

My Accidental Husband is a Billionaire !

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As soon as those words left Nathan's mouth, everyone turned to look at old Mrs. Horton.

She glanced at Lewis, then at Oliver, and smiled. "I'll go along with whatever you decide."

Oliver immediately beamed. "Granduncle, you heard her, right? Grandma said to go with our plan, so..."

Julius interrupted, "No, what she meant was to listen to me! When she was fully aware, the one she loved most was Lewis. It's under his leadership that the Horton family has made it this far. Without him, we wouldn't have even made it to Clance! If my sister were still of sound mind, there's no way she'd agree to change the will."

Oliver was starting to panic and shot a look at Nathan.

Nathan didn't hesitate. "Uncle, we've never denied Lewis's contributions to the family, and we're grateful for them. But my mother's will is crucial for us, too. Surely, she didn't mean to give everything to Lewis without leaving something for us?"

Oliver quickly chimed in. "Exactly! Even if Grandma just gave us 5%—5% out of the 20% of the company shares that Lewis is holding right now—that wouldn't be unreasonable, would it? She can't possibly leave nothing for us and give everything to Lewis, right?"

Julius frowned, deep in thought.

At that moment, Julius suddenly asked, "Wait, have you already seen the current will? Is that why you're pushing for these changes? Are you saying that my sister really didn't leave you anything?"

Nathan's expression soured. "Of course, she didn't leave us anything! After all..."

After all, if they could just secure 5%, they'd surpass Lewis's stake in the company. Even though 10% of the shares were unaccounted for, the person with the most shares would still have the loudest voice on the board.

Considering how much old Mrs. Horton adored Lewis, there was no way she'd leave anything less than everything to him.

Nathan was deep in thought when Julius spoke again, "Why don't we go take a look at the will before we make any decisions?"

Nathan waved it off. "What's the point of looking at it? Let's just change it already. No need to complicate things."

Julius sighed. "It's better to check first."

He turned to Nathan. "Come with me to the lawyer's office. Since the will has been officially filed, it's being kept under their management. They won't just show it to us. If it's really unreasonable, I'll help you draft a new one."

Nathan frowned but, seeing Julius's determination, stood up. "Alright, I'll go."

Oliver immediately jumped to his feet as well. "I'll come with you!"

Nathan quickly shot him a look, his gaze shifting between Lewis and Keira Olsen. He then said to Oliver, "You stay here."

He glanced at Oliver.

Oliver instantly understood what he meant.

If the only people left behind were Marisa and Selena, Keira and Lewis might try something with old Mrs. Horton.

After all, Keira had already used medication to treat old Mrs. Horton's dementia once. Now, they were preventing further treatment.

If he left as well, Marisa and Selena weren't officially family members and wouldn't be able to stop Lewis and Keira from doing anything.

Oliver caught on quickly. "Alright, I'll stay."

Nathan turned to Lewis, sneering. "We'll go look at the will, but don't try any funny business while we're gone."

With that, he helped Julius out the door.

Keira stood to the side, feeling nothing but disdain.

When Nathan spoke to Oliver, he sounded like a doting father, but when addressing Lewis, it was like he was speaking to an enemy.

No wonder Lewis only ever stayed close to his grandmother, having grown up in such a hostile environment.

Keira looked at Lewis and gently took his hand, signaling that he wasn't alone anymore.

Lewis smiled softly at her before turning his gaze to old Mrs. Horton.

In a low voice, Keira asked, "Did Grandma leave all her shares to you in the will?"

If she had, then the shares Keira had inherited from Lewis's mother wouldn't be needed. She wouldn't have to bring them out and put Lewis in a difficult position.

But if not, then perhaps those shares would need to be used to ensure Lewis maintained his advantage.

Lewis heard her question and lowered his eyes.

After a long pause, he shook his head. "I don't think so."

Keira was taken aback.

Lewis said, "Grandma has always been fair. Even though the main branch hasn't shown her much respect, they haven't done anything to truly harm her. She wouldn't leave them with nothing."

Keira immediately grew anxious. "What are you going to do, then?"

Lewis chuckled, a confident gleam in his eyes. "There's no rush."

With a cold smile, he added, "I don't care about the Horton Group. Why would I care about a few shares?"

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Lewis didn't care about the shares of the Horton Group. He had been attending meetings overseas every night, and his international channels were clearly much more diversified. Those assets probably amounted to far more than the Horton Group!

Keira nodded in understanding.

As they were talking, old Mrs. Horton suddenly wobbled to her feet. Everyone in the room immediately turned their attention to her.

With a smile, old Mrs. Horton said, "I'm just going to the restroom."

Marisa immediately offered, "Let me help you..."

But before she could finish, old Mrs. Horton slumped against Marisa, who was unable to hold her up. Selena rushed over to assist, barely managing to keep old Mrs. Horton from falling.

Seeing this, Lewis and Keira's eyes widened with alarm.

The moment old Mrs. Horton had stood up, it had almost resulted in a fall, causing their hearts to race.

Both of them quickly moved to support her, but Oliver stepped in front of them, saying, "You don't need to worry about it. I'll take her."

He placed his hand on old Mrs. Horton's shoulder, saying, "Grandma, I'll take you."

Old Mrs. Horton pointed to the second floor. "I need to go up there."

Her main bedroom was on the second floor, so it was understandable that she wanted to go to a familiar place.

Oliver frowned. "There's a restroom on the first floor. Let's go there instead."

"I don't want to," old Mrs. Horton said, clearly displeased. "I want to go to the second floor."

Oliver's frown deepened. "It's not good for you to go upstairs..."

If they had to go to the second floor, he would have to carry her up.

But before he could say more, Lewis's voice interrupted, "If you don't want to carry Grandma upstairs, I'll do it."

Lewis stepped forward with determination, putting Oliver under immediate pressure.

Oliver quickly blocked Lewis. "You don't have to push yourself!"

Lewis replied, "I'm not pushing myself."

"Grandma might be uncomfortable with a stranger helping her to the restroom, so I'll take her upstairs."

With a wary look, Oliver picked up old Mrs. Horton and began to climb the stairs.

Marisa and Selena hurried to follow.

Keira and Lewis exchanged glances before trailing behind.

Being older, Oliver was visibly winded by the time he reached the top, with old Mrs. Horton directing him towards her room. "In there, in there!"

Oliver sighed, preparing to hand her over to Marisa, but old Mrs. Horton turned to Lewis. "I feel like I know this young man... who is he?"

Oliver was horrified. He quickly ushered old Mrs. Horton into the room. "Grandma, you must be mistaken. There's nothing familiar about him. Just don't think about it; your memory isn't reliable!"

"Right," old Mrs. Horton said, her expression softening.

"Dear, you're so considerate, taking me to the restroom..."

"Of course, I'll take you!"

Oliver said as he entered the room.

Marisa and Selena exchanged glances, deciding not to follow.

Old Mrs. Horton had come upstairs for more than just a bathroom break; it was likely for something longer...

Just the thought of it was enough to make mother and daughter unwilling to assist.

Selena blocked the door. "Mom, let's stay outside and chat with Uncle and Aunt."

Marisa nodded in agreement. "Okay."

They looked at Keira and Lewis.

Selena asked pointedly, "Uncle, Grandma doesn't remember you, so don't be offended. Her memory isn't what it used to be."

Marisa added, "Lewis, Oliver often speaks highly of you. He says you were such a well-behaved child. It's strange that your relationship seems distant now."

Lewis chose to ignore them.

Keira said, "Did you two forget to brush your teeth this morning? Your breath is quite strong."

The comment left Marisa and Selena momentarily speechless.

Keira continued, "Maybe you should go downstairs and rinse your mouths or just talk less..."

Caught off guard, Marisa and Selena huffed but fell silent.

Keira turned to Lewis, who was frowning and staring intently at the bedroom door.

Keira thought he might be genuinely upset, so she murmured, "Grandma is probably making things difficult for Oliver like she did this morning when she insisted he clean up after her. Maybe she's trying to torment him in there..."

Lewis's frown deepened. "Keira, how much longer does Grandma have?"

Keira fell silent.

Old Mrs. Horton's health was deteriorating rapidly.

Time was running out...

It could be any moment now...

Though Keira said nothing, Lewis could see the concern on her face.

He looked at the door again and suddenly shouted, "Something's wrong! Something doesn't add up!"

Old Mrs. Horton's behavior today was all wrong!

Without another word, he rushed into the room!

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In the room.

Oliver was helping old Mrs. Horton to the bathroom.

Midway there, she suddenly stopped and looked at him. "Do you know why I like Lewis and not you?" she asked.

Oliver was taken aback. "Grandma, what are you talking about? Have you remembered Lewis now?"

Old Mrs. Horton smiled. "How could I ever forget Lewis?"

Oliver stared at her in disbelief. "What do you mean?"

Realization dawned on him, and he became angry. "So, you've been pretending all this time?"

"Ha!"

Old Mrs. Horton chuckled and let go of his arm. She sighed. "I used to question myself whether it was wrong not to give you and the others a chance for Lewis's sake."

She shakily reached for her cane. "So, recently, I gave you all a chance."

Oliver jumped in. "Grandma, we've been sincere with you. Since you've given us a chance, surely you can tell?"

Old Mrs. Horton replied with a smile. "I can tell you all want me to give you the shares."

Oliver was taken aback.

"But we are genuine in our intentions! You, as the elder, shouldn't be so biased."

Old Mrs. Horton sighed. "Oliver, you know, every time Lewis looks at me, there's sincerity in his eyes. All he sees is me, not my shares. But you, your mistress, and that illegitimate daughter of yours, you're all driven by greed. You only see my shares. I'm not so blind that I can't see what you're really like."

Oliver's anger flared. "What do you mean?"

"From the moment you entered the house at fourteen, I knew we were never meant to be close. Your gaze was too calculating."

Old Mrs. Horton looked at him. "You only care about the Horton family's wealth but not about the people. You have no real feelings for your father... Even though he has always protected you. He has only ever cared about you."

"Shut up!"

Oliver shouted. "What does he care about me? If he cared, he wouldn't have abandoned my mother when the family needed an ally in Clance!"

Old Mrs. Horton sighed. "Your parents didn't divorce because of that. They did it because they were incompatible."

"Forget about 'incompatible'!"

Oliver glared at her. Hearing her refer to his fourteen-year-old self as opportunistic, his restraint snapped.

He stared at old Mrs. Horton, shouting, "So many rich families have had incompatible marriages. Why did they have to divorce? It was all to clear the way for that woman from the Ye family! My mom left feeling so bitter. She took me abroad, and we lived in misery for fourteen years!"

Old Mrs. Horton looked at him calmly. "When your mother and father divorced, the Horton family gave her plenty of money."

"But it was all swindled away!"

Oliver yelled. "In the first year abroad, it was all gone! She gave birth to me and had to beg for a living in Country M! Do you have any idea how hard those fourteen years were for me?!"

Oliver thought back to his childhood, to the bullying and hardships. He could still feel the lingering trauma. He glared at Old Mrs. Horton. "At school, I was bullied and abused. They stripped me and made me drink..."

He couldn't bring himself to finish.

Those years were a dark nightmare that still haunted him.

Only when he saw the clean rooms at the Horton house did he realize that such a life was behind him.

He looked at Old Mrs. Horton with renewed anger. "It was all your and my father's fault! If it weren't for you, I wouldn't have lived such a miserable life!"

Tears streamed down his face. "Even in her lowest times, my mom never came back to him. It was only when she passed away that I had to return home because I couldn't survive abroad anymore!"

Oliver looked at old Mrs. Horton. "The moment I came back, I knew I had to fight for everything in the Horton family! It was all rightfully mine. The Horton family owes me!!"

He seemed to lose his composure.

Old Mrs. Horton spoke again. "But that doesn't justify harming Lewis. Of everyone in this family, Lewis is the most innocent. When you arrived, your schemes drove his mother away and forced him to be born prematurely. I know everything you've done to Lewis!"

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Oliver froze.

Old Mrs. Horton broke the silence. "When he was born, he was hooked up to tubes, lying in the ICU. After two months in the incubator, the day we finally brought him home, you tried to strangle him. You put your hands around his neck, then pressed a pillow to his face. Oliver, he was just a baby! How could you be so cruel?"

Oliver's face twisted with anger. "This is your fault! You kept getting in the way! Every time, you caught me before I could finish it. If you hadn't, things wouldn't be like this!"

Old Mrs. Horton sighed. "That's why I had to raise him myself. When he was five or six, I sent him to live in the country, but even then, you didn't stop. By the time you were twenty, you convinced your father to let you start at the company, then bribed people to hurt him. That's why I had to send him overseas. And now, you think you're the victim? What about Lewis? Wasn't he innocent? You were willing to hurt a child, your own brother! How do you expect me to feel about you?"

She glanced at his hands. "Every time I see you, I think of that fourteen-year-old boy holding a pillow over a baby's face. How am I supposed to love you after that?"

Oliver's temper flared. "I told you, you made me do it! You were always taking his side! If you hadn't, I wouldn't have tried to kill him!"

Old Mrs. Horton let out a tired breath. "You've got it backward."

Oliver blinked, confused. "What?"

"Lewis had just come home from the hospital when you tried to hurt him. That's when I started protecting him. You started this, Oliver. If you hadn't been so cruel, things could've been different. Like you said, no matter what happened between your parents or Lewis's mom, you and Lewis were both innocent. As your grandmother, how could I not care about you?"

Her voice softened with sadness. "But how can I care about someone who tried to murder his brother? How could I love you after that?"

She shook her head. "Every time I see you, it makes me sick."

Oliver's face turned bright red, his chest heaving. He stormed forward and grabbed her arm. "You're talking nonsense. Say that one more time, I dare you!"

Old Mrs. Horton sighed, "I'm telling you, every time I look at your face, all I can think of is your deceitful and scheming ways. Oliver, you have a wicked heart."

Oliver's face flushed red, and he gripped her arm even tighter. "You old hag, what are you saying? Shut up!"

Old Mrs. Horton sighed. "I'm just telling you the truth, the thing you've been wanting to hear. Why are you so upset? Does your dad know how messed up you've been since you were a kid?"

Oliver, on the edge of losing it, snarled, "Shut up!"

"Maybe your dad doesn't know. If he did, he would feel so guilty for always spoiling you and ignoring Lewis."

"I said shut up! Didn't you hear me?!"

Oliver yelled and shoved her hard.

Old Mrs. Horton stumbled back, and there was a sickening crack as something snapped.

She lay there on the floor, unable to move, looking up at Oliver with a faint smile.

"You were never a good kid. You don't deserve anyone's kindness."

"I told you to shut up!"

Oliver lunged at her again, hands tightening around her throat, completely losing control.

Old Mrs. Horton smiled faintly.

She had planned this all along.

As Erin had said, even if she didn't say anything or beg for mercy, once she was gone, Lewis would still be too soft to punish Oliver.

But now, knowing she was dying, she decided to take care of things for Lewis.

Oliver had been pretending to be the dutiful grandson for the last ten days, putting up with her torment, barely holding it together, all for the sake of the inheritance.

Mentally, he must have been hanging by a thread.

Now, with her final words, she pushed him over the edge. He couldn't handle it, especially after how she had treated him in the past few days. He must think he was finally going to get what he wanted...

Instead, she insulted him.

Overcome with rage, he attacked a dying woman—just as she'd expected.

And once he laid hands on her, Lewis would have every reason to make him pay.

No more hesitation out of guilt.

This was her final gift to Lewis and his wife.

As her vision started to blur, a small smile crept onto her lips. Just then, the door burst open, and her grandson's voice rang out. "Grandma!"

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Old Mrs. Horton paused for a moment, then turned her head to look.

She saw Lewis had already rushed up to Oliver, kicking him away with a single powerful blow!

Old Mrs. Horton finally felt she could breathe again, but she knew it was too late.

Her body had already reached its limit. Just moments ago, she had sensed her time was up, which was why she had urgently dragged Oliver upstairs.

Now, with Lewis supporting her, Old Mrs. Horton managed a faint smile. She pointed to a direction nearby and said, "There's a camera over there. Lewis, it's clear that Oliver tried to strangle me. You need to avenge me!"

Lewis's eyes were red as he looked at her.

He realized how wrong he had been!

He thought his grandmother was kind and thought she owed something to the first branch, so she wanted to be close to them. But he never imagined that even in the end, Grandma's concern was still about helping him!

If Grandma had passed away, he would have been accused of being heartless, but now, with Oliver's actions, he had justification to act against the first branch.

Tears streamed down Lewis's face, but an aged hand reached up to wipe them away. Old Mrs. Horton looked at him and said, "Lewis, a man shouldn't cry."

Lewis nodded through his tears, choking on his emotions. "Okay. I won't cry."

He tried to hold back the tears.

Old Mrs. Horton gently touched his face. "My dear grandson, you haven't been upset with me for saying I didn't know you, have you?"

Lewis shook his head. "No, Grandma. How could I be upset with you..."

"That's good." Old Mrs. Horton smiled and then turned to Keira, reaching out a trembling hand.

Keira quickly moved forward, crouching beside her and holding her hand. "Grandma."

Old Mrs. Horton smiled as she joined Keira's hand with Lewis's. She spoke softly, "Granddaughter-in-law, I don't know what you're doing, but no matter what, promise me one thing."

Keira replied immediately, "Of course."

Old Mrs. Horton sighed, "No matter what happens from now on, never let go of this brat's hand, okay?"

Keira's eyes filled with tears instantly. She choked up as she replied, "Okay. I promise!"

Old Mrs. Horton smiled. "You promised me, so make sure you keep your word... I'm leaving this rascal to you..."

As she finished her last sentence, Old Mrs. Horton closed her eyes. The hand that had been connecting Keira and Lewis fell lifelessly.

"Grandma!!"

"Grandma!"

Both Lewis and Keira cried out in shock, then embraced Old Mrs. Horton, sobbing uncontrollably.

Lewis didn't mention any attempts at resuscitation... and neither did Keira.

Given Grandma's age and condition, resuscitation would be meaningless. Even if they managed to bring her back, it would only be for a few more days of suffering...

She would also have to endure the process of CPR.

They both knew that Old Mrs. Horton was prepared to leave, so they let her go with dignity.

Dignity...

Thinking of this, Keira realized Old Mrs. Horton had been wearing a new outfit today. Since the old lady had always preferred dark blue clothing, it looked like a mourning dress. They hadn't noticed anything unusual before...

Keira's eyes were also red.

Tears streamed down her face...

Grandma...

Her heart was heavy with sorrow, wishing the elderly lady could live forever and stay with them, but they all knew that wasn't possible...

...

Old Mrs. Horton's funeral was conducted with great dignity.

The elderly lady came with dignity and left with dignity.

Nearly everyone from the five major families in Clance attended the funeral.

The Davis family sent Wayne, who expressed his deep sorrow before leaving without saying much.

Lewis's mother didn't show up.

Other family heads from the major families came, clearly understanding Old Mrs. Horton's significance to Lewis.

The Olsen family had the largest presence, including Uncle Olsen and Keira's brothers. They all wore black suits with white corsages.

After paying their respects, Uncle Olsen approached Lewis and patted his shoulder.

He seemed to want to say something but decided that no words could suffice at the moment. He just patted his shoulder and left.

Ellis came with Mary, who was visibly five months pregnant, trying to cover her bump with loose clothing.

Despite her efforts, it was still noticeable. Those in the know could probably guess what was happening.

Keira quickly said, "Why are you here? You shouldn't have come."

Mary grasped her hand. "This is a significant event for your fiancé. How could I not come?"

Mary whispered, "Your fiancé's devotion to old Mrs. Horton shows his good character. He's a reliable person."

Hearing "reliable" made Keira's heart ache.

Though she had lived by her sister's standards in Clance and hadn't wronged anyone, she felt she owed Mary.

Mary's kindness was always because of Keera, not Keira.

Mary had sacrificed her own comfort for a long time...

Now, risking exposure of her pregnancy, Mary had come to offer comfort to her friend.

Indeed...

The fact of Mary's pregnancy hadn't been made public by the Olsen family.

Rumors about Ellis being infertile had circulated, showing how audacious their enemies were.

Even though Keira had found out Erin was Fox, the identity of Lion was still unknown...

So, the Olsen family was cautious and kept the pregnancy a secret.

But Mary came.

Old Mrs. Horton's passing made Keira feel conflicted, which added to her sadness.

Or perhaps it was something else...

At that moment, looking at Mary, Keira felt a sudden urge to reveal the truth...

As she thought of this, she held Mary's hand and said, "Mary, there's something I want to tell you."

Mary looked at her with curiosity, following Keira to a secluded spot where no one could overhear them.

Ellis watched them with concern, but Mary gave him a reassuring look. Once they were alone, Mary asked, "Keera, what is it? Is there something important you need to tell me?"

Keira looked at her.

She suddenly smiled and began, "Mary, actually..."

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Before Keira could finish her sentence, Erin walked over, interrupting her. "Actually, what she's trying to say is that I'm a pretty good person. Mary, mind treating me like a bestie too from now on?"

Mary blinked in confusion. "Huh?"

She glanced over at Keira, her expression puzzled.

Keira furrowed her brows and tightened her jaw.

Erin smiled slightly. "Alright, now that's settled. Ellis is waiting for you... Mary, you better head over."

Once again, Mary looked back at Keira.

Keira was about to say something when Mary suddenly leaned in close to her ear. "Keera, I don't care who you are. I only know one thing—you'll always be my best friend."

Keira was momentarily stunned.

Mary smiled at her, then patted her on the shoulder. "I'll see you later."

Keira nodded.

Once Mary walked away, Keira let out a bitter smile.

Of course.

Mary and Keira had been childhood best friends. Keira had been impersonating her sister for so long. How could Mary not have noticed something was off?

Was she just fooling herself?

Or maybe Mary knew Keira had her secrets but understood that everything Keira was doing was for Keira's sake? So, she pretended not to notice?

As Keira was lost in thought, Erin stepped closer and asked, "You're not actually thinking of telling her the truth, are you?"

Keira frowned, turning to look at her.

Erin sighed. "Why are you so emotional? You can't just do whatever comes to mind. What if Mary finds out you're not Keira and starts keeping her distance? What if this affects the Davis family's support? You need to think about the bigger picture. Don't be so reckless."

Keira didn't respond.

After giving her a good talking-to, Erin sighed again. "I can't believe Rabbit's sister is such a sentimental fool."

Keira stayed silent.

Erin shook her head and walked away. Not long after, Charles came up to her. "Erin, what have you been busy with these past few days?"

"Eating!" Erin's voice took on a mischievous tone. "The food here is amazing. You should grab a couple of plates later."

Keira sighed.

No matter the situation, nothing could ever change Erin's obsession with food.

She chuckled bitterly, shaking her head.

Just then, Uncle Olsen came over and pointed toward the memorial hall. "What's going on with the first branch?"

Oliver was tied up and had been kneeling in front of the memorial hall the entire time.

Everyone around was puzzled by the sight but dared not ask questions. After all, it was an unspoken truth: with the passing of old Mrs. Horton, the future of the Horton family was in Lewis's hands now.

Keira lowered her head and spoke quietly, "He nearly strangled Grandma."

Uncle Olsen frowned, glancing at her before turning his gaze to Lewis. After a pause, he said, "This was Lewis's decision? Grandma was on her deathbed, and he still used the opportunity to suppress the first branch. That's ruthless... but effective."

Keira quickly corrected him. "It wasn't his idea. Grandma arranged it."

Uncle Olsen paused for a moment, then huffed. "In that case, he's being too soft!"

Keira immediately objected, "No, that's not true. There are some lines you just don't cross. Grandma was his line—just like how you and Mom are mine."

Her words sent a wave of warmth through Uncle Olsen. "I'm... I'm your line?"

Keira blinked at him, confused. "Of course. You're my dad. You're obviously my line."

Suddenly, Uncle Olsen laughed. "Alright, but remember, your mom is your most important line. If you ever have to choose between me and your mom, you better choose her! Because she's my line, too."

Keira nodded firmly.

Even if Uncle Olsen hadn't said that, Jodie was already the most important person in her heart. Nothing could ever change that!

The Olsen family stayed behind after the ceremony ended. After all, old Mrs. Horton had been Uncle Olsen's elder, so they remained to help with the arrangements.

When the mourning period finally ended, the guests who had come to pay their respects started to leave.

Soon, only the Horton family and the Olsen family were left.

It wasn't exactly appropriate for the Olsens to stay, but with Uncle Olsen's stern presence, no one dared to suggest they leave.

Uncle Olsen's very presence was enough to support Lewis.

He was worried Nathan would try something. Lewis was younger and could easily be overpowered.

Understanding Uncle Olsen's intentions, Lewis calmly said, "Now that Grandma's funeral is over, it's time we discuss Oliver's punishment."

At this, Oliver immediately lifted his head, glaring at Lewis. "You know I was set up by Grandma. How could you—"

Before he could finish, Lewis kicked him squarely in the chest. His voice was icy. "Still denying it? The video clearly shows you grabbing her neck! I've already shown it to Uncle Julius."

Nathan turned to Uncle Julius. "Uncle, I'm sure Oliver didn't mean it. Please, can't you go easy on him?"

Uncle Julius snorted. "Didn't mean it? The video shows otherwise. I might not have heard the words, but I'm not blind. He grabbed her by the neck in a fit of rage and killed her!"

Having attended the funeral, Uncle Julius wasn't in the best of moods. Especially after seeing the video, his anger boiled over.

He had already given Oliver a severe beating.

Nathan knew there was no point in arguing. With the video evidence, there was nothing to defend. He turned to Uncle Julius, his voice desperate. "Uncle, how are you going to punish him?"

Uncle Julius sighed. "Oliver betrayed the family and killed his grandmother. According to Horton family rules, he is to relinquish all his shares in the Horton Group and be banished from the family."

The moment those words left Uncle Julius's mouth, Nathan slumped back into his chair, defeated.

Oliver's face twisted in rage. "Ha! So that old witch planned all of this! She just wanted to clear the path for her precious grandson! Hahaha!"

Then he turned to Lewis. "You think this is enough to take me down? Even if I'm kicked out of the Horton family, I've got other means! I'll make a comeback. Just you wait!"

Lewis stared at him coldly. "What resources do you have left?"

Oliver grinned. "I've got Marisa and Selena. Over the years, I've given them plenty of money. Even if I leave the family, I can count on them!"

Lewis's expression didn't change.

He spoke calmly. "You haven't noticed they haven't shown up at the funeral?"

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Oliver immediately looked around the room.

Everyone who stayed behind to witness Lewis's judgment of him, aside from a few members of the Olsen family who remained to support Lewis, were members of the Horton family. Jake and Melissa were there as well.

They stood to the side, quietly watching him.

When old Mrs. Horton passed away, Keira informed Jake so he could pay his final respects to his grandmother. Upon hearing this, Melissa also came on her own.

People were such fascinating creatures.

When Melissa lived in the Horton household, she was constantly on edge, disrespectful, and full of bitterness. She never showed old Mrs. Horton the slightest respect. But after spending some time living away and learning how to let go, Melissa had mellowed significantly.

Now, she seemed like a regular mother, looking more at peace than ever before.

Throughout the funeral, she played the part of the eldest daughter-in-law, ensuring that nothing went wrong and that no one had anything to gossip about.

At this moment, she, too, was looking at Oliver.

Strangely enough, Oliver didn't feel any sense of humiliation being judged by Lewis. But that single glance from Melissa? It hit him with a wave of shame like nothing he had ever felt before.

How dare she look at him like that?

Melissa, who used to live her days tiptoeing around his moods, who would grovel to keep him at home for the night, now gazed at him with some sort of pity.

Oliver scoffed, "You don't know anything. Marisa left with Selena earlier when this woman showed up. Marisa was worried it might cause too much attention, so they went ahead. She left to avoid stirring up trouble. But we agreed—she and Selena will come pick me up today."

As he said this, Oliver's eyes darted toward Lewis. "You're not planning to take back their money, too, are you? That money is mine, it has nothing to do with Horton family assets!"

Lewis let out a cold laugh.

Before he could respond, Oliver shouted again, "You and I both know what really happened with Grandma! I owe you nothing, Lewis! I did nothing wrong! You better watch yourself!"

With the video evidence against him, there was no way to clear his name for what he had done to old Mrs. Horton.

Realizing this, Oliver made a quick decision.

He would cling to the assets he had given to Marisa and Selena over the years.

He had truly been blinded by their manipulation, sending large sums of money to Marisa regularly. He had even given Selena a generous amount when she married.

He had even asked Nathan for more money to provide them with.

Altogether, it added up to quite a few million.

Sure, it couldn't compare to the Horton family's massive fortune, but it was better than walking away with nothing.

Lewis was ruthless.

Back when old Mrs. Horton was alive, Lewis still had a sense of familial loyalty. But now that she was gone, Oliver knew—he had lost. There was no winning this now.

Lewis replied calmly, "We won't take that money back, but are you so sure you can still get to it?"

"Of course I can! That money belongs to Marisa! I'm sure she and Selena are waiting for me to come home!"

Oliver sneered after saying this.

Nathan, standing nearby, said, "Oliver, why give up without even fighting?"

Oliver laughed bitterly, "Grandma always favored Lewis, even until her dying breath. Do you think fighting would've changed anything? I want no part of this."

He glanced around the room, his gaze passing over every member of the Horton family before letting out a cold chuckle. "I don't want anything from this family."

With that, his eyes fixed on old Mrs. Horton's memorial.

He stared at it for a long time, then laughed bitterly again, shouting, "Grandma, you never had any love for me, did you? I can't for the life of me understand what made Lewis so special that you would go to such lengths for him. You didn't even leave me a single share of the company! If that's how you felt, you should've just said it outright instead of playing these games to provoke me!"

Lewis frowned. "What are you talking about?"

"Am I wrong?"

Oliver turned to glare at him. "No one else knows what really happened that day, but what about her will? I bet all the shares went to you, right?! Well, we're all here, so why don't we bring out her will and show everyone? Let's see just how much she favored you over me!"

His chest heaved with anger...

Even though he had made his decision, the bitterness still stung. He had lived in the Horton family for over thirty years, all with the hope of securing a portion of the company shares. Now, he was leaving with nothing.

It wasn't fair!

Julius frowned deeply.

Nathan coughed, trying to intervene. "Let's not bring out the will right now..."

"Why not? Dad, are you taking Lewis's side now, too?"

Oliver's eyes were filled with rage as he stared at Nathan. "Is it because I'm being kicked out that you've decided to side with your second son? Well, too bad! It's already too late for that!"

He took a step closer, glaring at Julius. "As a member of the Horton family, I have the right to see the will. I demand that you make it public! If you don't, then you must be hiding something!"

Flustered, Nathan tried to speak, but his words were cut short as Oliver's accusations made him choke with frustration.

Julius sighed heavily, "Oliver, why are you making things so difficult? There's no need for this to get ugly."

Oliver scoffed. "You all pushed me to this point! So, let's get it out in the open! Show everyone the will—let the second branch of the Horton family see it, let the Olsen family see it. Let everyone see just how biased Grandma was!"

Julius opened his mouth to speak, but Lewis interrupted him calmly, "Uncle Julius, show him."

With that, the room fell completely silent.

All eyes were on Julius now.

He sighed deeply.

Nathan stood up quickly as if to stop him, but Julius reached into his bag and pulled out old Mrs. Horton's will.

Oliver's eyes were fixed on that document.

Even if he was about to leave, he wanted the entire Horton family to see how unfairly old Mrs. Horton had treated him. He wanted them to know that Lewis's position as chairman was unjustified, granted solely by her favoritism.

Then they heard Julius slowly begin to read...

729 Chapter 728

As Oliver stood there, his expression darkened, and his eyes filled with bitterness. Julius began reading aloud from the will: "The late Mrs. Horton held a 20% stake in Horton Group, three properties—two in Oceanion, one in Clance—and \$900 million in savings, along with a collection of jewelry. As per her last will, she has left 5% of her Horton Group shares to her granddaughter-in-law."

Oliver let out a derisive laugh. "You all heard that, right? Even an outsider like Keera gets 5% of the shares, but what about us from the main branch? Nothing!"

Before anyone could respond, Julius glared at Oliver. "You'll shut your mouth until I finish reading."

Oliver sneered. "Finish it all you want. The result's the same, nothing for us."

Julius continued reading in an even tone: "The remaining 15% of her shares will be divided equally between her son, Nathan Horton, her grandson, Lewis Horton, and her great-grandson, Jake Horton. Each of them will receive 5%. The two Oceanion properties go to Lewis Horton, while the Clance property is left to Jake Horton. Her \$900 million in savings is to be split equally among the three heirs. The entire collection of jewelry is bequeathed to Keera Olsen."

"..."

The room fell into an immediate silence after Julius finished.

No one moved or spoke. Even Oliver was at a loss for words, staring in disbelief at the document Julius held in his hand.

"How is that possible? This doesn't make any sense... There's no way she left something for us..."

Julius fixed his gaze on Oliver. "That's right, Oliver. Originally, the shares meant for the main branch were intended for you. But because of your actions, all inheritance from your branch is now transferred to Jake."

Oliver staggered back, his legs giving way as he muttered, "No... this can't be happening."

Lewis, who had been standing silently, finally spoke. "Grandma may have favored me in some ways, but she never neglected the main branch. Oliver, do you get it now?"

Oliver shook his head, eyes wide. "No, this is impossible..."

He turned to Jake, fury flashing in his eyes, and rushed toward him. "I'm your father! You better hand over those shares to me right now!"

Before Jake could respond, Lewis's voice cut in coldly. "You've been exiled from the Horton family. All shares that were once under your name have been transferred to Jake. Don't worry. We won't let the main branch disappear."

Oliver froze, blinking in shock.

"Not let the main branch disappear?" he stammered, his voice breaking.

But they were throwing him out. He turned to his father, Nathan, desperation flooding his voice. "Dad..."

But before he could get another word out, Lewis's demeanor shifted, turning ice cold.

He had tolerated Oliver's behavior for too long.

"Get him out of here!" Lewis ordered.

Nathan tried to intervene, but Lewis shot him a warning look. "Anyone who dares to plead for Oliver will be removed alongside him!"

Nathan's face flushed with anger. "Have you lost your mind? You think you can boss me around now?"

Lewis looked past him to Julius. "Uncle Julius, what do you think?"

Julius didn't hesitate. "Nathan, be quiet."

"But—"

Lewis stepped forward, his eyes locked on his father's. Any hint of warmth or filial respect had vanished. "After Grandma's funeral tomorrow, I think it's time you move back to the old house with Uncle Julius."

Nathan's eyes went wide. "What did you just say?"

Lewis's face remained calm but firm. "You've always said you miss your childhood in the old house, right? Well, now you can live there in peace."

Though it was phrased like a question, the finality in Lewis's voice left no room for argument.

Nathan stunned, stared up at his son—tall and imposing at six-foot-two, now towering over him in more ways than just height.

There was only coldness in Lewis's eyes.

Nathan swallowed.

Lewis turned to Julius. "Sir, I'll hand over my father to you."

Julius nodded, seeing what Lewis had in mind. "Don't worry, Nathan. I'll take good care of you."

Everyone else in the room remained silent, sensing the power shift. The Horton family had just entered a new era, one where Lewis held complete control.

The security team arrived and forcibly escorted Oliver out.

As they dragged him toward the entrance, Uncle Olsen leaned over to Keira and whispered, "You're really going to let him off that easy?"

Keira glanced at Lewis, then quietly replied, "His punishment isn't happening here. If Lewis decides to ruin someone, he'll make sure it haunts them for the rest of their life."

Outside, Jake and Melissa followed Oliver out the door, watching from a distance as the guards threw him onto the pavement.

Oliver stood there, dazed, trying to regain his composure. But before he could yell or make a scene, the family's head of security stepped forward.

"Mr. Horton, I suggest you think carefully before you cause a disturbance," he said flatly. "If you disrupt the memorial service, there's no telling what our boss might do."

The memory of Lewis's cold stare made Oliver freeze. He shut his mouth and straightened his back, trying to maintain what little dignity he had left.

Spotting Jake and Melissa, he sneered. "Here to enjoy the show? Well, don't worry about me. I'll be just fine. Unlike you two losers."

Melissa sighed. "I'll make this quick: are we finally getting divorced or what?"

Oliver sneered again. "Oh, you don't want a divorce now? Fine. I'll give you one chance. Apologize to me, and make sure Jake hands over those shares... No, better yet, let him work for me as a puppet. We'll tear down Horton Group from the inside, and then maybe, just maybe, I won't leave you."

Melissa snorted, not holding back her disgust. "I meant, when we file, how are we splitting the assets? Do we need Jake to pay you alimony?"

Oliver fumed. "No!"

His eyes filled with contempt as he glared at them. "You two are so obsessed with money. That's all you think about. Marisa and Selena would never stoop this low. They actually care about me, unlike you."

Seeing him still clinging to delusions about Marisa and Selena, Jake sighed and shook his head.

"Just remember what you said today. When they refuse to take you in, don't come crawling back to Mom."

"Refuse? What are you talking about? I'll call them right now. They're waiting for me!"

With that, Oliver furiously pulled out his phone and dialed Marisa's number.

730 Chapter 729

The phone rang only once before Marisa's voice came through.

She sounded concerned. "Oliver, what's going on? Did you finish handling your things?"

Oliver sighed with relief, replying, "Yeah, it's done. You need to come pick me up."

"Pick you up? What happened? How did it go?" Marisa's voice was tense with worry.

Oliver was relieved.

Though he had sounded confident when Jake and Melissa grilled him earlier, he hadn't been so sure.

But hearing Marisa's worry now put him at ease.

In a low voice, Oliver explained, "Lewis kicked me out of the house. But don't worry, Marisa, we'll bounce back!"

"What?! Kicked you out? That's outrageous! When you say 'bounce back,' you have a plan, right? What's your next move?"

"Of course. I haven't spent all these years in business for nothing. I've got connections and resources. Just give me the money, and we'll rebuild my empire."

Marisa paused before asking, "Give you all the money? What money?"

Oliver froze. "The money I've been giving you over the years."

"Oh, that money," Marisa said. "Lewis kicked you out with nothing? That's ridiculous!"

"Exactly, it's beyond unfair."

"And your father? What does he think?"

"Stop asking questions. Just come get me. We'll talk about Dad when we're together."

"Alright, hang tight."

Marisa hung up.

...

In an upscale Clance neighborhood.

Marisa turned to Selena, her face full of worry. "Your dad's been thrown out of the house. If we pick him up, will it bring trouble to us?"

Selena didn't waste a second. "Mom, let me make a few calls and find out what's going on."

She then started calling people.

After a while, Selena came back, looking scared. "Mom, I heard Lewis put the word out that anyone doing business with Dad will be cut off from the Horton family. If we take him in, it's going to have serious consequences."

Marisa's face paled. "What are we going to do? If we don't pick him up, he'll probably come here himself."

Selena furrowed her brows. "Looks like we can't stay in this house."

Marisa paused. "What do you mean?"

"Mom, start packing."

...

Outside the Horton residence, the air had a sharp chill.

Shivering in just his shirt, Oliver rubbed his arms and looked again toward the distance. Beside him, Melissa watched him with a mocking smile. "From the way Marisa was asking questions earlier, it doesn't seem like she wants to pick you up."

"Shut up! Marisa isn't like that at all!"

Oliver shot back defensively.

Melissa smirked. "Then what is she? Your true love?"

Oliver snorted, pulling out his phone. "Marisa's house has security cameras. I'll show you. She's probably already on her way."

He opened the camera app, eager to prove her wrong.

The screen showed the driveway outside Marisa's house. A car slowly pulled out, the driver waiting by the gate.

"See? She's already left!" Oliver triumphantly shoved the phone toward Melissa.

Melissa hesitated as she saw the car, unsure whether she'd misread the situation.

Was Marisa actually coming to pick him up?

But then Melissa shrugged it off with a laugh.

It didn't matter if she was wrong. If someone else was looking after Oliver, it meant Jake wouldn't have to. That was enough for her.

"Looks like you were wrong!" Oliver sneered. "She's on her way, and now you have nothing to say."

Melissa turned her gaze toward him. "I hope she does pick you up. Just don't come bothering Jake anymore."

"Heh, don't worry. Even if I were starving, I wouldn't go crawling to you two ungrateful leeches!"

Oliver spat out the words, then shot a glare at Jake. "You think Lewis will take care of you just because you're his favorite? Think again! Did he give you my shares when he took them away from me? No, right? He's not some charity worker!"

It all made sense now. Lewis had schemed against him, likely with old Mrs. Horton's blessing. That was why she'd evenly split the inheritance, avoiding any drama for Lewis.

As Oliver pieced things together in his head, his expression darkened.

"You people only care about money!" Oliver raged. "You don't care about family! Marisa is the only one who truly loves me. You'll all get what's coming!"

Melissa shot back, "Let's see if Marisa actually takes you in before you keep talking like that."

Oliver pointed at his phone, his voice dripping with confidence. "Marisa's already on her way. You're just trying to stir things up—"

Before he could finish, the front door of Marisa's house opened on the screen.

She stepped out with Selena, dragging a few suitcases behind them.

731 Chapter 730

Oliver stared at his phone, utterly bewildered.

He squinted at the screen again, unable to believe what he was seeing.

"What are they doing with the suitcases?"

Before he could process it, Jake piped up, "Are they planning to run away? Looks like they're fully prepared."

Jake's words nearly pushed Oliver over the edge. He yelled in frustration, "That's impossible!"

Oliver frantically dialed Marisa's number again, muttering to himself, "They must have misunderstood, thinking Lewis is coming after us. They don't know that I've already worked it out with him. He's not going to hold a grudge, not after we talked things through. That has to be it..."

He fumbled with his phone, desperate to tell them everything was fine. "I'll explain everything. They don't have to move out."

But as the call went through, no one picked up.

Melissa stood there, arms crossed, a mocking smile playing on her lips. "Maybe they're too busy packing to answer your call. Why don't you try your driver?"

Melissa hadn't expected Oliver to have set up Marisa with such a lavish house. Not only did she have a driver, but four servants as well.

This wasn't the typical mistress setup—she was living like a second wife!

Thinking back to when she and Jake were kicked out with nothing, Melissa seethed with anger. Oliver had been so heartless, not giving them a cent, and now Marisa was living in luxury.

She glanced at Oliver and sneered, "Go on, make the call. See what happens."

Ignoring her, Oliver hung up on Marisa and dialed his driver.

The driver picked up almost immediately.

"Tell Marisa she doesn't need to pack. Just come pick me up!" Oliver barked.

There was a brief pause on the other end. "Sir, I don't think we're coming to get you."

Oliver froze. "What are you doing then?"

"It looks like we're moving out."

"Don't you dare move out!"

Oliver was practically shouting now. "Put Marisa on the phone!"

"Ma'am said she's not taking your call. We have things to do, so we're going to have to hang up now, sir."

The driver's words sent a surge of panic through Oliver.

If they hung up, Marisa and Selena would be gone for good!

"Don't you hang up!" Oliver roared.

There was a pause.

Oliver continued, voice trembling with rage, "I pay your salary. You do as I say! Bring the car here and get those two women back here now!"

The driver chuckled. "You 'used' to pay my salary, sir. And for that, I want to thank you. You helped me take care of my family for a while."

Oliver blinked in disbelief. "What are you talking about?"

"I'm saying thanks for the help before, but now that you're broke, we won't be bothering you anymore. Goodbye, sir."

Before Oliver could respond, the line went dead.

His hands shook with fury as he opened the security camera feed on his phone.

He watched in stunned silence as the driver climbed out of the car and casually glanced toward the camera, giving it a little wave.

Then, the driver walked to the trunk and began loading the suitcases into the car. When he was done, he sauntered over to Marisa, slipping his arm around her waist.

Selena smiled warmly at him.

The driver said something, and all three of them—Marisa, Selena, and the driver—turned toward the camera, waving goodbye.

Moments later, they all got into the car, and the driver drove off.

Oliver exploded with rage, stomping his foot on the ground. "Get out of the car! Marisa, you cheating witch! How dare you! You've been betraying me all along! You're all scum!"

Watching Oliver's impotent fury was almost too much for Jake and Melissa to handle.

They exchanged amused glances.

Jake, still trying to remain calm, looked at his father. "Do you need help with something?"

After all, Oliver was still his father. Jake couldn't just let him go hungry.

But Oliver's eyes lit up with hope, like a drowning man grasping for a lifeline. He lunged forward, grabbing Jake's arm. "My good son! Help your old man out!"

Jake sighed, looking at his father. "I can rent you a place and give you enough for basic living expenses every month..."

"I don't need that! I need you to drive me to find them! Catch them! I refuse to believe that Marisa really betrayed me. She and Selena must have been kidnapped by the driver!"

Jake stared at him, speechless.

After everything that had just happened, Oliver was still living in denial.

Jake let out a dry laugh, at a loss for words. He was about to refuse when Melissa said, "Take him."

Jake blinked, turning to her.

Melissa's gaze never left Oliver. "Take him to see for himself. Let him face reality."

Jake nodded in understanding.

He had inherited old Mrs. Horton's car, so he went over and started it up.

As he was about to ask Oliver where to go, a message popped up on his phone. It was from Lewis containing an address: "Marisa is here."