

My Accidental Husband is a Billionaire !

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Keira immediately asked, "Is the charge against Mr. Sims true?"

Holly responded, "Someone from above said Grandpa had already confessed. But I don't believe it. I want to see Grandpa..."

Holly's voice was heavy with sadness.

Keira understood her feelings well. They had been classmates since junior high. When they were younger, Keira admired Holly's sense of justice and thought her family consisted of generations of forensic doctors. Holly always spoke of her grandfather with pride.

The Special Division was a state secret, so her grandfather was known publicly as a forensic doctor in Clance. Holly would visit him every holiday, and she always seemed inspired when she returned.

Patriotism was deeply rooted in her. It was a trait passed down through generations.

One's quality was related to their family background and the way they were brought up. Keira had known Holly for a long time and believed her integrity and commitment to justice weren't just a facade. So, Holly couldn't accept that her grandfather—whom she admired and idolized—could be a spy.

Keira couldn't believe it either. One's true nature, especially from childhood, was hard to fake. How could Mr. Sims, who raised someone like Holly with such noble ideals, possibly be a spy?

And to have confessed personally...

Keira narrowed her eyes. "Don't worry, I'll be right there."

After hanging up, she turned to Erin, still savoring her ribs.

Keira's expression darkened. "Did you report Mr. Martin? Was it you?"

"Yes and no."

Erin was blunt. "I didn't want to cause internal strife within the Special Division. After all, it's the only official organization in Crera that can help us. Mr. Sims is very stubborn. I haven't found a way to get through to him all these years. Brian and his son Luke easily distanced themselves from Mr. Sims when influenced. My original plan was to have Brian rise to power and then have my people persuade him to lead the Special Division toward our interests or unwittingly complete some tasks for me. But since the Special Division is an organization Rabbit and I are aiming for, it had to be destroyed by other heirs."

She blinked, discussing this openly with Uncle Olsen and Lewis without hesitation. "From what I know, this was done by Country M's Tiger. Tiger is her codename. I don't know who she is."

Erin shrugged. "As heirs of the South family, we're each contacted by the respective Guardian. We must keep our identities secret. Once exposed, we become targets for others. Eliminating one means one less competitor for them!"

That was why Erin kept her identity hidden.

Erin smiled. "Actually, since leaving the South family at age five, I haven't really returned home because every trip carries the risk of exposing my identity."

She then looked back at Keira. "Let's get back to Tiger and Mr. Sims. Tiger got wind of Fox and Rabbit's task of winning over the Special Division, so she decided to destroy it. The charge of espionage against Mr. Sims is real; she provided the evidence. Her plan was to bring it out after Mr. Sims had defeated Brian to completely ruin the Special Division. I discovered it earlier and exposed it."

Erin looked at Keira and shrugged. "I didn't want a good person to end up like this. Aside from this, Mr. Martin never did anything evil. But compared to the Special Division, I preferred to remove this tumor first. At least Brian's takeover could still be useful to us. If I hadn't exposed it sooner and Tiger had caused a stir, the Special Division would have been severely weakened."

After saying all that, Erin grabbed a drink with her greasy hands and gulped it down. It wasn't the most elegant sight but showed her carefree attitude.

Keira stared at her. "Are you saying you did this for the good of the Special Division?"

"Yep."

Erin blinked. "I never do bad things."

Keira didn't know what to say.

How could she say that so earnestly?

Erin had instigated conflicts between Gary and Nara, leading to Gary's suicide attempt. Gary's mother then tried to assassinate Nara as a result. She also set that fire at the South residence, trying to kill Mary. Weren't all of them bad deeds?

Keira continued to stare at Erin but didn't confront her. Instead, she turned and walked away.

She needed to see Holly first to find out what crime Mr. Sims had really committed.

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Keira didn't continue arguing with Erin but turned her attention to Uncle Olsen.

Uncle Olsen nodded and said, "Miss Martin, since you enjoy our cuisine, why not stay with us for a few more days?"

His intention was to keep her around to prevent any trouble.

Erin feigned innocence. "Oh, yes, Uncle Olsen! I'd love to try roast duck, roasted whole lamb, and that famous Crera stew. I've heard so much about it while abroad..."

Seeing her eager response, Keira and Lewis left immediately.

Lewis asked, "Does it seem like Erin doesn't want to get involved in the Special Division's affairs?"

Keira replied, "Now that old Mr. Sims is in custody if his crime is confirmed, Brian Dawson will likely take over. Since Erin has a mole in Dawson's camp, she'll definitely act later. Even if she stays here, she can still give orders."

Lewis inquired, "So, the reason for detaining her is..."

Keira said, "I'm worried she might take drastic measures, like killing people to silence them. Keeping her here will make her more cautious. Her willingness to stay shows she understands my intentions."

Lewis paused.

Keira continued, "Even if she wasn't involved in past incidents, remember the fire at my sister's villa? If it weren't for the basement Keira prepared and my warnings to Mary, the consequences could have been severe."

Lewis responded, "Still, the outcome was positive. After that fire, Mary and Ellis reconciled, and the Davis family stabilized their cooperation with us. Otherwise, you would have had to choose between your best friend and the Davis family."

Keira stopped, surprised. "What do you mean?"

Lewis didn't believe in small talk.

His words were deliberate.

He said, "Don't you find these events a bit too coincidental?"

Keira was surprised.

Lewis said, "For example, Fox lured Mrs. Spencer to kill Nara, but Austin intervened and saved her. Nara then reconciled with the Gill family, making you an honored guest. Similarly, regarding the fire at Mary's place, have you noticed that in every incident Fox has been involved in, the ultimate beneficiary seems to be you?"

Keira was stunned.

As they reached the parking lot and got into the car, Lewis drove toward the Special Division. Keira remained deep in thought.

It wasn't until they arrived at the Special Division that she said, "I understand now."

Lewis didn't press further but glanced at Holly, who was pacing anxiously at the entrance.

Seeing their car, Holly rushed over.

Keira got out and asked, "How is your grandfather?"

Holly's eyes were red, and she was trembling slightly. She stammered, "He's been detained in the Special Division in his own office. They said he'll stay there while they figure out what to do next..."

Holly looked at Keira. "Keira, I'm not afraid of being implicated or even arrested. I just can't believe Grandfather would do this!"

Keira patted her shoulder. "Don't panic. First, tell me exactly what happened."

Holly wiped her tears and said, "The issue is related to Grandfather's connection with Barry Brandt, the renowned physicist from Country M."

Keira was surprised. "Barry Brandt? I remember him." T

Holly continued, "Barry Brandt studied in Crera before moving abroad for graduate studies and his doctorate. He now has his own office and students in Country M. During

an interview, a report asked him why he didn't come back, and he criticized Crera despite the country's role in his education..."

Years ago, this had been a major scandal. Back then, Keira and Holly were still in middle school. Holly had been the one to tell Keira about Barry Brandt. At the time, Holly was furious and had exclaimed, "Ungrateful wretch! Blinded by the wealth of Country M, he's forgotten why Crera sent him abroad to study. He claims Crera has treated him poorly, but if it weren't for Crera, he wouldn't have had the chance to study abroad at all. What an ungrateful cur!"

Barry Brandt had trained many physics graduates but refused to let them return to Crera. It drew widespread criticism.

Even his family members were furious.

Keira asked, "What does this have to do with your grandfather?"

Holly took a deep breath. "Grandfather is accused of being closely associated with Brandt and providing him with Crera's latest technology, which aided his research. The evidence includes records of their correspondence and substantial financial transfers..."

Holly's eyes filled with tears again. "I can't believe my grandfather would do this!"

Her voice cracked with despair. "But Grandfather admitted it. Keira, what's going on? Grandfather always despised such people. Were all those years of patriotism just a façade?"

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Holly didn't even know how to cry anymore.

She was utterly confused and unable to make sense of her grandfather's actions.

Keira couldn't help but ask, "He took the money? Is there any evidence?"

Biting her lip, Holly replied, "Yes, every transaction was traced. Although they were very discreet, the total amount adds up to several billion..."

She paused and added, "US dollars."

Keira was stunned. The amount was indeed astronomical.

The Sims family was wealthy, but such a significant sum might have tempted old Mr. Sims more than expected.

Holly bit her lip again. "Why would he take so much money? Neither my father nor I have any use for that much cash. We've never even seen it. But it's definitely there in his accounts..."

Wiping away a tear, Holly said, "I don't understand, Keira. Could Grandfather really be a spy?"

Keira patted her shoulder. "Let's go see him first."

Holly nodded, holding back her sobs.

As they were about to enter, Lewis approached. "Keira, I need to tell you something."

Keira looked taken aback. "What?"

Lewis leaned in and whispered something that made Keira pause and then look sharply at him.

Lewis nodded in response.

Taking a deep breath, Keira said, "I understand."

She followed Holly into the Special Division.

Inside, the atmosphere had changed. Previously, whether they were old Mr. Sims' subordinates or from the Dawson camp, everyone had treated Holly with respect.

Old Mr. Sims had managed the Special Division with authority for years.

Now, everyone looked at Holly with contempt. Some seemed ready to speak but remained silent when they saw Keira.

The attitude toward Keira was different. As the senior sister of the Freeman Sect, she was respected for maintaining the honor of the Special Division.

Keira was indifferent to the change. Holly wasn't one to care about external opinions, so they proceeded to the office where old Mr. Sims was being held.

Layers of guards blocked their way.

When Holly moved forward, the guards showed wariness and blocked them. They looked to Keira. "Senior Sister, we're detaining a confessed spy here. Ordinary people are not allowed to enter."

Holly shouted, "There must be some misunderstanding!"

The guard replied, "We hope so, too, but the evidence is irrefutable. The transactions have been intermittent over the past decade. No one would frame old Mr. Sims starting ten years ago. If he had surrendered the money initially, there wouldn't have been any issues. The money just sat there; nobody above had any clue. If old Mr. Sims isn't a spy, what is he?"

Holly was speechless.

The guard added, "With old Mr. Sims committing such acts, we have grown suspicious of the Sims family. As his granddaughter, it's best if you don't wander around the Special Division. What if you steal important information?"

Holly's eyes reddened with anger. "Are you treating me as a spy, too?"

The guard sneered but ignored her, addressing Keira instead. "Senior Sister, it would be best for you to stay away from her. After all, she's the granddaughter of an old spy. We don't currently have evidence to prove she's a spy, but old Mr. Sims has provided foreign entities with technical information. It's possible she helped obtain some of it!"

Holly screamed in anger, "I did not!"

"Whether you did or not, we can discuss it once everything is clarified. But even if it's cleared up, as the granddaughter of a spy, you'll no longer receive our trust. Please understand," the guard said.

Holly was choked up.

She wanted to argue but didn't know how.

Seeing this, Keira said, "May I see old Mr. Sims?"

The guard frowned. "Deputy Director Dawson's signature is required."

Before Keira could respond, James interjected. "The Sect Leader of the Freeman Sect holds the same status within the Special Division as old Mr. Sims. The senior sister of the Freeman Sect holds a rank equivalent to a Deputy Director. Since when does she need Deputy Director Dawson's permission? Is the Special Division no longer interested in having the Freeman Sect as an ally, or do you plan to treat us as subordinates?"

The guard fell silent and reluctantly moved aside. "Senior Sister, please enter."

Holly followed closely behind.

The guard seemed about to say something, but James scoffed. "If Deputy Director Dawson were here, would you dare to stop him?"

The guard had no reply and let them pass.

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Keira arrived in the hallway outside old Mr. Sims' office.

When she last visited, the area was still open and not sealed off. Now, it was blocked, restricting entry to unauthorized personnel.

Holly's footsteps were unsteady, reflecting her anxiety.

They reached old Mr. Sims' office, where Holly hesitated at the door, prompting Keira to push it open.

Inside, they found an elderly man.

His full head of silver hair and wrinkled face still held traces of the authority he once commanded.

As he stood watering the plants and not looking at them, he said, "I've admitted my crimes already. There's no need to come and ask again."

Holly began to tremble.

Despite everyone saying old Mr. Sims had confessed, she never believed it.

But hearing those words from her grandfather's mouth made her feel as though her world was collapsing.

She staggered forward, her voice trembling. "Grandpa, it's not like that."

At the word "Grandpa," old Mr. Sims jolted.

He turned slowly, staring at Holly in surprise before smiling. "Holly, you're here."

Holly hadn't expected him to be so nonchalant. She immediately grabbed his hand. "Grandpa, tell me it's not true. What you just said isn't true!"

Old Mr. Sims sighed.

Looking at her, he spoke after a moment, "I'm sorry. I've brought shame upon you."

Holly's eyes reddened as she looked at his wrinkled hand, her voice breaking with a sob. "It's not true, Grandpa. You're just teasing me, right? You've always taught me to love my country and to place the nation's interest above everything else. How could you do something like this..."

Tears filled Holly's eyes. "Grandpa, please say something. Tell me none of this is real!"

Old Mr. Sims sighed again. "Holly, I was foolish. I had never seen so much money and thought a small mistake wouldn't cause any trouble..."

"I don't believe you! There must be some misunderstanding! The person you despised the most was Barry Brandt!"

Holly shook her head frantically, refusing to accept the truth.

Old Mr. Sims lowered his gaze and sighed. "Do you remember thirteen years ago when your grandmother was gravely ill?"

Holly was startled.

Old Mr. Sims continued, "Back then, only Country M had the advanced medical capabilities to save her. However, given our situation, we had no money, and the healthcare providers there refused treatment unless we paid a large sum. They asked me for a hundred million. You know our family assets were, at most, a few tens of millions. That was the first time I felt helpless due to a lack of money..."

Old Mr. Sims lowered his gaze. "When your grandmother passed away, I suddenly felt a desperate need for money. What if the same thing happened to your father next time or to you after that? What would we do?"

He continued, "Without money, there is no sense of security. That was the start of my troubles.

"Once someone tells a lie, they need countless lies to cover it up; when they do something wrong, they need countless wrongs to hide it. I found myself in deep trouble, which is why I didn't dare to spend or touch the money—I just let it sit there."

He gave a bitter smile. "Billions in US dollars; I often think it could have saved your grandmother's life hundreds of times over... Holly, I was wrong. So terribly wrong."

Holly looked at Old Mr. Sims in disbelief. "Grandpa... why didn't you say anything earlier? Why didn't you tell me sooner? Why did you keep this from me..."

She cried uncontrollably. "Grandpa, you taught me from a young age that even so, we must not admit defeat. How could you give in to money... Grandpa!"

Old Mr. Sims patted her shoulder. "Holly, I've dragged you and your father into this, haven't I?"

Holly lowered her head. "My dad has been dismissed and is now under house arrest. I'll also be investigated. Grandpa, how could you make such a mistake!"

Old Mr. Sims lowered his gaze. "I have nothing else to say. I'm prepared for whatever punishment comes from above. Holly, you are innocent. I'm sorry to you and your father..."

The guilt in his eyes was evident.

Holly suddenly remembered something and blurted out, "So, is that why you've been refusing to hand over the Special Division to Uncle Dawson all these years? Is it because only the person in control of the Special Division has access to so many resources?"

Old Mr. Sims gave a rueful smile. "Exactly."

Holly staggered back, staring at old Mr. Sims. "How could you do this? Do you realize how much you've hurt Uncle Dawson?!"

Overwhelmed by the revelations, she ran out.

After she left, Old Mr. Sims turned to Keira. "You must be the Senior Sister, right?"

Surprised that he recognized her, Keira was momentarily taken aback.

Old Mr. Sims smiled. "The only ones who can freely enter here besides Brian Dawson is the Senior Sister. I've heard about you from Holly."

Keira pursed her lips. "Greetings, Mr. Sims."

She bowed to him.

Old Mr. Sims said, "Please look after Holly in the future. I know that because of me, her entire life will be overshadowed, and I hope you can make her life a little less bitter."

Keira sighed. "Mr. Sims, drop the act. Holly isn't here anymore."

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This comment made old Mr. Sims pause briefly before he chuckled, "I don't know what you're talking about."

Keira cut straight to the point, "I know the truth."

Old Mr. Sims looked at her, momentarily startled. "What do you know?"

Keira replied, "I know Barry Brandt isn't a traitor, and I also know you're not a spy."

Old Mr. Sims hesitated, then gave a wry smile. "I don't know what you're talking about."

Keira stepped closer and said, "Everyone says Professor Brandt is a traitor, that he betrayed his country and will never come back. But in reality, only a few people know that he's been nurturing talent for the country all along, and he'll return home one day."

She looked at him intently. "That day might be far off, or it could be tomorrow."

Old Mr. Sims's expression changed immediately. He eyed Keira with suspicion and asked, "Who are you? How do you know these things?"

Keira responded, "It doesn't matter, nor does how I know. What's important is... I'm sorry that you've suffered."

Old Mr. Sims fell silent.

Keira continued, "I know you're just playing a part in his plan. If the act isn't convincing enough, it could attract the attention of Country M, making his return even more difficult. So, you had no choice but to accept this blame!"

Old Mr. Sims clenched his jaw, momentarily at a loss for words, but finally sighed. "I really don't know what you're talking about. If this were true, the higher-ups wouldn't have imprisoned me..."

Seeing that he wouldn't admit anything without more details, Keira sighed. "A friend told me he met Professor Brandt. Although it seems like he betrayed his country, his heart is actually with his nation. When he recruits students abroad, he might say they won't return home, but privately, he's very selective. His students are required to sign an agreement to come back."

Old Mr. Sims's brow furrowed deeply.

Keira then revealed, "The friend who told me this is my husband."

When Holly mentioned Barry Brandt, Lewis had whispered this exact information to her.

When she finally met old Mr. Sims again, she understood.

Old Mr. Sims knew Barry Brandt's intentions and was his collaborator within the country. If Brandt wanted to establish himself abroad, he would need technological support; the information old Mr. Sims provided was likely not related to national security. The money Brandt sent was probably a facade for trading technology, but in reality, it might have been Brandt returning the money he had earned over the years to his country.

That was why all that money remained untouched in Old Mr. Sims's account. A true miser would never be able to do that.

Seeing Keira speak with such certainty, old Mr. Sims knew he could no longer hide the truth.

He stared intensely at her and asked, "Can I trust you?"

Keira responded, "Yes." Only

"Even if I don't trust you, I must, mustn't I?" Old Mr. Sims spoke gravely. "As a member of the Freeman Sect, you must be patriotic deep down. So, I beg you, please don't let this get out..."

He continued, "Barry Brandt's research abroad is extremely important for our country's development. We are at a critical juncture; once this research is complete, he can lead his students back home! Therefore, at this stage, I must be a spy! I can only be a spy!"

Keira asked, "How long will this critical juncture last?"

Old Mr. Sims was taken aback. "Not long."

"How soon is 'not long'?"

Old Mr. Sims clenched his jaw and stayed silent.

Keira turned to him. "I'm also a scientist, so I understand that 'very soon' could mean two years, five years, or even longer. Each scientific breakthrough at a critical point is the toughest phase. You can be imprisoned for a week, a month, but what if it's ten years?"

Old Mr. Sims laughed. "Then it's ten years."

"Your imprisonment, your son's house arrest, and your granddaughter's struggle with accusations—don't you care at all?"

Old Mr. Sims looked ahead. "Some of what I told Holly earlier was true. Years ago, when her grandmother was seriously ill, only Country M could treat her, but they demanded a hundred million. After her grandmother passed away, I was devastated."

He faced Keira. "It hurt me to see our country lagging behind in technology, including in medical science. We've been catching up slowly, but it's still not enough. We need to be at the forefront, making others plead with us, not the other way around..."

Old Mr. Sims's gaze was resolute and righteous, commanding Keira's respectful silence as he spoke. "I don't want Holly or any Creran to be at the mercy of foreign countries when they're ill, subject to their whims and harsh conditions."

Keira looked at the eighty-year-old, gray-haired man before her and realized all of this was for the prosperity of Crera.

She thought of her ancestors' painful history, their words echoing in her memory, "I have endured these hardships so my descendants won't have to suffer."

Tears welled up in Keira's eyes as she looked at old Mr. Sims. "So, you never stepped down because this situation needed a scapegoat, and you didn't want Brian to become that scapegoat? You did it to protect him?"

Old Mr. Sims laughed. "After all, I am his elder. Now that I've been captured, he can take over the Special Division with a clean slate."

Keira was deeply moved.

She stared in shock at old Mr. Sims. "You sacrificed yourself for the benefit of everyone, but what about Uncle Sims? What about Holly? They are your son and granddaughter!"

Old Mr. Sims laughed. "There always have to be sacrifices. I believe that when the day comes for my innocence to be proven, my son and Holly will forgive me. It will be soon, very soon..."

A tear suddenly trickled down his cheek as he looked at Keira. "You don't need to help Holly. Her surname is Sims, and the Sims family creed is patriotism—sacrificing personal matters for the nation. So, this is also her duty."