

MY ACCIDENTAL HUSBAND IS A BILLIONAIRE !

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Vera suddenly burst out. "I just want you to regret it! I want you to taste what it's like to be played with!"

Keira immediately said, "I'll go to the Martin family for the antidote right now!"

Vera scoffed. "I've already given old Mr. Martin orders, and he won't give it to you before the DNA test results come out... as for after the results are released, you and I both know that you're deceiving him!"

"Keira, had you simply conceded defeat and handed Amy over to me, I could have spared your life, but you insisted on courting death! Don't blame me for being ruthless! I want you to watch with your own eyes as your father leaves you!"

With those words, Vera ended the call.

Keira stared blankly at her phone, clenching her jaw tightly.

She suddenly looked toward Lewis with a hint of panic.

Lewis had been standing by her side all along and naturally heard the voice from the phone as well. He immediately said, "It's my fault..."

He shouldn't have tricked Vera, which pushed her over the edge.

It had only bought them a mere two days' time.

If he had known the consequences of those two days would be so severe, he would definitely not have done it.

Keira shook her head. "No one could have anticipated this."

Both frowned and looked at each other. "The Martin family..."

They both knew that being tough with the Martin family wouldn't work, and giving in also wasn't an option.

The Martin family would rather die than surrender, which was why Lewis said before that even if he used his overseas power to sanction the Martin family internationally, it would only result in mutual destruction.

They couldn't be coerced by force.

But if that was the case, what about Uncle Olsen?

As Keira grew anxious, someone suddenly asked, "Why are you here?"

Keira turned around and saw Susan standing beside Jenkins.

Only then did she realize that upon entering the room, besides the butler, there was Jenkins, who now stood in a corner, quivering all over.

Upon hearing this, Jenkins immediately waved her hands. "It wasn't me. I didn't know there was poison in that coffee. I didn't know..."

Her reaction made everyone instantly realize something, and they all turned their gazes toward her.

James roared, "Did you poison my uncle?"

Jenkins waved her hands. "It wasn't me! I didn't... I just followed usual practice and brought Mr. Olsen his coffee."

The butler then said, "Mr. Olsen fainted after drinking the coffee, so I didn't let anyone leave the room."

Hearing this, Keira immediately rushed over to the coffee cup on the table to check if any coffee residue was left. She might be able to determine the dose of poison through it.

But unfortunately, when she glanced over, she saw that the coffee cup had already been cleaned...

Keira turned back in shock, looking at the butler.

The butler gave a bitter smile. "After Mr. Olsen finished the coffee, Jenkins casually rinsed it here at the sink."

Susan immediately retorted angrily, "So, she's the one who poisoned Uncle Olsen! Otherwise, why would she wash the coffee cup here at the sink?!"

Jenkins was close to tears. "Mr. Olsen spilled a bit of coffee and asked me to clean it up. That's why I did it..."

Susan snapped. "What a coincidence! You served Uncle Olsen coffee, and then, right after he drank it, he spilled some, and he asked you to clean it up... Do you think we are all fools? Jenkins, you are the one who poisoned my uncle!"

After saying that, Susan grabbed Peter. "Peter, I think she's an accomplice of our enemy. Call the police and have them take her away now!"

Dazed, Peter looked at Jenkins in disbelief.

For some reason, lately, she had been the one he'd been in most contact with at home, and he had quite liked this young woman...

But he had never imagined she would poison his uncle!

Jenkins hastily waved her hands. "It wasn't me... I didn't... That's not true..."

She cried until her eyes turned red.

However, Susan pointed at her. "Jenkins, any excuse is useless now. We all know what you did! The evidence is conclusive! You even cleaned up the crime scene to destroy evidence! Don't treat us like fools! Let me tell you, what you did was too obvious!"

She charged right up to Jenkins, pushing her forcefully, "How dare you? Do you know who that is? He is the person in charge of the Olsen family! Even if we killed your entire family, it wouldn't make up for our loss!"

Tears rolled down Jenkins' face as she looked at Uncle Olsen. She was trembling.

She remembered what she had done. She had brought Uncle Olsen his coffee at the usual time, and after he had drunk it, he said it tasted just like always. But then he accidentally spilled some on the table, so he asked her to clean it up.

Uncle Olsen was in the middle of a meeting at the time, so he just stood up and stepped aside.

Jenkins wiped the table. The coffee cup was stained with spills; if she took it downstairs, the coffee might drip onto the carpet and stain it. Since there was a sink in the room, she rinsed the cup off there.

By the time she finished everything and was about to speak to Uncle Olsen, she saw him collapse.

Jenkins was terrified and immediately called the butler over!

Now, she was truly unable to clear her name because all these events were too coincidental!

She was nearly screaming. "It wasn't me... Young Master Peter, please believe me!"

Peter stared at Jenkins, then looked toward Keira, seemingly wanting to say some words in her defense.

But Susan immediately clung to his arm. "Peter, Uncle is lying here with his life hanging by a thread. Surely, you won't speak up for a murderer?"

Peter was taken aback. He looked at Jenkins as if he wanted to say something but ultimately turned his head away.

Susan then said, "What are we waiting for? Even if this is a complicated matter and we can't call the police, we can still lock her up, right?"

Jenkins' legs gave in, and she collapsed to the ground.

Peter finally couldn't hold back and said, "We don't know that yet. After all, there's no evidence..."

Susan said, "Because she cleaned everything up! How would there be evidence? But Peter, I just thought of a way to save Uncle..."

Peter's eyes lit up. "What is it?"

Susan walked right up to Jenkins and grabbed her hair, forcing Jenkins to lift her head and look at her.

Susan sneered. "She put the poison there. Of course, she knows the formula!"

Jenkins immediately shook her head, "I don't know..."

"Liar!"

Susan struck her face, and there was a flicker of satisfaction in Susan's eyes as she said, "You're so stubborn!"

Susan swung her hand again, delivering another fierce slap to her face!

Susan said, "Will you talk or not!"

Jenkins was dazed from being struck. "I don't know..."

"Well, since you won't talk, don't blame me for this!"

Susan picked up the vase nearby, sneered, and said, "If you don't speak up, this vase is coming down on you!"

Jenkins' pupils shrunk dramatically!

Such a large vase would kill her.

She wouldn't be able to clear herself of suspicion today. Would she die here?

A glimmer of despair flashed in her eyes.

Just then...

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"Stop!"

The voice sounded heavenly as a chorus to Jenkins. She turned around and saw Keira staring at Susan.

Jenkins's eyes teared up. "Miss Olsen, I didn't do it. It wasn't me..."

Susan looked toward Keira. "Keera, what's wrong? I'm doing this to force the formula out of her mouth to save Uncle Olsen's life. As his biological daughter, you're not going to stop me, are you?"

Keira fixed her gaze on Susan. "Jenkins might be innocent."

"You know it's just a 'might,' right? What if she's the one who poisoned him?"

Susan spread her hands. "There's a saying, 'Better to kill by mistake than to miss an enemy!' Uncle Olsen is lying on the bed right now, his life hanging by a thread, and you, his daughter, seem so unconcerned."

She turned to look at Peter. "This is what happens with daughters not raised by your side... they're not close..."

Keira frowned even more.

Peter took the vase from her hands. "Regardless, questioning Jenkins is fine, but if you smash her with this vase, wouldn't that kill her?"

Susan said, "Without threatening her like this, how could a trained person like her possibly tell the truth so easily?"

Peter said, "But still, you can't..."

Susan cut him off. "Mercy to an enemy is cruelty to oneself."

Peter was left speechless yet again.

Keira didn't bother with Susan but instead turned to the butler. "Jenkins, indeed, is a suspect, so find a room and lock her up. We'll talk after I investigate the scene."

The butler nodded; her request was quite reasonable. Susan wanted to say more, but Keira watched her warily. "The Olsen family is a respectable household. We do not allow private torture chambers, nor do we allow confessions under duress!"

Intimidated by her, Susan pursed her lips and said no more.

The butler hurriedly pulled Jenkins out the door, took her to an unoccupied guest room on the third floor, and then locked the door from the outside.

Jenkins's eyes were red. "Sir, it really wasn't me."

The butler sighed. "I know, you're a good kid. How could it be you? Plus, I've thoroughly investigated your background, and you don't have the slightest suspicion... Just wait here. Miss Olsen isn't the type to apply extrajudicial punishment; she will clear your name."

Jenkins nodded. "Okay."

Once the butler was gone, Jenkins paced back and forth in the room.

...

After Jenkins was taken away, Uncle Olsen's room was still crowded with people.

His two brothers and sisters-in-law were all present, their faces etched with concern. Seeing this moved Keira deeply.

The familial atmosphere of the Olsen family was truly commendable.

So many families fought viciously over inheritance, yet the bonds within the Olsen family seemed unbreakable...

Everyone stayed by Uncle Olsen's side until the doctor repeatedly assured them that Uncle Olsen would be alright until the seventh day and asked everyone to leave...

Although a hundred square meters in size, Uncle Olsen's study was overrun with too many members of the Olsen family. Even though seating was available for those who stayed, the air was still stuffy.

Eventually, Keira persuaded everyone to leave, leaving only Ellis there.

Ellis asked, "Tell me, what exactly happened?"

Keira sighed and had no choice but to explain the situation with the South family. She ended with a self-reproachful tone. "I didn't expect the South family to be so difficult to deal with. Their power is so great. Now, it has even implicated my father..."

Ellis immediately retorted, "Don't say that! This is your home, and we are your family... But tell me, is it the same Fox who tampered with my medical examination report?"

Keira nodded. "It should be the same person."

Ellis frowned. "There's still time. Let's think it through. Uncle has always been very fond of your mother. If we can rescue her, all his hardships won't count for anything."

Keira knew what he said was true.

But she still felt guilty...

The key issue was... what about the DNA test in two days?

Delaying it by two days would have been fine if they could find a way to stop the arranged marriage between the Martin family and Vera. Even if they couldn't find one, there wouldn't have been any consequences.

After all, once the Martin family and Vera were united in marriage, they would become opposing factions, so adding a bit more hatred didn't matter.

But now, she had put herself on the griddle!

She took a deep, frustrated breath and said, "Do you think we can find old Mr. Martin's daughter within two days? Could that calm his rage enough to give us the antidote?"

Ellis immediately said, "That's a plan! If we really can find his daughter, this might blow over!"

Then he looked toward Lewis, "Where's the photo?"

Lewis handed him the photo.

Ellis took one look and was flabbergasted. "What can we see from this? How can we find her? There's practically no clue at all!"

Keira took a deep breath, "I know someone in the police force. Let's check the database!"

At this point, that was indeed their only choice!

...

Susan and Peter went downstairs, with Peter's gaze repeatedly shifting toward the third floor. Then he turned to Susan and reprimanded, "You shouldn't have lashed out at Jenkins earlier."

With a look of grievance, Susan said, "Peter, I was just anxious. Uncle Olsen is lying in bed, and I wanted to contribute to the family and make everyone acknowledge me..."

Peter felt exhausted. Susan's behavior had been so obvious at the Martin family's banquet. He'd be a fool if he couldn't see Susan's hostility toward his younger sister!

Suddenly, he said, "You better not come over tomorrow..."

Before he could finish, Susan interrupted. "If only there were someone like me by Uncle Olsen's side at the critical moment to pull him back, just to stop him from drinking that coffee..."

She sighed, "Then Uncle Olsen wouldn't have been poisoned, right?"

The words of refusal that were on the tip of Peter's tongue suddenly got stuck in his throat. He couldn't say them.

In the end, even though Susan's behavior wasn't proper and there seemed to be some grudges between her and Keera, Susan still saved his life...

Susan seemed not to hear him for the first time, and her face had a puzzled look. "Peter, what did you just say?"

Peter sighed softly, "Nothing. I'll have the chauffeur take you home."

"Okay, I'll come back tomorrow."

Susan waved and left with a smile on her face.

She knew she had been too obvious, but that didn't matter. As long as she was Peter's lifesaver, the Olsen family couldn't do anything to her!

Watching Susan exit the house, Peter finally snapped back to reality.

He hung his head low, dejectedly heading upstairs to his bedroom. After taking a few steps, he suddenly stopped and looked up toward the third floor.

He went to the kitchen, grabbed some food, and took it to the third floor.

The room where Jenkins was confined had a small window leading to the corridor. He knocked on the window, which was immediately opened, revealing Jenkins's panicked face.

In a flurry, Jenkins looked at him. "Young Master Peter, please help me! I don't want to die! I swear I didn't poison anyone!"

Peter frowned.

Jenkins burst into tears. "I'm begging you, I'm really scared. Will you please let me out? Just for the sake of that time when I saved you..."

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Before Jenkins could finish, a plate of food suddenly appeared before her.

She was slightly taken aback, and the words she was about to say got stuck in her throat.

With a confused look, Peter asked her, "Are you hungry?"

Staring at the delicate and appetizing meal, Jenkins suddenly felt that her previous actions were a bit inappropriate, giving off the impression of charity with strings attached.

She nodded. "Yes, I'm hungry"

Peter handed her the food. "What were you saying just now?"

Jenkins pursed her lips and ultimately just smiled. "It's nothing"

She picked up the fork and began to eat.

There was also some soup, which showed how attentive Peter was. Jenkins looked at the meal, took a couple of bites, then raised her head again. "I didn't poison your uncle."

"I believe you," Peter said. "I know it's not your fault; it's just that there's no evidence right now to prove you're not involved with the incident. But don't worry, Keera and Ellis are smart, and they'll clear your name."

Jenkins nodded. "Yes, I believe in Miss Olsen."

But she was a bit afraid of Ellis.

As the Olsen family's next successor, Ellis was known as the defiant figure of Clance, known for his odd character. The butler repeatedly cautioned maids who came to work for the Olsen family to accord special respect to Uncle Olsen and Mr. Ellis.

However, Jenkins had a good impression of "Keera"; there were several instances where that young lady had spoken on Jenkins' behalf, helping her avoid conflicts with Susan.

But...

Jenkins couldn't help but cast another complaining glance at Peter.

It was all because of Peter. If it weren't for him, Susan wouldn't have given her trouble time and again!

Jenkins was

smart person; her years of working had long taught her to read people's faces. She had previously sensed Susan's inexplicable hostility toward her, and now she finally understood. Did Susan think Peter was fond of her?

Jenkins glanced at Peter...

Peter was handsome, a perfect example of the Olsen family's appearance, with one of the better temperaments among the young masters.

Ellis was capricious.

The second young master was rarely at home.

The third young master, James, had a fierce temper.

The fourth young master was also rarely at home.

Peter got along best with the servants. He was the most respectful and had the gentlest character.

The sixth young master was also rarely at home.

The seventh young master, Charles, was still in school, and it was clear that he had a strong personality and his own ideas...

Out of the entire Olsen family, Peter was the nicest.

As Jenkins was thinking this, she lowered her head, knowing she needed to keep her distance in the future.

However, even though she had never tried to get close to Peter, she still felt happy when she saw him.

Now that she thought about keeping her distance, Jenkins felt a little sad.

She couldn't help looking at Peter. "Mr. Peter, are you really going to marry Susan?"

Peter didn't hesitate. "Yes, she's my lifesaver. Of course, I have to marry her!"

Jenkins couldn't help but press her lips together. "Would you do the same for every lifesaver?"

Peter twitched the corners of his mouth.

He thought about it. Actually, in addition to Susan, who had pulled him out of the car during the accident, there were also the ambulance, nurses, and doctors who had saved his life.

He couldn't possibly marry all of those people.

So, Peter said, "Of course not, but Susan is different."

The car caught fire then, and no one knew when it might explode. Many people were gathered around, and blood had blurred his vision.

He could hear the crowd around him....

Among all those people, only one girl, despite the risk, charged in and pulled him out of the car.

And shortly after they had moved away from the car, it exploded.

Neither the nurses and the doctors nor those who later lent a hand risked their lives to save him.

Therefore, the one he was most grateful to was Susan.

Jenkins took it the wrong way.

If Susan was different from the other lifesavers, Peter must love her!

Jenkins had always been straightforward, and having sensed all of this, she decided to make a choice today.

She turned and looked directly at Peter. "Mr. Peter, from now on, please don't bring me food

anymore."

Peter was taken aback. "Why? Aren't you hungry?"

Jenkins said, "It's not appropriate."

"How is it not appropriate? You haven't been convicted, and if you were, you would have been sent to the police station by now. The Olsen family doesn't allow illegal punishment. There's no

evidence now, and you're being detained by our family. I can't just starve you, can I?"

Jenkins gave a wry smile.

So, that was what Peter was thinking...

He showed her kindness because she was the Olsen family's employee.

He didn't have even the slightest bit of affection for her...

Susan really was overthinking it.

Jenkins said, "After I prove my innocence, I'll leave the Olsen family"

Although the salary here was good, Jenkins had grown wary after the incident with Uncle Olsen.

Money was important, but it wasn't as precious as life itself!

Peter was suddenly taken aback, his eyes widening in shock. "No, Jenkins, are you mad? Anyone would find today's incident has too many coincidences. It's normal for people to be suspicious.

Could you please not be mad at us?"

Jenkins wanted to say something, but she only gave a low chuckle.

She might as well be seen as throwing a tantrum.

Casually pushing her food around the plate, she handed it back to Peter. "You Olsens are so strange. I'm just a maid who has been implicated in this matter for no reason. Isn't it normal for me to want to leave?"

Peter was dumbstruck for a moment. "Wait. We were talking normally a moment ago. Why are you suddenly angry? It's true. Women are so touchy!"

Upon saying this, he took the plate from her. "If you don't want me to deliver you food, so be it.

You can starve!"

Looking at the food that was barely touched, he huffed and turned to go downstairs.

"Everyone has such a huge temper. You can't even talk or express your doubt. Well then, starve!"

Peter grumbled as he walked away.

When he reached the bottom of the stairs, he angrily set down the plate and was about to leave

when his stomach growled.

Peter immediately looked down at his belly.

Then he let out a quiet sigh. "I've been busy tonight and haven't eaten anything. It's not pleasant

to be hungry."

With that, he called over the butler. "Send some food to Jenkins a little later,"

The butler nodded. "Alright, Mr. Peter."

After saying that, Peter seemed to feel a bit better. He found something to eat in the kitchen,

rubbed his belly, and walked out.

He went outside and looked at the people bustling about.

Suddenly, he looked up at the third floor.

He approached the butler and asked, "What was the last thing Uncle had before drinking his

coffee?"

If they could prove Jenkins's innocence, could they let her out then?

It was quite pitiful for a young girl to be locked up like that.

The butler was taken aback upon hearing this. "He had some afternoon tea before that."

Peter immediately asked, "What kind of afternoon tea? Who made it?"

The butler was confused for a moment. "Another maid, May, made it... She served it to Uncle Olsen and then went home..."

Peter's pupils shrank suddenly. "Is there any leftover?"

The butler frowned. "The leftover afternoon tea was packed up and taken away by May. But I don't think Mr. Olsen was poisoned in the afternoon because he had his tea at two and fell ill at eight. There's too much of a gap in time. I consulted the family doctor; the poison would have taken effect almost instantly upon ingestion, so we only considered the cup of coffee. Peter insisted, "I don't care. Check the food! Why did May take away the leftover?" The butler replied, "May said there are kids at home, and it seemed a waste to throw the food

away..."

As his voice trailed off, the butler also realized something. "I have been negligent!"

Peter quickly said, "Give me her home address. I need to investigate her!"

"Alright."

Peter immediately rushed out.

The next day.

When Susan returned to the Olsen residence, she didn't see Peter, so she went straight to the

door of the guest room on the third floor, where Jenkins was detained.

She looked at the maid who accompanied her and suddenly smiled. "Would you like to do a

great service for the Olsen family?"

The maid's eyes instantly lit up.

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Jenkins couldn't sleep all night.

The wind outside was very strong, and every time it hit the window, she would wake up with a start.

She was very afraid, very panicked, and very fearful.

Uncle Olsen had collapsed right before her eyes, stiff as a board, and she had never been so close to sickness and death in her life.

If they couldn't find an antidote for Uncle Olsen and he died like that, could she clear herself of the suspicion of being a murderer?

No wonder the Olsens were keeping her captive. Even she herself found the whole situation very mysterious.

How come Uncle Olsen spilled the coffee yesterday?

How come she rinsed the coffee cup?

If she hadn't, they could have checked the coffee residue for any traces of poison and even analyzed the poison's composition.

Of course, they thought she was the suspect.

Jenkins was close to crying.

It wasn't until the day broke that she finally fell asleep in a daze.

But just as she was drifting off into a dream, the door was violently kicked open.

Jenkins looked up and saw Susan entering with a maid.

Jenkins immediately stood up. "What are you doing?"

"What are we doing?"

Susan chuckled and closed the door behind her. "Of course, we're here to interrogate you!"

Jenkins shouted immediately, "I didn't do it, I..."

"You can keep shouting all you want. You know better than anyone about the construction of the Olsen mansion. You could scream your lungs out, and nobody would hear you. Jenkins, no one will save you today!"

After that, Susan turned to the maid and took a rope out of her pocket. "Tie her up!"

The maid immediately approached, so Jenkins grabbed a vase from the nearby coffee table. "Don't come any closer!"

The maid paused.

Susan chuckled, then suddenly stepped forward, grabbed the vase with one hand, and tapped Jenkins's wrist with the other hand. Jenkins's hand went limp instantly, and she crumpled to the floor.

She looked at Susan in shock, "You..."

Susan clapped her hands, no longer the frail girl when Peter was around, and commanded the maid. "Hurry up and restrain her!"

The maid rushed over and tied Jenkins's hands and feet.

With her hands tied behind her back, Jenkins looked at Susan in shock. "What are you doing? I've told you, I don't know anything!"

The maid hesitated for a moment, then looked toward Susan.

Susan immediately said, "You don't know anything? How could you not know? I believe you're the one who poisoned Uncle Olsen. Otherwise, why hasn't the Olsen family cleared your name after one whole night?"

Hearing this, the maid began to tie with more force. "Just hand over the antidote obediently, and Miss Simpson might spare your life!"

"I don't have it, you..."

As she spoke, Susan glanced at the maid and nodded toward the bathroom with her chin.

The maid took the hint immediately. She rushed into the bathroom, turned on the faucet, and began filling the bathtub with water.

Susan approached Jenkins. "You're such a pitiful little beauty. Too bad you'll have to suffer today."

After that, she pushed Jenkins forward.

Jenkins fell to the ground and said, "There's nothing between Young Master Peter and me. I'm telling the truth. I told him yesterday that I would leave the Olsen family after my name is cleared..."

But Susan just laughed scornfully. "Leave? Do you think you can still get away unscathed? Jenkins, you really are quite shameless. Of all the people, you have to seduce Peter!"

She bent down and grabbed Jenkins's chin tightly, and Jenkins was in pain. "I didn't seduce Peter! I didn't poison Uncle Olsen! I didn't..."

"I know," Susan laughed. "The poison is quite valuable, and you couldn't possibly afford it."

Jenkins's eyes lit up. "Then you can let me go? I'll leave the Olsen family immediately and never come back!"

"That..." Susan laughed, "I'm afraid that's not going to happen!"

As Susan spoke, Jenkins heard the maid come out from the bathroom. "Miss Simpson, the bath is ready."

"Good."

Susan grabbed Jenkins's hair and dragged her toward the bathroom. "Look at you. You haven't taken a bath after everything, right? You stink! Come on, let me help you wash up!"

After entering the bathroom, she pushed Jenkins into the large bathtub.

"Splash!"

There was a lot of water in the bathtub, and when Jenkins was pushed in, she struggled fiercely.

She felt as though she had fallen into a small lake and desperately tried to stand up, but her hands and feet were tied, and she couldn't break free.

She struggled with all her might, trying to raise her head above water to breathe, but the next moment, a hand pressed down on her head, pushing her face back into the water.

Jenkins tried to fight, but she couldn't shake Susan off.

Suffocation...

The pain in her lungs made Jenkins feel like she was going to explode.

She choked on several mouthfuls of water...

She thought she was about to die just like that...

"Splash!"

Susan suddenly pulled her head up.

Jenkins immediately took deep breaths, feeling intense pain in her lungs... Her nose and her eyes also felt sour and uncomfortable...

The agony and the feeling of being close to death made her shiver uncontrollably.

Susan leaned in and asked, "Speak! Who ordered you to poison Uncle Olsen?"

Jenkins shook all over, gasping for air.

"You don't know? Did someone give you the poison? What did they offer you?"

Jenkins still didn't speak.

Susan continued. "It appears to be the case, so why did you do it? I checked your bank account, and someone has deposited one million in your account...Was it for the money?!"

Jenkins's pupils shrank sharply. "That's impossible! How could I have a million in my account?"

"You don't know? You're still pretending to be innocent..."

Susan gave a low chuckle, then suddenly burst out. "Do you think we won't find out? Jenkins, just admit it! Where is the poison formula? Or, where is the rest of the poison?"

Jenkins shook her head. "I don't know..."

"Did you put all the poison in the coffee? You really don't give us any chance, do you?"

Jenkins still wanted to speak, "It's not like that..."

"Splash!"

Before she could finish speaking, Susan pushed her head back into the water.

Jenkins widened her eyes in terror, feeling the water invade her mouth and nostrils from all directions...

At this moment, she finally understood!

Susan was trying to force a confession!!

Susan had thought of every reason and excuse and had even transferred that money into her account!

Jenkins tried to push Susan away in horror, but she couldn't muster any strength.

She heard Susan and the maid's menacing voices.

The maid said, "Miss Simpson, if you hold her down any longer, she'll drown."

Susan sneered. "She committed suicide out of guilt. We didn't do anything. But before she died, she revealed the truth..."

Jenkins's pupils contracted. She tried desperately to struggle, but she couldn't break free.

Gradually, she felt her strength slipping away...

Outside the door.

Peter strode in, and upon entering, he heard the butler ask, "Any clues?"

Peter nodded, and before he could speak, the butler said, "Miss Simpson is here. She said she wanted to talk to Miss Jenkins."

At that remark, Peter asked in confusion, "What could they possibly have to talk about?"

As he said that, he walked upstairs and arrived at the guest room, only to see the door closed. It was utterly quiet inside...

Peter was about to leave.

But after thinking it over, he decided it would be better to let Jenkins know he had a lead. It would ease her mind.

So, he knocked on the door. "Jenkins, come to the window."

In the room.

Hearing the voice outside, Jenkins struggled harder, but Susan made a silencing gesture to the maid.

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The maid was stunned by the situation.

She looked at Susan in shock, lowering her voice as she spoke. "Miss Simpson, if you don't let go soon, she's going to die!"

A hint of murderous intent flashed in Susan's eyes. "So what if she dies? She has confessed already!"

The maid was taken aback by these words. "When did she..."

"Just now. Didn't you hear it?" Susan looked at the maid with a smile that was not quite a smile. "You and I both heard her confession. We were both so shocked that we couldn't keep an eye on her, and she committed suicide out of guilt!"

The maid was completely bewildered upon hearing this.

She had followed Susan simply because she was usually annoyed by Jenkins. Why were the butler and Peter so nice to her and not the other maids?

So, she was jealous of Jenkins.

That's why when Susan said they were going to interrogate Jenkins, she impulsively decided to follow along.

But no matter how jealous she was of Jenkins, she couldn't bear to watch her die!

The maid swallowed hard, wanting to intervene, but Susan was pressing down on Jenkins relentlessly, simply not letting go.

Outside the window, the knocking continued, and Peter asked louder. "Jenkins? Jenkins? Why aren't you speaking? Have you gotten into some trouble?"

"Jenkins, say something! If you don't talk, I won't care about you anymore! If something happens to you in the future, I won't come to see you again!"

"...Alright, it was our fault yesterday. We shouldn't have locked you up here alone, but try to understand. It was indeed impossible for you to clear your suspicion... Everything was just too coincidental. How come you had to wash the coffee cup?"

"Jenkins? Hey, if you don't talk, I'm leaving!"

Peter knocked on the window, "I'm serious, if you remain silent, I'm really going to leave!"

Inside the bathroom, the maid covered her mouth, not daring to speak.

She looked toward Jenkins in the bathtub once again...

Jenkins's struggle was getting weak. The lack of oxygen made her feel she was going to pass out.

She tried hard to open her eyes, but she could only see the bottom of the bathtub.

She felt her strength and energy draining away slowly. Her entire body seemed to be getting lighter as if she were about to bid farewell to this world.

In a daze, Jenkins thought about her life.

Having no family, she grew up in a foster home, so she had been working from a young age to save for her tuition. It seemed like no one in her life truly cared about her, and no one would mind the death of a little orphan like her.

No, there should be one.

Peter.

He was so pure and kind-hearted.

He would help her with the ladder when she, a maid, couldn't move it...

He would also follow behind her, saying what was there to be tired about with such a small ladder. "Let me help you," he said.

If she died, would Peter shed a tear for her?

Thinking of this, Jenkins stopped struggling.

She slowly closed her eyes.

...

After knocking on the window for quite a while without a response from inside the room, Peter grew concerned.

He couldn't help but frown.

At that moment, Keira, who had heard some noise, came walking over.

She had stayed with Uncle Olsen in his bedroom the previous night, and even though the family doctor said the poison would be fine for the time being and there would be no life-threatening issues within seven days, Keira still found it hard to trust that.

It wasn't until this morning that she felt Uncle Olsen's pulse and found that his pulse was still strong even in a deep sleep, which finally eased her worries.

She hadn't yet figured out how to deal with old Mr. Martin, nor did she know how to ask the Martin family for an antidote.

Feeling restless, she prepared to step outside for some air. Then she thought of Jenkins, so she came here.

That's when she saw Peter sneakily talking to a closed window.

One could shut the curtain of the guest room window from the inside; once closed, those outside could no longer see inside.

Peter looked like a person having an affair and was still cooing Jenkins. "Alright, I know you're innocent. I'll talk to my sister and see if she'll let you out today, alright? Why aren't you saying anything?"

Keira walked over, stood behind him, and watched Peter squatting down, gently coaxing the person in the room. She couldn't help but whisper, "What are you doing?"

"Ah!"

Startled, Peter jumped up as if he had seen a ghost. When he turned around and saw Keira, he immediately breathed a sigh of relief. "Little sister, why do you move so quietly? You could scare someone to death!"

Keira looked toward the guest room and asked, "What are you doing here?"

Peter was startled again. Would his sister blame him if she knew he was visiting a suspect?

Thinking it over, he realized it was also quite inappropriate. With Uncle Olsen's fate uncertain, here he was, helping a suspect. His sister must be angry, right?

He scratched his head. "I, I wasn't really doing anything. I just came here to ask Jenkins a question, to see if she's the murderer or not. That's right, I was trying to use my charm to get her to tell the truth!"

Keira was speechless.

She couldn't help but give Peter a once-over, her gaze filled with disdain.

Out of all the Olsen brothers, Peter had to be the least good-looking.

Just as she thought of this, Peter became agitated. "What's with that look in your eyes?"
Only

Keira shook her head and was about to speak but suddenly heard something. She immediately looked toward the room and asked, "How long have you been talking to Jenkins here? Did she respond to you?"

Peter thought she was mocking him for not being handsome enough, which was why Jenkins ignored him, so he stubbornly replied, "She did respond..."

"Really?"

Keira suddenly became tense, "When did she talk to you? What did she say?"

Peter said, "Well, I admit she didn't talk to me, but it's not because I lack charm. It's just that we had an argument last night..."

As soon as he said this, Keira rushed to the door and tried to push it open.

But the door was locked from the inside and wouldn't budge.

Keira checked and saw that the lock the butler used to close Jenkins in yesterday was undone, which indicated...

Keira's pupils shrank. "Something's wrong!"

Peter asked, "Did Jenkins escape?"

"Step aside."

Keira said and took two steps back.

Peter also stepped back. Keira then kicked the door open and entered the room, only to hear the sound of running water from the bathroom!

