

811 Chapter 810

Uncle Olsen's words left Keira momentarily stunned. He chuckled. "I just want to see the kind of people you surround yourself with. Besides, aren't you trying to land a collaboration? If I tag along, I might be able to help." Keira raised an eyebrow. "Then why are you bringing Amy?" Uncle Olsen sighed. "Lately, every time Monbatten shows up on TV, she gets all excited. I figured I'd let her meet the man himself." He looked a little exasperated. Other kids were into pop stars, but Amy? She got all worked up watching the evening news. If she were fawning over some singer or actor, Uncle Olsen could probably arrange a meet-and-greet. But Monbatten? Sure, he could pull some strings to meet the guy, but Amy was only three! At this age, fangirling over a king? What's next, wanting to be queen someday? With these thoughts swirling, he turned to Keira. "Do you have an idol?" As soon as he asked, Lewis's head snapped toward her. Keira's mouth twitched. "Sure." "Who?" Uncle Olsen leaned in, curious. "A guy or a girl? If it's someone from the entertainment industry, I can make it happen. My company owns a production house, after all." "... Lewis gave Uncle Olsen a wounded look and cleared his throat. "Dad, there's no need to be that enthusiastic." Uncle Olsen's tone was casual. "Why? Feeling threatened? You should feel a little pressure. My daughter's amazing. Did you think you'd be the only man in her life?" Lewis was dumbfounded.

Seeing his growing anxiety, Keira finally spoke up. "Relax. My idol's my mom." Uncle Olsen nodded approvingly. "That's fair. Your mom's incredible; it makes sense you'd look up to her." Lewis quickly joined in. "Absolutely. My mother-in-law has unparalleled elegance." In an instant, the two of them were on the same page again. Keira didn't even want to look at them. She shifted her

attention to Sean. "How do you know King Monbatten?" Sean glanced at her before answering. "Country A actively encourages entrepreneurs like us. It's not that surprising I know him. Don't you all know him, too? Isn't the king pretty welcoming to businesspeople?" Keira paused, and Jenkins chimed in, "Then why isn't he so friendly to me? I even attended a banquet with him once. I've got businesses in Country A, too." Sean stayed silent, but the assistant beside him spoke up. "Miss Jenkins, how much do you pay in taxes annually over there?" Jenkins tilted her chin up. "Over a hundred million dollars." Country A's total national revenue was only a few billion a year. For Jenkins to contribute that much in taxes? Pretty impressive. She added proudly, "Monbatten does host networking events for business leaders. He invites people like us—less than fifty across the entire country!" Her sense of accomplishment was clear. As she basked in it, Sean exchanged a glance with his assistant, both breaking into faint smiles. Jenkins frowned. "What's so funny?" The assistant cleared his throat. "Do you know how much the Church family pays in taxes to Country A every year?" Jenkins shook her head. "Two billion dollars." Jenkins was dumbstruck. "In taxes?" "That's right." The assistant nodded. "The king frequently invites the Church family to events. Even when Sean's here in Crera, Monbatten calls him regularly, asking him to come back for gatherings." Jenkins swallowed hard. "He's afraid you'll relocate your businesses here, isn't he?" The assistant shrugged. "Who knows? But last time they met at a club, Sean casually mentioned hosting a private birthday party and asked if the king would come. Monbatten immediately said yes." Jenkins was shocked.

She exchanged a look with Erin before sighing. "No wonder I can't sway him. Guess I just don't have enough money." If she could contribute half of Country A's tax revenue, Monbatten would probably treat her just as favorably. Erin cracked open a pistachio and popped it into her mouth. "All these numbers sound like gibberish to me. Honestly, I don't even know how much my

company earns every year. I leave it to my CEO to handle." Jenkins pursed her lips. "That just means your earnings are peanuts." Keira doubted that. Erin held immense sway in the medical field. If she claimed she didn't know, it was probably true—she just didn't care. Because all Erin really cared about was food. Still... who exactly was Sean Church? How did he have such a high standing with Monbatten? As Keira mulled it over, Sean turned to her. "Are you trying to meet Monbatten for something? If you need help convincing him, I could put in a good word." Jenkins lit up instantly. "Really?" "Of course. Miss Olsen is practically my savior. I've been waiting for a chance to repay the favor."