

# **My Accidental Husband is a Billionaire !**

*Chapter 877: Chapter 876*

Keira was still trying to wrap her head around what exactly the South family's so-called bloodline power was when Scarlet frowned and said, "You just pissed off Lena. It's too dangerous for you to stay here. Look—why don't you and your fiancé come with me?"

Keira raised an eyebrow and gave her a look.

Scarlet jumped in immediately, "Relax, I'm not trying to steal your man."

Then she turned back toward the road ahead, her tone firm. "You were right. Chasing clout by hanging onto a man? That's what losers do. My aunt had the guts to leave the South family. If she could pull that off with her own convictions, then I can too. After all, I am a legitimate South... though, I guess in the next generation I'd technically be a branch family."

Keira watched her talk and smiled faintly.

Then she lowered her eyes and asked quietly, "How do we go with you?"

Scarlet didn't hesitate. "The way this place handles outsiders is honestly pretty harsh. Even though you two landed safely, you still don't have official IDs. You've got to stay for at least a hundred days and prove your value before they'll issue anything. Once you have ID, you can work, and they'll assign you housing. But until then? You're basically undocumented. Employers take a risk hiring you. So I'll hire you."

A few minutes later—

Keira and Lewis were sitting across from Scarlet.

Her assistant stood behind her and asked bluntly, "So, what skills do you two have?"

Keira and Lewis exchanged a look. This was... awkward. They both had a wide range of skills, but nothing exactly conventional.

Keira gave it a moment and said, "I can cook?"

Scarlet rolled her eyes. "So you were a housewife? Look, we're not short on cooks here. We even have culinary schools. You won't get far with just that. Forget it—cooking's a no-go. Do you know anything about computers?"

Keira blinked. "A little?"

"Great. You'll be my assistant."

At that, Scarlet's current assistant shot Keira a deadly glare.

Keira arched her brow slightly. Oh, she got it now. That was territorial—he thought she was stepping on his turf.

Then Scarlet turned to Lewis. "What about you, Solomon? What can you do?"

Lewis cleared his throat. "I... don't remember."

Scarlet turned to Keira. "Well, do you remember? What's he good at?"

Keira thought for a second. "He's good in a fight."

"Perfect. Then you'll be my bodyguard," Scarlet said without missing a beat.

Her assistant immediately objected, "Miss, bodyguards should be the most loyal people around. They—"

"It's settled."

Scarlet shut it down and stood up. "I'll give you half an hour to pack. Then you're coming home with me."

Keira and Lewis each headed to their rooms to change out of their hospital clothes.

Keira looked at the outfit Scarlet had left for her and frowned.

A maid outfit? Seriously?

Was this how her household staff dressed?

Then she thought about Scarlet's assistant...

Oh. It wasn't Scarlet. Her assistant must've picked it out. Just a petty power play to put her in her place.

Keira sighed, said nothing, and changed into the outfit anyway.

As she stepped out of the room, Lewis came out from the room across the hall at the same time. He was in a crisp white dress shirt with a fitted black vest, sleeves rolled just so, a slim black armband around one arm. Tall, lean, and absurdly good-looking, he had that clean, almost monastic charm that turned heads.

Keira's eyes lit up the moment she saw him.

Lewis caught her reaction and gave a comforting smile. "Do I look alright?"

Keira nodded. "You look amazing. Honestly, dressed like that, you could pass for Scarlet's... boy toy."

The smile on Lewis's face vanished like a light switch.

Of course. He'd felt something was off about this outfit. It had that weird, over-styled vibe.

Now he knew why.

*Chapter 878: Chapter 877*

Keira and Lewis followed Scarlet back to her home.

Scarlet's house wasn't just a house—it was a full-blown estate, complete with staff bustling around like clockwork.

Keira and Scarlet shared one car, while Lewis was sent off to ride with the security team. The assistant sat up front in the passenger seat, glancing occasionally at the rearview mirror where the two girls were chatting like old friends.

Keira was usually quiet, but Scarlet had clearly decided she'd found a kindred spirit. She chattered nonstop, her words tumbling out in a rush.

Gone was the bratty, bossy girl they'd met earlier. Now she was all smiles and affection, calling Keira "Dear Norma" every other sentence like they were childhood besties.

Keira listened with half an ear, her gaze drifting out the window at the passing scenery.

The last time she'd come to the South family's place, she'd been locked up in her foster mother's house and hadn't gotten a good look at anything. Now, as they drove through the area, she finally took it all in—and realized just how different this city was.

Everything here felt... advanced. Not just modern, but refined. Polished. Mechanized in the way only the best-designed cities could be.

The cars on the road moved in smooth, coordinated lines. The buildings looked brand new, their glass facades gleaming. And everyone on the sidewalks seemed genuinely happy, their faces lit with easy smiles.

It was like stepping into some kind of utopia. You didn't even see beggars on the street. Everyone had a job—or if they didn't, they had government support that made sure they could still live decently.

Discrimination seemed nonexistent here. Apart from the South family sitting high up on their throne, everyone else was treated as equals.

Cooks got the same respect as scientists. No one looked down on anyone else just because of what they did for a living.

It felt... surreal.

But that's exactly what Scarlet had told her, and so far, everything Keira saw backed it up. Even the waitstaff and customers at roadside diners treated each other with mutual courtesy and warmth.

It all seemed too good to be true.

By the time they pulled into the driveway, Keira had nearly forgotten where they were headed. The car rolled to a stop in the estate's underground garage, and a uniformed servant walked up to meet them.

"Miss Scarlet, did you get into it with Miss Lena again? Your father already knows."

Scarlet rolled her eyes. "Seriously? Always running to tattle. Can't they come up with a new move?"

Even as she grumbled, she stepped neatly out of the car, motioning for Keira and Lewis to follow her inside.

As they entered the massive living room, Scarlet turned and whispered, "Okay, just a heads-up. My dad can be... intense. Kind of a control freak. Try not to say anything, alright?"

Keira nodded, though she didn't quite agree. A man who could forgive her mother—Jodie South—probably wasn't all that bad.

Then she saw him.

Sitting on the sofa, arms resting on a sleek cane, was a sharply dressed man in a black tailcoat. Mid-forties, maybe early fifties. His hair was perfectly slicked back, his posture impeccable. There was a sternness to him, etched deep in the frown lines between his brows.

He looked like someone used to being obeyed.

Keira studied him closely—and yeah, he did resemble Jodie South, at least a little. She, on the other hand, took after Uncle Olsen more.

The man gave her a cursory glance, then turned back to Scarlet and barked, "Kneel."

Keira blinked.

Scarlet, without missing a beat, gave a dramatic sigh and dropped to her knees like it was something she did all the time.

Keira hesitated. Was this... normal?

Scarlet's father stared her down. "Do you even know what you did wrong? Do you know why you're on your knees right now?"

Scarlet scoffed. "Sure. Because I pissed off Lena again. But she started it! Just because Aunt Jodie's locked up doesn't mean we have to tiptoe around Lena like she's royalty. We're the direct bloodline, Dad. Why do I always have to be the one backing down?"

Her father stood abruptly. "That's not why I'm angry. And I'm not punishing you over Lena."

Scarlet blinked. "Then what is it?"

He pointed at Keira and Lewis. "Them. Who are they? Why did you bring them here? It's one thing to stir up trouble with Lena, but why are you dragging these two strays into it? They ticked her off too, and now you've brought them home?"

Scarlet opened her mouth but didn't say a word.

Before she could recover, he snapped again. "Guards. Get them out of here. Now."

*Chapter 879: Chapter 878*

Scarlet's father, Thomas South, stood there, fury written all over his face as he glared at Keira and Lewis.

The moment his voice dropped, two security guards burst in, heading straight for the pair.

Keira frowned and exchanged a look with Lewis.

Without needing a word, the two of them stepped back—right behind Scarlet. As expected, she immediately blocked the guards, arms spread wide.

"Don't touch them!" she shouted.

She got to her feet and locked eyes with her father. "Dad, they're my friends!"

"Friends? They're strays, Scarlet! Do you have any idea what kind of situation we're in right now?" Thomas bellowed, his anger boiling over. "Lena's family is just waiting for us to slip up. Your aunt's already being held, and if we so much as breathe wrong, we're done for! This family's already on thin ice thanks to her!"

His sharp features twisted with rage, making his usually handsome face look almost grotesque.

Scarlet clenched her fists. "But Dad, that's not what you said before. You said it wasn't her fault..."

Thomas let out a bitter laugh. "What do you know? You think our family's still some fairytale dream of flowers and sunshine? The heir of the main bloodline—that title alone is a thorn in the side of the current head of the South family! Your aunt came back, but she refuses to have children. And today? I got called in and chewed out again!"

Scarlet blinked in shock. "Wait, what?"

Thomas took a deep breath and sat down, pressing a hand to his chest like it hurt just to talk.

The butler stepped in quickly. "Miss Scarlet, please don't upset the master anymore. You weren't there to hear how cruel the family head was. They're desperate to force your aunt. If she still won't give them a direct heir... they're planning to come after you next. After all, you're her only living relative."

Scarlet stumbled back a step, her eyes wide as she looked at her father. "Dad... I didn't know things were this bad for you."

Thomas didn't hesitate. "Well, now you do. So go on—kick them out."

Scarlet shook her head. "No. They're my friends. They stood up to Lena today—for me. If they leave now, it's as good as signing their death warrant. I can't just throw them out."

Thomas's eyes flared. "You let them stay, and tomorrow the family head will be at our doorstep. What do you want to see when I come back tomorrow, Scarlet? A broken arm? A leg? What?"

She clenched her fists tighter. "But Dad, you always told me—never turn your back on the people who've helped you."

Thomas exhaled hard, then offered a compromise. "Fine. Give them a boat. Get them off South Island. Lena's reach only stretches as far as this family. If they're off the island, they might have a shot. Just... make sure they leave quietly."

Scarlet hesitated, glancing at Keira.

Keira looked from Thomas to Scarlet, then finally said, "It's okay. We'll go."

She took Lewis's hand, ready to walk out when Scarlet called after her.

"No! You leave now, Lena will kill you the minute you're out of sight. Getting rid of someone like you? That's nothing to her!"

Scarlet marched forward and grabbed Keira's hand. "I'm not letting you leave. I know you can't go—"

She turned to Thomas. "Dad, the people who want them dead? They're right outside. If they walk out that door, they won't make it off the island alive. We can't just abandon them."

Thomas sighed deeply. "Why did I raise you to be so soft-hearted? Scarlet, we're barely surviving as it is. We don't have room to care about someone else's life or death. Just get them off the island. Staying here will get them killed. Out there, they at least have a chance. Even if their enemies are lurking nearby, they can't cover the whole island. Find a quiet corner. Let them out where no one's watching. The world's a big place. They'll survive."

Scarlet was silent for a second, unsure.

"No more excuses," Thomas said. "You're worried? Fine. I'll escort them myself. I'll get them to the mainland, safe and sound. How's that?"

He didn't wait for an answer. He walked straight up to Keira and Lewis, voice low and sharp. "You're outsiders. If you came here with any kind of agenda, you won't make it off this island. But if you didn't... then I've offered you a way out. You'd better take it. I trust you're smart enough to know what to do."

Keira's brow furrowed.

They'd risked everything to get here—and now, they were just supposed to leave?