

MY ACCIDENTAL HUSBAND IS A BILLIONAIRE !

Chapter 821

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Monbatten froze at Amy's words.

"Her old mom?"

What did she mean? Was there a "before" and "after" version of Amy's mother?

No matter how much a person changes, their eyes don't. He was certain of that.

But not wanting to kill the mood, he smiled and nodded. "Alright, sure."

Amy's eyes lit up. "Then come to my house sometime! My mom's picture is there. I didn't bring it with me."

"Okay," he replied with a chuckle, ruffling her hair.

Amy looked up at him, all serious. "So, when are you coming?"

Monbatten hesitated, clearing his throat. "Well..."

"I heard those uncles and aunties talking earlier," Amy said with the precociousness only kids can have. "They said Daddy is super busy. Do you even have time to come to my house?"

"I'll make time," Monbatten said immediately.

"When?" Amy pressed, unwavering.

He glanced over at his aide, who promptly stepped forward.

"Your Majesty, you're free the evening after tomorrow, at eight."

Monbatten smiled and looked back at Amy. "You heard that, didn't you? The evening after tomorrow, eight o'clock, I'll come to your house."

"Yay!" Amy cheered, stretching out her tiny pinky. "Pinky promise! No take-backs!"

Monbatten blinked but couldn't help laughing. There was something about this kid that put him completely at ease, even when she crossed boundaries that should have annoyed him.

As he bent down to lock pinkies with her, he found himself wondering, Was that woman from Crera as remarkable as this child? Did she give someone else a kid as delightful as Amy?

After sealing the promise, Amy dashed off, wrapping herself around Uncle Olsen's leg like a koala. "Grandpa, Grandpa! Daddy said he's coming to our house the day after tomorrow!"

Uncle Olsen raised a brow, unimpressed by the theatrics.

Most businessmen would've been overwhelmed in a moment like this, nervous about hosting royalty. But Uncle Olsen wasn't most businessmen.

He calmly looked down at Amy. "Did you prepare an invitation for King Monbatten?"

Amy shook her head, wide-eyed.

Uncle Olsen sighed, carrying her over to Monbatten.

Though Monbatten was used to a life of luxury, something about Uncle Olsen's presence compelled him to stand as the older man approached. Despite the age gap, Uncle Olsen carried the gravitas of a father figure, commanding respect effortlessly.

"King Monbatten, a pleasure to meet you," Uncle Olsen said as they shook hands.

"The pleasure is mine, Mr. Olsen," Monbatten replied, gesturing for him to sit. As Uncle Olsen eased into his seat, he spoke in a measured tone. "I've heard that Country A has been having issues with pirates lately."

The comment drew a sigh from Monbatten.

The Trident Strait, which separated Country A from Crera, was notorious for its pirate activity. Ships often avoided it altogether, taking longer, costlier routes.

Years ago, Keira and Lewis had ventured into Country A to rescue a prominent scientist. As part of their strategy, they had lured enemy forces to the main port, leaving the pirate-controlled strait as the only viable escape route.

In the end, the scientist returned safely through those treacherous waters—thanks to Lewis's assurance that the area was under the control of a "friend."

Now, Uncle Olsen leaned back, smiling faintly. "If King Monbatten is willing to grant my daughter a few favors, that strait could be freely accessible to your nation's ships."

Monbatten's eyes widened. "You control the Trident Strait?"

For years, Country A had tried to negotiate with the mysterious faction controlling the area, hoping for reduced fees or some form of partnership. Yet, every overture had been ignored.

Monbatten never imagined the person holding the reins would casually bring it up in conversation.

"I'd be more than happy to oblige," Monbatten said eagerly. "Consider it done. Your daughter and her associates are welcome to do business in Country A anytime."

Uncle Olsen nodded, then added, "What about the individual they're worried about?"

Monbatten chuckled lightly. "That individual has never explicitly forbidden Jenkins from returning."

Uncle Olsen raised a brow but didn't press further, leaving the information to be relayed.

When Jenkins heard the news, her jaw dropped. "Wait, what? That Clownfish told me to leave! She said if I didn't, she'd blow up my company. And now you're telling me I was never actually banned?"

Erin cleared her throat awkwardly. "Well, you know how he operates—impulsive and unpredictable. Maybe when she told you to leave, it was just that—leave for a bit. She never said you couldn't come back."

Jenkins looked dumbfounded. "What kind of logic is that?"

"Did she ever explicitly say you couldn't return?" Erin asked.

"...No, she didn't," Jenkins admitted.

Her voice cracked as she exclaimed, "So what have I been doing these past few years, wandering around Crera like a vagabond? What was the point of all that?"

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Jenkins was utterly defeated.

She ignored everyone and retreated straight to her tiny room at the Olsen estate.

Despite her cover as Lion being blown, she wasn't treated any differently. Still, the accommodations didn't match the comfort Erin enjoyed in Charles's room—especially since Charles had voluntarily moved into the guestroom for her.

Jenkins sprawled on her bed, torn between crying and screaming.

So Clownfish had driven her away just to flex some control? As long as she left, everything was fine, and returning was perfectly okay?

For years, she had longed to see her friends in Country A but didn't dare visit, fearing she'd endanger them. Now, after everything, it turned out she'd been overthinking it.

She clenched her fists in frustration. Clownfish was maddening! Infuriating!

Grabbing her pillow, she pummeled it as if it were Clownfish's face. The occasional muffled yells from her room echoed faintly into the hall.

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In the living room, Erin glanced at Keira, who was working on her laptop. "Should we, I don't know, try to console her? She sounds pretty crushed."

Keira didn't even look up. "Why bother? Peter's already standing outside her door."

Erin raised a brow. "But he hasn't gone in."

"Well, duh. Anyone who tries right now is asking for trouble. Didn't you see the murderous look in her eyes earlier?" Keira smirked.

Erin chuckled mischievously, though sympathy flickered across her face. She cracked open a bag of pistachios. "Honestly, if I were her, I'd lose it too. Clownfish hasn't changed a bit since we were kids—always messing with people for fun."

Keira paused her typing. "What does Clownfish even look like these days?"

"No idea. We were three years old! How's anyone supposed to know how they'd turn out? People change a lot!"

Keira conceded the point, though her curiosity only deepened. She wanted as much information as possible about Clownfish. Her current position was a direct threat to Keira's plans.

Reliable intel placed Clownfish in Clance.

"What about when you were kids?" Keira pressed. "Anything odd about her behavior?"

Erin shrugged. "We didn't know each other's families back then, but I remember Clownfish's parents being kind of eccentric. Clownfish hated going home. And yeah, she was a weird kid—kept to herself, never joined in during nap time, playtime, or even group baths. She'd just sit alone. Oh, and she had

a thing for bugs. Used to bring all kinds of creepy crawlies to school. Once, she put a rat in Keera's backpack."

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Keira blinked. "A rat?"

"Yep. Keera nearly fainted. You know how soft she is—totally the type to freak out over stuff like that."

Keira mulled over the tidbit. This wasn't just a mischievous child; Clownfish's behavior had always been unorthodox.

"And?" Keira prompted.

Erin shook her head. "That's about all I remember. It's not like my memory is flawless, especially for stuff from when I was three. Even with the South family's knack for remembering things, no one's perfect."

Keira leaned back, deep in thought. It made sense. People tended to vividly recall their own painful experiences while easily forgetting others'. And at that age, details blurred into oblivion.

Still, Clownfish's personality sounded insufferable.

"Do you think she'll join me?" Keira asked, voice heavy with doubt.

"Not a chance." Erin was firm. "Clownfish is too proud, too self-reliant. They'd never bow to anyone."

Keira pressed her lips together, considering her next move. "How long until the South family opens its gates again?"

"Twenty days," Erin replied.

Keira nodded, a spark of impatience igniting within her.

She didn't care about becoming the South family's heir, but rescuing her mother required her to dig deeper into the mystery surrounding the family. And, if she were honest, she couldn't deny a growing curiosity.

What was the South family's true nature?

Were the so-called prophecies legitimate?

Was this a case of bizarre mysticism, or something far more tangible? After all, ghosts and gods couldn't possibly exist. Right?

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Keira hesitated, her thoughts swirling.

The deeper she delved into her scientific research, the more she found herself thinking: at the edge of science lies the unexplained, perhaps even the mystical.

After all, if neutrinos exist, then why not a prophecy?

Maybe the South family really did have this kind of ability.

Resting her chin on her hand, Keira gazed at Erin. After a moment, she asked abruptly, "Do all South family members have 'South' in their names?"

"Of course!" Erin replied cheerfully.

Keira's eyes darkened slightly.

Erin tilted her head and asked, "Why? It's pretty common for us. Most of us include 'South' in our names, since it's part of the family name. Even when I pretended to be from the Martin family, I still used the name Erin South Martin. And Jenkins? She picked a new last name but still kept 'South' in it."

Keira nodded thoughtfully. "Who else around us has 'South' in their name?"

Erin sighed dramatically. "You can't just count everyone with 'South' in their name. There are tons of people like that! Based on my records, out of all the people you've crossed paths with, there are 567 with 'South' in their names. Over a hundred of them work under you."

Erin glanced at her meaningfully and added, "But if you're asking who the richest one is, that'd be Sean South Church. But Sean can't be Clownfish. He's a guy! And South family heirs are always women."

Keira paused slightly at this, her expression unreadable.

After a moment, she lowered her gaze and nodded at Erin. "I see."

"What do you see?" Erin asked.

"Nothing," Keira replied, smiling faintly.

She stood abruptly and pulled out her phone, where she noticed a new message from Sean.

Sean: Can I come over for dinner at your place tomorrow?

Keira: Sure.

It was soon the next day.

As Keira was out shopping for groceries, she ran into Sean in the parking lot of her building.

Sean's face lit up when he saw her. "Miss Olsen, what's for dinner tonight?"

Keira held up the bag of groceries in her hand and smiled. "I just picked up a fish."

Sean grinned. "Fish? Perfect. I love fish. Thanks so much!"

"No problem."

While Keira busied herself in the kitchen, Sean waited in the living room, chatting with Erin and Amy.

After a while, one of Sean's assistants wandered into the kitchen, curious.

"Miss Olsen, what kind of fish are we having tonight?"

Keira glanced at him and smiled suddenly. "Clownfish."

The assistant froze. "Wait... isn't that poisonous? Can we even eat that?"

"I'm kidding," Keira said lightly, her tone casual.

"Go wait outside."

"Oh, right, sure!"

The assistant quickly left.

Not long after, Keira served up the meal—a spread of three dishes and a soup, paired with some warm bread.

Sean dug in enthusiastically, especially enjoying the fish.

It was nearly gone by the time he spoke up.

"Miss Olsen, this fish is amazing! I haven't had your cooking in ages."

His assistant nodded eagerly. "It's true. Mr. Church usually avoids fish because of the smell, but ever since he met you, he's become a fish lover."

Keira smiled warmly at Sean, then asked out of nowhere, "So, Clownfish, how does it taste?"

The room fell silent.

All eyes turned to Sean.

Jenkins and Erin exchanged wide-eyed glances, their disbelief clear. Neither said a word, but their expressions spoke volumes: You've got to be kidding.

Sean blinked, startled.

"Wait, what? Is this... clownfish?"

Keira laughed. "Of course not. Clownfish are poisonous; I'd never serve that. Sean, are you sure you're really a man?"

Sean flushed at her sudden question. His face reddened as he lowered his head sheepishly.

"Absolutely, Miss Olsen... want proof?"

As he spoke, he tugged at his collar, revealing his chest—a very male chest.

Jenkins and Erin breathed sighs of relief, relaxing visibly.

Their initial reaction had been panic: Could Sean really be Clownfish? Could she have been pretending to be a man all this time to get close to them?

But no—it didn't make sense.

Sean had an Adam's apple. His physique, while modestly dressed, was distinctly masculine.

And more importantly... he wore pants, and they could see the bulge. That kind of detail wasn't something you could fake.

There was just no way he could be Clownfish.

But before they could fully relax, Keira spoke again, her tone light but cutting. "You're right. You're not a woman pretending to be a man. You were a boy pretending to be a girl when you were little, weren't you, Clownfish?"

Both Jenkins and Erin froze, their eyes snapping back to Sean in disbelief.

Keira continued calmly, "I looked it up. Clownfish are hermaphrodites."