

MY ACCIDENTAL HUSBAND IS A BILLIONAIRE !

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Keira blinked in surprise the moment she saw the South family estate.

She wasn't on the ship anymore. That much was clear. Before falling asleep, she'd been onboard. That could only mean one thing—someone had drugged her on the way here.

The South family... She couldn't even take in the whole estate because she was already inside one of their mansions.

It was a small, vintage-style home. Keira was sitting in the living room. Everything around her was almost indistinguishable from what she'd find back home in Crera, even down to the flat-screen TV mounted on the wall.

Matthew, lying next to her, stirred awake and looked around, his expression dazed.

Their eyes met, and both of them frowned slightly.

Before either could speak, a sharp, cutting voice rang out. "I thought you were planning on never coming back."

Keira turned her head and saw a woman in a wheelchair being slowly pushed toward her.

From one angle, the woman's face was stunning, a portrait of perfection. But as she turned fully toward Keira, her other side came into view, and Keira's pupils constricted.

She barely managed to suppress a gasp.

That half of her face was disfigured, horrifically scarred by burns. One eye was nothing more than a blackened hollow, the nose had been destroyed, and the lips were fused together in uneven patches. It was terrifyingly deliberate, as if someone had made sure every inch of the burn was meticulously inflicted.

Keira clenched her jaw, unsure how to react.

Was this what Keira had faced all those years ago before leaving at the age of three?

Before Keira could think further, the woman let out a cold laugh. "What? Seeing me like this didn't scare you?"

Keira hesitated, sensing a trap. She stayed silent.

The woman sneered. "This is what happens to failures, Keera. If you fail, you'll end up trapped in this house, just like me. And they'll keep sending men to you, one after another, just to make sure you bear children. Even though I've lost the ability to have kids, they didn't stop. They'll never stop. Ha!"

Keira's frown deepened.

So, the scars on this woman's face... they must have come in the years since. She lowered her gaze, contemplative.

The woman's voice rose, sharp and grating. "Are you mute now? You finally came back to see me, and this is the face you give me? I know what's going on!"

The woman laughed bitterly. "You've found out I'm not your real mother, haven't you? Ha! And now you hate me for taking you in back then? Let me tell you something—I saved your life! If I hadn't brought you here and made you one of the potential heirs, you would've ended up like your sister, disappearing forever into the ocean. That's how the South family operates. Didn't you know? Traitors to the family always die! That Jodie South—she's been captured by the South family. Ha!"

The woman's gaze turned back to Keira. "So, you've learned she's your mother? I bet you care about her, don't you?"

Keira finally broke her silence, her first words since arriving. "Where is she?"

The woman froze for a moment before grabbing something from the nearby table and hurling it at Keira. "Ungrateful brat! Not one word of concern for me, and the first thing out of your mouth is about her? You little ingrate!"

Keira tilted her head slightly, easily dodging the flying object. She turned back to face the woman.

This woman was clearly unhinged, her psyche twisted beyond recognition.

Her gaze held a hint of madness, and it wasn't hard to see why her sister had never returned over the years. The suffocating atmosphere of this house was unbearable.

Keira took a deep breath. Seeing the woman wheel herself closer, Keira reached out and firmly pressed down on her shoulder. "Alright, I've seen how you're doing. Am I supposed to ask if life's been good to you?"

The woman paused, caught off guard.

Keira frowned. "I know life hasn't been kind to you. That's why I'm trying. If I can become the next successor, maybe things will get better for you."

The woman stared at her, dumbfounded. "You're planning to fight for it now? You never cared about that before. Let me guess—you're doing this for your real mother, aren't you? Of course, a mother-daughter bond... Three years of raising you wasn't enough to warm your heart!"

That almost sounded like jealousy.

But the subtle shift in the woman's tone, the faint softening of her hostility, made it clear that Keira's carefully placed words of concern had hit the mark.

Keira lowered her gaze. "Did I ever resent you when I was little?"

The woman turned her head, avoiding her gaze. "You didn't know I wasn't your real mother back then. At most, you thought I was too strict and ignored me. But you were just three when you left, a quiet little thing who never spoke much. How was I supposed to know what you were thinking?"

Keira spoke again, her tone calm. "I didn't resent you."

"Then why didn't you ever come back to see me?"

Keira fell silent, searching for an excuse. "I don't know how to swim."

The woman immediately glared at her. "Ridiculous! All these years, and you still can't swim? When you were little, I threw you into the water, and all you did was cry your lungs out. I heard you almost drowned this time, didn't you?"

She let out another bitter laugh. "You'd risk drowning for your real mother, huh? Such devotion!"

Keira sighed inwardly. Is she jealous again?