

My Accidental Husband is a Billionaire !

677 Chapter 676

Jake and Oliver turned to see Keira approaching them.

The moment Jake saw Keira, his eyes lit up.

Oliver, on the other hand, frowned. "What are you doing here?"

Keira walked over and went straight to the point. "I think your son has potential, so I'm planning to invest in him to start a company."

Oliver was stunned for a moment. Then, his face turned red with anger. "So you've decided to go against me?"

Keira shrugged. "I didn't think too much about it. I just want to give an old classmate a chance."

Oliver took a deep breath, struggling to keep his temper in check. "You..."

But Keira had already turned to Jake. "Remember in college when we talked about starting a chemical company after graduation? Well, now I want to invest in you. Will you accept?"

Jake was caught off guard. He looked at Keira, wanting to ask: Are you investing in me to spite my father or because you feel sorry for me?

But before he could say anything, Keira cut him off. "You know me. I don't let emotions drive my decisions. I'm investing in you because I think you're the right fit."

Jake had strengths that set him apart. His social skills and his ability to draw people together were even better than Keira's and arguably better than Lewis's as well.

Jake clenched his fists, his jaw tightening.

Nearby, Oliver yelled, "Jake, you're not allowed to accept her investment! She's in league with Lewis! She's doing this on purpose!"

But Jake completely ignored him and nodded at Keira. "I accept."

Oliver was furious, practically stomping in rage. "You ungrateful child! You're betraying your family!"

Keira paid no attention to him and instead transferred some money to Jake. “Here’s your first month’s salary. Next, you need to register the company, file for a trademark, and start hiring.”

Jake nodded immediately. “I’ll keep the investor updated regularly.”

Keira smiled. “Email works for me.”

“Got it.”

With just a few words, the two of them finalized the deal. By now, Oliver was so angry he looked like he was about to explode. He shouted, “Jake, are you mistaking her for the Keira Olsen who died? She’s just taking advantage of you! Are you accepting her investment because you’re still hung up on her? Do you think Lewis will let you off the hook?”

Jake tightened his fists, then suddenly smiled. “I always thought my one bad decision in college made me lose someone special. But now I realize I was never worthy of her, to begin with.”

He lowered his eyes, took a step back, and said, “Ms. Olsen, I look forward to working with you.”

Jake smiled again.

He had lost so much weight recently, and the defeat hanging over him had made him almost unrecognizable. But now, this smile seemed to lift all the burdens off his shoulders, like he’d finally let go of everything.

Keira smiled back.

This was the Jake she remembered from college—the one who pursued her for four years.

Back then, he never looked down on her for being poor, nor did he distance himself because of her withdrawn personality.

In truth, she owed him gratitude. During a lonely chapter of her life, he had been there for her.

They exchanged glances, both sharing a look of mutual understanding.

He had let go of his guilt toward her.

She had finally forgiven him.

Oliver's face turned livid with rage. "Fine! Go ahead and take her scraps! Do you even realize what you're giving up? You're throwing away your claim to the Horton family's main inheritance! You want to stick with her? Fine! I'll bring Selena and her mother back home and make sure you know I don't need you anymore!"

He spat out those words before storming off.

Jake watched him go.

Keira walked over and asked, "Any regrets?"

"None." Jake smiled. "I just suddenly realized... he's actually pretty pitiful."

"What do you mean?"

"My mom loved him so much, but he never appreciated it. Selena and her mother are only using him, but he's completely blind to it."

Jake laughed bitterly. "But it doesn't matter now. From here on out, we have nothing to do with each other!"

Keira nodded in understanding.

Just as she was about to say goodbye, a man walked over, holding up his phone and recording a video of Keira. "Hey everyone, check this out! Isn't this the girl who got exposed recently, the one they said was cozying up to spies?"

As soon as he said that, several people gathered around, surrounding Keira.

She frowned.

Jake immediately jumped in. "You've got the wrong person!"

The man ignored him and moved closer, shoving his phone in Keira's face. "No, I haven't! How many people are this pretty in real life? Miss Olsen, care to explain why you're so friendly with spies? Don't you know being kind to bad people is cruel to the good ones?"

"I bet she's in on it with the spies!"

Someone in the crowd shouted, and the next thing they knew, a cup of milk tea was hurled straight at Keira!

678 Chapter 677

Jake instinctively moved to shield Keira from the oncoming milk tea. But as soon as he stepped in front of her, someone yanked his arm, and the next thing he knew, Keira was the one standing in front of him.

Thud!

Before the drink could reach her, Keira kicked it away. Still, since it was a liquid, some of it splashed out, landing on her arm.

Jake froze, then chuckled to himself.

He'd done it again—forgotten that Keira wasn't just any ordinary girl...

Most girls in a situation like this would look for protection, but Keira never needed that.

She was strong and confident.

Even back in college, she was often the subject of gossip, but she never cared.

She never punished herself for other people's mistakes.

Suddenly, Jake realized it wasn't that she was too strong; it was that he wasn't good enough, not worthy to stand in front of her.

For Keira, it was just about keeping things even. Business was business—she genuinely believed in Jake's potential. But personally? She didn't want anything more to do with him.

Keira felt a bit grossed out as the sticky liquid rolled down her arm. She had a mild case of OCD, so she immediately frowned and turned to look at the girl who had thrown the drink.

The culprit was a young woman, and she glared back at Keira with righteous indignation. The moment Keira looked at her, she yelled, "What're you looking at? Yeah, I threw it! If you've got guts, call the cops on me! Go ahead! My parents were scientists who died at the hands of foreign spies. I despise traitors more than anything!"

The girl's eyes were bloodshot, and tears welled up as she spoke.

Nearby, others pulled out their phones, recording the scene.

"Serves you right for helping people you shouldn't. You deserve it! Don't worry, sweetie; if you go to the police, we'll all go with you! We're backing you up!"

"What's she got to complain about? Even if she calls the cops, no one's gonna care, believe me!"

The girl then addressed the crowd. “Thank you all for your support, but I’ll take responsibility. I threw it, so if she calls the cops, they can arrest me. A few days in jail won’t change my mind—I still think she’s trash!”

“She doesn’t even deserve milk tea! Next time, someone should throw something nastier at her!”

“Garbage! A disgrace to society!”

“Looks decent enough, but who knew she’d be such a lowlife!”

“...”

In the middle of all the insults, Keira glanced at the girl who threw the tea. Even with everyone backing her up, the girl still looked like she’d go down fighting. Shaking off the milk tea from her arm, Keira took a deep breath and turned to walk away.

What good would calling the cops do?

At most, they’d lock this poor girl up for a few days and give her a lecture...

Lowering her gaze, Keira spotted a nearby convenience store and walked in. She grabbed a pack of tissues and handed them to the cashier. “How much?”

“Sorry, we don’t sell to traitors.”

The cashier’s voice was cold and flat.

Keira froze mid-scan, frowning. “Excuse me?”

“I said we’re not selling anything to you!”

The cashier stared her down. “We may be a small business, but even I know better than to sell to traitors like you!”

Keira clenched her jaw.

She frowned and said, “Aren’t you worried I’ll report you to customer protection?”

“Go ahead! Even if they shut us down or revoke our business license, I’m still not selling to you!” The cashier sneered. “Anyone in bed with a traitor like that scumbag isn’t any better. I may just be an ordinary citizen, but I know that a strong country is the only way to protect the life we enjoy. People like you don’t deserve to live here!”

Keira was stunned.

She'd heard that this generation was increasingly patriotic.

She knew it was something people had been talking about, but facing it firsthand? It was almost amusing.

Part of her admired their courage to stand up to what they saw as evil forces, and she appreciated their love for their country. If someone else were in her shoes, she might've even applauded them.

Keira pursed her lips and walked out of the store.

As she stepped outside, she heard a reporter nearby saying, "A concerned citizen just tipped us off that Miss Olsen, who supports a known traitor, was refused service when trying to buy tissues. This incident has stirred up strong patriotic feelings across the community. Let's interview the cashier and get their perspective."

Keira paused, then walked on.

"Don't run, you traitor!"

A group of people began following her, seemingly ready to take things further.

Keira frowned and picked up the pace.

She didn't want to get into a confrontation with ordinary people or hurt anyone, but her patience had its limits. If these people pushed her any further, she wouldn't just stand there and take it!

679 Chapter 678

Just as Keira was preparing to take action, a sudden stir erupted in the crowd.

She paused, turning to see Lewis and Uncle Olsen's car parked at the curb. The two men then strode over, accompanied by several bodyguards.

The bodyguards quickly dispersed the surrounding crowd, creating a clear path for them to reach Keira.

Keira raised an eyebrow.

Uncle Olsen immediately addressed Lewis, saying, "How have you been taking care of her?"

Keira was about to say she didn't need any help when Lewis frowned and said, "Sorry, I should have mentioned this earlier. The situation has been tense recently. Don't go out alone."

He then took Keira's hand and said, "Let's go home."

Uncle Olsen snorted and added, "If you can't take care of her, send her back to the Olsen family. Don't let the Hortons mistreat her."

Lewis immediately assured him, "Sir, it won't happen again."

"Humph."

Uncle Olsen turned and was about to get into the car when a reporter pushed a microphone into his face, demanding, "Mr. Olsen, as the head of the Olsen Group, what do you have to say about your daughter's public involvement with spies?"

Uncle Olsen ignored the reporter and continued walking forward.

But the reporter persisted, "I'm sure you must be very troubled by this. Is it true that this daughter is your illegitimate child? Are you not particularly fond of her? Will the Olsen family sever ties with her for the sake of reputation and stock value recovery?"

Uncle Olsen stopped in his tracks.

Keira felt something was amiss and was about to speak, but Uncle Olsen had already taken the reporter's microphone and declared, "My daughter isn't an illegitimate child. She is my legitimate and only daughter, and the blood relationship between us can never be severed or denied!"

The reporter was excited and asked, "So, does this mean the Olsen Group will support all her decisions?"

"That's right," Uncle Olsen said firmly, looking at the reporter. "The Olsen Group will back her in everything she does!"

Keira was stunned.

The online backlash against her was intense, and the Olsen Group's stock had dropped by ten percent recently. Their best move would have been to stay out of it.

In a few days, when Professor Brandt and all the students returned to the country, it would be the moment when old Mr. Sim's name was cleared and her innocence proven!

But with Uncle Olsen's statement, it was certain the Olsen Group's stock would fall even more tomorrow.

Keira sighed inwardly. She wasn't particularly concerned about public opinion, but she wished her father wouldn't protect her so much.

As she was thinking, a reporter approached Lewis and asked, “Mr. Horton, what about you? Will the Horton Group, like the Olsen Group, cover the mistakes of Miss Olsen? Even if it means a drop in Horton Group’s stock?”

As she was thinking, a reporter approached Lewis and asked, “Mr. Horton, what about you? Will the Horton Group, like the Olsen Group, cover the mistakes of Miss Olsen? Even if it means a drop in Horton Group’s stock?”

Keira didn’t know what to say.

She looked at Lewis, ready to speak, but he answered directly, “Yes.”

His response almost made Keira roll her eyes.

Seriously, could they be any more conspicuous?

She sighed quietly, forcing a smile.

Turning to Uncle Olsen, she said, “Dad.”

Uncle Olsen looked shocked.

After their reunion, Keira seldom called him “Dad.”

His smile broadened, and he waved at her. Keira said, “See you tomorrow.”

“See you. Come home for dinner when you have time.”

Uncle Olsen got into the car.

Keira thought she might be imagining it, but it seemed Uncle Olsen’s eyes were red before he got into the car, and he even dabbed at his eyes with a tissue after getting in.

Such a decisive person like Uncle Olsen wouldn’t be sentimental, so she must have seen it wrong!

Keira smiled softly, turned slowly, and saw Lewis. Together, they got into the car.

...

Inside Lewis Horton’s SUV, the atmosphere suddenly dropped to an icy chill.

Keira glanced at Lewis, then at Jake, and cleared her throat.

Lewis asked, “Are you really sure about him?”

Jake immediately straightened up.

Keira nodded. "Yes, and about that..."

She wanted to explain a bit more, especially since her previous relationship with Jake had been ambiguous, and it seemed he had abandoned her for Isla.

But before she could start, Lewis interrupted, "How much did you invest? I'll add the same amount. If you believe in the project, it must be good."

Keira was taken aback.

Even Jake was stunned.

He had thought Lewis, being a bit stingy, would be angry, especially since he had always been quite possessive. But Lewis's attitude toward Keira was surprisingly supportive.

Jake looked at Keira, then at Lewis, and finally at his own hands.

He felt out of place and like an intruder in the car.

The bond and trust between Lewis and Keira were something he had never experienced with her.

While he was lost in thought, Lewis suddenly asked, "What are you thinking about?"

Jake snapped back to reality.

He had always been intimidated by Lewis, so he was about to confess he was thinking about his and Keira's past.

But he realized that wouldn't be right, so he quickly found another reason, but Lewis changed the topic. "You're really going to cut ties with your father?"

Jake's attention was diverted, and he lowered his head, forcing a bitter smile. "Yes."

"Today, Selena Horton and her mother moved into the Horton residence."

Jake's head shot up in disbelief. "What?"

He was furious. "He hasn't even divorced my mother yet!"

Lewis remained silent.

Jake clenched his fists, his eyes reddening. "This is outrageous! He doesn't realize that the mistress and Selena only care about his money! Only my mother truly loves him!"

Jake's voice choked with emotion. "I feel so sorry for my mother! I wish my father could see who really loves him!"

Lewis said calmly, "Time will reveal the truth."

Jake sighed. "It's useless. The mistress and Selena are playing their parts perfectly. They've deceived my father his entire life! How could he ever see their true colors?"

He lowered his head, burying his face in his hands, and tears streamed down. "It's not about me. I just feel sorry for my mother... Maybe only when he's fallen from grace and lost all his money will he see the true nature of the mistress and her daughter. But with the Horton Group thriving and you in charge, Uncle Lewis, the group will probably never face bankruptcy... He'll live off his wealth forever."

Jake wiped his tears and looked up.

Then he heard Lewis say, "The Horton Group won't go bankrupt, but your father might not be so lucky."