

My Accidental Husband is a Billionaire !

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Peter looked at Jenkins in shock.

Several of Jenkins's past remarks suddenly flashed through his mind.

"Considering that I saved your life..."

"Do you treat everyone who saves your life like this?"

"Peter, this is what you owe me!"

"..."

Each of her inexplicable statements seemed to make sense at this moment, making Peter suspicious.

He carefully helped Jenkins up, then suddenly turned his gaze toward Susan.

Susan was still sobbing. "Peter, you can't treat me like this. I am your lifesaver! Peter..."

Peter abruptly picked up Jenkins and looked directly at Susan, asking harshly, "Are you really my lifesaver?"

Susan was taken aback, then quickly regained composure. "What do you mean by that?"

Before she could finish her sentence, Peter no longer paid her any attention. Instead, he carried Jenkins out and called, "Doctor! Fetch the family doctor!"

He only had a vague suspicion, but everything would have to wait until Jenkins woke up!

Since Uncle Olsen had been poisoned, the Olsen family's doctor had been on standby at home. Hearing the call, he quickly arrived.

After examining Jenkins, the doctor looked at Peter, who was anxious.

Peter immediately asked, "How is she? Does she need to go to the hospital?"

The family doctor sighed. "It's just a lack of oxygen, nothing serious. We have the equipment at home."

Peter was shocked. "A lack of oxygen can cause unconsciousness? She hasn't woken up after such a long time!"

The family doctor twitched his lips. "She must have been frightened last night and hardly slept. She was already in a state of extreme panic, and after nearly drowning and suffering from lack of oxygen, she was told she was clear of suspicion. She just relaxed all at once, and that's when she collapsed. I suspect Miss Jenkins is now sleeping. Just let her rest well for a day!"

Only then did Peter relax.

He took Jenkins straight to his bedroom, found a maid to change her clothes, dry her hair, and put her in pajamas before putting her in his bed.

Having done all this, Peter finally breathed a sigh of relief.

The butler beside asked, "Young Master Peter, you also haven't slept all night. If Jenkins is sleeping here, where will you sleep?"

Peter pointed to the sofa in the room. "I'll just crash on the sofa for a bit. If Jenkins wakes up, call me right away."

"Alright."

After Susan left, crying and wailing, Keira finally went downstairs for some breakfast.

Soon after, Lewis also came down.

As their eyes met, Keira sighed softly. "I want to visit the Martin family."

The poison that Uncle Olsen had ingested came from the Martin family, and this matter required confirmation from old Mr. Martin. Furthermore, she wondered if he would forgive her if she admitted her mistakes now and confessed to the lie she told at the banquet.

Lewis immediately said, "I'll go with you."

Keira simply nodded.

After a quick breakfast, they drove straight to the Martin family residence.

Old Mr. Martin and Scott came out to greet them. Seeing the two, old Mr. Martin smiled. "The equipment will take one more day to be delivered; why the rush today?"

Keira and Lewis exchanged a look, just about to speak when old Mr. Martin laughed. "Is it about the poison, Seven Days?"

Keira hesitated.

Lewis said, "The Seven Days, did you give it to Vera?"

Old Mr. Martin nodded. "Yes."

Lewis directly asked, "Why?"

Old Mr. Martin sighed. "The words you spoke at the engagement party ruined Vera and Scott's wedding. I must give her an explanation."

After that, he looked at Keira with a smile. "Aren't you my granddaughter? Then there's nothing to be anxious about. Once the equipment arrives and we conduct the DNA test, I'll give you the antidote. For your father, it'll merely be a tonic that strengthens his constitution. It won't harm him."

After that, he looked at Keira with a smile. "Aren't you my granddaughter? Then there's nothing to be anxious about. Once the equipment arrives and we conduct the DNA test, I'll give you the antidote. For your father, it'll merely be a tonic that strengthens his constitution. It won't harm him."

Keira immediately asked, "And if I'm not your granddaughter?"

"Don't talk nonsense. How could you possibly not be?" Old Mr. Martin chuckled cunningly. "Besides, if you really aren't, I need to offer an explanation to Miss Vera. In that case, the poison becomes my gesture of allegiance to her."

Keira instantly understood old Mr. Martin's intention.

If she wasn't his granddaughter, he would immediately become an ally of Vera, but since he offended her at the engagement party, he would have to do something to please her.

That would be to kill Uncle Olsen!

Uncle Olsen was an important figure in the Olsen family and was Keira's biggest support in Crera. His death would be a significant loss for the Olsen family!

Keira took a deep breath.

How cunning and sly!

She had thought that she and Lewis had fooled the old man with their actions at the engagement party, but she hadn't expected that in the end, he still left himself an out!

Keira took a deep breath.

Old Mr. Martin then said, "Of course, such a scenario shouldn't occur, right? Keira, you're my granddaughter, aren't you?"

Keira didn't know what to say.

She wasn't!

But facing old Mr. Martin, she simply couldn't say it out loud.

She had no choice...

Keira and Lewis bid old Mr. Martin farewell. Read lateSt chapters at nô(v)e(l)bin/.c/o/m Only

Scott saw the two of them to the parking lot, and Keira looked at him, wanting to say something, yet knowing she couldn't because of Scott's special status.

She hadn't gotten engaged to him; he was to live with Vera in the future. If she asked for his help, how would he and Vera get along afterward?

As Keira was pondering, Scott said, "I don't know the composition of that poison; only Grandpa knows it."

Keira was startled.

Scott then regretfully said, "Erin actually invented that poison, but as you should already know, some of those seven deadly substances are stored at my house. Since they can be mixed into a unique poison, each substance is kept separate. When we mix medicines, we take out the same amount of each ingredient and mix them with a random composition. We take away half as poison, and the remaining half becomes the antidote. Therefore, except for the poisoner, even my grandfather can't state the mixture."

Hearing that, Keira inhaled deeply. "I see."

Scott then patted her shoulder. "But you're my cousin, right? If you really are, Grandpa won't treat you like that..."

Keira managed a bitter smile without speaking.

Suddenly, Lewis said, "Why don't you show Scott a picture of your mother? I want to confirm if she's the daughter of old Mr. Martin."

Upon hearing this, Keira was stunned. "What do you mean?"

Lewis then said, "You have only ever mentioned your grandmother and never your grandfather. Doesn't that strike you as odd?"

Keira couldn't help but laugh. "Indeed, it's odd, but that doesn't mean I should suspect that old Mr. Martin is my grandfather, right?"

Lewis asked, "Why not try?"

"Alright then."

With that thought, Keira took out her phone, found a picture of her mother, Jodie South, and handed it to Scott.

When Scott saw the photo, his eyes immediately widened. "She looks like her!"

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Keira and Lewis were immediately delighted. "Really?"

Scott nodded. "Yes, very much! Although the photo of your mother is from when she was over forty years old, she looks incredibly like Grandpa's first love!"

Keira said, "So, you mean to say that my grandmother might actually be your grandfather's first love?"

Scott nodded.

Just as Keira wanted to say something, Lewis suddenly produced another photo and handed it to Scott. "Then what do you think about this one?"

Keira glanced at it and realized it was a photo of Rebecca's mother, Mrs. Allen.

She had investigated Mrs. Allen's background. How could she possibly be...

Before she could finish the thought, she heard Scott say, "Yes, she looks like her, too!"

Keira was dumbfounded.

Mrs. Allen and Jodie South looked completely different, didn't they?

How could they look alike?

As she hesitated, she saw Lewis find another photo of a forty-year-old female online celebrity and pass it to Scott.

Scott said, "Yes, that also looks like her!"

Keira didn't know what to say.

She twitched the corner of her mouth, finally realizing something. "Are you face-blind to Creran people?"

Scott immediately said, "I can recognize you."

Keira was speechless. RêAd lateSt chapters at nô(v)e(l)bin/.c/o/m Only

Many people had this issue. For instance, Creran people felt foreigners all had big eyes and distinct facial features. If there wasn't a significant difference in appearance, it was hard to tell two such people apart after meeting them only once or twice.

She suddenly sighed.

Lewis then patted her shoulder. "Don't be scared. I've already sent people to look into it. If they can help old Mr. Martin find his daughter, then using that lead to exchange for an antidote should also be possible."

Keira nodded.

As the two of them were about to leave, they heard a mocking voice. "Old Mr. Martin has been searching in Crera for so many years without any success. Are you two certain that within seven days... actually, you only have six days now, you can find his daughter?"

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It was Vera!

Upon seeing her, Keira immediately showed an angry expression.

She rushed up to Vera, trying to grab her collar, but unexpectedly, the next moment, Vera stepped back and blocked Keira's attack!

The two of them immediately scuffled. Within a mere ten seconds, they had exchanged several dozen moves. Finally, Keira spotted a flaw in Vera's moves, circled around to her back, and locked onto her throat!

Vera scoffed coldly. "Kill me, and you can forget about getting the antidote!"

Keira immediately let go of her. "If my father dies, I'll kill you!"

Still arrogant, Vera spoke with a tone of condescending pity. "We'll see if he's worth it or if you even have the capability! Keera, you've grown up in a place like Crera without any special training. What do you have to compete with me? I advise you to withdraw now to avoid losing further! After losing your mother, you'll lose your father as well! It would be too tragic."

Leaving behind those harsh words, Vera burst into a long laugh as she left.

Her demeanor was exceptionally arrogant!

Keira watched her leave, a murderous intent flashing in her eyes.

When Keira returned to the Olsen residence with Lewis, she overheard crying from the living room.

As soon as they entered, they found Susan, with her head down, wiping away tears.

Beside her was the young man who had accompanied her shopping at the mall. He was now angrily staring at Peter's parents. "Where is your son? Where is Peter? My sister saved his life; how can he just call off the engagement like that? Does he think the Simpson family has no one to answer to?"

The man suddenly stood up, pointing at them. "Today, the Olsen family must give us an explanation! My sister risked her own life to save Peter, and she still bears a burn scar on her arm. Is this how Peter repays my sister?"

Mr. Olsen furrowed his eyebrows. "While that was a huge favor, marriage isn't the only way to repay her. There could be another form of compensation!"

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Peter's mother then looked toward Susan. "Susan, I know Peter did wrong by you, but two people who don't love each other will only be unhappy together. Just think about it. Would you consider another option? The Olsen family will definitely give you ample compensation!"

Susan raised her head to glance upstairs. "Where is Peter? Why doesn't he come down and talk to me himself?"

The man nodded in agreement. "Yes, let that scumbag Peter come down and talk to us face to face!"

Mr. Olsen sighed. "Susan, you can't force love, and besides, it seems you and our family might not be well-suited. Maybe you and Peter aren't meant to be together. You haven't even joined us formally, and you've already had unpleasant altercations with several family members. Maybe it's best if we call off this marriage. Name your terms. As long as it's not too outrageous, we'll agree! After all, you did save Peter's life."

Upon hearing this, Susan bit her lip. "I don't want money..."

"I know you care for Peter, which is why I said we would compensate you... If you don't know what to ask, how about... we give you cash, like one million? How about that?"

To an ordinary family, that was an astronomical sum that they couldn't earn in a lifetime. It was a significant amount to offer Susan.

Yet, Susan still hung her head low.

Her "brother" immediately shouted. "What? Is your son's life only worth one million in your eyes? Isn't the Olsen Group valued at tens of billions? I heard that Peter holds 5% of the shares in your company, which amounts to... fifty billion?"

This statement stunned Mr. Olsen. "What are you talking about?"

Behaving like a rascal, the man blurted out, "Isn't his life worth fifty billion? Fine, we won't ask for much, just half of that amount. Transfer twenty-five billion to my sister's account today, and we'll leave without another word!"

Twenty-five billion...

That astronomical figure dumbfounded the Olsens!

Mr. Olsen's eyebrows knit together. "We don't have that kind of money at hand..."

"You don't have it? It seems you just don't want to pay!" The man shouted, "If you don't want to pay, just say so. You asked us to name our terms... You really are hypocrites! Since that's the case, there's nothing left to discuss. The Olsen Group's stocks are valuable, aren't they? I wonder what impact it would have if news of this were to get out! Abandoning a wife in dire straits and forsaking a life-saver, is that the kind of values the Olsen family teaches?"

This comment made Mr. Olsen go pale.

Meanwhile, Peter was still asleep upstairs.

Suddenly, he woke up with a start as he faintly heard the argument below. He got up, intending to go out and see when Jenkins stirred and woke up as well.

Peter immediately halted in his tracks.

He went straight to Jenkins and asked the question that weighed heaviest on his mind.
"Were you the one who saved me from that car accident?"

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everyone!