

My Accidental Husband is a Billionaire !

656 Chapter 655

There was a muffled hum, and James said, "Keera, aren't you stepping on the gas too hard? You think you're driving a sports car ... Oh my!" n/ô/vel/b//in dot c//om

The car swooshed off in an instant, and at that moment, James felt himself being violently thrown back into the seat. The force seemed to flatten his face.

He widened his eyes in disbelief as the black Bentley took off like a sports car, the scenery on both sides rapidly receding.

The car charged straight toward a bend ahead.

James said, "Keera, I won't say another word! You don't have to go for thrills because of what I said! Safety is the most important!"

Almost as soon as these words fell, the car elegantly drifted on the spot, and with skillful one-handed steering, Keira smoothly took the turn without slowing down and headed straight for the exit.

James was shaking so badly that he felt like throwing up last night's dinner.

The car sped along the road, overtaking who knows how many cars along the way, and soon returned to the Olsen residence.

The moment the car stopped, James violently pushed open the door and jumped out, starting to vomit.

He looked down at his watch, barely able to see the hands as with his blurred vision, but managed to notice it had only taken fifteen minutes for his cousin to drive the car home.

Who said she couldn't drive?!

James now wished he could drag all the brothers who had seen Keira drive the car that night over, pry their eyes open, and let them see for themselves.

While James was vomiting his guts out, Keira and Lewis were striding towards the living room.

Instead of looking for Uncle Olsen in the living room, they first found Erin, who was wandering around the kitchen with a chicken wing in her mouth and craning her neck to look at the Olsen family's chef.

The butler joked beside her, "Miss Martin, are you hungry again? We've just eaten."

Erin sweetly replied, "No, I'm so full, but the food here is so delicious! Can I have a piece of that sausage?"

The Olsen family's chef, blushing with praise, immediately picked up a sausage and passed it to her with a beaming smile.

A touch of happiness instantly appeared on Erin's face.

Seeing this, Keira and Lewis exchanged glances.

They always felt that Erin's behavior was too innocent, capable of deceiving everyone in the Olsen family.

Both of them felt somewhat helpless.

While Erin was enjoying the sausage, she suddenly caught sight of Keira and immediately brightened up, waving at her. "You're back! Your chef is amazing! I really want to take him with me."

The chef's face turned even redder. "Miss Martin, that won't do. The Olsen family has been very good to me; I can't go with you. If you want to eat, just come over more often!"

Erin pondered for a moment and nodded, "Once I marry Charles, I can eat this every day!"

The chef was satisfied.

Charles, who was eating with her in the kitchen, felt his ears flush red in silence.

Erin giggled, then finally approached Keira. "Let's go. You must have something you want to ask me, right?"

Keira walked alongside her, and the two directly moved to a secluded spot.

Keira took out her phone, opened the post, and handed it to Erin, "Did you do this?"

Erin glanced at it and immediately raised an eyebrow, "Oh, it's trending! Let me see ... The Olsen family's daughter is empathizing with traitors? The family stock crashes!"

Erin suddenly covered her mouth. "Keira, ever since you were acknowledged by the Olsen family, it's really been one disaster after another, you know. In my opinion, your father should just stop supporting you and support me instead!"

Keira fell silent

Just as she was about to say something, Erin said, "I wished it was my doing, but my methods are more graceful than this..."

She looked at Keira and bluntly said, "I would have taken this evidence and secretly sent it to the Olsen family's shareholders. Once they know, they'll definitely demand that your father drive you out of the Olsen family so they can support me instead. The current approach clearly aims to ruin the Olsen family."

Erin sighed. "I love Charles so much. How could I bear to ruin the Olsen family? Moreover, I still need the Olsen family's support. So, it wasn't me."

Keira looked at Erin and suddenly realized something. "Is it posted by other heirs of the South family?"

Erin immediately snapped her fingers. "Bingo! Just as I can plant someone in the Special Division, so can others. Keira, since Rabbit's identity has been exposed, it has gained their attention, and that's why they've used this method to take you down."

Erin tilted her head. "You see, sometimes you have to be ruthless. What will you do now? The shareholders are all in the living room, cornering your father. If you don't clarify the situation today, Uncle will probably have a hard time explaining!"

Keira immediately tensed her jaw.

Erin then said, "Do you regret it now? Actually, if you just sever ties with old Mr. Sims and stop protecting him, you could get out of this! Keira, don't be too impulsive. I'm teaching you the first lesson about the South family! "

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Erin had just taken another bite of the chicken wing. She blinked and looked at Keira. "The first lesson we learn in the South family is that if you want to compete with someone, at the very least, you must learn to be cold-blooded."

Keira stared at her and, after a while, finally said, "Erin, I really don't know what you mean. If you want to compete with me, why are you saying all this?"

Erin blinked. "I just want you to know why you lose so that you'll acknowledge your defeat. Then, you'll surrender to me."

She looked at Keira. "I'm DINK, and I don't plan to have children in this life. Your sister gave birth to a child, for my sake. I can't exactly fight you to the death over this task, can I?"

Keira didn't know what to say.

Erin tilted her head. "So, surrendering to me is our best option."

Keira lowered her head. "I won't surrender to anyone."

Erin nodded. "No problem. I have plenty of time to wait for you. But for now, you should think about how to get the Olsen family through this crisis!"

After saying that, Erin cast a glance at Charles, greeted him, and said to Keira, "The media is all over this. If you don't do something, the Olsen family's stock will slide. I don't know if Uncle Olsen can withstand this pressure."

Erin stuck out her tongue. "I'll wait for you to come ask me for help. I have a way to turn defeat into victory."

After that, she hopped off to find Charles. The innocent-faced Charles even smiled at Keira and asked Erin, "Why have you been talking to my cousin so much lately?"

Erin immediately blinked, "Because Keira likes me! And I like her too!"

Charles immediately brightened up. "That's great. I don't know what's up with the people in my family. All the sisters-in-law seem to have an issue with Keira. If you can get along with her peacefully, that's the best."

Erin's lips were shiny with grease, and she laughed at these words. "Don't worry, I'll definitely get along with her."

Charles nodded.

Keira and Lewis heard their conversation. Lewis glanced at Keira, who was also a bit speechless.

Charles was so well protected, making him so naive!

Keira twitched the corners of her mouth and entered the living room.

She had thought the living room would certainly be in turmoil right now because the shareholders of the Olsen Group were about to make a big scene, but instead, as she entered, she found the atmosphere quite amicable.

A group of people was sitting around the sofa, with Uncle Olsen seated high above at the head position. Upon seeing Keira, he even waved at her, introducing her to everyone, "This is my daughter."

Since Keira came home, she had only met the Olsen family's relatives but not the Olsen Group's shareholders.

Seeing this, Keira greeted everyone in turn.

Ellis waved her over. "Sit here."

Keira promptly walked over and sat down beside him. n/ô/vel/b//jn dot c//om

She then witnessed her own father's thunderous methods. He just sat there calmly, and those shareholders down below dared not say a word.

Even though their mouths opened and closed, looking like they were about to speak at any moment, as soon as Uncle Olsen gave them a casual glance, those people immediately shut their mouths.

In the end, it was Ellis who spoke up. "Keera, what's going on with this matter?"

Keira simply said, "Holly Sims is my friend, so I can't stand by and watch her grandfather be wronged."

One of the shareholders couldn't help but speak up, "But that man is a traitor to the country. How could you help him?!"

Keira looked straight at the man and was about to say something when Uncle Olsen calmly said, "My daughter is just too loyal."

Keira was perplexed.

She was taken aback for a moment and saw the shareholders down below immediately shut their mouths like quails. Some were extremely anxious, but when they looked at Uncle Olsen, they didn't dare say a word.

Keira couldn't help but chuckle.

She knew before that Uncle Olsen was powerful, having heard that his control over the Olsen Group was very strong, but she hadn't thought it would be this overpowering.

He just sat there calmly, and one glance was enough to suppress everyone.

A few shareholders even echoed with some compliments.

"Exactly, Miss Olsen is just too loyal."

"But before we show loyalty next time, can we maybe make sure we see the person's true quality?"

"Right, for such bad people, can we perhaps be a little less loyal?"

"..."

Keira thought, "I didn't expect them to be so mild."

As she was about to say something, Uncle Olsen said, "Does my daughter need you guys to teach her how to handle affairs?"

"Not at all, Sir, I didn't mean that..."

"We wouldn't dare."

Uncle Olsen calmly said, "Alright, you've all met my daughter. There's no need for presents. You can leave now."

None of the shareholders dared to speak, but they didn't move an inch.

Ellis laughed. "Guys, I'll definitely give you an explanation for this matter, ensuring that it won't affect the stock price of the Olsen Group."

No sooner had he spoken than someone countered, "What will you guarantee with?"

Before Ellis could reply, Uncle Olsen calmly said, "I'm not dead yet. Do we need him to write something down for that?"

The words made everyone below fall into silence.

Uncle Olsen said, "If the stock price doesn't stabilize in a week, I'll resign to take responsibility."

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Uncle Olsen's words had a stunning impact.

The shareholders immediately became restless, and they stood up one by one.

"Sir, that's not what we meant."

"That's right. Even if there's any fluctuation in the stock price, it's not your fault. You're the one who has led the Olsen Group to its current height. We wouldn't dare ask you to make such a promise."

"..."

Uncle Olsen waved his hand. "I've made up my mind. Someone has to take responsibility for this matter."

After that, he scanned the crowd. "Why are you still here? Are you staying for dinner?"

"We wouldn't dare."

The group of shareholders stood up one after another.

Keira saw the conflicted expressions on their faces. Some were hesitant to speak, some were panic-stricken and fearful, and some held grievances inside that they dared not voice out loud.

After the crowd left, Keira finally looked at Uncle Olsen. "In a week, I'll give you an explanation."

"You don't have to," Uncle Olsen said. "I've been wanting to retire for a long time anyway. This is a perfect opportunity for Ellis to take over the Olsen Group."

Keira didn't know what to say.

Uncle Olsen laughed, "Don't feel too much pressure. It's not your fault. Besides, they are a bunch of people who are too timid to say anything."

Keira's mouth twitched.

Ellis also laughed. "Don't worry. Although Uncle and I don't know why you want to help that person, we believe that you must have your reasons for doing so! Even if it goes wrong in the end, you still have your father and uncle to back you up!"

Keira tightened her lips and then suddenly smiled.

Although the Freeman Sect members had their complaints, with the master's affection for her, they held back their words.

It was the same with the Olsen family.

She had implicated the Olsen family, but to think that her father and older brother would say such things...

While she was contemplating, suddenly, a hand landed on her shoulder, and she turned her head to see Lewis.

She felt a sudden surge of emotion.

Before she knew it, she had not only gained familial affection but also friendship and love.

She lowered her eyes and said softly, "Thank you."

However, Uncle Olsen suddenly glanced at Lewis and asked, "Aren't you going back to check on things?"

Lewis asked, "Are you getting tired of me already?"

Uncle Olsen sneered. "The Horton Group isn't like the Olsen Group. I've tamed those shareholders since years ago; I can handle them alone. Keira is your fiancée, and her identity has been exposed. The Horton Group is likely to be affected as well, and you've only left an assistant there. I'm afraid he won't be able to hold back your elder brother and his family, will he?"

Lewis immediately tensed his jaw.

Uncle Olsen went straight to the point. "In the Olsen family, I can create a perfect environment for Keira, but what about the Horton family? When are you planning to deal with the first branch of the family?" Nôv(e)B\\jnn

Lewis lowered his gaze.

Uncle Olsen then chuckled. "I'm not going to let my daughter get married off to help you with your mess. It's best to deal with them before the wedding."

Lewis nodded.

Seeing this, Keira couldn't help but say, "Dad, the Horton family's situation is different ..."

In the Olsen family, Uncle Olsen was very close to his two brothers, and Keira's brothers and cousins also got along harmoniously.

The bond between them couldn't be severed.

Lewis didn't have much affection for the Horton family's main branch and was estranged from his own father. However, there was still his grandmother...

Old Mrs. Horton wouldn't live much longer, and no matter what, the members of the first branch were her grandchildren, and old Mrs. Horton couldn't ignore them.

The only reason Lewis still tolerated the main house was because of his grandmother.

Thinking of old Mrs. Horton, Keira looked toward Lewis. "Shouldn't you go back and see old Mrs. Horton?"

Lewis nodded, "Yes, I'll go back and visit her tonight."

"Good."

Lewis said goodbye to Uncle Olsen and left.

Once he was gone, Uncle Olsen looked at Keira. "You haven't married him yet, and you're already defending him."

"I'm already married."

Keira said, "We're husband and wife, legally speaking."

Uncle Olsen didn't know what to say.

He seemed somewhat frustrated. "I pushed him to take care of his family's mess because I wanted you to have a comfortable life."

Keira lowered her gaze, "When I was still an illegitimate daughter, if I recall, you were ready to oppose me, and he never pushed me away. So now, I won't abandon him either."

Uncle Olsen was dumbfounded.

He coughed, then glanced at Ellis. With a smile, Ellis said, "I'm going to keep Mary company. You and Uncle can have a good talk."

After Ellis left, only Uncle Olsen and Keira remained in the living room.

Keira felt slightly uncomfortable as she rarely spent time alone with her father.

As she was thinking about what to say, Uncle Olsen broke the silence. "I heard that your grandmother dated old Mr. Martin just to have his child, which is your mother?"

Keira was stunned. "Yes."

Uncle Olsen then turned his head, looking out the window. "Then tell me, did your mother go out with me for the same reason?"

Keira suddenly hesitated; for the first time, she saw a look of uncertainty and doubt on Uncle Olsen's face.

She pursed her lips.

Uncle Olsen continued to gaze out the window. "Your mother lived a carefree life, leaving with no hesitation and not looking back; did she... ever love me?"

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Keira frowned.

To be honest, she didn't know.

During the years she spent with Taylor Olsen's household, she often spied on her Jodie South with the longing eyes of someone desperate for a mother. Jodie always appeared gentle and serene, embodying the grace of bamboo.

At first, Keira didn't understand why Jodie would be so kind to her, the illegitimate child of a mistress. But eventually, it all made sense.

Jodie and Taylor's marriage was a contractual arrangement.

Even though Taylor professed his love for Jodie and claimed he only cared about their children, Jodie still tolerated the presence of Poppy and Keira.

Would any other woman allow a mistress and her illegitimate child to live right under her nose?

So...

Keira looked at Uncle Olsen and said with certainty, "She doesn't love Taylor."

Uncle Olsen was taken aback. "I know. How could Jodie ever fall for someone like Taylor?"

Keira bit her lip.

Uncle Olsen continued, "Your mother never mentioned me to you?"

Keira sighed, "Back then, I was just the mistress's daughter. Why would she tell me anything? Even after we reunited, we didn't spend much time together, and she never opened up about her past. But there's one thing..."

Uncle Olsen looked at her eagerly.

Keira began, "She always said she would rather die than see you again. What happened between you two to make her say that?"

Uncle Olsen's expression darkened as if he wanted to say something, but he just sighed in the end. "At least she still feels something for me, even if it's hatred. She won't forget me, right?"

Keira was silent.

Why does his love seem so pitiful?

She forced a smile, "I suppose so."

Uncle Olsen took a deep breath, "Alright, go have some fun."

As Keira turned to leave, Uncle Olsen suddenly called her back, "Keira."

She turned around.

Uncle Olsen looked at her intently, "She really never mentioned me? Not even once?"

Keira didn't reply.

Before Uncle Olsen appeared, Jodie had never spoken of anyone from Clance, nor did anyone know she had such deep ties there.

Uncle Olsen seemed to understand, "Go on."

Keira quietly left the living room, but before stepping outside, she glanced back to see Uncle Olsen with his head bowed, looking desolate.

Seeing this, Keira paused and then walked back to him.

Hearing her footsteps, Uncle Olsen looked up.

Keira smiled, "If you want to know if she ever loved you, let's rescue her first. Then you can ask her yourself."

Uncle Olsen was stunned.

Keira continued, "Communication is key. I don't know what my mom's thinking, but once she's safe, you can ask her."

Uncle Olsen stared at Keira and then suddenly smiled, "Alright."

...

When Keira left the living room again, Uncle Olsen was back to normal.

As she was about to step outside, James ran over, "Sis, someone from the Davis family is here to see you."

Keira was surprised, "The Davis family? Are you sure they're not here for Mary?"

Jams scratched his head. "No, she's here for you. I confirmed it several times."

Puzzled, Keira walked outside.

At the gate stood a graceful figure. Despite being nearly fifty, she looked like she was in her thirties.

It was Sarah, someone Keira had only met once.

Sarah was Lewis's mother.

Seeing her, Keira remembered what old Mrs. Horton had said about Sarah abandoning Lewis when he was just seven months old after discovering her husband had an illegitimate child. She had left without caring about her son's fate.

She hadn't seen him since.

The last time Keira visited the Davis family, Sarah didn't recognize Lewis.

Keira felt a wave of empathy for Lewis and couldn't help but regard Sarah with a cold expression. But her upbringing made her approach politely, "Ms. Davis, what brings you here?"

Sarah turned at the sound of Keira's voice, her eyes as calm as a lake, as if looking at a stranger.

After a moment, Sarah spoke, "I have something I need you to give to Lewis."

Keira was taken aback, "What is it?"

Sarah handed her a document, "This."

Keira opened the document, and upon reading its contents, her eyes widened in shock. She looked up at Sarah in disbelief.

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Keira frowned. "What's this about?"

Sarah lowered her gaze. "It's a share transfer agreement."

Keira's frown deepened. She knew it was a share transfer agreement, but the crucial part was that it involved shares from both the Davis and Horton families!

What was even more bizarre was that the Horton shares were being transferred to Lewis. The Davis family shares were being transferred to her—Keira!

Keira looked at Sarah. "What are you playing at? Trying to make amends for the harm done to Lewis?"

Sarah said, "It's not exactly making amends. It was my choice, after all."

Keira didn't know what to say.

It was tragic when a woman's life was consumed by a child, but was it possible for a woman to feel no remorse at all for abandoning her own child?

As she pondered this, Sarah continued, "When I divorced Lewis's father, the Horton family gave me some shares as compensation. I didn't want them at the time, but I took them for Lewis. Now, I'm returning them to him. I find the Horton family's shares disgusting; I don't want a single cent of it."

Keira tightened her jaw. "And the Davis family's shares?"

Sarah replied, "The Davis family shares were compensation for the waste of my time when I married into the Horton family. So, they're yours."

"Why me?" Keira asked.

Sarah's expression remained cold and detached, like a snow lotus in the mountains. "Because if I gave them to him, he wouldn't accept them."

Keira remained silent.

Sarah knew what she was doing.

Keira glanced at the Horton Group's share transfer agreement and realized that the transferor wasn't Sarah. It seemed Sarah had someone else hold her shares for her back then; otherwise, Lewis wouldn't have been unaware of them for so many years.

Previously, when Lewis was competing for control of the Horton Group, old Mrs. Horton had transferred her shares to him, giving him absolute control.

Keira sighed and handed the documents back to Sarah. "He won't want them, and neither will I. Just as you said, you feel you don't owe him, and he feels he shouldn't take anything from you. Regardless, he's still your son."

Sarah remained unmoved and didn't take the documents. "He's facing personnel changes at the Horton Group, and these shares could be crucial for him."

Keira said, "Lewis already holds more than fifty percent of the shares and has absolute control."

Sarah looked at her expressionlessly. "Are you sure about that?"

Keira was taken aback. "What do you mean?"

Sarah remained silent and simply said, "The Horton Group isn't as simple as you think. You'll understand soon enough."

Leaving that statement, Sarah instructed, "Don't tell him these shares are from me. Just say they're from your father. It wouldn't be unusual for the Olsen family to have shares in the Horton Group through other means."

Keira wanted to say more, but Sarah waved her hand dismissively. "Don't rush to refuse. Go to the Hortons and see how he's doing first."

Keira was surprised.

Sarah got into her car and left.

Keira looked down at the share transfer agreements in her hands, furrowing her brow. After a moment, she returned to her room and set the documents aside.

As long as she didn't sign them, the agreements would remain invalid.

She then prepared to drive to the Horton residence.

When she arrived at the parking lot, James greeted her. "Sis, you've been busy all day. Where are you headed now?"

"To the Horton residence."

"Lewis has just left, and you're missing him already? Sis, you shouldn't be so clingy..." James chattered, glancing at her. "And about old Mr. Sims—can't you back off a bit? Supporting him once was already quite loyal. For the rest, just ignore it." n/ô/vel/b//in dot c//om

Keira narrowed her eyes. "Did someone provoke old Mr. Sims again? I told you to keep an eye on him."

James coughed. "Just a few harsh words, nothing serious. Everyone at the Freeman Sect is following your lead, but... they're a bit uneasy. You're the senior sister, but when

it comes to major issues, everyone has their principles. With what's going on in the Special Division, they're feeling nervous."

Keira sighed. "Don't worry too much. Give it another week, and things will settle down."

James didn't know what to say.

Keira got into her car, thinking about the Special Division's affairs, and drove to the Horton residence.

It had been a while since she last visited. Sarah's words made her anxious, unsure of what had happened there.

She frowned as she arrived and saw the situation before her.

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