

MY ACCIDENTAL HUSBAND IS A BILLIONAIRE !

Chapter 828

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Amy pulled out her tablet, excitedly handing it to Monbatten. The screen displayed videos and photos of her younger self with the real Keera.

Monbatten froze as his gaze landed on the screen. Those eyes—gentle yet filled with determination—were so familiar they stopped him in his tracks.

They belonged to the woman he'd spent that unforgettable night with back in Crera. In disbelief, he turned to Amy, scanning her features more carefully.

For the first time, he noticed she shared a faint resemblance to his mother. The realization hit him like a lightning bolt. Whipping around to face one of his guards, he commanded urgently, "Get me a DNA test with Amy. Now!"

The guard nodded, plucking a strand of Amy's hair before dashing out the door.

Monbatten let out a shaky breath and crouched down to lift Amy into his arms.

Amy didn't squirm or protest. Instead, her tiny hand patted his shoulder reassuringly. "Daddy, you're so late! I've been waiting forever, but it's okay now that you're here."

Her sweet words struck a chord deep in his chest. Monbatten's heart clenched.

This child was far too mature for her age, and it made her all the more endearing.

He ruffled her hair gently and carried her over to the couch, settling down with her. His eyes scanned the lavishly decorated living room before glancing at Keira. "Your home is beautiful," he said politely.

Keira, seated across from him with Lewis by her side, nodded with a small smile. "Thank you."

Monbatten said, "I hope I didn't come to Crera in vain."

He shifted his focus back to Amy, then to the woman on the screen.

If Amy truly turned out to be his daughter, it would be life-changing.

He'd finally have an heir. Still, he couldn't let himself hope too much—not yet.

Over the years, countless women had shown up in Country A, each claiming their child was his.

Monbatten was a player. In the process of searching for his child, he had spent time with many women.

Each time, his hopes had risen, only to be cruelly dashed.

Even those kids that resembled him turned out to be strangers.

He still couldn't have a child.

Even his attempts at having children through IVF had ended in heartbreak, as every pregnancy failed early on. When it happened often enough, it proved that the problem came from him, not those women.

His longing for a child had grown into an obsession.

Now, he forced himself to take a steadying breath and looked at Keira. "If Amy is... well, I'd love for you all to visit Country A anytime."

Keira chuckled lightly. "Let's not get ahead of ourselves, Your Majesty. The results aren't in yet. We'll see soon enough."

She wasn't sure, either.

Her response was measured but fair, and Monbatten gave her a small nod, appreciating her pragmatic approach.

The room fell into a tense silence as everyone waited for the guard's return.

Monbatten's eyes kept flicking toward the door. Across the room, Jenkins leaned closer to Erin, whispering, "What's going on over there?"

Erin shrugged, her brow furrowed. "No clue."

Jenkins said, "They're definitely waiting for something."

"I can't be a kid," Erin said.

Both women then glanced suspiciously at Amy. The two exchanged wide-eyed looks, their minds racing.

But before they could voice their thoughts, the guard reappeared, clutching an envelope in his trembling hands.

The tension in the room skyrocketed.

Monbatten shot to his feet, his gaze locked on the guard. "Well? What does it say?"

The guard took a shaky breath, holding out the envelope. "The results are inside, Your Majesty. I haven't opened it."

He handed the envelope to the king.

Monbatten's hands were unsteady as he accepted the envelope. Slowly, he pulled out the piece of paper inside.

The entire room held its collective breath as he read the words aloud.

The note read, "Father and daughter match."