

My Accidental Husband is a Billionaire !

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Mrs. Olsen was slightly taken aback.

She then realized that if Keira hadn't left, he was actually just in time.

Taylor frowned. "He's here now. What's there to panic about?"

The nanny smiled awkwardly. "I was just a bit scared, that's all."

Isla snickered. "You're too timid. How intimidating can her husband be to scare you like that? Dad, Mom, let's go and see for ourselves."

She linked her arm through Jake's and followed behind Taylor and Mrs. Olsen toward the front door.

Once there, they all frowned upon seeing the man in front of them.

They saw a tall man standing there, wearing work clothes. He was dirty all over and covered in mud. His face was wiped clean, revealing delicate and deep features, but his hair was a mess. He had clearly just come off a construction site.

His eyes lit up slightly when he saw them. "Excuse me, is this Keira Olsen's home?"

Scott Martin was an expatriate who had just returned to Crera to work on real estate projects this year. He didn't understand Crera's culture very well, let alone why, when he had knocked on the door and said he wanted to return Keira's umbrella, the nanny turned and ran upon hearing him.

His Creran was a bit awkward, making it uncomfortable to listen to.

Isla's frown deepened. "What dialect is that? Why is his accent so heavy?"

Jake also showed a disdainful look.

The man in front of them had a decent face, with deep, thick brows and large eyes. He had a bit of an exotic charm, but his clothes clearly showed he worked at a construction site...

He hadn't expected Keira to end up with such a gigolo.

No wonder she clung to Lewis and wouldn't let go.

Though this man was as handsome as Lewis, when it came to family background, they were worlds apart!

After he and Isla showed their disdain, Mrs. Olsen promptly said, "Yes, are you here to pick up Keira? She's already left."

"Left?"

Scott was slightly perplexed. "She's not here? Sorry, I'll come another day."

He nodded and was about to leave when Isla suddenly said, "Wait a moment."

Scott turned back and looked at her, puzzled.

Isla approached him. "Hello, I'm Keira's half-sister. Why don't we add each other on WhatsApp? It would be easier to contact you in case anything comes up. After all, we're family now."

Scott immediately nodded. "Sure, I have WhatsApp!"

He had applied for an account upon returning to the country and barely had any contacts.

He happily took out his phone, scanned Isla's QR code to add her as a friend, and then said in his awkward Creran, "We can keep in touch anytime."

"Okay."

After leaving his contact information, Scott nodded to Mrs. Olsen and Taylor, then regretfully walked away with the small blue umbrella in hand.

Taylor snorted, "I thought she had married some impressive person. Now we can't even tell her off as we used to when she was at home. Is this all there is to her?"

Mrs. Olsen immediately looked at him. "Taylor, don't judge a book by its cover. Keira and her husband are still young. They have potential for the future!"

Taylor muttered softly, "A common blue collar. What future is there in that?"

Mrs. Olsen wanted to say more, but Isla chuckled. "Dad, you can't say that. Maybe if Keira is willing to support him financially, he could become a contractor in the future, right? Then if we want to renovate our house, we could hire him."

Mrs. Olsen immediately frowned. "Isla, watch your mouth!"

Isla pouted.

With the drama at the Olsen family over, Isla and Jake left in his flamboyant sports car.

On their way back, Jake couldn't help but ask, "Why did you add him as a friend? What kind of interaction could we possibly have with such a low-life?"

Isla was busy texting and looked up at him with a smile after hearing his question. "Tomorrow is Professor Miller's birthday, and you're planning to throw him a party, right? You've invited many classmates and joked about bringing family members. Keira will definitely be there, so we should make sure her family gets the invitation too, right?"

After saying this, she showed him her phone.

She messaged Scott on WhatsApp. "Tomorrow we have a class reunion. You should come too!"

Scott replied, "Will Keira be there?"

Isla said, "Of course. Why else would I invite you?"

Scott said, "Okay, I'll come too. Smiley face.jpg"

Isla sent him the hotel address. "See you tomorrow."

Jake immediately understood the implication and sneered.

What did it matter if Keira was Dr. South's? Her own hard-earned company hadn't yet gone public, and the annual profit was just tens of millions.

In this international metropolis, a decent house alone would cost twenty to thirty million. What could her money possibly amount to?!

And to be married to such a man...

Jake suddenly looked forward to tomorrow's birthday party.

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Olsen residence.

After seeing everyone off, Mrs. Olsen went upstairs with a distant look in her eyes.

Taylor glanced outside and asked with some confusion, "Where's Aunt South?"

"Well," Mrs. Olsen paused for a moment and lied for some reason. "I asked her to go buy something for me."

Taylor thought it was some woman's sanitary item and didn't inquire further. "I see. I'm going to the study to finish some work."

"Sure, go ahead. I'm fine."

Mrs. Olsen watched Taylor enter the study, and then she returned to her own bedroom.

She sat quietly on the sofa, staring blankly into the air.

Because of her poor health, she neglected Isla's discipline, and now her daughter had become unrecognizable.

It was her fault...

While she was thinking about it, there was noise from outside. Aunt South had returned.

She warmed up herself before going into Mrs. Olsen's room so as not to bring in the cold air and risk Mrs. Olsen catching a relapse of her cough.

Mrs. Olsen immediately stood up and asked, "How did the DNA test results turn out?"

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