

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

666 Chapter 665

Keira was at a loss for words. Was Erin actually standing up for her just to pull something like this?

This woman was really something else...

Keira couldn't help but twitch her lips as she noticed Erin casually munching on pistachios, her eyes wide and watching Keira. When Erin realized Keira was looking her way, she blinked at her innocently.

It was as if she hadn't been the one stirring up trouble just a moment ago.

Taking a deep breath to steady herself, Keira shifted her focus back to Selena and Eve.

As expected, Eve frowned and gave Keira a scrutinizing look. "You're telling me \*you're N, the philanthropist?"

Keira was about to respond when Erin's cheerful voice cut in, "Yep, that's her, Miss Olsen!"

Keira clenched her teeth in frustration. Selena scoffed. "Miss Olsen, Eve here is a legitimate philanthropist, and now you're claiming to be N? That's just ridiculous! N started their charity work five years ago. And you? If I recall correctly, you only got divorced this year."

Eve added, "I've been to countless award ceremonies and charity events, but I don't ever recall seeing you at any of them, Miss Olsen."

Selena sneered. "Of course, you haven't seen her. Some people just love to impersonate others and brag without thinking."

Erin interjected with a smirk, "Who says we're bragging? You two just wait—you're about to get a reality check!"

Keira was speechless.

She shot Erin a sharp glare. "Do you ever know when to stop?"

Erin immediately put on a hurt expression. "Cousin, I just didn't want to see you get treated unfairly!"

Keira was taken aback.

Selena quickly jumped on the opportunity. "So lying is your way of protecting her? And making up nonsense about being N? N would never support a spy! After what she's done, her reputation is in ruins, and the Olsen family is already paying the price for her actions! We can't let the Horton family get dragged down with them!"

Lewis's older brother, Oliver, decided to weigh in. "Exactly! Lewis, Selena's just looking out for you. Marrying Eve would be nothing but beneficial for you!"

Lewis let out a dry laugh. "No, thanks."

Oliver, clearly frustrated, pushed further. "So you're really set on Miss Olsen? You're being so stubborn! Every time, you just go ahead and make these marriage decisions on your own..."

Their father, Nathan, finally snapped. "You ungrateful son! Are you trying to kill me with a heart attack?"

Lewis looked at him calmly. "Not exactly. But if you're that eager to die, I won't stop you."

"You...!"

Eve quickly stepped in, trying to defuse the situation. "Lewis, you shouldn't speak to your father like that. He's still your dad, after all. And Lewis, I've spoken with Selena. I know there are tensions between your side of the family and the main branch, but it's okay. I'll help smooth things over between everyone... We're all family, after all. Blood is thicker than water..."

As soon as Eve said that, Lewis's expression grew darker, his patience clearly wearing thin.

Keira couldn't hold back a derisive laugh.

Eve immediately turned to her, eyes narrowing. "Miss Olsen, what's so funny? Am I wrong? They're all Hortons here. We share the same blood. I'm sure old Mrs. Horton would love to see the two branches getting along, wouldn't she? Do you think she'd want to see them at each other's throats?"

Keira let out a cold laugh. "Some family members are true family, while others are worse than enemies. It's easy for you to preach when you're not the one dealing with it."  
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Eve's eyes narrowed. "Miss Olsen, treating others kindly is the key to being treated kindly yourself. If you keep butting heads with everyone, all you'll get is criticism. Why

not soften your approach? It would make it easier for everyone to get along, wouldn't it?"

Before Keira could respond, Lewis interjected coldly, "Ms. Clark, my family's affairs are none of your concern. My wife and I don't need anyone telling us how to live our lives."

After saying this, he turned to the butler. "Show her out!"

The butler immediately stepped forward and stood beside Eve.

Eve's expression changed, but she sighed deeply. "Lewis, I'm only thinking of what's best for you. As the saying goes, 'A good wife makes a prosperous home.' I think Miss Olsen has influenced you for the worse, making you selfish and impatient with both family and friends!"

Selena chimed in, "Uncle Lewis, Eve is a philanthropist with a kind heart. She's far better than Miss Olsen in every way. How could you choose her instead?"

Before Lewis could respond, Keira stepped forward and sneered. "Do you even know who I am?"

Selena retorted, "Didn't you just say? You're claiming to be N, but do you really think we'll believe that? Unless you can prove it!"

Keira's voice was icy as she replied, "Fine, I'll show you. Keep your eyes wide open and see for yourselves!"

667 Chapter 666

Keira glanced at Erin, who had just spoken up.

Erin nudged her forward, chin held high with pride. "Go on, show them what you've got! Don't let these people keep looking down on us."

Keira blinked at her.

Her appearance left Eve and Selena momentarily speechless.

Both of them quickly turned to Keira, "Are you really N?"

Keira was about to respond when Lewis suddenly cut in, "Whether she's N or not, as I said, this has nothing to do with Ms. Clark. Butler, it's time to see our guests out."

The butler immediately moved to Eve's side.

Eve stared at Lewis, her eyes brimming with tears as if she were heartbroken. She lifted her chin and asked, "Lewis, do you really feel nothing for me?"

She stepped closer, her voice trembling, "We studied abroad together and came back to Crera together. Does everything we've shared mean less to you than what you have with Keira?"

Keira raised an eyebrow at Lewis.

Before she could say anything, Erin's challenging voice piped up from behind, "Mr. Horton, what's this about? You'd better give us an explanation! What's all this talk about time abroad? Did you cheat on my cousin?"

Keira hesitated, about to speak. Lewis replied, "There's nothing between us. Sure, we were in the same class, but as for coming back to Crera together, there were over twenty of us who returned at the same time. Ms. Clark, I'm not sure what kind of bond you think we have."

Erin caught on immediately, "Oh, so someone's been getting ahead of themselves."

Lewis's expression darkened, "Alright, this has gone on long enough. Let's end it here."

He was about to say more when Eve suddenly shouted, "Lewis, don't you regret this!"

Then she shot a venomous look at Keira, leaving her baffled—she hadn't done anything to deserve that.

Just as Keira was wondering what was going on, Eve turned to Selena. "Selena, I agree with what you suggested!"

Selena's face immediately brightened, and she quickly exchanged a glance with Oliver.

Oliver burst out laughing, standing up right away. "Good, good! If Lewis doesn't appreciate you, my family will!"

Eve lifted her chin and looked at Keira.

Keira was confused for a moment.

She then glanced at Oliver. "So, should I call you my sister-in-law in the future?"

Eve's face darkened.

Oliver started coughing.

Keira turned to Lewis. "Your sister-in-law hasn't divorced your brother, has she?"

Lewis played along, "Nope. So, Oliver, are you planning on having a second wife?"

Oliver was furious.

His face turned an angry shade of blue.

Nathan immediately stood up. "Nonsense, what are you babbling about? This is about matching her with your nephew, Jake!"

Keira was speechless.

She twitched the corner of her mouth and looked at Eve. "So, Ms. Clark, you're going to be my nephew's wife? What should you call me then?"

Eve couldn't believe it.

She clenched her fists. [n/vel/b/jn dot c/om](http://n/vel/b/jn dot c/om)

Lewis spoke up, "Ms. Clark was always the best at etiquette; surely, she wouldn't forget her manners, right?"

Eve was at a loss. "Uncle Lewis, Aunt Keera."

"Good."

Keira responded, thinking how ridiculous this all was—Eve had come here with all that attitude to end up as her nephew's wife.

As Keira pondered, Erin brushed past her toward Eve. "On behalf of my cousin, I'd like to give you a welcome gift, dear nephew's wife! If you'd admitted earlier that you liked Jake, we wouldn't have been blindsided like this."

She rummaged in her pocket, pulled out a few pistachio shells, and placed them in Eve's hand. "Sorry, I was in such a hurry when I left home that this is all I brought today."

Eve stared at the shells in disbelief.

The others exchanged looks, equally baffled.

After giving the "gift", Erin shot a mischievous grin at Keira.

Keira was speechless.

She didn't know whether Erin was helping or causing trouble.

Erin's behavior was indeed unpredictable.

As Keira observed Erin, Eve took a deep breath. Selena immediately said, "Dad, since Jake is marrying a prominent figure like Eve, shouldn't we consider asking Great-Grandma to allocate some shares to Jake?"

Lewis's eyes darkened at the suggestion.

So, they were after the shares again.

Keira frowned.

Lewis immediately said, "I'm going to check on Grandma."

Keira quickly followed him.

Seeing this, Erin followed right behind them.

Keira frowned, "What are you doing?"

"Sticking with you so I don't accidentally cause trouble!"

"..."

Keira sighed and turned to Lewis. "Is Grandma okay? Nothing's happened, right?"

Lewis lowered his gaze. "Grandma's mind is clear now, but... given her age, the doctor said she doesn't have much time left."

668 Chapter 667

Time was running out...

A heavy feeling settled in Keira's chest.

She had a close bond with old Mrs. Horton. Back in Oceanion, old Mrs. Horton had relied on Keira during her stay. She always took Keira's side and defended her.

It was old Mrs. Horton who had convinced Lewis to believe in their marriage...

After that, no matter what Keira did, old Mrs. Horton was always incredibly supportive.

Yes...

Her time was indeed running out; back in Oceanion, she only had two months left to live. It was only after taking Keira's medication that her condition stabilized.

But after all, she was eighty-seven years old, and her health was failing...

Keira's heart grew heavier. "Since that's the case, you should've been with her instead of me. You should stay with Grandma."

Lewis lowered his gaze. "Grandma insisted I stay with you."

He had returned to the Horton residence several times, but each time, old Mrs. Horton would send him back, telling him to stay with Keira because she was worried she would lose Keira again...

Lewis felt a suffocating pain thinking about what the doctor had said.

Old Mrs. Horton had told the doctor she feared that after her passing, Lewis would be left without any close family, so it was essential to take good care of Keira.

Keira was going to be his only family.

Now, when Lewis thought about this, his chest tightened.

Even when Grandma couldn't remember anything else, she still remembered his wife...

And now that she could recall past events, it was still him she worried about...

He quickened his pace.

Keira immediately walked beside him, saying, "You should've told me sooner. In that case, we'll stay at the Horton residence for now."

Lewis looked at her.

Keira continued, "I'll handle my things, and you focus on your work. But we should both return here every evening to be with Grandma and stop going to the Olsen residence."

Lewis's voice caught, and he chuckled. "Thank you, Keira."

She patted his hand. "She's my grandma, too."

"Yeah."

They exchanged a smile and walked into old Mrs. Horton's courtyard.

Erin followed them, and seeing their clasped hands, she glanced down at her own. After a brief, unfocused stare, she scoffed and continued following them.

They entered the courtyard and saw Fiona accompanying old Mrs. Horton on a walk.

Their backs were turned, so they didn't see who was approaching.

Mrs. Horton was making arrangements for after she passed. "Fiona, don't worry. After I'm gone, Lewis will surely take care of you."

Fiona immediately protested, "Don't say that, Mrs. Horton! Even if Mr. Horton is willing to look after me, the first branch of the family will bully me! I need you to stay and watch over me!"

Old Mrs. Horton chuckled. "I'm eighty-seven; if I live any longer, I'll turn into an old witch. Fiona, rest assured, you'll live here after I'm gone. As for the first branch... they won't be a problem for long."

Fiona looked puzzled. "Mrs. Horton, what do you mean?"

"You think Lewis can't handle them? He's been holding back, pretending to be evenly matched, just to make me too worried to die. But you see, I've discovered something about Lewis."

"What is it?" Fiona asked.

"Lewis is smart. In his struggles with the first branch, he's always shown mercy. He's doing it for me. After all, they're my children and grandchildren... He doesn't want to make me sad. So, when I close my eyes, that's when he'll deal with them."

Fiona's eyes filled with tears. "Mrs. Horton, then you must live longer so that even if Mr. Horton is just pretending, it can protect the first branch for a while longer."

Mrs. Horton waved her hand. "Fiona, the Horton family owes Lewis. His mother neglected him, and his father neglected him, too. He was just a child when they threw him into the old house to fend for himself. Later, he left to study abroad... It's us, the Hortons, who owe him! I can't be so selfish, letting him live repressed for the sake of an old woman. So, when it's time for me to go, I'll go."

Fiona cried out, "Mrs. Horton, please don't say that!"

"Why are you crying?" sighed old Mrs. Horton. "When Keira disappeared, I was genuinely scared. I felt like I had to live a few more years, fearing that once I was gone, Lewis would follow right after. But it's much better now. He has someone in this world that he can't bear to leave."

Fiona sobbed, "Mrs. Horton..."

"Don't worry, I still have a month left! But I'm truly tired and conflicted. I've been hesitating... unsure whether I should go. Fiona, they say a son is born to settle scores

with his mother. Nathan, that scoundrel, was such a pain to Lewis, but to me... he was indeed filial..." She sighed.

A tear slid down old Mrs. Horton's cheek. "So, as his grandmother, I'm holding Lewis back..."

Upon hearing this, Keira immediately turned to look at Lewis. [nô/vel/b//in dot c//om](http://nô/vel/b//in dot c//om)

There she saw the usually composed man now with tears streaming down his face.

Keira understood old Mrs. Horton's dilemma.

After all, it was her own son and grandson...

If Lewis could make up his mind.....

669 Chapter 668

Keira was deep in thought when the sharp crack of someone cracking pistachio shells broke the silence.

Mrs. Horton and Fiona heard the sound behind them and immediately turned around. When they saw Lewis standing there, old Mrs. Horton quickly wiped the tears from her eyes and forced a bright smile. "You rascal, you finally brought your wife back home!"

Lewis clenched his fists, then took a step forward and spoke firmly, "Grandma, don't worry. I won't do anything to the main family. The Horton family... I'll just let them have it."

The moment those words left his mouth, old Mrs. Horton's expression darkened. "What nonsense are you talking about?!"

She continued, "This estate was built with every penny I earned. I founded the Horton Group from the ground up. If you give it up to those people, the company will go downhill fast. You're the only one I trust with it!"

Lewis paused, taken aback.

Old Mrs. Horton patted his hand. "Forget what I just said. I was just rambling. I'm getting old, and my heart's gotten softer. If I were younger, I would've kicked those people out long ago and saved you from this mess... Just promise me, don't hold it against me."

"How could I ever?" Lewis gently held her arm. "You're the closest person to me."

Old Mrs. Horton chuckled and glanced at Keira before playfully taking Keira's hand and placing it in Lewis's. "No, sweetheart. She's the one who's going to be the closest to you from now on."

Keira and Lewis exchanged a look then shared a small smile.

Erin, who had been circling them, suddenly said, "Oh, look at you all. Such a picture of harmony... but it's only on the surface."

She then turned her gaze to old Mrs. Horton. "Ma'am, if you don't make the hard decisions now, it'll come back to bite you. A family's success depends on cutting off the branches that hinder its growth. By being too soft, you're just leaving Lewis with a mess to clean up."

Everyone was momentarily stunned.

Old Mrs. Horton's face stiffened.

Lewis immediately snapped, "Erin, shut up!"

Despite his scolding, Erin seemed ready to retort, but before she could say anything, Keira's voice cut through the tension, "Be quiet."

Keira's tone was lower and calmer than Lewis's, yet for some reason, it intimidated Erin enough to make her reluctantly close her mouth.

Old Mrs. Horton sighed, "I've been so foolish..."

Lewis quickly offered, "Let me help you inside, Grandma."

She nodded, and as Lewis guided her into the room, Keira turned to Erin, narrowing her eyes. "You talk too much."

Erin shrugged, "I'm just looking out for you. With Lewis in control of the Hortons, he'd be your biggest ally. After all, you're set on this man, aren't you?"

She spat out the pistachio shell she'd been chewing on and continued, "You should know, to win this battle for the inheritance, you need to preserve and unite all the forces you can. The Horton Group is thriving, rivaling the five major families, and if you had control of it, that would mean another powerful family backing you. It would make the next steps even easier..."

Here's the translation adapted to fit the style of American light fiction:

Keira lowered her eyes. "Do you really think Lewis and I aren't aware of all this?"

Erin scoffed. "I'm just worried that Lewis might get all sentimental and promise old Mrs. Horton that he won't kick the main family out after she's gone, leaving Horton Group in the same messy state."

Keira gave her a cold stare. "And you think Lewis got to where he is today by being indecisive?"

Just like that time with that woman, Madeleine.

He thought she was his savior, but the moment he learned the truth, he cut her out of his life without hesitation.

Lewis has always been a man of ruthless decisions!

Erin blinked, caught off guard. "What are you saying?"

Keira didn't mince words. "Old Mrs. Horton is clinging to life because she's worried about what will happen with the main branch after she's gone. But if she knew that the outcome would be the same no matter how long she lives, what do you think she'd do?"

Erin quickly caught on. "So, Lewis never intended to spare the main branch. He's just using them to keep old Mrs. Horton holding on?"

Keira raised an eyebrow. "Took you long enough to figure that out."

Erin pouted. "I just don't get it. She's clearly not going to make it, so why drag it out?"

Keira's jaw tightened. "Because... that's what family is."

Erin was puzzled. "What?"

Keira explained, "Family is like that. You wish for them to live a long life, and you cherish every extra day you get with them."

Erin lowered her head, falling silent.

Keira then warned her, "If you want to stick with me, that's fine. But from now on, think before you speak. Understand?"

Erin sulked. "Got it..."

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That night, Keira and Lewis stayed at the Horton residence in the room next to old Mrs. Horton's.

Lewis had a bedroom prepared for himself there.

Erin stayed in the guest room next to theirs.

The next morning, Nathan arrived with Oliver and Jake in tow. Without wasting time, Nathan addressed old Mrs. Horton directly, "Mom, Jake is getting married again. After what happened last time, we want to make sure this one goes smoothly. We were hoping you could help us make his wedding a bit more grand."

Old Mrs. Horton looked at him and asked bluntly, "Getting married again? Who is it this time? Someone like that Isla again?"

"No, no," said Oliver. "This time, it's someone from a well-known family in Clance. Selena helped set it up. We met her yesterday—her name's Eve Clark. She's a famous socialite and also runs a charity organization."

Old Mrs. Horton frowned. "And Jake agreed to this?"

Everyone turned to look at Jake.

Keira, who had been having breakfast with old Mrs. Horton, also looked at him.

And when she did, she was slightly taken aback.

Jake was different now...

He seemed lifeless, completely disconnected from everything around him. It was as if nothing in the world concerned him anymore.

Even when old Mrs. Horton mentioned him, he only glanced up briefly before lowering his head again, retreating into his own world.

Oliver nudged him. "He agreed. Jake is very pleased with Eve."

Keira narrowed her eyes.

"Pleased" didn't seem to fit what she was seeing...

She arched an eyebrow as a thought began to form.

Nathan said, "Mom, you might not know this, but Miss Olsen's reputation has taken a hit. The companies associated with her are facing backlash from investors, and the Olsen Group's stock dropped ten percent today. We're even getting bad reviews under Horton Group's accounts, with people demanding that Lewis break off the engagement."

Old Mrs. Horton responded immediately, "That's not an option. No matter what Keera's done, we won't kick her while she's down."

Nathan hesitated, then coughed lightly. "You're right, of course. So, we thought of a solution—Jake should marry Eve. In Clance, there's a saying that Eve's reputation is golden. Whoever marries her will earn a good name in the elite circles of the city."

Oliver jumped in, "Exactly, Grandma. So, we need to offer a substantial dowry to show our sincerity. Do you think we could give five percent of Horton Group's shares to Eve as a wedding gift?"

Five percent...

Old Mrs. Horton had already given a portion of her shares to Lewis.

If they got five percent... it would significantly strengthen their influence!

Giving them those shares would only cause more trouble for Lewis!

Keira's lips curled into a cold smile.

670 Chapter 669

Old Mrs. Horton, still sharp as ever, didn't hesitate to say, "No."

The room fell silent as everyone turned to look at her in surprise.

Nathan couldn't help but speak up. "Mom, didn't you say you'd give Jake shares when he got married? Why are you going back on your word now?"

Old Mrs. Horton replied firmly, "The shares I hold are mine to give as I see fit. I may be getting older, but I still have the right to make my own decisions."

Nathan frowned. "Mom, you can't be so biased. Lewis already controls nearly half the company! We're family too, you know."

Old Mrs. Horton snorted, "The Horton family is my legacy, and as I said, I'll give my shares to whomever I choose."

Nathan wanted to argue, but Oliver cut him off by bursting into tears. "Grandma, I know you've never liked me because of my mom, but she's gone now. How can you still hold that against me? No matter what, I'm your oldest grandson. Are you really going to treat me like this? Do you want me dead?"

He began wiping his tears. "You have no idea, Grandma. Ever since the Horton Group moved to Clance, everyone has looked down on me because the company is under

Lewis' control. I'm supposed to be the eldest brother, but my opinions don't matter! I don't want to cause trouble for Lewis, but as the matriarch, you shouldn't be so partial!"

He continued, "And don't forget, Grandma, when you collapsed that time, I was the first one to find you and rush you to the hospital. You had a heart attack, and the doctors said if you hadn't been treated in time, you wouldn't have made it. Grandma, does our bond mean nothing?"

Old Mrs. Horton hesitated, looking at Oliver.

He wasn't wrong...

Oliver had been brought back into the family at fourteen, having grown up elsewhere. Once he joined the Hortons, he was always walking on eggshells, trying to win everyone's favor.

He had always gone out of his way to please her as his grandmother.

After all, he was her grandson and still a child. Old Mrs. Horton's heart had softened for him at the time, and she treated him well until the day she saw Lewis in the ICU, his body covered in tubes. That's when her feelings for Oliver had cooled.

Since then, she had distanced herself from him. But she hadn't expected Oliver to be the one to rush her to the hospital when she fell ill!

While old Mrs. Horton was lost in thought, Lewis descended the stairs, overhearing the conversation. He immediately turned to her with concern. "Grandma, you had a heart attack? Why didn't I know? Why didn't anyone tell me?"

Old Mrs. Horton patted his hand reassuringly. "You were studying abroad at the time, and I didn't want to worry you. Besides, I'm fine now."

But a flicker of fear crossed Lewis' eyes.

If he had lost her back then, he didn't know how he would've handled it... Nôv(el)B\\jnn

As Lewis pondered this, Oliver spoke up again. "Grandma, I'm your grandson, and my son is your great-grandson—the first great-grandchild of the Horton family. Can you really bear to give us nothing? Even just one percent of the shares would mean so much to us, and we wouldn't ask for anything more!"

After the Horton Group moved to Clance, Lewis had diluted five percent of the shares to boost the company's stock.

This caused the shares Lewis originally controlled, which made up over half of the company, to no longer be sufficient.

What's more, the distribution of Horton Group's shares had always been a bit unusual. Lewis knew who the major shareholders were, but aside from the scattered retail investors, there was still one shareholder holding ten percent of the company's stock whose identity remained unknown.

Now, with Lewis' control just shy of a majority, even one percent of the shares was critical.

Old Mrs. Horton looked at Oliver and sighed.

Sensing her hesitation, Oliver stepped forward and knelt before her. "Grandma, please, have mercy on your grandson. Remember, I saved your life..."

Old Mrs. Horton's expression tightened.

Keira knew old Mrs. Horton was in a difficult position.

There was no denying that she had always been biased when it came to her family.

Nathan and Oliver had always been respectful toward her, yet she couldn't help but feel sorry for Lewis, who had lost his mother at such a young age...

Old Mrs. Horton took a deep breath, unsure of what to say.

Lewis, too, looked at Oliver with a furrowed brow.

After all, Oliver had saved his grandmother's life, and Jake's new wife came from a prestigious family—refusing to give them any shares did seem unreasonable...

Just as the atmosphere grew tense, Keira suddenly stood up.

She smiled and turned to Jake. "I heard your ex-wife is still in a psychiatric hospital?"

Jake hesitated, then nodded.

To punish Isla, Uncle Olsen had sent her straight to the asylum, and she was still alive.

Keira looked at him intently. "So, you're not even divorced yet, and you're already discussing a new marriage?"

The room fell silent, everyone processing her words.