

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

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Mollie instinctively stepped back, clutching her bag.

It was a crocodile-skin Hermès, worth a fortune.

Darien lunged forward, trying to snatch it!

Mollie immediately shouted, "That's mine!"

Darien paused for a moment.

Ellie smirked, "Yours? You're part of this unpaid meal, too. If you can't cover the bill, none of you are leaving!"

With that, Mollie hesitated, letting Darien hand the bag over to the manager.

The manager examined it. "This has some depreciation. I'll count it as a hundred grand. You're still short by over a hundred thousand."

Darien's eyes darted to Mollie's hair. Perched there was a diamond clip, one he'd asked Ellie to buy for her on her birthday last year.

How ironic.

The truth was, Mollie's most valuable belongings were always with her.

Without waiting for Ellie's next command, Darien ripped the clip from her hair!

Mollie's hair was now a mess, but Darien wasn't done. He yanked off her bracelet, her rings, and even her five-thousand-dollar Chanel earrings.

The manager collected the items, placing them on a tray. "These earrings? Maybe two grand—used. The hairclip, seven thousand. Bracelet? Market's down; it's only worth five now."

Mollie stood there, stripped of her jewelry, looking completely disheveled.

After everything, the manager announced, "You still owe fifty-eight grand."

Darien pleaded, "I'm tapped out. Can we get more time to pay?"

The manager glanced at Ellie.

Ellie's smile was cold. "Mollie must have more cash in her account, right?"

Darien immediately turned to her.

Mollie clutched her pocket.

Seeing this, Darien's face lit up like he'd just found a lifeline.

He'd been here enough times to know the kind of people who ran this bar. Their enforcers were no joke.

Just a few days ago, a drunk customer refused to settle his tab, and Darien had seen the guy's finger get cut off.

No way was he losing a finger tonight. Or worse.

He both feared and longed for a life of luxury.

Darien hurriedly handed Mollie's card to the manager.

After swiping it, the manager raised his eyebrows. "Well, well, looks like Miss Mollie here has more in her account than you, Darien. A whole..."

Darien stared at him eagerly.

"...thirty-eight grand. Already deducted. You still owe twenty."

Darien was dumbfounded.

It still wasn't enough!

He swallowed hard, looking toward Mollie's two friends.

They were just low-level employees who hung out with Mollie to live large. No way they had money.

But Ellie wasn't about to let them off the hook either. Since they'd helped Mollie push her around before, Ellie squeezed a few thousand from each of them.

After pooling everything together, they were still short by eight thousand dollars.

Darien was practically on his knees. “Ellie, please help me... You’ve taken care of me for years. Can’t you just cover the last eight grand?”

Ellie stared at him with disdain. “I mean, even a dog knows how to wag its tail at its owner. But you? You’re not even loyal like a dog. Manager, make sure he pays. Don’t let him off by a cent!”

With that, she walked over to join Keira and the others.

Darien tried to chase after her. “Ellie, you can’t do this to me!”

But the manager stopped him, and in no time, a few security guards dragged Darien, Mollie, and her friends to the back.

Erin gave Ellie a thumbs up. “Nice work! You didn’t fall for that jerk again.”

Ellie sighed. “I don’t even know why. Part of me still feels a bit attached, but for some reason, my mind’s finally clear. I can see him for what he really is.”

She let out a deep breath. “My brother always warned me he was no good, but I didn’t listen. Now that I see it... it’s like the signs were always there. What was I blind to?”

She frowned, reflecting on her past self.

Born into luxury, with plenty of love and money, how did someone like her get caught up with a guy like that?

As she mulled it over, Lewis’s deep voice broke through her thoughts. “There’s a technique called hypnosis.”

Everyone paused, turning toward him.

Lewis explained, “It’s not exactly forbidden. Some psychologists use it to suggest things to their patients, helping them open up. Just a theory, though...”

He glanced at Erin. “You know hypnosis, right?”

Erin, known for her medical expertise, nodded. She’d been behind the creation of that infamous toxin, the Seven-Day Powder.

Hearing Lewis, she immediately moved closer to Ellie, checking her pulse and staring into her eyes. A moment later, Erin gasped in surprise!

Noticing Erin's sudden look of surprise, everyone held their breath.

She gestured for Ellie to sit on the nearby couch and, after a quick glance at her eyes, circled around her, inspecting her carefully.

Erin's face was now serious, which was a rare sight.

Unable to contain her curiosity, Ellie asked, "Am I really hypnotized?"

"Yeah," Erin replied. "I can see signs of it. When you found out that guy betrayed you, did you suddenly feel... lighter? Like all the love and attachment you had for him just vanished?"

Ellie nodded immediately. "Yes, exactly!"

She had been confused earlier.

She used to be obsessed with Darien, loving him to the point of insanity. She wouldn't have been willing to be his mistress for years, let alone act like a lovesick puppy.

The idea of him breaking up with her once felt unbearable, devastating.

She thought finding out who he truly was would break her, but instead, all she felt was relief, almost like a sense of victory.

As if her love had been a lie all along.

As Ellie reflected, Erin spoke up again. "That makes sense. The hypnosis you were under made you think Darien was risking his life for you, that you had to love him deeply no matter what, trust him... and that's why you've been stuck on him all these years, thinking he was your true love.

"But the moment you found out who he really was, that hypnosis broke. The trust was shattered, and without that foundation, the whole thing collapsed."

Erin, looking like a picture-perfect princess with her delicate features and sweet voice, stayed serious as she continued to examine Ellie's head, tilting it this way and that.

Ellie, feeling uneasy, asked, "Wait, is breaking the hypnosis going to damage my brain?"

"Nah," Erin replied with a grin.

"I'm just curious how someone could be this clueless and get duped so easily."

Ellie didn't know what to say.

She jumped up, backing away a few steps from Erin.

With her playful smile returning, Erin teased, “You know what the first thing is when it comes to hypnotizing someone?”

This time, Ellie didn’t answer, but Keira, who’d been quietly observing, spoke up, “It’s trust.”

“Exactly. The person being hypnotized has to trust the hypnotist for it to work. Ellie, you and Darien didn’t even know each other back then. There was no trust between you two yet. So, who did you trust enough to allow them to hypnotize you?”

Ellie was silent again.

Seeing her confusion, Erin turned to Keira, smirking. “She’s a little slow, isn’t she? Even if Darien didn’t fool her, someone else definitely did.”

Darien’s manipulation was too straightforward.

Any person with common sense would have avoided getting entangled the way Ellie had. So, the idea that Darien alone deceived her seemed unlikely.

There was only one other possibility.

Keira asked Erin, “Besides trust, what else do you need for hypnosis?”

Erin thoughtfully rubbed her chin. “A quiet environment. Ideally, the person needs to be relaxed, maybe even asleep. That’s when hypnosis works best, in that half-awake, half-asleep state.”

Keira turned back to Ellie. “Think carefully. Three and a half years ago, where were you? Who did you trust enough to completely fall asleep around them?”

Ellie thought hard.

It was true—once girls grow up, they become more mindful of privacy. Even at home, she’d developed the habit of locking her bedroom door before sleeping.

And no way would she fall asleep in front of Ryan, not even at home.

So how could she have slept somewhere else...? Wait!

Ellie suddenly spoke up, “I remember! It was the spa!”

Keira’s brows furrowed.

The spa.

It actually made sense.

Ellie continued, "I had a membership at this spa. I went every week for treatments. I even got to know one of the girls there really well because she was good at her job. After a while, I only ever booked with her."

It wasn't unusual to fall asleep while getting a massage during a relaxing spa session.

No wonder Ellie got hypnotized.

Someone like that was impossible to guard against!

Ellie clenched her fists in anger. "I'm going to find that girl right now!"

Keira and Lewis exchanged a glance before Keira calmly spoke, "How long has it been since you've been to that spa? Maybe call them first."

Ellie paused, her hand hovering over her phone, then dialed the spa's number.

When someone answered, she froze.

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Ellie hung up and looked over at the group.

Ryan still wore a calm expression, clearly understanding what had happened without needing any explanation.

Meanwhile, Erin smiled brightly and teased, "Did the person quit ages ago?"

Ellie nodded, looking frustrated. "Yeah, the manager said she left about six months ago because of some family emergency. I... haven't been back to the spa much since I got together with Darien, so I didn't know. But I did ask for her details. Ryan, can you help me look into it?"

Ryan gazed at his innocent little sister and sighed softly.

Then he glanced over at Keira and Erin.

Keira had a steely look in her eyes as if she already understood everything, and considering her sharp methods, she wasn't someone to mess with.

As for Erin, she was even trickier. She had this innocent and sweet vibe, but everything she did screamed mischief. Her expression made it clear that she knew exactly what was going on from the start.

Ellie, on the other hand, was truly clueless.

Ryan fiddled with the prayer beads around his wrist and said calmly, "Don't bother. That info's definitely fake. You won't get anything from it."

Ellie blinked in surprise. "How's that possible? It's an ID card, she—"

Mid-sentence, it finally clicked. The gears in her mind turned, and she suddenly blurted out, "You mean... it's a fake ID?"

Ryan nodded.

Ellie stared ahead blankly. "But why would she hypnotize me? I didn't have any issues with her. And what about Darien? What's their connection?"

Keira, after a moment of thought, chimed in, "Asking Darien might actually get us some answers."

The woman hypnotized Ellie to make her follow Darien's every command. But was that just to ensure that Ellie would leave the hotel at precisely ten o'clock to cause Ryan's accident?

Such an elaborate setup, starting three and a half years ago...

Could the South family be behind it?

Keira clenched her jaw. At least they now knew that the so-called South family prophecy was a human creation.

That was progress.

Ellie perked up at Keira's suggestion and nodded eagerly, waving over the nearby manager.

The manager hurried over and greeted her respectfully. "Miss Cobb."

"Where's Darien?"

"He's locked in the back courtyard. We haven't taken any further action without your orders. Just roughed him up a little."

Ellie nodded. "Good, let's go see him."

The group of people made their way to the back of the bar.

The bar was a small shop on a commercial street, with a two-story townhouse attached at the rear, complete with a courtyard.

The manager led them to a door and opened it.

Inside, Darien's groans mixed with Mollie and her group's pleas for mercy.

"Please! Let me go! I didn't know who she really was!"

"I'm sorry! I swear I'll never cross her again!"

Darien was clearly beaten up, clutching his stomach and whimpering on the floor. When they heard the door open, all of them immediately looked up.

As soon as they saw Ellie, they started bowing and begging for forgiveness.

Ellie wasn't moved by their pleas and simply waved her hand. "Let the other three go."

The manager immediately ordered the bodyguards to release Mollie and her friends.

Ellie then turned her attention to Darien.

He looked up at her, his voice trembling, "Ellie, Ellie... I love you. Please forgive me. Stop torturing me. I swear I've learned my lesson!"

Ellie slapped his face lightly and gripped his chin. "Darien, if you want me to forgive you, you'll have to answer a few questions first."

"Anything! Anything!"

Ellie didn't hesitate. "I'm not asking about the past. I just want to know who you are working for. Why did you really get close to me?"

Darien froze. "I-I don't understand what you mean. I just knew you were a rich girl, and I wanted to be with you. At first, I really thought about having a serious relationship with you, maybe even marriage. But then I realized you'd do anything I said, and it got to my head. That's how Mollie came into the picture..."

He wasn't stupid. If Ellie had been more difficult to handle, he would've played the role of a devoted lover, her kept man.

But this rich girl turned out to be a total pushover, head over heels in love with him. That boosted his ego and made him greedy.



What man wants to be someone's kept boy if they can avoid it?

Every guy craves power, especially when someone like Mollie, who he thought was a rich heiress, was throwing herself at him.

Ellie frowned.

Keira then cut straight to the point, asking, "Why did you tell Ellie to come downstairs to meet you exactly at 9:55? Was someone behind that instruction?"

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Darien looked stunned when he heard that.

He glanced at Keira, confused, and asked, "Nine fifty-five? I don't really get what you mean..."

Keira immediately pressed, "I'm asking why you called her to come out at exactly 9:55!"

Darien seemed even more confused. "Did I? I didn't even notice."

He pulled out his phone, checked his call log, and sure enough—it showed he had made the call at 9:55.

Looking baffled, he muttered, "I just called randomly. I had no idea what time it was."

His expression was sincere, not like someone trying to lie.

Still, Keira glanced over at Erin, just to be sure.

"What are you looking at me for?" Erin asked, raising an eyebrow.

Keira replied, "Check if he's been hypnotized."

"Oh," Erin said, stepping closer to check Darien's pupils. After a quick look, she shook her head. "Nope, nothing."

Keira frowned. "Then what's going on?"

It felt like the trail had suddenly gone cold.

Just then, Lewis entered the room and handed Keira his phone. It turned out that during this time, he had someone investigate Darien's background.

The report was incredibly detailed—it even listed the kindergarten Darien had attended.

From what they gathered, Darien seemed like an ordinary person, a kid from a small rural town who worked hard in school and made it to college, supported by his family.

But once he got to college, he was exposed to a world he'd never seen before and was dazzled by the wealth around him. He started dating rich girls at school.

That was when he set his sights on Ellie.

The whole "risking his life to save her" story? All fake!

There had been no heroic effort at all.

It was a carefully staged act by him and his friends.

The investigation even uncovered conversations between Darien and his buddies, detailing how he had gradually manipulated Ellie, pushing her boundaries step by step.

Once he realized how forgiving she was, he began living it up, meeting Mollie Francis along the way.

Mollie mistook him for a rich heir, constantly trying to impress him, which made Darien feel superior—something he didn't experience with Ellie. He created the illusion that Mollie was his fiancée, deceiving Ellie completely.

For the past few years, Darien hadn't worked a day, living off Ellie's money while enjoying a lavish lifestyle with Mollie.

And Ellie never noticed—until the car accident yesterday. [n/vel/b/in dot c//om](http://n/vel/b/in dot c//om)

There was nothing in his past that indicated anything strange about him.

So, what was really going on here?

Keira turned to Erin and asked, "How did the South family make him call Ellie at exactly 9:55?"

Erin rubbed her chin thoughtfully before responding, "You keep assuming the South family is behind this. But have you ever considered the possibility that Ellie'd been hypnotized to follow Darien's lead? Maybe this is someone targeting the Cobb family—someone out to destroy them—and it has nothing to do with the South family. Maybe the real enemy is just toying with Ellie and planning to kill her... and it just so happened that the timing fit with what the South family predicted."

Keira pressed her lips together, deep in thought.

Erin, however, grinned and teased, "I know you don't believe in mystical stuff, but sometimes, you've got to face the facts. At least for now, Darien checks out."

She glanced at Ellie. "Whoever's setting her up just wants to ruin the Cobb family, so they didn't even bother messing with Darien's mind or putting him under any kind of suggestion."

Erin patted Keira on the shoulder. "I know the truth is hard to swallow, but you've got to accept it. How do you think the South family has survived for over a thousand years? It's because they can do things that are hard to explain, and their hidden wealth is beyond your imagination..."

Keira furrowed her brow.

Lewis chimed in, "The South family's definitely mysterious. No one's ever been able to figure out where they are. Their predictions circulate among high-level circles, and they've never been wrong. Keira, maybe the South family really does have the power to foresee things."

Keira tightened her jaw.

She had never believed in anything so mystical, but now the evidence was staring her in the face, leaving her with no choice but to take it seriously.

She took a deep breath.

Erin turned her attention to Ellie. "This guy? You figure out how you want to deal with him."

With that, Keira walked out.

As she made her way through the hallway, her brow still furrowed, something clicked. "Wait, that's not right!"

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Erin immediately turned to her. "What's wrong?"

Keira suddenly glanced back at Darien and said, "He really did call Ellie at random, but there's someone who can influence him!"

Keira stepped closer to Darien, asking, "The day you called Ellie, was Mollie with you?"

Darien paused, "Yeah, we're practically together every day..."

Keira looked up at Erin.

Erin suddenly understood, "You mean... Mollie is the mastermind behind this?"

"Exactly! Where did she go?" Keira shot a glance at Ellie and Ryan.

Ryan immediately turned to the manager, who had just left with Mollie. The manager said, "We locked her in another room; I'll go get her..."

They all followed the manager to the door of the room where Mollie was supposed to be. Ryan kicked the door open.

A thick cloud of smoke billowed out...

Everyone quickly covered their mouths and noses. Lewis even stepped in front of Keira, warily scanning the room.

Inside, it was a mess.

Two girls who had been with Mollie were unconscious, but Mollie was nowhere to be found!

The window was open, and as they waved the smoke away, Keira spotted several footprints outside.

Without hesitation, Keira leaped out the window, determined to chase after her!

There was still a chance to catch up!

As soon as she moved, Erin wanted to follow, but Lewis was faster, leaping out first.

The window was too small for more than one person at a time.

Once Lewis was gone, Erin tried to jump after him, but Ryan had already followed suit!

Erin thought, "Really?!"

By the time she got out, the two of them were already far ahead!

Frustrated, Erin stamped her foot! Seriously, can't they let her be the sidekick to Keira?

Keira was running as fast as she could.

She could just make out Mollie's silhouette ahead.

The bar was right by the road, and behind it was a row of small alleys—perfect for Mollie to escape into without being noticed.

Keira pushed herself harder to catch up.

But she was falling behind...

This alley had twists and turns, and Mollie could easily lose her.

At a crossroads, Keira saw Mollie's form vanish from sight.

Just as she hesitated, Lewis and Ryan caught up to her.

Ryan, who looked like he rarely got involved in anything, was surprisingly keeping pace with Lewis, his face showing no signs of fatigue after all that running.

Keira quickly pointed to two of the three paths ahead. "You two, go that way! I'll take this one!"

They split up; that should increase their chances of finding her.

Lewis said nothing but pulled something from his pocket and handed it to her before taking off in another direction!

Keira looked down to see it was a small, sleek gun!

She panicked and quickly tucked it away, not wanting to draw attention.

Just as she was about to chase after Mollie, Ryan suddenly called out, "Keira."

Keira turned, puzzled. "You're not coming?"

Ryan didn't know what to say. How could he say no? He stepped forward and handed her something as well!

Looking down again, she found another compact, elegant gun. She blinked in surprise, but Ryan was already running in a different direction.

He called back, "I was raised with strict military training. Stay safe, Keira."

With that, he disappeared down the path.

Keira was speechless.

She glanced at the two guns in her pockets, then took off running!

She couldn't lose Mollie!

She might just hold the key to unraveling the South family's secrets!

With determination fueling her, she sped up, and after three more streets, she caught sight of Mollie again!

Finally closing in!

Keira's eyes lit up as she charged forward, grabbing Mollie's shoulder!

