

MY ACCIDENTAL HUSBAND IS A BILLIONAIRE !

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Jenkins immediately asked, "Why?"

Sean shot her a cold glare, and she instinctively shrank back. This guy had been a source of intimidation for as long as Jenkins could remember, ever since they were kids. Sean didn't answer her question. Instead, Keira, who had been quietly observing, stepped in. "If I had to guess, you probably haven't been back much since you turned ten, have you?" Sean's gaze flickered with surprise, then he nodded slightly. "Yeah." Jenkins still looked baffled. "Why, though?" Sean glared at her again. "Shut up." Jenkins said, "... Okay." Without another word, Sean headed for the kitchen. Ever since the revelation of his true nature, Sean no longer bothered pretending to be the refined gentleman he'd once projected. The transformation was complete: gone was the genteel façade, replaced by his sharp, unapologetic self. What was more, after shamelessly aligning himself with Keira, he'd practically taken up permanent residence at the Olsen estate, showing up daily to eat whatever she cooked. And if that wasn't enough— His sidekick had taken it upon himself to announce Sean's arrival like some royal decree. "Careful with that! Don't scratch anything, alright?" the lackey barked at the movers before marching up to Keira.

"Miss Olsen, where's the room Mr. Church will be staying in?" Keira blinked, caught off guard.

"Excuse me? He's moving in?" "Of course," the lackey chirped. "Our boss plans to eat your cooking every day. Living here will save us the trouble of commuting back and forth. The Olsen estate is huge—surely there's a spare room somewhere?" Well, he wasn't wrong. The sprawling Olsen mansion boasted dozens of rooms on each floor—more than enough for guests, staff, and residents. But the thing was, the Olsen family was big. Really big. And they never divided the estate. Add to that the increasing number of uninvited "guests" who had taken up semi-permanent residence, and all the sunny, prime-view guest rooms had already been claimed. Keira sighed and made her way to the kitchen, where Sean was enjoying a bowl of pasta she'd prepared. Keira wasn't a professional chef, after all. Cooking for Sean every day wasn't exactly part of the plan, so she kept it simple—soups, pasta, maybe some bread.

Yet Sean, picky as he was, seemed perfectly content, polishing off her meals with an almost childlike satisfaction. It was ridiculous. In just a few days of staying at the Olsen estate, he'd visibly filled out.

His complexion was glowing, and he looked so ethereal it was hard to tell if he was impossibly handsome or absurdly beautiful. Hearing her approach, Sean turned, his bright almond-shaped eyes flickering with what almost seemed like hurt. He finished his pasta in small, deliberate bites and then walked out without a word. Heading straight for Jenkins, he announced, "You. Move out of your room." Jenkins was shocked. This was outrageous! She wanted to protest. She really did. But Sean's intimidating presence made her words falter. Luckily, someone else had no such qualms. "Nope. Not happening." Peter had just walked in. After a long day at work, all Peter wanted was to unwind.

But coming home to see his girlfriend being bullied? Absolutely not. Jenkins was currently occupying Peter's master bedroom. Peter rolled up his sleeves, storming over to Sean. "Who do you think you are?" Sean's eyes darkened, a dangerous edge flashing in his gaze. Before things escalated, Keira's calm voice broke through. "He's my fifth brother." Instantly, the tension in Sean's expression dissolved. It couldn't be helped. This guy wasn't someone he could kill. If he did, there'd go his meal. Letting out a disgruntled huff, Sean muttered, "Fine. Can I at least have some space here?" "For what?" Keira asked, puzzled. "To build a house." Keira was speechless. She pinched the bridge of her nose. "There's no need for that. You can take the guest room Peter's using." "What about me?" Peter protested. "Go back to your room," Keira said simply. Her words made Jenkins' cheeks flush. The two of them had been in a rough patch lately, each stubbornly sticking to their own space. Keira's suggestion was a blatant nudge for reconciliation. Jenkins coughed awkwardly, glancing at Peter, who blinked at her in confusion before asking, "But... where will Jenkins sleep?" Keira was dumbfounded. So was Jenkins.

Even Erin, who had been casually munching pistachios, choked on one at Peter's obliviousness. Seriously, how did this guy ever land a girlfriend? With a sharp tug on his ear, Jenkins snapped, "What? Sharing a bed with me is such a hardship for you?" Peter stammered, "No! I just... wasn't thinking!" She dragged him upstairs to pack up his things. As Peter carried his belongings out of the room, he asked Sean, "Need a maid to change the sheets for you?" Sean scoffed. "No." "That's gross. I've slept there," Peter shot back, visibly annoyed. Sean didn't miss a beat. "I know. That's why I'm gutting the room and replacing everything with my own furniture." He gestured, and his team of lackeys swarmed the room. For the next hour, the once-cozy guest room was transformed into an elegant space with antique-style furnishings, every trace

of Peter's presence scrubbed away. Downstairs, Jenkins and Erin sidled up to Keira, whispering, "Hey, Keira, what's Sean's deal? Why didn't he go back to the South family after he turned ten?"