

My Accidental Husband is a Billionaire ! Chapter 10

Chapter 10: Have You Been to the Civil Affairs Bureau?

When Keira's mobile phone rang, Lewis was slightly taken aback.

He turned to look at Keira.

"Need Iron" was her?

Keira answered the phone, "Hello."

But Lewis heard no sound in the receiver. He looked at his phone and found out that the line was busy. The voice call didn't get through.

He was overthinking it.

At that moment, several people in the lobby were on the phone, it was impossible to tell which one was her.

Just then, "Need Iron" sent a message. "Sorry, I'm in the middle of something. Let's reschedule again."

At the rooftop.

Keira was answering Samuel's phone call while texting "Grandson".

Samuel gloated, "Boss, are you all right? It's been many years since you last did repair work, right?"

Keira said lightly, "If you are free, help me find out Lewis's private number, so I don't have to stalk him over and over again."

If she could get his number, she could call him every hour to remind him to check with the Civil Affairs Bureau. With so many phone calls, even if he didn't believe this absurd thing, he would check it out.

Samuel immediately complained, "How is it possible to find his private number? Don't you know that there is no information about him online? It took a lot of effort to find out his personal schedule..."

"That's because you're useless."

Keira hung up and saw Tom showing a contemptuous look. "Miss Olsen, my boss's private phone number is confidential. Ordinary people can't get it."

Keira teased him. "Do you believe that one day, not only will I have your boss's phone number but also his WhatsApp?"

Divorce procedures were a bit troublesome, and she would definitely be in contact more often with Lewis in the future.

Tom snickered, "What a daydream!"

As soon as Tom finished speaking, Keira's phone rang. "Grandson" sent a WhatsApp message. "Call me anytime when you're free."

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Ten minutes later, Keira fixed the air conditioner.

She clapped her hands together. "The air conditioner's filter has been used for too long and accumulated dirt, which affected the cooling function. It's fine after I replaced it."

Seeing how swiftly and easily she solved the problem, Tom didn't feel so hostile toward her anymore.

To avoid her going after Mr. Horton again, Tom personally escorted her downstairs.

At the entrance, he said meaningfully, "Miss Olsen, from now on there will be no signed delivery, and no electrical appliances will be damaged on the rooftop."

Keira knew what he meant, but she just grinned, "Well, see you at noon."

She turned around and left.

Tom was perplexed.

He didn't take her words to heart and returned to the rooftop.

At noon, Lewis had a lunch meeting.

He wasn't fond of socializing, but since he had returned to his home country, he needed to respect Crera's culture of feasting, even though such occasions weren't frequent.

Tom accompanied him the entire time.

They came to a private restaurant, and noticing the waiters and waitresses in uniform, Tom suddenly became more vigilant.

Wasn't waitressing the most common part-time job chosen by students who wanted to work while studying?

He looked around, observing almost all the waiters and waitresses, only after not spotting Keira did he breathe a sigh of relief.

But he quickly found his own actions laughable.

Keira was already a delivery worker and a repair technician. How could she take up another job?

How was it that she scared him like this with her simple words "see you at noon"?

Feeling relaxed, Tom entered the private room just as the food was served, and the head chef came to pay respect.

"Everyone, are you satisfied with today's meal?"

At the sound of the familiar female voice, Tom went stiff!

He did a double take as if he had seen a ghost and saw Keira standing at the door with a chef's hat. A soft smile tugged on her lips as she introduced the day's dishes. Finally, she walked over to Lewis and whispered, "Mr. Horton, you should go check the Civil Affairs Bureau."

Lewis was speechless.

He clenched his jaw, a hint of consternation crossing his usually calm face.

Tom was even more shocked as he stared at her, "You... You're the chef? You also have a certification for that?"

"Yup."

Keira reached for her waist pocket to pull out her chef license, but she accidentally dropped one, two, three... a total of five different work licenses!

Tom swallowed hard. "You've got five part-time jobs?"

Keira said, "No."

Tom breathed a sigh of relief, only to hear her calmly say...

"There are some that I didn't bring with me."

Tom was shocked.

Keira, with a smiling face, turned toward Lewis. "Mr. Horton, I can do any job. I don't think you would want me to keep bothering you, so why not check with the Civil Affairs Bureau?"

Lewis's face remained taut.

The woman had amorous eyes and always spoke as if she was flirting. She was attracting the attention of the rest of the people at the dinner table.

Lewis's face darkened instantly, still ignoring Keira. He turned to Tom and said, "Go check it out..."

Keira rejoiced inwardly.

Was this man finally persuaded by her?

But then she heard his cold words. "Who leaked my schedule?"

...

Tom took a step forward, again blocking Keira. "Miss Olsen, please leave immediately."

When Keira was once again driven out of the private room, she sighed while standing outside.

Why wouldn't this man just believe her?

Despite her patience, she was getting a little annoyed at this point.

She didn't leave and simply waited outside.

When had she ever been treated like this before in recent years?

The more she thought, the angrier she became.

Keira took out her mobile phone, wanting to find someone to rant about but found none in her WhatsApp contacts. She composed a post for her story.

In the private room.

Everyone ate their meals while flattering Lewis.

He was growing impatient with this, so he took out his mobile phone and pretended to be busy with something.

He clicked into his story out of boredom and saw "Need Iron" posted something two minutes ago. "Don't be angry. One should be patient with little brats."

Lewis was slightly taken aback.

He immediately texted "Need Iron". "How old are you exactly? You sound like you already have a grandson."

He can't let an elderly woman take care of his grandmother...

"Need Iron" replied with a "?".

"Need Iron" wrote, "Are you talking about my story? I was cursing someone! Someone who never understands what I say!"

Lewis was speechless.

Only then did he realize that he had made a fool of himself.

So, he sent a message to hide his embarrassment. "The brain is a daily necessity. That person might have taken it as a decoration."

"Need Iron" said. "I like that. Keep it coming."

Lewis pushed up his lips into an amused smirk. "Only human beings are worth our mockery. Ignore him."

"Need Iron" said, "Since you're so articulate, I'll give Granny an extra meal tonight. Does she have any dietary restrictions?"

Lewis wrote, "The doctor said to eat less sweet and spicy food, but anything else goes."

"Need Iron" said, "No problem."

Their chat always gave Lewis the feeling of speaking to an old friend; it was very comforting.

He suddenly asked, "Can I visit Granny tonight?"

"Need Iron" said, "Of course. You're always welcome."

Afterward, she sent a detailed address complete with her room number.