

My Accidental Husband is a Billionaire !

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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."

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Jake stared, confused. "What do you mean?"

Lewis didn't respond.

Keira, however, understood the implication.

The day Grandma wasn't around was the day the main branch of the Horton family would be ousted. Oliver's bankruptcy was only a matter of time...

Previously, Lewis might have felt some guilt toward Grandma since he was dealing with the main branch, but now...

Keira looked at Jake.

When Lewis suddenly said he wanted to invest with her in Jake's project, Keira understood. The main branch wouldn't fall into decline.

After all, there was still Jake.

If Lewis allocated the shares that should have gone to the main branch to Jake, everything would be perfect.

Unfortunately, Jake hadn't grasped Lewis's words...

Keira was lost in thought as the car left the street and dropped Jake off at a location convenient for him to catch a cab. She then drove back to the Horton residence with Lewis.

While earning money and building a career was important, spending time with loved ones was just as crucial.

Both of them had agreed to set aside their work for the month to spend time with Grandma.

As the car parked in the lot, they walked toward old Mrs. Horton's small courtyard...

Before they reached it, Oliver suddenly appeared in front of Keira. He frowned and stared at her. "Are you Keira Olsen? I just heard you mention something about old classmates?"

Oliver had been so focused on his anger that he had overlooked that the person in front of him was Keira. The mention of "old classmates" seemed increasingly out of place.

Keira gave him a half-smile. "Oliver, are you still not satisfied?"

"What do you mean?"

"Your son disobeyed you, and you just can't get over it, can you?"

Oliver's expression changed abruptly. "What are you talking about? Stop talking nonsense!"

"You're not upset? I thought you were dwelling on our argument, trying to rehash it here!"

Oliver was shocked.

He was indeed replaying it, wondering why his son chose "Keera's" investment over his own!

The main branch held thirty percent of the Horton Group shares, worth several billion! Had Jake given it all up?

Was it just for "Keera's" little investment?

That idiot must have been misled by this woman!

So, was this woman actually Keira?

Oliver wasn't a fool and wouldn't be easily misled by Keira's diversion. He sneered. "You are Keira Olsen, aren't you?"

Keira responded coolly, "I'm Keira Olsen. I have a daughter named Erin, and my father is Uncle Olsen. What's this? Are you trying to verify my identity?"

Oliver furrowed his brows. "Then what did you just say to Jake about old classmates?"

"You heard wrong."

"I..."

Keira ignored him and walked directly into old Mrs. Horton's room with Lewis.

As they entered, they heard a delicate, timid laugh.

A weak voice was saying, "Grandma, I come from a poor background and haven't seen much of the world. Please don't be mad at me..."

Then Selena's voice came through. "Mom, Great-Grandma is a kind person. She won't be mad at you!"

The timid voice continued, "But didn't Grandma just try to chase me out? Isn't she mad at me?"

Then Selena's voice chimed in, "Grandma, my mother is new to the Horton family. Please don't hold it against her. She's had a hard life and hasn't seen much. She's just made a mistake. You won't be angry with her, right?"

Old Mrs. Horton was bewildered by these words.

What a typical act!

These two had shown up at her courtyard early in the morning and insisted on chatting with her.

The mistress then lamented about how she had few pieces of jewelry and how, despite being with Oliver for years, she never received any gifts from the family, which made her feel unworthy.

Old Mrs. Horton found it amusing and retorted, "If you want something, go ask Oliver's father! What good is crying to me?"

With just that one sentence, the mistress was now crying and whining!

She claimed she was being looked down upon...

She said she came from a poor background, with Selena chiming in, making it seem like they were being mistreated.

Now, it seemed like not giving them a few pieces of jewelry was a grave mistake.

How could there be such people in the world?!

Old Mrs. Horton frowned, feeling a headache coming on with the constant whining from the mother and daughter duo, which was making her increasingly agitated.

At this moment, Keira and Lewis walked in decisively.

Seeing them, old Mrs. Horton's eyes lit up as if she had found a savior!

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As Oliver was pondering what to do, Keira spoke up, "Sorry, but the meal tonight was prepared based on the number of people. Grandma's dining is served individually, so we can't have you just watching while we eat."

Anyone with a bit of self-respect would have left at this point.

However, Marisa and Selena just smiled.

Marisa said, "It's no trouble. It's an honor to be able to serve Grandma."

Keira grinned, "I'm just worried that if we eat while you watch, it might be hard for you."

Marisa's eyes flickered for a moment. She had mentioned her humble background before, but was Keira really underestimating her knowledge and experience? As Oliver's mistress, how could she not have seen fine things before?

So what if she had to watch them eat?

She wasn't even very hungry. Why would it be hard for her?

Marisa smiled, "No, it won't be a problem."

"Really?" Keira laughed, "The food here is quite delicious. I'm just concerned that you might be tempted."

Selena scoffed, "Aunt Keira, you're underestimating us!"

"In that case, I'll go get the food ready."

Keira left those words hanging and headed straight for the kitchen.

Lewis raised an eyebrow at the scene.

Looks like they're in for a treat tonight!

Old Mrs. Horton's eyes lit up. She remembered when she first met Keira; she had stayed at Keira's place for a while, and she knew her granddaughter-in-law's cooking was exceptional.

She wondered what Keira had prepared this time.

Both old Mrs. Horton and Lewis were eagerly watching the kitchen, which made Oliver and Marisa exchange glances.

Oliver moved closer to Marisa and whispered, "Make sure you don't embarrass us by acting like you've never seen fine dining before. Got it?"

Marisa whispered back, "Don't worry, Oliver. You've treated me to so many fine dishes; I'm sure a meal prepared by a young girl won't make me jealous. It's not like it's something extravagant!"

Selena laughed, "I don't get what she's up to, but we're staying here today and coming back tomorrow. Don't worry, Dad. With Mom and me around, we'll make sure to build a good relationship with Grandma!"

Oliver smiled, “Good girl! You’re so much better than that troublemaker. He’s nothing but a headache and can’t do anything right!”

Selena’s gaze lowered, “Dad, don’t be upset. Jake’s just going through a phase...”

The three of them chatted away, completely unaware of what was about to unfold.

Meanwhile, in the kitchen, as soon as Keira walked in, Fiona handed her an apron and said, “Ma’am, I’ve already prepared the ingredients you mentioned before you left.”

“Great.”

Keira tied on the apron and went to the counter.

She first opened the simmering pot.

The moment she lifted the lid, a rich aroma wafted out.

Keira’s lips curved into a smile as she looked at Fiona, “Fiona, get four plates ready. We’re serving something special tonight!”

Fiona immediately prepared four plates with a smile.

When Keira mentioned the meal being served individually, Fiona knew right away that it was intentional—just to let them watch without letting them eat!

Keira’s cooking was legendary; it was so delicious it felt like you were tasting art.

Fiona eagerly anticipated the moment when the others would only be able to smell the food but not taste it.

What a delightful thought!

As Fiona was lost in her anticipation, Keira skillfully prepared the prepped dishes, heated the oil, and began cooking.

Fiona watched her with admiration.

The entire process was so smooth and enjoyable to watch... It reminded Fiona of an anime she had seen as a child, “Chūka Ichiban.” Every time she tasted Keira’s cooking, it felt like experiencing those dramatic flavor explosions.

It wasn’t just food—it was an art form!

Keira quickly finished cooking four dishes and a soup.

She divided the food into four portions, keeping one for Fiona and signaling to her to take the other three to the dining room.

“Sure thing!”

Keira removed her apron and walked out of the kitchen to the dining room.

Old Mrs. Horton’s eyes lit up. “Is the food ready?”

“Please have a seat.”

Keira smiled.

Old Mrs. Horton turned to Oliver and the other two, saying, “If you want to leave now, you still can... It’ll be much harder to get away later!”

The three were puzzled by her words.

Oliver even scoffed.

Marisa moved closer to old Mrs. Horton, “Grandma, it’s my duty to serve you dinner.”

At that moment, Fiona and a few servants brought out the three portions of food.

They placed the dishes in front of Keira, Lewis, and old Mrs. Horton, then announced, “The food is served. Enjoy your meal.”

Oliver scoffed, thinking they were just putting on a show.

How could some food possibly tempt him?

But as the lids were lifted, a powerful aroma filled the air and reached the noses of the three!