

My Accidental Husband is a Billionaire !

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Keira paused, her eyes brimming with tears. She looked at Old Mr. Sims, astonished, struggling to find words that could convey the reverence she felt.

Here was an old man who had dedicated his entire life to his country.

Keira understood that despite Vincent and Holly's public humiliation and the way they'd been labeled as spies, they would harbor no resentment toward the old man once they knew the truth. Holly would see her grandfather as someone who had never let her down.

Keira believed that Holly was that kind of person.

She clenched her fists and gazed at the old man with a mixture of admiration and sorrow.

Old Mr. Sims said, "Keira, is it? Holly often talks about you, saying you're her best friend. But you must promise me not to help her. I'm in trouble now, and if my son and granddaughter were to receive protection, it would raise suspicion in Country M. This would make it even harder for Barry Brandt to return home. We must avoid any complications."

Keira was taken aback. "Mr. Sims, is it really worth it?"

Old Mr. Sims smiled gently. "Barry Brandt has accomplished so much in his research and has overcome countless technical challenges. He has also mentored over a hundred brilliant scientists. If they return to our country one day, they will greatly benefit our physics industry... I'm just an old man nearing the end of my life. The only people I might have let down are Vincent and Holly. But they won't blame me. So yes, it's absolutely worth it."

Keira's eyes filled with tears, and she fought to keep her emotions in check.

She looked at Old Mr. Sims, her voice barely above a whisper. "I know what I need to do now."

Old Mr. Sims's face softened with relief. "Good, young friend. Thank you."

He glanced at the tea on the table and sighed. "As the Senior Sister, please tell the others not to bring me such fine tea. A spy doesn't deserve it."

He added with a sad smile, "I've managed the Special Division for years. I know it's like a sieve, with many moles slipping through. Our act must be convincing, so I trust you'll keep this matter private."

Keira nodded in understanding.

Setting aside the fact that Fox had placed two people in the Special Division, it was clear that the South family had made their own arrangements. Additionally, M country's real spies would certainly keep a close watch on this department.

Therefore, the fewer people who knew about this, the better.

Taking a deep breath, Keira said, "I'll visit when I have time."

"Alright then," Old Mr. Sims leaned back on the sofa, staring out the window.

His room had no cell phone, no TV—no distractions. He could only look at the sunlight outside. This eighty-year-old man, likely short on sleep, would spend his remaining years here...

A lump formed in Keira's chest as she stepped out.

Just as she was leaving, she heard a commotion at the door. "Hurry, storm in there! I just saw the old spy enjoying tea—how dare he! Seize it immediately!"

"What a scoundrel, betraying our nation's interests. He deserves to die!"

"Even at his age, he continues to cause trouble, living so long and committing such despicable acts!"

"..."

The people of the Special Division, whose moral character and patriotism were deeply ingrained, showed no mercy to anyone.

Not even an old man they once respected, once he was labeled a spy.

Keira stood there, stunned, watching as the group barged into old Mr. Sims's room, turning it into chaos. She felt helpless, wanting to say something, but then she saw old Mr. Sims shake his head slightly.

Keira suddenly felt an indescribable emotion filling her chest. She didn't know what to do, feeling immensely uncomfortable and on the verge of tears. The old man with graying hair stood there, watching silently as everything he loved was taken away. Even his sofa was confiscated, leaving only a bare, hard plank bed. But his eyes were full of compassion.

Keira clenched her jaw, forcing herself to turn away, no longer looking at the pitiful state of the old man. But she knew that the old man, who had seen much in life, was calm and still at this moment.

Keira hurriedly walked away as if a slower pace would prevent her from overcoming the mental barrier.

Just after she stepped outside, she saw Brian Dawson standing in front, full of anger. She was taken aback.

Brian scoffed. "No wonder he has been unwilling to give up his position; it turns out he wanted to occupy it in order to spy and line his own pockets!"

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Holly stood in front of him, unable to say a word. Her unease was palpable; she opened her mouth as if to argue but found herself unable to justify her actions. She knew Brian was right. She understood the grave mistake her grandfather had made.

Tears streamed down her face as she bowed her head and finally said, "Uncle Dawson, I'm sorry."

Brian frowned as he looked at Holly. After a long pause, he placed a comforting hand on her shoulder. "Holly, I've seen you grow up. I believe you're not at fault."

Holly paused, her eyes glistening with emotion. "Really?"

"Yes," Brian replied, "But as a family member of a spy, you must understand that there are rules in the department that must be followed."

Holly's expression shifted to deep contemplation. She knew exactly what those rules entailed. Her eyes reddened as she stood there, feeling like a child who had done something wrong, unsure of what to do.

She stared blankly at Brian.

Brian sighed. "Forget it; after all, you're just a girl..."

At that moment, someone spoke up, "Deputy Director Dawson, are you going to let her off just because she's a woman? We agreed when joining the Special Division that we don't distinguish between men and women here, only comrades in arms! If her grandfather has done something wrong, she must be dealt with according to the law!"

Brian frowned. "Let's at least give her some dignity!"

The person paused but remained silent.

Holly, however, spoke up. "That won't be necessary."

The others were instantly stunned, looking at her incredulously.

Seeing this, Keira grabbed the person next to her and asked, "What rule?"

The person was reluctant to speak but showed respect when he saw Keira. "Senior Sister, there's a rule in the Special Division: you must supervise your own family members. If someone in your family is a spy, then you are also guilty! This is our job, and if there's a traitor in the family, it's either due to a lack of vigilance or collusion. So, the person has to be expelled from the Special Division... and then..."

"And then what?" Keira asked.

The person sighed. "Do you know about the Beggars' Sect in ancient times?"

Keira nodded. "Yes."

"One reason the Special Division survived was because it had origins in begging. There used to be a ceremony where, when someone became the boss, the others would spit at him to show respect."

Keira was taken aback. She remembered this scene from a TV drama, where the heroine became the leader of the sect in "The Legend of the Condor Heroes", and found the tradition quite distasteful.

This might have been a ceremony for the Beggars' Sect. But for people now, it was a humiliation.

Keira's eyes widened as she suddenly understood. "You mean..."

The person sighed again. "If someone's family produces a spy, that person must face the spit and curses of everyone and leave the Special Division."

Keira's eyes widened in disbelief as she turned to look at old Mr. Sims.

Old Mr. Sims stood by the window, silently observing the scene outside. The realization struck Keira with intense pain.

Old Mr. Sims knew about this rule and still chose to accept the consequences, even if it meant his beloved granddaughter had to endure everyone's scorn. He insisted on acknowledging his guilt.

He had to let the enemy see.

Keira clenched her fists and turned to Brian, raising her voice. "No!"

The crowd turned to look at her.

Keira stepped forward, "These are archaic, nonsensical rules! If they're not part of the official regulations, we shouldn't abide by them!"

Brian sighed.

Suddenly, Mike spoke up. "No!"

Mike, a devoted follower of Holly and a loyal supporter of old Mr. Sims, surprised everyone with his sudden opposition.

Mike declared, "I used to admire their character, but now that I know they've done something wrong, I can't allow this! It's the rule, and this rule ensures everyone is vigilant with their family if they don't have to face this ordeal. If you didn't catch the anomaly within your family, then there is a problem!"

Some people nodded in agreement.

Brian frowned. "But Holly has just joined the Special Division and is still on probation. Forget it..."

As Brian spoke, the others fell silent.

Holly, her eyes swollen and red, suddenly shouted, "No!"

She looked at Brian with determination. "Uncle Dawson, a mistake is a mistake! I'm willing to accept the punishment. We can't break the rules of the Special Division because of me!"

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Brian paused, intending to speak, when someone suddenly intervened. "Deputy Director Dawson, you can't break the rules!"

The person turned angrily towards Holly. "Both my parents were scientists in the field of physics! When I was a child, they were secretly executed by a spy. I joined the Special Division because of that, determined to protect our country's talent and contribute to its development!

"But I never expected, heh..."

With a bitter smile, the person continued, "Mr. Sims was my idol and whom I respected most, but he actually aided Barry Brandt—a known traitor! Does he not realize how our nation's technological level has lagged behind, leading to significant losses? Barry

Brandt's departure caused immense damage to Crera! And yet, he helped Brandt establish himself overseas... It's so ironic, so profoundly ironic!

"So!" Stepping forward, the person glared at Holly. "As the child of a spy, you must bear the brunt of our anger and discontent! Besides, with Mr. Sims disguising himself so well, who's to say Holly isn't a spy herself?!"

The person decisively concluded, "That's why we can't break the rule! Not only must we follow all procedures, but the Special Division must also expel her permanently!"

Brian fell silent at these words.

Another person said, "When the Special Division was established, we swore that we despise traitors above all! What difference is there between his actions and those of a traitor? Mr. Sims, as the leader of the Special Division, committed such an act that made us lose face internationally! No other special organization's leadership is a spy!"

"Exactly, we can't concede on this matter! Holly must face our denunciation!"

"Not just Holly, but also her grandfather, Hector Sims!"

"Hector Sims, his very name is a huge joke!"

"Deputy Director Dawson, he suppressed you for so many years just to amass wealth. Looking back, isn't it laughable? Since the higher-ups have imprisoned him with us, why not drag him out and expel him from the Special Division?"

"Right!"

"..."

As the crowd hurled accusations, Holly suddenly spoke up. "My grandfather is already eighty years old. I'll take the punishment; please spare my grandfather!"

Her eyes brimmed with tears as she looked around at her colleagues. She understood their feelings, but old Mr. Sims was still her grandfather.

She could choose her country over her grandfather without hesitation, but she couldn't bear to see her grandfather suffer such humiliation.

However, Holly's plea only further enraged those around her. "You're still speaking up for that old spy? Then you really are a little spy yourself! Holly, you've truly broken our hearts!"

Holly was taken aback. "I'm not—I didn't—I..."

"As a member of the Special Division, faced with a spy, what should your reaction be? And what is your reaction now? Your grandfather is a traitor, why are you still defending him?"

Holly listened in shock. "My grandfather isn't like that; there must be some misunderstanding..."

Before she could finish, a cup was suddenly hurled at her, splashing tea all over her.

Holly turned to see an employee from the Special Division confronting her. "What misunderstanding? He committed this act that none of our colleagues had discovered. But you're a family member; have you failed to notice it, too? Did you ever benefit from the money he received?"

Holly waved her hands urgently. "Never!"

"Of course, he wouldn't need to use it since your family's wealth is enough for you all to live comfortably. But without those billions of US dollars, could your family afford such extravagance? It's as if you wanted to squander your family fortune... The truth is that you love his wealth! It's the money from his treason that allowed you to live so lavishly!"

The statement was a distortion of the truth, but at that moment, nobody cared about its veracity.

The Sims family lived lavishly because they inherited the wealth from their ancestors, while others struggled to make ends meet on their salaries. People envied the wealthy, and this comment incensed the crowd further. "We all work hard for our country, why should the Sims family alone live such a life of luxury?"

"Right! Deputy Director Dawson, since everyone is here, why not call Hector Sims out and have him endure our scorn along with his granddaughter?"

"Damn the traitors! Damn the spies! Deputy Director Dawson, that man must face our accusations and scorn! He must be punished for selling technological secrets and give us an explanation!"

Keira furrowed her brows upon hearing this.

Hector Sims was old and couldn't withstand such humiliation.

Brian was clearly inflamed by the crowd's words. "Alright, today we'll interrogate one of our own and dispel everyone's anger! You two, go and bring me Mr. Sims... Hector Sims!"

Keira frowned further upon hearing this.

She abruptly looked toward the room where old Mr. Sims was detained and furrowed her brows.

A group of people immediately rushed over, dragged old Mr. Sims out, and threw him into the courtyard. Everyone from the Special Division instantly gathered around, all looking at old Mr. Sims with a mix of complex emotions.

Old Mr. Sims had been their former leader and their idol.

But what he had done was too much for them to bear. It made them feel like their life's pursuits were nothing but a joke!

Old Mr. Sims' deeds were even posted on their wall of honor. Everyone, including Brian, had held him in the highest esteem.

They had all been proud of him, but who could have imagined that this beacon of stability would have such a problem?

Once, they had held a secret ballot on who was least likely to be a spy. Without a doubt, old Mr. Sims had come out on top by a landslide.

But it turned out...

Everyone stared at Old Mr. Sims, wanting to say something, but upon seeing his graying hair, the words wouldn't come out. Old Mr. Sims had supported them, encouraged them, and even undertaken dangerous missions with his aging body, time and time again!

He had always charged forward with courage.

Who would have thought that such an idolized figure would do something like this...

For a moment, no one spoke.

Holly stepped forward anxiously, helping old Mr. Sims up and shouting, "Grandpa!"

Old Mr. Sims sighed, "I've involved you in this mess."

Holly's eyes reddened, and tears streamed down her face.

The situation left her with mixed emotions.

She despised traitors, but when faced with the fact that the traitor was her own family member... Her reason told her she should continue to despise him, but here was her flesh and blood...

She couldn't help but choke up, "Grandpa! How could you do something like that?"

Old Mr. Sims sighed, "I'm sorry."

Holly looked at him, feeling powerless.

Old Mr. Sims turned to Brian, "Follow the rules and do what you must."

Brian looked at old Mr. Sims, his gaze filled with intricate emotions.

He had admired the old man all his life, held grudges against him for twenty years, and now, as old Mr. Sims finally fell from power, Brian was about to drop the "Deputy" from his title. Yet, unexpectedly, he found it meaningless.

Brian lowered his gaze, "Sir, don't blame me for being ruthless. We have to be even stricter with you. I can let Holly go, but I can't let you off. So, accept our punishment and condemnation!"

He pointed forward, "Everyone, line up!"

The members of the Special Division immediately formed a long line that stretched to the entrance of the yard. Only

Old Mr. Sims stood at the front of the line, staring at the people before him.

Keira watched him, clenching her fists tightly.

Just then, Keira received a video call.

Keira frowned, noticing it was from Fox. She answered, and Erin said cheerily, "Keira, I'm calling you because I just realized there's something I haven't told you..."

Keira asked with a frown, "What is it?"

Erin began, "Well... Old Mr. Sims isn't actually a spy. He was in cahoots with Barry Brandt. The two of them had long agreed to work together from home and overseas. Barry Brandt is supposed to return to the country in a year with his research findings and his scientific team."

Her tone was nonchalant, as though she was mentioning that the ribs in her hands were delicious.

Keira's pupils narrowed, and she immediately asked, "How do you know about this?"

Erin raised an eyebrow, "Oh, you knew? You're not as naive as I thought!"

She tilted her head and laughed, "Since you know the truth, it must be time for you to make your most difficult choice, right? I called to remind you that we, the contenders for the South family's legacy, have already been through such training. We know what kind of choices to make and when! So, today, I'll give you a lesson in that."

Keira was stunned.

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Erin continued with a cheery smile, "We've all learned to be tough—that includes your sister. Don't think too highly of her. If she wasn't hard-hearted, would she have let Amy suffer at home with such a father and grandmother?"

Keira furrowed her brows.

Erin went on, "The first step to becoming the heir of the South family is learning how to always make the right choices!

"Old Mr. Sims has sacrificed a lot, but those were his choices. If you want to rescue your mother, you should ignore this matter and use your status as the senior sister of the Freeman Sect and the positive impression you've just made at Brian's to solidify your position within the Special Division and increase everyone's approval of you!

"If I were you, I'd be the first to rush up and spit! That way, you'd quickly gain their approval. You won't need to waste so much effort! These are all experiences from someone who's been through it all. Otherwise, you might find it very difficult to gain the Special Division's approval, and if that's the case, then you might as well submit to me obediently, just like your sister!"

Having said all this, Erin continued gnawing on a roasted rib, her little mouth glistening with oil, looking innocent and flawless.

Keira stared intently at the video, suddenly understanding Erin's purpose.

Erin told her that piece of information on purpose, just to make her go against her conscience and be the first one to act.

It was deliberate!

Erin let this story out to prevent Keira from gaining the support of the Special Division...

Keira took a deep breath.

Erin continued, "However, it's hard to be tough. We've been trained by our families from a young age to be selfish and never meddle in others' affairs. With your personality, I fear you won't be able to do this! What a pity, you don't even qualify to compete for the position of heir! After all, she's your best friend, isn't she?"

At this point, she giggled, "Keira, how will you choose?"

"If you defend Holly and old Mr. Sims, then you've lost this competition. If you don't defend them, you still have a chance to win."

Erin still wore her smiling face, which made Keira clench her fists tightly.

She knew she should listen to Erin and not meddle in these matters.

But watching the old man moving to the forefront, she clenched her fists tightly.

Old Mr. Sims had made so many contributions to the country, and even in the end, he was still trying to consider what was best for Barry Brandt and even for Brian.

He didn't retire because he didn't want Brian to be the spy, knowing that being the spy would certainly result in being reviled by thousands...

He was getting on in years; there was nothing else he could do in his lifetime, but if Brian were to be burdened with all this responsibility now, how could he return to the Special Division even if Barry Brandt came back to the country?

He had thought of everyone else but had not considered himself and his own children and grandchildren...

Keira knew full well he was a selfless person and was innocent. Could she really just watch him suffer these indignities?

Keira's jaw tensed.

Erin's mocking voice came through the phone, "Keira, you're not getting soft-hearted, are you?"

Keira's gaze dropped, and she clenched her fists.

Then, she heard, "Grandfather!"

Holly ran to old Mr. Sims and cried out, "Let me replace my grandfather. He's old, and if he takes this punishment, he'll collapse!"

Her crying didn't evoke concern from the crowd. Instead, Brian reprimanded her, "Holly, this is the rule of the Special Division! Step aside!"

Holly didn't move.

Old Mr. Sims then pushed her lightly. "Holly, move aside. What's a bit of spitting? I've been through much worse in my childhood..."

Holly wanted to say more, but old Mr. Sims sighed. "Besides, it was my mistake, and I should be the one to bear it."

Holly was stunned and didn't move.

Leaning on his cane, old Mr. Sims slowly made his way through the crowd.

He approached Brian.

Brian stared at him for a long while, "Hector, if you were short on money, you could have told me, but you shouldn't have betrayed your country for the enemy! You know my father died in the tech station, and the thing I hate the most is a spy! Don't blame me for this!"

After that, he cleared his throat and then spat viciously at old Mr. Sims!

Old Mr. Sims closed his eyes.

But inside, he trembled.

Despite having experienced a lot, this kind of humiliation was truly hard to accept...

But the anticipated sticky, disgusting substance didn't land on him. Instead, he felt a gust of wind, and upon opening his eyes, he saw Keira's jacket had been thrown at him, blocking his face and shielding him from Brian's spit.

Old Mr. Sims was taken aback and immediately looked anxiously at Keira.

Keira's eyes were resolute as she stepped forward.

Through the Bluetooth earpiece connected to her phone, Erin shouted, "Hey, Keira, have you gone mad?! Don't go! You..."

The words were cut off as Keira had already disconnected the call.

Keira walked up to old Mr. Sims and positioned herself right in front of him, her gaze piercing as she looked at the crowd. "As long as I'm here, no one is going to touch either Mr. Sims or Holly!"

