

My Accidental Husband is a Billionaire ! Chapter 9

The receptionist personally escorted Isla to the elevator.

While waiting for the elevator, Isla noticed that Keira hadn't left and was sitting on the couch in the lobby, obviously not intending to leave.

How shameless.

Isla glanced at the receptionist. "You guys really have it tough. I will mention to Jake about giving you a raise..."

Joy appeared on the receptionist's face, "Thank you, Miss Olsen! Please feel free to instruct me if you need anything!"

Isla sighed. "My little sister is really stubborn. Please don't let her wait until Mr. Horton comes..."

After saying these words, Isla entered the elevator.

As the elevator doors closed, she could see the receptionist walking toward Keira. The corner of Isla's mouth curved into a triumphant smile.

Did Keira really think she would get Mr. Horton's attention just because of her good looks?

How foolish.

The world of the wealthy is ruled by interest, not by emotions.

Jake had pursued Keira for four years and had been so in love with her. Still, he ended up proposing to Isla...

All of this happened because Isla had what was needed to marry into the Horton family!

The elevator quickly reached the 68th floor. When Isla entered the office, she had returned to her usual serene and gentle demeanor.

Jake was in a suit and tie, his youthful naivety from school days replaced by a hint of sharpness. His gaze fell on her face, and he casually asked, "What happened to your face?"

Isla lowered her gaze. "Keira hit me..."

Jake warned her, looking displeased, "I've told you before. Don't provoke her."

Isla said, "It was my fault."

She moved to Jake's side. "Jake, I heard your new project is about renewable energy?"

Jake looked at her seriously. "Yes, if the Horton Group cannot come up with the latest technology, we'll be surpassed in the future."

Isla smiled and said, "I made a dining arrangement with Dr. South and my mother. Shall I ask Dr. South to join your research and development team?"

Jake's expression eased up. "That would be great."

His attitude shifted. He draped his arm around Isla's waist, gently caressing her cheek. "Indeed, Keira was so unruly. Does it still hurt? I'll blow on it for you..."

Isla lowered her eyelids, pretending to act shy.

But inside, she was laughing coldly.

With connections like Dr. South, what could Keira use to compete with her?

As for who Jake really loved...

She didn't care!

All she wanted was to marry into the Horton family and become Mrs. Jake Horton!

Even if her real identity was revealed in the future, her wealth and status would be secured...

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In the lobby downstairs.

Keira sent her address to "Grandson".

The old lady was now living at her place, so it indeed made sense to clarify the responsibilities with the old lady's family ahead of time to avoid future trouble.

She was about to arrange a meeting time with the person when her surroundings dimmed.

The receptionist stood in front of her with two security guards and said arrogantly, "You cannot sit here. You're hindering my work. Please leave immediately."

Keira's expression turned icy.

The sofas in the lobby were for anyone to sit on as they pleased. Moreover, she wasn't making a sound. How could she be affecting the receptionist's work?

Keira leaned back lazily. "If your work is so easily affected, perhaps you should find a private office."

The receptionist stammered. Enraged, she ordered the security guards, "Kick her out immediately!"

Before the security guards could even move, the noisy lobby suddenly grew quiet.

The doors of the CEO's private elevator slowly opened, and the reserved Lewis walked out alongside Tom Davis.

He only glanced over and then looked around, seemingly searching for someone.

Tom noticed the situation and walked over briskly.

His brows were furrowed as he looked at Keira. "You again?"

The receptionist wasted no time in playing the victim. "Mr. Davis, she said she had a parcel to deliver to Mr. Horton. I wouldn't let her, so she refuses to leave."

Keira replied flatly, "I told you I wasn't delivering a parcel."

The receptionist scoffed. "Mr. Davis, did you hear that? She didn't even bother to pretend. She outright admitted she wanted to go upstairs to find someone. Since I refused to let her go up, she's causing a ruckus here. I'll have security escort her out now!"

Keira said nonchalantly, "Which regulation of Horton Group states that I cannot sit on this couch?"

The receptionist was speechless.

Tom impatiently told Keira, "Well, just sit here then. Anyway, the boss won't even pay you any attention."

He turned to the receptionist and said, somewhat annoyed, "The more pressing issue is that the air conditioning on the top floor is broken. The repairman said he had already arrived and was stopped by the front desk from going upstairs. Can you explain what's going on?"

The receptionist was taken aback. "I haven't seen any repairman..."

Tom frowned. "Really?"

The receptionist quickly nodded. "I've been here the whole time, and moreover, the top floor isn't something I would take lightly, how could I possibly stop them?"

Tom took out his phone. "I'll call them and see if they went to the wrong place..."

Before he could dial, he heard a lazy voice. "They didn't."

Tom was taken aback.

Keira smiled. "It's true. The receptionist didn't let me go upstairs."

Tom Davis was baffled.

The receptionist didn't know what to say.

The two were both stunned.

After a moment, Tom finally understood. "You are that repairman? That can't be possible!"

A work permit was handed to him.

The date on it was indeed nine years ago.

Tom couldn't believe it. "Is this another one of your part-time jobs?"

Keira didn't deny it, her eyes moving toward Lewis Horton who wasn't far away. "I wasn't allowed to speak. They wanted to kick me out and even falsely accused me of causing a scene here. Mr. Horton, you have quite a high-and-mighty receptionist."

The receptionist nervously looked at Lewis. "Mr. Horton, I..."

Lewis was expressionless and said coldly, "You're fired."

The receptionist's face paled instantly, but she didn't dare to beg for forgiveness.

Lewis then looked solemnly at Keira.

Tom had investigated the woman. She moved out from the Olsen residence in middle school, and ever since then, she had been making her living by working.

Yesterday, she was a delivery girl, and today, she was a repairwoman. How many jobs had she taken?

Life was extremely difficult for her, yet her back was always upright...

How could such a defiant woman degrade herself by persistently bothering him?

Having thought about it, the slight admiration Lewis started to feel for her instantly disappeared, replaced by annoyance. "Miss Olsen, are you satisfied now?"

Keira nodded, standing up. "Mr. Horton, did you check with the Civil Affairs Bureau?"

Lewis didn't respond to her and only told Tom coldly. "Take her upstairs to work. And remember, I don't want to see her again."

Keira was dumbfounded.

Tom pulled at her arm. "Miss Olsen, let's go. I would advise you to quit it. Even if you put a lot of effort in and finally get to enter the top floor, our boss still won't give you a second glance."

Although she really was a delivery person and a repairwoman, was she really here at the Horton Group to work? Everyone knew the truth.

Lewis no longer paid her any more attention. Taking out his phone, he called "Need Iron" on WhatsApp.

At the same time, Keira's mobile phone rang.