and we could have attended an ordinary high school together."

"Holly Sims," Keira Olsen suddenly called out her name gravely, then slowly lifted her head. "You were born a specially privileged woman, but my life was in shambles to its very core. I couldn't bear the weight of your dreams and brilliant life."

Holly was stunned.

During the university entrance exams, she had seen too many young couples, who, despite scoring high, would choose a mediocre university for the sake of love.

Back then, it felt romantic.

But only after leaving school did she realize how naive that had been.

She suddenly understood Keira, and her eyes became teary. "I understand now."

Keira patted her shoulder and continued to head out.

Holly suddenly asked in a muffled voice, "How about your wedding banquet with Mr. Horton? Was it a lot of fun?"

Keira paused.

Holly continued. "We'd agreed that when either of us got married, we would be each other's bridesmaid. You thought I had blacklisted all your contact information, huh? That's why you didn't call me..."

Keira felt a warmth in her eyes. "We haven't even had a wedding ceremony yet." "What?" Holly lifted her head, her eyes suddenly lighting up. "That's good." After saying so, she felt embarrassed, so she looked upward. "Um, I don't mean you have to have me as your bridesmaid. I'm saying, when you got married, at least you could send me an invitation..."

"But I do want you to be my bridesmaid," Keira said jokingly. "So, Miss Holly Sims, can you unblock me? Otherwise, how am I supposed to send an invitation?"

Holly immediately muttered, "I've already done that..."

She sulked all summer but already unblocked Keira's number in their freshman year of high school.

But Keira had never reached out to her.

Keira didn't catch what she said. "What?"

Holly looked up, saying pretentiously, "I said, I would let you off. But if you want me to be your bridesmaid, you have to prepare a big bonus."

"Okay." Find updated novels on [novelbin\(.\)co/m](http://novelbin(.)co/m)

Keira smiled, teasing Holly. "Then you'd better not dress too beautifully that day. Don't steal my thunder."

Holly Sims instantly blushed. "What are you talking about? I'm busy. I've got to go."

After she ran off, Keira Olsen finally stood up straight.

Turning around, she caught sight of Lewis standing there, quietly watching her.

Keira thought about what she had just said to Holly about the wedding and instantly felt uneasy. She hurriedly explained, "Mr. Horton, don't misunderstand. I didn't mean I don't want a divorce..."

Lewis's eyes were brooding, and he lowered his gaze. "I know."

The two left the police station and got into the car. Lewis asked, "Are we going to the Olsen family?"

"Yes."

Keira couldn't wait any longer. She needed to get a DNA test with Mrs. Olsen!

Chapter 108: Go!

The Bentley sped along the road.

Keira, who usually drove carefully due to her anemia, still felt it was too slow.

She had never looked forward to anything as much as she did today in her entire life.

If she was indeed Mrs. Olsen's daughter...

The mere thought of the possibility put a smile in her eyes.

The car quickly arrived at the Olsen residence. Keira hopped out and waved to Lewis. "Mr. Horton, wait for me here."

After saying that, she turned to enter the house.

But just at that moment, the front door of the Olsen house suddenly opened, and Taylor and Mrs. Olsen hurried out.

Taylor's arm was covered in blood, and his face was extremely pale.

Mrs. Olsen, supporting his uninjured arm, looked frantic. "Taylor, how are you feeling? Are you dizzy? We're going to the hospital right now..."

The Olsen family's driver had taken the day off and wasn't there.

Aunt South couldn't drive.

Taylor's arms were trembling so much that he couldn't possibly drive.

As Mrs. Olsen grew anxious, she saw Keira and Lewis, and her eyes lit up. "Keira, hurry, take your father and me to the hospital!"

In this life-threatening situation, Keira didn't think about anything else and immediately ushered the two into the car.

They arrived at the hospital very quickly.

Taylor must have lost a lot of blood and was now somewhat weak.

Mrs. Olsen alone couldn't support him.

Seeing this, Keira, without any hint of distaste, helped Taylor onto the emergency room stretcher.

A nurse immediately rushed over, and upon seeing the situation, exclaimed in surprise. "The patient needs a transfusion! Do you know your blood type?"

"I do," Taylor answered weakly. "It's type AB."

The nurse immediately sprang into action, shouting, "AB blood, quickly, bring it from the blood bank! The patient has lost so much blood that he needs immediate replenishment!"

Taylor was helped onto the emergency bed, and the nurses pushed it toward the operating room at a run.

Mrs. Olsen followed close by the gurney, clasping Taylor's hands, urging desperately, "Taylor, you mustn't fall asleep. Don't sleep..." Find updated novels on [novelbin\(.\)co/m](http://novelbin(.)co/m)

The two soon disappeared down the corridor.

Keira stood dazedly at the entrance of the hospital, watching the direction they had gone, her pretty face turning pale.

All the joy and anticipation she had just moments ago vanished in an instant.

She widened her eyes, looking in the direction Taylor had gone in disbelief. It was as if she had been plunged into an icy river amidst a snowy landscape. A chill suddenly infiltrated her heart.

She stood there, dazed.

Lewis, who had entered with her, noticed her distress and immediately asked, "Miss Olsen? What's wrong?"

Keira stared ahead. "Did you hear that?"

"What?"

"His blood type is AB."

Lewis paused, taken aback.

"But I am O-type blood."

A smile tried to form on Keira's face, but it looked worse than tears.

Lewis clenched his jaw tightly.

It was then that Poppy, having received the news, burst in. "Taylor, oh Taylor, how are you? Where are you? Don't scare me!"

Seeing Keira, she immediately rushed over and grabbed her arm. "Where's your dad? Which ward is he in? Is he alright?"

Keira looked straight at her, suddenly letting out a low laugh. "Are you sure Mr. Olsen is my dad?"

These words instantly filled Poppy's eyes with panic. "What nonsense are you talking about? Of course, he's your dad!"

Keira scoffed, her voice filled with helplessness. "Are you sure, a father with AB blood type can have an O-type blood daughter?"

These words turned Poppy's face pale!

Almost reflexively, she covered Keira's mouth forcefully then pulled her outside the hospital.

Dazed, Keira followed her to a deserted area outside, where Poppy finally let go, her expression panicked. She lowered her voice to a furious whisper. "Shut up! If you're not Taylor's daughter, how can I continue to stay with the Olsen family?!"

Keira's eyes hardened. "So, he really isn't my father. Then who is my father?"

Poppy's eyes flickered. She was clearly guilty and flustered. "How should I know? I was seeing several men at that time..."

She continued, her expression gradually becoming resolute. "That's right. I was just using you to get into the Olsen family. How else could a family like ours be connected to the Olsen family? That's why I always told you to keep your distance from your dad when you were growing up. I was afraid of being discovered! I told you to cater to Isla's every whim for the same reason. The Olsen family doesn't owe you anything; it is you who owe the Olsen family!"

Keira Olsen clenched her fists: "When I was four years old, you deliberately sent me to traffickers, was it for this reason too?"

"Right, if you disappeared, I wouldn't have to worry about being discovered!"

After declaring this brazenly, Poppy Hill waved her hand impatiently: "Don't look like someone whose dad's dead. Since you and Taylor weren't even close, what does it matter if he's your biological father? Now that you've left the Olsen family, you're no longer related to them! I warn you, don't spout any nonsense in front of the Olsens and ruin my opportunity!"

With those words, Poppy rushed back toward Taylor's hospital ward.

Keira stood still, stunned.

She seemed to have completely forgotten her original purpose of visiting the Olsen residence.

Seeing this, Lewis suddenly took her wrist and led her toward the ward. "Weren't you going to do a DNA test with Mrs. Olsen? Come on.."

Chapter 109: Look Alike

Translator: Henyee Translations | Editor: Henyee Translations

Keira, however, remained standing in place, motionless.

She clenched her fists tightly, the moonlight casting upon her cool countenance, making her voice seem as if it were coated in a layer of ice. "Don't bother."

Lewis pondered for a moment before speaking. "Actually, even if he's not your father, Mrs. Olsen could still possibly be your..."

“Don’t say it.” Keira Olsen interrupted him.

The moment he uttered “mother”, it would tarnish Mrs. Olsen’s character!

She lowered her eyes and spoke slowly, “Although Taylor was mean to me, he has always loved Mrs. Olsen, and that has never changed. With such a husband, how could Mrs. Olsen possibly have an affair? Let’s not insult her.

Lewis’s jaw tensed as he tried to argue, but he remained silent.

Keira Olsen’s lips curled into a self-deprecating smile. “I always thought that the status of an illegitimate daughter was already quite sordid, but I never imagined it could get even worse...”

Lewis wanted to say something to comfort her, but Keira gestured with her hand. “I need a moment alone.”

“Alright.”

Lewis said quietly, taking a step back silently to give her ample space.

Poppy approached the hospital room nervously, and from outside the door, she heard the conversation between Mrs. Olsen and Taylor, which mentioned

Keira.

Mrs. Olsen said, “After all, you and Keira are father and daughter. She was very nervous about you just now. You should be nicer to her in the future.” Taylor, who had stopped bleeding and whose vital signs were stable, sighed. “You should be nicer to Isla...” DissCover [updated novels on n\(o\)v\(e\)lbin\(.\)com](http://updatednovels.com)

Mrs. Olsen suddenly lowered her voice, “Taylor, don’t be like this. You know very well that I was pregnant before marrying you, and I haven’t been able to give you a child after that. Keira is your real daughter...”

■ ■ “Don’t talk like that,” Taylor said with a smile. “When we got married, I already said that your daughter would be my daughter. Shirley, over these years, I’ve kept my word.”

Mrs. Olsen’s eyes welled up with grateful tears. “You’ve kept your word, but it’s so unfair to Keira, and it’s too unfair to you...”

“The fact that you could give up the prosperity of Clance and live with me in simplicity in Oceanion, I’m already very content. What’s unfair about that? Let’s not talk about this anymore.”

Taylor smiled. “Besides, you’ve been so good to Keira over the years. Wasn’t that also out of a sense of redress? Shirley, she’s the result of Poppy’s scheming against me. I’ve never considered her as my daughter; you really don’t need to do this.”

Mrs. Olsen looked stunned.

At first, she might have indeed been kind to Keira with that thought in mind, but as they gradually got to know each other, she genuinely grew fond of Keira...

Poppy stood outside the door, her face flushing red with anger.

She indeed had seduced Taylor by drugging him back then, and after getting pregnant, she even went through with amniocentesis to confirm the child was Taylor’s, but even after that, Taylor still wouldn’t accept her.

It was Mrs. Olsen who later brought her into the Olsen family.

Mrs. Olsen might seem virtuous, but in truth, her acceptance of her and the child was due to her guilt toward Taylor!

All the benefits and the reputation for virtue had been taken by her!

Fortunately...

The thought of how she had just berated Keira, coupled with the sight of Keira’s disbelief, rose a twisted sense of elation within Poppy.

She wouldn’t let Keira off the hook. She intended to make Keira live a lifetime in the pain and struggle of her identity!

Nor would she let Mrs. Olsen go. She intended to ensure that Mrs. Olsen and Keira, the mother and daughter, could never know their real relationship! A hint of madness crept onto Poppy’s face, twisting into a crazed smile.

Keira didn’t know how long she had stood there.

She was right at the edge of the hospital entrance steps, which was a place untouched by the light. She watched those people coming and going through the hospital entrance.

They were either joyful or sorrowful, their expressions so vivid and bright.

Her mood, however, was as dull as ashes.

She didn't know how long had passed when suddenly a warmth landed on her shoulder.

Keira turned her head and realized that Lewis had draped his jacket over her, the warmth shielding her from the cruelty of this world.

“Actually...”

Lewis hesitated for a long time before he finally spoke but only managed to utter a single word. He didn't know how to comfort her.

While he was still struggling, Keira said, “I'm fine, don't worry.”

Lewis was startled and then saw Keira slowly lift her head. She walked from the darkness toward the light, the defeatist aura around her slowly dissipating.

Appreciation flashed in Lewis's eyes.

He had initially been attracted to Keira because of her resilience.

It seemed that no matter what, if she was knocked down, she could immediately stand up again.

She wasn't a fragile and powerless flower. Inside her slender body seemed to be a wealth of energy, making her overly seductive exterior seem unapproachable and dazzling.

Lewis's lips curved with an almost imperceptible smile, and he found a topic to discuss. “Miss Olsen, what do you think is the secret that Finley Hill and Connor Hill keep talking about?”

“I'm not in a hurry.” Keira cocked her head, looking wild and laughing unrestrainedly. “Connor Hill will tell me in the end.”

Lewis played along with her. "Really? I would love to hear more." "You don't know Isla," Keira Olsen said slowly. "After this is over, she won't allow something dangerous to affect her future."

Lewis was taken aback, "What do you mean?"

"Just wait and see."

Keira teased him. "In at most half a month, Isla will destroy herself."

Lewis nodded, "I'll await the good news."

Neither of them spoke again, just quietly looking at each other.

Tonight was probably the first time Keira didn't feel lonely in the dead of night as if on the road of life, she didn't always have to walk forward alone...

Not far away.

Mr. and Mrs. Allen took a walk in the hospital after Rebecca had gone to sleep. Coincidentally, they arrived at the emergency room entrance.

just when they were about to walk straight past it, Mrs. Allen suddenly turned her head, looking at Keira in surprise. "Wait."

Mr. Allen was startled and followed her gaze.

The night was a bit dark, and Keira stood under a streetlamp, its dim light spilling across the silhouette of her face, softening her sharp features significantly.

Especially at that moment when she looked at Lewis, her eyes were tender and resolute.

Her neck was slender, and her demeanor was independent, carrying a distinctive charm about her.

The sight froze Mr. Allen on the spot.

The image of meeting Lady South more than twenty years ago suddenly flashed in his mind; it was such an evening, with Lady South appearing aloof from the world.

The woman in her forties stood sideways to him, gazing at the sky.

The two silhouettes began to overlap... It seemed like Lady South's face in his memory became clearer!

Mr. Allen was instantly excited. He hurriedly took a few steps toward Keira and subconsciously called out, "Lady South!"

Keira, hearing that name, paused slightly..

Chapter 110: The Truth About Getting the Certificate

Keira turned her head and saw Mr. Allen, looking somewhat disconcerted. She frowned and hesitated before asking, "Uncle Allen, what did you just call me?" Mr. Allen snapped back to reality.

He looked at Keira in confusion, sizing her up uncertainly, "Lady..."

Someone tugged on his sleeve.

Mrs. Allen walked up to him, cutting off his words. "It's nothing, your Uncle Allen's eyes are playing tricks on him. Keira, what are you doing here?" Keira Olsen replied, "Mr. Olsen was hospitalized, so I just brought him over." She looked up at the floors above, then lowered her eyes. "But now I need to go now."? &

"Okay," Mrs. Allen said with a smile. "It's getting dark; you should head home and get some rest."

Keira asked, "When will you return to Clance?"

Mrs. Allen smiled and said, "There's no rush. Although the rehabilitation medical care here in Oceanion isn't as good as in Clance, it's sufficient for Rebecca. She was worried about you and didn't want to leave. Now even though you're fine, we can't abruptly change the rehabilitation training plan she has started, so we're not leaving yet."

Keira nodded, "Then I'll come visit Rebecca when I have some free time."

"Sure."

After Keira and Lewis left, Mrs. Allen glared at Mr. Allen. “What nonsense were you spouting?”

Mr. Allen said with a sense of grievance, “How could I not say it?”

Mrs. Allen sighed. “I’ve looked into the Olsen family’s situation. It’s clear now. Keira’s status is awkward, and she does resemble Mrs. Olsen at first glance. But if you look closely, it’s only a similarity of temperament. Lady South is Mrs. Olsen’s mother, and Keira should also have a similar temperament to her. You don’t have any proof, and if you blurt it out and it turns out to be a mix-up, what will you do then?”

Mr. Allen rubbed his nose. “But we can’t just keep silent, can we?”

Mrs. Allen responded irritably, “It’s not that I don’t want you to speak up. Isn’t the photo being restored? Once it’s restored, you can take it to Keira. Isn’t that more convincing?”

Mr. Allen pouted. “After all, you just don’t believe me.”

Mrs. Allen sighed. “Every family cherishes their children the most. When a child is born, there are nurses, nannies, and doctors watching. Even if Mrs. Olsen came to Oceanion alone without anyone else, given her background and family status, at the very least, the child’s father would be at the hospital bed. Do you realize how difficult it is to switch babies? This idea is too far-fetched and in the end, it could very well just turn out to be a false alarm.”

Mr. Allen pouted and conceded. “All right, all right, you’re always right. Just wait for the photo.”

Unable to help himself, he took out his phone and tagged Frankie in the group Chat. “How long will the photo restoration take? Can you speed up the process?” Frankie’s reply came quickly. “The damage to your photo is quite severe. The restorer said that it would take at least five days to fix it.”

Mr. Allen found himself impatient for the first time, “Five days it is then!”

Keira and Lewis returned to the Horton family manor.

The car stopped directly in old Mrs. Horton’s courtyard.

Once they got out of the vehicle and entered the living room, they saw old Mrs. Horton hadn't gone to bed yet. She was dozing off on the sofa, nodding her head.

Fiona was by her side, smiling wryly. Seeing the two of them, she finally relaxed. "Old Mrs. Horton, Mr. Horton and Miss Olsen have returned! Now you can rest easy, right? Please go back to your room to sleep!"

Old Mrs. Horton suddenly woke up. She rose to her feet and walked towards them.

Lewis stepped forward to support her. "Grandma, take it easy..."

But old Mrs. Horton walked right past him and approached Keira, grabbing her wrist. "Granddaughter-in-law, you finally returned!"

Lewis was speechless. DissCover *updated novels on n(o)v/e/lbin(.)com*

Fiona couldn't help but laugh. "Miss Olsen, old Mrs. Horton has been mentioning you a hundred times tonight. To those who don't know, they'd think you were her granddaughter! Even with Mr. Horton here, you're the one she fancies more!"

Old Mrs. Horton immediately said, "Why would I prefer that brat when I can have my lovely granddaughter-in-law?"

Lewis tugged at the corner of his mouth. "Grandma, now that you have a granddaughter-in-law, you've forgotten your grandson!"

At these words, old Mrs. Horton's eyes brightened. "So, you admit she's your

Lewis suddenly felt a bit embarrassed.

Old Mrs. Horton didn't care about his feelings and turned to Keira.

"Granddaughter-in-law, this brat has taken a liking to you, and what about you? Do you like this brat?"

Lewis touched his nose and glanced subconsciously at Keira.

Keira noticed that intense gaze and blushed. She cleared her throat. "Grandma it's getting late. I'll light the calming Incense for you, and then you should go to bed."??? "

Old Mrs. Horton didn't want to embarrass her granddaughter-in-law despite Lewis's feelings, so she nodded. "Alright."

Keira helped old Mrs. Horton into her bedroom.

Suddenly, the only one left in the living room was Lewis.

His eyes darkened as he watched the two leave. Thinking about how Keira hadn't answered Grandma's question just now, he suddenly felt a bit disappointed.

At that moment, Fiona spoke up. "Sir, are you staying here tonight? Or will you go back to sleep at the main house?"

The Horton family manor was too big. Old Mrs. Horton needed peace for her recuperation, so a small courtyard within the manor was chosen to construct a three-story villa specially for her.

Usually, old Mrs. Horton and the family doctor, along with a nanny, lived there; it was quiet and undisturbed.

Ever since Lewis returned to the country and took over the Horton Group to strengthen his position as head of the household, he had been living in the main bedroom of the adjacent main house.

Hearing the sudden question, Lewis coughed. "Grandma's condition is unstable, and I'm not at ease. I'll stay here so I can keep an eye on her at night." Fiona smiled, lowering her head, and didn't expose his little ruse. "Okay." Lewis had a bedroom here.

He walked to the door and suddenly paused.

Fiona instantly understood. "Miss Olsen's room is next to yours."

Lewis looked down. "Fiona, you're quite talkative tonight."

Fiona kept smiling.

After Keira sent old Mrs. Horton to bed, she followed Fiona to the room she would temporarily stay in.

Nothing happened that night.

When Keira woke up the next day, old Mrs. Horton still hadn't gotten up.

Keira tiptoed into her room to check on her.

As she approached, old Mrs. Horton opened her eyes.

Seeing Keira, she immediately smiled with a hint of surprise.

"Granddaughter-in-law, you've come back!"

Keira was taken aback, "Come back?"

"Yes!" Old Mrs. Horton held her hand. "After you and the brat got married, you disappeared. I've been looking for you for a month, and now you've finally comeback!"?????? 1

Keira suddenly realized old Mrs. Horton was having an episode again.

Her memory had reverted to the month after she and Lewis got their marriage certificate!

Keira's eyes darkened slightly, and she suddenly asked, "Grandma, do you remember how I and Lewis got our marriage certificate?"

She hadn't expected to get much of a response, but to her surprise, old Mrs..

Horton replied, "Of course I remember!"