

My Accidental Husband is a Billionaire !

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Keira answered the phone, and Fox chuckled, still using an electronic voice. "You're not Rabbit."

Keira paused slightly and asked in a calm voice, "If I'm not, then who is?"

Fox laughed, "Your elder sister Keera is Rabbit. Keira, I never imagined you hadn't died."

Keira's pupils constricted at this revelation. She furrowed her brows. "What are you talking about?"

Fox continued, "I was wondering how Rabbit suddenly became so strong. Now it makes sense... Hahaha!"

Realizing her cover was blown, Keira retorted angrily, "Was it you who orchestrated the events in Oceanion? Were you behind our kidnapping?"

Fox quickly responded, "While I've done many bad things, you can't blame me for everything. As for your sister's murder... I mean, Rabbit's murder, I have no idea who did it."

Keira snapped, "It was the South family! You and my sister are the only ones vying for the heir in Crera's South family. If not you, then who?"

Fox laughed again, "Believe what you want. I've nothing more to say."

Keira clenched her jaw, "If it wasn't you, then who was it?"

Fox chuckled, "Do you believe me now?"

Keira analyzed the situation calmly. "If it were you, your target would have been my sister, not me. But the person in Oceanion clearly wanted to kill me!" Keera was just collateral damage!

Fox replied, "You're quite smart. You're catching on quickly. Since you believe me, we can talk. Keira, let's meet."

Keira's eyes widened, "You're willing to meet me?"

"Of course, why not?" Fox laughed. "Though we're opponents, we're not mortal enemies! Besides, you may not know the relationship between us."

Keira was taken aback, "Our relationship?"

"Let's discuss it when we meet. I'll be at the Olsen residence."

At the mention of the "Olsen residence," Keira's eyes widened further.

Fox laughed again. "By the way, your father has woken up."

A chill ran down Keira's spine, "What are you planning?"

Fox replied, "The house is filled with your father's people. What could I possibly do? Just giving you a friendly heads-up... Hurry back and join me."

Keira hung up and rushed outside. As she reached the yard of the Special Division, she heard an argument.

Vincent was holding back Brian, trying to explain. "Deputy Director Dawson, my dad hasn't stepped down yet for good reasons; it's not what you think."

Brian sneered, "What am I supposed to think? He can stay as long as he wants. He's eighty; I'm only fifty. I can wait. Worst case, I'll retire as soon as I take office!"

He added sarcastically, "At least I won't be two-faced, talking about promoting new leaders while blocking their paths."

Vincent's face reddened, "My dad isn't like that..."

But Brian cut him off and headed for his office. Vincent followed, but Brian shut the door on him. As Vincent knocked, Brian said, "I just hurt my back. Are you expecting me to argue with you in pain?"

Vincent paused, looking awkward. After a long moment, he sighed. "My dad doesn't plan to pass the Special Division to me; I'm just not capable enough. How can I lead the Special Division?"

Squeak!

Brian opened the door, looking at Vincent darkly, "What do you mean? I'm also incapable now. Should I step down for someone better? Just tell me who the old man favors. There's no need for all this subterfuge!"

Vincent explained awkwardly, "That's not what I meant. I mean, I've always been inadequate, and no one in the Special Division respects me. But you're different. You've always been respected here."

Brian scoffed, "No need for flattery. "What's the point of being strong when you're young if you can't maintain it? Maybe the old man is setting me up for failure now that I'm older and not as physically capable. Aha, is this the plan? Let me shine in youth and falter in old age, setting me up for later failure. Is that it?"

Vincent took a deep breath, "I swear, my dad has no such thoughts!"

"What's the use of your oath?" Brian retorted. "Then why won't the old man retire?"

Vincent couldn't answer, his silence speaking volumes. He didn't know the answer.

Brian sneered and slammed the door shut.

Keira passed by and glanced at Vincent, who gave a wry smile, "Keira, believe me. My father doesn't have any ill intentions."

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Anxious about the Olsen family's situation, Keira nodded, "Uncle Sims, I have other matters to attend to. Let's talk another day."

With that, she ran out.

Across the corridor, Luke, who had just received treatment, was being assisted as he walked. When he saw Keira, his expression stiffened, and he awkwardly turned away. He was trying to figure out how to greet her, but Keira sprinted off in a cloud of dust.

Luke was dumbfounded.

Lewis had been waiting in the parking lot. As Keira approached, Lewis started the car and asked, "What happened?"

"Fox is at the Olsens'."

Hearing that, Lewis pressed the gas pedal, and the car sped away.

As he drove, he kept his eyes on the road and reassured her, "Don't worry. The Olsens are one of the five great families of Clance. If Fox could have taken full control, she would have done so already. There's no need for her to win over all five families if she could just force them to obey."

Keira knew he was right.

However, she couldn't shake her nervousness.

The South family's power was shrouded in mystery, and no one knew what they might do. Fox was always scheming, and Keira had never been able to catch her...

Taking a deep breath, Keira calmed herself, "You're right. The Olsens will be fine, and their security forces are strong."

"Yes."

Driving with one hand, Lewis reached over and held her hand tightly with the other. "Uncle Olsen will be fine."

The car quickly made its way to the Olsen's estate, arriving in just twenty minutes.

At the gate, Keira noticed the guards hadn't been changed, and she sighed in relief.

It meant Fox hadn't taken over the Olsen residence.

As the car drove in, the Olsens' housekeepers were busy with their daily duties, and Keira even saw her second uncle exercising in the garden.

Everything seemed normal.

"Whoosh!"

The car stopped in front of the yard gate. Keira jumped out and rushed into the living room, heading straight upstairs to Uncle Olsen's bedroom.

"Bang!" /

She burst into the room to find Uncle Olsen standing there, looking healthy and vibrant as if his chronic illnesses had vanished.

Seeing her, Uncle Olsen was momentarily stunned, "Keira, what's wrong?"

Keira rushed up to him and checked him over. "Are you alright?"

"I'm fine." Seeing her concern, Uncle Olsen smiled warmly and turned around to reassure her.

Keira asked, "How do you feel now?"

"I feel hungry!" Uncle Olsen boomed. "I could eat a whole cow! Didn't I tell them not to inform you I had woken up? How did you find out?"

After Uncle Olsen woke up, he had instructed not to release the news immediately. He was concerned that lingering health issues might worry Keira. However, after a thorough examination by the family doctor revealed no issues and even improved health, he relaxed.

He hadn't yet informed Keira.

Realizing that Fox had spoken about being in her house, Keira became alert. But Uncle Olsen's room was as it should be. She picked up her phone, found the recent number, and called it. The call was answered quickly.

"Where are you?" Keira demanded.

Fox's electronically synthesized voice replied, "In your living room. The way you rushed inside was quite impressive."

In the living room...

Keira's alertness spiked, and she signaled to Uncle Olsen that an enemy might be present.

Uncle Olsen's expression darkened, and he followed Keira cautiously.

Keira carefully made her way downstairs, checking left and right.

Uncle Olsen followed, ready to defend if necessary.

He was a capable fighter and could work with Keira to protect her.

He remained calm

Keira peered into the living room from the stairs.

Apart from a few servants going about their tasks in the living room, there was no sign of anyone unusual...

She spoke into the phone, "I'm in the living room. Where are you?"

"I'm right here!"

"I'm right here!"

The voice echoed from the bay window area, synchronized with the electronic voice in the phone. Keira quickly turned her head to see a familiar figure standing there, smiling and waving at her.

Keira stared at the woman before her.

She wore her hair in a ponytail, her face bright with a dazzling smile. Her eyes were clear, reminiscent of a girl untouched by the harsh realities of the world. Innocent and naive—this was Keira's first impression of her when they first met. But now, she could scarcely believe that this woman was actually Fox.

Holding her phone, Keira stepped closer and asked, "Erin, are you really Fox?"

"Indeed," Erin replied. She was no longer pretending. She hung up the call and greeted Uncle Olsen beside Keira, "Hello, Uncle."

She appeared polite and sensible, like a well-mannered junior.

Uncle Olsen looked puzzled and glanced at Keira before looking back at Erin. "I'm not well," he said.

Erin was taken aback.

Uncle Olsen frowned. "The poison in me, was it you who administered it?"

With a slight smile, Erin said, "Yes, Uncle, you don't need to thank me for enhancing your health!"

Uncle Olsen's face darkened. "If I hadn't known the whole story, I might have believed you. You nearly killed me. Is that what you call improving my health?"

Erin pursed her lips, "Uncle, you are Charles's uncle, which makes you family. Why would I harm you?"

Turning to Keira, she continued with a smile, "Aren't you curious, with so many poisons and mind-controlling drugs at my disposal, why I specifically chose Seven Days? It was to enhance Uncle's health. Consider it a gift to the Olsen family! Oh, and by the way..."

She looked at Keira with a smile. "Even if the antidote you gave Uncle was the wrong one, it's alright because that would still be an antidote."

Keira narrowed her eyes, catching on. "You and my sister, are you not in a hostile relationship?"

"Of course not. Fox and the Rabbit—we're both from the South family in Crera. We've been allies since we left the family at age five."

Still cautious, Keira asked, "Why should I believe you?"

"Because of Amy."

Erin chuckled. "You must know Amy's full name, right?"

Keira's jaw tightened.

Amy was her sister's only daughter, the person Keira cared about most before she died. She had asked Keira to take good care of Amy and ensure she wouldn't suffer.

Upon her return home, Keira discovered Amy's name on her formal ID was Erin.

Erin smiled, "She's also called Erin, like me. This is how your sister showed her submission and loyalty to me."

Keira was shocked. "What?"

Erin spread her hands, "Your sister knew she wasn't capable, so she surrendered to me long ago. Amy is the heir she gave birth to for me."

Confused, Keira asked, "If that's the case, why didn't you just come clean? Why engage in this struggle with me?"

Erin explained, "When Fox and Rabbit left the South family, Rabbit agreed to bear a child for Fox as a sign of loyalty and name the baby after Fox. But it's been seventeen years; how could I know if she hadn't changed her mind? Rabbit started acting strangely these past few months."

She patted her chest, "I thought Rabbit had betrayed me, that she was reneging on our agreement. It scared me to death! I feared our agreement was over. I didn't know you replaced her."

Keira was speechless.

She watched Erin closely, noting the unsophisticated look in her eyes, which suggested honesty. But Erin had always seemed harmless, making it difficult for Keira to know if she could trust her...

As Keira pondered, Erin walked over and sat on the couch.

They were in the living room, where the servants were working at a distance. Their position could prevent eavesdropping while offering an open view.

Keira continued to stare at her. "So, when you realized I wasn't my sister, you came to see me?"

"Not exactly." Erin rested her chin on her hands, smiling broadly at Keira. "Besides that, you already knew I was Fox, didn't you? What's the point of continuing the charade? Let's lay all our cards on the table!"

Keira didn't respond.

Erin continued, "There's no need to deny it. If you didn't know I was Fox, you wouldn't have told Charles about Vera South, intending for him to relay the message to me. But I'm curious: where did I slip up? Was it the 'South' in my name?"

"No."

Keira met her gaze. "I've suspected you for a while."

"Since when?" Erin asked, intrigued.

Keira explained, "Back in the day, to fit the persona of an innocent young lady, you insisted on helping a wife who was a victim of domestic abuse. You remember that, right?"

"Of course," Erin smiled, "I thought, as an innocent young lady, I should intervene, so I chose to help them. You even lectured me afterward, didn't you? What? Didn't I seem convincing enough?"

"You were too convincing," Keira replied, "The environment of the Martin family couldn't possibly nurture true innocence. The fact that you grew up innocent is a discrepancy. You threw a smokescreen, making me think that Fox, like Rabbit, would marry into the Martin family to gain support. But it dawned on me when I later found out that the older generation had been laying the groundwork and that old Mr. Martin's granddaughter was me. Rabbit's elders would pave the way for her, but Fox's elders would do the same for Fox. Like your mother marrying into the Martin family, right?"

Erin smiled, "You're really smart. But you got one thing wrong: my mother didn't marry into the Martin family. She had a one-night stand with Scott Martin's father. By the time I was born, I already had the identity of Erin as a cover. No one knew where Fox was all these years..."

Keira looked at her, "So what now? You show up and make a big scene by coming here; what does that mean?"

Erin stared back, "I want to know, if Charles and I truly love each other, Uncle Olsen, will you support Rabbit or me?"

Uncle Olsen hadn't spoken yet when Erin laughed again, "But there's no rush. When my grandfather arrives, I'll ask him this question. Between me and Rabbit, a choice has to be made."

Erin lounged comfortably on the sofa, casually snapping her fingers at the nearby butler. "A cappuccino, please."

Unaware of the recent conversation, the butler quickly brought the prepared coffee and handed it to Erin.

"Thank you," Erin said with a sweet smile.

The butler waved his hand dismissively. "Miss Martin, there's no need for such politeness."

He then looked at Uncle Olsen and Keira. "Sir, Miss, would you like anything to drink?"

Keira shook her head while Uncle Olsen stood up. "I'm going to grab something to eat."

Having slept for so many days, his stomach was empty.

Apart from that, his departure signaled to Keira that he hadn't detected any hostility from Erin. Nearing his fifties, Uncle Olsen was skilled at reading people and rarely wrong in his judgments. Keira simply nodded.

Uncle Olsen followed the butler toward the dining area.

Erin immediately stood up. "Uncle, wait for me! I'm hungry, too!" N

She then turned to Keira. "Won't you join us for a bite?"

"..."

At that moment, Erin still appeared to be the innocent young girl she seemed to be. It was unclear whether she had acted this way for so long that it had become second nature or if she truly retained a pure heart. Her demeanor seemed entirely genuine as if she wasn't the same person who had been negotiating with Keira moments earlier.

Keira lowered her gaze, noticing Lewis, who had approached unnoticed. She told Erin, "You go ahead. I'm not hungry."

She walked with Lewis to a corner. Keira looked at him. "Do you think she's a problem?"

"From our conversation just now, I sensed no deceit in her." Lewis replied without hesitation.

Keira nodded and then asked, "What do you think I should do next?"

If Keira had indeed chosen to submit to Fox, should Keira serve Erin or oppose her? Erin and Keira were both old Mr. Martin's granddaughters. Considering Erin's influence within the Special Division, she likely had her own supporters in Clance's five major families. The task Keira had barely completed for the South family could lead to endless complications if she clashed with Erin.

Moreover, Charles was in love with Erin, and while Uncle Olsen could unhesitatingly support Keira, what about Charles? Were the Olsen brothers once again facing a dilemma between choosing a wife or a sister? Why did Keira always seem to be at odds with her brothers' interests? She was becoming less certain.

As Keira wrestled with her thoughts, Lewis suddenly said, "Keira, I have never put my fate in anyone else's hands."

Keira was startled. Lewis continued, "If you hand over all the completed tasks to Erin, what's next? She'll promise to help you return to the South family to save your mother, right?"

Keira clenched her jaw and nodded. She wasn't interested in the South family; she just wanted to rescue her mother and live peacefully with her father. But she knew her thoughts were naive because...

Word by word, Lewis spelled out the danger she had been ignoring, "What if Erin fails? What if she demands you work for her before agreeing to save your mother? Moreover, even if you do rescue her, could you and she live in peace forever? Your mother has endured in Oceanion for many years, suffering countless grievances. Do you plan to rescue her and then live in hiding like fugitives with your father and me?"

Keira tensed her jaw again.

But Lewis laughed softly, "I'd be willing to abandon all glory and wealth to be with you, even if we ended up living simply, with my farming and you weaving. That would be enough for me. But what about our children? It might be easier if we have a son, but if we have a daughter, she'll inevitably get caught up in the South family's inheritance issues. You've heard how few girls there are in the South family now. Even if you choose to walk away, do you think the South family will just let you go? Do you think they'll give up on Amy?"

Keira clenched her fists and took a deep breath. She understood all the reasons Lewis laid out; she had always known them but had never wanted to face them. Ever since learning about the South family's heir training program, she had found it ridiculous and wanted to break free from the South family's constraints. She just wanted to save her mother and live freely.

Now, Lewis had laid out the harsh truth. Without fighting for the position of heir, she would never be free. Even if she bowed down to Erin, would Erin change the South

family's rules to let her and her mother live happily? Or what would she have to sacrifice for Erin to make such a concession? The rules of a powerful family weren't easily changed. Thus, she had never had any choice.

There was only one path for her: to win this battle for the heirship and take control of the South family to gain ultimate freedom.

Keira took a deep breath, her eyes firm as she looked at Lewis. "I know what to do now."

After finishing her conversation with Lewis, she returned to the dining table. Erin was gleefully gnawing on some ribs, grease gleaming on her fingers and mouth as she praised, "The food from Crera is so delicious! I've missed out on so much over the years!"

Erin had been living with the Martin family all these years to keep the other heirs from knowing she was Fox. Now, she suddenly regretted it. She had missed out on the culinary delights of Crera!

Uncle Olsen had finished a bowl of oatmeal. Although still hungry, he restrained himself, knowing that his stomach, empty for days, wasn't suited to overindulgence. Seeing Keira and Lewis, he gracefully wiped his mouth and turned to Keira. "Have you decided?"

"Yes," Keira replied.

Erin looked up, surprised. "Decided what?"

"I'll continue to compete with you!" Keira said, "I'm going to win this inheritance contest!"

Erin seemed unsurprised and nodded. "I know. It's like the ancient struggle for the throne; which prince wouldn't want to compete? However..." Erin put down the ribs, licked her lips, and smiled. "Keira, it seems you've forgotten something. Rabbit is already dead, and you have no right to compete with me!"

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As soon as Erin finished speaking, the room fell silent.

Erin blinked and continued. "Keira, your mother lost in the last round, and you didn't even qualify to compete this time around. So, Rabbit is already out of the game."

Keira laughed, "Who said Rabbit is dead?"

Erin pouted, "Your sister is clearly dead..."

"Do you have proof?" Keira challenged. "We're twins; our DNA is identical. I am her, and she is me."

Erin was momentarily stunned. She pouted. "You're just being unreasonable!"

Keira shrugged. "Do you have any other evidence? If you're talking about memories before the age of five, many children forget things after an illness. As for identity, all identities are concealed. You must have other identities, too, right?"

Ellis had been deceived by people from a medical organization and falsely diagnosed with azoospermia. Erin was skilled at concocting drugs within the Martin family, like the Seven Days potion she created. So, Erin must have some hidden identity!

Indeed, Erin found herself at a loss for words.

Keira pressed on, "So, how can you prove that Rabbit is already dead?"

Erin puffed up with anger and retorted, "You...!"

She quickly turned her head away. "Fine, even if you're Rabbit, do you really think you can beat me?"

She continued, "Throughout Crera, our tasks have always overlapped. We need to unite the five major families, take control of the Special Division, establish contact with the Martin family, and there's one more task yet to be announced. But are you really sure that your relationships with the five major families are strong enough?"

Erin took another bite of the ribs and spat out a bone. "Besides me, you have seven other enemies. Do you think those seven people would just stand by and watch us ally with the strongest power in Crera?"

Keira furrowed her brows.

Erin blinked and proposed, "How about we make a bet?"

Keira looked at her, wary of another trap. "What kind of bet?"

"Upon learning the truth, my grandpa will be in a dilemma. I'm closer to him by blood since you're just a granddaughter by marriage, while I'm a direct granddaughter. But it doesn't matter; your grandmother's influence adds points in your favor..."

Before she could finish, Keira scoffed, "The South family is matrilineal. Isn't it possible that my maternal line carries a stronger bloodline than you, the direct granddaughter?"

Erin choked on her words, then pouted. "You're sharp, always looking for an advantage. Fine, I'll get to the point. Let's see who can win over the Special Division, and the other will submit. How about that?"

Keira was taken aback. "Are you sure?"

As the senior sister of the Freeman Sect, wouldn't winning over the Special Division be a piece of cake?

Erin smiled. "I'm sure. But you and Holly are close, right? The trouble old Mr. Sims is in is significant. Are you sure you can protect him?"

She took another piece of rib to gnaw on. "If you can't exonerate him, will you expel old Mr. Sims from the Special Division? Or what? Keira, you've never actually been Rabbit or undergone the South family's training. Do you know why we all lived in the South family before the age of five? It was to teach us our first lesson: to be cold-hearted and detached."

Erin continued speaking while eating, her words slightly muffled. "But you... you value friendships too much."

After that, she gestured to the butler. "Please get me some more ribs."

The butler immediately smiled indulgently. "Certainly, Miss Martin."

Erin seemed completely at ease in the Olsen residence as if she were in her own house.

Seeing her casual demeanor, Keira couldn't help but ask, "What exactly did old Mr. Sims do?"

Erin looked at her and said bluntly, "Espionage. You know, of all crimes, it's the least forgivable. So, are you planning to cut ties with the Sims family right now? If you abandon the Sims family and get along with Brian Dawson, you might still have a chance of beating me."

Keira went silent.

She furrowed her brows and was about to speak when her phone rang. She glanced at it and saw it was Holly. She answered immediately, and Holly's voice was trembling with emotion. "Keira, the charges against my grandfather are out! He's accused of espionage!"

Holly was crying uncontrollably. "This charge will affect his descendants. The Special Division is convening to discuss expelling me and my grandfather... Deputy Director

Dawson wants to invite the senior sister of the Freeman Sect to join the discussion on this matter."