

My Accidental Husband is a Billionaire !

My Accidental Husband is a Billionaire ! #Chapter 801 - Read My Accidental Husband is a Billionaire ! Chapter 801

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As the two of them left, Jenkins turned to Peter.

Peter frowned. "So... is what my sister said true?"

Jenkins paused. "Which part?"

"All of it!" Peter's tone was a mix of curiosity and exasperation.

Jenkins laughed softly. "Well, most of it's on the mark. Your sister's no innocent bunny—she's as sly as a fox."

Peter beamed with pride. "Of course. Nobody in the Olsen family is dumb."

"Oh? Is that so?"

Peter looked at her, confused. "Absolutely. Intelligence runs high in our family—my parents are both geniuses."

Jenkins raised an eyebrow. "Ever heard of the balancing theory?"

Peter tilted his head. "What theory?"

"That two smart people together can only produce an average child," Jenkins explained with a smirk. "It's nature's way of keeping things in check. Sometimes, I feel like Earth itself is just one big prison, and we're all under a very strict watch. Ever wonder why South family kids have such a hard time?"

Peter blinked, taken aback. "Uh... wait, what? Is that really a thing?"

Jenkins gave him a wry look. "Have you met your niece Amy? You should keep a close eye on her. The South family's lineage has been thinning out. They used to have hundreds fighting over the inheritance; now, there's barely nine. And all the women in the family? Trained since childhood, taking all sorts of hits to their bodies... It's a wonder they can even have children. Trust me, Amy's more valuable than you think."

Peter looked at Jenkins, then let his gaze drift down to her stomach.

Jenkins stepped back quickly. "What are you doing?"

"Just thinking... No wonder there's been no 'accidents.' Guess that's nature's way of birth control."

Jenkins's face went bright red. She glared at him, flustered. "What... what is wrong with you?"

Peter shrugged. "What? Just stating the obvious. For someone who lies as much as you do, you sure don't take well to honesty. Fine, I'll keep my mouth shut." He threw her a teasing grin and walked off.

Jenkins was left fuming.

She stomped forward, only to notice that Peter had doubled back, standing just a few steps away, still not looking at her directly. "Before I go... what my sister said about you having feelings for me, and just pretending otherwise to avoid putting me in a tough spot. Is that true?"

Jenkins froze, looking at him.

Peter's face was slightly flushed, and though he wouldn't meet her gaze, his fingers fidgeted as if betraying his nerves.

Jenkins chuckled softly. "Yes. It's true."

"Oh." Peter looked everywhere but at her. "Guess I'll have to think about forgiving you, then."

"Sure." Jenkins kept her tone light.

Peter cleared his throat. "And I might not forgive you. After all, you lied to me."

"I understand."

A hint of a smile crossed Peter's face as he turned to go, but after a few steps, he paused again, looking back. "In the meantime... stay in the guest room. You don't need to leave just yet."

Jenkins shrugged. "Not like I have a choice. You think your sister and Erin are going to let me walk out freely?"

Peter nodded. "Good. If anyone in the household disrespects you, let me know."

"Got it."

He hesitated a moment longer.

"Something else?" she asked, amused.

"No." Peter tossed back a simple answer and finally walked off for real.

Watching him go, Jenkins couldn't help but smile to herself.

Keira and Erin were already in the dining room, helping themselves to breakfast.

As Jenkins and Peter came in from the kitchen, Jenkins nodded at Keira. "After breakfast, let's talk."

"Sounds good."

Peter immediately picked up his breakfast and headed for the door. "You can talk here at the table. I'll give you two some privacy."

The dining room was large and quiet—just the right place for a conversation out of earshot of others.

Jenkins took a bite of toast before turning to Keira. "The person who got me kicked out of Oceanion? They go by the alias 'Clownfish.'"

Keira paused mid-bite, her eyebrows lifting.

Erin nearly choked, spitting her coffee out in surprise. "Wait, her?"

Jenkins shot Erin a look.

"Do you know her?" Keira asked.

Erin shook her head. "Not personally, but I remember the nickname—it's odd enough that it stuck with me. We went to preschool together, but it's not like anyone kept track of her after that. But that Clownfish's personality... oh, I remember it."

"Personality?" Keira asked, curious.

"Oh yeah." Erin nodded. "No one else was like her. Even back then, she'd stir up trouble, sitting back and watching as we all fought, like she thrived on chaos. She was a real snake."

Jenkins nodded. "Right? Everyone in the class despised her... though..." She gave Keira a thoughtful once-over. "Keera, don't you remember her at all?"

Jenkins had no idea that Keira wasn't actually Keera, which led her to ask the question.

Erin glanced quickly at Keira before jumping in. "It's... well..."

"I'm not Keera."

Keira interrupted, looking straight at Jenkins. "Keera is my twin sister."

Erin froze, almost gasping in disbelief. Her immediate instinct was to cover Keira's mouth. Who would just blurt out something like that?

Erin shot Keira an incredulous look.

Jenkins was equally stunned, staring at Keira with wide eyes. "You just went ahead and said it?"

Keira nodded. "Since we're allies, I think it's best to be honest."

After her experience with Sean, she had come to terms with the reality of her sister's identity. Keeping it a secret seemed pointless, and it would only lead to holes in her story. Besides, she had no way of truly knowing her sister's history with the South family, which made it easier to reveal the truth. The more people who knew, the easier it would be for her to maintain the disguise.

Erin looked like she was about to explode, glaring at Keira. "And you trust her this much? We just agreed to work together, and you're giving away your biggest weakness? Don't you realize that one slip like this could cost you the entire inheritance battle?"

Keira chuckled. "We're all in this together now. If my cover is blown, it won't just hurt me—it could compromise your goals in Crera's economy too."

Erin was momentarily silenced.

Keira turned back to Jenkins. "Besides, I'm sure Lion has already figured it out, right?"

Someone who had only recently met Keira might not notice the difference, but Jenkins had been with the Olsens long enough to piece things together. Especially since Jenkins had dealings with both the Olsen and Horton families, and must have known that Lewis's late wife was named Keira Olsen, though she was presumed lost at sea.

Jenkins smiled slightly. "I did have my suspicions."

After all, everyone knew Keira's personality, so her sudden change hadn't gone unnoticed.

Keira continued, "Do you think there's any chance Clownfish might come to Crera?"

Erin froze mid-bite, looking at Keira. "Are you trying to scare us today?"

Keira shrugged. "Clownfish may have control over Country A, but with Lion out of the picture, it's likely she'll extend her reach. Given how close Crera is to Country A, it's only logical."

Erin rolled her eyes. "You have a point, but Clownfish is impossible to track down."

Jenkins nodded. "Exactly. She never plays by the rules, and it's impossible to predict her next move. Plus, she seems to have no weak spots, which makes her all the more dangerous. She wouldn't hesitate to take you down with her if it came to it."

Jenkins shuddered a bit as she spoke.

Erin picked up on the unease. "Wait, you mean she actually scared you into leaving for Crera?"

Jenkins hesitated for a moment before nodding. "When she showed up in Country A, she called to tell me she was there. Then she asked if I was going to leave on my own, or if she'd have to blow up my company to make me leave."

Erin and Keira were both speechless,

Jenkins pressed her lips together. "If it had been anyone else, I'd have thought they were bluffing. But this is Clownfish we're talking about. She'd throw money into buying up arms just to make a point, even if it got her nothing in return. So, I decided it was best to give up the company."

Erin looked horrified. "You did the right thing. If you hadn't left, your company would probably be a pile of ashes by now."

Both Erin and Jenkins looked like they were recalling some particularly unsettling memories of Clownfish's actions.

Keira raised an eyebrow. "Is she really that ruthless?"

Erin and Jenkins both nodded. "Absolutely! She's a lunatic, and the last thing we need is her setting foot in Crera."

Keira sighed. "She's probably already here."

With Crera becoming the world's leading economic power, it was inevitable that Clownfish would take an interest. Even Country M's biggest players wouldn't resist coming here.

Erin shivered. "I'd rather deal with ten Lions than face one Clownfish."

Jenkins shot her a look. "I'd take a hundred Foxes over one Clownfish."

Erin glared. "Hey! What's that supposed to mean?"

"You're the one who started it!"

"Am I wrong? Who got run out of Country A and ended up in Crera pretending to be a servant for years? All because of one woman!"

Jenkins shrugged. "Yeah, poor me. And what about you? Didn't you team up with Keera for protection?"

"Excuse me, Keera teamed up with me! Get your facts straight!"

Erin bristled, looking like an angry fox with her fur all ruffled up.

Keira rubbed her temples, watching the two of them bicker, her patience clearly wearing thin. She cleared her throat, then asked, "So, do either of you know what Clownfish looks like? She could be right under our noses."

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As soon as Keira said this, Erin and Jenkins exchanged a look, then both shook their heads.

Keira frowned. "What's the problem?"

Erin shrugged. "Ever since we left the South family, we've only kept in touch in our group chat. We haven't met in person for years!"

She looked over at Jenkins. "You too? Haven't seen her?"

Jenkins nodded.

Erin scoffed, "So, you didn't even see her in person, and just one phone call had you running scared?"

Jenkins held her gaze. "What would you have done?"

Erin paused, quiet for a moment, her silence enough to tell Keira that she would've run, too.

Jenkins explained, "I built an empire in Country A, not by myself but with a team that just kept expanding. The bigger it got, the more I couldn't control it alone."

Keira nodded in understanding. She'd lived through that herself.

She'd built her first company from nothing, though her own journey had started much earlier. The first job she held was in a diner, waiting tables, back in middle school. When she left the Olsen family, Mrs. Olsen had given her some money to get by, but it was immediately taken by Poppy, who declared Keira unworthy of spending Olsen money. From then on, she'd been on her own. She started with a summer job at that diner. It was rough, but she was smart and a fast learner. She watched the chef work and could replicate a dish after just one demonstration. Soon enough, she'd step in when the chef was sick, cooking for an entire shift, perfectly following the recipes to the gram.

Eventually, she moved out of the dorms, giving her more time to work. High school and college weren't free, and she needed funds just to stay in school and cover living expenses. A year of hard work later, she'd saved about ten thousand dollars—a safety net she intended to use to support herself through school. But academics came easily to her. While others struggled, she found that studying took hardly any time, leaving her more hours to work. As a result, her savings grew.

Then, just when things were looking up, the diner's owner announced he was leaving Oceanion and selling the business. Keira's heart went out to the staff who had been like family to her. And so, she spent every penny she had to buy that little diner.

Her hard work paid off, and over time, the business grew. She eventually expanded into other service industries, starting a courier company, then a property management business—ventures that helped those at the bottom of the ladder. Each new business met a basic need for everyday people, and it gave her a small measure of security.

From that diner came the empire she built, growing into the massive N Group, which brought in millions every year. But no matter how big she got, she kept that first diner open, providing jobs for the people who needed them most.

Keira glanced back at Jenkins. In Country A, she must have faced the same dilemma—growing a business that became too big to fully control. So when Clownfish threatened to blow up her company if she didn't leave, she hadn't had much choice.

For someone like her, walking away from her own life was unthinkable. But she'd done it for her employees' safety, and that told Keira something about her character. It was this integrity that made Keira trust Jenkins.

Had Jenkins stayed, Clownfish might never have carried out the threat, but she wasn't willing to take that risk.

Keira met her eyes. "So now Clownfish has taken over your company?"

"No." Jenkins shook her head. "The board sensed something was up when I left. My most trusted people are still protecting my business, but I lost my financial stronghold. That's why I came to Crera, to ally with the Olsen family and get their help in driving Clownfish out."

Keira blinked. "The Olsens have that kind of power?"

Jenkins shot her a knowing look. "You really don't know your father, do you? You think he's just some average businessman? He's the one who brought Olsen Group to the top of the five major families! Anyone looking for allies in Crera would go to him first."

Keira's gaze sharpened. "Then Clownfish will likely target my family too?"

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Jenkins hesitated after hearing the question. It took her a long moment to respond.

"I don't know. She's insane. There's no way to predict where she might strike next," she said, then turned to Keira. "But if you can help me return home, I'll bring my entire company under your wing"

Keira raised an eyebrow. "And how exactly am I supposed to do that?"

Jenkins pressed her lips together. "It's actually straightforward."

"How?"

Jenkins leaned in slightly. "Country A is a constitutional monarchy-you know that, right? The king still holds considerable power. One word from him can change everything. Historically, they've looked down on merchants. To them, we're beneath farmers and

scholars. The point is, if we can win over the king, we can neutralize any influence in Country A-including Clownfish."

Keira's expression shifted. "How do you propose we win over the king?"

Jenkins coughed lightly. "Well, this particular king is exceptional. He's a visionary who's built the country into what it is today. When he took the throne at fifteen, he didn't waste time. One of his first acts was waging war against a neighboring state to establish dominance. Everyone thought he was reckless, but that victory brought the country over a decade of peace. He's both brilliant and ruthless."

The praise piqued Keira's interest.

Erin nodded. "I've heard of him, too. Thirty now, right? Known for his sharp looks and sharper mind. But is the South family afraid of him?"

Jenkins chuckled. "Afraid? Not quite. They're allied with him. The king owes his throne to the South family, so they maintain a special relationship. When Clownfish moved into Country A, it was with his approval. I even went to him for help, hoping he'd block Clownfish's entry. But he declined, citing neutrality in the South family's internal conflicts."

"So why are you bringing this up?" Erin asked bluntly.

Jenkins sighed. "Because neutrality is just an excuse. If I had proven myself worthy of his trust, he would've helped me. But I didn't."

Keira understood now.

In Country A, the monarchy reigned supreme. The king's word carried far more weight than any merchant's influence. Even someone like Jenkins, who had built a thriving business empire, couldn't outmatch a royal decree.

"So you want us to help you win him over?" Keira asked.

Jenkins nodded. "Exactly. If we can convince him to back you, he'll order Clownfish out. I'll get my company back and pledge my resources to you."

Keira frowned. "So, once again, it boils down to playing politics?"

She felt a wave of frustration. Back in Crera, she had to maintain ties with the five major families just to stay afloat. Now, solving the Country A issue would require yet another alliance?

Erin smirked. "You've been in Country A for years and couldn't win him over. What makes you think Keira can?"

Jenkins let out a heavy breath. "The king isn't easily impressed. I built my company on a modest budget, which barely registered in his eyes."

Keira tapped her fingers on the table. "Cut to the chase. What's his weakness?"

Jenkins hesitated before answering. "Children."

"Children?" Keira repeated, her brow furrowing.

"The king has been on the throne for over a decade and still has no heirs," Jenkins explained. "He married over a dozen women, but none of them have managed to conceive."

"Low sperm count?" Erin quipped.

"Not exactly," Jenkins replied with a wry smile. "His medical reports are pristine. It's a mystery. When he was younger, he wasn't concerned. But now that he's thirty, he's getting desperate."

"So, what?" Keira folded her arms. "You expect me to help him produce an heir? I'm not a miracle worker"

Erin laughed. "If anyone should try, it's me. At least I'm a doctor."

"You're a toxicologist," Jenkins pointed out.

"Close enough," Erin shot back with a grin. "Good with poisons, better with cures."

Jenkins rolled her eyes. "Fine, then help regulate his health or something. If we can get one of his wives pregnant, we solve the Country A problem."

Keira rubbed her temples. "Fantastic. Now we're playing matchmaker for a king"

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Erin blinked. "This kind of case isn't uncommon. On paper, everything checks out fine, but no pregnancies, not even with IVF. It usually means the man's sperm requires a very specific environment to survive-conditions most women's eggs just can't meet." She turned to Jenkins and added mischievously, "If you want his women to conceive, why not just slip a man into the palace? Problem solved."

Jenkins rolled her eyes. "You think their security is that lax? They'll test DNA three months in, and the jig will be up. Besides, those women are loyal to him-they'd never betray him willingly"

Erin shrugged. "Then what's the plan?"

Jenkins sighed, hesitating before revealing her trump card. "Word is, Monbatten's secretly in Crera to try out some traditional therapies. That's why I thought we had a shot. If we can cure his...condition, I can finally go back."

Erin perked up, glancing at Keira. "When did he get here? Do we know where he's staying?"

Jenkins hesitated, then gave a wry smile. "He's been here a few days, but it's all hush-hush. Luckily, someone does know where he is."

The two women exchanged a knowing look and spoke in unison. "Ryan Cobb."

Given Ryan's unique position and involvement in diplomatic circles, it was plausible he'd have the intel. Without his help, approaching Monbatten would be impossible. Anyone caught snooping into a king's whereabouts risked being labeled a spy.

Keira glanced at Erin. "How good are you at diagnostics?"

Erin smirked. "Oh, nothing special-just third-best in the world."

Keira sighed at her cocky grin, pinching the bridge of her nose. But after a moment's thought, she grabbed her phone.

Even though she hated bothering Ryan over something like this, Keira wasn't foolish enough to pass up an opportunity like this by trying to figure it out on her own. That wasn't high-mindedness; that was stupidity.

After explaining her request to Ryan over the phone, she added casually, "If it's inconvenient, just say so."

Ryan's voice softened, a chuckle laced in. "Keira, no need to be so formal. You saved my life. Besides, this is hardly a tall order. Monbatten and I hit it off immediately-he's already a friend. My father even asked me to oversee his treatment while he's here. Consider this a favor for both of us. Let's meet tomorrow at the club. I'll introduce you."

Keira didn't hesitate. "Sounds good. Tomorrow, then."

After hanging up, she turned to Jenkins, who grinned slyly.

"This," Jenkins mused, "is the power of connections."

Erin raised an eyebrow and nodded toward the door. "Let's just hope someone doesn't get jealous."

Keira glanced over her shoulder to find Lewis standing there, watching her with a faint smile.

She raised a brow at him, but he only chuckled softly and walked away.

Jenkins sighed wistfully. "A man like Mr. Horton-so loyal and controlled-is rare these days. Most men with money can't resist temptation. He's a gem."

Keira smirked, heading for the door. "My brother's the same way."

Jenkins blinked, momentarily speechless.

The next morning, Keira invited Lewis to join her. He drove them to the exclusive club, but when they arrived, he declined to go inside.

"This is the Cobbs' club," he explained. "Its security is airtight. You'll be fine. I'll wait in the car."

"You're not coming in?"

Lewis pulled out his laptop. "I've got a meeting."

Keira nodded. "Alright."

She, Jenkins, and Erin stepped out, passing through tight security at the club's entrance. Inside, they found themselves face-to-face with Sean Church, who looked surprised to see them.

"Miss Olsen! What brings you here?"

She raised an eyebrow. "I could ask you the same."

Sean chuckled sheepishly. "I heard the food here was phenomenal. Came to see for myself, but it's overrated."

Shaking his head, he added, "Well, I won't keep you. Looks like you're busy."

Keira nodded and moved on, eventually reaching the private room Ryan had mentioned. She knocked, and to her surprise, he answered the door himself. "Monbatten doesn't want too many people around," Ryan explained, stepping aside. Keira stepped into the room-and froze.

The man sitting inside, the King of Country A, looked eerily familiar.