

My Accidental Husband is a Billionaire !

#Chapter 844 – 850

Read My Accidental Husband is a Billionaire ! Chapter 844

844 Chapter 843

Keira glanced around cautiously and only opened the note after ensuring the curtains were still drawn.

She was genuinely impressed.

She had barely been here a day and still hadn't gotten the full picture, yet someone had already managed to bribe the staff and send her a message?

Unfolding the note, she read the line written on it: "It's too risky to go out. Wait six days."

The meaning was clear—curfews were strictly enforced here, and going out at night was dangerous. Keira's presence was far too sensitive, and there were likely eyes on her everywhere she went. God only knew how many people were stationed outside this little house she was staying in.

If it were her calling the shots, with the South family's cutting-edge technology, she'd have drones and surveillance monitors everywhere.

Keira squashed the temptation to sneak out that night.

It was better to listen to Lewis's advice and proceed cautiously.

With that thought, she lowered her gaze and glanced out the window again.

The frustration was building. She knew deep down that Jodie South might not even be that far away, and she had waited so long to see her. Yet, she couldn't do anything except sit and wait.

Lying on the bed, Keira stared at the ceiling.

That night, she barely got any sleep.

The gnawing feeling of being out of control kept her tossing and turning.

What she'd initially thought was simply a family operation turned out to be far more complex. Despite having a population of only five million, this city was essentially functioning like a small country.

The next morning, Keira was up early.

Looking pale and drawn, she stepped outside her room and found Jessica sitting in her wheelchair, her expression unreadable as she stared at Keira's door.

Jessica's face cooled the moment Keira appeared, and she turned her gaze toward the doorway with a mocking smirk. "You didn't sneak out last night?"

Stretching lazily, Keira yawned. "I thought about it, but for your sake, I decided it wasn't worth the risk."

Jessica's eyes darkened.

Matthew, who had been standing nearby, approached them. "Good call. Sometimes patience pays off. Security's extremely tight. I've heard there are infrared scanners out there, so no matter how clever you think you are, you wouldn't have made it past the walls."

Infrared?

Keira blinked, surprised, and glanced at Jessica.

By the original plan Jessica had given her, Keira should have snuck out under cover of darkness last night.

But if there were infrared surveillance, there was no way she would have gotten away with it!

Thank God she didn't leave!

As this realization hit her, Keira turned back to Jessica.

Why hadn't Jessica warned her about the infrared scanners?

Before she could voice the question, the sound of someone knocking on the door interrupted her thoughts.

The housekeeper opened the door, and a group of heavily armed men filed in.

At the front was a tall, broad-shouldered man dressed in a uniform, his face partially obscured by a mask and cap. His sharp eyes swept across the room before finally landing on Keira.

He spoke in a deep, commanding voice. "You stayed inside last night. Good job."

Keira's heart skipped a beat, and she immediately looked at Jessica.

Jessica's expression twisted into a smug sneer, her cold demeanor from the day before resurfacing. The brief harmony they had shared was long gone.

"Not bad," Jessica said dryly.

Keira's stomach sank. "You were testing me last night?"

Jessica let out a humorless laugh. "What did you expect? We don't have much of a bond, do we? Did you really think I'd ruin myself for you? Keera, you're just as naive and soft as you were when you were a child."

Keira's face hardened.

Jessica smirked at her. "I will admit, though, I underestimated you. Twenty years out in the real world, and it seems you've grown a bit of a backbone. You're finally brave enough to fight for something. That's... progress, I suppose."

Keira clenched her fists. "Why the test?"

"Why? Every heir who comes back has to be tested. Didn't you know? If you had nothing to hide, you'd have stayed put, just like you did. But if you had tried to rescue Jodie South—well, that would've exposed you as not being Keera at all."

Jessica's tone turned cutting. "Keera's selfish, timid, and cold. She'd never risk her neck for anyone else. If you'd stepped out of that door, it would've been proof you're not her—but rather her twin sister, Keira Olsen!"

Keira froze, then turned toward the armed men who had entered. "Do they all know who I am?"

Jessica chuckled. "Of course. These men are the elite guard of the current heir—they're the South family's strongest military force. They know everything. Do you really think Jodie and your sister escaped the South family's grasp all those years ago? No. It was just that the current leader chose to let it slide."

Jessica's smile vanished, replaced with a chilling expression. "But the moment you got involved with them, you upset the balance. So, yes, your mother and sister's suffering? That's on you."

Keira shot back, "No, their suffering is because of the South family's oppressive rules!"

Jessica snorted. "Still as good at shifting blame as you were as a kid. Every time you screwed up, it was always someone else's fault."

"Enough," the captain of the guard interjected, stepping forward. His calm but commanding tone silenced the room. "The leader knows you've uncovered the truth about your identity. To ease your doubts, we've brought Jodie South here to see you. You'll have your moment with her."

Keira's breath caught in her throat. She turned toward the door in disbelief.

Had she heard him correctly?

She had already resigned herself to not seeing her mother anytime soon. She had made peace with it.

But now, they were saying she could meet her?

Trying to suppress her racing emotions, Keira's gaze fixed on the door.

And then, she saw her.

A figure stepped into view, one she would recognize anywhere. It was etched into her memory—the woman she had longed for since she was a child.

Jodie South, standing tall and graceful despite the circumstances, exuded a quiet strength that seemed untouched by everything around her.

Step by step, Jodie walked into Keira's line of sight.

845 Chapter 844

Jodie wasn't bound with ropes, nor were there shackles on her feet. She walked in wearing her favorite dress, surrounded by armed guards, her head held high without a trace of panic. She looked less like someone taken hostage and more like someone being escorted to safety.

She had always been this way—calm and composed, even if the world crumbled around her.

Keira's gaze locked on her mother's face.

Her face was clean and her hair impeccably styled. If it weren't for the paleness of her lips, she would look exactly as she had years ago in Oceanion, as if life had treated her well.

But Keira, ever perceptive, caught the unsteadiness in her mother's otherwise graceful steps. Beneath the façade of poise was exhaustion and frailty.

Keira's mind flashed to the lashings her mother endured the night before. Jodie hadn't cried or screamed, yet those around her had howled and wept as if they were the ones suffering.

Keira felt her eyes sting with tears. She blinked hard, refusing to let them fall.

Jodie looked up and caught sight of Keira. A flicker of surprise crossed her face. "Keera?"

Keira immediately understood—her mother was prompting her to play along. Keira gave a small, detached nod.

Keera had never grown up with her mother, so their first meeting was meant to carry a sense of unfamiliarity.

Jodie smiled gently. "I never thought our first real meeting as mother and daughter would be under such circumstances."

Jessica scoffed. "First meeting? What first meeting? Don't pretend we don't know she was in Oceanion when we dragged you out of Crera."

Jodie chuckled softly, the picture of calm. "That day was too chaotic. I only caught a brief glimpse of Keera, and we didn't have the chance to speak."

As she finished, her eyes glistened faintly. She stepped forward, took Keira's hand, and said with a tinge of emotion, "Keera, you look just like your sister, Keira. The resemblance is uncanny. It's such a shame..."

She dabbed at her eyes.

Keira pulled her hand back instinctively.

Her throat felt tight, but she forced herself to ask, "Have you been okay?"

Jodie smiled faintly. "I'm fine."

She sighed. "I used to think escaping the South family would bring me freedom, but life in Oceanion was just another cage. These years have taught me that. Staying with the South family is no worse than anywhere else..."

She lowered her gaze.

Jessica sneered. "Life was fine? Then why wouldn't you take the lovers they sent you? Still clinging to your so-called purity? For who, exactly?"

Jodie turned to her, her demeanor still composed, her tone gentle yet sharp. "It's not about purity. I simply didn't want to be reduced to a tool for reproduction. Just like you don't. We're both failures in this system, so why mock me?"

Jessica laughed coldly. "Failures? You had twenty-odd years of peace and comfort in Oceanion, hiding away. You think that makes us the same?"

Jodie sighed. "Those years were stolen. And now you've stolen my daughter from me, too. What's the point of talking about fairness?"

"Stolen? I think it's worth talking about." Jessica's words dripped with venom. "You lived under the same roof as Keira for twenty-two years and couldn't acknowledge her as your daughter. And as soon as your other daughter met you, she was dragged right back to the South family. Jodie South, how does that feel?"

Her tone was deliberately cruel.

Jodie's voice remained calm as she replied, "If I have to thank you for taking Keera, it's because it meant at least one of my daughters survived. Otherwise... she might've ended up like her sister, killed by Eagle."

Eagle? The successor from Country M, codenamed Eagle?

Keira's pupils contracted sharply.

She immediately realized her mother was passing her a message.

The killings in Oceanion hadn't been the work of the South family but of Eagle.

It all made sense now. The South family, desperate for heirs, wouldn't have eliminated her and her sister. But the infighting among successors? That was another matter entirely.

Eagle...

Keira clenched her fists. That was a rival she could never afford to underestimate.

Erin had told her before...

There were supposedly nine successors left, but four had already joined her side, while three had pledged allegiance to Eagle. The power struggle had narrowed, leaving only her and Eagle locked in a battle to the death.

It was her versus Eagle. No compromise.

Keira took a deep breath, steadying herself.

Jessica snorted. "Good. At least you're grateful. Splitting you and your daughter apart—I owe you nothing."

Jodie shook her head with a faint smile. "I've never said you owed me anything. And thank you for raising Keira to adulthood."

Keira looked at her mother, wanting to say more.

Jessica interrupted with a sneer. "Enough already. You've seen her. What now? Gonna stick around for lunch?"

Jodie's gaze lingered on Keira, filled with unspoken reluctance.

Keira broke the silence. "I've reconnected with Dad. He's been looking for you all this time."

Jodie smiled faintly. "Tell him to stop looking. I can't go back... Maybe it's better this way, never seeing each other again. Keira, take care of yourself. No matter what, winning or losing doesn't matter as much as staying alive."

Keira nodded.

Without hesitation, Jodie turned and walked away.

Once she was gone, Keira headed upstairs to her room.

She opened her palm, revealing a small slip of paper—a note her mother had slipped to her moments before.

846 Chapter 845

Keira stared at the note in her hand, and the moment she saw the words, tears began streaming down her face.

There were only a few words scrawled on the paper: Don't save me. Live a good life.

But how could she not save her?

She had to save Jodie.

Keira clenched her fists tightly, her resolve hardening as she stared at the note for what felt like an eternity. In the end, she reluctantly tore it to pieces and flushed the scraps down the sink.

There could be no evidence left behind.

Afterward, she stayed obediently at home.

But ever since Jessica's true colors were revealed, their relationship had hit rock bottom.

Keira hadn't spoken a single word to her since.

For days, she locked herself in her small room, spending her time listening to the radio.

The South family only had a handful of radio channels, and Keira had even tried reaching out to satellite signals, but the house was equipped with a blocking device that kept all external signals out.

Time flew by quickly.

Five days passed in a blur.

Finally, the day came when Keira was set to leave. She would be taken away the same way she came—drugged unconscious to ensure she couldn't trace the South family's location.

This time, the South family didn't even bother with pretense. They brought the drug to her openly.

Jessica herself handed it over. The liquid, tinted pink, carried a faint strawberry scent. Lowering her gaze, Jessica said softly, "I made it strawberry-flavored, just for you."

Keira responded flatly, "Tastes change."

Jessica set the drug on the table and looked at Keira. After a long silence, she finally spoke. "Do you hate me for helping them test you?"

Keira didn't answer.

Jessica pressed on. "I didn't have a choice. If I didn't help them, they were going to cut off Ryan's arm."

At that, Keira glanced over at Ryan, sitting quietly at the far end of the room.

Jessica had always said she felt no affection for Ryan, that she'd only kept him out of pity. But now, seeing her expression, Keira thought maybe there was something more.

Keira shifted her gaze to Jake, sitting nearby.

The man, in his forties, looked like a broken doll. Slouched on the couch, he sneered when he caught Keira looking. "What are you staring at? Right now, Ryan has a higher status in this family than I do!"

Jessica frowned.

Ryan mumbled nervously, "Jake, I'm not trying to compete with you or Jessica. I just... I just want a place to belong."

Jake scoffed. "You're invading someone else's family, and you think you have the right to say that?"

Ryan lowered his head. "Maybe I should just leave. They can send me somewhere else, so I don't cause problems for you and Jessica."

Hearing this, Jessica's face hardened, and she snapped at Jake. "Enough! He's just a defenseless man. Do you have any idea what could happen to someone like him out there? He'd get eaten alive."

Jake rolled his eyes in exasperation.

Keira couldn't hold back a chuckle.

Men or women, it seemed, were equally bad at spotting a manipulator.

Suddenly, she understood those online jokes about love triangles. When two men—or women—are competing for your attention, it's impossible to just throw one away. You want to keep both, balancing them against each other...

People called men fickle, but when women played the same game, they were no better.

The South family was a matriarchal society, where women held all the power, and men depended on them to survive.

In all the time Keira had been here, she hadn't even learned these two men's real names. Jessica always referred to them as Jake and Ryan, and Keira had simply followed suit.

Lost in thought, Keira barely noticed Jessica's intense gaze.

Jessica's expression was dark as she broke the silence. "I'll give you a chance."

Keira blinked, caught off guard. "What kind of chance?"

"A chance to ask me one question. I'll answer it truthfully."

Keira hesitated, her jaw tightening as she studied Jessica.

Jessica avoided her gaze. Keira asked, "Any question?"

Jessica said, "Any question that I'm allowed to answer."

Keira hesitated.

Matthew, sitting nearby, whispered urgently, "Ask her about the South family prophecy."

But Keira shook her head. Instead, she locked eyes with Jessica and asked, "What would make you happy?"

Jessica froze, staring at her in disbelief.

"What did you say?"

Keira repeated, "I said, what would make you happy?"

Jessica clenched her fists, her eyes turning red.

After a long pause, she let out a small, bitter laugh. "You're such a fool. Such a ridiculous, stupid girl."

Keira pressed on. "You can answer this, can't you?"

Jessica turned her head away. "If you inherit the South family and set me free... I'd be the happiest person in the world."

Keira nodded solemnly. "Alright. I'll try my best."

With that, she picked up the glass of pink liquid.

Just as she was about to drink, Jessica spoke again. "It's almost New Year. Happy New Year."

Keira paused, smiled faintly, and nodded. "Happy New Year."

With those words, she drank the liquid in one go.

The strawberry flavor was sweet, almost pleasant.

That was Keira's last thought before everything went black.

847 Chapter 846

When Keira regained consciousness, she was already aboard the cruise ship.

The moment she opened her eyes, she realized she was in her own cabin. The sound of the wind gusted outside. Jolting upright, her first instinct was to grab her phone.

By all accounts, five days should have passed, and her phone ought to be out of battery. But when she powered it on, the display showed a battery level of 80%.

This could only mean one thing—someone had brought her back to the ship yesterday and even charged her phone.

No, wait...

Keira stared at her phone. Her social media accounts, even her private feed, had posts indicating she was still on the cruise.

There were even daily meal deliveries placed in her cabin.

This meant someone had been impersonating her the moment she disappeared.

The South family's meticulousness was truly unparalleled. Even in the middle of the ocean, they'd gone out of their way to make sure no one noticed her absence by finding someone to play her role.

While she mulled over the situation, her phone buzzed with an incoming video call.

In the middle of the ocean, regular signals were nonexistent; only satellite signals worked. Keira accepted the call, and Lewis Horton's face appeared on the screen.

In just a week, Lewis seemed to have lost some weight. The instant he saw Keira, his tense expression softened with visible relief.

"How have you been?" Keira asked.

Lewis wasted no time responding. "Erin's guardian never returned to the South family with her, so I was able to pass myself off as her. But once at the South estate, I was confined to a villa. I've already sent you the layout. After observing the surroundings, I had a gut feeling that stepping outside would be a bad idea."

Keira nodded. "Right. They've got infrared detectors everywhere. No matter how well we disguise ourselves, the moment we step out, we'd be caught."

"That explains a lot," Lewis replied with a nod.

"How have you been holding up this past week?" Keira pressed.

"Not bad," he said. "Erin's parents are very kind to her. Their home is warm and welcoming. I've just been staying out of sight in her room."

After exchanging updates, Keira asked, "About the South family—there's no shortage of well-paid staff there. How did you manage to get someone to pass me a note?"

A faint smirk touched Lewis's lips. "Where there are people, there's always drama. Erin's mother has five husbands who constantly vie for influence, each backed by their own family. Her third husband—the least favored—helped me out. I promised him a night alone with Erin's mother in exchange for passing the message."

Keira blinked, completely taken aback. "What...what kind of family dynamic is this?"

She rubbed her temples, trying to make sense of it. "And he agreed so easily?"

"Not quite," Lewis admitted. "Since marrying Erin's mother, he's never spent a single night alone with her. Erin is their only heir, so if he doesn't curry favor with her, what other choice does he have?"

Keira was speechless. She almost wanted to roll her eyes. So, the reason she had such a hard time gathering intel in Jessica South's household boiled down to the fact that Jessica had too few men competing for her attention?

As she mulled this over, Lewis cleared his throat. "Keira, once you meet other men...will you stop liking me?"

Keira, in the middle of sipping water, choked and sprayed it everywhere.

Was this still the same cold and aloof Lewis Horton she'd first met?

She vividly remembered their first encounter—how arrogant he'd been! Back then, he hadn't even believed her when she told him they were married.

Shooting him a glare, she said, "Cut it out and speak properly."

Lewis let out a soft sigh. "I've just been feeling a bit insecure lately. In Erin's home, I noticed that even the slightest charm from a man could earn more attention from women. I never realized that kind of approach could be so effective."

Keira arched a brow. "And what are you getting at?"

Lewis coughed lightly, his handsome face showing a rare hint of embarrassment. "Well, I've been using my time wisely. I learned a thing or two about pleasing women from Erin's fathers."

Keira gawked. "You...you learned what?"

"You'll find out when I get back," he replied smoothly.

Her cheeks grew warm as she stared at the screen, unsure whether he was joking or serious.

Avoiding his gaze, she muttered, "Anyway, I've been killing time myself and..."

"And learning how to handle men?" Lewis interrupted.

Keira's jaw dropped. "Shut up!"

"Alright, alright," he said, though his tone was tinged with mock hurt.

For a moment, Keira wondered if she'd been too harsh. Peering at the screen, she admitted, "I did something dumb. I disassembled a radio and tried to build a displacement tracker to figure out where I was. But I didn't have a reference point, so all I got was a useless set of coordinates."

Tracking coordinates without a baseline was like trying to map your position on a plane without knowing where zero was.

Keira had hoped to pinpoint the South family's location to uncover their secrets. But alas, her efforts were in vain.

To her surprise, Lewis chuckled. "What a coincidence. I made a similar attempt and ended up with useless data too. But if we combine our results..."

Keira's eyes lit up. "We could triangulate the South family's location on Earth!"

"Exactly," Lewis confirmed.

"Brilliant! Send it over...actually, no. Our phones are probably being monitored. Let's wait until we're back home."

Lewis smiled faintly. "Home?"

The word slipped out before Keira realized it. She nodded. "Yeah. I think I'll be back in Clance in about a day. What about you?"

"About the same. So...see you at home."

"See you at home," she echoed.

848 Chapter 847

Keira paced back and forth on the deck, the phone call still fresh in her mind.

A sudden knock interrupted her thoughts. She opened the door to find Matthew standing there.

"We've got a problem," Matthew said without preamble. "Someone's been impersonating us in the rooms, fooling everyone onboard. It's the last day, so we need to make an appearance and make sure it's obvious we've been here all along."

Keira nodded immediately, changed into fresh clothes, and followed him out the door.

The cruise ship was filled mostly with people from Crera, as it had departed from Clance.

As they strolled, Matthew glanced at her. "Typically, we'd need to create a scene, something memorable. That way, people onboard will remember us and confirm we were here if anything comes up later."

Keira caught on quickly. The goal was clear: leave behind a distinct impression so that staff or other passengers could vouch for their presence.

After a brief moment of thought, she stepped into a luxury watch store.

Inside, the sales assistant, who had been cheerfully helping another customer, cast a quick glance at them. Noticing their understated outfits, her smile faded.

"Good afternoon," the assistant said, stepping forward to block their way. "May I ask what you're looking for? You'll need to wait your turn."

Keira raised an eyebrow. She looked inside the store—it wasn't crowded, just two couples browsing.

She knew luxury shops often enforced customer limits for exclusivity. But now, as the ship was on its return journey, most people had already done their shopping. This wasn't about policy; it was plain snobbery.

Keira smiled faintly. Perfect. Nothing made you memorable like a little drama.

Her expression turned cold. "Is this how you treat your customers? Where's your manager?"

The assistant's polite smile turned stiff. "Our manager is here, but we follow proper protocol. Miss, what exactly are you looking for? Perhaps you'd like a glass of water while you wait? I wouldn't want you to disturb the other guests while they shop."

Keira wasn't having it. "Disturb them? Let me ask you, what's your store's daily customer limit? Why are we being told to wait?"

The assistant shrugged. "There's no set limit. It's based on our judgment. We're short-staffed today, so we can't handle too many customers at once."

Keira glanced inside again, spotting seven or eight staff members idling in a corner.

"Busy, are they?" Keira said dryly, her voice dripping with sarcasm.

The assistant hesitated. "They're assisting online clients, Miss. But I'll handle you personally. What are you looking to purchase?"

Keira smiled sweetly. "A handbag."

The assistant's smile faltered. "We sell men's watches, Miss, not handbags."

"Oh, you knew that? Then why ask me what I wanted? If I came to your store, isn't it obvious I'm here for a watch? Or do you simply not want to deal with customers?" Keira's sharp tone cut through the assistant's composure like a blade.

The assistant opened her mouth but had no response.

By now, the store manager had noticed the commotion and hurried over, glaring at the assistant before turning to Keira. "Apologies, Miss. How can I help you today?"

Keira's smile didn't waver. "What's your most expensive watch?"

The manager blinked and quickly scanned Keira's casual outfit.

Keira had always dressed simply, even after becoming wealthy. Unlike Lewis, who had been born into money, she had grown up frugal and still liked her laid-back style. Today's outfit was a thrift-store find she'd bought online for a few bucks, and it looked far from luxurious.

The manager hesitated but led them to a display case. "This is our flagship piece."

Keira leaned forward and spotted the price tag: \$488,000.

She arched an eyebrow. For her, it wasn't even that pricey anymore.

"Let me see it," she said.

The manager's expression shifted. It was clear he didn't want to take it out. Customers who could afford such items typically didn't even need to ask.

"I'm sorry, Miss," he began, forcing a smile. "Our flagship pieces aren't typically available for casual viewing."

Before he could continue, Keira pulled a card from her pocket and placed it on the counter. "Do you recognize this?"

The manager glanced at the card and froze.

It was a global unlimited black card, one he'd only ever heard about.

849 Chapter 848

Keira's announcement sent the store manager into a panic. He stared at her, completely dumbfounded.

"I'll take the watch," Keira said calmly, her tone leaving no room for debate. "Charge it to my card."

Her confident demeanor immediately drew the attention of everyone in the store. Eyes widened as the realization of who she was settled in.

The manager snapped out of his daze and respectfully took her card. A quick glance at the staff was enough to set them in motion. The idle salespeople swarmed around her with wide smiles and eager voices.

"Ma'am, you have such exquisite taste! This watch is the crown jewel of our collection!"

"Yes, there are fewer than a hundred of these in the world. You're incredibly lucky to get your hands on one!"

"You're absolutely stunning. What's your secret to looking so amazing?"

When Keira didn't respond, one of the saleswomen shifted her focus to Matthew, the man standing beside her. She smiled knowingly. "Ma'am, is this watch for him? He must be your husband, right? He's so handsome!"

Matthew adjusted his gold-rimmed glasses and opened his mouth to speak, but Keira beat him to it. "No, it's not for him."

Her response left everyone in stunned silence.

Turning to Matthew, she added with a faint smile, "We've spent the last seven days together on this ship. When I get home, I'll need to make up for it with the one waiting there. You don't mind, do you, Matthew?"

Matthew froze. His eyes widened, his face a mix of disbelief and helplessness. The rest of the staff looked equally flabbergasted.

Keira's smile didn't waver.

Matthew let out an awkward cough and replied, "I don't mind."

"Good."

The manager soon returned with the packaged watch and her card. Keira accepted them and left without a second glance, her presence leaving the store buzzing.

As soon as she was out of earshot, the gossip started.

"She said they've been together for seven days? No wonder they're dressed so low-key."

"The watch is for someone at home? This girl must be a trust fund baby. Look at her—so young, so beautiful. Definitely loaded."

"Of course! Who else could afford to be so reckless?"

"Man, I'm jealous."

The manager sighed dramatically. "I'm jealous of the guy with her. Do you think someone like her would ever notice me?"

The others fell silent, rolling their eyes.

Keira didn't need to hear their words to know exactly what they were saying.

Matthew frowned as they walked away. "Those people are unbelievable. They judged us based on what we wore and treated us like dirt. Then, as soon as they found out you have money, they couldn't kiss up fast enough. It's disgusting."

Keira shrugged. "It's normal. You'll get used to it."

Her thoughts drifted to her childhood. Isla used to drag her along on shopping trips, flaunting her wealth by buying luxury goods while Keira trailed behind like a personal assistant. When people asked, Isla would dismissively introduce her as "the maid's daughter."

Isla had wanted to highlight the gap between them, but instead, it only deepened Keira's belief in equality.

Lowering her gaze to the watch in her hand, Keira smiled faintly. She couldn't wait to see Lewis's reaction. He'd definitely be surprised.

The cruise ship soon docked, and Keira disembarked, spotting the Horton family's car waiting for her.

James was the one who'd come to pick her up. When she asked if anything had happened with the Olsens or the Hortons while she was gone, James scoffed. "What could possibly happen? Everything's fine. It's not like the families can't function without you. We all managed just fine before."

Keira chuckled, admitting that he had a point.

But before she could say more, Kate smacked James on the head. "Watch your mouth! Keira's not someone you can joke about. Sure, the Olsens and Hortons might survive without her, but the Freeman Sect? Not a chance!"

The two of them were practically inseparable these days, their wedding just around the corner.

James merely grinned at Kate's outburst, saying nothing more.

The car pulled into the Horton estate's parking lot just as another car arrived. Keira's eyes lit up as she recognized Lewis's vehicle. She got out of the car, her pace quickening as he stepped out of his.

She was just about to throw her arms around him when someone else grabbed her first.

Erin, pale and visibly upset, clung to her like a lifeline. "Keira, you have to do something! This man has lost his mind. As soon as we got off the ship, he insisted on taking a helicopter straight home! It was so rushed—I got sick!"

She barely finished before doubling over, gagging by the side of the car.

Keira didn't even glance at Erin. Her attention was on Lewis.

"I have a gift for you," she said.

"I have a gift for you," he replied.

They spoke in unison, their words overlapping.

850 Chapter 849

After they finished speaking, Keira and Lewis exchanged a glance, then broke into laughter.

Keira had never experienced a fiery, passionate love. Her relationship with Lewis had always been one of measured calm, even back in Oceanion, when they had nearly divorced. Both of them had approached their problems with careful consideration.

But these seven days apart had been different. Especially during her time at the South family estate, where she was completely cut off—no phone, no computer—her longing for Lewis had suddenly become her only anchor.

Keira smiled and took out the watch she had bought.

Lewis blinked in surprise before pulling out a watch of his own.

They had clearly shopped on separate cruise ships, yet somehow ended up at the same store, buying the same model—one for men and one for women.

As Keira stared in shock at their perfectly matched choices, Erin's head popped into view. "Oh my God, are you two serious? This is straight-up couple goals! Don't tell me you planned this."

Keira slid the watch onto Lewis's wrist, then looked over at Erin. "We didn't."

Still chatting, the group began walking toward the rooms.

Matthew had extended his hand, intending to say goodbye to Keira, but she didn't even notice. Left standing there, he sighed, shook his head in resignation, and walked away.

His duty was simply to protect her. When Keira had no pressing needs, he would just be another doctor back at the hospital, saving lives and treating patients.

Keira, of course, had seen Matthew leave. But she had no intention of sending him off.

Matthew knew too much about the South family, yet he had never once warned her about anything while she was there. That alone was enough to make Keira wary of him.

Once they entered the room, Erin wasted no time speaking up. "Keira, you didn't stir up any trouble at the South family estate, did you?"

Without waiting for an answer, she continued, "Actually, you probably didn't. Otherwise, there's no way you'd be back in one piece. I was really worried you'd do something crazy, like barge in to save your mom. Good thing you kept your head cool."

Before Keira could respond, Lewis suddenly spoke. "Can we have the room to ourselves for a bit?"

Erin blinked. "Huh?"

That's when she realized she'd followed the two of them straight into their bedroom.

"Oh, come on," Erin grumbled, pouting. "What could you possibly need to talk about that you can't say in front of me?"

Lewis's voice was calm, but firm. "We're going to discuss something... inappropriate for children."

Erin immediately covered her eyes. "Ugh, you two! Have you no shame? Don't tell me you're about to jump each other after just seven days apart!"

Lewis turned and gave her a frosty stare.

Erin, who had feared nothing and no one before—except Keira—suddenly felt a pang of guilt under Lewis's steady gaze. She cleared her throat awkwardly. "Fine, fine, I'll leave. Enjoy your 'grown-up' talk."

And with that, she exited the room.

Lewis walked over and locked the door.

Keira tilted her head at him. "What did you do to her? Erin actually listened to you for once."

Lewis didn't answer right away. Instead, he wrapped an arm around her waist and guided her to the sofa. Before she could say another word, he leaned down and kissed her fiercely.

The intensity of the kiss left Keira's mind spinning. She couldn't think of anything except responding to him.

Two hours later, they lay together on the bed.

Keira rested in Lewis's arms, her head against his chest, listening to the steady rhythm of his heartbeat. She smiled softly and asked, "What's gotten into you?"

Lewis gazed down at her, his expression serious. "I feel like I'm in danger of losing you."

During his time at the South estate, he'd seen firsthand how the South women lived. Each of them had a dozen or more male companions—men who could adapt to any situation, whether they needed to be charming, assertive, or playful. Every single one of them was unique. There were tough guys, soft boys, bad boys, rugged types...

For the first time, Lewis felt truly threatened.

If Keira ever returned to the South family, would she fall for someone else?

He had even seen Erin's mother, who, despite having her first husband, couldn't bring herself to dismiss her other partners. The competition among her men was fierce.

Lewis buried his face in Keira's hair and whispered, "Keira, you have to win."

If she lost, she'd become nothing more than a tool for breeding, trapped in the same life as Erin's mother, surrounded by beautiful men and drowning in meaningless indulgence.

Keira replied softly, "I will."

They both raised their wrists, admiring the matching watches they wore. Then Keira sat up abruptly. "Alright, time to get to work."

Lewis arched an eyebrow. "Weren't we just working? You want more?"

Keira froze, incredulous. "Who taught you to crack dirty jokes like that?"

She shoved him playfully. "I mean the coordinates. We need to figure out exactly where the South family estate is and come up with a plan to get there..."

While Jessica South had said a lot of nonsense, the key detail about that vagrant had given Keira an idea.

If she couldn't act openly as Keira, she'd have to find another way—by turning herself into a South family vagrant.