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Sean finished his sentence, then turned with a smile to look at Keira.

Keira didn't know what to say.

Lately, the man looked healthier, with a bit more fullness to his face, which somehow made him even more striking than when she'd first seen him at the Olsen residence.

When he smiled like that, it was like the first warm breeze of spring.

Keira couldn't help but smile back.

At this moment, Lewis cut in, his tone sharp. "Thanks, Mr. Church. When's the party? My wife and I would be honored to drop by."

Keira fell silent.

The jealousy was practically dripping.

This man was always jealous. Anywhere, anytime.

Sean didn't seem to notice Lewis's tone. He smiled and replied, "Three days from now."

Then, he glanced at Amy, waving gently. "What a cute little girl! Is she your sister's child?"

Amy still looked a little shy, her small, heart-shaped face endearing with its wide, almond-shaped eyes that curved like crescent moons when she smiled.

Hearing Sean's question, she gave him a sweet grin. "Hi, pretty sister."

Sean paused, then let out a chuckle. "Actually, I'm a pretty brother—or no, an uncle to you, technically. Calling me 'sister' makes me feel like I've skipped a whole generation."

Amy blinked at him, clearly confused.

Her innocent, wide-eyed gaze seemed to ask, "Why does this pretty lady with a ponytail want me to call her Uncle?"

Sean shook his head with a smile, reached out to gently pat her head, then turned to Keira. "Miss Olsen, are you free for lunch today?"

Keira was perplexed.

Before she could answer, Jenkins and Erin stepped forward.

Jenkins raised an eyebrow. "What's this about?"

Sean lowered his gaze, a sheepish look on his face. "Nothing, really. I just figured, since I'm already here, maybe I could stick around for lunch."

The group didn't know what to say.

Jenkins thought for a moment but stayed silent.

Erin, on the other hand, swallowed audibly and turned to look at Keira, her expression hopeful.

Keira was dumbfounded.

Why did she suddenly feel like everyone thought she was their personal chef?

Before she could respond, Lewis stepped in decisively. "We're busy. Sorry."

With that, he grabbed Keira's hand and led her outside.

Keira followed him to the parking lot, and once they were in the car, she asked, "Where are we going? What's so urgent?"

Lewis glanced at her, his voice calm. "Your call. We haven't been on a date in ages."

Keira raised an eyebrow. "So... no plans? You just made that up?"

"Yeah. I just didn't want you cooking for them. I mean, I can't even bear to let you do that, and they act like it's no big deal. So shameless."

Keira stifled a laugh. "What is this? Jealousy? Or are you just worried about me?"

"Both," Lewis muttered, his face darkening. "They're like moths to a flame—constantly orbiting you, like their lives depend on it. Don't they have their own stuff to do?"

Keira laughed even harder. "Sean has a legitimate excuse—his eating disorder means he can only handle my cooking. I can't exactly let him starve."

"Fine, he gets a pass," Lewis grumbled. "But what about the rest of them? Eating eight bowls of pasta in one sitting—do they not care about wearing you out?"

He reached over and rubbed her wrist gently. "I don't want you overworking yourself."

Keira flexed her hand with a smirk. "Back when I trained in martial arts, my master had me carrying buckets while doing horse stance. This is nothing."

"That's different," Lewis said firmly. "That was exercise. This is housework." Seeing how adamant he was, Keira nodded with a playful smile. "Alright, I'll listen to you. From now on, I'll only cook for Sean."

Lewis nodded in satisfaction.

The car glided onto the road, the two of them driving aimlessly through Clance.

Although the weather was turning colder, today had warmed up a bit. Keira opened the sunroof and windows, letting the breeze blow in and lift her hair. It was refreshing.

She gazed out at the passing scenery before turning to Lewis, who was focused on the road. A wave of contentment washed over her.

If her mother were still here... If the Olsen family drama didn't exist... could her life with Lewis be this peaceful and happy?

The thought made her lean back in her seat. Before she knew it, she'd drifted off to sleep.

When she woke up, the car was still moving.

Keira stretched and looked outside. The sky had gone dark. She checked the time—it had been ten hours.

She turned to Lewis in disbelief. "Where are we?"

"On the road outside your family's house."

Keira blinked. "How many laps have you done?"

"Not sure. Didn't count."

She paused. "You've been driving for ten hours?"

Lewis nodded. "Yeah. You seemed comfortable. I didn't want to stop and wake you up."

A warmth bloomed in Keira's chest.

Because she hadn't slept well the night before, Lewis had essentially chauffeured her around all day so she could rest.

It had been ages since she'd had such a sound sleep—so deep and relaxing that it left her dazed. How long had it been since she'd felt this at ease?

As a child, she never slept well at the Olsen house, always on edge, waiting for Poppy to barge in and hit her.

Later, when she moved out, it was even worse. No matter how brave she pretended to be, she'd been a thirteen-year-old girl, alone in a cold, empty apartment. How could she not be scared?

For the first time, she'd slept without a care in the world—thanks to him.