

# One Night Stand with Ex's Uncle

## Chapter 4

Anna's POV :

I sat in the living room, watching as Rachel led Sean inside. The young man who entered was indeed the same face I remembered from Olympus Club, but something felt off.

He was wiping his hands with a white towel as he hurried in. "Ms. Shaw, you're here." His voice was soft and polite.

I studied him carefully. Clean, simple, and well-mannered - just as I remembered. Yet that nagging feeling of something being wrong wouldn't leave me.

"Come, sit down. Let's talk." I smiled, trying to keep the atmosphere light.

He sat across from me, his slender hands resting naturally on his legs. His clear eyes met mine steadily, neither fawning nor nervous like others usually were. It was precisely this comfortable presence that had drawn me to him at Olympus Club.

Just as I was about to speak, I noticed something missing. "Where are the servants? There's no drinks."

Before Rachel could respond, Sean spoke up: "I dismissed the servants. I thought you might prefer privacy, Ms. Shaw. I apologize if I overstepped."

He stood up smoothly. "I'll make you a cup of coffee."

I watched him go, somewhat impressed. While I demanded excellence in business, I was quite casual in personal matters. The villa was his home now, so he should manage it as he saw fit.

He returned quickly with Macchiato - my favorite. Clearly, he'd done his homework these past three days, learning my preferences.

Smart, perceptive, pleasant to look at, and good at his job. I took a satisfied sip of coffee.

"Have you quit smoking?" I asked casually.

"Ms. Shaw, I've never smoked."

I froze mid-sip. The earlier doubts came rushing back. "You've never smoked? Ever?"

Seeing my expression change, he grew nervous. "No, never. My father got lung cancer... that's why I started working at... I don't smoke because of that."

I turned to Rachel, who confirmed: "Ms. Shaw, he's telling the truth. His father is hospitalized with lung cancer. His mother passed away two years ago. He used to work at an investment firm but quit to work at Olympus Club for the money."

I was shocked. Is Sean really not the man I had sex with that night? The man I had sex with that night clearly smoked! I need to confirm this with more certainty.

"Take off your shirt," I commanded.

He hesitated for a moment before starting to unbutton his shirt. His face flushed slightly, but he complied - understanding his position.

With the shirt off, his frame was revealed to be thin and lacking definition. I stepped closer and pressed a finger against his chest, then squeezed his arm. No muscle tone at all.

The man I had sex with really wasn't Sean, the man that night had a much stronger body and was nothing like Sean's emaciated body. I slept with the wrong guy.

But I racked my brain and couldn't remember exactly how I had slept with the wrong person.

I messaged Catherine to inform her of the oopsie, and within a few moments, Catherine's call came through..

She puzzled and said, "You really slept with the wrong person, didn't you? You didn't see the guy's face the next day?"

I rubbed my temples, "I was drunk that night, my memory got confused, and when I woke up the next morning I was rushing to the afternoon tea party, I didn't pay that much attention."

After I hung up the phone, Rachel inquired, "Ms. Shaw, Sean is still downstairs. How should we arrange this?"

I thought Sean was the guy I had sex with that night, and that's why I wanted to keep him. After all, the man that night was in great shape and had great sexual skills.

Since Sean wasn't the man from that night, there's naturally no reason to keep him around.

"Let him go back," I said.

Rachel hesitated, "Ms. Shaw, the people at Olympus Club know that Sean was being kept by you. They were all envious and jealous. If you send him back after just a few days, Sean will surely be ridiculed. Moreover, he probably won't be able to continue working there. Once someone is sent back, no one will request him again."

I hadn't expected this to be so complicated. It would be too much if Sean lost his job because of my issue.

Looking at Sean's worried face, I made a quick decision. He needed help, and I had inadvertently given him hope. I couldn't just cast him aside.

"Sean, you can stay," I said as I went down the stairs. "Rachel, get his father the best hospitals and specialists. I will cover all expenses."

Sean's eyes widened in disbelief. " Ms. Shaw..."