

MY ACCIDENTAL HUSBAND IS A BILLIONAIRE !

Chapter 829

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Monbatten's eyes widened in disbelief as he stared at the DNA test results in his hands. Slowly, he turned his gaze toward little Amy.

At that moment, Monbatten felt like he was dreaming.

Someone tell him—was this really happening? The child he'd longed for all these years was standing right in front of him!

His eyes reddened immediately. He crouched down and scooped Amy up in a tight embrace. "Amy, I'm your dad!"

Amy nodded enthusiastically. "I know, Daddy!"

Monbatten's voice trembled. "Say it again. Call me 'Daddy' one more time."

"Daddy!"

Hearing the word again sent a tremor through his chest, his cold, hardened heart suddenly softening.

He had been with many women over the years, but he'd never truly cared for any of them. As a king, love was a luxury he couldn't afford.

His harem of over a hundred women had all been there for one reason only: to produce heirs.

But none of them—none of them combined—mattered even a fraction as much to him as little Amy did.

For five long years, Monbatten had dreamed of this moment, yearned for it, every single day. Now, holding her in his arms, he wanted to cry out, to let all the frustration and emptiness he'd endured pour out. But he held back, afraid he might scare her.

After all, she was so small, so delicate, like a porcelain doll that might shatter with the slightest mishandling.

His eyes rimmed red as he stared at Amy. Then, all of a sudden, he let her go and burst out laughing.

Monbatten, the mighty king, finally had a child!

Monbatten, the ruler of Country A, had an heir!

He stood up abruptly and turned to the guards behind him. "This is my daughter."

The guards nodded. "Congratulations, Your Majesty."

Monbatten clamped a hand over his mouth, turning to Sean in the room. "Sean, my daughter!"

Sean smiled. "Congratulations."

Monbatten then looked at Keira, pointing excitedly at Amy. "She's mine. She's my daughter!"

Keira raised an eyebrow, her lips twitching. "Got it."

When Monbatten's gaze landed on Lewis, Lewis stepped back coolly before Monbatten could say a word.

Monbatten's attention then drifted to Jenkins and Erin, who were sitting in the corner, eating pistachios and clearly enjoying the show.

He rushed over, grabbing Jenkins in a hug. "My daughter—Amy is my daughter!"

Jenkins flinched. "I know, Your Majesty. Now, please let go of me."

Monbatten released her and immediately lunged for Erin. "My daughter! I have a daughter!"

Erin stared blankly as Monbatten closed in. Just as he was about to grab her, Charles, who had just gotten back from school, stepped in with a loud shout.

"Stop!"

Monbatten froze.

Charles marched over, wedging himself between Monbatten and Erin. He gave Monbatten a quick, awkward hug. "Alright, that's enough. Hands off my girlfriend."

Unbothered, Monbatten returned the hug with enthusiasm. "My friend, I found my daughter!"

Charles sighed. "Yeah, I know."

Monbatten let him go and immediately turned back to Amy.

Keira couldn't help but pinch the bridge of her nose. Monbatten's reaction was a lot, even for him. She muttered, "You need to calm down."

"Calm down? How can I calm down?"

Suddenly, Monbatten dropped to his knees in front of Amy, hugging her tightly as tears streamed down his face. "Do you have any idea how much pressure I've been under all these years? Everyone adores me as their king, but I had no children! No heirs! Everyone kept pushing me to have one, but they didn't understand my pain—they didn't understand..."

His tears fell harder now. "I thought I'd never have a child of my own, but then I found you. My daughter!"

Amy, seeing him cry so miserably, reached out with her little hand and gently wiped his tears. "Daddy, don't cry. I'm right here!"

Those soft, comforting words brought a bright smile to Monbatten's face. "Alright, alright. Daddy won't cry. My little princess—no, my little queen. Amy, will you come home with Daddy?"

Hearing this, Amy glanced nervously at Keira.

Keira frowned, her lips pressing together.

Monbatten followed Amy's gaze, looking straight at Keira. "Miss Olsen, since Amy's mother is gone... I'm her only parent now. She belongs with me!"

Keira let out a deep sigh.

The thing she had been dreading most had finally happened.

Amy couldn't go with Monbatten—not now. Amy was her sister's only child, her only link to her late sister. But if she refused, would Monbatten fight her for custody?

Would the fragile peace they had just established shatter all over again?

While Keira was still lost in thought, Amy spoke up softly. "Daddy, I'm scared to go with you."

Monbatten blinked. "Why not?"

"Because the uncle and brother I saw that day were really scary," Amy said innocently. "Mommy said I shouldn't go to dangerous places."

Her words hit Monbatten like a truck. He instantly understood her meaning.

Country A was riddled with threats right now. If he brought his three-year-old daughter back, what if his elder brother turned her into a target?

What had he been thinking, letting his emotions take over like that?

But if not home...

Would she have to stay with the Olsen family?