

# My Accidental Husband is a Billionaire !

## Chapter 761

Darien's smirk deepened as he glanced at Ellie. "\$336,000... sure you can handle that?"

Even among trust-fund kids, it was rare for anyone to throw around that kind of money so casually. Both Ryan and Ellie had never been the type to flaunt wealth; their family always believed in keeping a low profile. Unlike most of the business elites, they didn't enjoy showing off in public, which was why Darien had no clue about Ellie's real background. In his eyes, Ellie was just another rich girl—decent money, but nothing extraordinary. Sure, she had a nice car, but even that wasn't particularly impressive by his standards.

What irked him most was her frugal tab—always keeping it under two hundred grand while the real players around here dropped millions like it was nothing. He scoffed at the thought.

Mollie chimed in, her voice dripping with disdain. "Of course we're sure! What's with all the questions? Maybe that's a fortune to you but to Darien? That's just pocket change."

"Yeah, seriously! Why's she acting so high and mighty, anyway?"

"Get moving already, would you? Darien's made his call, and you're just standing there like a fool!"

Ellie's eyes stayed locked on Darien, unwavering.

He waved her off. "Go ahead."

Ellie gave a slow nod. "Alright then, just remember—you asked for it."

She turned and strode confidently toward the bar, her steps firm, though there was a haunting sense of finality in the air. It was like watching someone walking into the storm. Reaching the bar, she leaned over and spoke to the manager. "Open up those two bottles from the reserve for them."

The manager blinked in surprise. "Miss Cobb, are you sure? Your credit limit is set at two hundred thousand..."

The wine was exquisite, but there weren't only two bottles in stock. It was just that Ellie's personal tab couldn't exceed the limit.

Still, the manager was flustered.

Ellie let out a dry laugh. “Who said it’s going on my tab?”

The manager hesitated. “I’m sorry?”

Ellie nodded toward Darien. “Whoever orders, pays. Simple as that.”

The manager’s gaze followed hers, and realization quickly dawned. His face lit up with excitement. “Of course, Miss Cobb, I understand.”

He was thrilled. Ellie might outrank the Gill family in status, but every time she brought Darien here, the guy acted like a big shot, only to stick Ellie with the bill in the end. It had rubbed him the wrong way for ages.

What a fool. Leeching off the boss’s daughter, and instead of appreciating it, he’d treat her like a servant. Well, today, it looked like he was in for a surprise.

Snapping out of his thoughts, the manager hurried to fetch the bottles, personally escorting them back to the group with Ellie in tow.

“Mr. Britt, your wine’s ready. Would you like me to pour it now?”

Darien nodded smugly. “Yeah, go ahead.”

The manager moved forward to pour the wine, but Darien raised his hand to stop him.

“Wait. No, let her do it,” he said, pointing at Ellie.

The room fell deathly silent.

Ellie stared at Darien, incredulous. Was this a joke?

A small fire kindled inside her, burning brighter with every second she looked at his smug face. How had she ever fallen for this guy?

She snorted. “Darien, don’t push it.”

Mollie immediately butted in, her voice shrill. “What’s so wrong with it? You should be honored he’s even asking you! Honestly, have you ever even touched a bottle this expensive before?”

“Yeah, exactly! You’ve probably never been near something so high-class. Maybe the price is scaring you—afraid you’ll mess it up?”

“Come on, Darien, why are you keeping her around? Just get rid of her already. Useless.”

A chorus of jeers and taunts followed, only further inflating Darien’s ego. His expression darkened, and he looked back at Ellie, ready to assert his control. “So, are you pouring or not?”

Ellie’s hands clenched into fists at her sides.

She laughed coldly. “No.”

Darien shot to his feet. “You really wanna do this, Ellie?”

Mollie quickly tried to smooth things over. “Come on, Darien, let’s not ruin the vibe tonight. Who cares if she doesn’t pour? Just enjoy the wine.”

The manager, unsure of what to say, went ahead and poured for the group, casting a quick glance at Ellie for approval.

Mollie clung to Darien’s arm, urging him to take a sip. “Let’s just enjoy this incredible wine! Wow, this is next level!”

“It’s like liquid gold, I swear.”

“Man, how much do you think one sip is worth?”

“This isn’t just wine. It’s pure luxury in a glass!”

The crowd’s compliments circled around Darien, but Ellie wasn’t even paying attention anymore. She turned to the manager. “They’ve had their drink. Go ahead and bring over the bill.”

“Right away, Miss Cobb.”

The manager turned to leave, but Ellie stopped him again. “Oh, and grab a few security guards on your way back. We’ve got someone trying to dine and dash, and this isn’t the kind of bar that lets things slide.”

The manager’s face lit up even more. “Understood!” Finally, he was going to see Darien get what was coming to him. All those times he’d pretended to be the big shot, never paying, while making Ellie foot the bill—it was about time someone put him in his place. Today, the tables were about to turn.

Erin casually popped another pistachio into her mouth and spat out the shell. She glanced at Keira, puzzled. “What do you think she’s trying to do? If she wants to handle

Darien, why not just deal with him directly? What's the point of making him drink her family's wine?"

Erin was genuinely baffled. "I mean, why bother? Just seems like an unnecessary step."

Keira raised an eyebrow, thought for a moment, and then smiled. "Ellie probably spent a lot of money on Darien, right?"

Erin nodded. "Well, she should get it back!"

Keira's gaze shifted to Mollie. "I bet Darien's spent quite a bit on Mollie too, maybe even transferred her some money."

"Then she should get that back, too!" Erin shot back without a second thought.

Keira calmly explained, "But that money was transferred by Darien, not Ellie. She can't use illegal means to reclaim it."

"That's her money! How's that illegal?" Erin huffed, clearly irritated, her mind still stuck on the looser ways of her upbringing abroad. Life in Crera was so tightly bound by rules and laws that she couldn't understand the restrictions. Back home, people with influence handled things in a much darker way. But here, even the most powerful had to walk the line carefully.

"Cobb family's in a special position," Keira added softly.

Erin immediately got the point and rolled her eyes. "Yeah, yeah, rules for the rich are different here. In other places, you stay far away from those at the top. But in Crera, it's the opposite—they've got to watch every step they take."

How boring.

Thinking this, Erin shrugged, pulling another handful of pistachios from her pocket and tossing one into her mouth. From the side, Ryan, who had been silently listening to their conversation, cast Keira a brief glance, an unmistakable look of admiration in his eyes.

He understood his sister's plans perfectly, but for Keira to see through them so quickly? Impressive. This girl wasn't just smart—she was sharp. His thoughts flashed back to when she'd stood outside his house, blocking him from leaving, and later on, when she'd saved his life. His expression stayed neutral, though. He adjusted his glasses and absently rubbed the prayer beads on his wrist, his eyes lowering as he slipped back into his usual calm, detached demeanor.

Keira seemed to sense something and glanced at him, but when she saw Ryan looking toward Ellie, she dismissed it and turned her attention forward again.

Two bottles of wine, four people, and they'd nearly emptied both, leaving just a bit at the bottom of one.

The group lavished Darien with compliments.

"Darien, you really know how to treat people! This wine's amazing!"

"Over a hundred grand for a bottle, and you don't even blink. Must be nice to have money, huh?"

Mollie Francis beamed with pride. "Of course! That's just his pocket change."

Darien laughed, "Drink up! Eat up! Normally, there's a limit when we come here, but today, I'm feeling generous—no limits!"

"You're the best, Darien!"

"We're really getting the VIP experience today!"

Mollie's smile grew as she glanced over and noticed Ellie standing nearby. Grinning, she called out, "Hey, Ellie, want a drink?"

The moment the words left her mouth, the others in the group scoffed.

"Her? What makes her think she deserves any?"

"Exactly. She's just the maid's daughter. Bet her stomach couldn't even handle a wine like this."

Mollie giggled and looked toward Darien but was surprised when he narrowed his eyes and smirked. "Why shouldn't she? Of course, she's worthy of it."

His words left everyone momentarily stunned.

Mollie's face darkened, and she stared at Darien in disbelief. "Darien, what are you—?"

Without another word, Darien poured the last of the two bottles into a single glass, walked right up to Ellie, and held it out.

Ellie stared at the man standing in front of her, feeling a wave of sorrow. Was he finally acknowledging her?

But she'd already seen him for what he was.

Ellie chuckled bitterly. He'd done this before—random acts of kindness that made her foolishly forgive his coldness and indifference. This time, though...

As the thought crossed her mind, Darien suddenly raised the glass over her head and, with a quick twist of his wrist, poured the wine straight down onto her.

Red wine dripped from Ellie's hair and ran down her face.

For a moment, she was stunned. Then, she let out a dry laugh. Of course. What had she been thinking? This man had always been arrogant, thinking she'd never stop caring for him. He was never going to humble himself to make things right.

That glass of wine washed away the last traces of feeling she had for him.

And at that exact moment, the manager finally arrived—carrying the bill!

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In the distance, Keira and Erin both frowned as they watched the situation unfold.

The two turned to Ryan simultaneously, only to find his expression as calm as ever. However, his gaze, fixed ahead, had become sharper, with a hint of menace in his eyes.

"Looks like this is the first time Ryan's actually showing some emotion," Erin whispered to Keira.

Before Keira could respond, a tall figure suddenly appeared in front of her, blocking her view of Ryan.

She paused, glancing up at Lewis. His face was as neutral as ever, and the move seemed almost unintentional. But knowing his jealous streak, Keira couldn't help but laugh softly to herself and turned her gaze back to the scene ahead.

Unaware of what they were about to face, Darien and Mollie were still smiling. Darien looked at Ellie, patted her on the shoulder, and said casually, "You better behave from now on, got it?"

Ellie remained silent.

Mollie spoke up. "Darien, I don't think she even listens to you. Why keep someone like that around? You should just fire her! What's the point of keeping her in your house?"

Others began to chime in. "Yeah, Darien, just fire her!"

"Having someone like that around only brings bad vibes."

As the group mocked her, Ellie wiped her face and let out a sarcastic smile.

For some reason, a bad feeling started creeping up on Darien as he looked at her. His brows furrowed as he glanced down at the glass in his hand.

“Did I take the joke too far this time?”

“No, that can’t be. I’ve done worse before, and Ellie never complained. So why would she be mad now?”

“But even if she is, who cares? She’ll come crawling back like always once I say a few nice things…”

With that thought, Darien let out a chuckle and looked at her. “Ellie, what’s with that look? I’m warning you, if you don’t straighten up, I might just stop talking to you.”

Not talking to her—that was his biggest weapon.

Ellie suddenly wondered how she could have been so pathetic all this time.

Her fists clenched as she stared at him, lost for words. She pitied her past self.

Yeah, in the past, whenever Darien ignored her, she’d chase after him like a lost puppy. She’d do anything to win him back. Anything.

Now, looking back, it was beyond pathetic.

How could she not have seen him for what he really was? He’d never even bothered to hide his disdain or indifference toward her.

But she’d been too wrapped up in some fairytale fantasy where Darien was the hero who’d come to her rescue. She just didn’t want to wake up.

Even her brother had warned her about Darien, but she’d never listened. She thought her brother was just being a snob, judging Darien for his background.

She hadn’t allowed anyone to look down on Darien. Not until today.

If Keira hadn’t given her that earpiece or forced her to listen, she would’ve never known just how awful this man truly was.

Lowering her gaze, Ellie let out a soft chuckle.

Darien, growing impatient, asked, “What’s so funny?”

Ellie reached for a few napkins from the table, wiped her face and hair, then crumpled them up and tossed them into the trash.

Raising her head, she looked Darien straight in the eye. “Darien, we’re done. I’m breaking up with you.”

Mollie snorted. “Break up? Since when were you two even together? You’ve got some nerve saying ‘break up.’ You’re nothing but a homewrecker!”

Mollie stormed forward, hand raised to slap Ellie, but Ellie quickly grabbed her wrist.

Without hesitation, Ellie slapped Mollie across the face.

Smack!

The sharp sound echoed through the room, leaving Darien and everyone else stunned.

Darien gaped. “Ellie, have you lost your mind?!”

Ellie only smiled. “I was out of my mind before, but I’m fine now.”

Darien pulled Mollie close, his anger rising. “You’d better apologize to Mollie right now! Or I swear I’ll never speak to you again!”

Ellie lowered her gaze. “And then what?”

“What do you mean, ‘and then’? After that, you’ll need to get Mollie a proper apology gift. And if it doesn’t make her happy, I won’t forgive you.”

Ellie blinked, her mind drifting. She remembered last year when Darien had said something similar, and she’d bought Mollie an Hermès bag as an apology—a bag worth nearly a hundred thousand dollars.

She laughed. “Oh, don’t worry. I’ve already prepared a gift.”

Darien smirked. “And what would that be?”

At that moment, the manager approached with a bill in hand. Ellie took it and handed it to Darien. “This.”

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Darien was stunned as he glanced down at the bill in his hand.

Over \$300,000...

He blinked, staring at Ellie in disbelief. “What is this supposed to mean?”

Ellie didn’t respond and instead turned her gaze to the manager.



The manager immediately spoke up. "Mr. Britt, you've spent \$357,000 tonight. Will that be credit or cash?"

Darien blinked again, looking back at Ellie.

Ellie smiled. "Mr. Britt..."

She dragged out his name in a mocking tone, her voice dripping with sarcasm.

Her cold gaze bore into him as she chuckled softly. "The manager is waiting for you to settle the bill. Why are you looking at me?"

Darien swallowed hard, his brow furrowing.

"Ellie, stop playing games."

Ellie crossed her arms. "You can't pay the bill, but I'm the one playing games?"

Meanwhile, Mollie was completely confused.

Her two friends were even more bewildered, speaking up in unison.

"Mollie, what's going on? Isn't this Darien's bar? I remember we used to come here, and he'd just put it on his tab. Why are they asking for payment now?"

"Yeah, Mollie, what's happening? Ask him! The way Ellie's acting, you'd think she owned the place!"

Mollie quickly turned to Darien. "Darien, what's going on?"

Darien swallowed nervously. "I... I..."

Ellie chuckled. "What? Paying the bill is just common sense, Darien. You wouldn't be thinking of skipping out on it, would you? Hey, manager, what happens to someone who dines and dashes?"

The manager explained matter-of-factly, "We can call the police. Anyone involved would be taken in. For over three hundred thousand... well, that's likely ten years in prison."

Ellie's eyes slid over to Mollie and her friends. "And what about them?"

The manager grinned. "They'd be accomplices, so they'd be looking at three to five years."

Ellie smirked. "Darien, did you hear that? If you can't pay, you and Mollie are headed to jail. Better settle up."

Her words were like a breath of fresh air to Keira and Erin, who felt a sense of justice being restored.

Erin, munching on pistachios, leaned over and nudged Keira with her elbow.

“Satisfying, huh? There’s nothing better than seeing a jerk get what’s coming to him.”

Keira blinked.

“...What is up with this girl?”

Across the room, Mollie was still trying to make sense of things. She turned to Darien in disbelief. “Darien, what is going on? Ellie, you came here a few times, and now you claim this bar is yours? How shameless can you get?”

Ellie scoffed. “It doesn’t matter who owns the bar; you still have to pay.”

She turned back to Darien. “What’s wrong? Can’t afford it? Maybe you and your girlfriend should split the bill?”

Mollie panicked. “What are you talking about? I... I don’t have that kind of money!”

Ellie’s tone was light. “Darien’s spent quite a bit on you over the years, hasn’t he? It wouldn’t be too much to ask for you to cover half, would it? Unless... well, you are an accomplice, and that’s five years in jail for you.”

“You!”

Mollie turned to Darien, her eyes wide. “Darien, what’s happening here?”

Darien clenched his teeth and stepped forward, grabbing Ellie’s arm. He hissed, “Ellie Cobb! Knock it off! You’re embarrassing me in front of all these people, and I swear, if you don’t stop, I’ll get really mad!”

Ellie looked at him calmly. “Go ahead and get mad. What does that have to do with me?”

“You...”

Darien took a deep breath and, seeing the eyes of the crowd on him, finally spoke through gritted teeth. “Fine. You pay now, and I’ll pay you back later.”

Ellie raised an eyebrow. “Are you asking me for a favor? Hmm... well, maybe.”

She extended her hand, and the manager quickly handed her a bottle of wine.

Ellie passed it to Darien. “How about this: however you poured me wine earlier, do it the same way for yourself now. Then I’ll think about it.”

“You...”

Darien’s face darkened.

Ellie locked eyes with him. “What’s the matter? Don’t like the idea? In that case, I guess I’ll just let the manager call the cops.”

Darien’s face went through several shades of frustration.

Mollie and her friends were still watching. If he couldn’t pay, the truth about his situation would come out!

“Ellie... she’s doing this on purpose.”

Darien took a deep breath. “...Fine.”

He grabbed the bottle, lifted it over his head, and poured the wine down onto himself.

The liquid soaked through his hair, ran down his face, and dripped into his white shirt, staining it red.

Darien glared at Ellie. “There, happy now?”

“That’ll do.”

Ellie’s voice was casual.

Darien clenched his fists. “Now pay the bill!”

“Pay for what?” Ellie’s tone was light again. “I said I’d think about it. I just did, and I’ve decided... I’m not covering you.”

Darien finally realized he’d been played. His face twisted with fury as he shouted, “You—!”

Before he could react, the manager grabbed his wrist.

Ellie smiled coolly. “Time to pay up, Darien.”

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Darien was stunned.

He looked at Ellie in disbelief, unable to process the fact that she wasn't going to help him. His voice rose, "Ellie, what game are you playing?"

Ellie's cold gaze never wavered. She said nothing.

Beside them, Mollie looked confused, glancing between Ellie and Darien. She asked cautiously, "Darien, what's going on?"

Before he could answer, Ellie laughed. "What's going on? Still don't get it? Your 'rich boy' here is nothing but a fraud! He saved my life once, so I gave him money, but you really thought he was some kind of heir? Let me tell you..."

She stepped closer to Mollie. "He's unemployed, has no income, and his parents? They're farmers who used every penny they had to put him through college."

Mollie was dumbfounded. "No way... that can't be true!"

Seeing her disbelief, Ellie scoffed.

Darien couldn't hold it in any longer. "Ellie, that's enough! If you keep this up, I'll never forgive you!"

Ellie's voice was icy. "Forgive me for what? What have I done wrong? I'm just done giving you money, Darien."

"How could you do this to me?!"

Ellie stared him down. "When you bribed my maid and tampered with my car, did you stop to think why I'd turn my back on you?"

Darien was shocked. "You knew? No, it wasn't me, it was Mollie—"

Ellie found his reaction laughable.

If Keira hadn't uncovered the truth, she might have fallen for this same excuse again.

How could she have been so blind, trusting this man so much, believing every lie etched into his face?

She used to think he was someone special, but now it all seemed ridiculous.

Ellie smirked at him. "Stop lying, Darien. Just pay the bill."

At her words, the manager immediately tightened his grip on Darien's wrist. "Mr. Britt, if you don't pay up, you'll be in serious trouble."

The manager twisted Darien's wrist, causing him to yelp in pain.

"Okay, okay! I'll pay! I'll pay!"

The manager let go. "Then show me the money."

Darien swallowed hard and pulled out his card. The manager swiped it through the machine. "There's only twenty grand here, and it's been maxed out. You still owe us over three hundred thousand."

Ellie looked at his card, a cold smile playing on her lips.

It was pathetic, really. She had even put money into his account to keep him afloat.

Now, the irony was clear as day.

Darien's eyes pleaded with Ellie. "Ellie, please. I'm sorry, I really am—"

Ellie's expression didn't change.

From a distance, Erin paused from munching on pistachios, suddenly looking concerned. She whispered to Keira, "You think she's gonna fall for that 'I'm sorry' crap again?"

Keira wasn't sure how well she knew Ellie to answer, so she stayed silent.

After all, Darien's deceit and selfishness were written all over his face. If Ellie had been truly sharp, how could she have fallen for him for three and a half years? Especially under the delusion that she'd been the "other woman" all that time.

How blinded by love was this girl?

Keira shifted her gaze towards Ryan to see if he had an opinion, but instead, she found herself looking at Lewis, who had stepped into her line of sight.

Keira cleared her throat awkwardly.

Just as she was about to turn away, Ryan stepped forward, entering her view again. He gently toyed with the beads on his wrist, his voice calm as ever. "She won't."

"Pay up."

Ellie's voice cut through the air, as cold as ice.

Darien looked frantic. "I—I don't have any more money!"

Ellie's tone was flat. "You can always sell some of your luxury goods to cover the bill."

Darien instinctively grabbed his wrist, where a designer watch clung—a gift from Ellie worth over a hundred grand.

It was his last remaining asset, the one thing that allowed him to keep up appearances.

Ellie's family was influential, and she had always been discreet about her wealth. Even she didn't flaunt expensive brands. The watch had been something she'd saved up to give him, but looking back, it felt like such a waste.

Despite being with him for three and a half years, Ellie hadn't spent all that much on Darien.

At most, it added up to about half a million, some of which had already been blown on frivolous expenses.

And the rest...

Ellie's eyes settled on the watch.

The manager stepped forward.

Reluctantly, Darien removed the watch from his wrist and handed it over, his face full of anguish.

The manager appraised it. "A hundred grand, which still leaves you over two hundred short. Mr. Britt, you wouldn't want to lose a leg over this, would you?"

Darien stammered, "But, but I'm broke! I don't have any more!"

Ellie snorted. "Of course, you're broke, Darien. You spent all your money on Mollie, didn't you?"

Darien's gaze immediately darted to Mollie.

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Mollie instinctively stepped back, clutching her bag.

It was a crocodile-skin Hermès, worth a fortune.

Darien lunged forward, trying to snatch it!

Mollie immediately shouted, "That's mine!"

Darien paused for a moment.

Ellie smirked, “Yours? You’re part of this unpaid meal, too. If you can’t cover the bill, none of you are leaving!”

With that, Mollie hesitated, letting Darien hand the bag over to the manager.

The manager examined it. “This has some depreciation. I’ll count it as a hundred grand. You’re still short by over a hundred thousand.”

Darien’s eyes darted to Mollie’s hair. Perched there was a diamond clip, one he’d asked Ellie to buy for her on her birthday last year.

How ironic.

The truth was, Mollie’s most valuable belongings were always with her.

Without waiting for Ellie’s next command, Darien ripped the clip from her hair!

Mollie’s hair was now a mess, but Darien wasn’t done. He yanked off her bracelet, her rings, and even her five-thousand-dollar Chanel earrings.

The manager collected the items, placing them on a tray. “These earrings? Maybe two grand—used. The hairclip, seven thousand. Bracelet? Market’s down; it’s only worth five now.”

Mollie stood there, stripped of her jewelry, looking completely disheveled.

After everything, the manager announced, “You still owe fifty-eight grand.”

Darien pleaded, “I’m tapped out. Can we get more time to pay?”

The manager glanced at Ellie.

Ellie’s smile was cold. “Mollie must have more cash in her account, right?”

Darien immediately turned to her.

Mollie clutched her pocket.

Seeing this, Darien’s face lit up like he’d just found a lifeline.

He’d been here enough times to know the kind of people who ran this bar. Their enforcers were no joke.

Just a few days ago, a drunk customer refused to settle his tab, and Darien had seen the guy's finger get cut off.

No way was he losing a finger tonight. Or worse.

He both feared and longed for a life of luxury.

Darien hurriedly handed Mollie's card to the manager.

After swiping it, the manager raised his eyebrows. "Well, well, looks like Miss Mollie here has more in her account than you, Darien. A whole..."

Darien stared at him eagerly.

"...thirty-eight grand. Already deducted. You still owe twenty."

Darien was dumbfounded.

It still wasn't enough!

He swallowed hard, looking toward Mollie's two friends.

They were just low-level employees who hung out with Mollie to live large. No way they had money.

But Ellie wasn't about to let them off the hook either. Since they'd helped Mollie push her around before, Ellie squeezed a few thousand from each of them.

After pooling everything together, they were still short by eight thousand dollars.

Darien was practically on his knees. "Ellie, please help me... You've taken care of me for years. Can't you just cover the last eight grand?"

Ellie stared at him with disdain. "I mean, even a dog knows how to wag its tail at its owner. But you? You're not even loyal like a dog. Manager, make sure he pays. Don't let him off by a cent!"

With that, she walked over to join Keira and the others.

Darien tried to chase after her. "Ellie, you can't do this to me!"

But the manager stopped him, and in no time, a few security guards dragged Darien, Mollie, and her friends to the back.

Erin gave Ellie a thumbs up. "Nice work! You didn't fall for that jerk again."



Ellie sighed. "I don't even know why. Part of me still feels a bit attached, but for some reason, my mind's finally clear. I can see him for what he really is."

She let out a deep breath. "My brother always warned me he was no good, but I didn't listen. Now that I see it... it's like the signs were always there. What was I blind to?"

She frowned, reflecting on her past self.

Born into luxury, with plenty of love and money, how did someone like her get caught up with a guy like that?

As she mulled it over, Lewis's deep voice broke through her thoughts. "There's a technique called hypnosis."

Everyone paused, turning toward him.

Lewis explained, "It's not exactly forbidden. Some psychologists use it to suggest things to their patients, helping them open up. Just a theory, though..."

He glanced at Erin. "You know hypnosis, right?"

Erin, known for her medical expertise, nodded. She'd been behind the creation of that infamous toxin, the Seven-Day Powder.

Hearing Lewis, she immediately moved closer to Ellie, checking her pulse and staring into her eyes. A moment later, Erin gasped in surprise!