

My Accidental Husband is a Billionaire !

#Chapter 548 – 550

Read My Accidental Husband is a Billionaire ! Chapter 548

548 Chapter 547

When Uncle Olsen said, "Begin," the members of the Olsen family immediately started running.

Keira kept pace with her brothers, neither falling behind nor leading far ahead, but instead, she looked around.

She noticed that the Olsen family's running competition was limited to Uncle Olsen and the younger generation. Her eldest uncle and second uncle started strolling once Uncle Olsen gave the signal.

Those two were a bit older; therefore, they weren't participating in the running anymore.

However, Uncle Olsen was still very fit. He kept up with the younger generation without falling behind.

He steadily ran alongside them, holding his pace as if steering the young ones.

Keira's eyes darkened slightly.

No wonder the Olsen brothers differed from the young heirs of other families.

With such a family business, brothers in other families would probably fight each other tooth and nail for the right of inheritance.

But the Olsens loved each other; there was never any dispute.

Ellis steadily ran alongside Uncle Olsen. As the two ran ahead, the others followed behind them. Meanwhile, some gradually started to lag.

The little weakling Peter was running slowly, now gasping for air. He wiped the nonexistent sweat from his forehead and looked at Keira. "Little sister, you must be tired. Well...

He suddenly stopped mid-sentence.

Wait... why was he drenched in sweat while his little sister seemed so relaxed?

That made no sense!

Immediately, he furrowed his eyebrows. He didn't dare to complain about being tired anymore. He ran forward with his mouth shut. He couldn't lag behind his little sister—wouldn't that be a laughing matter?

Peter gritted his teeth, not uttering a word about being tired.

He would normally start considering retreat after a single kilometer, but he was persistently running today and had managed three kilometers already...

Gasping for breath and panting heavily, he turned to look at Keira, only to see his little sister not seem tired at all.

Peter glanced at his other brothers.

Uncle Olsen controlled their running speed, which was actually quite fast. Most of the brothers were sweating.

Even James, the fittest of the brothers, showed signs of strain. Only three weren't affected, and one of them was Uncle Olsen...

Undoubtedly, Uncle Olsen was the best of their generation in terms of physical fitness and business acumen. He was a competent fighter, and almost no one from that generation could beat him except for a few Elders in the Freeman Sect.

Another of the three was James...

As a disciple of the Freeman Sect, he went through daily training that was much more intense than this. Running was a trifling matter for him.

And the last one of the three was "Keera"...

How could that be?!

Peter wasn't the only one who was stunned. Other brothers were baffled as well. Clenching their teeth, they looked at "Keera", thinking that no matter what, they couldn't lose face in front of their sister.

Initially, they thought about going easy on "Keera", but now it seemed she didn't need their leniency!

Peter couldn't help but ask, "Aren't you tired?"

Keira replied, "What's there to be tired of?"

Peter was speechless.

They had run four kilometers already! Geez!

He grimaced, realizing he couldn't run anymore, and came to a stop. "I'm done. I can't do it anymore."

He bent over with hands on his knees.

The others didn't pay him much mind; for someone who usually gave up after two kilometers, running four kilometers today was quite impressive.

As Peter bent over, gasping for air with his hands on his knees, he suddenly saw a group of servants approaching from not far away.

Among them was Jenkins.

The young maid seemed to have heard something and looked in their direction.
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Peter didn't know what to do.

Scared, he immediately straightened up and started running. "I've lapped all of you already; why are you running so slowly?"

His brothers were all perplexed.

After Peter boasted, he ran past the group of servants when he heard someone say, "Mr. Peter is so impressive today. He's even taken a lead of one lap."

Peter unconsciously looked at Jenkins, only to see the girl immediately say with a smile, "Mr. Peter said yesterday he was going to run ten kilometers today!"

Peter was shocked.

He felt his whole body tense up.

He really wanted to retort and say, when had he ever said that?

But he couldn't bring himself to say it out loud. All he could do was clench his teeth and keep on running...

Until the group of servants entered the house...

After a five-kilometer run, Keira felt relaxed and slightly sweaty; she planned to head back for a shower.

Her other brothers had all stopped much earlier. Keira then received a call from Scott. "Didn't you say that you'd come over to visit? Can you make it today?"

Keira raised an eyebrow slightly. "Is your cousin there?"

"You mean Vera?" Scott sounded a bit puzzled. "Yes, she's living at my place."

"Alright, no problem," Keira said. "When would be a good time for me to come over?"

"How about joining us for lunch?" Scott suggested. "I told Grandpa that a friend was coming over for lunch."

Keira nodded. "Sure, no problem."

She hung up, ready to head to her room for a shower and inform Lewis, but when she turned around, she saw Peter sprawled on the ground and almost collapsed on the lawn.

The lawn was very clean; he lay there with his hands behind his head and legs raised, humming, "Rusco, slow down. You're walking too fast. Be careful, or my phone won't record the data! They might think I'm cycling!"

Keira was perplexed.

Following Peter's gaze, she saw the family dog slowly strolling around the yard with Peter's phone on its back.

Keira was speechless.

She paused, then approached Peter. "What are you doing?"

Upon seeing her, Peter jumped up immediately.

He looked around guiltily. "Well, how come you haven't gone back for a shower yet?"

Keira said, "I got a phone call, but what's going on here?"

She pointed to Rusco.

Feeling a bit sheepish, Peter coughed and said, "I just, um, wanted to increase my step count in my health data."

Keira was confused

She didn't quite understand why Peter was doing this, but she got the gist of it.

She didn't ask further and simply headed back to her room.

Peter suddenly said, "Wait!"

Keira turned around.

Peter said, "Could you not tell anyone about me having the dog walk with the phone?"

Keira didn't know what to say.

She nodded, somewhat perplexed.

She then returned to her room, took a quick shower, and was ready to go downstairs for breakfast.

It nearly took her an hour since she had washed her hair and needed time to blow dry it. By the time she went downstairs, all her brothers had finished breakfast and gone to work.

Keira was about to head to the dining room but saw Peter coming in from the yard. His face was covered with beads of sweat, which were obviously sprayed on. He was panting slightly with his mouth open, yet his face was not the least bit flushed.

Upon entering, Peter approached Jenkins.

He immediately pulled out his phone and showed it to Jenkins. "See that? I've run twenty thousand steps just this morning!"

Keira couldn't believe it.

Her mouth twitched!

So, Peter was having the dog walk with the phone just to show off his step count to Jenkins?

What a peculiar habit!

She shook her head in amused resignation, leaning over to enjoy the spectacle.

Jenkins was also stunned.

She was cleaning the floor when Peter suddenly ran up to her, asking her to look at his phone. She had to move around Peter to keep cleaning while casually praising him.

"Young Master Peter, you're amazing! You're so fit. If I could get up early to run ten kilometers, I'd be awesome!"

Feeling buoyed by the praise, Peter said, "You could use some running. It's important to keep fit."

Jenkins was tired enough from work and wanted to lie down at any chance.

She couldn't believe Peter just said that.

She was almost ready to roll her eyes at Peter.

But knowing his character and realizing he hadn't meant it that way, Jenkins took a deep breath and replied, "Of course, of course, Young Master Peter. You should certainly exercise more and also be careful when driving so you don't get into another accident!"

Hearing that, Peter froze and looked confusedly at Jenkins. "How did you know I was in a car accident?"

549 Chapter 548

Jenkins glanced at Peter. "Of course I know that!"

At the time of the accident, Peter was knocked out, but it was her who had pulled him out. Without a good deal of strength, how could that have been possible?

She almost rolled her eyes and was about to explain when a voice rang out. "Peter, what are you doing?"

Jenkins turned around and saw Susan.

Peter immediately walked over. "Susan, you're here already!"

Susan nodded. "Yeah, didn't we agree to go try on the wedding dress today?"

After that, she looked toward Jenkins.

Her eyes were filled with hostility as she sized up Jenkins from head to toe. She then scoffed coldly before taking Peter's arm as if to declare her sovereignty.

She saw from afar that Peter was chatting with Jenkins. Peter looked gentle when speaking with the maid, not quite the same as when he was with Susan.

Susan often had to express her needs to Peter before he thought about fulfilling them, but just now, Peter seemed very proactive when talking to Jenkins.

A sense of crisis began to grow in Susan's chest.

She stared at Jenkins and said, "Miss Jenkins, may I ask when you will compensate for my dress?" A maid like Jenkins certainly had no money, which meant she couldn't compensate for Susan's loss. Just by bringing this up, Susan thought Jenkins would surely be forced to back down. The maid would definitely realize the difference between herself and people like Peter.

As Susan was thinking, she heard Jenkins say, "Right. Please wait a moment. I've already bought it." After saying this, Jenkins exchanged a glance with Peter before running toward her room.

Susan looked at Peter in confusion. "She's bought it?"

"Yeah, she bought it last night."

Peter answered with a smile, feeling a bit guilty.

Suddenly, Susan asked, "Which floor did she buy it on? It's not a high imitation, is it?"

"How could that be? She bought it on the second floor!" Peter answered without thinking.

Susan was speechless.

She knew what had happened. Peter was generous, and it was he who had bought the new dress.

No wonder Jenkins, a little maid, said she had bought the dress...

Susan immediately became vigilant. When had Jenkins and Peter gotten so close?!

She frowned but didn't say much, just smiled at Peter.

Soon, Jenkins returned, holding a dress, which she handed Susan. Susan smiled and said, "Actually, I shouldn't have asked you to buy me a new dress. Keep it. Consider it a gift!"

Jenkins was instantly baffled and waved her hands. "No, it's too valuable. I don't want it..."

After that, she stuffed it into Susan's hands.

Susan became even more certain of her suspicion.

"This little slut! She must have tried to seduce Peter by taking advantage of yesterday's incident!"

Taking a deep breath, Susan suddenly said, "Peter, after that incident, Miss Jenkins and I could consider ourselves acquainted. I don't have a female company for today's trip to the bridal shop. Why not invite her to come along with us?"

Peter didn't think much about it and nodded immediately. "Sure!"

Jenkins was startled for a moment. She glanced at Susan and seemed to realize something, "Well, Young Master Peter, shopping isn't part of my duties, and I still have a lot of work to do."

Susan immediately said, "Then let the butler switch your schedule, or are you unwilling to come

along? Can a servant refuse the requests of their employer?"

Jenkins was speechless, and she faked a smile. "Of course not. In that case, let's go!"

Susan handed over the dress to Jenkins right away.

Jenkins followed behind her, carrying the bag with the dress as if she were a little follower.

When Peter saw this, he paused, instinctively wanting to take the bag. "We can leave the dress here!

"But after we try on the wedding dress, I might just leave. Do I have to come back home to fetch the dress?"

Susan asked with feigned innocence.

Peter didn't see that coming.

While thinking what to say, Jenkins immediately said, "I can carry it, Young Master Peter. I'm very strong!"

Peter could only nod. "Okay!"

Jenkins followed Peter and Susan out the door, and when the three of them went shopping. Susan walked in the front with Peter.

Although they said they were shopping for a wedding dress, the mall was simply too big. As they walked, Susan entered a store, and when she came out, two more bags were in Jenkins' hands.

After roughly visiting a dozen stores, Jenkins was carrying a lot of bags.

Moreover, no one knew what had come over Susan, but the things she had bought included extremely heavy kitchenware.

Jenkins' arms were sore. She tried to shift the bags around, but with both hands full, she couldn't do that. She could only lift the bags up to ease the muscles in her upper arms. Gét latest *novel chapters* on [nov\(e\)lby/n\(.\)c/om](#)

As she moved her shoulders, Peter noticed right away and promptly said, "Let me help you carry some of that!"

Before he could finish, Susan clung to his arm. "Peter, we're almost at the wedding dress store, and you need to try on clothes. How can you have hands free to carry things? And this amount of stuff shouldn't be too heavy... Let Jenkins carry it!"

After that, she looked at Jenkins. "Are these things very heavy? As a maid, you should be used to carrying heavy stuff, right? After all, you shouldn't find working in your employer's house too tough a

job.

Jenkins was speechless.

She twitched her mouth, nearly rolling her eyes, but ended up staring at Susan and gritting her teeth as she uttered, "Of course not."

Susan then said apologetically, "Since it's not heavy, please carry them. I'm a bit of a germaphobe. If the bags were to touch the ground, I would feel very uncomfortable..."

Jenkins was shocked.

So, what Susan meant was that once they got into the wedding dress store, Jenkins would have to carry everything the whole time. Trying on wedding dresses and getting makeup done would take at least two hours. Her arms wouldn't be able to take it!

Jenkins had been working since she was young and had done all kinds of jobs to earn money. How could she not see that Susan was deliberately making things difficult for her?

She clenched her fist tightly and looked toward Susan. With a strong, chilling voice, she asked, "Miss Simpson, couldn't you compromise with your germaphobia a bit?"

Susan crossed her arms, smiling at Jenkins. "No. If you put the bags on the ground, I might not want them anymore. Items that have touched the floor are just too dirty. By the way, Jenkins, you did wash your hands before leaving the house, didn't you?"

Jenkins didn't know what to say.

She felt so angry that her chest heaved. Did they think she was easy to push around and a soft target to squeeze? Susan had definitely picked the wrong person to mess with today!

At that thought, Jenkins let out a cold laugh.

550 Chapter 549

Peter couldn't stand it any longer and reached out to take the bags. "Forget it. Let me help you with that. Susan, since when did you become a germaphobe? I wasn't aware of it."

Susan said, "Peter, how much do you know about my matters? You simply don't care about me!"

Peter frowned at her retort. "Is that so?"

Susan feigned anger. "Yes, I've always been a germaphobe. It's just that you're usually careless and never noticed. Remember that, okay? We're almost at the bridal shop! Let's hurry up!"

She dragged Peter along.

Jenkins watched the two of them, fuming internally.

Her eyes suddenly lit up, and she took a step forward. "Excuse me, Miss Simpson!"

Susan and Peter stopped and looked at her.

Susan frowned. "What's up?"

Jenkins said, "I suddenly need to use the restroom urgently. Could you hold these items for a moment?"

As she spoke, she handed over the items she was carrying to Susan.

Susan didn't intend to take them, but Jenkins didn't give her the chance to refuse. Jenkins grabbed Susan's hand and transferred all the bags to her.

Susan frowned. "Let Peter help you with that, you..."

Before she could finish, Jenkins interrupted. "How could Young Master Peter of such high status carry bags? You should do it! And... they're not heavy at all! Here you go!"

And with that, Jenkins immediately let go.

The moment she let go, the total weight of the bags struck Susan's hands.

Susan cried out in surprise, her arms visibly sinking, nearly pulling her down to the ground!

"Thud!"

The bags fell heavily to the ground.

Jenkins pretended to be shocked. "Miss Simpson, what happened? These bags aren't heavy at all. Why did you drop them? You're so careless!"

Susan shouted angrily, "How can they not be heavy? These two bags combined weigh nearly a hundred pounds!"

Hearing this, Peter was taken aback. He stepped forward, picked up the bags, and almost couldn't lift them!

Only then did Peter realize just how heavy the items that Jenkins had been carrying were!

He looked at Jenkins in astonishment before turning to Susan, puzzled. "Didn't you say they weren't heavy?"

Susan said, "I didn't know. I thought they were light. Jenkins, if these items were so heavy, why didn't you say something earlier? If you had told me, I wouldn't have bought so much..."

Jenkins's lips twitched slightly. "For a maid like me, they really aren't that heavy! Miss Simpson, don't you even have the strength to carry a few bags?"

Susan was speechless.

She felt like she was going to be driven crazy by Jenkins!!

That annoying woman!

Taking a deep breath, Susan looked down at the items on the ground. "Whatever the case, you've damaged these items by dropping them, Jenkins. You must compensate me!"

Jenkins wore an innocent expression. "Miss Simpson, what are you talking about? These items were dropped while in your hands. How could you blame me? I handed the bags over to you just now. If you don't believe me, we can ask Young Master Peter!"

Immediately, Susan turned to Peter. "Peter, say something!"

Peter didn't know what to say.

He felt like his head was about to explode.

Susan and Jenkins had started to confront each other. Susan had already had a conflict with Keera at home, and now she was starting trouble here as well.

Unable to help himself, Peter said, "Susan, these items probably aren't damaged. Only the bags touched the ground. If it bothers you, we can sanitize them when we return home!"

Susan felt incredibly frustrated.

Why did Peter always side with Jenkins?!

Jenkins immediately said, "That's right, Miss Simpson. Well, I need to go to the restroom, so please give me a minute!"

After saying that, she slipped away.

She stopped after turning a corner, shaking her sore arms.

That Susan was simply too malicious.

No wonder Miss Olsen didn't like her...

Such petty scheming!

Jenkins cursed inwardly as she timed her return.

At this point, Peter spoke to Susan. "Servants are also human. The Olsen family never mistreats their servants. Susan, be nicer to Jenkins from now on. She's someone's daughter, too..."

Susan lowered her head. "Peter, I understand. I thought maids were just meant to work... I didn't realize these items were so heavy."

She bent down, attempting to lift the items, but couldn't muster the strength.

Peter sighed and picked up the items with some maneuver. He passed half of them to Jenkins, who had walked over.

"Can you carry these?"

Peter asked.

Jenkins nodded. "Yes, I can."

Peter asked repeatedly, "Are you sure you can carry them?"

"Yes." Jenkins was almost rolling her eyes; he was being so long-winded!

She couldn't help but murmur, "Carrying these is much easier than dragging a person!"

Peter looked puzzled. "You've dragged a person before? Who? I've heard that when a person faints, their body goes limp, and they become very heavy..."

"Yes, incredibly heavy..."

Jenkins casually replied. Geett the *latest novels* on [no/v/elbin\(.\)c/om](http://no/v/elbin(.)c/om)

Peter then suddenly looked at Susan. "Susan, if that's the case, and you barely have any strength, how did you manage to drag me out of the car back then?"