

My Accidental Husband is a Billionaire ! #Chapter 791 - Read My Accidental Husband is a Billionaire ! Chapter 791

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Keira glanced down at the DNA results, her face showing a flicker of surprise. She looked back at Sean Church, the confusion in her eyes growing.

Sean still had that sad, almost helpless look, and it suddenly put her on high alert. Glancing around the room, she signaled to Erin.

"Take Amy with you," she said calmly.

Erin looked indignant. She hadn't even managed to enjoy the drama before getting asked to leave again. Just as she was about to protest, Keira added, "I trust only you to keep her safe."

Erin's face lit up with a grin. "Oh, that's different," she replied, happily picking up Amy. "Come on, Amy, come and have some fun with Auntie Erin."

As they headed upstairs, Erin coaxed, "I have candy for you!"

Amy shook her head sweetly. "Amy doesn't eat candy. Candy makes your teeth fall out."

"Oh, you're still young! Even if your teeth fall out, you'll get new ones. What's life worth if you don't enjoy it a little?" Erin said, her voice fading as she disappeared down the hall.

Turning back, Keira gestured for Uncle Olsen to clear the room. He waved, and everyone—staff and family members alike—filed out until they were alone. Uncle Olsen paused, raising an eyebrow at her.

"Do I need to go too?"

Keira shook her head. "No, you can stay."

Suddenly, she was in front of Sean like a ghost, her movements swift and silent. "Hey!" Sean's bodyguard cried, but Lewis had him restrained before he could react. Keira gripped Sean's arm, taking note of his frail build and lack of muscle.

She felt his pulse. Weak. Hardly any strength. This man didn't seem to have a fighter's training, either.

"You're not Amy's father," she said, eyes narrowing. "Who are you, really?"

Sean let out a soft chuckle, his face lighting up in a way that momentarily made the dim room seem almost bright. Twilight had settled, casting a dark hue, yet his mischievous smile brought a strange glimmer to the room.

His expression only made Keira more guarded. Tightening her hold on his arm, she demanded again, "Speak. Who are you?"

Sean smiled, unfazed by her grip. "A moment ago, you were saying you wouldn't forgive me. And now, you don't even recognize me?"

"Are you testing me?" Keira asked, her voice sharp.

"Sure am," Sean replied, chuckling. "Just checking if you're really Keera."

Keira's jaw clenched. "Why?"

"Because I've been looking for you."

His gaze met hers, surprisingly earnest. "Keira, back in Oceanion, they said you'd died. And yet here I find Lewis Horton, who was supposedly heartbroken over you, clinging to Clance with no intention of ever leaving. So I came to see for myself just who could be holding him here. And here you are, alive. You're alive!" Sean's voice cracked, and he suddenly grasped her arm with his other hand. "Do you know what this means to me, Keira? If you'd died, do you have any idea what that would've done to me?"

Keira studied him, taken aback. There was no sign of pretense

But...

"Who are you, really?" she asked, a trace of anger slipping into her voice. "I don't know you at all."

Sean's expression fell slightly, the playful glint in his eyes gone. "You don't remember me?"

Keira was dumbfounded.

Lewis, still holding Sean's guard at bay, frowned, his own wariness growing. Moments ago, Sean had been here for Keera. But now... he was after Keira?

No way would he let this stand.

Lewis shot Sean a sharp look, his brows knitting in clear displeasure. A wave of tension swept over him.

Keira studied Sean thoughtfully. With his good looks, she'd definitely remember if she'd seen him before.

Just as she was thinking, Sean spoke up, "Fragrance Hall, Room 5."

Keira's eyes widened, surprise clear on her face. She looked Sean up and down before letting go of his arm.

The moment she released him, Sean coughed a bit, and Lewis reluctantly let go of Sean's guard, who rushed over to his boss. "Are you okay, sir?"

Sean waved him off, exhausted, and sank into the sofa.

Lewis turned to Keira, puzzled. "You know him?"

Keira looked Sean over again. "Are you...the 'Church' from Room 5?"

Sean's eyes lit up, and he gave a small smile. "That's me."

Keira didn't say anything, but Lewis cleared his throat, wanting answers. "Who is he exactly?"

Keira hadn't answered yet when Sean's assistant launched into an enthusiastic explanation. "Our boss here has had a rare eating disorder since childhood. He doesn't enjoy eating anything, so he's always been terribly underweight. Five years ago, he came across this special chef in Oceanion at Fragrance Hall who made a meal he could actually eat. Finally, he found food he could keep down! Since then, he's traveled weekly to eat there, slowly gaining some weight. He even managed to get up to 120 pounds! But four months ago, that chef mysteriously disappeared."

The assistant looked pleadingly at Keira. "We asked everyone at Fragrance Hall about the chef, but nobody would tell us a thing. Then we learned, sadly, that the chef, Mrs. Horton...had passed away four months ago. Our boss was devastated. Without those meals, he knew he'd wither away again."

"So, we decided to come here and see if there were any leftover recipes, some magical ingredient or something that Mrs. Horton left behind. Then we heard Mr. Horton was so deeply in love he didn't even believe she was really gone, and instead of returning to Oceanion, he'd moved here to Clance. We guessed that if he'd left everything behind, someone must be here who meant a lot to him. And that someone must know the recipes."

"So we tracked him here. But Mr. Horton is so private—it took forever to find out where he was staying. We only got a hint when some incident at the Horton family estate hit the news. Then we saw you, Ms. Olsen, and heard of the engagement to Keera Olsen. The name Keera sounds an awful lot like Keira, so we just had to come here and find out. We needed to know—are you her?"

After finishing his story, the assistant hid behind Sean, looking nervous. Sean took a deep breath, glanced at Keira, and said, "Ms. Olsen, I'm sorry for the intrusion, but...I really didn't know what else to do."

He caught his breath and continued, "I haven't had a proper meal in four months. If this keeps up, I won't last much longer. I just need you to confirm it's you...and, well, ask for just one more meal."

The assistant clasped his hands, almost bowing. "Please, Ms. Olsen, help our young master! These past months, he's dropped back down to barely a hundred pounds. Look at him—he's skin and bones, like he could be swept away by a breeze!"

Keira studied Sean carefully.

Yes, she did recall a certain "Church" who used to book that room, paying a small fortune each week for a single meal. She'd even made a point to cook for him herself despite her busy schedule. Eventually, that turned into a tradition. Word got out, and her cooking became wildly popular, especially since she only prepared two meals a week. One was reserved for Sean, and the other went up for sale, fetching an impressive price.

Back then, he'd been so thin, she couldn't believe he was even standing. The face now before her, though still thin, was remarkably handsome.

Just as she was admiring his transformation, Lewis stepped between them with a loud cough. "You mean to tell me... you went through all this trouble just for a meal?"

Sean nodded vigorously. "Yes, yes! Actually, Ms. Olsen, I was inspired by you! It was your cooking that gave me a second chance at life. I'll never forget you."

Keira fought a smile and waved him off. "No need to be so dramatic."

"No, really." Sean let out a long sigh. "Ms. Olsen, without your food, I can barely survive. So...is it too much to ask if I could come by just once a week for a meal?"

Lewis's expression darkened.

Sean tried a different tack. "Or maybe twice a month?"

Lewis's frown deepened.

Sean looked desperate. "Once a month then! I can't go any longer than that. My body just can't take it!"

Lewis scowled in silence.

Keira sighed, glancing between the two men. What in the world should she do now?

Lewis squinted suspiciously. "Are you really here...just for a meal?"

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Sean sighed, looking at Lewis with a calm, almost genteel expression. "Mr. Horton, I get it, truly. I know this might annoy you, but I really, truly am just here for a meal."

He then turned to Keira. "Ms. Olsen, if I had any other intentions, I would have pursued you back in Oceanion. Besides, I've gone from being an eighty-pound skeleton to a whole 120 pounds because of your cooking—you should know me better than anyone."

Keira blinked. "... practically raised him."

The way he put it sounded odd to her somehow. She frowned, considering. "Once a week, like before. Just like Oceanion. But, I'll be heading out of town soon, so I may not have time to cook."

Sean's assistant jumped in, "Ms. Olsen, are you going somewhere? We could tag along! Without you, our young master will starve to death!"

Keira raised an eyebrow.

Lewis scowled, not liking the way this sounded one bit. A strange tension settled in his chest. He had a little sense of urgency here.

Sure, Ryan Cobb had a thing for Keira, but Lewis had never been bothered. Ryan, with his praying beads and all, was practically monk-like and clearly had no intention of breaking his celibate streak. But Sean—thin, meek Sean—was giving him an actual feeling of unease.

Lewis cleared his throat, drawing Keira's gaze. She looked back to Sean. "Couldn't your family send a chef to train under me?"

Sean's assistant sighed. "Ms. Olsen, we've tried. We sent more than one chef to work with you, but, well, the results were lacking. Even when they follow your methods precisely, something's just missing. Our young master has the palate of a hound, so he can tell right away when it's just not right—makes him sick even..."

Sean gave him a calm side-eye.

The assistant clammed up. "My mistake. Of course, you're not a dog, sir. Your sense of taste is just more sensitive...than any dog could ever be."

Sean shook his head and turned back to Keira. "I know this is an imposition. How about this: if you ever need anything, I'm at your service."

The assistant immediately chirped in, "Ms. Olsen, that's a big promise. Our young master here is known to be the smartest man alive! Genius-level IQ. It's said that if it weren't for his illness, he'd have solved world hunger by now. You need any help, he's your guy."

Sean cut him off with a pointed cough. "Maybe talk a bit less."

The assistant promptly zipped it, looking sheepish. Sean met Keira's eyes. "But he's not wrong. You saved my life. If there's ever anything you need, just ask."

Keira gave a small nod, considering him. "Alright."

Sean stood, looking like he wanted to bow in gratitude, but the moment he rose, his legs wobbled, and he nearly collapsed.

Keira watched him with concern. "You look half-starved. I'll go make you something."

Sean gave a grateful nod. "I'd appreciate it, Ms. Olsen."

As she headed into the kitchen, Lewis trailed after her, voice tinged with barely disguised jealousy. "Are you two...close?"

Keira coughed lightly, gathering her thoughts. "Actually, he's been a big help to me over the years. You could say he's one of my oldest regulars."

Lewis raised a brow. "How so?"

Keira smiled slightly. "When I left my family, I had to work to get by, and eventually, I trained at this little restaurant and got the hang of things in the kitchen. After the place ran into financial trouble, I scraped together what I could and took it over, but business was slow. Sean was one of our few regulars who'd pay generously for each meal, basically covering a day's revenue with every order. He kept us afloat. Eventually, the restaurant took off, and though I was planning to retire from the kitchen, I kept up that weekly meal tradition just for him."

Sean had been the lifeline that pulled her restaurant through its roughest patches, and she'd never forgotten that. Even after becoming known as a culinary talent, she continued making that weekly meal for him.

Lewis nodded thoughtfully, then asked, "Was it his looks that got you cooking for him in the first place?"

Keira rolled her eyes. "He was barely eighty pounds when I first met him. Imagine—a grown man over six feet tall, yet frail as a skeleton. Sure, his face was the same, but at that weight, he looked more like a specter. I couldn't have imagined he'd fill out to look so...presentable. Besides, we haven't even seen each other in ages, so get over it, okay?"

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Keira and Lewis had been through so much together that, in a way, they felt like an old married couple.

Knowing Lewis wouldn't interfere with her decisions, she took a few extra moments to explain why she was willing to help Sean.

As they talked, she prepared three dishes and a soup. Then, she checked the steamed rice, finding it wasn't quite how Sean liked it, so she whipped up some fried rice instead.

There was no helping it—someone else had steamed the rice, and the water-to-rice ratio wasn't to Sean's taste. After so many years cooking for him in Oceanion, she knew his preferences well.

Lewis watched her, finally unable to hold back a question. "Do you even know what I like to eat?"

Keira rolled her eyes. "Back then, he was my one big customer, so of course I paid attention. Over time, I realized he preferred every dish to be cooked in just the right way. But you... could you really taste if I changed the water a little?"

Lewis scratched his nose, at a loss. Truthfully, he couldn't. Despite his privileged upbringing, life in the Horton family had been tough; any meal was better than none, so he never got too picky.

He glanced toward the living room. "Honestly, this guy is fussy."

"Enough," Keira shot him a glare. "It's an illness."

"Sure, but I still think he's sharper than he lets on. Be careful around him."

Keira raised a brow. "You think he's really that smart?"

Lewis nodded. "He's good at manipulating people. He has his assistant say all the provocative stuff, then acts weak himself. He knows people's personalities too well."

Keira nudged him. "Well, why hasn't he manipulated you, then?"

He caught her hand with a slight grin. "Ever thought that maybe... he doesn't care about me? He knows I'll listen to you, so he only needs to win you over."

Keira blinked, then Lewis pulled her closer, his arms wrapped around her waist. "He knows I trust you, so he's making a play for your sympathy."

Keira frowned.

Then, Lewis pressed a quick kiss to her lips. "But I'm not insecure. If he's coming around, we'll just keep an eye on him."

Keira nodded.

She loaded the dishes onto a tray and was about to pick it up when Lewis stepped forward, taking it himself before heading to the living room.

Keira paused, amused. Even when he was feeling possessive, he still helped her with the food...

She followed him out to the dining area, where Sean was already seated, with his assistant by his side, slowly picking at the food.

The way Sean ate didn't express enjoyment; he looked like he was going through the motions, almost like he was working. Eating seemed to be a struggle for him, but he managed it, one bite at a time, without turning anything away.

His assistant was nearly in tears, watching him eat. "Oh my God, you're a miracle worker, Ms. Olsen! You don't know how much you've helped him. These past four months, we've tried chefs from all over the world, and he couldn't stomach anything!"

Keira was speechless. Was it really that bad?

She offered a sheepish smile. "Well, then I guess Sean can come over for a meal once a week. I'll be around to cook."

"Oh, thank you!" The assistant wiped his eyes, beaming at Sean.

Under everyone's watchful gaze, Sean managed to finish his meal.

Keira had kept the portions small, knowing Sean hadn't had a full meal in ages. Eating too much all at once would likely hurt his stomach.

Gradually, a bit of color returned to his face. He dabbed his mouth with a napkin, then looked at Keira. "Thank you, Ms. Olsen. Four months away, and your cooking has only gotten better."

"Probably," Keira replied lightly.

After all, she'd been cooking for Amy every day at Howard's place when she first arrived in Clance.

Finally, Sean had enough strength to stand. "It was presumptuous of me to come today unannounced. Please accept my apologies."

Keira didn't appreciate his approach, but she understood why he wouldn't have admitted he came for her help outright.

She waved it off, indicating bygones were bygones.

Besides, Sean's visit had reminded her to be more cautious. If a stranger approached her again, she'd be ready.

Sean didn't linger on formalities. "Since I've taken your time and meal, I'd feel it's cheap to repay you with money. If you ever need anything, feel free to reach out."

He looked to his assistant. "Let's go."

Lewis and Keira walked them to the door.

"Where's Mr. Church staying?" Lewis asked.

Sean smiled. "At the Four Seasons for now. Tomorrow, I'll find a place to settle down here."

Casually moving into Clance as if it were nothing... he clearly wasn't ordinary.

Lewis nodded.

Keira watched as Sean climbed into his car. As it drove off, she turned to Lewis. "This guy seems to have a story."

Lewis nodded. "Glad you noticed. I'll have Tom look into it."

"Sounds good." Keira smiled, then headed back inside.

She'd only gone a few steps when her phone chimed.

She checked the screen, and her expression shifted.

Lewis noticed. "What's wrong?"

Keira's lips tightened as she answered, "I had Howard and Amy take a DNA test—Amy's biological father just showed up, and I wanted to be sure."

"And?"

Keira's face grew serious. "They're not related. He's not her father."

My Accidental Husband is a Billionaire ! #Chapter 795 - Read My Accidental Husband is a Billionaire ! Chapter 795

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Keira had actually secretly done a DNA test on Howard and Amy after realizing Howard's shady behavior. Back then, though, the results came back showing they were indeed father and daughter.

It wasn't until later, after Ellis's diagnosis with infertility, that Keira understood that people could tamper with medical reports. She eventually found out it was Erin who was behind it. With Erin's influence in the medical world, it wasn't so surprising.

So when she heard today that Amy's biological father was knocking at their door, she couldn't shake the feeling that it might be true and had someone immediately conduct a new DNA test. To her surprise, the results showed that not only was Sean Church not Amy's father, but Howard wasn't either. Amy had always resembled both Keira and her sister, Keera; it was obvious to anyone that Amy was Keera's child. Yet now, it seemed like her biological father's identity had become a mystery.

In that moment, Keira couldn't help but wonder if her sister might not be as innocent or naive as she'd always appeared.

Noticing Keira's conflicted look, Lewis asked, "Are you worried Amy's real father might actually show up?"

Keira nodded, her voice soft. "I'm just concerned that if something comes up in the future, it might endanger my mother if my identity gets exposed."

Lewis gave her a steady look. "There's no use in worrying too far ahead. Let's focus on what's in front of us—one step at a time, right?"

His words lifted a weight from Keira's chest. She'd been so burdened with concerns over her mother's safety that she'd convinced herself she had to maintain this role for

her sister. But maybe, as long as she was trying her best, there was no point in stressing about things that hadn't even happened yet.

She nodded, feeling a bit of calm settle over her.

When they headed upstairs to their room, they found Erin sitting with Amy, the two of them surrounded by snacks. Erin had emptied her bag of treats and was dividing everything up with the utmost seriousness. "These two pieces of candy are yours, these two are mine, this bag of pistachios is mine, and...well, this one's a bit big for you, so I'll eat it instead, okay?" Erin said with a grin.

Watching them, Keira couldn't help but smile.

Amy turned at the sound of the door opening, then immediately ran over and hugged Keira's leg. "Mom!"

She paused, looking over at Lewis, hesitated for a moment, then blurted, "Dad!"

Lewis raised an eyebrow, glancing at Keira.

Keira looked just as surprised. "What did you call him?"

"Dad." Amy's little voice was filled with such innocence it made Keira's heart melt a little. It softened Lewis, too. He bent down, lifting her up in his arms.

Seeing Lewis, this tall, strong man, holding Amy so gently, Keira felt like she was seeing happiness in a tangible form for the first time.

In the end, Amy stayed with the Olsen family.

Uncle Olsen personally ensured her safety, and since the poisoning incident, the entire staff had been re-screened thoroughly to confirm there were no issues among the servants and security. The Olsen house had turned into something of a fortress, with tight controls on who came and went, ensuring no one could sneak in to try to take Amy away.

Keira and Lewis decided to stay at the Olsen house instead of returning to their place. Normally, a newlywed couple would relish having a place to themselves, but Amy's bright calls of "Mom" and "Dad" stirred something protective in both of them. They wanted to be there for her.

Since they weren't returning home, Erin, naturally, made herself at home at the Olsen house too.

And so, that night...

"Ah!" Charles shouted as he opened the door to his room, fresh out of a shower and ready to collapse into bed. He hadn't expected to find Erin sleeping peacefully under his covers.

She blinked her sleepy eyes, gazing at him in confusion. "What's the shouting for, Charlie?"

"You—you—you..." he stammered, lost for words.

Erin patted the spot beside her. "I'm staying at the Olsen house, so obviously, I'm sleeping in your room. The other rooms are just too small, you know?"

The Olsens' large family still lived in this building together, with each floor containing a couple of suites. Although there were several guest rooms, they were on the smaller side. Upon hearing this, Erin had swiftly claimed Charles's room as her own, saying her stash of snacks needed space.

For Charles, though, a shy college student who could barely hold hands without blushing, seeing Erin in his bed was more than he could handle.

Swallowing hard, he ran off to find a guest room to sleep in instead.

But his thoughts were far from peaceful. All night, his mind swirled with images of Erin's mischievous smile, her soft fragrance lingering in the room...

But even in the guest room, Charles couldn't calm down. His mind kept drifting back to Erin's playful expression and the lingering hint of her perfume. Her presence was like a spell he couldn't shake, keeping him wide awake.

Hours passed, and just as he was finally beginning to drift off, he heard a door open down the hall.

Charles frowned, unsure of what was going on, and stepped out to investigate—only to be completely stunned by what he saw...