

My Accidental Husband is a Billionaire ! Chapter 8

Chapter 8: He Needs Her Help

Keira clenched her jaw, feeling utterly anxious.

Just as she was about to leave, Mrs. Olsen sent her a WhatsApp message. "There's no rush. Are you working this Saturday? I'd like to buy you lunch."

Only then did Keira understand that her concern had made her anxious.

Lunch at the Olsen's?

A bitter smile crept onto her lips.

Ten years ago, when she moved out of the Olsen residence, she went back the first weekend.

She entered the backyard and watched through the glass window as Mrs. Olsen, Isla, and Taylor Olsen laughed and chatted. The joyous smile on Mrs. Olsen's face was one she'd never seen before.

Poppy said, "Do you see that? Without you around, they are a real family of three. If you really care about Mrs. Olsen, you shouldn't stay away from her."

Eventually, Keira left quietly.

She only returned on Mrs. Olsen's birthday each year, leaving a small gift at the doorstep...

After so many years, it was probably time to see her again, right?

Keira responded to the message. "I should be the one buying. Let's meet this Saturday at 6 pm. See you there."

She sent over the location of a restaurant.

Visiting the Olsen house could cause unnecessary disputes. It would be better to meet outside, where she could have a quiet chat with Mrs. Olsen, and check on her health...

Mrs. Olsen said, "Alright, see you then."

After ending the chat with Mrs. Olsen, Keira saw several new messages from "Grandson".

"As my grandmother ages, she's becoming more like a child with a hot temperament. You need a lot of patience.

"She has trouble sleeping. Her nights are restless.

"She needs to take two blue pills a day, one in the morning and one at night..."

There were five messages in total, the last one read,

"The above is forwarded from our family doctor's instructions. I'm grateful for your help. If Granny doesn't feel well, please contact me immediately."

Upon reading this, Keira quietly entered the bedroom and sent a short video to "Grandson".

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Not far down the street, two vehicles were parked discreetly.

The first minivan was fully equipped and looked like a small suite.

Lewis was dressed in a black suit and was sitting on the couch, working on his computer.

Old Mrs. Horton's family doctor sat in the corner, his face stern, ready for any emergencies.

Changing her environment could disrupt old Mrs. Horton's sleep, which was crucial for her frail body.

Even slight negligence could risk her life.

The car at the back was loaded with emergency equipment, ready to leap into action if something happened, as they were close to Mrs. Horton's location.

Lewis was lost in these thoughts when his phone buzzed with a new WhatsApp message.

Upon checking it, his usually impassive face looked a little surprised.

The family doctor immediately asked, "Did something happen to Mrs. Horton?"

Lewis pressed his lips together and showed him the video.

It depicted old Mrs. Horton sleeping soundly in a bed with a floral sheet. She was even snoring a little!

It was only nine o'clock in the evening!

Usually, they would be grateful if Mrs. Horton could fall asleep before one in the morning!

The family doctor looked astonished, "Mrs. Horton behaves differently around this young lady. If she can always stay with Mrs. Horton, I believe Mrs. Horton's health will significantly improve!"

Having reached an advanced age, Mrs. Horton was physically weak, and sleep was a top priority.

Lewis clenched his jaw, his eyes brooding.

The next day.

Before setting out, Keira bid the old lady, who looked well-rested after a long night of sleep, farewell. "I've asked Samuel to keep you company. He'll be here soon."

"Okay." The little old lady nodded obediently. "Granddaughter-in-law, where are you going?"

"To meet someone."

"Who are you going to meet? Do you have to go?"

"Yes."

If she didn't go to see Lewis Horton now, he would find out about their marriage when he goes to register his own marriage.

But her company was waiting to go public, and Keira urgently needed the divorce.

With a dramatic wave of her hand, the little old lady proclaimed, "Then I'll have my grandson help you schedule a meeting! My grandson has a great deal of influence!"

Keira smiled, "Granny, I'm afraid your grandson won't do."

The Horton family was the wealthiest in Oceanion. Even though Granny's family was well-off, could they possibly be wealthier than the Hortons?

She rode her electric bike to the Horton Group.

Lewis's schedule was quite monotonous. He was either working or commuting with no leisure time at all.

Before Keira could say anything at the front desk, the receptionist said, "It's you again! Mr. Davis has made it clear. Mr. Horton isn't expecting any parcels today. you're not allowed upstairs!"

Keira replied, "I'm not here to deliver a parcel, I'm..."

The receptionist interrupted her impatiently, "Then do you have an appointment? Without one, you can't go up!"

As Keira was about to reply, she saw the receptionist's eyes light up. Her impatient expression vanished instantly as she warmly greeted the person behind Keira, "Miss Olsen? You're here!"

Frowning, Keira turned around to see Isla.

With a gracious and composed demeanor, Isla gave the receptionist a gentle smile, "I'm here to see Jake."

Her gaze swept over Keira as she added, "But I forgot to make an appointment..."

"Miss Olsen, what are you talking about? With your stature, when have you ever needed an appointment? Mr. Jake would be overjoyed to see you!"

The receptionist swiped her card to unlock the entrance, "Please come in."

However, Isla turned to Keira, sighing reproachfully, "Keira, the Horton Group isn't a place anyone can just waltz into. If you want to pester Mr. Horton, don't make things difficult for the receptionist..."

Keira was perplexed.

When had she ever made things difficult for the receptionist?

However, the young lady at the receptionist's desk frowned.

Mr. Davis merely said not to let this woman go upstairs but didn't mention the reason why.

Was it because of that?

The receptionist showed a scornful expression, her face full of annoyance. "Some people really don't know their place. Do they think their good looks can let them climb up the social ladder? They don't even know where they are. Miss, could you keep your distance and stop disturbing my work, or I'll have to call security!"

Keira lifted her eyebrow, planning to say something, but seeing the receptionist's look of disdain, she gave a sarcastic smile. "You're the one who won't let me go upstairs."

Meanwhile, upstairs.

After finishing an urgent document, Lewis picked up his phone and looked at the message from the "Need Iron" at the top of his chat list.

It was the woman's weird nickname on WhatsApp.

He sent a message. "Hello, how is Granny today?"

She replied quickly. "Everything was fine when I left the house."

Lewis frowned: [Did you go to work?]

"Iron Deficient Element": [You could say that.]

Lewis looked displeased. She had left Granny alone at home?

But since she wasn't his hired caregiver, he had no right to dictate that she only take care of his grandmother and not go anywhere else.

Currently, he was the one who needed her help...

Lewis thought for a moment. "Where are you now? I want to meet you and talk to you about Granny."

"Need Iron" didn't refuse and directly sent an address on WhatsApp.

Upon seeing it, Lewis's eyes narrowed slightly.

Wasn't it the address of the Horton Group's main entrance?

He got up and headed downstairs.