

My Accidental Husband is a Billionaire !

816 Chapter 815

"Daddy! Daddy!"

Amy tilted her head up, her eyes bright with excitement as she called out, "Daddy!"

Monbatten froze in place, staring down at the tiny girl. His brows furrowed in confusion. "What did you just call me?"

"Daddy! You're Daddy!"

Her sweet, clear voice rang through the room, leaving Monbatten stunned.

Squatting down to her eye level, Monbatten suddenly chuckled. "How old are you, little one?"

Amy replied in her childish lilt, "Three!"

Keira, standing nearby, found herself at a loss for words, torn between laughter and frustration.

Amy had always been such a well-behaved child and had promised not to cause trouble on the way here. So why was she acting up now?

Keira stepped forward, a polite but apologetic smile on her face. "King Monbatten, I'm so sorry. This is my daughter. She's just teasing you."

Monbatten waved her off with an indulgent laugh. "No worries. She's adorable."

Then, with a wistful sigh, he added, "I wish I had a daughter as sweet as her."

Amy's face lit up as she pointed at herself. "Daddy, I am your daughter!"

Monbatten laughed again, though this time softer. "Alright, alright. You're my daughter."

He reached out to gently pat her head, his eyes growing tender.

For years now, the desire for a child had been a quiet ache in his chest.

In his youth, he'd felt no rush, confident in his health and vigor. But by twenty-five, when he finally started longing for a family, the dream of fatherhood remained elusive.

Now, at thirty-three, the shadow of succession loomed. Without an heir, the pressure to adopt or designate one from the extended family grew heavier by the day. After all, a king couldn't leave the throne without a successor, and Country A couldn't risk losing its future crown prince.

Monbatten found his gaze returning to Amy.

There was a purity in her large, sparkling eyes—like fresh grapes in the morning sun. Her small, heart-shaped face and pointed chin tugged at his heartstrings.

He ran a hand over her hair and turned to Keira. "Why is she so thin?"

Keira sighed. "She's actually put on a little weight. She's just built this way."

When Amy had been under Keira's care, meals were sporadic, often missed or poorly prepared. After Keira had taken her in, Amy's diet improved, but her delicate build remained the same.

Her petite, almost fragile frame often reminded people of an ethereal character from a classic novel—beautiful and yet so easy to pity.

Keira glanced at Amy.

This little one's sudden outburst, calling Monbatten "Daddy," had been terribly improper, but the king's lack of irritation spoke volumes about Amy's charm.

In the Olsen family, it was the same—no one, from the youngest to the eldest, could resist Amy's sweetness.

Her soft-spoken words, paired with those shy, pleading eyes, seemed to silently beg: Please love me.

She was simply irresistible.

Even Monbatten, known for his indifference toward children, was clearly taken with her.

Years of longing for a child had made Monbatten sensitive to the topic. His relatives often flaunted their offspring before him, hoping to strengthen their standing in the royal line.

The overexposure had left him exasperated and weary of children in general.

But Amy was different. From the moment he saw her, she had been utterly captivating.

Monbatten glanced at Keira and Lewis. "Is she your daughter? She's precious."

The couple exchanged a look before Lewis nodded. "Yes, she's ours."

Monbatten chuckled. "She doesn't look much like either of you."

Meanwhile, one of Monbatten's guards kept his eyes fixed on Amy, his brows slightly furrowed. There was something oddly familiar about her, though he couldn't quite place it.

"Alright," Sean Church interrupted with a smile. "Why don't we move into the dining room?"

The group filed into the long banquet hall, where a beautifully set table awaited.

Though a high chair had been prepared for Amy, the little girl ignored it, her tiny arms and legs working hard as she pushed a chair closer to Monbatten.

"I want to sit next to Daddy!" she declared.

Keira sighed, pinching the bridge of her nose.

Just as she was about to step in and carry Amy back, Monbatten stopped her with a laugh. "Let her. It'll be good practice for me, learning how to interact with kids."

Waving her off, he turned to Amy with a warm smile. "What do you want to eat? I'll get it for you."

Amy's face lit up as she pointed at the table. "The roast pork, Daddy!"

Monbatten's smile faltered for a moment before he tried correcting her, "I'm not your daddy. Call me Uncle."

"Okay, Daddy!"

"...The roast pork, right? Got it."

Monbatten shook his head with a resigned chuckle, giving up entirely.

How could anyone scold this little ball of sunshine? She was like a tiny kitten demanding attention—a complete heart-stealer.

The sight of Monbatten, the King himself, serving a child was so shocking that his guards stood frozen, mouths agape.

Their king, who had never even poured himself a glass of water, was now serving roast pork to a toddler? n/ô/vel/b//jn dot c//om

As they stared, the guards' attention drifted back to Amy.

She was happily munching away, her cheeks puffed out like a little hamster. The sight made one of the guards laugh softly.

But then, he froze, his smile fading as something clicked.

The way Amy ate—those tiny movements, the puffed cheeks—it reminded him of someone.

Monbatten's mother.

Could it be...

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The guard stole another glance at Amy, his lips parting as if to speak but quickly shifting his gaze to Lewis and Keira.

Was this little girl really their child?

Better to stay quiet, he thought.

After dinner, Amy stuck close to Monbatten, shadowing him like a loyal sidekick. She sat quietly at his side, observing his conversations with the many guests. Unlike most kids her age, Amy didn't fidget or cause a fuss.

Monbatten glanced at her, his curiosity piqued. "Aren't you bored?"

Amy shook her head, her face lighting up. "Not at all!"

In fact, she was thrilled. She'd never been around so many adults, engaging in lively conversations. It was a refreshing change from the usual hushed meetings her parents kept her out of.

What fascinated her the most was Monbatten's distinct accent. Even though he spoke in Country A's language, Amy found she could understand him—thanks to the lessons her mom had given her as a child.

"You understand what we're saying?" Monbatten asked, visibly surprised.

Amy nodded eagerly. "Mom taught me when I was little."

He raised an eyebrow. "Why would she teach you that?"

"She said I'd need it to talk to my dad someday." Amy tilted her head and smiled. "Daddy, will you teach me how to speak like you?"

Monbatten let out a rare chuckle. "Of course."

He began teaching her a few basic phrases, and Amy mimicked him with precision, drawing his amused approval.

Across the room, Keira and Lewis watched the exchange, their expressions a mix of disbelief and intrigue.

Keira leaned closer to Lewis, whispering, "How is Monbatten getting along with Amy so well?"

Lewis frowned, still staring at the pair. "I've been wondering the same thing."

Just then, Jenkins sidled up beside them, grinning mischievously. "Not bad, Keira! You might not be great at networking, but you sure know how to pull strings. Did you know Amy would win over Monbatten like this? Is that why you brought her along?"

Keira blinked. "What?"

Jenkins wagged a finger at her. "Oh, come on. You've never brought Amy to meet guests before, and now suddenly she's here. Admit it—you planned this!"

Keira was speechless. She wanted to protest, but her eyes drifted back to Monbatten.

In less than an hour, Amy had managed to make him laugh more than ten times—a rare feat for a man notorious for his stern demeanor.

Nearby, Erin cracked open a pistachio and leaned against the wall, watching the scene unfold. "You know, Amy really does have a princess-like aura. Haven't you noticed? She's even imitating Monbatten."

Keira let out a long sigh. She had noticed. Every subtle gesture, every way Monbatten handled himself in conversation—Amy mirrored it effortlessly, as if she'd been studying diplomacy her entire life.

By now, the little girl was engaging with guests as confidently as if she were Monbatten's own child. And she seemed to love listening to political discussions, nodding along intently without a hint of boredom.

Keira glanced at Lewis again, and their eyes met, both of them silently marveling at their daughter's uncanny knack for this world.

Uncle Olsen joined them, arms crossed thoughtfully. "You know, Amy might have the makings of a diplomat. If that's the case, Ryan could help mentor her."

Keira gave him a nod of agreement, still caught up in her thoughts.

Meanwhile, Amy wrapped up her chat with Monbatten, hopping off her seat with a big smile. She walked over to him, holding out her tiny hand. Nôv(el)B\\jnn

Monbatten looked at her, momentarily caught off guard, then broke into yet another hearty laugh. Shaking her hand with exaggerated seriousness, he said, "Well, my dear little princess, it's been a pleasure."

Amy beamed. "Dear Daddy, thank you for visiting Crera. I hope you'll come to my house soon—I'll be waiting!"

Monbatten nodded warmly. "I'd be honored, my dear little princess."

She skipped back across the room, her energy now bounding through her every step. Erin and Jenkins immediately descended on her with questions.

"Amy, what were you talking about with Monbatten?" Jenkins asked, eyes wide.

"Did you actually understand him?" Erin added.

Amy gave an innocent nod. "He said Jenkins wanted to return to Country A for business, and he's agreed to let her go back."

Jenkins froze. "Wait...what? He agreed?"

Amy nodded again, grinning. "You were worried about it, so I mentioned it to Daddy, and he said yes."

Jenkins gaped at her, struggling to process what she'd just heard. After countless emails, meeting requests, and outright begging, Monbatten had refused to budge. Yet Amy had accomplished the impossible in a single conversation.

"Are... are you sure you're not actually his daughter?" Jenkins muttered, giving Amy a once-over as if she might suddenly sprout Monbatten's royal crest.

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Amy immediately nodded. "I am Daddy's daughter."

"Amy, stop saying that," Keira said, gently pulling her daughter closer. "Don't call him that."

"But, Mom, he is Dad!" Amy insisted, her tiny face lighting up with conviction.

Keira sighed, torn between amusement and exasperation. "How could you possibly know that?"

Amy opened her mouth, about to say, "Because you told me..." when a group of people suddenly entered the room.

Keira's attention shifted immediately. The newcomers were unmistakably from Country A, their features bearing subtle differences from those native to Crera. They moved purposefully toward Monbatten, their expressions radiating tension.

Keira frowned and leaned closer to Jenkins. "Who are they?" she whispered.

Jenkins, ever observant, lowered his voice. "They're from the royal family. The one leading the group is Monbatten's older brother. When their father passed, there was a brutal fight for the throne between the two of them. Monbatten came out on top and has kept his brother firmly in check since. His brother's been keeping a low profile for years but recently resurfaced, likely because Monbatten hasn't produced an heir." Jenkins glanced at the entourage, his tone darkening. "If I had to guess, they're here to force his hand."

Keira turned her attention back to the drama unfolding in front of her. Monbatten's older brother stopped a few steps away from him, his expression a mixture of arrogance and triumph. "Monbatten," he said sharply, "did you really think hiding out in Crera would let you avoid this conversation?"

Monbatten's face darkened.

Sean immediately stepped in, positioning himself protectively between the two brothers. His smile was diplomatic, but his tone was firm. "Sir, to what do we owe the pleasure of your visit?"

The older brother gave a faint, insincere smile. "I've come to discuss a matter of national importance with the king. Surely, you won't stand in the way of that?"

Sean's gaze flickered to the entourage of bodyguards behind the prince. "We weren't informed of your arrival," he said coldly. "How did you even get past security?"

"They're my men," the prince replied breezily. "They know how to handle situations like this."

Monbatten's gaze sharpened as he noticed the group of armed guards behind his brother. He stepped forward, his voice low and dangerous. "You brought armed men to my host's residence? Are you here to threaten me?"

The prince didn't flinch. "Of course not. You know I pledged my loyalty when you ascended the throne." His tone shifted to something more pointed. "But let's not pretend things are fine back home. The people are restless, Monbatten. You've ruled well, but without an heir, the stability of the nation is at risk. You need a solution, and I've brought you one."

At this, the prince stepped aside, revealing a boy of about ten. "This is my eldest son," he said smoothly. "Your nephew. Strong, healthy, and already well-educated. I'm offering him to you as your heir. Adopt him, and the problem is solved."

Keira's breath caught at the audacity. Jenkins muttered under his breath, "Ridiculous. Monbatten's only thirty. If he's going to adopt, it should be an infant, someone he can raise properly. You can't mold a ten-year-old. They're already set in their ways."

Keira nodded in agreement. This wasn't just presumptuous—it was absurd.

Monbatten's jaw tightened. "If you're so willing, why not offer your newborn son instead?" he asked icily.

The prince chuckled. "You mean my daughter? Unthinkable. And as for my son, he's far too young. What if he doesn't survive? Losing an infant would shake public confidence even more. No, my eldest is the perfect candidate. He's old enough to represent the crown and strong enough to endure."

He nudged the boy forward. "Go on, son. Introduce yourself."

The boy stepped up to Monbatten with a smile that didn't reach his eyes. "Father," he said, his voice clear and confident, "I'll be your son from now on."

Monbatten's face darkened further. "You're getting ahead of yourself," he said tightly. "I haven't agreed to anything."

The prince's expression turned smug. "You've avoided this conversation long enough. Even running to Crera couldn't stop it. The royal council has already approved this arrangement. I've brought my son here to make it official." Nôv(él)B\jnn

One of the prince's bodyguards stepped forward, raising a phone to take a picture of Monbatten and the boy together. "Smile for the camera," the prince said mockingly. "Once the photo's out, the narrative's set. 'King Monbatten adopts nephew as heir during international visit.' It's perfect."

Monbatten's voice cut through the air like a blade. "If anyone takes a single photo, they'll regret it."

The bodyguard hesitated, intimidated by the raw authority in Monbatten's tone.

The prince, undeterred, smirked. "What's the alternative, Monbatten? Announce you'll have a child? Even if you managed to conceive tonight, the baby wouldn't arrive in time to calm public unrest. Do you have some miracle solution you've been hiding?"

Monbatten stood silently, his fists clenched at his sides. For a moment, Keira thought she saw a flicker of something in his expression—a plan forming. But whatever it was, he wasn't ready to reveal it just yet.

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Keira and Jenkins exchanged a glance, then shifted their attention back to the scene unfolding in front of them.

Jenkins leaned in and murmured, "If Monbatten really adopts the prince's son, the power struggle in Country A will split into two factions. It doesn't directly affect us—if anything, the more chaos there is, the better chance we have to reclaim our position. But, considering he just promised to support my return, wishing ill on him feels a bit... ungrateful."

Keira nodded in agreement.

Little Amy, however, piped up indignantly, "Daddy already has me as his daughter! Why would he need someone else's kid?"

Erin couldn't help but laugh. "Amy, you've got quite the imagination. Do you really think you're a little princess?"

"I am a princess!" Amy declared, hands on her hips, glaring defiantly at Erin.

Before anyone could respond, Amy glanced at Monbatten with a worried expression, then made a sudden dash toward him. Jenkins, quick on his feet, caught her by the back of her collar, scooping her up into his arms. "Whoa there, kiddo! That's not just a casual argument over there. Those kinds of disputes can get serious—life-or-death serious. Stay out of it."

Amy kicked her little legs in frustration. "But I am his kid! Why doesn't anyone believe me? Ugh!"

Keira gave Amy a sidelong glance, her expression thoughtful.

Meanwhile, the tension in the room escalated. Monbatten and his brother stared each other down, their mutual hostility almost tangible.

The prince broke the silence. "Why aren't you saying anything?"

Monbatten lowered his gaze and said calmly, "Why don't you check your phone, brother?"

The prince frowned. "What does my phone have to do with anything? Stop changing the subject—"

Before he could finish, his phone buzzed loudly. He glanced at the screen and hesitated before answering the call. Whatever was said on the other end made his face darken considerably. He turned to Monbatten, his voice sharp. "This was you, wasn't it?"

Monbatten's tone remained measured. "If your oil fields were above board, there'd be nothing for me to act on."

"You—"

Monbatten cut him off. "I'd suggest handling this matter before it becomes public. Otherwise..." His gaze flicked briefly to the ten-year-old boy standing nearby. "The backlash would make it impossible for me to adopt your son—even if I wanted to. Public opinion is crucial, after all."

Turning the prince's earlier argument against him, Monbatten left his brother visibly seething.

After a long, tense pause, the prince took a deep breath, clearly trying to rein in his anger. "Fine, Monbatten. You win this round. But you'll have to come back eventually. The rest of the royal family has already made their decision. Once you return, you won't be able to escape this issue any longer."

With that, he spun on his heel, ready to leave.

"Wait," Monbatten said, his voice calm but firm.

The prince stopped, glancing back warily. Monbatten gestured toward the boy. "Take your son with you."

The prince's face turned an even deeper shade of red, but he said nothing. He ushered his entourage to leave, their once-proud procession reduced to a defeated retreat.

Sean approached Monbatten once they were gone. "What's your plan now?"

Monbatten let out a weary sigh. "Crera is my last hope. If I can find a cure here, or at least someone who can help me father a child, I might be able to buy myself more time. If not..." He paused, his voice heavy. "Then, for the sake of stability back home, I'll have no choice but to adopt."

Sean nodded sympathetically. "Power comes with its price, Monbatten. The greater the power, the heavier the chains that bind you. Stay strong."

Monbatten gave him a faint smile. "There's a saying here in Crera: 'The cart will find its way when it reaches the mountain.' I still have a week left in this country. Who knows? Maybe I'll find a solution—or maybe even a miracle." n/o/vel/b//in dot c//om

Sean chuckled. "Exactly. Don't borrow trouble from the future. Let's make the most of this week and enjoy our time here."

They raised their glasses in a toast, the clink of glass breaking the somber mood.

After finishing his drink, Monbatten glanced toward Keira and the others. His gaze landed on Amy, still squirming in Jenkins's arms. "If I do have to adopt a child," he mused aloud, "that little girl wouldn't be a bad choice."

Sean followed his gaze and chuckled. "That might be tough. King Monbatten, you may be royalty back in Country A, but the Olsen family is the king of business here. Amy is their treasured little princess. Not to mention Keira Olsen and Lewis Horton—they're both incredibly protective of her."

Monbatten sighed. "I was just thinking out loud..."

Sean gave him a knowing look. "Can I ask you something? Are you really here in Crera just for treatment?"

Monbatten's smile turned enigmatic. "You've noticed, haven't you?"

"Yes. Your men seem to be looking for someone in Clance."

Monbatten's expression softened, and he looked away. "Years ago, I spent a wonderful night with a woman from Crera. If I have a child out there, it would be hers. I'm hoping... perhaps I might find that child."

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Sean froze at those words, instinctively glancing at Amy.

For some reason, a strange thought crept into his mind.

He asked directly, "That woman—have you seen what she looks like?"

"Of course."

Monbatten raised a curious brow. "How could I not know what she looks like?"

Sean blinked, slightly taken aback. "Oh, never mind, then."

If he knew what she looked like, then it couldn't be Amy's mom.

He had successfully dodged the truth.

After chatting with Monbatten for a bit longer, Sean excused himself to mingle with other guests. The moment he walked away, the guard standing behind Monbatten couldn't hold back. "Your Majesty, wasn't that woman back then wearing a—"

Monbatten cut him off with a sharp look. "Even so, there were those eyes. If I saw them again, I'd recognize them instantly. They were... warm yet resolute."

The guard quickly fell silent, never daring to question his king.

Monbatten's jaw tightened as his gaze drifted off.

Back then, a much younger Monbatten had visited Crera for the first time. He was already engaged, his bride chosen, but at only twenty-five, he had no interest in marriage or children, so he'd delayed the wedding.

While in Crera, he had ventured out with just one guard. A night out at a bar took an unexpected turn.

Drugged by a stranger's unsolicited offer, he had stumbled into a hotel, pushing away a woman trying to take advantage of him. His guard had gone off to find an antidote, leaving him to wander aimlessly until he mistakenly entered a private room.

The room smelled of something faint and floral—rosewater, perhaps.

Inside, a masked woman stepped toward him. Her voice was soft and captivating. "Do you need my help?"

Her eyes held an irresistible warmth and allure.

Monbatten had blurted out, "Are you sure about this?"

"I am."

Without hesitation, she hooked her fingers around his tie, her movements full of sultry confidence as she led him deeper into the room. "You need a child, and so do I."

Startled, he protested, "I'm only twenty-five! I don't need a child!"

"You will," she said with quiet conviction, her eyes filled with an unshakable determination.

Before he could process her words, she pushed him onto the bed, her intentions leaving no room for negotiation.

In the haze of passion, he had tried to remove her mask. She stopped him with a soft laugh. "Monbatten, if you can recognize me by my eyes, then we're meant to be. If not, don't bother looking for me."

Her words stung his pride, and so, he never uncovered her face.

But her eyes—those eyes—he could never forget. They were unlike anything he'd ever seen in anyone else. That warmth, so embracing yet unaware of its own allure. That determination, as if she had burned every bridge behind her.

Not even the countless women in his harem could compare.

Over the years, he had tried to return to Crera to find her, but royal duties had kept him tied down. This year, the pressure to name an heir had become unbearable. Five years had passed since that night, and he still had no children. The advisors were in a panic.

Her words came back to him: "You'll need a child."

She had been right. He did need one now. [n/vel/b/in dot c/om](http://n/vel/b/in_dot_c/om)

Monbatten took a deep sip of his drink and turned to his guard. "Do you think Crera actually has witches? Women with mystical powers?"

The guard replied thoughtfully, "Witches? Maybe you mean fairies?"

Monbatten let out a dry laugh. "...Are there fairies in Crera?"

The guard shrugged. "Hard to say. After all, science has its limits."

Monbatten chuckled despite himself.

Officially, his trip to Crera was for medical treatment. Unofficially, it was to find her.

The woman's eyes were burned into his memory, as vivid as her voice that night. He was certain—if she stood before him again, he would recognize her instantly.

If he had a child, it could only be hers.

Just then, Amy came bounding over, grabbing his hand. "Dad, what's wrong? You keep sighing."

"I'm looking for someone."

"Who?"

"Maybe... the mother of my child."

Amy grinned. "That's just my mom, isn't it? She's right there!"

She pointed toward Keira.

Following her finger, Monbatten's gaze landed on Keira. She had a unique presence, a cool confidence laced with pride.

Monbatten smiled faintly. "No, it's not her."

"But it's—"

"Her eyes aren't the same."

Amy paused, tilting her head. "You're right. Mom's eyes weren't always like this."

That made Monbatten stop.

Amy added, "Mom used to be so gentle. She still is, but... but..."

She struggled to find the words, then tugged on his hand. "Dad, I'll show you Mom's old photos!"