

My Accidental Husband is a Billionaire !

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Charles cracked open his door just a bit, watching as a sneaky figure slipped into the guest room next door.

Wait—wasn't that Peter?

Groggy and confused, Charles wondered what Peter was doing, sneaking into the guest room instead of staying in his own.

Curious, he stepped closer, pressing his ear to the door. Voices trickled through.

A girl's surprised gasp: "Peter, what are you doing?"

It was Jenkins.

Then came Peter's low, creepy chuckle. "What do you think I'm doing in the middle of the night? Jenkins, we're together now—no need to tiptoe around anymore..."

Jenkins sounded alarmed. "No, wait, I—"

Her protest was quickly muffled, followed by a soft thud as if someone had been tossed onto the bed.

Peter released her, and Jenkins spoke up again, sounding indignant. "This is the Olsen house, Peter! You're not scared at all? What if someone catches us?"

"You're my girlfriend. Why does it matter if anyone finds out? Besides, this isn't the first time...we've already done it at your place, remember?"

"Stop—don't say that..."

From the sound of it, she was embarrassed and had covered his mouth.

But Peter, emboldened, clearly wasn't about to hold back now.

Soon, noises that really weren't for young ears drifted from the room.

Charles's face turned crimson as he quickly straightened up. He'd suspected something between Peter and Jenkins, but knowing they'd already gone that far—now, that was unexpected.

A playful voice beside him broke his thoughts. "Peter sure has guts, doesn't he?"

Without thinking, Charles gave a little nod, barely realizing he'd done it.

Oh, he definitely did.

The guest room had thinner walls than theirs, and now, the noise level from inside made it clear Peter was putting in quite an effort.

Charles tsked in disbelief. Just as he was about to turn away, he suddenly froze, meeting Erin's wide, curious eyes.

He stumbled back a few steps, stammering, "What...what are you doing here?"

Erin had her ear to the door, listening with wide-eyed fascination. "How far along do you think they are? Clothes off yet?"

Charles felt his face burn hotter. "What's with you? You're a girl—don't you know any shame?"

Erin just shrugged. "It's a normal, healthy thing. What's there to be embarrassed about?"

Then she looked at him more closely. "Or don't you want to?"

Charles's face turned even redder. Growing up abroad, Erin had always been open-minded. To her, these things were just...normal.

But Charles was still innocent when it came to this stuff.

He'd devoted himself to science for so long, and the most he'd ever done was kiss her. Beyond that? This was a whole new realm.

Looking at her helplessly, he took her by the shoulders and gently pushed her back towards his room. "It's late. Go to bed already. Stop causing trouble."

"I wasn't causing trouble—I was looking for you. Don't you really have that kind of need?"

Charles's ears went red, but he tried to keep his tone steady. "We're not there yet! Maybe when you turn twenty!"

Erin was only nineteen. He was right; she was still a bit young.

Erin sighed in mock disappointment. "Alright. Then for my twentieth birthday, maybe we can try?"

"You—you really don't know when to stop!"

Charles's face was almost glowing, and he could barely look at her. "How are you so...shameless!"

He turned her around, pushing her into his room before she could look back. "Get in there and sleep. Quit with the nonsense."

"Alright."

Erin's obedient response only made Charles's face feel hotter.

He practically sprinted back to his own room after that, making sure to lock the door, his heart racing.

He couldn't risk Erin sneaking in at night—he might not be able to resist.

And so, Charles spent the night in a fitful, wide-awake daze, thoughts churning endlessly. When he came down the next morning, Keira Olsen noticed the dark circles under his eyes and couldn't help but ask, "What happened to you?"

Erin, biting into her toast, offered a suggestion. "Maybe he's still shaken from last night."

Keira raised an eyebrow. "From what?"

"Oh, Peter went into Jenkins's room last night," Erin explained casually, "and Charles heard them."

Keira blinked. "How would you know?"

"I saw it myself, too."

Keira had nothing to say to that.

Young love these days was truly wild.

As she turned, she spotted Jenkins standing nearby, face flushed. The moment Keira made eye contact, Jenkins tried to slip away

Keira called her back gently. "Hold on, Jenkins. I have something to say."

Jenkins stopped, looking back at her, blushing even harder as Keira stepped closer, giving her an appraising look. Finally, Keira smiled, a touch of mischief in her tone. "Good morning, Lion."

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Keira didn't try to hide it from Erin.

So, as soon as she finished, Erin, who was munching on her food, froze mid-bite, her mouth dropping open in an "O" as she stared at Jenkins in disbelief.

After a moment's pause, Erin swallowed hard, pointed at Jenkins, and asked in shock, "Wait—who did you say she is?"

She couldn't believe it. Jenkins, the timid one, who'd always been just a servant in the Olsen family. The one who, if it weren't for saving Peter back then, would barely have any presence at all—and Erin probably would've forgotten about her altogether. Could Jenkins really be Lion?

Keira must have gotten it wrong, right?

But Keira looked steadily at Jenkins, a small smile on her face.

Jenkins clenched her fists, meeting their gazes.

After a long silence, she finally sighed and visibly relaxed. "How did you find out?"

"Ryan told me," Keira said simply. "He mentioned that every member of the South family has 'South' in their name, and that Lion was already here in Crera, in the Olsen family."

Jenkins nodded, understanding. "So that's why you suddenly moved back in. You were keeping an eye on me."

Keira shrugged. "Not really—I genuinely wanted to spend more time with Amy. Figuring out your identity was a complete accident. You and Peter—at first, it seemed like he was leading, and you were following. But in reality, the best hunters often disguise themselves as prey. It was hard to suspect you, considering you played the 'poor victim' card from the start."

Keira took a step forward. "But now that I think about it, how could someone like Susan end up taking credit for saving Peter? Did you let her have it on purpose, and then slip into the Olsen family as a helpless victim? That way, no one would ever suspect you."

Jenkins replied calmly, "But you still did."

"Because it was all too convenient." Keira's eyes narrowed. "Realizing Susan wasn't Peter's savior, and then discovering it was you... Everything just fell into place."

Jenkins gave a half-smile. "Convenient? Hardly. I had to go through so many hoops back then!"

"But it was too perfect," Keira countered. "How could the supposed savior just happen to show up at the Olsen's as a housekeeper? In a city as big as Clance, how could there be such a coincidence?"

Keira took another step closer. "What I really want to know is why you left Country A and came all the way to Crera. And from what I've found, you've been here for years—five or six, right? Care to explain?"

Jenkins fell silent, a distant look crossing her face.

Keira turned to Erin. "You once told me there were nine contenders for the South family's inheritance. So tell me, how many of them are here in Crera? Let's count: Vera? What's her code name?"

"Butterfly," Erin said casually. "She joined my team ages ago."

Keira nodded. "So we have Butterfly, Rabbit, Fox, and Lion. Four of the nine are here in Crera. Doesn't that seem... unusual?"

Jenkins and Erin exchanged a glance before Erin turned back to Keira, saying, "Actually, it's not surprising at all."

Keira blinked. "Huh?"

Erin rolled her eyes, focusing on her food.

Jenkins spoke up. "Let me explain. Do you know what the final contest among the South family heirs actually involves?"

Keira paused, frowning. She hadn't really considered it.

"It's economics," Jenkins said. "In the end, what drives nations, what pits them against each other—whether it's military or otherwise—is all about resources, wealth, and economic influence. Whoever controls the biggest business empire wins."

Keira seemed taken aback. "Is that so?"

Erin shrugged. "Exactly. Nobody ever said heirs had to be mortal enemies. If that were the case, how would Vera and I team up? Or work with you?"

Jenkins lowered her gaze and continued, "Which is why so many heirs gather in the same places. After all, there aren't that many economic powerhouses in the world."

She looked at Keira. "Forty years ago, Crera was economically behind, but in the past decade, it's developed at an astonishing rate. Any contender for the South family's throne would see Crera as a prime location for their strategies. So really, it's no mystery why they're drawn here."

Erin nodded. "There are only four here so far. When I went to Country M five years ago, I swear I felt the presence of five or six contenders there! When we left the South family, each of us picked a different country, but no one ever said we couldn't migrate to Crera if we wanted to build our empires."

Jenkins agreed. "Crera's current economic status is far too valuable to overlook. It's already a major arena where South family heirs vie for resources. And in all of Crera, the economic heart is Clance, and in Clance, it's the Olsen family."

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Keira stared speechlessly at Jenkins and Erin in front of her. Then, she held up her fingers and began to count. "So, let me get this straight. Each of you is marrying someone from my family just to forge alliances and secure the upper hand economically, right? Seven brothers, and between the two of you, you've already claimed two of them. Should I be worried about what will happen when my other brothers start bringing home their girlfriends?"

Erin chuckled. "Don't worry about it. Anyone who comes to Crera with a name that includes 'South' is definitely going to be tied to our family. So, if future girlfriends have 'South' in their names, you can bet they're from our family, too."

Keira just sighed. She was beginning to feel a little sorry for her brothers. Were they destined to be used as pawns in the South family's alliance schemes? Did they really not deserve a chance at their own love stories?

Just as she was about to voice her thoughts, Erin blinked at her and declared, "Don't look at me. I genuinely love Charles! He's so sweet and innocent; I would never take advantage of him! Plus, don't worry—I would never make him choose between you and me. After all, you're my little sidekick, aren't you? We're on the same team here."

After that, Erin glanced at Jenkins.

Jenkins looked away with a neutral expression.

Erin's curiosity got the best of her. "So, why did you accept Peter? From the beginning, when you saved him, were you just using him?"

Jenkins hesitated, saying nothing. Erin quickly turned toward the person standing behind them. "Peter, did you hear that? She's been using you from the start!"

Jenkins's body froze in shock. She turned around abruptly and saw Peter standing there, staring back at her in utter disbelief, clearly shaken by what he had overheard. What were they talking about? Was it true that Jenkins had orchestrated everything from rescuing him to everything that followed?

As Peter thought back on all the time he'd spent chasing after Jenkins and the strong bond they'd formed, a wave of hurt and denial swept over him. He stared at Jenkins, the question heavy in his voice. "Is what they're saying true?"

Jenkins opened her mouth, searching for words, but nothing came out. In truth, her relationship with Peter had started with ulterior motives.

Suddenly, Peter rushed forward and grabbed her shoulders. "Say something! Just tell me it isn't true, and I'll believe you! Jenkins, I know there's something real between us!"

Jenkins clenched her fists. "I do care about you, Peter. But would you be willing to stand against your sister for my sake?"

Peter took a stunned step back, staring at her, his eyes filled with shock.

Jenkins managed a pained smile. There was a kind of stubborn resilience about her that was almost heartbreaking.

She stood tall. "I don't know how much of that conversation you heard, but let me explain. Your sister, Erin, and I—we're rivals. I need the support of the Olsen family. So, would you be willing to go against them for me?"

Peter clenched his fists, struggling to process her words. "And what if I say I'm not willing to do that?"

Jenkins gazed back at him, meeting his eyes.

They stood in silence, staring at each other for what felt like an eternity. Finally, Jenkins laughed softly. "It's fine. There are other influential families in Clance besides the Olsen family, and if all else fails, I can still consider the Cobb family..."

Erin interjected with a laugh. "Don't get your hopes up! Ryan Cobb would never marry without investigating a girl's entire family history. Someone like him won't just settle down with anyone."

Then she turned to Keira. "Lewis knows all about this, by the way. He may look a bit jealous on the surface, but trust me, he feels totally secure. With your South family connections, there's no way Ryan would ever get involved with you."

Keira just sighed inwardly. She had never even considered getting involved with Ryan Cobb. What was Erin even talking about?

But Keira stayed quiet, knowing Erin was trying to give Jenkins and Peter a little space—a moment to think things over and decide what they really wanted.

She glanced at Peter once more. Her brother had always been a trusting soul. After being taken advantage of by Vera before, now it seemed Jenkins had been manipulating him too. How could he keep falling for people like this?

On second thought, though, when Vera's true colors were revealed, Peter hadn't reacted quite like this. Yes, he'd been hurt, even heartbroken, but by then he'd already fallen for Jenkins. So maybe the truth hadn't been as unbearable back then.

But now, the way he was looking at Jenkins... he really loved her.

Keira wasn't sure what Peter would decide, nor what Jenkins wanted him to decide. For a fleeting moment, she even wondered if their sibling bond really ran that deep. If Peter ended up choosing Jenkins over his family, it would be understandable.

After all, Keira hadn't grown up with them.

As this thought crossed her mind, her gaze softened. Jenkins's eyes remained fixed on Peter, waiting for his answer.

Finally, after what felt like ages, Peter's rough voice broke the silence...

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"Jenkins... did you ever actually love me?"

Peter's voice trembled slightly, and Jenkins blinked, surprised he'd ask such a question at this moment. Then, a flicker of memory—she recalled how, at the Horton's gathering, Gavin had asked something similar to Selena. Were men really boys at heart, clinging to hopes until the end?

Jenkins' lips curved into a small, pained smile. "Every step of me meeting you was all planned. I can't deny that. As for love... I don't want to lie to you."

After those words, she fell silent. But everyone there—Peter, Keira, Erin—could easily infer the words left unsaid: I don't want to lie to you. I don't love you.

After all, if she did love him, there would've been no need for lies.

Peter let out a dry, bitter laugh. "You don't even love me. So, what choice is there to make?"

He turned to Keira and spoke firmly, "And remember, the Olsen family rule: siblings do not betray one another. We've said this countless times, but it seems that some South women just don't get it, do they?"

He walked over to stand beside Keira. "Jenkins, even if you had loved me, even if I'd loved you to the point of madness, I wouldn't betray my family for you."

He spoke with conviction, his voice unwavering. "The Olsen family raised me. They gave me the freedom I have now. The support you wanted from me—it's only there because of my family. To me, the Olsens aren't just about a business or wealth. They're about people, every one of them. I could never betray any of them."

Jenkins nodded. "I understand."

Her face was unreadable as she looked at him. Then she turned to Keira. "Are you here to arrest me, or what? What's the plan? How are you going to punish me?"

She raised her hands. "Let me just say, I'm not some skilled fighter; I'm pretty useless at this sort of thing. And I was frisked on the way in, so I don't have any weapons. Even if you decided to kill me right here, I wouldn't be able to put up a fight."

There was a strange calmness in her voice, like a weight had lifted now that her secrets were laid bare. For the first time, she stood tall, no longer cowering or hesitating.

Keira looked over at Peter. "So... what do you say, Peter?"

Peter turned to her, a faint smile on his lips. "Could we... let her go?"

Keira frowned. "Why?"

Peter gave a small, sad chuckle, his voice raw with emotion. "We spent a lot of time together. To say I don't feel anything for her—that would be a lie... How could I not feel something?"

He looked away, a hint of tears glistening in his eyes as he took a steadying breath.

Softly, he added, "We slept together, too. She's a woman, so in the end, she's the one who got hurt. I prepared a gift for her, but she's not going to need it. Nothing can really make up for this..."

He swiped a hand across his eyes, forcing a smile. "Just let her go. Consider it closure, a clean end to what we had. Keira... can you do that?"

Could she?

Letting Jenkins walk free was like dropping a needle into the ocean—it was doubtful they'd ever see her again. But Peter was right. Family wasn't about wealth or the company; it was about loyalty to each other.

If Peter could cast aside Jenkins so easily for his sister, could Keira not let him hold on to a piece of his dignity?

After a brief silence, she nodded with a faint smile. "Alright."

She turned to Jenkins. "Go. You're free to leave."

Jenkins looked surprised, as if this was the last thing she'd expected. After a moment's hesitation, she spoke, "Are you sure? You know, I've got serious influence in Country A. If you let me go, I could become a huge threat to you."

Keira met her gaze evenly. "Yes, I'm sure."

Erin stuffed her mouth full of snacks, her displeasure written all over her face. How could they just let Jenkins go? How?

As she moped, Keira shot her a glance, and Erin quickly became "busy" examining her nails, glancing at the sky, trying to look very occupied.

Jenkins turned from Keira to Erin. "Fox, are you going to be okay with this, too?"

Erin stayed silent.

After a pause, Jenkins turned and headed out, walking with purpose. She had to pass Peter to reach the door, and as she walked by him, he couldn't take his eyes off her.

Watching her...

Jenkins, however, averted her eyes, unable to meet his gaze.

It was just a few steps, but it felt as if they were walking through time itself, as if this moment might last forever.

But in the end, Jenkins walked past him without stopping.

Not a glance back.

Just as she reached the door, a voice broke the silence.

"Wait."

Jenkins stopped in her tracks and turned around, a hint of a smile playing on her lips. "What? Having second thoughts about letting me go?"

The voice that stopped her was Keira's. Peter also spun around, his gaze shifting to Keira.

Keira looked at them both and said slowly, "I just thought you two could use a proper goodbye."

The words lingered in the air. Peter and Jenkins exchanged a glance but quickly looked away, each refusing to hold the other's gaze.

Keira noticed and gave a faint smile as she stepped between them. "Jenkins, you really do care about my brother, don't you?"

Jenkins was caught off guard, pausing for a beat.

Peter froze as well.

"If you didn't care," Keira continued, "then when you made him choose, you would've simply said yes to his question. If you truly wanted him to choose you over me, you would've told him you cared. But you avoided it, didn't you?"

She turned directly to Jenkins. "Why?"

Jenkins's face tightened. "I just didn't want to lie."

"No," Keira replied. "You just didn't want to put Peter in a difficult position."

She glanced at Peter. "Peter, she does care about you."

Peter stared at the ground, silent.

Jenkins's jaw clenched. "What's the point of saying all this now? You're just making things harder for him."

Keira took a step forward. "Lion, have you really thought this through? Do you honestly believe you'll come out on top?"

Jenkins faltered, her lips pressing together.

"Let's be real," Keira said softly. "You were sent to different countries nearly twenty years ago, right? Back then, assignments were based on status and strength. Even twenty years ago, your so-called 'Country A' was small potatoes. Doesn't that say something about your position?"

Jenkins's fists clenched. "And?"

Keira sighed, her gaze dropping. "No one expected Crera to rise like it did. But now that it's thriving, suddenly everyone's desperate to get a piece. How many of you have actually managed to break in?"

Erin chimed in from nearby, grinning. "None! Crera's economy is in the palm of Rabbit's hand now, and everyone in Clance's inner circle answers only to her. The alliance here is tighter than you could dream of."

Jenkins's expression turned stormy. "So what?"

Keira extended her hand without hesitation. "So, let's work together. Whatever you and my brother share, that's up to you two. But don't you both want to avoid ending up on opposite sides of a battlefield someday?"

Jenkins went quiet.

Peter's brow furrowed.

Erin folded her arms, her expression smug. "Rabbit's giving you a chance, and you better take it. Look, I know that boss over in Country M is ruthless, but Rabbit? She's soft-hearted. And working with her is working with me!" Erin grinned with absolute confidence. "Once I take over the South family, you'll be my MVPs! Don't worry, I'm not the type to ditch my allies. Lion, think it over! I mean, back when we were kids in the South family nursery, we went to preschool together, right? And you always charged forward without thinking—"

Jenkins's face darkened. "Shut up."

"Oh." Erin gave a quiet nod and bit into an apple, spraying juice everywhere, including on Jenkins and Peter.

Jenkins grimaced. Peter blinked.

Keira moved closer to Jenkins, a small smile playing on her lips. "There's one more thing."

Jenkins raised an eyebrow. "And that is?"

Keira's gaze softened. "I have a feeling you're not as welcome in Country A as you think."

Jenkins's eyes flickered, betraying a hint of surprise.

Keira smiled. "When we went to Country A recently to bring back the doctor, someone tried to stop us. Back then, we thought it was you... but I checked. You were here, at the Olsen estate, doing absolutely nothing that night. It made me wonder. You've been in Crera for five years now, slipping by in the background, using every trick to survive, even going so far as to pose as household staff. Doesn't that tell me something?"

Keira's eyes hardened. "You got booted out of Country A. All that you'd built there was taken from you, wasn't it?"

Jenkins stiffened, her gaze locked on Keira.

Keira smirked. "I hit the mark, didn't I?"

Jenkins's jaw clenched, but she remained silent.

Keira took another step forward, offering her hand once more. "So, partner with me. I'll help you reclaim everything you lost in Country A. Deal?"

Jenkins took a deep breath, her eyes narrowing as she stared Keira down. After a long moment, she reached out and shook Keira's hand. "Deal."

Keira let out a sigh of relief. It would have been wrong of her to let Jenkins and Peter part like this, she thought. She'd already caused her family enough trouble; she didn't need to split up a pair who clearly had something real.

After they released hands, Keira looked at Peter and said, "Talk to each other, alright? Erin, let's go."

"Right." Erin's reply was uncharacteristically obedient, making Jenkins glance over with a suspicious look.

Erin stuck out her tongue playfully before making a goofy face and following Keira out the door.