

# **My Accidental Husband is a Billionaire ! #Chapter 806 - Read My Accidental Husband is a Billionaire ! Chapter 806**

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Monbatten's features were unmistakably foreign-thick brows, deep-set eyes, and a neatly trimmed beard on his strong jawline. As he observed Keira, there was a flicker of familiarity in his gaze, his attention lingering on her longer than was customary. The silence was finally broken by Jenkins, who stepped forward with a friendly smile. "King Monbatten, it's a pleasure to meet you. I'm South Jenkins."

Monbatten shifted his focus, realization dawning on his face. "Ah, it's you. I never imagined that after leaving Country A, you'd settle in Crera. How have you been?" Jenkins nodded. "Not too bad." She then stepped aside to introduce Keira and Erin. Ryan, seated nearby, had been prepared to make introductions but chose to remain quiet, observing instead.

When Erin was introduced as a medical expert, Monbatten glanced at her skeptically. "A physician this young?"

Erin waved her hands. "Not exactly. I specialize in toxins. If there's something wrong in your system, I can use specific toxins to neutralize harmful agents-kind of like fighting fire with fire"

Her words were a bit roundabout, and it wasn't clear if Monbatten fully understood. His expression was neutral as he alternated between looking at Jenkins and Keira before finally shaking his head with a sigh and settling onto the couch.

Extending his arm, he motioned for Erin to proceed. She took his pulse with a clinical focus, while Keira drew a blood sample and began analyzing it on a portable device she'd brought along.

As someone well-versed in groundbreaking medical research, Keira had encountered countless cases, but infertility wasn't her specialty. Despite her thorough examination, every test returned the same result: Monbatten was in perfect health.

Erin, on the other hand, concluded her assessment with a thoughtful look. "King Monbatten, have you ever been to a volcanic area or spent time in extremely hot springs during your youth?"

Monbatten appeared startled by the question, then nodded. "Yes, I've visited volcanic regions before."

Erin clapped her hands lightly, as if solving a puzzle. "Prolonged exposure to high heat can impact certain aspects of fertility-not necessarily the quality of your, uh, contribution, but its ability to pair with an egg. To put it simply, your system is... selective. You may need to, um, expand your options to find compatibility." Monbatten sighed deeply. "I already have over a hundred women in my court." "Then," Erin said, folding her arms, "you'll need to ensure you visit one every three days. That way, each person gets their turn annually. Busy schedule, huh?"

Monbatten's frustration deepened. "I'm not interested in numbers. I just want a child-any child, even a daughter. My throne needs an heir. Surely, there's another way?" Erin tilted her head, resting a hand on her chin. "I can try regulating your system to improve the odds, but I can't promise it'll work."

Monbatten's shoulders slumped as a shadow crossed his face.

Ryan, sensing the king's despair, interjected smoothly. "In Crera, we have a saying: 'Good things are worth the wait! Perhaps your child is waiting for just the right moment to arrive. When they do, I'm sure they'll be remarkable.'"

The king offered a faint smile, though the sorrow in his eyes remained.

As the meeting wrapped up, Jenkins and Keira exchanged polite farewells with Monbatten before stepping out. They didn't press for favors, unwilling to exploit the king's vulnerable position.

Outside the room, Erin turned to Keira with a sly grin. "So, why were you staring at him? Thinking of marrying him and giving him that heir yourself?"

"Get lost." Keira rarely cursed, but the suggestion earned one. She hesitated, then asked, "Did either of you feel like Monbatten looked... familiar?"

Jenkins and Erin exchanged glances, coughed, and nodded subtly toward something behind Keira.

Turning around, she found Lewis standing there, his gaze steady and inquisitive. Lewis stepped closer, his deep voice carrying an undercurrent of curiosity. "Who looks familiar?"

"Monbatten," Keira replied without hesitation. "I can't shake the feeling I've seen him before."

Erin shrugged nonchalantly. "Probably on TV. Even if his country's small, a king showing up anywhere is bound to make headlines."

With that, she popped a small pill into her mouth.

"What's that?" Jenkins asked, raising an eyebrow. "Energy booster."

"Are you feeling weak?"

"Not at all," Erin said breezily. "I just forgot to pack snacks this morning. This'll do the trick"

Jenkins looked dumbfounded, while Keira shook her head in exasperation, following them out of the building.

Meanwhile, at the Olsen residence, Uncle Olsen was lounging in the living room, watching the news with little Amy perched on his lap.

For someone of his stature, the news was rarely a source of new information-just a habitual backdrop to his day.

On the screen, a segment aired about King Monbatten's discreet visit to Crera. The king appeared in a sharp suit, looking every bit the dignified monarch.

Uncle Olsen barely glanced at it, but Amy suddenly tensed, pointing at the TV with wide eyes. In her clear, childish voice, she exclaimed, "Daddy!"

## **My Accidental Husband is a Billionaire ! #Chapter 807 - Read My Accidental Husband is a Billionaire ! Chapter 807**

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Uncle Olsen froze for a moment before he spoke, his tone both amused and exasperated. "Amy, do you miss your dad? Fine, I'll get that rascal back to spend time with you!"

Recently, Amy had taken to calling Keira "Mommy" and had been gently persuaded into calling Lewis "Daddy."

Uncle Olsen assumed Amy was calling for Lewis.

But the little girl shook her head vigorously and pointed at the TV. "Daddy! That's Daddy!"

Uncle Olsen blinked, puzzled. "What?"

Later that evening, when Keira and Lewis returned home, Uncle Olsen, with an unusually serious expression, pulled them into his study.

"Amy's been calling for her dad today," he began, folding his arms. "It's a little strange. Do you think she's missing that piece of trash Howard?"

Uncle Olsen frowned deeply. "I mean, Howard's trash-I've got him working hard labor out in the middle of nowhere. He won't be seeing daylight again. But if Amy really misses him, what are we supposed to do?"

Keira's expression froze for a moment before she shook her head. "That's not possible. She's terrified of him. Besides..." She hesitated before continuing. "Howard isn't her father."

Uncle Olsen stared at her, dumbfounded. "What did you say?"

Keira sighed. "The day Sean came over pretending to be her father, I took Amy's DNA and ran a test. Howard's not her dad."

Uncle Olsen's brows furrowed deeply. "I looked into your sister. She always seemed so... straight-laced. I didn't think she'd pull something like that. But honestly, thank God he's not the father. I was thinking of letting him live, but now? Forget it!"

A dangerous glint flashed in his eyes.

Keira, remembering what Howard had done to her sister, didn't find this decision unreasonable.

Maybe Howard had known Amy wasn't his child all along. It would explain his cruelty toward her.

Uncle Olsen, still frowning, asked hesitantly, "So... do you know who Amy's real father is?"

Keira let out a bitter laugh. "I have no idea."

Uncle Olsen groaned, shaking his head. "Your sister and your mom... both of them were full of secrets. I still can't figure them out."

Keira fell silent.

Her sister truly was an enigma-a walking treasure map. At first glance, she seemed plain and easily bullied, but every now and then, she'd reveal something completely unexpected.

Maybe she wasn't as helpless as everyone thought.

Keira mulled over the thought for a moment.

Seeing the heavy atmosphere, Lewis broke the silence with a soft chuckle. "If Amy wants a dad so much, I'm more than happy to step in."

Keira smiled faintly. "I'll keep her company too."

The two of them left the study and headed to Amy's room.

Amy was sitting on the floor, playing quietly with her stuffed toys, while Mary watched her from a nearby chair. Despite her heavily pregnant belly, she seemed completely at ease.

"Are you sure you're okay being around her like this?" Keira asked, eyeing Mary's stomach. "What if she accidentally bumps into you?"

Mary laughed. "Amy's so careful. I've never met a more well-behaved child. She knows exactly what she can and can't do, and she remembers everything the first time you tell her."

Keira's chest tightened.

She suddenly recalled the first time she met Amy, how frail and tiny she had been.

At Amy's age, most kids still had chubby cheeks and soft, pudgy arms. But Amy's face had been unnaturally gaunt, her body so thin it looked as though a single gust of wind might knock her over.

"She must've had a rough childhood," Keira murmured softly.

The room fell silent for a moment.

Lewis broke the tension with his usual optimism, "Let's focus on the good things. Her future's going to be nothing but happiness."

Keira couldn't help but laugh at his relentless positivity.

As they chatted, Erin walked in, looking unusually troubled. "Keira, I don't think I can help you with this one. I've been digging through my medical books, brainstorming every solution I could think of, but Monbatten's infertility... there's really nothing I can do. His only hope is to find \*the\* one woman who can bear his child."

Keira sighed. "And it needs to be a son, right? They've got a royal lineage to maintain."  
"No, actually," Erin replied. "In their country, women can inherit the throne too."

Monbatten's predecessor was his mother, so it doesn't matter if it's a boy or a girl. Either way, the child would be precious. It's just... who knows who that woman will be."

Keira let out another sigh.

Jenkins, who had been quiet up until now, finally spoke up. "No child, no deal. That leaves us in a tough spot."

Erin groaned dramatically. "If only babies could just fall from the sky. Or, better yet, if the government handed them out! The South family has always struggled with fertility. It's why I've been researching it for so long, but... it's hard. There's no easy solution." While the adults were deep in discussion, little Amy quietly grabbed the remote and turned on the TV. She flipped through a few channels before settling on the news. Keira glanced over and chuckled. "Amy's really picking up habits from Uncle Olsen, isn't she? Watching the news now?"

Everyone laughed.

On screen, the news replayed footage of Monbatten.

Amy's eyes lit up. She pointed at the TV excitedly. "Daddy!"

Everyone froze, turning to look at her.

Keira frowned, confused. "Who are you calling 'Daddy'?"

Amy jabbed her tiny finger at the screen. "Daddy!"

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Amy immediately pointed to the TV and said, "Daddy!" Everyone turned to look at the screen, but the broadcast had already shifted. There was no trace of Monbatten anymore. Amy scanned the TV anxiously, flipping channels with the remote. After a few moments, she plopped onto the floor in disappointment. Keira walked over and scooped her up. "Missing Daddy?" "Daddy!" Amy replied with a firm nod. At just three years old, Amy had been through so much. Howard and his mother had mistreated her horribly, leaving her timid and withdrawn. Only recently, after living in a loving home with Keira and Lewis, had she started to blossom.

Even so, she often struggled to express herself. Now, clutching the remote tightly, she jabbed a finger toward the TV in frustration. "Daddy!" The screen switched to a news anchor, and Keira couldn't help but chuckle.

"Do you think he's handsome? Is that why you're calling him Daddy?" "No!" Amy protested, her little face scrunched in frustration.

"Not him! Daddy is in the TV!" Keira brushed a hand over Amy's hair. "Alright, sweetie. Next time you see him, point him out to me, okay?" Amy sighed, defeated. "Okay."

Then she turned to Keira, her voice quiet but sure. "Mommy, you told me Daddy is in the TV." Keira froze. Erin approached, raising an eyebrow. "Was it something your sister told her? Could she be fangirling over some actor? You know, like those women who call celebrities their husbands and get their kids to join in?" Jenkins rolled his eyes. "Not everything's a reality show, Erin." Erin crossed her arms. "Then what do you think it is?" Jenkins paused, considering. "Maybe her husband was so cruel that your sister made up a better story—said her dad was someone else." Keira nodded thoughtfully. "That does make sense." The three of them lingered in silence around Amy until she let out a soft yawn. Keira carried her into the bedroom and tucked her into bed. "Alright."

As Amy's eyes drooped, Keira hummed a soft lullaby. Watching the little girl relax, Keira couldn't help but feel her heart ache. Amy reminded her so much of herself at that age. At three, Keira's life had been even harsher.

Her father had no affection for her, and Poppy despised her. Locked in the basement, Keira would stare out of a small window, dreaming of the outside world. Hunger had driven her to search through dumpsters. She'd once found a box of expired crackers, and it felt like striking gold. She hid them in her room, savoring each piece as if it were a treasure. Back then, her only dream was to grow up and never go hungry again. For years, even after earning a stable income, Keira compulsively stockpiled food—bags of rice, boxes of pasta—anything to feel secure. Her fondest memory from those dark days was of her mother, Jodie South, playing with Isla.

Unlike Poppy, Jodie had been a source of light, a woman full of warmth and wisdom. Jodie painted, wrote poetry, and even once signed up for flight lessons on a whim.

Isla had asked her why she dabbled in so many things, and Jodie simply replied, "Because I want to." Isla asked if Jodie was disappointed in her grades.

Jodie said, "No. I didn't have good grades when I was young."

Jodie's words and actions shaped Keira. Whenever Poppy lashed out, Keira would imagine Jodie's calm demeanor.

Over time, Keira stopped crying when she was hit.

Crying didn't solve problems; Jodie had taught her that. To the three-year-old Keira, Jodie was the only warmth in her life. She was the only person that would offer Keira candy and smile at her.

And then there was Jodie's smile. "You're beautiful when you smile," she had once said to Keira. So, Keira learned to smile, even in the worst moments.

That smile unnerved Poppy, which gave Keira a small sense of power. When did the beating stop?

The turning point came when Keira turned seven. Jodie had gifted her a sketchbook and warned Poppy to stop the abuse—or she'd report her to the authorities. Keira looked down at Amy, her heart aching.

With Amy's mother gone, it was her responsibility to make sure this little girl never walked the same path she had. She gently stroked Amy's hair before quietly slipping out of the room. Outside, Lewis was waiting by the door. "Why are you still here?" Keira asked. "Waiting for you." His voice was soft. "Is she asleep?" "Yeah," Keira replied with a sigh. "But even in her dreams, she's calling for her dad. I think it's time we figure out who her father really is." Keira continued, "We've done our best to give her love, but she needs something more—a father's love."

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Lewis nodded silently in agreement.

The two of them peeked into Amy's room, watching her peaceful sleep before softly closing the door behind them.

"I'll collect her DNA sample tomorrow and have someone start looking," Lewis said, breaking the quiet.

"I'll do the same on my end," Keira replied.

They exchanged a glance, both letting out a sigh.

How could they possibly find Amy's father in such a vast world?

That night, Keira struggled to fall asleep. Memories from her childhood kept playing in her mind. Back then, apart from her infatuation with Jodie South, her deepest desire had been to sit atop her dad's shoulders, to experience the love she saw when her father carried Isla.

She had craved a father's love so deeply then. Now, Amy must feel the same way, she thought.

Keira tossed and turned. She still couldn't sleep. Suddenly, an arm draped over her shoulder, its weight comforting yet firm. "What's wrong?" Lewis's raspy voice broke the silence.

"Nothing. Go back to sleep," she whispered.

She slipped out of bed, put on her slippers, and left the room.



Lewis, exhausted from his dual roles as her bodyguard and the head of the Horton Group, merely glanced her way before sinking back into his pillow.

Downstairs, Keira made her way to the kitchen. She poured herself a glass of water and took a sip.

Suddenly, she heard footsteps. Turning her head, she saw Uncle Olsen emerge from the shadows, dressed in black silk pajamas.

His presence exuded an effortless authority, like a king of the night.

"Couldn't sleep?" he asked softly, his tone surprisingly gentle.

Keira nodded.

"I kept thinking about how much Amy wants to find her dad. I want to help her."

Uncle Olsen's gaze softened. "Did you ever think about me when you were little?"

Keira blinked, caught off guard.

"Did you wonder what kind of man your father was?" he pressed.

She hesitated before replying, "I always thought Taylor Olsen was my dad."

"Ah, right," he muttered, scratching his head awkwardly. "I forgot about him."

"Wait, you knew him?" Keira asked, her curiosity piqued.

"Yes," he replied with a scowl. "Back in college, your mother, Taylor, and I were classmates. He was like a shadow, always lurking, always watching your mom."

"I warned her to stay away from him, but she didn't listen. Said he wasn't a bad person. Ha! Not a bad person? He imprisoned her, Keira. He did horrible things to her."

As Uncle Olsen ranted, Keira couldn't help but laugh.

"What's so funny?" he asked, narrowing his eyes.

"Sounds like you were jealous," she teased.

He snorted. "I just couldn't understand your mom. Maybe it was the South family she was worried about. But she wouldn't tell me anything. Instead, she ran off with Charles Olsen to Oceanion. Maybe I wasn't good enough to make her feel safe."

"That's not it," Keira said softly. "Looking back, I realized something. Mom didn't love Taylor, which was why she didn't care when he brought another woman into the house. She tolerated it because he didn't matter to her."

Uncle Olsen nodded thoughtfully. "I believe that too. Your mom had too good of an eye for people to fall for someone like him."

"Honestly," Keira added, "finding out that Taylor wasn't my dad was a relief. For the first time, I felt like I wasn't unwanted. He didn't want me, sure, but you—you always wanted to see me. I felt so smug ignoring your constant attempts to meet me."

Uncle Olsen gave her a mock glare. "You little brat."

Keira chuckled. "It was the first time I felt truly valued. You wanted to see me three times a day, without fail."

Her laughter faded as her thoughts drifted to Jake Horton.

Back in college, she had almost said yes to his persistent pursuit. He had been the one person who never gave up on her, and she'd mistaken his attention for love.

What if he'd proposed back then? She wouldn't have known if she was marrying for love or simply for the safety he represented.

Uncle Olsen's voice pulled her back to the present. "Keira, childhood needs a lifetime to heal, but a father's love can heal a broken childhood."

Keira froze, her breath catching.

"No matter what you decide to do," Uncle Olsen continued, "I'll support you unconditionally. You like feeling valued? Fine. Starting tomorrow, I'll beg to see you every day. No exceptions. Whatever it takes, I'll make sure you feel loved."

Keira's eyes stung with tears. After a long pause, she finally whispered, "Dad."

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Uncle Olsen acknowledged Keira's heartfelt "Dad" with a simple "Yeah."

That single word carried the depth of love and acceptance he felt from her, a love that had finally rooted itself deep within her heart.

This child, at long last, acknowledged him.

He patted her shoulder affectionately.

That night, father and daughter talked for hours. Most of the conversation revolved around Uncle Olsen asking questions and Keira answering.

He wanted to know everything—how she grew up, her favorite foods, her preferred colors, and every little detail.

Keira answered earnestly, her responses sincere and thoughtful.

Before they knew it, it was late into the night. Exhaustion overtook Keira, and they finally parted ways. She returned to her room, but just as she lay down, she found herself enveloped in Lewis's arms.

Looking at the man beside her and thinking of Uncle Olsen, who was now also part of her home, Keira suddenly felt an overwhelming sense of love surrounding her.

With a peaceful heart, she closed her eyes and drifted off to sleep.

By the time she woke, the sun was high in the sky. She glanced at the clock—it was already noon. Stretching lazily, she got out of bed, freshened up, and stepped out to find Lewis in the study next door, engrossed in an international conference call.

Not wanting to disturb him, she headed downstairs.

As she passed the dining room, she noticed Jenkins and Erin sitting with Sean Church, who looked frail as ever.

Since Jenkins's cover as "Lion" had been blown, she'd completely dropped the meek act, turning into a carefree freeloader much like Erin.

Now, the two were practically a pair of professional housemates, doing little beyond eating and causing minor chaos.

Whenever Keira called them out, they protested vehemently.

Jenkins would argue, "Fix the Monbatten King issue for me or deal with the Clownfish crew, and I'll have plenty to do! You think I like sitting around? My company's waiting for me!"

Meanwhile, Erin would declare boldly, "I'm just a foodie. What's wrong with enjoying some good meals every day? Why so strict?"

Keira was speechless.

What a pair.

She had given up debating with them, letting them go about their antics.

Today, their target was Sean.

Jenkins grinned. "Don't you get hungry skipping meals like that?"

Sean nodded calmly. "I do, but I can't eat."

Erin, munching on her food, looked incredulous. "How can anyone not like eating? Food is so amazing..."

Sean gave a faint smile. "I'd love to know why I ended up with an eating disorder too."

As they chatted, Keira came downstairs.

The moment Sean saw her, he stood quickly—too quickly.

A wave of dizziness hit him, and his assistant immediately steadied him. "Sir, you're anemic. You can't stand up so fast," the assistant said with concern.

Sean managed a weak smile. "Noted. I'll be more careful next time."

Turning to Keira, he said, "I hope I'm not being too presumptuous, but I was wondering if you could make me some pasta."

Keira rolled up her sleeves. "Sure."

She headed to the kitchen and began kneading the dough.

A few moments later, Erin slipped in, sighing dramatically. "I've known you this long, and I've never tasted your cooking."

Keira shot her a look but grabbed more flour to make an extra serving.

Just as she started mixing, Jenkins sauntered in. "Mind making me a portion too?"

With a resigned sigh, Keira added yet another portion. She glanced toward the doorway and caught Lewis standing there. He hadn't said a word, but the expectant look in his eyes was impossible to ignore.

Silently, she prepared more dough.

By the end, what started as a single serving turned into enough pasta for seven.

Why seven?

Because Uncle Olsen and the pregnant Mary joined in, followed by Ellis, who had been lured in by the aroma.

At lunchtime, the dining table was uncharacteristically quiet as everyone focused on their pasta. The sound of slurping filled the air, accompanied by occasional sighs of satisfaction.

Sean, looking noticeably more energized, gave Keira a rare, genuine smile. The color in his cheeks had returned, and Keira couldn't help but laugh at his contented expression.

Afterward, everyone lounged on the sofa, rubbing their full stomachs.

Erin declared, "Keira, your cooking is the best! I'm stuffed!"

She popped a piece of candy into her mouth as she spoke.

Jenkins could only roll his eyes.

Even Sean, touching his stomach with an uncharacteristically relaxed demeanor, said, "Oh, by the way, I'll be hosting Monbatten for dinner in a few days. Would you all like to join?"

Jenkins immediately straightened. "You're close with Monbatten?"

Sean replied modestly, "We know each other."

Keira thought for a moment before nodding. "Sure, we'll go."

Uncle Olsen chimed in, "Count me in—and bring Amy along!"

The Novel will be updated on this website. Come back and continue reading tomorrow, everyone!