

MY ACCIDENTAL HUSBAND IS A BILLIONAIRE !

Chapter 827

827 Chapter 826

The Olsen estate was bustling with activity as the staff worked tirelessly to prepare for the big day.

Every corner of the house was being scrubbed to perfection. Monbatten, the king, was expected to visit today, and the atmosphere was charged with anticipation.

The Cobb family had even sent their own people over to ensure there would be no missteps—any mishap could lead to a diplomatic disaster.

In the midst of this whirlwind, Keira finally descended the grand staircase, holding Amy's tiny hand. She handed Amy an iPad, the screen already playing old videos of Keera and a much younger Amy together.

Amy's face lit up with excitement. "Mom! When Dad gets here, I'm gonna show him this!"

Keira smiled faintly. "Good idea."

She had heard Sean mention it before—Monbatten once confessed that he remembered a pair of eyes, eyes filled with a warmth and resolve he had never seen before. Keira's gaze lowered briefly. She and her twin sister, Keera, may have looked alike, but their eyes betrayed their differences.

No matter how well Keira could mimic Keera's timid demeanor, the quiet strength in her sister's gaze was something she could never replicate.

That's why those who knew Keira well—like Mary—could tell Keira wasn't her.

But since returning to the Olsen family, Keira had stopped pretending altogether.

Even if old acquaintances sensed something was different, they chalked it up to "Keira's" newfound confidence after reclaiming her heritage.

Keira gently patted Amy's head. "Go sit on the couch and wait for him, okay?"

Amy obediently carried her iPad to the couch, where she sat quietly, her eyes glued to the front door, eagerly awaiting Monbatten's arrival.

Just then, Erin and Jenkins sauntered in. "What's your game today?"

Keira glanced at her, nonchalant. "What do you mean?"

Jenkins jumped in. "You've been indifferent to Monbatten this whole time, but now you're suddenly rolling out the red carpet for him. What's the deal?"

Keira's tone remained steady. "Didn't you say I should get closer to him and win him over?"

Jenkins scoffed. "Please. You? Winning someone over? Give me a break."

Erin, meanwhile, had grabbed a bowl of pistachios and was lazily cracking them open as she surveyed the room. After a moment, she wandered over to a quiet corner and settled in.

"What are you doing?" Jenkins asked, frowning.

Erin smirked. "This is the best seat in the house. I want a front-row view of whatever drama's about to unfold."

Jenkins rolled her eyes but eventually pulled over a chair to join Erin.

Both of them seemed more than a little curious about what Keira had planned.

Soon enough, Monbatten arrived, and both Keira and Lewis Horton headed to the driveway to greet him.

The king's demeanor was still formal, but there was a touch of respect now, likely due to his recent partnership with Uncle Olsen. Gone was the unapproachable arrogance he had once carried.

"Where's Amy?" Monbatten asked casually.

Keira's response was measured. "She's waiting for you in the living room. It's too cold for her to be running around outside. Don't want her catching a cold from the temperature changes."

Monbatten gave a small nod. "You're very thoughtful when it comes to your daughter."

Keira hesitated for just a beat before saying lightly, "Actually, Amy isn't my daughter."

Monbatten froze. "What?"

Keira smiled. "She's my sister's child. My twin sister's."

She decided to rip the Band-Aid off now, sparing herself from any misunderstandings later—like Monbatten getting the absurd idea that, since she'd given him a child, they should get married and move back to his country.

She had far too much on her plate for that.

"You have a twin?" Monbatten asked, his voice tinged with curiosity.

"Yes, we look identical, but our eyes are different."

Keira kept her tone conversational, glossing over the details as she led him into the living room.

Amy, who had been waiting by the window, practically flew into Monbatten's arms the moment he walked through the door. Her face lit up with pure joy. "Daddy! You're finally here!" she exclaimed.

Monbatten chuckled. "Still calling me that, huh?"

"You are my dad!"

Amy declared confidently. "Mom said so!"

Monbatten froze, stunned. "She said that?"

"Yes!" Amy pointed toward Keira. Keira shot Monbatten a quick, apologetic look. He immediately understood—Amy was too young to grasp the difference between her mother and her aunt. He crouched down to Amy's level. "And what does your mom look like?" Amy grinned. "I have a video! Dad, I'll show you right now!"