

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

## **#Chapter 715 Chapter 714 – 720**

### **Read My Accidental Husband is a Billionaire ! Chapter 715 Chapter 714**

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Oliver glanced at Marisa and suddenly felt a chill run down his spine.

If Marisa could fake her behavior this well in front of Grandma, was it possible she was faking it around him, too?

But then, Oliver quickly dismissed the thought.

Sure, someone could pretend for a day, a month, maybe even a year—but no one could keep up an act for twenty-five years, could they?

Selena was twenty-three now, and Marisa had been with him for twenty-five years...

"What am I even thinking?"

Besides, he wasn't going to end up with nothing.

Not only was he fine now, but even when Grandma eventually passed, her estate would be split evenly. Just one percent of Horton Group's shares amounted to hundreds of millions—if not billions—of dollars.

With that thought, Oliver quietly left the room.

Meanwhile, Keira and Jake were discussing the future development of the company, and Jake, as if he were giving an official report, even pulled up a PowerPoint presentation for her.

He looked just like he did back in college, taking things so seriously...

Keira couldn't help but smile.

From the corner of his eye, Lewis noticed this, and his gaze deepened.

Nearby, Marisa and Selena were busy peeling grapes for old Mrs. Horton, meticulously removing the skin and seeds before handing them to her.

Old Mrs. Horton was thoroughly enjoying being pampered.

Lewis, on the other hand, picked up a glass of water and walked over to Keira. "Have some water."

He interrupted their conversation.

Keira took the glass, sipped the water, and handed it back to him.

Lewis then sat down right beside her, unusually close, and looked at the PowerPoint Jake had made.

Keira suddenly felt a tickle near her ear. She turned her head, and her cheek brushed against Lewis's face. That's when she realized just how close he was sitting.

Keira tried to shift away, but Lewis's arm slid around her waist, pulling her even closer.

Keira shot him a look but stayed silent.

Jake caught sight of the interaction and, with a bitter smile flashing across his face, raised his head and said, "Aunt Keira, what do you think of this proposal?"

The title change clearly pleased Lewis.

Before Keira could answer, Lewis pointed at a few spots on the presentation. "Here, here, and here. These three areas..."

In just a few succinct words, Lewis pointed out the flaws in the presentation.

His straightforwardness gave Jake an epiphany.

Jake looked at Lewis in awe.

In the past, he used to feel resentful, thinking that his uncle only held his position as chairman of Horton Group because of old Mrs. Horton's favor and his seniority.

After all, Lewis had never worked in an entry-level position and only handled the company's big-picture decisions.

That big picture? Jake used to think he could handle it too...

But now, at this moment, he understood the vast difference between him and his uncle.

Even though there was only a three or four-year age gap between them, the difference in experience and vision was like night and day.

Jake's respect for him deepened.

Even though Lewis didn't say much, there were parts that Jake couldn't fully grasp.

Noticing his confusion, Keira chimed in to explain whenever he seemed lost, helping him clarify his thoughts.

Watching the two of them work together like that, Jake suddenly felt like they were the moon and the sun—shining so brightly that everything else around them seemed dim in comparison.

He listened more intently, and his attitude became even more humble.

By the time the discussion wrapped up, Jake, who had come in with a vague understanding of things, now had a crystal-clear idea of what the company's direction should be.

Standing up, he addressed Lewis and Keira. "Uncle Lewis, Aunt Keira, thank you. I know what I need to do now!"

There was a newfound respect in his voice.

Lewis was clearly pleased. "Good. If you have any more questions, don't hesitate to ask me."

Jake nodded gratefully.

Once Jake left, Lewis coughed lightly and muttered, "Jake's talent is pretty average."

Keira immediately laughed. "He's already doing well for an ordinary person. Not everyone can be like you."

Lewis reached over to ruffle her hair. "I think you and I are the same."

Keira didn't respond to that.

She had noticed for a while now that she wasn't quite like most people. She seemed a little too smart. No matter what it was, she picked it up quickly, and she never forgot anything...

Physically, she was also stronger than most. The only downside was her occasional iron deficiency.

Thinking about it, she glanced over at Erin, who was sitting nearby, snacking on pistachios while watching cartoons. Were all the South members like this?

Probably not...

Shaking her head, Keira turned her attention back to old Mrs. Horton.

Marisa and Selena were still working hard to keep the old woman entertained, and old Mrs. Horton's laughter filled the room. Keira couldn't help but smile as well.

But then, just as she was lost in thought, old Mrs. Horton's laughter froze on her face.

Suddenly, she collapsed onto the table!

Keira shot to her feet. "Grandma!"

Her sudden shout startled Lewis as well.

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Marisa and Selena were just as stunned.

They quickly called out, "Mrs. Horton! Mrs. Horton!"

Keira and Lewis rushed over. Without a word, Lewis pushed them aside, his hands trembling as he reached out to check if his grandma was still breathing. He hesitated, fear creeping into his eyes. His fingers shook, and even his eyes reddened with the effort to hold back tears.

Just when everything seemed to blur around him, a steadying voice broke through, "She's okay."

It snapped him back to reality. He turned to see Keira holding old Mrs. Horton's wrist, checking her pulse. Clearly, she had sensed the pulse immediately and spoke up to ease his worry.

Lewis let out a relieved breath, finally daring to place his hand under old Mrs. Horton's nose. Feeling her faint breath, he relaxed.

Keira spoke up again, "She just fainted. It's normal. She's too weak right now."

After saying that, she withdrew her hand.

Lewis gently picked up his grandmother and carried her to the bedroom. Kneeling by her bedside, he pressed her frail hand against his face.

Keira didn't say anything and just silently stayed by his side.

Marisa and Selena didn't dare leave either and stood guard nearby. Soon, Oliver and Nathan arrived after hearing the news.

Oliver kept his composure, but Nathan's eyes were red as he looked at their aging mother.

After what seemed like an eternity, old Mrs. Horton finally opened her eyes.

Lewis immediately appeared by her side, calling out softly, "Grandma."

Old Mrs. Horton smiled. "Did I fall asleep?"

Her eyes wandered around the room, taking in everyone present.

"You did," Lewis replied.

"That's good, that's good," she smiled, reaching out to touch his face. "Don't cry. Mom's still here. Everything's fine."

Lewis's expression froze.

She spoke again, "Nathan, I'll always be here with you."

Lewis stiffened once more.

Keira glanced at him, a bit taken aback, about to offer some comfort, when Oliver suddenly perked up, nudging Nathan. "Dad, Grandma's calling you!"

Nathan was just as shocked. He pushed Lewis aside and rushed over to the old lady. "Mom, I'm right here!"

Old Mrs. Horton smiled. "Oh, you're not Nathan. You're his grandfather, right?"

Nathan was indeed old enough to be Lewis's grandfather.

Nathan's face stiffened.

"Wait, Nathan... why do you look so old?" she continued.

Nathan chuckled, "Well, yeah, Mom. I'm in my sixties now. It'd be weird if I didn't look old. You're over eighty yourself!"

"Eighty? I thought I was only thirty!" Old Mrs. Horton exclaimed, then turned her gaze to Lewis. "And who are you? Whose child are you? You're quite the looker!"

Lewis's eyes reddened even more.

Old Mrs. Horton had been diagnosed with Alzheimer's before, and her biggest struggle was forgetting people. But hadn't she taken Nora's medication, which was supposed to help?

Confused, he glanced at Keira.

Keira's heart sank.

She stepped forward to check old Mrs. Horton's condition, gently lifting her eyelids to examine her.

Oliver exchanged a glance with Nathan before speaking up. "What are you doing? She's so old now, just let her be."

Nathan nodded in agreement. "Yeah, she's lived this long. Let's not drag this out. It's better to just let her go in peace."

If old Mrs. Horton only remembered him, that would be a perfect opportunity to secure the shares for the first branch.

The two men pushed Keira aside.

Keira frowned, but Lewis supported her, quietly asking, "What's wrong with Grandma?"

Keira looked at old Mrs. Horton. The elderly woman gazed back at her, her eyes calm, deep like an ancient well.

After a pause, Keira finally said, "The medication's stopped working."

Disappointment flashed across Lewis's face. "Is there any way to treat her?"

Keira sighed. "She's got about two weeks left. If you want to treat her, it'll involve painful injections."

Lewis's eyes welled up with tears as he immediately said, "Then don't treat her."

Keira nodded.

Nathan's expression brightened.

Lewis was about to step closer, but old Mrs. Horton spoke again, "Dear, why are you in my house? You should go home now, don't stay here!"

Lewis froze in place.

Oliver immediately turned to him, "Lewis, Grandma doesn't recognize you. She's asking you to leave. Let us handle this—we'll take care of her."

Lewis looked at his grandmother, but old Mrs. Horton just smiled kindly at Oliver. "Are you Nathan's son? So, you're my grandson?"

Oliver's face lit up. "Yes, Grandma, I'm your grandson."

She nodded. "Good boy, good boy... come closer, let Grandma have a good look at you."

Oliver stepped forward, his grin wide.

Nathan chuckled and then turned to Lewis, "Why are you still here? Do you really want to upset her in her final days? Get out already!"

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Lewis's face stiffened.

He glanced over at old Mrs. Horton, but she was focused on Nathan and Oliver, not sparing him even a glance.

Lewis clenched his jaw and tightened his fists, then cautiously called out, "Grandma..."

Still, no response from her.

It was Oliver who finally spoke up. "Lewis, Grandma might not remember you right now. It's crowded in here, and the air's a little stale. You should step outside for a bit."

Keira frowned at those words, clearly wanting to say something. But when she glanced at old Mrs. Horton, she held back.

Lewis had already turned and was striding out of the room.

Keira understood. He didn't want to argue with them in front of his grandma, so she immediately followed him.

Before leaving, she turned to look back.

Old Mrs. Horton was happily chatting with Nathan and Oliver, holding Nathan's hand, seemingly unaware that Lewis and Keira had left.

Keira let out a deep breath and walked out the door, only to see Lewis standing on the balcony.

She quickly joined him, watching as he reached into his pocket, pulled out a cigarette, and lit it.

Keira was taken aback. Since she'd known him, Lewis rarely smoked.

Had things really gotten so bad?

She walked up beside him.

The moment she did, Lewis stubbed out the cigarette and took a deep breath. "Grandma used to dote on me. She always said I was her only grandson and didn't acknowledge anyone else."

Keira paused for a moment.

Lewis let out a small, bitter laugh. "I never understood why. I mean, Oliver is her grandson too. Why didn't she acknowledge him? Did he do something unforgivable? It wasn't until later that I realized—she didn't reject him... she just didn't dare acknowledge him. She was afraid that if she gave him too much love, there wouldn't be enough left for me."

Keira clenched her jaw.

Suddenly, laughter erupted from inside the room.

Then, Oliver's exaggerated voice followed. "Grandma, you remember me now? And do you know who this is? This is my wife, Marisa... and this is your great-granddaughter, Selena!"

Old Mrs. Horton responded with an enthusiastic, "Oh, my granddaughter-in-law!"

Marisa quickly chimed in, "I'm here, Grandma..."

Nathan laughed. "Mom, make sure you remember this time—this is your grandson. Don't let anyone else take up all the space in your heart!"

Anyone else...

To Nathan, his own son Lewis was just "anyone else."

How ridiculous.

At that moment, Keira couldn't help but feel a pang of sympathy for Lewis. She reached out and held his hand.

As soon as she did, Lewis squeezed her hand tightly, managing a small smile. "Did you see? In this family... well, when I was younger, I really only had one person."

Only his grandma was ever good to him.

Keira leaned her head on his shoulder and softly said, "Well, now you've got me."

Lewis didn't say anything for a while.

The two of them just stood there by the window, silently watching the view of the Horton estate, seeing the staff moving back and forth outside.

It was unclear how much time passed before the noise inside the room finally settled.

Nathan and Oliver stepped out of old Mrs. Horton's room. Oliver spotted Lewis right away and, turning to Marisa and Selena, said, "You two stay here and watch over her. Don't let any unwanted visitors or strangers she doesn't want to see in."



Marisa was exhausted from spending the entire day with old Mrs. Horton and was dizzy with fatigue. But despite how she felt, she managed a smile and replied, "Okay."

Only then did Oliver give Lewis a mocking look and walk over.

With a smirk, Oliver said, "Lewis, you're not jealous, are you? Grandma's had you all to herself for over twenty years. It's only fair we get a turn to show her some love now."

At that, Nathan snorted. "What's there for him to be jealous of? He's hardly ever around, and now she doesn't even remember him! If he has anyone to blame, it's himself for not being around enough. She hasn't forgotten anyone else... just him!"

Nathan's words made Oliver jump in, "Dad, maybe it's time we updated the will. Grandma's condition is serious..."

Before Oliver could finish, Lewis was on him, grabbing him by the collar. "What did you just say about the will?! Grandma's fine!"

Startled, Oliver stammered, "Let go of me!"

Nathan was outraged and yelled, "Lewis, what's your problem? What, are you scared? Scared that Grandma might leave us some shares? Well, let me tell you, that's how it should be! I'm her only son! You, as a grandson, have no inheritance rights! I'm the sole heir!"

Lewis narrowed his eyes, then scoffed, finally releasing Oliver.

He turned to Nathan, his voice calm but sharp. "Do what you want with her shares. But I'm warning you—don't do anything to upset Grandma."

Rattled by his son's intensity, Nathan huffed. "Quit pretending to be the devoted grandson. Even if you act all sweet, what's the point? She doesn't recognize you anymore! She only knows me! Don't forget—if it weren't for me, you wouldn't even be here! You think Grandma loved you just for you? No, it's because you're my son! So, stop acting like you're something special!"

With that, Nathan strolled away, hands behind his back.

Oliver stood there, glaring at Lewis, feeling humiliated. After all, he was twelve years older than Lewis, yet he'd just been put in his place in front of Keira and Marisa. Frustrated, he wanted to save face.

He sneered, "Lewis, I get how you feel, but there's nothing you can do. Grandma only recognizes us now. Don't worry, we'll take good care of her. As for you... well, aren't you busy? Maybe you should stay away from here in the future."

With that, Oliver turned and left.

Once he was gone, Lewis took a deep breath, trying to calm the anger building inside him.

Keira looked at him, her voice soft but firm. "Don't be upset."

"I'm not upset," Lewis replied, his tone flat.

But Keira continued, "She cares about you. Maybe she's like this for a reason... Maybe she's trying to make sure you're not too sad when she's gone..."

Lewis lowered his head, his arms hanging at his sides, looking lost and unsure of what to do.

He looked like a puppy that had been abandoned.

Keira couldn't stand seeing him like that. She stepped forward, grabbing his hand. "Lewis, there's something I think you should know... Actually, your grandma..."

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Keira paused for a moment.

Finally, she made up her mind and said directly, "Actually, Grandma didn't forget you... My medicine really worked, she—"

"I know."

Lewis interrupted her, making Keira stop in surprise.

"You know?"

"Yeah." Lewis lowered his head and gave a bitter smile. "Did you forget? Grandma used to have Alzheimer's. Every time she had an episode, I was the only person she recognized. She always said she'd never forget me."

Keira froze.

Lewis instinctively reached for a cigarette in his pocket, but after a moment's hesitation, he pulled his hand back. His gaze shifted to the window, looking out at the dark clouds gathering in the distance.

His voice was low as if it came from far away. "How could Grandma forget her favorite grandson? She even remembers Oliver... So, just like you said, she must've pretended not to recognize me, knowing I couldn't handle her leaving. Maybe she thought that if I got used to the sadness now, I wouldn't be as devastated when she's really gone."

Keira's eyes welled up as she grasped Lewis's hand.

She hadn't realized how deep Grandma's love for Lewis was—and how much trust Lewis had in her love.

She looked at him. "So what do we do next?"

"We play along."

Lewis lowered his eyes. "I can't let Grandma worry about me as she's leaving. Even now, she's still concerned about me. How can I let her down? Keira, starting tomorrow, let's try to be happy."

Keira swallowed hard but quickly nodded. "Okay."

Lewis held her hand.

That night, they slept holding each other.

But in the middle of the night, Keira was woken up by Lewis, who was tossing and turning. Half-asleep, he kept calling out "Grandma," then jolted awake.

He would rush downstairs, check on old Mrs. Horton in her room to feel her breathing, and only then return to bed, reassured.

Keira watched him, sighing silently.

Grandma didn't have much time left.

Her sudden collapse earlier that day was a sign.

The next morning, when Keira woke up, Lewis was still asleep. She didn't wake him but quietly got out of bed.

After he'd woken up in the night and gone to check on Grandma, he hadn't been able to fall back asleep until almost dawn. He needed the rest.

Keira headed downstairs and saw that old Mrs. Horton was already up, being helped down by Fiona. Marisa and Selena were with her, making sure she was comfortable while she had breakfast.

Keira walked over, but before she could say anything, Marisa smiled at her. "Miss Olsen, the old lady would love to have a meal prepared by you for lunch. Would that be okay?"

Keira paused slightly at her words, then glanced at old Mrs. Horton.

She was smiling, though there was a sharp glint in her eyes.

Old Mrs. Horton probably didn't want Keira to feel pressured, so before she could speak, Keira nodded. "Of course. I'll have it ready by lunchtime."

Old Mrs. Horton had always loved her cooking. Now, with only a short time left, how could Keira not make sure she was well cared for?

It didn't matter if Marisa was trying to boss her around.

As long as Grandma was the one eating...

With that thought, Keira headed into the kitchen. As she walked in, she overheard Selena asking old Mrs. Horton, "Great-Grandma, do you know who she is?"

Mrs. Horton hesitated for a moment before answering, "No."

"She's the new housekeeper."

Selena's words made Keira smirk slightly.

If they wanted to treat her like a servant, they had no idea what was coming!

But right now, Keira wasn't interested in arguing with them. She entered the kitchen and found Fiona there, her eyes red. When she saw Keira, Fiona immediately said, "Miss Olsen, don't take it to heart. Mrs. Horton just doesn't recognize you anymore."

Keira patted her on the shoulder. "I'm fine, and so is Lewis. Don't worry, Fiona."

Fiona's eyes filled with tears.

She didn't realize that old Mrs. Horton was pretending and was worried that Keira and Lewis would be heartbroken. That was why she'd come to offer a few words of comfort.

Keira sighed quietly.

Just then, a commotion came from outside, followed by the startled voices of Marisa and Selena. Keira rushed out and saw old Mrs. Horton vomiting up the food she'd just eaten, covering both women in the process.

After throwing up, old Mrs. Horton looked at Marisa and Selena. "Sorry, I couldn't help it."

Marisa and Selena both looked down at the mess on themselves with disgust, glaring at old Mrs. Horton. But at that moment, they had no choice but to swallow their anger.

Marisa took a deep breath. "We'll go change and be back later."

As they left, neither of them noticed old Mrs. Horton behind them, pursing her lips.

"How dare those people order around my granddaughter-in-law!"

Spitting on them would have been the least of it!

Thinking this, she reached out for a glass of water to rinse her mouth, but as soon as her hand extended, it almost knocked the cup over.

At that moment, a hand appeared and caught the glass.

Old Mrs. Horton turned her head to see Keira standing beside her.

Immediately, she put on an innocent face. "You're such a pretty girl. Who are you?"

"I'm Nora. I made the medicine you've been taking. Lewis and I both know you're fine now, so you can drop the act."

With a sigh, Keira placed the glass back in old Mrs. Horton's hand.

Old Mrs. Horton smiled bitterly. "Even if you can tell, you could just pretend you don't."

Keira took a napkin and gently wiped her mouth. "Why go through all this? Let's just enjoy these last moments together, okay?"

Old Mrs. Horton sighed. "What do you know? I'm getting old, and soon, I won't be able to take care of myself. In a few days, someone will need to help me with... everything. I can't bear to let you and Lewis do that."

Keira's eyes reddened. "But we want to..."

"I know you do, but I've kept myself dignified my whole life. I don't want you two to see me like that. They say there are no dutiful children in front of a sick bed for too long. It's not that I doubt your care. I just want to leave Lewis with a dignified memory."

Old Mrs. Horton smiled. "Besides, I've never been that close to the main branch. Now, in the last stretch, maybe I'll finally spend some time with them. Keira, you should stay by Lewis's side and help him get used to life without me. As for me, I can let go and spend time with the main branch, let my true self show a little."

Hearing this, Keira sighed again and nodded. She didn't say anything more. As she reached for some tissues and a mop to clean up the food old Mrs. Horton had thrown up, old Mrs. Horton turned toward the door and called out, "Oliver, my dear grandson, come quick! There's a stranger here, get her out!"

Keira blinked. "Grandma, I'm cleaning you up."

"No! I don't want you near me!"

Oliver swaggered over, grinning. "Sister-in-law, Grandma only recognizes me and Dad lately. What can we do? Maybe you should just let it go and stay away from her."

Keira frowned, glancing at old Mrs. Horton. "And what about all this mess on the floor?"

Oliver opened his mouth to respond, but old Mrs. Horton beat him to it. "My grandson will clean it up!"

Oliver said, "What?!"

He stared in disbelief at the mess on the floor.

Old Mrs. Horton's age had weakened her stomach. Lately, she hadn't been eating much, and this morning's breakfast didn't agree with her, so she had deliberately eaten more to make herself throw up.

The stench from the vomit made Oliver wrinkle his nose. "Me?"

"Yes, my grandson will clean it!" Old Mrs. Horton seemed utterly dependent on Oliver. She then turned to Keira. "You, get away. Go on, go!"

Seeing this, Oliver quickly said, "Yeah, I'll clean it up! You stay away from Grandma."

Keira didn't know what to say.

She cleared her throat. "Alright, I'll leave it to you then, Oliver."

She handed the rag over to Oliver and turned to head upstairs. But before she reached the top, she noticed Lewis standing in the shadows of the stairwell, watching them quietly. She didn't know how long he had been there.

Keira walked over to him right away. "Did you hear what Grandma said?"

"Yeah, I heard." Lewis gently touched her hair. "She's right. Because of me, she never got close to the main branch. Now's the time for her to build those connections."

Keira took his hand. "I understand why she said it."

She lowered her eyes. "If I ever get old and can't take care of myself, I wouldn't want to burden my kids either. I'd want to leave with dignity."

"She loves you the most. She just doesn't want you to see her at her worst."

Keira smiled softly. "Grandma will always love you the most, Lewis. Don't be sad, okay?"

Lewis gazed at her with deep emotion. After a moment, he spoke. "What did you just say?"

"I said, Grandma will always love you the most. Don't be sad."

"No, before that."

"She doesn't want you to see her at her worst."

"Before that."

Keira, known for her sharp memory, traced back his words. "I said I wouldn't want to burden my kids when I'm old, right?"

"Yeah." Lewis suddenly stepped forward, leaning close to her ear. In a low voice, he whispered, "So, how many kids are we going to have?"

Keira was dumbfounded.

Was he teasing her right now?

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Keira looked at Lewis in disbelief, only to see him grab her hand. "Keira, before Grandma passed away, she might have had only one regret."

"What regret?"

"That she never got to see our child."

Keira was speechless.

Seeing Lewis finally able to joke, Keira understood that the atmosphere was getting a bit heavy.

She smiled and said, "Lewis, from now on, can we live happily every day? Let's make sure Grandma rests easy."

"Alright."

"Then let's go. Come with me to the kitchen, and we'll cook something for her!"

Keira tugged Lewis downstairs, and as they reached the bottom, they spotted Oliver cleaning the floor, pinching his nose in disgust.

In high spirits, Keira shouted, "Grandma, we're going to make you lunch!"

Old Mrs. Horton looked at them. "Huh? Who are you two?"

Keira just smiled and pulled Lewis into the kitchen.

The two of them prepared a lavish lunch for her.

By the time they served the food, Marisa and Selena had arrived. Over the past few days, the rest of the family had stayed around. It seemed like they were trying to get on old Mrs. Horton's good side, hoping to secure the shares she controlled.

Everyone was on their best behavior, especially Marisa and Selena, who went out of their way to be attentive, practically ready to feed old Mrs. Horton themselves.

Old Mrs. Horton was living quite comfortably.

Five days passed like this, and one morning, as Keira came downstairs, she overheard Nathan talking. "Mom, Uncle Julius is coming to visit today. You should see him."

"My second brother-in-law? Of course, I want to see him," old Mrs. Horton said with a smile.

Nathan followed up, "Since Uncle Julius will be here, how about we revise the will while he's around?"

"Why change it?" old Mrs. Horton asked. "Everything of mine is going to you and my eldest grandson anyway, right?"

Oliver grinned. "True, but we'd still like to make a few adjustments. Would that be alright?"

"Fine, fine, go ahead and change it," old Mrs. Horton agreed.

Nathan smiled in satisfaction, but when he glanced at Keira and Lewis, the smile disappeared from his face.

Oliver, standing nearby, lifted his chin slightly and threw a smug look at Lewis as if boasting.

Soon, Julius Horton arrived.

He was getting on in years, and the last time he visited was when old Mrs. Horton had fallen ill. This time, he had driven all the way from their hometown, taking a full day to get there.

When he entered, he looked a little worn out. Upon seeing Lewis and Keira seated further away while Nathan and Oliver were sitting close to old Mrs. Horton, he paused for a moment.

In the past, old Mrs. Horton only had eyes for Lewis. When did the first branch start getting this kind of attention?



As Julius was still puzzling over this, Oliver stepped forward with a smile. "Sir, perfect timing! Grandma's memory isn't what it used to be. She only recognizes us now and doesn't remember Lewis anymore."

Julius frowned in confusion and turned to old Mrs. Horton. "Sister-in-law, do you still recognize me?"

"Of course!" old Mrs. Horton chuckled. "Julius, you're here!"

Julius pointed to Lewis. "Then how come you don't recognize him? He's your favorite grandson!"

Following his gesture, old Mrs. Horton glanced over at Lewis. She furrowed her brows. "Whose child is this? He's quite the handsome one! Even better looking than my eldest grandson!"

Lewis sighed, exasperated.

Oliver's face fell.

Julius frowned deeply. "What's going on? Why doesn't she recognize Lewis?"

Nathan jumped in to explain, "Uncle, here's the thing. Ever since we moved to Clance, Lewis has been chasing after his fiancée and hasn't been home much. And with Mom's condition, the less she sees someone, the harder it is for her to remember. Meanwhile, Oliver, his wife, and their daughter have been here every day, taking care of her. Naturally, she's become more fond of them."

The implication was clear—Nathan was accusing Lewis of not taking proper care of old Mrs. Horton.

Keira's expression darkened.

When they first moved to Clance, Lewis had indeed stayed with her at the Olsen residence and later at the South family's. But whenever he wasn't with her during the day, he would return home to spend time with old Mrs. Horton. How could Nathan claim he hadn't been looking after her?

Nathan was too old to still be playing these manipulative games.

As Keira fumed, Julius turned to Oliver. "You're the ones taking care of her? And what's this about your 'wife and daughter'? Isn't it supposed to be your wife and son?"

At those words, Marisa and Selena froze, their expressions stiff.

Oliver cleared his throat. "Melissa and Jake weren't exactly behaving, so I kicked them out. That's why my relationship with Grandma wasn't great before."

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Julius immediately frowned and said, "Nonsense!"

Oliver chimed in, "Granduncle, you don't understand. Melissa and Jake are only after my money. But Marisa and Selena? They genuinely care about me. Just look at how much my relationship with Grandma has improved since they arrived. It's all thanks to them. They're much more respectful than Melissa and Jake!"

Julius's face darkened.

But now wasn't the time to delve into family drama. He turned to old Mrs. Horton. "How have you been lately?"

She smiled gently. "I've been doing well. Don't worry."

Julius walked over and sat beside her. The two began to chat, mostly about family matters. Julius did most of the talking while old Mrs. Horton smiled softly, listening.

Sitting there, Julius felt as if he had gone back to his childhood, following his sister-in-law everywhere. She had always been like a mother to him.

Julius could sense that her time was running short, and his heart ached.

After a long time, Nathan finally said, "Uncle, it's perfect timing that you're here. We were just about to go over Mom's will again. With you here, you can be a witness. Plus, your presence should keep Lewis in line."

Nathan had deliberately called Julius to come over. Discussing a will was something they could have handled with just the lawyer, but if Lewis didn't agree, they couldn't stand up to him alone.

Lewis had grown up in the old family estate, and he held a certain respect for Julius. With Julius here, Lewis would have to show them some courtesy.

As Nathan thought this, he glanced at Lewis.

Lewis sat there calmly, not saying a word.

Julius frowned slightly and looked at him before asking, "How exactly do you want to change it?"

Nathan cleared his throat. "Well, naturally, everything that belongs to Mom should go to me! As her son, I'm the first in line to inherit."

Once Nathan got control of the shares, he could pass them along to Oliver. It would all end up in Oliver's hands eventually.

Oliver sat nearby, already basking in his future victory.

Julius finally said, "That doesn't seem right. I distinctly remember my sister-in-law saying she was leaving her shares to Lewis."

"That was before," Nathan interrupted. "But you've seen it yourself. Lewis and his wife don't show her an ounce of respect anymore. She doesn't even recognize them! We have to revise the will, or the family members who truly care will be left out in the cold. Isn't that right?"

Julius frowned and turned to Lewis. "Is that true?"

Lewis lowered his gaze, saying nothing. In his mind, not spending every waking moment with his grandmother already felt like a failure.

But Keira wasn't about to let him be unfairly accused. She immediately spoke up, "Of course not! Granduncle, you know better than anyone how Lewis treats Grandma."

Julius nodded. "That's right. Lewis has always been devoted to her..."

Nathan sighed. "That was the past. Ever since he got married, his entire world has revolved around his wife. What about us? We hardly even see him anymore, and even Grandma barely sees him once every couple of weeks. If that weren't the case, how could she remember the rest of us and forget only him?"

Julius's frown deepened.

Ever since the family moved from Oceanion to Clance, Julius hadn't been as involved in the affairs of the Horton Group. He wasn't as in the loop about what had been happening lately.

He turned again to old Mrs. Horton. "Do you really not recognize Lewis? He's sitting right there."

Following Julius's gaze, old Mrs. Horton looked at Lewis.

She smiled kindly at him, just as she always had. She studied him for a long moment before speaking. "No, I don't recognize him."

Julius was stunned.

Oliver couldn't hide his excitement. "See, Granduncle? Now you know who the real dutiful family members are!"

Julius clenched his jaw. "My sister-in-law's illness is clouding her judgment. If she can't even recognize Lewis, we absolutely cannot change her will."

Nathan objected, "Why not? Back when Lewis was monopolizing her attention, she naturally distanced herself from us. But Oliver and I are her son and grandson. She's bound to care for us, right? Uncle, you have grandchildren of your own. Could you really leave everything to just one, ignoring the others?"

That argument made Julius pause.

He furrowed his brow, clearly torn. Then, he turned to old Mrs. Horton and asked directly, "Do you want to change your will?"