

MY ACCIDENTAL HUSBAND IS A BILLIONAIRE !

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Erin pressed her lips together, clearly holding back her thoughts.

Keira noticed and asked, "What's wrong?"

Jenkins jumped in before Erin could reply, "This last one here—her interests are surprisingly similar to Erin's."

Keira frowned. "Food?"

Jenkins nodded. "Exactly. That's why we nicknamed her Pig."

Keira blinked, stunned. Were code names really handed out this carelessly?

She twitched her lips in disbelief, but Erin cut in with immediate protest. "Hold on! What do you mean, my interests are the same as Pig's? I'm a selective eater, okay? I have standards! I don't just eat everything. She does! Anything remotely edible, she's all in!"

Erin gave an exaggerated huff. "Back in preschool, she used to finish off all our leftovers. Seriously, we'd save them for her because she could eat everything! Her mom even showed up at school once to complain, saying the teachers were turning her kid into a pig. Said she was getting 'too big and too chubby.'"

As Keira listened to their chatter, vividly picturing the scene from years ago, she couldn't help but interrupt with a question. "You two grew up together for a few years, right? After all that, can you really bring yourselves to go after each other, fighting tooth and nail?"

The question landed like a bomb, leaving both Jenkins and Erin momentarily speechless.

Neither of them saw that question coming.

Even Erin, who had been happily munching on pistachios, slowly set them down and let out a sigh.

Jenkins finally broke the silence. "Childhood friends? Sure, but most of that fades as you grow older. It's been years since we stayed in touch—there's no bond left to speak of. Besides, if this fight is destined to be a life-or-death struggle, showing mercy to your enemy is the same as being cruel to yourself."

Jenkins' tone was calm, but her words carried a brutal finality. "I know you've never lived through something as ruthless as this, but you'd better remember what I'm telling you. Trust no one outside of our faction.

"Be careful—even with me and Erin. We might seem loyal now, but trust? That's not even in our vocabulary. We grew up learning to protect ourselves first. If you ever end up in conflict with Eagle, and it looks like you're losing while Eagle's gaining the upper hand, Erin and I wouldn't hesitate to leave you behind."

The seriousness of her expression, coupled with the harsh reality of her words, sent a chill through the air.

Erin, however, wasn't having it. "Speak for yourself! I'm nothing like you!" she snapped.

Keira glanced over at Erin, curious to hear her out. Erin folded her arms and huffed. "I said I'm different because I never pledged loyalty to her in the first place! I told her—she's my sidekick, not the other way around!"

Keira pinched the bridge of her nose.

She was honestly too tired to deal with Erin's antics right now.

This girl could be all talk when it came to everything else, but when it came to loyalty? Not so much.

Taking a deep breath, Keira turned to the two of them. "Thank you," she said sincerely.

Both of them froze, caught off guard by the sudden gratitude. Erin coughed awkwardly. "Uh... what are you thanking us for?"

"For being honest," Keira replied. "For telling me all this."

"Well, uh... you're welcome, I guess." Erin quickly shoved another pistachio into her mouth, trying to brush off the moment. "But just so we're clear, my goal is to win and become the final heir. So don't even think about competing with me!"

Jenkins smirked and turned to Keira. "I don't care who gets the inheritance, honestly. All I want is freedom. But if it has to be someone, I'd rather it be you. At least that way, you won't let Peter spend the rest of his life alone, right?"

Keira's face flushed. "You... That's your reason for dating someone from the Olsen family?!"

Jenkins coughed awkwardly. "More or less."

Keira glanced over her shoulder with a sly smile. "Peter, looks like you're being used again."

Jenkins whipped around in alarm, her previous mishap clearly still fresh in her mind. She scanned the room, half-expecting Peter to suddenly appear. When she realized no one was there, she turned back to Keira, narrowing her eyes. "You tricked me again!"

Keira chuckled, unable to contain her amusement.

Jenkins lunged for her, fingers aimed to tickle. "You're so dead for this! You've pranked me one too many times!"

Dodging out of the way, Keira suddenly turned serious. "I just want to remind you—if you love someone, don't keep pretending like you don't."

Keira then shifted topics. "By the way, Lewis wants to come with me to the South family estate. Any ideas?"

"Sure!" Jenkins and Erin answered in unison.

Erin's eyes sparkled mischievously. "You can bring someone with you. Especially a fiancé! The South family loves that."

Jenkins chimed in with a smirk. "They'll be so welcoming that your 'fiancé' might never leave."

Keira shot them a deadpan look. Erin nudged Jenkins playfully. "Alright, jokes aside. Bringing a fiancé essentially means they're joining the South family. He won't be allowed to leave—ever. Basically, he'd become collateral. So... if you can avoid it, don't bring him."

Keira nodded, making an "okay" gesture.

Looked like bringing Lewis wasn't an option after all.

In some ways, that was a relief. Leaving him in Clance was probably the safest choice. After all, once she set foot in the South family estate, there was a good chance her identity would be exposed.