

My Accidental Husband is a Billionaire ! #Chapter 91 - 91: Conversation - Read My Accidental Husband is a Billionaire ! Chapter 91 - 91: Conversation

Chapter 91: Conversation

Keira shook her head, struggling.

She didn't want to rot there forever!

She didn't want to live in the filthy ditch either!

So, with the little time she had, she studied hard, striving to work her way up. She was determined to change her own fate!

At the age of four, she had never been to kindergarten. She secretly observed Isla, learning a foreign language. When Isla stumbled over a word, Keira was quick to respond. She thought she would receive praise from her mother. However, she never ever expected that what was about to occur was almost a complete disaster!

Poppy praised her and unexpectedly, gave her a piece of cake.

The sweet and rich cream in her mouth gave her a sense of satisfaction. She was reluctant to swallow it.

She thought her life was going to change. Poppy held her hand with a smile and took her out, only to hand her over to a human trafficker.

She didn't cry or make a fuss. After all, the human traffickers at least gave her tasty candy, showed her kindness, and smiled at her.

Until they locked her in a basement with a bunch of other children.

There, she met an older boy.

They spent a month together, having a good time...

In the beginning, the boy didn't talk much. Later, he asked her, "Don't you want to escape?"

She said happily, "I don't."

Although there was no freedom, she got enough to eat, had warm clothes, and didn't have to see her mother. She felt that was the happiest time in her life.

The boy was puzzled and asked, "Why?"

She said, "Because no one hits me here."

The boy pondered her words before asking, "What's your name?"

She shook her head.

It was a laughing matter. She, at the age of four, still didn't have a name and didn't have a household registration number...

All the other children would cry and make a fuss, while she smiled every day. The human trafficker was the least guarded against her. So in the end, the boy handed her a bag of sleeping drugs to put in the trafficker's food.

She did it.

As the children were running haphazardly away, she just stood there.

The boy asked her, "Why don't you leave?"

She shook her head. "I don't know where to go."

"Then, come home with me."

The boy extended a hand toward her, and she took his hand.

She didn't go home with him in the end. Because they were so young, they were rescued by the police as soon as they descended the mountain. Her identity was confirmed, and she was sent back to the Olsen family.

Before parting, she held onto the boy's leg and asked him in confusion, "Didn't you say you would take me home?"

A police officer beside them chuckled. “Little girl, you aren’t his kin. You can’t go to his home.”

She had tears in her eyes. “But I don’t want to go home! I want to be with him forever!”

The boy stroked her head and asked her, “Is it because you’ll be beaten when you go home?”

The police officer didn’t take note of this. After all, children of their age often made a big fuss at home, and getting spanked was just a part of life.

However, the boy took her seriously and said, ‘Wait for me. When we grow up, I’ll come and marry you, and take you to my home.’”

Keira woke up abruptly.

The scenes from her dream passed by like a fast-forwarded slideshow, leaving her momentarily confused about what was real and what was a dream...

She didn’t know about others, but she remembered clearly everything that happened when she was four.

She remembered that the boy gave her a nickname, Eleven, because she was the eleventh child who was trafficked there.

She remembered the taste of chocolate.

She remembered the sunlight pouring into the dark basement, and the dust dancing in the light.

That was the happiest time when she was a kid.

And this year, she turned 22, yet, that boy still hasn’t come to marry her.

A bitter smile emerged on Keira’s face.

It wasn’t that she was really fond of him. A four-year-old child knew nothing about love, but his existence was the pillar that supported her through countless episodes of abuse and assault.

For other children, their light was Ultraman.

Her Ultraman was that boy...

Unfortunately, the boy was only a kid. He must have long forgotten about her.

Keira blinked and finally realized the strange atmosphere in the room.

She turned her head and saw Lewis sitting next to her, asking, "Do you want some water?"

Before Keira could react, Matthew's voice came from the other side. "Irrelevant people should leave now. I have to examine the patient."

He picked up the stethoscope and came to the bedside, looking at Lewis.

Lewis's face was gloomy. "I'm not an irrelevant person."

Matthew continued. "Apart from the patient and the doctor, everyone else is irrelevant. Moreover, I have to examine the patient, which requires removing her clothes. It's not appropriate for you to be here."

Lewis frowned, "It's appropriate for you to do it?"

Matthew walked to Keira and lifted her blouse. "I'm a doctor. In my eyes, there is no distinction of gender."

Lewis wanted to say something more, but when he saw the segment of her slender waist beneath her blouse, he blushed and immediately left the room.

After leaving the room, Tom, who was waiting outside, subconsciously peeked inside.

Lewis immediately blocked the doorway, shut the door, and scolded, "What are you looking at?"

Tom was perplexed.

He cleared his throat and said, "Boss, Miss Olsen's name is a trending topic."

Then he handed over his mobile phone.

Lewis took it and saw the top trends showing a journalist conducting an interview.

The interviewee was Finley Hill's son, Connor Hill, who was wearing his school uniform, his face characteristically filled with discomfort and caution.

The journalist enquired, "About your father's murder case, what do you have to say?"

Connor seemed somewhat not used to face the camera, so he faltered. "My cousin...she didn't do it intentionally. It was an accident..."

"Your father was a gambler. Didn't you hate him too?"

Connor hesitated for a moment. "Sometimes yes, but there's nothing much to do about it. You can't change who you are born to, but I would like to say one thing for my cousin. Over the years, my father has been constantly going to her for money, and what happened was indeed manslaughter. I'm ready to issue a letter of understanding for my cousin, and hope that the police will deal with her leniently."

This interview was initially unremarkable, but after these words, someone in the crowd shouted, "Did you know that your good cousin has been released on bail for a ridiculous reason? Anemia is said to have affected her health! Is she going to evade the crime?"

With these words, the whole news suddenly heated up.

Hashtags such as #SecondGenerationRichEligibleForBail#, #RichBratGetsAwayWithMurder#, and #MoneyBuysInnocenceForTheRich# immediately went onto the trending list.

Everyone questioned Keira's eligibility for bail.

At a glance, it was clear someone was behind this and paid for the top trends.

Lewis's face darkened. "Go find out who paid for it."

"Yes."

After that, Tom surveyed the surroundings. "I just discovered that some reporters have sneaked in."

Lewis's face suddenly turned cold. "Find some people and secure the area."

Keira was physically weak and shouldn't be disturbed now.

Inside the ward.

When Lewis left the room, Matthew put the stethoscope aside and sat next to Keira.

Keira asked, "Matthew, why are you teasing him?"

Matthew sneered. "You didn't even tell me you got married. Am I still your brother?"

Keira said indifferently, "I didn't want to disturb you."

Matthew seemed to perceive something and changed the topic. "What dream did you just have? You kept calling someone 'Brother'..."

Keira smiled. "I dreamt of when I was three or four years old..."

If it weren't for this, she wouldn't have felt anything, but bringing it up like this, she suddenly remembered the conversation in the dream....

Chapter 92: Mother

Apart from being abducted by traffickers at the age of four, she also remembered being beaten at three.

In reality, most children at the age of three should have little memory. She vaguely remembered being beaten at that age, but perhaps the memory was too profound that in her dreams, she could clearly hear Poppy's scolding.

"Listen, my daughter should be living a life of luxury, and you, you only deserve to live forever in this filthy gutter, in the stinking sewer!!"

Keira smiled bitterly.

She didn't expect to have such a dream after so long.

Perhaps dreams revealed one's thoughts. She often dreamed of being Isla and Mrs. Olsen being her mother...

Matthew asked, "What about when you were three or four?"

“Nothing.”

Keira didn't want to talk about the past.

Her condition was peculiar. After iron was introduced into her system, all symptoms of anemia gradually disappeared, and she was fully revitalized.

However, she still needed to store more iron, so she had to stay on an IV for a couple more days. Taking in too much in one day could overwhelm her body.

She picked up her phone and found a message on her Twitter.

Her Twitter username was “Ms. S”, and she was fairly well known in the reporter circle.

The person who sent her the message was named Josh, who had been following her for over two years.

Josh wrote, “Ms. S, I won't back down this time! I want to be like you, fearless in the face of authority, and brave enough to expose the truth to the public! If you can see this message, I hope you can give me your blessing.”

Keira was perplexed.

As she was puzzling over it, there was a knock at her door.

Holly walked in with Connor Hill.

Connor kept his head down, looking as timid as ever.

When he entered the ward, he first glanced at Keira and then immediately lowered his head again. “Hello, Keira...”

Keira wasn't close to the Hill family members, and Finley Hill had only sought her out for money over the years. This cousin of hers was quiet and studious. He managed to earn a spot at the prestigious Oceanion University through sheer effort.

She was still courteous toward him, “What's up?”

Connor then spoke, “I, I came to deliver a letter of forgiveness.”

Keira was taken aback.

Connor then looked at Captain Lincoln, who had come in with him, his eyes teary. "I consulted with a lawyer. By submitting a letter of forgiveness, even if you're sentenced, it can be reduced to within ten years."

He bowed his head. "Keira, I was terrified when I called the police... I didn't mean to ... My father wasn't a good person. He got what he deserved ... It was my fault that you ended up behind bars ..."

Captain Lincoln frowned. "Even if he was a bad person, he should have been punished by the law, not dealt with privately by you."

Connor's eyes were bloodshot, and he growled, "I did report him! When he was gambling, I called the police, but after you arrested him, he was only detained for a month, and then released. He continued to gamble. We lost our house, my mom ran off with someone else, and I had no place to live... I had no choice but to work my hardest. He even took my scholarship money! Even his own son was treated like this, let alone his niece! You don't understand our suffering, so don't stand on your high moral ground and judge us!"

He tried to wipe away the tears. "I know I shouldn't say this, but when I saw he was dead, I was confused, but now I only feel relieved!" FiNd *updates* on [n\(o\)/velbin\(.\)com](http://n(o)/velbin(.)com)

After saying this, he covered his face and squatted down slowly. "I'm such a jerk. My dad's dead, and I can finally breathe. Even though I have to repay his debt of five million, I see hope... You wouldn't understand. When he was alive, he was greedy like a bottomless pit."

His sobs choked his words.

Captain Lincoln stiffened but remained silent.

The only sound in the room was Connor's stifling sobs.

Keira said nothing.

Others might think she had lived a comfortable life, but the truth was, her life hadn't been any better than Connor's.

At least Finley Hill had never starved Connor.

After a while, Connor finally stopped crying, wiped his tears, and stood up. "I'm sorry. I, I lost my composure."

"It's ok," Captain Lincoln patted his shoulder. "We understand."

Keira then slowly said, "Thank you for your letter of forgiveness, but... I don't need it. As I said, I'm not the killer."

Connor was stunned as if he didn't understand, "Keira, I, I asked about this. If you plead guilty and show remorse, you'll at most be sentenced to three years, but if you insist on being innocent, you might be sentenced to over ten years..."

"I know."

"But I didn't kill him. If I didn't kill them, I can't admit to anything," said Keira flatly.

Connor didn't say anything. After a moment, he turned toward Captain Lincoln to ask a stupid question. "As my father's son, can I choose not to pursue this matter?"

Captain Lincoln said, "This is a criminal case. Even if you don't pursue it, we still will."

Connor tightened his jaw and looked at Keira. "Then I can't help you."

Keira shook her head. "That's alright."

Again, Connor lowered his head. "Keira, get some rest. I... I have to leave now..."

"Okay."

Connor took two steps away and suddenly turned to Captain Lincoln. "Captain Lincoln, about the money that was found at the scene, could you give it to me now? I borrowed it from my classmates..."

The money was scattered on the ground, and some of it was stained with blood, so it was used as evidence and kept at the police station.

Captain Lincoln shook his head. “The police department has its rules. It’s evidence, and we can’t give it to you for now. Only after we have confirmed that there are no clues can it be returned to you.”

Connor then hung his head. “But that’s next month’s living expenses of my dorm mates...! promised them that I would return it as soon as possible.”

All of them had worked part-time before, and they knew that the students needed their every hard-earned penny.

Suddenly losing twenty thousand was bound to cause strain among these students.

Keira narrowed her eyes.

All of a sudden, she said, “Wait.”

Connor then turned back.

Keira picked up her phone. “I’ll have Samuel give you twenty thousand for your emergency needs.”

Connor’s eyes lit up. “Thank you, Keira. As soon as the money at the police station is returned, I’ll give it back to you.”

Keira sent a message to Samuel.

Not long after, Samuel walked in with twenty thousand in cash and handed it to Connor.

Connor’s eyes stung.

He took the money. “Keira, my father has borrowed a lot of money from you over the years. Don’t worry. Once I start earning money, I’ll pay you back.”

“Don’t worry about it. He is he, and you’re you.”

Just as Keira finished saying that, there was a sudden click at the door.

Everyone turned their heads to see a thin, unfamiliar man, nervously clutching his mobile phone, having captured the earlier moment.

When everyone noticed him, the man immediately charged in. “Connor Hill, I knew there must be a financial transaction when you granted forgiveness to the murderer of your father! You are not worthy to be a son!”

After he finished speaking, he turned his gaze to Keira.

Noticing her healthy complexion without any signs of anemia, he scoffed. “What’s all this about being on bail pending trial due to a near-death condition? Is this what a near-death condition looks like?”

He took out his phone and shot a video of Keira. “So, wealthy people have privileges, right? They can find a way to get bail, no matter what?”

He turned to Captain Lincoln. “Is this how you guys uphold the law impartially?”

Captain Lincoln frowned, and declared sternly, “Journalists are not allowed in here. Please leave!”

“I’m not leaving!” The journalist was very agitated as he directed his camera at them. “I’m live-streaming! All these procedures are being broadcast live, and I’ll expose you!”

Captain Lincoln immediately made a move to stop the man. “You are invading other people’s privacy!”

“When cases are not clear enough, many people are getting away with it. As a citizen, I have the right to know the truth of any case!”

The young journalist was fearless.

Unfortunately, Captain Lincoln had already taken his mobile phone, cutting off his live-streaming. Captain Lincoln was furious. “What’s your name? Which newspaper are you from? I’ll hold you responsible!”

The young journalist lifted his chin and sneered. “Don’t try to scare me. My idol is Ms. S, who bravely reported on a certain company’s pollution discharge despite the strong power at the time. I’m afraid of nothing but only seeking the truth!”

Hearing these words, Keira was perplexed.

Suddenly recalling the message on her Twitter from earlier, she was greatly amazed. “Are you Josh Josh?”

The young journalist was surprised.. “How do you know that?”

Chapter 93: It's Him

Translator: Henyee Translations | Editor: Henyee Translations

Keira opened her phone, found Twitter, clicked into Josh's homepage, and sure enough, she saw his photo.

But Josh misunderstood her. “I didn't expect you to know who I am, but even if you do know my work address and company, and try to use power to pressure the company to fire me, I won't compromise!”

He took a step forward and continued.

“Ms. S once said, if every journalist is looking out for their own safety, then many truths in this world will be covered up.

“Even if I can't be a journalist anymore, there are millions of journalists who will stand out! Don't think that you can hide what you've done forever!”

Keira didn't know what to say.

Listening to his cliched speech, she chuckled. “You just graduated from college, didn't you?”

Josh nodded. “Yes, what about it?”

“No wonder you're so naive.”

Josh was dumbfounded.

He couldn't help but look at Keira. It was as if she didn't realize he was talking about her.

Captain Lincoln grabbed his arm. “Enough. This is a hospital. Please leave.” He threw Josh's phone back to him, then grabbed his arm, and took him straight out the door.

It wasn't until then that Keira turned to look at Holly.

But when she did, Holly immediately avoided her gaze. Her pretty face was tense, and she seemed rather uncomfortable. Only then did she say, "Well... I have things to do. I'll step out for a moment."

She quickly left the room.

Keira chuckled.

Still the same old stick in the mud. Holly was so straightforward in character and was remorseful after doing something wrong.

But she didn't blame Holly.

Iron deficiency anemia was indeed a rare condition. When she first mentioned it hardly anyone would believe her. She looked perfectly fine when she said she had anemia, but Holly still ran a routine blood test for her, which was more than what the average person would do.

As Keira was pondering, Samuel suddenly asked, "Boss, do you know who the murderer is?"

Keira raised an eyebrow but said nothing.

Samuel chuckled. "Hey, Josh Josh is live streaming again!"

Keira was startled and looked at Samuel's phone.

Josh was live-streaming on Twitter just now, and he was still on there. He was standing outside the hospital, talking to the camera. "My livestream was interrupted earlier. I'm back to say hi to everyone. I'm OK. They haven't lost all conscience. They didn't kill me because I saw their transaction..."

People left comments below the video.

-The world hasn't collapsed because of the perseverance of people like you!"
"I knew it. No matter how terrible one's father is, he's still family. How could a son provide a letter of forgiveness to a murderer? No surprise there was a financial transaction!"

-The evil of capital! Can money disregard human life? Claiming anemia as grounds for bail. It's utterly shameless!"

-Such people must be brought to justice. I don't understand. The evidence is clear. Why aren't they arresting anyone? Isn't this kind of case straightforward to solve?"

just as Josh was making light of himself, and everyone was criticizing Keira, a voice rang out. "Hello..."

Josh turned his head and saw Holly in her police uniform, walking toward him authoritatively. "I can accept your live interview."

Josh was delighted. "Officer Sims, they told me earlier that you are a forensic doctor. Can you assure the fairness in front of the camera?" Follow the latest novels *on* [novelbin\(.\)com](http://novelbin(.)com)

"I can."

Holly looked at the camera.

Josh said, "Then may I ask, is the murder suspect Miss Olsen really out on bail due to anemia? Isn't this excuse laughable?"

Holly adjusted her uniform and also straightened her hat.

Then, she stood straight, looking at the camera, and said, "I can verify that Miss Olsen is indeed suffering from severe anemia, which is threatening her life! I signed her bail application, and I assure you she's definitely not trying to escape punishment!"

Josh didn't expect her to say that and sneered. "Officer Sims, how can you guarantee it for her?!"

Holly paused.

She clenched her jaw, her upright gaze fixed on the screen, and she said word by word, "Because of this uniform!"

She spoke forcefully. "I can tell everyone here openly that if Miss Olsen's bail is to escape, I'll take off this uniform for good!"

Josh was stunned by her determination.

Holly looked at Josh. "Sometimes, the truth isn't what you see. The inherent impressions of human beings can be harmful. Who says anemia isn't life-

threatening? Don't let short-sightedness and narrow-mindedness affect your judgment, thus making irreversible mistakes."

She seemed to be talking to Josh and to herself at the same time.

Having said that, Holly turned and left.

Keira looked at her phone and was deeply moved.

Holly valued her police uniform the most.

But when they were at the police station, Captain Lincoln told Holly that Keira would apply for bail. Holly made a guarantee with her uniform. Even though Keira indeed applied for bail now, Holly was still willing to stand up and vouch for her.

"Your friend, although a bit stubborn, is good to you."

Lewis walked in at some point. His tall figure made the room seem rather small. He sat down beside her.

Keira nodded, a smile tugged at the corner of her mouth. "Yes, although she's a bit silly."

She looked at Lewis.

In her mind, she couldn't help but think of when she was at the police station. After Holly misunderstood her and thought she had fought Poppy, she was going to send Keira to solitary confinement. Keira was filled with despair. In the dark detention center, Lewis arrived like a deity, holding Captain Lincoln hostage.

Then, he even picked her up and took her to the hospital.

Being held by him then, she could smell his fresh scent. His tall and burly figure gave her a sense of security like never before.

Maybe it was because she was ill then, she felt extremely weak. Now that she thought about it, she felt...

He was so bold!

What kind of place was that? Who did he take hostage?!

What if he was shot dead on the spot by the armed police trying to rescue Captain Lincoln?

He was even more silly than Holly!

Keira was lost in thought, and suddenly said, "Thank you."

Her politeness suddenly made Lewis feel a bit uncomfortable. Without thinking, he wanted to say, "If anything happens to you, Granny will be heartbroken." But he swallowed the words in the end.

He rubbed his nose, his face softening a little. "You're welcome."

His reaction reminded Keira of something.

In her memories, the boy she met when she was four would also rub his nose when embarrassed...

Also, that boy was afraid of cats.

Keira suddenly asked: "Were you kidnapped when you were little?" Lewis paused, his eyes instantly darkening.. "Why would you ask that?"

94 Last Words

The moment Keira asked the question, she felt she had been too abrupt.

Nobody wanted to talk about their childhood, especially not things like that.

Moreover, that boy wasn't from Oceanion back then, otherwise, he would have been brought back by the police.

What were the chances of such coincidences in the world?

Keira cracked a smile and was just about to brush it off when the door to her room opened again. Holly walked in, and Keira and Lewis quickly dropped the subject.

Holly still looked a bit uncomfortable, but she approached Keira's bed, still looking rather nonchalant.

She had a cup of honey water in hand which she handed to Keira, then averted her gaze and awkwardly said, "I misunderstand you. I apologize. I

hope you won't file a complaint against Captain Lincoln and the others. Everything was due to my poor judgment."

Keira sighed, looked at Lewis, and after seeing him nod, she said, "Don't worry. Mr. Horton and I won't press any charges."

Holly seemed taken aback, "Why?"

After being wronged like that, no ordinary person would let them off the hook.

The police station would definitely punish her and Captain Lincoln and might even compensate them for their emotional distress.

Keira just smiled faintly but didn't answer.

If it were someone else, she wouldn't have put up with it.

But Holly... She fooled Holly back in junior high school.

Holly seemed to understand something and held her lips tightly. "Don't worry. I'll help you catch the murderer and clear your name as soon as possible."

After saying this, however, she noticed that Keira and Lewis's expressions remained unchanged. There was no sign of surprise on their faces, which surprised her. "You know who the murderer is?"

Keira raised her eyebrows and looked at Lewis.

She had her suspicions and had just confirmed them.

Did Lewis also know?

She saw him nod, "I've already sent someone to follow Connor Hill."

Holly had a sudden realization. "So, Connor Hill is the murderer?"

Keira didn't respond to this but asked Lewis instead, "How did you find out?"

Lewis began in a detached manner. His deep voice, especially when analyzing a case, had a unique charm to it. "There were only four people on the scene that day. The victim was killed right then and there. Apart from you, me, and Tom, Connor was the only one left. I've always been wondering that if

you killed Finley Hill, where did the voice answering the door come from? There's only one possibility -- a recording."

Holly didn't agree. "But no recording device was found on the scene, and there were no relevant recordings in Finley Hill's phone. His phone fell out of his pocket, and there was no trace of anyone touching it."

Keira said coolly, "It wasn't his phone that recorded the sound, it was Connor's. When he saw the victim lying on the ground, he deliberately scattered the things in his hand everywhere. Afterward, while making the emergency call, he picked up the phone from the floor..."

She didn't notice anything off at that moment.

After all, it was common for a phone to drop to the ground after money had been spilled all over.

It was only after using the process of elimination to determine that it was Connor that these details slowly came together.

The only person who could convince Finley to record the sound in advance was someone he trusted. With Finley's character, the only person he could trust was Connor, his son.

Connor somehow tricked him into recording those words, then left his own phone at the scene of the crime, creating the false impression that Finley was still alive.

In this way, Lewis and Tom became indirect witnesses to Keira's alleged murder!

The way Finley fell toward Keira when she entered the room wasn't because he was lunging at her. He was losing his balance and toppled over!

Paired with that recording, anyone's natural reaction would be to push the other person away...

If it were not for Keira's keen hearing and the cautious character of Lewis and Tom, all of them would have thought that Keira had accidentally killed Finley. The situation was nearly unsolvable.

Holly was stunned by their explanation and then said solemnly, "Then I'll arrange for his arrest immediately. If he recorded it on his phone, even if he deleted it, we can still recover it. That would be direct evidence!"

But Keira shook her head. "Not yet."

This was unusual for Holly, and she was a little anxious. "Why not? I need to clear your name as soon as possible. Don't you know that people are slandering you online right now?!" *Read new chapters on [novelbin\(.\)com](http://novelbin(.)com)*

Even though she clarified it just now, netizens still wouldn't believe her.

Lewis said calmly, "I think Miss Olsen probably has a plan in mind."

Holly looked at Keira uncertainly.

Keira just nodded and said, "Holly, I need you to do me a favor. Delay it for a few more days. Finley said before he died that he would tell me a secret about Isla Olsen. Coincidentally, the moment I went to meet him, Connor killed him. I don't believe for a second that this incident had nothing to do with Isla."

Holly was stunned. "So, you're using Connor to draw Isla Olsen out?"

She said with a bitter smile, "Keira, I remember now. The main reason I misunderstood you back then was because Isla asked me to plead for you. Looking back, she must have been using me... But even now, I still can't accuse her. She's such a cunning person, and even if she really did instruct Connor, she wouldn't have left any clues behind. The police department probably won't be able to find evidence to arrest her."

Keira shook her head. "Connor's intent to kill most likely existed long before. Isla was at best just a temptress in the whole matter. I didn't plan to put her in jail through this."

Holly didn't understand. "Then what is your plan?"

Keira wanted to say something, but her throat itched a little, and she coughed.

Lewis quickly said, "Have some water first. I'll explain it for you."

Keira paused and obediently took a sip of the honey water.

Lewis continued. "I guess that what Miss Olsen really wanted to know was Isla's secret."

Keira's eyes lit up, and she nodded in agreement.

Lewis went on to add, "Finley knew an important secret about Isla. Since he trusted his son so much, he would have definitely told Connor the secret. From what I've observed, Connor is a thoughtful and meticulous person. He wouldn't easily reveal Isla's secret. I think Miss Olsen wants to pit Connor against Isla and let him realize what Isla is really like so that when he's arrested later, he won't help Isla keep the secret."

Keira felt a warmth spread through her body after finishing the cup of honey water.

What Lewis had explained was exactly her plan.

Did Isla think killing Finley could secure her secret forever?

But Connor was still around.

Upon hearing this explanation, Holly still seemed anxious. "But netizens are slandering Connor, and you too!"

"It's okay." Keira placed the cup on the bedside table, her voice full of powerful confidence. "Rumors are like a tickle to me, but for him, they'll be a mighty calamity that can throw him into confusion."

Her confidence left Holly at a loss for words.

Holly seemed to remember something and said, "Keira, let me tell you now. The message Finley left for you on his phone is..."

Chapter 95 The Secret

Keira hurriedly stopped her. "Don't say anything. Don't go against your professional ethics."

Holly paused.

Then she coughed to cover up her embarrassment. "Actually, it was okay to tell you about the recording. It had nothing to do with the case. I was just..."

She fell silent before finally admitting it. "I just wanted to make things difficult for you."

Keira didn't know what to say.

She rubbed her brow in resignation. "Well, then tell me."

Holly looked embarrassed. Her face was still serious as she spoke. "The last words were: dear niece, Connor knows the secret too. Please make sure his tuition fee is covered."

"..."

The room was quiet for a while.

Keira frowned. Even though she had guessed that Finley wouldn't leave a message about any secrets and that Connor surely knew something, she still found the message strange.

She had gone to Finley intending to pay five million to buy the secret.

If she learned the secret from Finley, why would she still have to cover Connor's tuition?

Or was it that Finley had never planned to sell her the secret?

Keira shook her head, grateful for her arrangement.

She didn't accuse Connor of being the murderer right after the crime, otherwise, she might never be able to pry the truth out of him.

Now, she would for Connor to crack under the criticism!

However, Holly was a bit worried. "Keira, don't overdo it. If he throws away his phone, you'll lose the most crucial piece of evidence, and you'll never turn this case around!"

At this, Keira frowned.

After the incident, she was taken to the police station right away and didn't get a chance to tell Samuel what needed to be done. She wondered if Connor had changed his phone...

"No, he won't."

Lewis suddenly interjected. He said calmly, "After the incident, Connor threw away his original phone and switched to an identical one. I've already retrieved the first one."

A spark flickered in Keira's eyes, and she smiled, "Impressive, Mr. Horton."

Since taking over the company, Lewis had heard countless compliments, but the straightforward praise from Keira made his cheeks slightly flushed.

He smiled slightly. "You flatter me, Miss Olsen."

Holly looked from one to the other and suddenly said, "You two are married, yet you call each other 'Mr. Horton' and 'Miss Olsen'. I first thought you weren't acquainted, but you actually seem to understand each other so well. Is this your form of displaying affection?"

"..."

The room fell quiet all of a sudden.

Keira looked away from Lewis and seemed to be blushing.

She felt fine when others addressed her as Miss Olsen, but Lewis's deep voice was like a feather lightly teasing her heart, bringing a tingling sensation...

She didn't notice Lewis's ears turning red.

...

Meanwhile, Connor had no idea what was coming for him.

Shortly after leaving the hospital, he returned to his college campus.

He happily repaid his roommates the twenty-thousand cash he borrowed.

Some took six thousand and snidely commented, "I knew you seemed way too confident about being able to pay back the loan. So, someone was ready to pick up the tab for you."

Connor didn't understand what they meant, but another rich second-generation student threw the money on the ground. "Hell no! I don't want your filthy money. You earned it by selling out your own father! Do you have no shame spending it?"

Connor was stunned. "What do you mean?"

"You want to know?" The guy handed Connor his phone. "Check this out."

Connor took over the phone and saw the footage of Samuel giving him money, and the video was now spreading on the internet. Everyone was slamming him for being an ungrateful son who signed a letter of understanding for money!

Connor waved his hands. "No, that's not true. I didn't take her money. This twenty thousand is what I borrowed from you guys. It was only an emergency fund she gave me because the police had seized..."

"Heh." His roommates didn't believe him. "If you say so, we'll take your word for it."

Connor thought they believed his explanation and let out a sigh of relief.

One of them picked up the cash left on the floor by the rich kid. "Don't throw it away. You can buy us dinner with it!"

The rich kid sneered. "Fine, let's go."

As Connor followed them to the door, intending to join them, someone stopped him. "Where are you going?"

Connor was taken aback. "Aren't we going to have dinner?"

"Oh no, we would rather not have you. If you come with us, we'll probably get interrupted by reporters. You'd better stay in the dorm."

His roommates went out, leaving Connor alone in the room.

He had a gloomy look in his eyes.

He moistened his lips, trying not to give it much thought. After all, having a father like that, he was used to the strange looks from others.

He pulled out his phone and called Isla.

As soon as the call was connected, Isla's gentle voice came across. "What's wrong?"

Connor remained silent.

Isla sighed. "I saw the comments online. Actually, it's a good thing. It can force Keira to confess sooner, and you'll be safe."

Connor responded with a noncommittal, "Hmm."

Isla comforted him. "Connor, you have to live with it. If you can't bear it, everything will be revealed. You can't go to jail. If you do, what will become of me?"

Connor's expression softened.

Having a father like that was indeed painful. His neighbors and classmates all looked down on him. Explore new *novels* on [novelbin\(.\)com](http://novelbin(.)com)

Only Isla was different. She was like a beam of light that shone into his world when they were in junior high school.

She would bring him breakfast and tutor him when he didn't do well in his studies. She told him not to mind the looks other people threw his way.

He only got into Oceanion University because of Isla!

Her gentle demeanor and the image of the girl next door made him admire her ever since he was a teenager.

So when she appeared in front of him and said that his father had threatened her and asked for five million, he became unusually enraged.

His father could bully anyone in the world, except her!

That was why Connor decided to kill Finley and frame Keira!

Connor had always desired Isla, but the situation was different now. He had killed for her, so...

Connor lowered his eyes and asked, "When can we be together?"

Isla paused before replying softly, "Soon. The Horton family is going to break off the engagement with me. Once that happens, my parents should be able to accept you..."

"Really?"

Connor's eyes lit up, "Can you come to see me now? I miss you..."

Isla said, "Connor, I'm busy..."

"What could be more important than me?" Connor looked around his empty room, his eyes becoming darker. "Isla, just before father died, he told me your secret!"

Meanwhile.

In the hospital, Keira and Lewis were listening to their conversation.

Upon hearing this, Keira raised an eyebrow. Finley had indeed told Connor the truth.

The next moment, she heard Isla say in disbelief, "Connor, stop talking nonsense. What kind of secret can be between your father and me?"

Connor scoffed. "Of course, it's about you and Keira!"

Chapter 96 More Alike

Isla still stubbornly retorted. "What kind of secret could there possibly be between me and Keira..."

Exactly.

Keira also wanted to know what the secret had to do with her, a secret so significant it could let Isla be threatened by Finley for so many years!

"Are you sure you want me to say it out loud?"

The faint voice of Connor added a sense of pressure to Isla's reluctance!

Isla immediately changed her tone. "I'm on my way to the hospital to visit Keira with my mother. I'll ask her to put some pressure on Keira so she'll

confess her guilt as soon as possible. After I'm done with all this, I'll come to see you, okay?"

Connor finally smiled. "Alright, I'll wait for you tonight."

The call ended.

However, Keira frowned and shuddered.

She didn't expect Isla and Connor to have such a relationship!

Wasn't Isla two years older than Connor?

She felt a chill run down her spine.

Lewis, standing by the window, said, "Mrs. Olsen is here."

In the phone call, Isla had already mentioned that she would be coming to visit Keira with Mrs. Olsen, thus Keira wasn't surprised. She quickly freshened up and lightly patted her cheeks, adding some color to her face.

Seeing her actions, Lewis paused slightly, "Are you afraid that Mrs. Olsen will worry?"

"Yes."

Keira rushed into the bathroom, changed herself out of the hospital gown, and came out looking radiant again.

After all these preparations, there was a sound at the door. Mrs. Olsen walked in with Isla and Taylor Olsen.

Upon entering, Mrs. Olsen's eyes were immediately on Keira. Seeing her looking as usual, she breathed a sigh of relief and quickly walked over to her. "Keira, are you all right? Why didn't you tell me when such a big thing happened? If it wasn't for the news, when were you planning to inform me?"

Keira felt a warmth in her chest. Just as she was about to answer, Taylor sneered. "By looking at her healthy appearance, where does she look sick? As it says on the internet, she just wants to apply for bail!"

Keira's smile froze on her face, and she slowly lowered her head.

But Mrs. Olsen held her hand tightly. "Keira is not that kind of kid. Don't talk nonsense."

Then she looked worriedly at Keira. "I didn't know you had anemia when you were living with the Olson family before. Have you been too tired since you moved out? Did you not eat enough?"

"We gave her living expenses every month. How could she have malnutrition?"

Taylor scoffed.

Keira frowned and immediately turned to him. "You gave me living expenses every month? How come I've never received it?"

Hearing those words, Taylor was stunned.

Mrs. Olsen frowned even more. "What? You didn't receive it? How have you been managing all these years?!"

Keira clenched her jaw.

She really didn't know about the living expenses, and she hadn't received a single penny over these years.

However, Taylor didn't believe her. "Shirley, do you hear her talking nonsense here? She claims she didn't receive any money. How did she pay for her bills over the years then? She even went to college!"

Keira scoffed immediately. "Mr. Olsen, I haven't taken a penny from the Olsen family since I left the Olsen residence! Do you need me to show you my bank statement?"

Taylor was taken aback.

Mrs. Olsen turned to Isla. "Isla, didn't I ask you to send money to Keira every month? Didn't you send it?" This chapter is updated by novelbiin.co/m

Isla's eyes flickered, clearly flustered, but her soon head dropped. "Mom, I gave the money to Aunt Hill! Could she have kept it from Keira? How could she do this?"

When Poppy was mentioned, Taylor's face was full of disgust, "She's such a selfish person. If you gave the money to her, it's no wonder she kept it to herself!"

Taylor looked at Keira again. "Did you hear that? It's not that we didn't give you money, but your mother embezzled it! That has nothing to do with the Olsen family!"

His manner clearly informed Keira that he, as her father, had provided enough money!

Keira chuckled but before she could retort, Mrs. Olsen intervened. "Taylor, no matter what, Keira didn't receive the money. Therefore, she had to work hard, which ruined her health. This is where you, as a father, failed in your responsibilities!"

"Shirley, you are too kind-hearted! You're still worrying about her health! She's not sick at all. She's just pretending!"

Taylor didn't feel guilty at all. Instead, he frowned at Keira. "Before we came, we asked the lawyer. Your despicable uncle was the one who made a mistake first. You accidentally hurt him, so you won't be guilty of a major crime. Confess now so the news can be suppressed. Otherwise, if this continues and your identity is revealed, the Olsen family will also suffer because of you!"

Isla also piped up. "Keira, Dad is right. If your relationship with the Olsen family is discovered, our family's stocks will plummet severely, and we need to control the remarks on the internet. Dad is thinking about what's best for you. If you confess, you can get a lighter sentence. If you refuse to confess, you'll face more years in prison..."

Keira didn't care about the two of them. She just looked at Mrs. Olsen. "Do you agree with them?"

Mrs. Olsen patted her hand. "Keira, did you really accidentally kill that person?"

"No."

"Do you have any evidence?"

Keira glanced at Isla and noticed her nervousness, whereupon she slowly said, "...No."

Isla breathed a sigh of relief.

But Mrs. Olsen looked troubled. "But I just inquired from the police station, and the current evidence is very unfavorable to you. If you can't find strong evidence to discharge yourself, you'll likely lose this case."

She bowed her head. "Before we came, I consulted the lawyer, and his advice was for you to confess as soon as possible."

Keira's heart sank a little when she heard this.

But to her surprise, Mrs. Olsen held her hand the next moment. "But you shouldn't confess to what you didn't do. Keira, stick to what you think is right and keep going."

Keira's eyes lit up, and she nodded vigorously.

But Taylor reproached. "Shirley, don't let her fool you! They were in an abandoned hospital at the time. If she didn't murder him, was it a ghost that did?! Now the whole internet is on a crusade against her. You're still supporting her now. You're spoiling the child too much!"

Isla also couldn't help saying, "Mom, we agreed to come here to persuade Keira to plead guilty. Otherwise, the reputation of the Olsen family will be affected and Jake will break off our engagement! Are you going to be unfair to me again, all because of an illegitimate daughter?!"

Mrs. Olsen was taken aback by these comments.

She was speechless for a moment.

Tears started to flow from Isla's eyes. "Mom, in the end, is she your biological daughter, or am I your biological daughter?!"

After saying this, she ran out crying.

Mrs. Olsen looked a bit panicked. She looked at Keira, then outside the door, obviously hesitating.

But eventually, she stood up and went after Isla with Taylor.

The room quickly returned to its quiet state.

Keira stared at the door, laughing at herself.

Lewis, who had stayed in the corner of the room the whole time, watched Mrs. Olsen as she left. "Did I ever mention to you that you and Mrs. Olsen seem more like real mother and daughter?"

Chapter 97 Intergenerational Inheritance

Keira was slightly dazed upon hearing this.

Then, she lowered her head. "Actually, many people have said that."

Lewis didn't say anything and quietly listened to her explanation.

Keira smiled. "When we were little, Isla hated me so much simply because when I stood next to Mrs. Olsen, people always mistook me as Mrs. Olsen's daughter."

Children didn't know how to hide their true feelings.

Isla was very obviously targeting Keira back then. She would push Keira, hit her, and have a bunch of other kids curse her. Keira had been severely brainwashed by Poppy at the time, always thinking that she owed Isla and forever keeping her head low in front of Isla, not knowing how to resist.

Keira's eyes gradually became brooding. "In fact, I had thought that maybe the reason why Poppy was so bad to me was because I wasn't her biological child at all. Unfortunately, I did a DNA test with her, and indeed, I'm her daughter."

She had been kidnapped and sold for several months at the time. Upon returning, the police station requested that she and Poppy undergo a DNA test to ascertain the child's parentage. She wished at the time that she wasn't Poppy's daughter."

Unfortunately, there was no such "if".

"That's indeed quite a pity." Lewis's voice was low and soft. "However, upon careful consideration, you and Mrs. Olsen don't really look alike. It's just that your temperaments are very similar."

People who lived together tend to develop similar habits over time.

When she was little, Keira's favorite thing to do was to observe Mrs. Olsen and learn how to interact with people from her. It was also thanks to Mrs. Olsen that she was able to awaken and stop being manipulated by Poppy.

She smiled. "I know we don't look alike. If any of my facial features looked like Mrs. Olsen's, I would have thought of Mrs. Olsen as my mother."

This self-deprecating remark made Lewis chuckle slightly.

He lowered his gaze and said lightly, "Maybe it's an intergenerational inheritance?"

Keira immediately looked at him. "What was that?"

"Nothing."

Lewis felt that it was better not to say anything about the things that were uncertain, to avoid disappointing her.

...

Mrs. Olsen and Taylor rushed after Isla, who stormed out.

They saw Isla enter the parking lot and knowing that Isla wouldn't run off somewhere, they heaved a sigh of relief.

Mrs. Olsen showed a hint of hesitation. "Taylor, am I really favoring Keira? Am I neglecting Isla? Am I playing blatant favorites?"

"It's not that bad," Taylor, always putting her first, replied objectively. "You do like Keira very much, but you still have restraint. Isla is just a bit too jealous."

Mrs. Olsen sighed. "Why has Isla become like this? Neither you nor I are petty people."

Taylor then held her arm. "It's all my fault. In other families, without an illegitimate daughter, the children all grow up to be cheerful and positive. Our family is different. Plus, Keira is now Dr. South, and she outshines Isla, so Isla's jealousy is understandable."

Mrs. Olsen was silent for a moment. "The excellence of a person shouldn't only be defined by capability, especially seeing as everything in the family is given to Isla first, then Keira. Since she was little, Isla has had everything Keira may not have. But everything Keira had, Isla definitely had it as well. So, what right does Isla have to blame Keira? And you too, pressuring Keira to confess just now wasn't right."

However, Taylor rubbed his forehead. "Shirley, you forgot that people have close and distant relationships! Keira is just Poppy's daughter. In my heart, only your daughter is my daughter. If Isla and Keira's lives lay before me and I could only choose one, I wouldn't hesitate to choose Isla, let alone make Keira confess her crime!"

He grabbed hold of Mrs. Olsen's shoulder. "Shirley, you have to remember. No matter how outstanding Keira is, she has nothing to do with our family. Isla is our daughter! If Isla goes astray because you like Keira, will you regret it in the future?"

Mrs. Olsen was stunned.

Taylor slowly said, "You might as well keep your distance from Keira in the future. The three of us will live a calm life."

Mrs. Olsen clenched her fists and slowly lowered her gaze, yet she felt a void in her heart.

When the two of them reached the car, Isla had regained her composure. T/his chapter is updated by nov(ê(l)biin.co/m

The family of three set off for the hospital.

Today, the Allen family planned to return to Clance, and Mrs. Olsen took Isla to apologize.

Isla behaved herself very well. Only by obtaining the forgiveness of the Allen family would there possibly be hope that Jake won't call off the marriage. These days, Jake had completely ignored her, which made her anxious.

The three of them arrived, and Mrs. Olsen apologized sincerely.

The Allen family had prepared all their luggage and were waiting to go.

Rebecca craned her neck to look outside, anticipating Keira's arrival.

Keira had promised her that she would come to see her off.

But the agreed time had already passed. Why hadn't Keira come yet?

On the other hand, after Mrs. Olsen apologized to Mr. and Mrs. Allen, she came over to Rebecca, took out a property ownership certificate from her bag, and handed it to Rebecca. "Miss Allen, Isla said something inappropriate that hurt you. I know that nothing can make up for the harm she's caused you. I know the Allen family has everything, but this is a token of my goodwill."

Rebecca was dumbfounded and looked at her father.

Mrs. Allen was also a bit upset, feeling that Mrs. Olsen was trying to get rid of people with money. She stepped forward to take the property certificate, intending to return it to Mrs. Olsen. However, she suddenly saw the information on the certificate and was completely stunned.

Wasn't it the most famous Golden Glory Mansion in Clance?!

The price of this residential area wasn't excessively high. Instead, the most valuable thing was the network of the homeowners in the residential area!

The Golden Glory Mansion was priceless! So many people wanted to buy property in that residential area but couldn't...

Never did they expect Mrs. Olsen to possess property there.

She wasn't just giving away a house, but a network of connections in Clance!

Mrs. Allen was flabbergasted and looked at Mr. Allen.

Mr. Allen also tried to turn it down. "We can't accept it!"

However, Mrs. Olsen shook her head. "I'm now settled in Oceanion and want nothing to do with the affairs in Clance. This is our apology, so please take it."

Only then did Mr. Allen accept.

After giving the apology gift, Mrs. Olsen left with Taylor and Isla.

After they left, Mrs. Allen couldn't help but express her amazement. "Mrs. Olsen indeed does things big. She could give away such a significant property!"

Mr. Allen sighed. "You haven't seen Lady South. Her demeanor is even better than Mrs. Olsen's..."

Mrs. Allen frowned. "It's just a pity. Despite the mother and daughter both being such promising individuals, Isla is such an embarrassment!"

Mentioning Isla, Mr. Allen frowned as well.

He suddenly thought of Keira...

Upon thinking, Keira indeed looked a lot like Mrs. Olsen's mother, Lady South. He even initially thought that Lady South was Keira's grandmother...

Mr. Allen paused momentarily, and then suddenly asked, "Where's Miss Olsen? Hasn't she come yet?"

"She can't come anymore."

Frankie held his phone and frowned, saying, "It appears that Miss Olsen has encountered some troubles."

Rebecca said firmly, "I can't leave. Miss Olsen is in trouble. I can't leave her at such a time and return to Clance!"

Chapter 98 Photo

Rebecca's words made Mr. and Mrs. Allen pause. "Rebecca, this isn't time for tantrums..."

But Rebecca spoke up. "She saved me when I was near death. Now that she's in trouble, how can I leave? The medical facilities in Oceanion are quite good. I'll stay in this hospital until Miss Olsen is safe."

Mr. and Mrs. Allen looked at each other. "What Miss Olsen really killed that person?"

Rebecca's eyes turned red. "Then I'll wait. Miss Olsen doesn't have much family or friends, and I'll see her every visitation day! It would be so heartbreaking if everyone else has visitors and only she doesn't."

Mr. Allen couldn't help but chuckle. "You're going to stay here forever?"

Rebecca lowered her head and fell silent, looking like the spoiled young lady she was again.

Frankie looked at her and felt somewhat relieved.

Ever since Rebecca's husband and mother-in-law betrayed her, she had lost a lot of confidence. Now that she was throwing tantrums again, it meant she was getting better.

He pondered for a moment and then sighed. "There are still matters in the company that need my attention in Clance. I'll head back first. Mom, Dad, please stay with Rebecca in Oceanion for her recovery. It's like taking a vacation here."

Mr. Allen said in resignation, "Fine."

...

Isla didn't leave with Mrs. Olsen and Mr. Olsen but stayed in the hospital.

When she arrived at old Mrs. Horton's room, she found the old lady humming a tune while watching a drama with her reading glasses on.

After knocking on the door, she walked in.

Seeing her, old Mrs. Horton seemed displeased. "Why are you here?"

Isla smiled. "Mrs. Horton, I came to tell you something..."

Old Mrs. Horton waved her hand dismissively. "I don't want to hear you speak. Go away."

Two bodyguards immediately stepped forward, ready to grab Isla.

Isla immediately shouted, "Mrs. Horton, Keira is in trouble!"

Old Mrs. Horton paused, lowered her head, and shot a glance at her. "What did you say? What happened to my granddaughter-in-law?"

Isla was taken aback. "What granddaughter-in-law?"

"Keira! What happened to her?"

Without thinking too much about it, Isla assumed that old Mrs. Horton's dementia was acting up again, so she continued. "She killed someone and was arrested. She was locked up in the police station last night and released on bail today. The news has already reported it. Didn't you see it?"

The news...

Old Mrs. Horton immediately whipped out her phone and saw the trending news: #Rich Second Generation Paying for A Life#

She clicked into it and saw the interview by Josh the journalist.

Though Keira and Connor's faces were blurred, anyone familiar with them could recognize them at a glance.

Old Mrs. Horton stared at the news report in shock. The entire social media was filled with criticism.

"You must reveal who this rich second generation is! She must face justice!"

"My God, if it wasn't for the journalist who broke the news, would the deceased have died in vain? His son even signed a letter of understanding for money..." *Read new chapters on novelbin(.)com*

"Murder for life! These words are applicable in any era!"

"Please reveal which family she comes from. We'll never support anything from their family again! What the hell is this rich second generation, using our money to bully the poor?"

...

...

The more Old Mrs. Horton read, the more shocked she was.

Seeing her expression, Isla quickly added, "Mrs. Horton, Keira's reputation is now thoroughly tarnished. Shouldn't you keep your distance from her to avoid affecting the Horton Group?"

Isla's eyes gleamed with fierce light.

Wasn't Keira so arrogant and magnificent because she was backed by old Mrs. Horton's love?

If she lost old Mrs. Horton's favor, what would she be?

Upon hearing these words, old Mrs. Horton indeed looked at her. "Horton Group?"

Isla smiled. "Yes, you should advise Mr. Horton to keep some distance from her... I saw Mr. Horton taking care of her in the hospital. If the journalists photographed it and misconstrued that Keira had some relationship with the Horton family, it would be a big mess."

Old Mrs. Horton immediately frowned. "Right, right. We can't let the journalists photograph it..."

She immediately took out her phone and dialed Lewis's number.

The call was answered quickly, and Mrs. Horton shouted, "Are you still at the hospital?! Are there still many journalists?"

The rich, pleasing voice of Lewis came from the phone. "...How did you know?"

"You don't need to worry about how I knew. I'm telling you, you must protect your privacy and not let the journalists photograph..."

The corner of Isla's mouth curled up.

As it involved the issue of reputation, old Mrs. Horton and Mr. Horton indeed began to maintain their distance...

Just as she was thinking this, she heard old Mrs. Horton's following words. "...Don't let the journalists photograph Keira! A young lady needs her reputation! Even if this matter is resolved, if she is photographed and becomes a trending topic, how can she face the people in Oceanion in the future?"

Isla was shocked.

She stared at old Mrs. Horton in astonishment and then heard her continue. "You brat! Such a big thing happened and you didn't tell me! How is Keira doing now? Does she need me to come and see her? She doesn't need me?"

Then don't go to work! You must stay in the hospital to protect her. If you can't protect her, don't come back home!"

This was the sentence that Isla heard as she was chased out of the room.

She stomped her foot in anger, a vicious look in her eyes.

Back in the hospital.

Lewis calmly hung up. He rubbed his nose and looked at Keira. The words his grandma said echoed in his head. "You brat, this is your chance. By the way, where are you sleeping tonight? The sofa? How can you sleep on the sofa? Squeeze onto the bed with your wife!"

The bed...

There was only a single bed in the ward. Indeed two people could fit if they squeezed, but wouldn't they have to be very close to each other?

Lewis felt his face become a bit hot just thinking about it.

Clearing his throat, he spoke to Keira. "I'm going to handle some issues in the office."

Keira was resting in bed, and she nodded when she heard him. "Alright."

As Lewis made his way to the door, he suddenly turned back. "I'll come back tonight to have dinner with you."

Keira was perplexed.

She wanted to tell him not to worry if he was busy, but she kept quiet when she saw the deep gaze in Lewis's eyes.

She nodded. "Okay."

After Lewis left, Keira thought she'd be bored, but then Mr. and Mrs. Allen brought Rebecca over.

As the three of them chatted with her, time quickly passed, and it was evening.

Rebecca was whispering to Keira, and Mr. Allen and Mrs. Allen were sitting on the sofa beside them. Both of their phones beeped simultaneously.

Mr. Allen took out his phone and saw it was a message from Frankie. "Dad, Mom, I've arrived home."

Mr. Allen glanced at Keira.

The more he looked at her face, the more he found her to resemble Lady South from his memories...

All of a sudden, he sent a text to Frankie. "In my study, the second drawer, there's an album. I believe there's a picture of me and Lady South on the eighteenth page. Can you find it, take a picture, and send it to me?"

Chapter 99 - 99: Group Photo

Frankie texted back. "Okay."

Mrs. Allen saw the group message and looked at Mr. Allen with a mixed feeling of laughter and tears. "You're unbelievable... Mrs. Olsen has raised her daughter for so many years. How could she mistake her for someone else? You must have remembered wrong, it's been so many years!"

Mr. Allen chuckled. "I indeed can't recall Lady South's appearance that well. After all, I haven't seen her for more than twenty years. As for whether Miss Olsen looks like her or not, we'll know after seeing the photo, won't we?"

Mrs. Allen wanted to say something more, but a photo was sent over.

Mr. Allen opened it right away, then seemed a bit disappointed. "This photo is way too old. It's not only distorted but also blurred. I can't tell anything!"

Mrs. Allen also had a careful look, "It's indeed distorted. I think you're overthinking it!"

Mr. Allen sighed.

At this moment, Frankie sent a message in the chat group. "There are photo restoration services available now. Dad, do you want me to take it there to have it restored?"

Mr. Allen's eyes sparkled. "Sure."

Mrs. Allen saw his persistence and was somewhat helpless. "Sure, but remember, photo restoration takes some time. Wait until the restored photo comes out, then you can observe it carefully."

The couple shared a smile.

At night, Rebecca reluctantly said goodbye to Keira. "Are you sure you don't need me to have dinner with you? It's rather lonely eating alone."

Keira gave a slight smile. "That's alright."

Someone said to her when he was leaving that he would come back to keep her company.

After the Allen family left, this VIP ward finally became quiet again.

Keira checked the time and saw it was already six in the evening.

Footsteps were heard outside the door, and she looked up immediately. An expectation she didn't even notice was on her face.

"Creak."

The door opened.

Tom walked in, and Keira looked past him, trying to find that tall figure, but there was no one else. Explore new **novels** on [novelbin\(.\)com](http://novelbin(.)com)

Keira was slightly stunned.

Tom cleared his throat, then said, "Miss Olsen, uh, Mr. Horton is busy tonight and can't come, so he asked me to bring dinner for you."

Keira's eyes dimmed a little, and she nodded, "Okay, thank you."

The next day, Keira prepared to be discharged from the hospital.

She didn't bring much when she was hospitalized, so discharge was a simple affair.

Looking out the window from the ward, she indeed saw a few stubborn journalists carrying their cameras, squatting outside.

Keira raised her eyebrows. She didn't make a big deal, nor wait for Lewis to come. She just informed the bodyguard sent by the Horton family and left quietly through the back door.

She took a taxi and returned to the rundown neighborhood where she had rented a place.

After getting out of the car with a mask on, she arrived at her front door.

Just as she was about to take out her key, someone suddenly sprung from the stairwell. "Miss Olsen, are you completely cured? Why didn't you turn yourself into the police station then?"

Keira took a closer look and found it was Josh again.

He was indeed persistent and clever.

Knowing that it was hard to see her in the guarded hospital, he ran to her flat instead...

Keira was displeased. "How do you know my address?"

Josh pointed the camera at her and started talking, "Miss Olsen, the internet nowadays is very advanced. Some good-hearted people have already exposed your address online, so don't think you can evade the law!"

Keira let out a cold laugh. The so-called "good-hearted people" must be Isla!

Josh took another step forward. "Looking at your complexion, you seem to be fine. Please answer my question."

Keira said indifferently, "The case hasn't been solved yet, so please trust the police's judgment. I don't have any more comments for the rest."

After she finished, she opened the door.

Josh immediately tried to stop her from entering.

Keira warned him. “Josh, trespassing is illegal. Even newsgathering by journalists must follow legal procedures! Are you sure you want to block the doorway and stop me from going in?”

Josh was stunned.

Keira turned elegantly and stepped into the door...

Yet the next second, she halted.

The room was a total mess, and all her belongings were stuffed into big boxes. The potbellied middle-aged landlord glared at her. “You came just in time. Take your stuff and leave. I’m not renting out this house anymore!”

Keira was startled. “Why?”

“Why?” The chubby landlord said impatiently, “My home address has been exposed online. If I continue to rent this house to you, a murderer, how could I sell this house in the future? I’m afraid it’ll become a haunted house! You’re moving out now!”

His face was shaking as he spoke, looking quite fierce and intimidating.

Keira’s chin tightened, and she said coldly, “The police haven’t convicted me. How have I become a murderer?”

The chubby landlord sneered. “Everyone on the internet knows what happened. You just want to evade punishment!”

“I see. So netizens now have the final say on who is breaking the law and who isn’t? Then what are the police and law for?”

Keira’s sharp words left the chubby landlord speechless.

Although he was at fault, he became furious. He picked up Keira’s stuff from the floor and threw it out of the door. “This is my house. I can decide not to rent it! Since you’re so insensitive and refuse to leave, don’t blame me for being rude!”

Bang!

The cardboard box fell on the ground outside, and everything was scattered onto the ground.

The chubby landlord blocked the doorway with his sturdy body. "Take your stuff and get out! My house won't be rented to people like you!"

Keira's eyes flashed with a fierce light!

She intended to make a move on the landlord, but suddenly, she caught sight of a photo of her and Mrs. Olsen among the things scattered on the ground...

It was a photo taken on her thirteenth birthday when she and Mrs. Olsen were together. This photo had been with her for almost ten years!

Now, the frame was broken, and the shards of glass had punctured the photo.

Keira immediately turned around, intending to pick it up...

But then footsteps echoed in the corridor as seven or eight journalists suddenly appeared. They crowded the small stairwell, forcing Keira into a corner.

"Miss Olsen, why did you apply for bail?"

"There's ample evidence. It's quite obvious that it was manslaughter. Why don't you admit your crime?"

"Are you planning to flee abroad?"

"The deceased was your uncle. He died right in front of you. Don't you feel any guilt at all?"

"You gave the son of the deceased money. What's your motive? Guilt and compensation? Or buying forgiveness with money?"

Keira ignored their questions and tried to pick up the photo, but the journalists rushed forward like a swarm of bees, and one of them stomped heavily on the photo!!

A moment of intense fierceness flashed in Keira's eyes!

She slowly raised her head, her eyes ruthless, and coldly spat out, "Out of my way.."

Chapter 100 - 100: Don't Care

The reporter glanced down at what he had stepped on but made no effort to move.

“Miss Olsen, the picture under my foot features you and your mother, correct? You have family, so you understand the pain of losing a loved one. Did you truly kill the victim by mistake? Your uncle just asked you for some money. Couldn't you simply have refused instead of resorting to murder?”

Josh, who had arrived first on the scene, was puzzled when he heard this. He frowned and said, “Let Miss Olsen pick up her family photo first! As a journalist, you shouldn't be threatening someone like this...”

“Extraordinary times call for extraordinary measures!” the reporter retorted harshly, glaring at Josh. “A reporter shouldn't act saintly like you! She's obviously a murderer. For people like her, special measures should be taken. And besides, how am I threatening? I'm just standing here asking Miss Olsen some questions...”

He looked back at Keira. “Miss Olsen, unless you answer my questions, I won't move...”

Before he could finish, someone had already grabbed his arm.

A sudden force made him stumble back uncontrollably!

Keira forcefully moved the reporter away and then bent down to pick up the photo. Upon seeing the black footprint on it, she gave off a ferocious aura.

The reporter, having been pushed back, started shouting, “What was that? The killer is resorting to violence now!”

When he looked at Keira again, he was frightened by her demeanor.

She may be slender and dressed in a comfortable, white outfit that gave an image of delicacy, but the fierceness in her eyes right now made her look like a ghastly figure that crawled out from a bloody hell.

The reporter swallowed hard. “Look, that's the eyes of a killer! Terrifying as ever! It must have been her who planned and executed the murder!”

“Really?”

A cool voice slowly responded. Keira wiped the photo and picked up a shard of glass that hadn't yet fallen from the frame. “Deliberately killing someone...it seems capital punishment awaits regardless of whether it's one or multiple murders, right?”

With that said, all the reporters fell silent, stunned. They all stared at the sharp glass shard in her hand.

Keira swept her gaze across all reporters present and eventually cast her eyes toward the heavy landlord.

The burly, two-hundred-pound man was trembling with fear. “Wh-Wh-What are you going to do?”

Keira pointed at the scattered luggage littering the floor. “What do you think?”

The landlord immediately stuttered out, “So-Sorry...I'll clean it up for you...” Terrified, he pushed his way through the reporters and bent over to tidy up the scattered items. He grabbed Keira's luggage from inside, packed everything up for her, and gingerly pushed it in front of her as if trying to ward off evil spirits. “Mi-Miss Olsen, we've had some good years together. Let's part on good terms, alright?”

Keira dropped her gaze.

When she left the Olsen family and had nowhere to go, this landlord had indeed rented her the place at a low price. Later, when the Olsen family stopped providing living expenses, she failed to pay the rent on time twice, and the landlord didn't evict her.

Considering that, Keira decided not to make a fuss with the landlord.

She pushed the suitcase and prepared to leave.

Unable to stop her, the encircling reporters merely watched as she went toward the staircase, where she met with Poppy, who had just been released from jail. Poppy glared at her fiercely, barking out sharply, “Keira Olsen, you still dare to fight other people? Come on, if you dare, stab me right in the heart! You killed your uncle, so just go ahead and kill your mother too! Ungrateful creature! How did I ever give birth to such a creature?!”

As she shouted, she charged toward Keira, grabbing her arm and, heedless of the glass in Keira's hand, started wailing to the reporters.

"Her uncle only asked her for some money, right? Isn't it natural for her to help out, given she's a Ph.D. now and surely has money? She was raised by me, so she owes me debts of gratitude! How could she have killed her own uncle? She's a beast!"

"I gave birth to you and raised you. You owe me for that! Why did you kill your uncle? You're an animal!"

Poppy sobbed and continued to hit Keira.

Keira clenched her fists and sneered. "Didn't I make myself clear before? I got married, cleared the way for Isla, and we're squared off now. What's the matter? Did you lose your memory?"

Poppy, however, denied everything through her tears. "Squared off? Your blood is mine, and I gave birth to you! you're my daughter forever! Everyone, look at this heartless daughter. Now that she's successful, she despises me for being a mistress and wants to cut ties with me!

"I might be a mistress and couldn't afford you a good living environment, but even dogs know not to despise a poor home, and no children should despise their mother! Aren't you aware of that? I gave birth to you, so I'm the one who gave you this life! If you want to cut ties with me, go ahead, but first, give me your life! Compensate for your uncle's death!"

After saying this, she grabbed the glass shard in Keira's hand and pulled it out with all her might, intending to stab Keira in the chest!

Keira reacted promptly and pushed her back, striking her right in the chest.

Poppy stumbled backward, crashing into the wall behind, but she managed to wrestle away the glass shard. The glass cut her hand, and blood flowed out.

She screamed. "Help! My own daughter murdered her uncle, and now she's trying to kill me, her own mother! Someone call the police! Don't let her escape!"

The group of reporters, seeing that Keira was disarmed, found their courage again. They flocked around Keira once more.

“You’ve killed your own uncle and now you’ve injured your own mother. Do you even have a heart?”

“Is it because your family is poor, which is why you treat your uncle and mother so poorly?”

“Judging by the way you treat your mother, we suspect that you really did accidentally kill your uncle. Or could it be that you saw the steel bar behind him and deliberately pushed him?”

“The force required to push someone onto a steel bar, skewering them to death, must be very considerable. Why do you hate your uncle so much?”

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The tricky questions from the reporters came one after another, causing Keira’s gaze to grow even colder. [Read updated stories at *novelbin\(.\)com*](#)

Rumors and slander were indeed powerful tools...

A hint of shadow flashed in her eyes, and she abruptly changed the topic. “Why? Why haven’t any of you inquired as to why my dear cousin would give me a letter of understanding?”

All of the reporters were left momentarily speechless by her counter-question.

Keira turned to leave, but the reporters didn’t make a way for her.

If that was the case, then she had no choice but to take action!

She flexed her wrists, and Josh immediately shouted, “Miss Olsen, all these cameras are rolling. Please, don’t lose control!”

Keira understood his warning.

If she attacked them, regardless of the truth, she would be branded as a journalist beater and a mother abuser.

But... So what?

She’s never cared for public opinion!

Keira let out a wicked smile..