

My Accidental Husband is a Billionaire !

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Chapter 871: Chapter 870

Keira stared at them, momentarily stunned.

She quickly put on a nervous expression, mentally going over the conversation that had just taken place.

Nothing seemed off.

So, they were trying to catch her in a lie?

Feigning panic, she stammered, "I swear, I'm telling the truth! Solomon must've just misremembered... Where is he? I need to see him!"

The nurse and the soldier immediately grew serious, scrutinizing her closely.

Keira kept up the frightened act, meeting their gazes with uncertainty.

Then, out of nowhere, the nurse asked, "Before you got to the island, what was the last meal you ate?"

Keira pressed her lips together.

That was a tricky question. She and Lewis hadn't rehearsed their answers, but she couldn't afford to hesitate. She had to respond immediately.

"Before we got to the island, we were hiding on the boat. There wasn't much to eat—just some bread."

It was the most logical answer.

But the nurse wasn't done. "What about before that? Back in Country T, what was the last meal you had before you got on the boat?"

Keira furrowed her brows as if trying to recall. "Let me think..."

These questions were getting harder.

One wrong answer, and they'd be exposed.

If that happened, their only option would be to reveal their identities to survive. But if she was caught sneaking back to the South family, she'd lose her position as an heir and be locked away for good.

Taking a calculated risk, she answered, "We had rice and crab. I love crab..."

She and Lewis had gone over the details of their supposed trip before, anticipating trouble. They had prepared.

As she processed this, the nurse fired another question at her. "What color was the outfit you were wearing that day?"

Keira hesitated briefly. "Red."

"And your boyfriend?"

"White button-up."

The nurse nodded. "The rice—was it plain, or was it a mix of two colors?"

Keira froze for half a second.

She hadn't even thought about that detail.

That was the problem with answering questions about something you hadn't actually experienced. The finer points always tripped you up.

Under the blanket, her fingers curled slightly as she felt a hint of nervousness creeping in. She locked eyes with the nurse and slowly answered, "Two colors."

Rice in Country T was typically prepared in two ways—single-color or mixed. There was a fifty-fifty chance she'd guess correctly.

So she bet on it.

She watched the nurse and the soldier closely, trying to gauge their reaction.

The nurse studied her for a long moment before suddenly chuckling. "Well, everything you've said checks out. We'll take your word for it."

Keira blinked. Had she actually guessed right?

Just as she was processing this, the nurse added, "Your boyfriend, on the other hand, was a bit of a problem. He didn't answer any of these questions. It was all on you. If you'd hesitated even a little, we would've assumed you were both lying."

Keira's heart skipped. "What happened to Solomon?"

The nurse cleared her throat. "He hit his head in the water. Apparently, he has amnesia."

Keira stared at her, silent for a beat.

Of course. Lewis was faking it.

There were too many details to keep track of. They had been separated, so there was no way to coordinate their answers. Faking memory loss was the perfect way to cover up inconsistencies.

That man had been through too much—dealing with criminals, fighting off pirates. His instincts were sharper than hers... if only by a little.

Keira mentally gave Lewis some credit before looking back at the nurse. "Can I see him?"

The nurse coughed lightly. "You can, but only for a bit. You won't be sharing a room."

Keira frowned. "Why not?"

The nurse shot her a sympathetic look. "Uh, we have separate rooms for men and women here. I'll take you to him."

Keira threw off the blanket and got out of bed, following the nurse.

She didn't understand why the nurse looked at her with such pity. When she'd been answering those questions, even in the tensest moments, the nurse had remained expressionless.

Did Lewis's little act backfire?

Or was something else going on?

Keira quickened her pace, suddenly uneasy.

The men's ward was in a different building, and when she reached it, she immediately noticed something odd. Security was tighter here, noticeably more so than in the women's ward.

Was it because men were physically stronger, making them more of an escape risk?

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Keira had assumed that Lewis was being closely guarded, unable to move.

But she never expected that when she arrived upstairs, she'd walk into... an oasis of luxury?

The entire third floor didn't feel like a hospital at all. There was no sharp smell of disinfectant in the hallway, just pristine floors and neatly arranged potted plants along the walls, making the place feel more like a high-end residence than a medical facility.

Keira frowned, glancing at the nurse.

The nurse gave her a sympathetic look. "Um, just... try not to get too worked up, okay?"

Keira was perplexed.

With a head full of questions, she stepped into the hospital room—and immediately spotted Lewis.

Dressed in hospital scrubs, he was sitting up in bed. A bandage wrapped around his forehead where he must have hit his head when he fell into the water.

But standing in front of him was a woman.

A woman who, despite her plain looks, was dressed in designer clothes and currently fussing over Lewis, handing him things with an almost worshipful enthusiasm. "Solomon, try this."

She picked up an apple and offered it to him.

Lewis took it with a slight frown, then looked past her at Keira with an unreadable expression.

His acting was impeccable—playing the amnesia victim to avoid giving the wrong answers under questioning. Keira knew the test wasn't over yet, and she could feel the nurse still watching her closely.

If she and Lewis slipped up even a little, there was a good chance a team of soldiers would burst in and drag them both out of here.

Keira blinked and asked the nurse, "What's going on?"

The nurse coughed. "Oh, well... Miss South here saw Solomon and, uh, fell for him at first sight."

Keira was dumbfounded.

She turned to look at the woman—Scarlet South—who was openly swooning over Lewis.

She fell for him at first sight?

Okay. And then what?

As Keira was still processing this, Lewis turned to Scarlet and asked flatly, "Are you sure I'm your fiancé?"

Keira was even more confused.

She shot Scarlet a look, only to see her smile sweetly. "Of course! You're my fiancé, and I'm your fiancée! We were on a boat together when you fell into the water, and that's why you lost your memory!"

Keira didn't know what to say.

She stared at Lewis, who seemed to be mulling over Scarlet's words, though Keira, having known him for years, could see the hint of exasperation on his face.

For a moment, Keira wanted to laugh.

Lewis pretending to have amnesia was a solid strategy—it kept the nurses and guards from questioning him too hard, reducing the risk of them catching any inconsistencies.

But he probably never anticipated that he'd end up being claimed by a rich woman with a wild imagination.

Scarlet was straight-up trying to convince him that she was his fiancée.

And since he had "amnesia," he couldn't exactly deny it.

Talk about being backed into a corner.

Lewis looked at Keira and sent her a silent plea for help.

Keira understood.

Did she want to help him? Not really. It was pretty entertaining. But she also knew this wasn't the time to sit back and watch the show. Right now, they were supposed to be a couple facing adversity together.

So she put on her best heartbroken expression and whispered, "You're his fiancée? Then what does that make me?"

She clenched her fists and looked at Scarlet.

Scarlet turned to Keira with a smile.

Lewis hesitated deliberately and asked, "Who is she?"

Keira immediately started, "I'm your—mmph!"

Before she could finish, Scarlet clapped a hand over Keira's mouth and all but dragged her out of the room.

The nurse was stunned.

Lewis, too, furrowed his brow in confusion.

Outside the room, Keira was just as dumbfounded.

Scarlet turned to her with a pleading expression. "Miss Olsen, I know all about your tragic love story with Solomon. It's very moving. But... I really like him. Could you let him go for me?"

Keira was confused.

She stared at Scarlet, speechless.

Scarlet cleared her throat. "We can talk numbers. How about three million?"

On this remote island, the local currency was the South Dollar. When Keira and Lewis arrived, they didn't have any money on them.

They had even joked about figuring out a way to make some quick cash.

Who would've thought that opportunity would just walk right up and hand itself to them on a silver platter?

Keira's lips twitched as she caught Scarlet South staring at her, clearly waiting for an answer.

She cleared her throat lightly and glanced back toward the room behind her.

Should she throw Lewis under the bus, or turn Scarlet down?

The answer, of course, was to turn her down.

For one, handing over her man just like that would be absurd—especially considering the dramatic love story they'd sold to the South family. Besides, if she gave in too easily, Lewis would probably explode from jealousy.

Back in Clance, that man would get jealous at the drop of a hat—jealous over men, jealous over women, he even got jealous of Amy, for heaven's sake.

The man was possessive. No doubt about it.

Best not to poke the bear.

Keira lowered her eyes. "I'm sorry, Miss South. Solomon and I are in love. He gave up everything he had back home for me. We've been through life and death together. Even if he lost his memory, I still can't just hand him over."

Scarlet frowned the second she heard that. "I get it. Solomon's handsome and seems like a good guy, but I really need him. You have no idea how hard it is to find a decent-looking man in South City. And I just can't lose... How about five million?"

Keira hadn't even replied when Scarlet jumped in again. "Don't be greedy now. Five million South Dollars is worth fifty million back in Crera. I'd say you're making out like a bandit."

Keira blinked. "Yeah... that's not gonna work."

"Seven million? Ten?" Scarlet gritted her teeth.

Ten million. That was... what? A hundred million in Creran currency?

For an ordinary girl, that was probably a once-in-a-lifetime kind of offer. Keira and Lewis were pretending to be just that—ordinary.

But Keira still shook her head. "We're in love. We've been through hell together. I can't just sell him off."

Scarlet let out a sigh. "Wow, you guys really are something. I'm almost touched. Well, if that's how it is... I guess I'll leave it."

She turned to walk away, but her assistant grabbed her by the arm.

"You're giving up just like that?" the assistant hissed.

Scarlet whispered back, "But they're engaged. They look so happy. How could I break them up like that?"

"He's badly injured, remember? If you hadn't paid for his treatment, he'd be dead by now. You really think now's the time to play nice?"

Scarlet's eyes lit up. "I get it now!"

The assistant let out a relieved breath. "Exactly, so what we should do is—"

"I should use the medical bills to guilt them into acting in my little love story!"

The assistant looked like she might combust. "Acting? Miss South, your last name is South. That means something here. You're royalty in this country. Why on earth are you trying to play fair with a couple of nobodies? You saved his life. That means you get to take him."

Scarlet glanced at Keira. "And what about her?"

"You're a South. One word from you and she'll be tossed into the ocean and eaten by sharks. She's a refugee. Getting rid of her would be child's play."

Scarlet looked stunned. "Seriously? But she's still a person. You're saying I should just toss her to the sharks?"

The assistant was speechless.

She gave Scarlet a long, tired look, the kind you give when you're wondering how your boss could possibly be this softhearted. "If you don't take Solomon now, you'll have no boyfriend, no husband, no male companion—and what will you use to compete with Miss Lena South?"

That hit home. Scarlet's expression shifted instantly to full-on villain mode. "You're right. There's no way I'm losing to Lena!"

Then she turned and glared at Keira. "Hey! I'm warning you. If you don't give that man to me, I'll have you thrown into the ocean and fed to the sharks. Got it?"

Keira said nothing.

Not only had she heard that, she'd heard every word of the whole whispered conversation.

Scarlet's attempt at a menacing glare was... honestly kind of cute.

Keira sighed. "Then go ahead. Feed me to the sharks."

Scarlet's eyes went wide, like a startled baby deer.