

My Accidental Husband is a Billionaire !

#Chapter 651 - Read My Accidental Husband is a Billionaire ! Chapter 651

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Her words left everyone stunned.

Old Mr. Sims furrowed his brows even deeper.

Holly turned to Keira with concern. "Keira, don't get involved. This isn't your fight..."

Keira met their gazes firmly. "How can it not concern me? I'm the senior sister of the Freeman Sect. What happens in the Special Division affects me! I have a right to speak up."

She addressed the crowd, "I don't care what Mr. Sims has done. Holly is my friend, and as long as I'm here, I won't let you mistreat her or Mr. Sims!"

Her stance angered those present. Although Keira had recently helped the Special Division, and they felt grateful toward her, her actions now made many question her loyalty.

Brian frowned. "Senior Sister, we respect you, but how can you defend a spy?"

"Exactly, are you his accomplice? Did he bribe you?"

"These are the Special Division's rules; you can't just ignore them!"

"We don't care. He broke the rules and must face the consequences. If we let him off, what's to stop others from using past merits to escape punishment?"

"..."

One by one, people criticized her.

Keira remained calm and turned to Brian. "I saved Luke yesterday, didn't I? I'm the one who defeated King!"

Brian was taken aback. "That's true, but..."

"Then I'm using that merit to ensure these two aren't humiliated!" Keira declared.

Brian's face darkened. "Senior Sister, there's no rule in the Special Division that lets merit override fault. We can't set a dangerous precedent!"

Keira scoffed. "Does the Special Division no longer value its relationship with the Freeman Sect?"

Brian hesitated.

Keira's gaze was intense. "I'm the senior sister of the Freeman Sect, and I understand our relationship with your division. We've never been in a superior-subordinate dynamic. If you want our continued support, you'd better respect my request!"

Brian found her position unreasonable. "I thought you were magnanimous and held no grudges after saving my son. I believed you had the nation's best interests at heart. I didn't expect you to be so reckless!"

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Keira replied, "The choice is yours. Decide how you want to handle this!"

She stepped up to old Mr. Sims. "If anyone dares to disrespect Mr. Sims, they'll have to deal with me!"

She threw a punch into the air.

The Special Division members recoiled, remembering how she had defeated King the day before with a single strike. No one dared challenge her.

Seeing this, old Mr. Sims spoke up. "Young lady, you don't need to go this far. The Special Division's affairs don't concern you!"

Keira looked at him determinedly. "Mr. Sims, I have to step in! I want to see if my position as the Freeman Sect's senior sister holds any weight here!"

She turned back to Brian. "And I also want to see if the Freeman Sect will continue its partnership with the Special Division in the future." Nôv(el)B\\jnn

The weight of her words was palpable, causing Brian to clench his jaw.

Old Mr. Sims was taken aback, realizing she was framing this as a power play between the Freeman Sect and the Special Division.

The downside was that Keira was now at the center of the storm.

He looked at her, clearly shocked, but seeing her resolute expression, he chose not to argue.

He knew that once Keira had made up her mind, no one could change it.

Old Mr. Sims sighed and fell silent.

Brian glared at Keira, and the rest of the Special Division looked at her with anger.

The Keira, who had once won their admiration, now appeared to them as a headstrong young woman using her position to push them around.

Their eyes were filled with fury.

After a tense silence, someone finally spoke up. "Senior Sister, don't get too full of yourself. Does your master know you're acting like this?"

"Yeah, does the Sect Leader know about your behavior?"

"The Sect Leader of the Freeman Sect is polite when he meets Brian. Senior Sister, don't push your luck!"

A chorus of voices questioned her, but Keira simply lowered her gaze and said softly, "I have the authority to make decisions for the Freeman Sect."

The Special Division fell silent.

Brian glared at her for a moment before sneering. "Well, this is quite a show! Mr. Sims, you've really raised a fine granddaughter! No wonder you moved her to the Special Division. It was to have her back you up! I'll be sure to report this. Senior Sister, enjoy your victory while you can!"

With that, Brian stormed off in anger.

Keira let out a sigh of relief. Just then, her phone buzzed with a message from Fox. "You lost."

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Keira stared at the message, snorted softly, and didn't respond. She tossed her phone into her pocket.

Then she turned to Old Mr. Sims. "I'll take you back."

Old Mr. Sims sighed but said nothing. He slowly turned around and, with the help of his walking cane, walked back into the prison he had built for himself.

After escorting Old Mr. Sims back to his office cell, Keira exited the building, only to see Holly with red-rimmed eyes standing there, watching them. "Keira, I'm sorry for causing you trouble."

Keira patted her shoulder. "You never have to apologize to me."

Holly wiped her tears. "But you shouldn't have stood up for me. Do you know that many people in the Special Division were cursing at you just now?"

Keira replied, "A few curses won't hurt me."

Holly choked up. She looked at Keira and suddenly recalled how, in junior high, it was Keira's fearless spirit that had attracted her in the first place. So many years had passed, and her girl had never changed.

Holly clenched her fists. "Keira, I won't make things difficult for you."

She turned and walked toward Brian Dawson's office.

Keira blinked. "What are you going to do?"

"Resign."

Holly said, "Staying here will only make things harder for you. If I resign, they won't see me around, and there will be fewer attacks on you."

Keira watched Holly, wanting to say something, but ultimately said nothing. Holly's moral sense was too strong, and she cared a lot about what others thought. Staying here would mean more scolding; resigning and going home to rest for a while would be better for her.

Keira nodded. "Then go ahead and resign."

She stood in the yard and soon saw Holly exiting Brian Dawson's office. "I've been suspended. I'll still have to cooperate with their investigation... Keira, I'm going home."

Keira inquired, "How is your father doing?"

Holly grimaced with a bitter smile. "He was taken away last night. I guess things won't be easy for him. But that's only to be expected. I never imagined Grandpa could do such a thing."

She hung her head. Keira patted her shoulder, wanting to tell her that her grandfather was a hero, but she dared not say it. Holly was a bad liar, and if she let anything slip, it would bring trouble to Barry Brandt...

Keira took a deep breath. "Stay strong, Holly."

"I know."

Holly smiled at her and then strode out. Keira could see people from the Special Division whispering and pointing all around her, but Holly wasn't like before, holding her head high. Instead, she walked with her head down, like a person who had done something wrong, seemingly trying to curl up into herself.

Watching this, Keira couldn't help but heave a heavy sigh. Holly couldn't cheer herself up unless Old Mr. Sims was vindicated. With that in mind, Keira turned and walked out.

On her way, she heard people from the Special Division scoffing at her from a distance, followed by sarcastic taunts.

"Some people know a bit of martial arts and think they are all that great. They're throwing their weight around in the Special Division, and that's completely ludicrous!"

"The Freeman Sect has truly fallen. They've accepted such a person as their senior sister. I really wonder if the Sect Leader is blind."

"I feel so ashamed of the Freeman Sect."

Keira seemed not to hear any of this as she stepped out of the Special Division.

Lewis was waiting for her in the parking lot. She walked over, got into the car, and Lewis said, "One week."

Keira blinked. "What?"

Lewis looked at her. "Professor Brandt will return to the country in one week."

Keira's expression brightened. "Are you sure?" [nô/vel/b/jn dot c/om](#)

Lewis nodded. "I just got in touch with him. He's aware of old Mr. Sims's arrest and won't wait for a year for old Mr. Sims' sake. He plans to come back in a week with his students. When the time comes, I'll personally ensure their safe return."

Keira asked, "Won't his sudden return affect his mission?"

Lewis smiled. "Professor Brandt has long become one of the top scientists in the physics field. He has been wanting to return home but hasn't found the right opportunity. Moreover, if old Mr. Sims can make sacrifices for Professor Brandt, how could Professor Brandt possibly stand by and watch old Mr. Sims spend his remaining days in prison? Their friendship... is one of mutual support."

These words made Keira pause for a moment. Then she nodded. The friendship of the older generation was truly moving.

As she was contemplating this, her phone rang. James' voice came through. "Keera, your actions at the Special Division have been reported by Brian Dawson to the Sect Leader, and he's ordered you to come back immediately to face punishment!"

Keira felt exasperated. She twitched the corner of her mouth and looked at Lewis. "Can't go home. Let's head to Freeman Sect first!"

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Lewis Horton hesitated as he was about to take Keira back to the Freeman Sect, his face a mix of shock and uncertainty while he repeatedly furrowed his brow.

Eventually, he couldn't help but blurt out, "Can we not return to the Freeman Sect?"

Keira Olsen was startled. "Why?"

Lewis coughed. "I've heard that the Freeman Sect has strict rules, and they'll surely punish you for this. I don't want to see you suffer."

Keira laughed upon hearing this.

There was a flicker of tenderness in her eyes, and she sighed. "But I must return. My master is like a father to me. I must obey him."

Lewis clenched his jaw. "Alright then."

With his gaze fixed ahead, his mind was consumed with thoughts of what he might do if the Sect Leader of the Freeman Sect decided to punish Keira. How could he save her from such a fate?

Tangled in these thoughts, they soon arrived at the Freeman Sect.

Lewis parked the car and followed closely behind Keira.

Keira looked relaxed, as returning to the Freeman Sect felt like coming home to her. After entering the gate, she saw Brian and another man standing in the courtyard.

That man must be someone important since Brian was currently lodging a complaint, and the man was in conversation with the Sect Leader.

The Sect Leader had his eyebrows tightly knit, and there were dark circles under his eyes. He tried his best to appear angry as he bellowed, "This is outrageous! What a miscreant! When she gets back, I'll break her legs!"

Upon hearing these words, both Brian and the other man were baffled; they exchanged glances and then looked at the Sect Leader. "There's no need for that, but can you discipline her properly so she doesn't act so arrogantly!"

The martial strength of the Freeman Sect was undoubtedly the biggest assurance for their Special Division!

The presence of the senior sister was like an anchor, keeping everything steady.

The Sect Leader was getting old, and in the future, if the Special Division wished to lean on the martial strength of the Freeman Sect, it would undoubtedly have to rely on the senior sister.

That day at the Special Division, King, the Boxing Champion, effortlessly defeated all of them, but the senior sister only used one move to defeat King!

Although Brian knew that the move was merely a contest where King and the senior sister had exerted their greatest strength, the martial arts prowess of the senior sister was apparent.

Break her leg?

The Special Division might as well shoot itself in the foot.

Yet, the Sect Leader furrowed his brow, "As you know, my disciple was hard to come by. I traveled the world before I found such a disciple with exceptional qualities. It's a pity she comes from a poor background and grew up in the countryside, knowing no manners. But what can I do when she's so talented? I took her in, so I have to spoil her a bit. That's how she became so unruly. Now that you've come to me with a complaint, I must properly discipline her! I can't keep spoiling her like this!"

The Sect Leader's face darkened as he looked to the side, "Bring out our punishment tools!"

James Olsen's master, the Sect Leader's junior brother, had long come to understand the quirks of his senior brother. He rolled his eyes and pretended to retrieve the tools.

He walked very slowly, not at all eager to bring it out.

After all, they wouldn't use it. If he took them out, he would have to put them back again. It would be a waste of energy, right?

But why were those two from the Special Division so slow to react? He was almost at the box with the punishment tools, and they still hadn't told him to stop!

James Olsen's master couldn't help but slowly reach out his hand, then turned his head to look at Brian and the other man, "Senior Brother, be careful. If we use that tool, your disciple's foundation will be ruined!

"Our punishment method is very tough. One strike and little Keera would probably be knocked down. If she gets hit and decides to walk away in protest, the Freeman Sect would lose its successor!"

Brian was dumbfounded.

His mouth twitched as he realized that the two in front of him were putting on an act, so he couldn't help but say, "Let's forget about the physical punishment. I just think the senior sister's temper needs to be controlled. She's running the Special Division as a dictatorship, and that's too arrogant!"

The Sect Leader promptly said, "Exactly, she's too arrogant! She must be punished! You said I shouldn't break her legs, right?"

Brian nodded.

"How about breaking her arms then?"

Brian said, "...that's even worse."

"Our punishment tools aren't allowed either, so how should we punish her?"

The Sect Leader sighed deeply. "Forget it. Let her do the horse stance for two hours as punishment."

Brian was speechless.

Did that count as punishment?

All the martial disciples of the Freeman Sect must hold the horse stance for four hours every day, and the Sect Leader decided to punish the senior sister with only two hours of horse stance.

Was that a punishment or a reward?!

Brian's mouth twitched.

The Sect Leader immediately said, "What's wrong? Not happy? Then, shall we go back to breaking her legs?"

Brian was shocked.

It was his first encounter with the Freeman Sect's shameless tactics, and he was at a loss for words. He looked at the Sect Leader and then took a deep breath. "Let's go with the horse stance then."

At least it counted as a punishment when said out loud.

The Sect Leader immediately nodded, then turned to Keira, who had walked in, "You miscreant! Do the horse stance now!" n/ô/vel/b//jn dot c//om

Brian turned his head, and the moment he saw Keira, he frowned.

He thought everything was settled at this point.

But to his complete surprise, Keira objected, "Master, what have I done wrong? Why are you punishing me? I won't accept it! Perhaps you should just expel me from the sect!"

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Brian was dumbfounded.

The Sect Leader immediately sighed, "Why did you have to act so high and mighty in the Special Division, huh?"

Keira said, "Old Mr. Sims did the wrong thing, but he's now eighty years old. In Crera, we respect the elderly and care for the young. Can we punish such an elderly man? If word gets out, what would become of the Special Division? I'm thinking about the reputation of the Special Division."

Upon hearing this, the Sect Leader said, "You do have a point there!"

Then he looked at Brian. "Mr. Dawson, what do you think... should we still impose a penalty?"

Keira played dumb. "I don't accept the punishment. If you really want to punish me, then revoke my martial arts and expel me from the Freeman Sect!"

Brian was shocked.

Keira's arrogance in the Special Division indeed embarrassed all the members. Brian had sought his superiors to salvage some dignity for himself.

The punishment of two hours in the horse stance was already quite lenient, but Keira actually rejected even that.

Who would dare to nullify the martial arts of the senior sister?

She was their strongest combatant now!

The Sect Leader then looked toward Brian, "Mr. Dawson, what do you think?"

Brian took a deep breath, "There must be some misunderstanding about today's incident. Let's leave it at that! There's no need for punishment!!"

After saying that, he glared at Keira and turned to leave.

The Sect Leader said, "Mr. Dawson, are you leaving just like that? Won't you stay for a meal? I'll have the senior sister toast to you to apologize!"

Keira said, "Master, do you want me to apologize to him? Then you'd better kick me out of the sect!"

Brian didn't know what to say.

He immediately quickened his pace!

The senior sister absolutely couldn't be expelled! If that happened, whom would the Special Division rely on when in need?

Only after seeing Brian and the other man leave did Keira raise an eyebrow and turn to the Sect Leader. "Your acting was a bit over the top there!"

The Sect Leader waved his hand dismissively. "Hey, we're not aiming for any awards."

With that, he yawned.

Keira looked at him. "Master, your dark circles are pretty severe!"

The Sect Leader immediately looked at her. "It's because I thought you had died, so I cried uncontrollably and damaged my eyes! Now I get dark circles so easily!"

Keira said, "You got them from playing video games late into the night yesterday, didn't you?"

"Eh, how did you know?"

"..."

As Keira and the Sect Leader chatted, Lewis watched them from a distance, quietly observing.

He suddenly realized why Keira had returned with such confidence. It was because of this.

A teacher for a day, a father for life.

Keira had chosen her master well.

Lewis lowered his eyes, and a smile spread across his lips.

A warm atmosphere enveloped the courtyard as everyone watched Keira and the Sect Leader banter, with the Sect Leader eventually trying to kick her and Keira dodging skillfully, bringing the scene to a close.

Lewis walked beside Keira, watching her smile lightly, and suddenly said, "Keira, you seem different in front of the Sect Leader."

Keira was taken aback, "Different in what way?"

Lewis smiled. "In front of him, you're more relaxed, like a child with your emotions clearly on display."

Keira paused.

It was then she realized that, indeed, she had always been most at ease in front of her master.

Their meeting was filled with fun, and as they got to know each other better, her master gave her a hundred dollars a day, taught her martial arts, and over time, she realized he meant well. So, she gradually relaxed around him.

A softness flickered in Keira's eyes. "To me, my master is indeed like a father."

Lewis nodded and suddenly said, "I hope that one day, you can be just as relaxed around me."

Keira was startled at these words.

She suddenly turned to look at Lewis and saw the expectation and affection in his eyes.

Keira knew herself well. She was cold on the outside and just as cold within.

She had very few true friends, and despite having spent so much time with Lewis, she still couldn't relax around him like she could around her master.

But Lewis had already been working hard to give her a sense of security.

Keira said, "Sorry, I've been distant from people since childhood, and I'm still not used to..."

"No worries. I'll wait for you to get comfortable. You met your master when you were fourteen, and it's been eight or nine years now. I can wait another eight or nine years, trusting that one day, you'll feel just as relaxed with me."

A warmth filled Keira's heart, and she nodded. Nôv(el)B\\jnn

Just as they were about to talk more, James suddenly ran in, "Keera, there's trouble!"

Keira was surprised, "What's the matter?"

James immediately handed her his phone. "Look at this explosive news!"

Keira looked and saw that someone had anonymously posted on the internet about her backing old Mr. Sims in the Special Division.

The poster didn't name the Special Division, only saying that old Mr. Sims was a spy and that "Keera" was irrationally defending him...

Now the whole internet was cursing "Keera"!

Keira's jaw tensed.

James then said, "The post refers to the daughter of the Olsen Group, and old Mr. Sims's name is replaced with a pseudonym, so we didn't catch it at first. By the time we noticed, the post had already gained traction! Although we are deleting posts, public opinion is out of control now!"

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Keira saw the post and immediately frowned.

The post didn't reveal her identity as the senior sister, nor did it explain what the Special Division did. After all, to outsiders, the Special Division was just a small company.

The post only mentioned that old Mr. Sims was a spy and that "Keera" openly protected him, blatantly helping him fund Barry Brandt.

Barry Brandt was once again dragged out for a round of public flogging.

But Barry Brandt had already been scolded before and over the years, had grown accustomed to it. Now, everyone directed their attention to cursing Keira and old Mr. Sims!

There were also conspiracy theorists speculating whether Keira's defense of old Mr. Sims indicated that she herself was a spy!

Keira frowned at the post.

She looked at James and asked, "What has Erin been up to today?"

James answered, "She's been at our place all day, playing games with Charles after he got home."

Keira frowned. "She's not behind this?"

James was taken aback, "What would she do?"

James, simple-minded and physically robust, knew nothing about the affairs of the South family. Keira had never told him, and he had no idea what was really going down.

Keira cut straight to the chase, "Nothing much. Let's go home now."

James immediately followed behind her, hesitated to speak, and upon seeing this, Keira asked, "What's wrong?"

James coughed, then said, "Well, Keera, there's something I want to say, but I don't really know how to put it..."

Keira immediately asked, "What is it?"

"I know you and Holly are good friends. That's why you're helping old Mr. Sims. But no matter how many good deeds he's done before, the fact that he's a spy is true and inexcusable. Keera, I know you're kind-hearted—are they begging you for help?"

Upon hearing this, Keira realized that James also disapproved of her actions.

If she didn't know the truth, she probably wouldn't have felt sympathy for old Mr. Sims either.

Being elderly is no excuse for evading punishment after committing wrongs.

Keira pursed her lips, "No, I'm doing this willingly. I just feel that Holly's grandfather shouldn't be treated this way."

James couldn't help but let out a sigh. "Little sister, I know you value loyalty and friendship, but sometimes you need to distinguish between good and bad people. Being loyal to good people is fine, but being loyal to bad people is abetting tyranny."

Keira immediately asked, "Is it because people in the Freeman Sect are saying something?"

James coughed, "There are indeed some comments, but you don't have to worry. Everyone says you're blind and fooled by old Mr. Sims... they just want me to persuade you to clear your head."

After that, James hastily added, "Of course, if you want to go against Brian, we have no objections. After all, that Brian is too arrogant. He needs to learn about the might of the Freeman Sect so he won't cross us in the future!"

Keira didn't know what to say.

The group reached the parking lot while talking.

Keira was in a hurry to return to the Olsen family, so she turned to Lewis. "I'll drive."

Lewis said, "Are you sure?"

"Yep."

Keira took her seat behind the wheel and buckled her seatbelt.

Lewis naturally seated himself in the passenger seat.

Upon seeing Lewis take the passenger seat, James was puzzled and said, "Mr. Horton, my uncle urgently needs Keira to come home. Why are you letting her drive? With her driving at thirty miles per hour, when will we ever get home? I heard the Olsen Group shareholders have already surrounded the house."

Hearing this, Lewis gave him a glance but said nothing.

James went straight to the back seat, got in the car, and began to ramble, "Little sister, you should let Mr. Horton drive. Otherwise, if we arrive late, we'll surely be criticized. If we get there early, we can demonstrate our sincerity sooner."

Keira glanced at him, then cleared her throat.

Before James could say anything more, Keira started the car, "Are you ready?"

James said, "...I am, but you're not really driving, right? I've seen you park before. You drive so slowly..."

Hearing this, Lewis teased him, "Keira says driving slower is safer. After all, she's anemic!"

James was taken aback.

He grew even more anxious. "But Uncle is waiting. Isn't it bad to make them wait so long? With her driving speed, it would probably take two hours to get home..."

Before he could finish, Keira said, "Buckle your seat belt."

James said, "...I mean, with your speed, why do I need to buckle up in the back seat?"

After a quick glance in the rearview mirror, Keira saw that he remained unmoved. She smiled and hit the accelerator!