

My Accidental Husband is a Billionaire !

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Oliver glanced at Jake, who hadn't spoken in a while, and sneered, "Didn't you just say it wasn't going to happen? Why are you quiet now? Let me tell you, if you want to change your mind, this is your last chance!"

Jake lowered his eyes and said, "I said it wasn't going to happen because... the courthouse doesn't process divorces and marriages on the same day. Dad, don't you even know that basic fact?"

Oliver was dumbfounded.

His expression darkened instantly, and the smugness on his face disappeared. He glared at Jake angrily. "Is that how you talk to me?"

Jake remained calm, "I'm just giving you some basic information."

Oliver took a deep breath. "Fine, fine. You ungrateful brat, today, I'm going to throw both you and your mother out of the house!"

After saying that, he strode toward the door.

Seeing this, Jake followed behind him.

Marisa and Selena glanced at old Mrs. Horton, then at Oliver. In the end, they decided to follow him as well. After all, the divorce was a big deal for them.

Without the divorce, Marisa and Oliver couldn't get married, and Selena couldn't go from being an illegitimate daughter to being officially recognized as a Horton!

Jake turned to Keira and said, "The board meeting..."

He paused, unsure how to ask for time off.

After all, right now, the company's board consists of just two of them.

As he was thinking, Oliver interrupted, "What's wrong? Trying to make excuses to skip it? Your company just started. What kind of board meeting could you possibly be holding?"

Jake frowned. “What I meant was that the board meeting can wait. I’m going with my mom to the courthouse.”

Keira nodded, “Alright, finish up your business, and we’ll reschedule.”

She glanced at Lewis and old Mrs. Horton.

Since they had all agreed to spend more time with the old lady, Keira figured it was best for her not to leave the house either. So, she told Jake, “After you’re done, just report back on the company’s progress here at home.”

Old Mrs. Horton liked Jake, and Keira knew this would give him more chances to visit the old lady, which might help soften some of the distance in the family.

Sure enough, after Keira spoke, a faint smile appeared on old Mrs. Horton’s face.

Though subtle, Keira noticed it.

She couldn’t help but sigh.

It was true—elders always hold deep feelings for their children and grandchildren.

Jake understood what Keira was getting at. He looked at old Mrs. Horton and nodded. “Okay, from now on, I’ll come by every day to give you updates on the company.”

He also realized that old Mrs. Horton didn’t have much time left.

The more days he could spend with her, the better.

After saying his goodbyes to old Mrs. Horton, Jake followed Oliver out the door.

Oliver’s car was parked in the garage, so they all walked out together. On the way, Selena looked at Jake and suddenly laughed, “Jake, are you really planning on visiting Great-Grandma every day? Is it because you’re after her shares?”

Oliver scoffed, “Him? The old lady would never leave her shares to him! She’s always had it out for our family. Do you think visiting her every day will get you anywhere? You’re just wasting your time. I bet he’s just looking for an excuse to come home.”

Jake kept his face tight and said nothing.

When they reached the garage, Oliver stood next to his car and looked at Jake. “You’re just starting out, and you don’t even have a car. How do you plan to get to the courthouse?”

To his surprise, Jake pulled out a bus card. “I took the bus here, so I’ll take it back.”

Oliver was stunned. “You’re going to take the bus?”

Jake smiled. “Why not? If other people can take it, why can’t I? Dad, I’ve already told you I’m not relying on you anymore, so don’t expect to control my life!”

With that, Jake turned and walked off.

Oliver stared at his son’s straight back, his face twisting in anger. “That little bastard! He’s trying to make me feel sorry for him, isn’t he? With that attitude, there’s no way I’d ever pity him! What did I do to deserve such a disrespectful son?!”

Selena immediately latched onto his arm. “Dad, you still have me and Mom.”

Oliver finally relaxed a little. “Yes, I still have you two.”

He got in the car. “Let’s go. We’ll see if his mother has the guts to follow through!”

He let out a cold laugh.

Jake had grown up and started rebelling, which wasn’t surprising. But Oliver was certain Melissa wouldn’t dare show up at the courthouse to actually divorce him!

He could already picture her calling in a little while, making excuses like she didn’t have transportation.

Or maybe she’d show up and claim she forgot her ID. Either way, today’s divorce wouldn’t happen.

Feeling confident, Oliver drove straight to the civil office.

Sure enough, when he arrived, Melissa and Jake were nowhere to be seen. He immediately called Melissa, “Where are you? Don’t tell me you’re backing out now.”

But before he could finish, he heard a hurried voice from around the corner. “I’m here, I’m here!”

Oliver snapped his head around and saw Melissa wearing sneakers and pedaling up to him on a rental bike.

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Oliver paused, slightly taken aback. “How did you end up like this?”

Melissa immediately retorted, “What do you mean? I’m doing just fine!”

As she finished speaking, she glanced toward the entrance. “Hasn’t Jake arrived yet?”

Although Melissa used to be afraid of Oliver, her perspective shifted after living on her own for a while. She realized it wasn't the divorce she feared but the change.

Jake could now support her financially, and she still spent her days at home. With an allowance coming in, she didn't have to worry about food or drink, only the occasional grocery run. Most importantly, after leaving that house, her expectations of Oliver disappeared. In the past, she had dreaded those lonely nights in their sprawling master bedroom, yearning for Oliver to come home and keep her company instead of running off to see "her". Now, her small apartment was cozy enough. There was a community center downstairs where seniors gathered. At first, she'd felt a bit awkward joining the dance group, but soon she fit right in. After living this way for some time, she found herself genuinely enjoying it.

Life outside that luxurious cage was colorful and vibrant. She realized that leaving the upper class behind didn't mean losing freedom—it meant gaining it.

Oliver sneered at her response. "He's taking the bus over. How fast do you think he'll be here?"

Just then, Jake came jogging over. "Mom, I took the subway after the bus. It's way faster than driving!"

Oliver felt his temper rising, seeing the two of them so comfortable. Barely holding back his frustration, he let out a cold laugh. "We're here to finalize the divorce. Did you bring your papers?"

Melissa froze for a second. "Oh, right!"

She quickly rummaged through her bag. Oliver breathed a sigh of relief, already anticipating the outcome. With another sneer, he added, "Don't tell me... you forgot your ID, didn't you?"

But the next moment, Melissa pulled her ID out of her bag. "Got it! Let's hurry inside."

Oliver stood there, dumbfounded, his face darkening. "Melissa, are you really sure about this divorce?"

Melissa blinked. "Weren't you the one who wanted it?"

An unexpected wave of anger surged through Oliver. For some reason, her indifferent attitude irritated him. "Fine, let's do it. Let's get this over with!"

They entered the courthouse together, only to be informed that they had to wait for a 30-day cooling-off period before the divorce could be processed.

Oliver felt a strange sense of relief wash over him, almost as if the delay had given him some unspoken hope.

After the staff handed them both forms, Oliver glanced at the section on asset division and sneered. “You’re really not asking for anything?”

Melissa looked him in the eye. “When we got married, I didn’t have much, and over the years, I blew through whatever I had. So, no, I don’t need anything.”

Oliver gave a harsh laugh. “Weren’t you always after my money? The moment the company handed out dividends, you’d be right there, asking for your share!”

Melissa gave a bitter smile as she thought back to the past. “Yeah, I did that because I knew if I didn’t spend it, you’d just give it to her. I didn’t want that, so I made sure to take it.”

Oliver paused, taken aback.

Marisa sighed dramatically. “Melissa, why do this? Just to prove a point? You’re making Oliver feel so guilty!”

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Melissa scoffed. “If that’s the case, why don’t you give me half of the company’s shares? Would you let him do that?”

Melissa continued, “But now, it doesn’t matter. Once we’re divorced, you can give her as much as you want. It won’t have anything to do with me.”

Oliver felt a knot of frustration in his chest. Her indifference, especially toward the money, made him feel even more irritated. But he couldn’t explain why he was so angry.

He laughed bitterly. “Fine. Don’t come crying to me later!”

With that, he stormed out.

Marisa and Selena were waiting by the entrance. The moment Oliver stepped outside, Marisa rushed over. “Did you get the divorce?”

Oliver responded, “There’s a mandatory one-month cooling-off period.”

Marisa frowned. “What kind of rule is that? Melissa must’ve done something to stall it!”

Selena nudged her. “Mom, it’s a new law.”

Marisa finally fell silent, though she kept glancing over at Melissa. She then turned to Oliver, asking directly, “So, Oliver, how much are we giving Melissa as a settlement?”

Oliver’s frustration flared up again. “Nothing.”

“Nothing?” Marisa said with feigned surprise. “But what about her living expenses?”

Before Oliver could respond, Melissa stepped forward. “Don’t worry about me. My son can take care of me!”

Marisa sighed dramatically. “Melissa, why do this? Just to prove a point? You’re making Oliver feel so guilty!”

Melissa scoffed. “If that’s the case, why don’t you give me half of the company’s shares? Would you let him do that?”

Marisa’s expression froze.

Oliver gave a harsh laugh. “So, you’re still after my money after all!”

Melissa looked at the man she had loved for most of her life. Now, at fifty, how many good years did she have left?

She chuckled coldly. “Oliver, open your eyes. The person who’s been eyeing your money all along... has always been her.”

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Oliver scoffed. “What nonsense are you spouting? If she was really after my money, she wouldn’t have stayed with me for all these years without a proper title.”

Melissa shook her head. “Fine. But one day, when you lose everything, let’s see if she’ll still be by your side.”

Marisa immediately stepped forward. “Melissa, don’t project your own thoughts onto everyone else. I will always stay by Oliver’s side.”

Melissa let out a sarcastic laugh. “Sure, he might never lose his money in this lifetime, so you can keep playing this role forever...”

She then lowered her gaze and said, “Oliver, back when I married you, I didn’t bring much money. But at that time, you were just an unrecognized son in the family, and I’d heard how rough your situation was at home. I could’ve chosen someone better, but I picked you because I genuinely loved you once. So, let’s part ways peacefully.”

After saying this, Melissa left with Jake, walking away without looking back.

Oliver watched them leave, his jaw clenched tightly.

In the end, he drove Marisa and Selena back home.

The next morning, when Keira woke up and came downstairs, she saw Jake walking with old Mrs. Horton in the garden. Not far off, Selena and Marisa were standing there, their faces showing a mix of emotions as they watched them.

What surprised Keira the most was that Melissa was there, too. At that moment, Melissa was bowing respectfully to old Mrs. Horton, apologizing. “Mrs. Horton, I’m so sorry... I’ve done so many things in the past that made you angry...”

Old Mrs. Horton simply waved it off. “It’s all in the past.”

Melissa lifted her head. “But I still want to offer a sincere apology. From now on, I won’t come around anymore. I’ll let Jake spend more time with you.”

“Alright.”

Old Mrs. Horton continued her walk with Jake.

Melissa then turned her gaze toward Keira and Lewis. She walked up to them and bowed again.

Keira quickly stepped aside, feeling awkward. Melissa gave a bitter smile. “Lewis, Keira, I owe both of you an apology. I used to think that your existence took away what rightfully belonged to the main branch of the family. I always hoped that Mrs. Horton would give us some shares, thinking that was the only fair way. But now, I finally understand... all of that belongs to Mrs. Horton, and it’s her choice who to give it to. I was foolish.”

Melissa’s change in attitude was so drastic that Keira almost didn’t recognize her.

Gone were the luxurious clothes, replaced by something simple. Without makeup, Melissa looked older by at least five years, yet her overall demeanor had improved significantly. The bitterness she used to carry had faded, and she seemed more at peace.

In the past, Melissa had constantly sought Oliver’s attention, believing that if she could get a portion of Mrs. Horton’s shares, Oliver would finally devote himself to her...

In the end, she was just another tragic figure.

Keira gave a slight nod in acknowledgment.

Lewis also lowered his eyes and said, “There’s no need for apologies.”

Melissa smiled faintly, then turned and walked toward the exit.

As she reached the door, Oliver came in. The two faced each other briefly. Oliver frowned and sneered, “You were so defiant yesterday, but now you’re here to see Grandma? What’s the plan? Hoping she’ll convince me not to go through with the divorce?”

Without even glancing at him, Melissa replied, “I won’t miss the appointment in a month.”

With that, she walked away.

Oliver’s expression darkened as he stormed inside to greet old Mrs. Horton before heading to work at the Horton Group.

Old Mrs. Horton said, “Have you really thought this through? Melissa might not have treated me well, but she’s always been loyal to you.”

Oliver frowned. “Marisa’s loyal to me too.”

Old Mrs. Horton glanced at Marisa, smiling faintly, but said nothing more.

Oliver headed out the door, but as he reached the threshold, he suddenly turned back. He saw Marisa and Selena fawning over old Mrs. Horton, their faces filled with sincerity.

Meanwhile, Jake and Keira had moved aside to discuss some investments.

Marisa and Selena’s devotion toward old Mrs. Horton appeared genuine, their smiles showing no hint of deception.

Oliver chuckled to himself.

Melissa never learned how to play this game. No matter how hard she tried, she couldn’t win over old Mrs. Horton’s favor. But look at Marisa and Selena, how easily they’d become favorites... Maybe, just maybe, they could actually secure some of those shares one day.

The thought made Oliver freeze.

He looked back at Marisa and Selena, seeing the same bright smiles they always showed him.

But these two women cursed old Mrs. Horton for being unfair almost every day in private...

If they could put on such an act for old Mrs. Horton, could it be that they were putting on the same act for him?

Oliver’s eyes widened in realization.

Suddenly, Melissa’s words echoed in his mind. “One day, when you lose everything, let’s see if she’ll still be by your side!”

His gaze shifted to Marisa.