

# **My Accidental Husband is a Billionaire !**

## **#Chapter 541 - Read My Accidental Husband is a Billionaire ! Chapter 541**

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Keira coldly looked at Susan, her eyes narrowing. Just as she was about to speak...

"Smack!"

A plate of food suddenly slammed into Susan's face!

Susan was completely stunned and looked incredulously at the person who did that.

Everyone turned to look at her as well.

Erin pulled out a napkin, wiped the grease off her fingers, and coldly said, "You're so gross! You put ginger water in all the dishes with your saliva in it. How can we eat this food now?"

Susan wiped the vegetable leaves hanging on her face, utterly infuriated. "The ginger water was just brought over. I haven't even drunk from it. How can my saliva be in it?"

Erin paused slightly, then patted her head. "Right, I forgot."

Then she looked at Susan. "Sorry, I didn't do it on purpose. I just got angry momentarily and thought you were making us eat your saliva..."

While she spoke these words, she imitated Susan's expression from just a moment ago, instantly darkening Susan's face.

Peter was also confused.

Originally, he couldn't tell that Susan was faking it, but Erin's deliberate bad acting made it obvious she was doing it on purpose. With this comparison, Peter immediately realized something.

He turned to look at Susan. "Did you do it on purpose?"

Susan immediately said, "No, Peter, it was an accident. When the ginger water was brought over, it was a bit hot. I couldn't hold onto the cup..."

No sooner had she finished speaking than Keira scoffed.

She slowly stood up, looking at Lewis. "Can you hand me a bowl of soup?"

The two exchanged a glance, and Lewis smiled a little.

He picked up a bowl, filled it with soup, and handed it to Keira, who immediately took it. The moment she touched the bowl, she let go of it instantly.

The bowl of soup immediately dropped onto the table. Although the soup spilled out, it only soiled the area right before her.

With all the people in the family, the Olsens used a large, round dining table.

The soup spilled, but there was some distance from the other dishes on the table, so only the food in front of Keira got a bit splashed.

Keira looked at Peter. "That's how one reacts when holding something scalding. If you knew it was hot, why would you push the bowl away and spill it all over the table?"

Peter was taken aback and immediately looked at Susan.

Susan's face turned instantly pale.

She swallowed and looked at Keira in disbelief. "I... I didn't think. I just reacted out of my instinct..."

"Your instinct was to push it away? That's so different from other people's!"

Keira curled her lip and said nothing more.

Susan tensed up nervously.

She didn't expect that today, everyone would stand against her.

She immediately said, "I didn't do it on purpose. There must be some misunderstanding between us. How could I do this on purpose? You said you didn't like ginger, so why would I target you specifically? This is really just a misunderstanding!"

This time, before Keira could speak, James couldn't help but interject, "Susan, since you walked in, you've been deliberately targeting Keira. What's the issue between you two? Is what Keira said true?"

Erin immediately asked curiously, "What's that?"

"It's about that man she's supposed to fool around with! Since Keira saw it and told us, you've been intentionally targeting her! Other than that, I really can't think of any other reason!"

James blurted it out.

Erin's eyes lit up immediately, and she turned to Susan. "So, you've been messing around with someone else? And you got caught? No wonder... The moment I walked in, I felt hostility from you toward Keera!"

Susan shot back at once. "How could you tell? Don't be ridiculous!"

Erin retorted. "Call it a woman's instinct!"

Susan was speechless.

Seeing that she couldn't win the argument, she immediately glanced at Peter. "Peter, I don't care whether others believe me; I only care about you! If you don't believe me, I might as well leave!"

Peter frowned.

Susan picked up her bag, pretending to leave. Seeing that Peter still hadn't stood up, she lowered her head in a show of grievance. "Peter, can't you see my feelings for you? I could even give up my life for you! When you had that car accident, the car was leaking oil, and everyone said it would explode. I was the one who pulled you out. We both almost got blown up... I never thought we would come to this..."

The impact of those words was significant.

Sure enough, Peter stood up, took Susan's hand, and then turned to Keira. "Keera, I'm sorry about how things turned out today, but Susan is my lifesaver, so can we let this incident go?"

Keira tightened her jaw and scoffed.

Peter sighed. "Let's wait a few more moments. I'll ask the kitchen to make some new dishes."

After that, he led Susan into the kitchen.

James frowned once the two were gone. "This lifesaver trick works wonders. Next time Kate has some trouble, I'll save her. That way, she'll never give me a hard time again!"

"Tsk, ts, ts!" Charles said, "How can you curse Kate like that?"

James couldn't help but complain, "I'm not cursing her. It's just that Kate is way too fierce, like a tigress..."

While they joked, Keira looked toward the kitchen, sighing.

In truth, she had countless ways to kick out Susan, but what about after that?

Susan saved Peter's life, and he would forgive her no matter what.

Even if her relationship with that so-called brother really came to light, Peter might still be bound by this lifesaving deed.

Keira lowered her eyes, letting out a sigh.

Was there a way to solve this trouble for good?

She frowned.

Determined, she stood up and headed toward the kitchen.

Before she got close, she saw a maid standing not far away, watching Peter.

The maid looked about twenty-five years old, and Keira didn't think she had seen her around before. Perhaps sensing Keira's gaze, the maid immediately looked over. "Hello, Miss."

Keira nodded at her. "Are you new?"

The maid nodded. FOLloow **newest** stories at [no\(v\)el/bi/n\(.\)com](http://no(v)el/bi/n(.)com)

Keira then asked, "Do you know my fifth brother from before?"

The maid hesitated, glancing at Peter, then said, "He seems familiar, like someone I rescued from a car accident a few years ago..."

Keira asked, "What did you say?"

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Keira didn't catch what she said, so she asked the maid.

The young maid immediately averted her gaze. "No, it's nothing..."

She sneaked another look at Peter.

Years ago, as she passed a highway, she saw someone crash their car. She rushed over and found the car leaking oil. Without thinking too much, she immediately rescued the person from the vehicle.

Looking back, it was quite dangerous. They had just walked away when the car exploded. They could have been fatal if things went wrong.

Afterward, she called 911 but was in a hurry to deliver a parcel, so she left first. When she returned after making the delivery, she heard that the person had been taken to the hospital.

She didn't get involved any further.

However, even if that person was that gentleman, it didn't mean anything...

As the young maid pondered this, she heard someone calling her from the kitchen. "South, where on earth are you?"

The maid immediately said, "I'm coming..."

Then she entered the kitchen.

Keira immediately frowned.

South?

Was the maid's surname South?

Was it a coincidence, or...

Keira pursed her lips and approached the nearby butler. "That maid South, what's her background?"

The butler said, "Her? She's a trained maid. I heard she dropped out after high school and has been delivering parcels ever since. She later came to our house and was selected after an interview. She underwent three months of training before she assumed her position. Miss Olsen, did she do something inappropriate? Do you need her to be dismissed?"

Keira immediately said, "No, I was just asking. What's her full name? Is her surname South?"

The butler answered, "No, that surname is quite rare. She's Jenkins, South Jenkins."

So, South was her given name.

Keira nodded and returned to the dining area. Nêww chapters will be fully updated at (n)ov(e)l/bin(.)com

Erin was insisting on her conclusion. "My instinct is never wrong! Susan is targeting my sister-in-law!"

As soon as she said this, she was so startled that she immediately covered her mouth.

The others also turned their gazes toward her.

James asked in confusion, "What sister-in-law?"

Erin's dark gaze fell on Scott, and then she awkwardly chuckled, "No, it's nothing..."

Charles immediately pressed. "There must be something, spit it out!"

Erin looked up at the sky and coughed lightly. "My brother likes Keera, so he wants her to become my sister-in-law."

Scott immediately retorted, "Don't be ridiculous!"

No sooner had he spoken than Lewis's expression darkened.

Scott quickly said, "Miss Olsen is already engaged."

Erin looked at him. "Is she married?"

"Not yet."

"Then you've got a chance!"

The others didn't know what to say.

Everyone was stunned and then eagerly turned their attention toward Lewis.

Lewis's face grew dark as he turned to Scott.

Scott coughed lightly. "Well, please don't take it the wrong way. It's just that my grandfather is forcing me to get married, and I didn't agree, so I made up an excuse..."

Erin immediately scoffed.

Scott gave her a wary look, and Erin fell silent.

Lewis, however, continued to press. "What excuse?"

Scott glanced at Keira awkwardly. "I just said I was already in love with someone, and Grandpa pressed me hard, insisting I told him who it was. There aren't many young women I know in Crera, so in a panic, I said Miss Olsen..."

Erin said sarcastically, "Right, he was panicked. It's nothing serious."

Scott immediately glared at her again.

Erin stuck out her tongue, then turned her head away.

That cute gesture caught Charles's attention several times, making him blush.

How could there be such an adorable girl in the world?

More importantly, Erin got along well with Keera, unlike Susan, who was always causing trouble.

So, if he could win Erin's heart...

As Charles thought about it, he blushed even more.

Erin said, "Come on, even my brother isn't blushing. What are you blushing for?"

Charles quickly covered his face. "Am I? Well, maybe it's because I ate something spicy just now!"

Erin immediately expressed her confusion. "Spicy? I love spicy food but haven't seen any just now..."

Charles hastily changed the subject. "What's your favorite food?"

"I like your Creran spicy chicken."

"I know a place that makes great spicy chicken. Do you want to try it?"

Erin's eyes immediately lit up. "Sure, when can you take me out?"

Charles coughed and glanced at the kitchen. "They'll take at least an hour to make dinner, so why don't I take you there now?"

Erin nodded enthusiastically. "Great!"

After that, the two didn't care about the others and headed straight out. At the door, Erin suddenly remembered something and turned back to Scott. "Brother, you'd better come up with a good plan! Otherwise, Grandpa will force you to marry your cousin! Maybe Miss Olsen is willing to help you? In all of Crera, only Miss Olsen's status is a good match for you. She's probably the only candidate that'll shut Grandpa up, right?"

Scott was so infuriated that he immediately said, "Just go already!"

Erin then left.

Keira watched her leave, deep in thought.

Could such a food-loving, lively girl be Fox?

As she pondered, Lewis suddenly asked, "Who's the cousin your sister mentioned?"

Scott immediately responded, "Mr. Horton, please don't get it the wrong way. Although I like Miss Olsen, I also know how to appreciate true beauty. It's just that Grandpa was pressuring me, so I had to mention Miss Olsen's name..."

As he spoke, he gave Keira a longing and profound look that was filled with emotion, but he quickly averted his gaze.

Lewis looked down and said indifferently, "I'm not misunderstanding anything. The cousin Erin mentioned wouldn't happen to have the surname South, would she?"

"How do you know?"

Scott said with surprise, "Did you guess from Erin's middle name? Erin's mother is indeed from the South family. Our cousin is the daughter of my mother's brother, so she also has the surname South, and her name is Vera."

Keira was taken aback.

She looked at Scott in disbelief. "You mean your cousin is named Vera South?"

"Yes," said Scott.

Scott asked, "Is there a problem with that name?"

Keira smiled. "No, I just didn't expect..."

Her gaze shifted to Lewis.

Lewis also showed a hint of amusement. "It turns out that the most difficult search can end with effortless discovery."

Vera was to marry Scott, and her surname was South. She must be Fox!

Keira suddenly turned to Scott. "I wonder if there's a chance to meet this cousin of yours?"

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Scott was perplexed. "You want to meet her?"

"Yes."



"...Why?"

Scott's eyes lit up. He wondered if Miss Olsen could be interested in him as well.

But he didn't dare say that out loud.

Keira lowered her gaze and said, "It's nothing. Is she in Crera?"

"Yes, she came with Erin, and now she's living at my house, and... my grandfather is here."

Scott showed a troubled expression.

As soon as his grandfather arrived, he pressured Scott to marry his cousin.

But he had absolutely no feelings for Vera!

He didn't want to get married!

Yet his grandfather was the head of the family, practically the one who could decide Scott's marriage with a single word, rendering his resistance futile.

All he could say was that he was already in love with someone.

But his grandfather insisted on meeting the woman...

At this thought, Scott looked toward Keira, his eyes lighting up suddenly. "How about you come to my place to hang out with us tomorrow?"

Keira thought for a moment and nodded. "Okay."

She would go and see that Vera South.

If things were as she expected, Vera would definitely be Fox.

Scott then bowed his head, a smile breaking across his face.

While they were talking, in the kitchen, Peter and the maids had quickly whipped up a few more dishes and placed them on the dining table.

After Keira and Lewis finished eating, they took Amy upstairs.

Her room was already arranged, a suite suitable for a family of three to live in.

The rest of the people also went back to their respective rooms. The Olsen brothers, who rarely came back together, gathered to play cards.

Susan looked displeased as she watched Peter, and then she left the room.

Just as she stepped out of the card room, she bumped into the maid, Jenkins, colliding with the latter full-on.

Jenkins was carrying a fruit plate, which was scattered on the ground by the collision. She had been trained in etiquette and knew not to blame the host family, so she immediately apologized and started picking up the things from the floor.

The butler had said that the house owners were very amiable and that an immediate apology would make everything fine.

But Susan kicked at her unexpectedly, knocking Jenkins to the ground.

Jenkins was stunned.

Looking down from her height, Susan spoke with disgust. "In this house, even a maid thinks she can disrespect me now!"

Jenkins quickly waved her hands. "I didn't mean it, Miss Simpson. It was an accident. I didn't do it on purpose, I..."

Before she could finish, Susan pointed at her own clothes, angrily saying, "You've smeared my clothes, and you must compensate me! Otherwise, I won't let you off!"

Jenkins bit her lip in anger.

After a long while, she took a deep breath. "Fine, how much is it? I'll pay you."

She would just have to consider herself unlucky.

But as soon as she had spoken, she heard Susan say indifferently, "Thirteen thousand dollars."

"What?!"

Jenkins was shocked and looked at Susan in disbelief.

She looked at Susan's clothes in shock. "These clothes are worth thirteen thousand?"

Susan sneered. "Of course. How could someone as poor as you recognize that? Can you afford this dress? If not, it'll be deducted from your salary!"

Jenkins bit her lip with tears in her eyes, but she took a deep breath. "Miss Simpson, this is beyond my capabilities. Besides, it was you who didn't look where you were going and bumped into me."

Susan immediately responded angrily, "What are you saying? Are you accusing me of being blind?"

"I didn't say that, I..."

"What then?!"

Susan took a step forward and slapped Jenkins across the face!

"Slap!"

The crisp sound of the slap echoed in the corridor. Follow [newest stories at novelbin\(.\)com](http://neweststoriesatnovelbin(.)com)

Jenkins was stunned. She covered her face and then glared at Susan before retaliating with a slap.

Susan was shocked. "You're just a maid! How dare you hit me?"

Jenkins scoffed. "It's the twenty-first century; everyone is equal. What's wrong with being a maid? Does that make me inferior? What kind of an idea is that?"

Susan breathed heavily, furiously staring at Jenkins.

"What's going on here?"

At that moment, they heard Peter's voice.

Susan quickly went up to him, speaking in a whiny tone. "Peter, she wasn't watching where she was going and smeared my dress. She even hit me!"

Peter looked toward Jenkins.

Jenkins pointed to her cheek. "I should have a slap mark on my face, too, right? Miss Simpson, why do you like to make biased complaints so much? Aren't you going to mention the slap you gave me?"

Susan said with a mix of grievance and anger, "Peter, do you see? I just can't marry you and live in this house! Your sister targets me, and even a mere maid doesn't respect me! Is she under someone else's orders, which is why she dares to treat me this way?"

Jenkins was about to roll her eyes. "Do you have a persecution complex or something?"

Susan grew furious. "What did you say?!"

Peter sighed. "Susan, it's enough. What's the point in arguing with a maid? It's just a dress. I'll buy you a new one tomorrow and transfer you the money in a bit!"

Susan took a deep breath but kept her gaze on Jenkins.

By now, quite a few of the household staff had gathered around.

Susan felt if they found out she had been humiliated and still let Jenkins go unpunished, what kind of authority would she have in the Olsen family afterward?

Susan's eyes were filled with tears. "Peter, I saved your life. You promised you wouldn't let me suffer any grievances. Is this your idea of no grievances?"

She lowered her head and wiped her eyes. "I was impulsive when I hit her, but what right does a maid have to hit back? She must apologize to me for this!"

Upon hearing this, Jenkins snorted, "That's impossible!"

Susan immediately looked at her and said, "Peter, do you see? Because you always fail to defend me, I have such a low status in this family! Are you going to stand by and watch me being bullied?!"

Peter paused for a moment, then helplessly turned to Jenkins. "Regardless of everything, you shouldn't have hit her. For that, you should apologize to Susan!"

Jenkins asked, "Why should I?"

Peter said, "Because I'm the head of this house. Are you going to apologize or not? If you don't, I'll have the housekeeper fire you!"

Fire her?

The Olsen family's domestic staff enjoyed less workload and higher pay; many sought such positions. How could Jenkins afford to lose this hard-earned job?

She pointed at Susan furiously. "Just because she saved you once, you're biased toward her?"

Peter said, "Yes! Susan saved my life, so of course, I won't let her be wronged! You don't have to pay for the dress. Just bow and apologize, and that will be enough!"

Jenkins's eyes turned red. "What if I had saved you as well?"

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As soon as Jenkins spoke, Peter was slightly startled.

Then, he frowned and looked at her. "What did you say?"

Susan also looked toward Jenkins, puzzled.

When Susan happened to pass by the accident site and saw Peter lying on the ground next to a burning car, she realized it was an opportunity.

The bystanders were all saying that a young girl had bravely rescued someone.

Having had her eyes on the wealthy Peter for a while, and with him barely paying her any attention, Susan immediately recognized this was a good chance.

So, Susan rushed over and stayed by Peter's side.

Indeed, when Peter woke up, Susan asked him some questions, only to find out that he had no idea who had saved him, so she just went along with it.

Susan wondered what Jenkins meant by that.

Jenkins looked at Peter and scoffed, about to speak when the commotion drew the attention of everyone else in the room.

They all came out one after another.

James asked, "What's going on this time?"

His choice of words reflected his extreme impatience.

Peter also wore an embarrassed expression, while Susan's eyes turned red with grievance. "Your maid hit me."

"How is that possible?" James immediately retorted. "Our maid has always been professional and never hits people randomly. You must have done something deplorable, haven't you?"

Susan hadn't expected him to say such things and was stunned on the spot.

"How is that possible?" James immediately retorted. "Our maid has always been professional and never hits people randomly. You must have done something deplorable, haven't you?"

Susan hadn't expected him to say such things and was stunned on the spot.

She looked at him incredulously.

James, with resentment, turned to Peter. "Peter, manage her. How much trouble has she created since she came into this household? If you can't handle her, the two of you should move out! Our family has many brothers, and when we were young, we would all get punished equally by our parents regardless of who was at fault. How come so many issues have arisen?"

Hearing that, Peter couldn't lift his head. He clenched his jaw, looking toward Susan.

For the first time, he felt tired.

He had long noticed that Susan was vain. She always wanted money from him for shopping.

But he had always obliged her since he was never short of money.

Besides that point, Susan had always seemed considerate. How had she suddenly become like this?

Peter was confused.

At that moment, Susan suddenly rolled up her sleeve to reveal an ugly burn scar hidden beneath.

That was the blister Peter had seen on Susan's arm when he had woken up in the hospital. She claimed it resulted from rescuing him, saying it was no big deal.

Later, he had even bought many scar removal ointments for her, but none worked.

Any doubt that Peter had just started to harbor instantly dissipated. Follow newest stories at [novelbin\(.\)com](http://novelbin(.)com)

If she could risk her life for him, then a few faults didn't matter...

His gaze immediately softened, and he firmly said, "James, Susan saved my life, and I won't allow you to speak of her this way. Besides, as you said, both sides get punished when brothers fight, so shouldn't Susan and the maid both be punished?"

James frowned. "Tell me, how do you want to handle this?"

After thinking for a moment, Peter said, "How about this? I'll have Susan apologize to her, but I want the maid to pay for Susan's clothes."

Upon hearing this, Jenkins was shocked.

That dress cost thirteen thousand dollars, not just three hundred!

She immediately objected. "No way!"

"If that's unacceptable, then get lost."

Peter rubbed his temples with a headache and scolded.

Jenkins's eyes were rimmed red.

As a maid in this household, she earned a monthly salary of three thousand, which was unattainable elsewhere.

She couldn't afford to lose this job!

Jenkins bit her lip. Just moments ago, she thought dignity was the most important thing, but now, she felt her dignity lay shattered on the ground.

She looked at Peter. "There's no need for Miss Simpson to apologize. I'll apologize, alright? Just don't make me pay for the dress!"

Peter nodded, about to agree.

Susan, however, said bluntly, "No, I want you to compensate for my dress. Peter loves it, and that's what I insist on!"

Susan had seen Jenkins's distress and wanted to make a point to teach Jenkins a lesson. She couldn't care less about apologizing to the maid.

Jenkins clenched her fists tightly.

Susan turned to Jenkins. "I'm Sorry. It was my fault for not looking where I was going and bumping into you."

Jenkins's fists were clenched so tightly. She wanted to say something but didn't know what to say...

She looked pleadingly at the butler.

The butler then shook his head at her.

Jenkins's eyes were bloodshot red as she hung her head and took a deep breath. "Fine, I'll pay!"

Indeed, the dress was worth thirteen thousand, five months of her salary.

But without this job, she couldn't find another that paid this well...

After leaving these words, she crouched down and placed the fruits that had fallen to the floor on the fruit plate. Then, carrying the plate, she walked away. Afterward, she returned with a cleaning cloth to wipe the floor clean.

Her movements were smooth and fluid.

James and Peter found it somewhat unbearable to watch.

Their family never mistreated the help.

Satisfied, Susan excitedly hooked her arm with Peter's. "Peter, let's go back to the card game."

The mood for fun had already faded from the group.

So, finding an excuse, they dispersed.

Peter escorted Susan away, and after arriving at her place, he looked at Susan. "Susan, I think in the future, you should..."

"Peter, I know. I'll love you even more from now on. For you, I can give up anything! Whatever happens, I'll always be there for you, ensuring that no threat comes to your life!"

The lecture Peter had intended got stuck in his throat.

After a moment, he smiled at Susan. "Alright, Susan, thank you for saving my life!"

On the drive home, Peter stared ahead, suddenly recalling the words Keira had said and Susan's abnormal behavior over the past few days.

He sighed suddenly.

Was this choice of his the right one? Regardless of whether his sister's words were true or false, he was starting to feel like breaking up with Susan.

But then he would remember how she had saved his life...

He was still thinking about it when he returned to the Olsen residence. After parking the car, he was ready to go upstairs.

Just as he was about to enter the bedroom, he heard someone sobbing nearby.

Turning around, he saw Jenkins carefully wiping the bay window with a cleaning cloth.



She did her work meticulously, yet her eyes were red-rimmed, and he could hear occasional sobs, which made her look all the more pitiable.

The more Jenkins thought about it, the more aggrieved she felt. In her anger, she blurted out, "Had I known it would come to this, I should have left him at the scene of the car accident! That's what he deserves!"

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Peter had just approached when he heard Jenkins crying and saying something, so he immediately asked, "What did you say?"

Jenkins was startled. When she turned her head and saw it was Peter, she immediately glared at him, said nothing, and turned back to continue her work.

Today, her task was to clean the windows, one of which was near the second-floor corridor and required her to reach high.

Jenkins was up on a ladder while cleaning the windows.

Peter accidentally touched the ladder, and it immediately began to tilt. Jenkins swayed. Her pupils shrank from fear, and she let out a scream.

Then she fell from the ladder.

Seeing this, Peter didn't think twice before immediately catching her in his arms.

The expected pain didn't come; instead, Jenkins landed in a pair of strong arms. Opening her eyes, she saw Peter, which scared her into pushing him away. Visit [www.vlssitn0\(v\)eL/b\(i\)\(n\).com](http://www.vlssitn0(v)eL/b(i)(n).com) for the best novel reading experience

Then she fell onto the ground, hurting her backside.

Peter immediately stepped forward. "Are you okay?"

Jenkins asked angrily, "Why did you let go?"

Peter said, "Didn't you push me?"

He touched his nose awkwardly and then looked at his palms.

Susan liked him, and he knew it, but when he was with Susan, he always felt calm, like still water, never knowing what it felt like to be passionate about someone.

Even when they hugged or kissed, he still didn't want to take it further, and he didn't feel much of anything.

Only just now, when he held Jenkins and felt the firm and soft buttocks of the woman in his hands, he felt as if his palms had been burned.

He now felt somewhat panicked, his face turning red.

Jenkins's eyes turned red, yet she stubbornly got up from the ground, straightened the ladder, and climbed back onto it.

Peter asked, "Why are they making you clean such high windows? Is the butler bullying you?"

Jenkins said irritably, "He has been so good to me. Don't slander him! I finished my work early today. The butler wanted to hire someone from outside to clean the windows, but I told him I could do it!"

Peter immediately frowned. "Everyone has their duties. Why are you doing this?"

Jenkins was infuriated. "Why do you think? To please you, of course! Or maybe I'm hoping for a Prince Charming falling for me, the poor Cinderella!"

Peter was perplexed.

Seeing his expression, Jenkins got even angrier. "You're just an ignorant, rich young master who never had to lift a finger! I'm doing this to make money! Money! Your girlfriend's dress is worth thirteen thousand. How can I repay the debt without earning money?"

After saying this, Jenkins said, "By the way, can we discuss something? I'll repay that money in installments. After I get my monthly salary, I'll give Miss Simpson 2,500 dollars. I'll need to keep five hundred for my living expenses."

Peter was amazed. "You don't even have thirteen thousand in savings?"

From the time he could remember, his parents gave him a bank card containing the pocket money he'd usually receive every year, roughly around several tens of millions.

So, to him, thirteen thousand was like thirteen dollars to ordinary people. He couldn't comprehend what that amount of money meant.

Hearing him say that made Jenkins even more upset.

She scoffed. "I only have five hundred in my account! I always use my monthly salary! Are you happy now, Young Master Peter? How could us poor people save up thirteen thousand? Do you know what that much money means for an average family? It's their annual income!"

Peter was speechless.

Seeing the dumb look on his face, Jenkins suddenly thought she might have misunderstood him.

He asked Susan for an apology because he felt it was wrong for Susan to have hit Jenkins, and his idea of having Jenkins compensated with money might be his way of ensuring fairness.

For a moment, Jenkins didn't know whether to laugh or cry at his attitude.

She turned around, ready to continue working, when Peter walked away.

Jenkins was dumbfounded.

She thought people like him would never understand the struggles of those at the bottom.

Jenkins sighed and resumed her diligent work.

When Keira left the house, she saw what was happening. She paused briefly, then called over the butler and whispered some instructions to him.

She had heard about today's incident as well.

Susan had taken it out on Jenkins because she had felt slighted by Keira.

That was indeed an undeserved misfortune for Jenkins.

Keira felt a tad guilty toward Jenkins and instructed the butler to transfer thirteen thousand to Jenkins, hoping to smooth over the incident.

Having risen from the lower classes, Keira understood Jenkins's predicament.

The butler nodded and said, "Miss, you are as kind-hearted as you're beautiful."

Keira said, "Uncle, you are my elder. Just call me Keera."

The butler was also part of the extended Olsen family, so he felt uncomfortable always addressing her formally as "Miss".

The butler smiled, "Alright, I'll take the liberty then. Keera, you have no idea how delighted Master Sam is that you could come back! He had a room prepared for you as soon as he knew of your existence. There's a surprise in the first drawer of the desk in your room."

Keira was momentarily stunned and immediately returned to her room. Upon opening the drawer in the study, she saw a photo frame.

She recognized Jodie South at a glance.

It was an image of Jodie South at the age of twenty. Keira shared a striking resemblance to Jodie South. She had always lived with her mother and had grown used to her appearance, so she hadn't noticed it before. But now Keira realized just how much she and her mother looked alike—it was no wonder people often mistaken her for Isla even when Keira was still an illegitimate daughter.

Keira then looked at the middle-aged woman next to her mother in the photo. That must be her grandmother, Jessica South, who looked very much like her mother in her forties. Jessica seemed very gentle, and Keira didn't resemble her much.

Keira touched her own face. She shared fifty percent of her mother's features, and the other half, they say, resembled Uncle Olsen's mother, so it made sense that she didn't bear much likeness to Jessica.

Her eyes dazzled as she stared at the photograph, mesmerized.

Her mother had told her that a big fire had claimed her grandmother's life, as well as their home in Clance, leaving nothing of her grandmother behind. Keira hadn't expected that Uncle Olsen had kept a photograph of them...

Wait a minute, something's not right.

A big fire?!

The South residence, too, was destroyed by a big fire!

Keira suddenly lifted her head, her eyes brimming with contemplation.

Why were both incidents related to a fire?

If the fire at her villa was set by Fox, who then started the fire at her grandmother's house back in the day?

Keira frowned, feeling as if she was beginning to understand something... something was frantically spinning in her mind.

When all impossibilities were discarded, the truth might just be in front of her!

Keira's eyes suddenly lit up as she realized something—she had figured it out!

The South family... Grandma...

Jodie South had been hiding in Occanion for so many years. She was a capable woman, yet she only maintained a modest level of comfort for the family... In essence, how was her approach any different from Keera's?

It seemed like they were both avoiding something...

Fox, Rabbit...

So, Jessica South's incident was also the South family's doing.

Did every generation have to go through this kind of struggle?

The losers exited the stage, like Keira's grandma.

She managed to stay hidden because of Jodie South, but Keera was taken away by the South family and got involved in their battles.

Keira felt like she was beginning to touch upon the edges of some of the South family's secrets.

If she could find out a few more things through Fox, perhaps she would be able to understand what the South family was all about!

Keira pondered as she continued to look at the photograph.

Suddenly, she sensed something odd and hastily picked up the photo to look at its back.

Sure enough, there was writing there.

The handwriting was elegant, likely that of a woman. Below the date and location was a line: "All is well, no need to worry."

Keira frowned.

Jodie was too young at the time, and Keira knew Jodie's handwriting, so the words on the photo must have been written by her grandma.

But to whom was Grandma sending this photo?

Keira touched her chin.

"No need to worry"... Was it Grandpa? After all, Jodie couldn't have just popped out of a rock.

Or could it have been Grandma's close female friend? Or someone from the South family?

Keira couldn't guess. With a sigh, she put the photo down and thought for a moment before sliding it into her wallet.

After all, that big fire had burned all of Grandma's possessions, and this photo was the only one remaining of Keira's mother and grandma...

Outside.

Jenkins had just finished cleaning the windows and was about to leave with the ladder when he heard Peter, who had just stepped out, asking the butler, "Where is that maid?"

Jenkins's heart skipped a beat, fearing he was looking for more trouble with her, and hastily hid in the storage room nearby.

Then she heard the butler. "She was just upstairs working. I'm not sure where she is now!

"Oh, got it."

After Peter said that, the sound of footsteps headed upstairs.

Jenkins held her breath with resentment filling her chest! Checkk new *novel chapters* at [novelbin\(.\)com](http://novelbin(.)com)

She recognized right away that Peter was the man she had saved from the car accident, yet the man kept causing her trouble.

What was he up to this time?

It's just outrageous!

As Jenkins thought this, she heard Peter calling out for her. 'Hey, little maid, where are you? Anyone there?"

Jenkins took a deep breath.

Didn't this man have any manners? Being a maid was just her job, not her name!

She rolled her eyes.

When the noise from outside had finally died down, Jenkins sighed in relief and opened the storage room door. She peeked around to see no sign of Peter and stepped out.

"That bastard is here to cause me trouble again! I can't let him catch me out..." She muttered as she

prepared to go downstairs when suddenly someone tapped her shoulder.

Jenkins spun around only to find Peter standing right behind her, smiling.

Jenkins almost jumped.

Why was this guy still haunting her?

She stared wide-eyed in panic and shouted, "Don't even think about making me pay more, hear me? The thirteen thousand is already five months of my salary! If you want more, I'll quit, you..."

Before she could finish, a bag appeared before her.

Jenkins blinked.

Peter said, 'Open it and see.'

Jenkins frowned and peeked into the opened bag. Inside was a dress identical to the one Susan had on, which had been ruined by the fruit.

Jenkins was stunned. "What's this?"

"When Susan comes back, you can give it to her, Peter scratched his head. "I didn't realize thirteen thousand dollars meant so much to you, nor did I know it was that much money... Give her this dress, and you'll be cleared of all debts."

Jenkins looked at him. 'I'll pay you back slowly...

Peter immediately said, "That won't be necessary... I know you're innocent, and you didn't do it on purpose. Besides, that dress will be good as new after a wash..."

At this point, he sighed. "I just thought we could end this matter if both sides gave a little. Consider this dress a reimbursement from me!"

Hearing this, Jenkins blanked out for a moment.

She never expected Peter to say such a thing. Could Peter be so kind-hearted?

Perhaps, in his view, the issue between Jenkins and Susan was like a mere squabble between brothers, and Susan's apology and Jenkins' compensation could cancel each other out...

Of course, Jenkins was also responsible for bumping into Susan; she shouldn't have walked so fast in the house and should have paused at the doorway.

She was silent for a moment before saying, "Thanks, but I'll give you the money once I've saved enough."

Peter smiled. "You don't need to; otherwise, it wouldn't be fair to you. Actually, Susan is quite a nice person. You just happened to be in the wrong place at the wrong time. Otherwise, Susan is usually kind and wouldn't make things difficult for you.'

"Alright then!

Jenkins smiled, looked at Peter, and took the dress. "Thanks a lot, then. Consider this dress as

gratitude for saving your life!"

"What do you mean?"

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"What do you mean?"

Peter asked.

Jenkins waved her hand dismissively. "It's a trivial thing. Let's not talk about it. Thanks anyway!"

With one hand holding the bag and the other carrying a ladder, Jenkins was about to go downstairs when Peter immediately took the ladder from her. 'Let me give you a hand!"

Jenkins paused slightly. "This ladder is very heavy!"

Peter rolled up his sleeves. "Are you suggesting that I'm weaker than a woman?"

Jenkins gave a small smile and handed the ladder to Peter.

His hands obviously sank under the weight.

He was nearly overwhelmed by the ladder, but seeing Jenkins' half-amused look, he coughed and stubbornly said, "It's not that heavy!"

"Heh."

Jenkins handed him the rag, the window-cleaning equipment, and the bag, then took the ladder back from him. "Let me do it!"



Jenkins went downstairs with ease. Checkk new *novel chapters* at [novelbin\(.\)com](http://novelbin(.)com)

Peter followed her, feeling somewhat discouraged, and asked, "How does a girl like you have so much strength?"

"I didn't have a choice. My parents died early, and I've been on my own since I was young, I had to move everything in the house, plus I used to do delivery work. At my busiest, I carried five orders at once. I developed my strength through that! Not like you, such a weakling.."

"I am not a weakling! How can you say that? I work out, you know!"

Peter retorted.

Jenkins snorted. "Your idea of working out is just running a couple of laps, right?"

Peter nodded. "Yeah, our family rule is that everyone must run at least two kilometers daily, no matter what!"

He said this somewhat sheepishly.

He was the laziest of his brothers. He had always slacked off in running while his brothers did it without fail.

On hearing this, Jenkins rolled her eyes. "What's two kilometers a day? When I did deliveries, I ran fifty thousand steps a day!"

Peter protested. "You rode electric bikes for the deliveries. Do you think I don't know that?" Immediately, Jenkins countered. "Are you dumb? Can electric bikes climb stairs or walk into residential complexes? What about malls? I had to deliver quickly to snatch more orders, which meant running a lot. I'm telling the truth!"

Peter then coughed. "Then starting tomorrow, I'll try running fifty thousand steps daily.'

Jenkins rolled her eyes. "You can't do it"

Stung by her words, Peter asserted, "Why can't I? How can you say a man can't do it? I'm sure I can!"

Jenkins coughed, "Calm down. What are you so worked up about? If you usually just run two kilometers, you need to progress gradually. You can't just start with fifty thousand steps; that's too drastic a change.'

Peter snorted. 'I can do it! I'll show you tomorrow!"

Jenkins said, "...Well, start with five kilometers then!"

Peter immediately agreed. "Okay! Just wait and see. I'll have no problem!"

Jenkins said, "Fine, I'll be waiting"

She thought Peter was so childish. What was there to argue about?

As they talked, they reached the storage room downstairs and put away the ladder. Jenkins then took the items from Peter.

Just as she was about to leave, Peter called her again.

Jenkins turned around, and Peter coughed. "There's a skirt sent along with the dress in that bag, and it's for you. Consider it compensation for what happened to you today!"

Jenkins was taken aback. 'Do luxury items come as buy-one-get-one-free, too?"

Peter said, "...Right! They're having a promotion, and I bought a lot! If you don't want it, you can give it back to me!

Jenkins immediately laughed. 'I'll take it. Thank you, Young Master Peter!"

The words "young master' inexplicably made Peter's face turn red.

He immediately coughed and said, "Well, work harder from now on!"

"Sure, Young Master!"

Jenkins turned around with a grin, her eyes shining. After a couple of steps, she looked back at Peter again, recalling the time she dragged him out of the car during the accident and how unexpectedly light he was. Then she thought about how just now he struggled to lift the ladder.

What a kind-hearted but naive young master... He was so delicate.

She was silent for a moment, then outright asked, "So, are you really running five kilometers tomorrow?"

Peter nodded. "Of course! After I finish running tomorrow, I'll show you the exercise data on my Apple Watch!"

Jenkins nodded. "Alright, I'm sure you can do it!"

Her smile was bright as she waved her hand and walked toward the servant's quarters.

Peter was dazzled by her radiant smile.

So... the following day...

When Keira came downstairs, she saw her brothers, including Ellis, all doing warm-up exercises outside.

The day before, James mentioned that their family's morning routine included running, an activity everyone participated in.

She approached her brothers and asked, "Shall we start?"

"We need to warm up."

Charles said, "Keira, we need to warm up. You haven't exercised before. It's not like sparring with James; otherwise, you might get cramps when running!"

The Olsen brothers didn't see the competition at the Freeman Sect last time.

The fact that Keira was the senior sister of the Freeman Sect had never been revealed, so except for James, none of them knew her true identity.

Peter finally heaved a sigh of relief when he saw Keira.

He had been the slowest in every exercise, but today, he finally had someone slower than him!

At least for today, he could avoid being the last one.

He walked over to Keira. "Little sister, follow me like this for the warm-up. Get your muscles

loosened up. We don't want you to get cramps later!"

After saying that, he started stretching his arms and legs.

Keira said, "That won't be necessary!"

Warming up wasn't necessary for her just for a few kilometers of running.

People like them who practiced martial arts were in great shape. James, for instance, was yawning beside Keira, for he always finished first.

Peter coughed slightly and then said, "James, when we run later, let us have a bit of leeway. Don't let Keira stay too far behind. Otherwise, it won't be fun for us to run, and besides, as brothers, we should concede a little to our little sister, right?"

James didn't know what to say.

He glanced at Keira, suddenly understanding the feeling of a great master hiding among mortals.

He said with a half-smirk. "Okay, but you have to try hard today, Peter. You can't be at the bottom again because it would be so embarrassing if Keira surpassed you!"

Peter immediately said confidently, "Don't worry. With Keira here, I'm definitely not going to be

last!"

Charles also chimed in. "Don't worry, I'll wait for Keira, too!"

Ellis glanced at them but didn't say anything. And thus, the Olsen family's running competition began.

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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.

Peter didn't know what to do. Visit [novelbin\(.\)com](http://novelbin(.)com) for *new novels*

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?"

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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...Nêww chapters will be fully updated at  [\(n\)ov\(e\)l/bin\(.\)com](http://(n)ov(e)l/bin(.)com)

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.

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.

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