

## My Accidental Husband is a Billionaire ! Chapter 6

The school entrance bustled with people, their faces full of life and vitality.

Keira walked beside her electric scooter, her lonely presence standing out among the crowd.

She licked the swollen corner of her mouth with her tongue, her voice raspy. "Speak."

"The Horton family appears prestigious, but their inner strife has been intense over the years. The old man favors the eldest son's family, intending to hand over the family business to the first branch. As the youngest son, Lewis Horton has been constantly suppressed.

"A few years ago, the old man arranged several untrustworthy individuals for Lewis to marry. The conflict was heated to the breaking point, until Lewis announced he had married a woman from an ordinary family, stopping further marital arrangements.

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"Well, his wife is quite interesting. She has never appeared in public or attended any Horton family banquets.

"So to sum it up, the truth is..."

Samuel intended to create suspense, but Keira had already come to a realization. "Understood. Have you found out his schedule and contact information yet?"

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Samuel was taken aback and awkwardly said, "I'll send you his schedule for the next few days, but I was unable to find his private number."

Keira calmly replied, "Don't worry. I'll find him in person."

It was normal not to be able to find the private number of someone with Lewis Horton's status.

Samuel immediately became curious. "He's usually surrounded by bodyguards and isn't easy to get close to. Do you plan to use force or..."

"Let's stay low-key for now." Keira's lips curled up into a mischievous smile. "Besides, I'm a woman. I can't just force myself in."

Samuel didn't know what to say.

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Horton Group Headquarters was located in the city center of Oceanion, a massive iconic skyscraper that showcased the extravagant wealth of the Horton family.

Keira tidied her courier uniform and walked in holding a delivery box, telling the receptionist, "This is a package for Mr. Horton. He must sign for it personally."

The receptionist called the secretary's office before granting her approval to go upstairs.

Keira stepped into an exclusive elevator and arrived at the top floor, the 88th.

Stepping out of the elevator, a vast open space came into view.

More than a hundred people worked in the secretary's department, all serving one person: Lewis Horton.

Following the secretary who had come to receive her, Keira smoothly arrived at the president's office.

Upon knocking, a pleasant voice came from inside, "Come in."

Keira breathed a sigh of relief, just as she thought she would successfully meet Lewis Horton, a tall and thin figure suddenly blocked her path.

Tom Davis, the assistant, scrutinized her. "Miss Olsen? Why are you here?"

The woman harassed his boss at the Olsen family yesterday, but the boss tolerated her, and now, she was shameless enough to impersonate a courier to disturb him.

Tom's expression turned sour, and he called over two bodyguards. "What's happening? Can anyone come to the top floor without getting their identity checked? Get her out immediately!"

Keira's face remained calm, "What do you mean? Is Horton Group looking down on couriers?"

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Tom sneered, "Still trying to play the victim? We respect every job, but are you really a courier?"

"Yes, I am."

"Do you think I'll believe this nonsense? If you are a courier, do you have a work permit?"

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Just as Tom finished speaking, a work permit was thrust into his hands.

Keira almost laughed, "Of course, I do."

Tom was baffled.

His face froze for a moment. He then chuckled, thinking he had figured it out. "You probably just registered today, didn't you?"

The work permit was opened, and the registration date was marked clearly.

Tom was stunned. "Eight years ago?"

Was she really a courier?

"Is it prohibited to work and study at the same time?" Keira said lazily, addressing the person at the other side of the door. "Mr. Horton, are you ready to let me do my work now?"

A steady voice came from inside the room, "Let her in."

Keira gave Tom a provoking glance. He was about to burst with rage when she bypassed him and entered.

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Lewis's office was decorated in a simple yet luxurious style. The black, white, and gray color scheme imparted the room with a cold vibe.

He sat behind his expansive desk, his black shirt sleeves rolled up to reveal a slender and muscular forearm. He had a pen in his hand.

After signing the document in his hand, Lewis finally looked up, his dark eyes revealing no emotion.

Keira pointed to the delivery form. "Mr. Horton, please sign here."

Her fingers were fair and slender, with a light layer of calluses on the tips, but the strength they showed was beautiful.

It was just like herself. She seemed frail yet always held her back straight.

Lewis's eyes lingered on the swollen corner of her lips for a moment before he took the pen to sign.

Just then, Keira suddenly spoke, her words shocking, "Mr. Horton, you're not married, are you?"

He stopped writing and suddenly looked up. His chilly and penetrating gaze locked on her, and an intangible pressure overwhelmed her!

Keira knew she was right!

The Civil Affairs Bureau required individuals to fill out personal information for marriage registration. It was impossible to make a mistake.

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Lewis announced to the public that he was married, but he didn't know her at all.

After Samuel's investigation...

The only explanation was that Lewis created a non-existent wife to shrug off the family's constant harassment to get him married.

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He hadn't been to the Civil Affairs Bureau, so he didn't know about their supposed marriage.

Keira said seriously, "Mr. Horton, I know my words may sound absurd, but we truly are married."

Lewis slowly sat straight with a hint of amusement on his face. "Miss Olsen, don't waste your energy. Even if I weren't married, I wouldn't marry you just to spite Jake."

Keira paused momentarily.

Did he know about her past with Jake Horton and believe she was targeting him to take revenge? Was that why he wouldn't believe her?

Keira tried to explain. "My coming to you has nothing to do with Jake Horton. I'm here to ask you..." For a divorce.

"I'm not interested in your messy relationship."

Lewis interrupted her, quickly signing the delivery form and handing it back. "Stop harassing me, or I won't be so polite."

Keira started to lose patience. "Haven't you already done that? You've announced that you want me to disappear from Oceanion!"

Raising his brows, Lewis started, "When did I ever..."

He was cut off by the sudden ringing of a phone call.

It was the special ringtone designated for his grandmother.

He picked it up immediately, and the voice at the other end of the line was that of the caregiver. "Mr. Horton, old Mrs. Horton has gone missing again!"

Lewis jumped to his feet and rushed toward the door.

Keira wanted to follow him and clarify things further but was stopped by Tom. "Miss Olsen, I suggest you stop here."

Keira let out a sigh.

"Escorted" out of the Horton Group, she returned home at an unhurried pace.

Just as she was about to enter her home, she glanced back and saw the old lady she had encountered once before. She was trailing closely behind her.

Keira was dumbfounded.

Just as she was about to speak, the old lady suddenly grabbed her wrist.

"My granddaughter-in-law, you won't leave me behind again!"