

# **My Accidental Husband is a Billionaire !**

## **#Chapter 814 - Read My Accidental Husband is a Billionaire ! Chapter 814**

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Jenkins barely got the words out before Erin chimed in, her tone dripping with sarcasm. "And what good is that promise of yours? If you can't even take back your company, it's not like you have another option. You'll end up joining us anyway."

She popped a peanut into her mouth and walked over casually. "By the way, was that just a threat you threw at Keira? You know she hates being pressured."

Jenkins scowled. "Why are you always around to stir the pot? That wasn't a threat."

"Sure sounded like one to me! Keira, see? I'm the only one who genuinely wants you on our side. Everyone else has their own motives."

Jenkins looked exasperated. "Erin, you're impossible!"

Before she could argue further, Keira raised a hand, cutting them off. "Both of you, stop. Your bickering is giving me a headache."

The two of them immediately quieted down.

Keira turned back to Jenkins. "I'll handle Monbatten—not for you, but because it's necessary for my own plans. As for Clownfish, she'll either surrender or become my enemy."

Jenkins hesitated before nodding. "If you can get Clownfish on your side, make her stop targeting me. Let me go back to my company. I miss it."

Keira rolled her eyes. "Got it."

She never thought Lion would be in such a sorry state.

She barely finished the thought when Erin piped up again, her voice gleeful. "Never thought I'd see such a pitiful Lion. Honestly, 'Lion' was a terrible choice. You should've gone with 'Drenched Cat.'"

Jenkins raised a fist. "Say that again, and I'll—"

Erin smirked, tilting her head smugly. "What? You gonna hit me? You think you could?"

With that, she flicked her hair and sauntered off, her head held high.

Jenkins stood there, fists clenched in frustration.

Not far away, Peter and Charles watched the scene unfold from a safe distance. They exchanged a glance before quickly looking away, as if trying to avoid getting dragged into the chaos.

Charles cleared his throat awkwardly. "So, Peter, where are you planning to live after you're married?"

Peter jumped on the chance to change the subject. "Well, even though the family doesn't really divide up properties, it's normal for a couple to want their own space. I've got a house on the south side of town."

Charles nodded quickly. "Great, then I'll renovate the villa on the north side. Once I graduate, Erin and I will move there."

"Sounds good."

Peter nodded too, but internally he was less sure.

Would those two tear each other apart living under the same roof?

He sighed to himself. Back when he first met Jenkins, she'd seemed so sweet and levelheaded. Not the fiery, chaotic force of nature she turned out to be.

Then again... there was something endearing about her feistiness.

Three days later, the Olsen family was up early, gearing up for Sean Church's banquet.

Both Jenkins and Erin were definitely going. After all, they needed to make a good impression on Monbatten, and Erin was still hoping for a shot at treating his mysterious illness.

Uncle Olsen was coming too, holding little Amy as they loaded up into a spacious van that could seat seven or eight.

Amy was positively beaming.

Bundled in a pink puffy jacket over a white tulle dress, her rosy cheeks and bright eyes made her look like a little porcelain doll.

Seeing her so cheerful, Keira couldn't help but ask, "What's got you so excited?"

Amy nodded enthusiastically. "I'm happy!"

"Do you like Monbatten that much?"

Amy's eyes lit up even more, and she nodded again, her delight almost blinding.

The name seemed to trigger something in her, and her smile turned nostalgic. Over the past few days, she'd seen Monbatten on TV a lot and kept calling him "Daddy."

But no one believed her.

Not even Mommy.

Amy felt a pang of sadness.

Mommy used to show her pictures, again and again, making sure she'd never forget.

"This is your daddy," she'd say, pointing to the screen, showing her videos.

So why didn't Mommy remember now?

Amy didn't understand, but she had made up her mind. Today, when she met Daddy, she'd make sure to ask him. [n/ô/vel/b//jn dot c//om](http://nô/vel/b//jn dot c//om)

She clutched her resolve tightly, her grin even brighter.

Keira, watching her daughter's uncontrollable joy, was struck by how much she looked like a little fan meeting her idol. She sighed and massaged her temples.

No wonder Uncle Olsen kept teasing her about being jealous.

Keira had grown deeply attached to Amy in the months they'd spent together.

She picked her up, settling her onto her lap. "When we get there, remember to be polite, okay?"

Amy nodded eagerly.

Then she glanced out the window. "Mommy, are we at Daddy's house yet?"

Keira stiffened.

"Stop calling him Daddy!"

"Okay, Mommy."

"You got it?"

"Got it!"

Amy nodded so hard it looked like her head might fall off.

But inside, she held onto her original plan.

Mommy's memory had been a little off lately, so it was up to her to remember. After all, Mommy had once told her that when she finally met Daddy, she should run straight to him and claim her place as his daughter. And Amy fully intended to do just that.

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Amy's thoughts were a mystery to Keira and the rest.

Keira, on the other hand, believed she had finally calmed the little one down and let out a small sigh of relief.

Soon, the group arrived at Sean Church's place.

Calling it a "place" felt like an understatement—it was part of an exclusive vacation villa complex.

Sean greeted them at the entrance. As the cars pulled into the parking lot and everyone got out, Sean began explaining.

"I don't own a house in Clance. When I heard you were staying here, I couldn't find a decent property on short notice. So, I bought one of these villas to settle in."

Jenkins glanced around curiously before commenting, "Wait, I thought these vacation villas weren't for sale. How'd you manage to get one?"

These villas were essentially part of a luxury resort—a place reserved for the elite. Each villa operated like a high-end hotel room and wasn't meant for private ownership.

Sean responded casually, "Oh, I bought the entire complex. Now, you can all stay here for free anytime you want."

Jenkins was momentarily speechless.

Buy the entire complex? Who even does that?

This was Clance, after all—one of the most expensive cities in the country.

Unable to hold back her curiosity, she asked, "How much did that set you back?"

Sean waved her off like it was nothing and held up five fingers.

"Five million?" Jenkins guessed.

Sean nodded.

His assistant, who was standing nearby, added, "In dollars."

Jenkins nearly tripped over her own feet.

Five hundred million dollars. And he called that "not much"?

Just how much money did this guy's family even have?

Well, she reasoned, considering he paid hundreds of millions in taxes back in Country A, maybe this kind of spending really wasn't a big deal for him.

Letting out an exaggerated sigh, Jenkins walked over to Erin and muttered, "It's ridiculous how people like him even exist. Makes the rest of us look pathetic."

Erin, sucking on a lollipop, tilted her head. "What's up?"

Jenkins grumbled, "Five hundred million dollars. For a vacation complex in the suburbs."

Erin's eyes widened. "That cheap? What a steal!"

Jenkins gawked at her. "Aren't you supposed to be broke? Stop pretending!"

With that, she let out a huff and walked ahead.

Erin was left standing there, looking a bit perplexed. "I mean, I don't know exactly how much money I have, but I'm definitely not broke."

As the person overseeing an entire medical system, she couldn't possibly be short on funds. She simply had no concept of her own wealth.

Popping the lollipop back in her mouth, Erin trailed behind the group.

Sean, now leading the way, started explaining to Keira, Lewis, and Uncle Olsen, "This complex has twenty villas, all enclosed in a private area. I didn't like the noise, so I bought out the whole thing. Right now, I'm the only one living here, so it feels a bit empty. But if I decide to settle here permanently, I'll probably bring over more people."

His assistant nodded in agreement. "Yes, at least a few hundred staff members will need to move here to take care of Mr. Church. It's a shame, though. The estate we just finished building in Oceanion will go to waste now that you've decided to relocate, Ms. Olsen."

Keira paused mid-step.

So, wherever she went, Sean would just... follow?

The group continued chatting as they entered Sean's villa, which was clearly the crown jewel of the entire complex.

The space was massive, with luxurious furnishings and top-tier decor. Everything was fully equipped, right down to the smallest details.

Jenkins wandered around, taking it all in, while Erin headed straight to the kitchen to scope out the food situation.

Amy, having slipped out of Keira's arms, explored the villa on her own, her curious little steps darting here and there.

Lewis stuck close to Amy, ready to catch her if she stumbled.

As everyone busied themselves exploring, the sound of cars pulling up outside broke the calm.

Sean glanced toward the door. "That should be King Monbatten arriving."

Amy's head whipped around at the mention of "king," her eyes glued to the doorway.

Sean stepped out to greet their guest.

Keira and the others, being guests themselves, stayed in the living room. Jenkins quickly made her way over to Keira and nudged her. "Look, when Monbatten comes in, you need to step up your game. Be friendly, make an impression. Last time, he couldn't even bother looking in my direction. But he looked at you a couple of times, so you're already ahead of the rest of us."

Keira pursed her lips, feeling more than a little out of her depth. She was terrible at small talk and had no idea how to charm someone like that.

While she hesitated, Sean walked back in with Monbatten in tow.

Sean's demeanor was noticeably more relaxed than when dealing with Keira. Even so, he remained polite as he introduced everyone in the room.

Keira stepped forward to shake hands with Monbatten.

"It's good to see you again, Ms. Olsen," Monbatten greeted with a warm smile.

Keira returned a polite smile. "Likewise."

Jenkins wasted no time and jumped into the conversation. "King Monbatten, how have you been these days?"

Monbatten sighed. "I'm here seeking medical help. It's been a rough time trying to find the right person."

Jenkins discreetly nudged Keira, urging her to take the lead.

Keira, now thoroughly out of ideas, was saved by a sudden interruption.

A small figure darted across the room and latched onto Monbatten's leg.

Keira turned in shock to see Amy hugging the king's leg, her face beaming with excitement.

"Daddy!" she exclaimed.