

MY ACCIDENTAL HUSBAND IS A BILLIONAIRE !

830 Chapter 829

Monbatten furrowed his brows and looked at Keira. His demeanor immediately shifted, his voice calm and composed. "Miss Olsen..."

"Amy is a child of the Olsen family," Keira began, her tone steady. "You can rest assured, we'll take good care of her. And..."

She paused briefly before continuing, "Amy's last name is South."

Monbatten's eyes widened in disbelief. "South?"

"Yes," Keira confirmed. "Her mother was my sister, Keera South."

She observed the subtle shift in his expression, noting his recognition of the name.

Monbatten was stunned. "The South family? THE South family?"

"That's right." Keira's gaze remained steady.

Monbatten's breathing quickened.

Of course, he'd heard of the South family.

The Souths were an ancient and enigmatic lineage, with roots tracing back over a thousand years. Their influence was so discreet yet pervasive that most people couldn't pinpoint when they had first emerged on the global stage. It was only in recent years, as South family members began appearing more prominently in international affairs, that the world started piecing together fragments of their vast network.

No one knew the full extent of their holdings.

For all he knew, the very skyscraper he worked in could belong to a subsidiary under the South family's sprawling empire.

Once, Monbatten had attempted to tally their industries. Just the business ventures tied to Clownfish and Jenkins accounted for half of his nation's tax revenue. Clownfish alone took up 49%, while Jenkins barely held 1%.

That disparity was exactly why Monbatten turned a blind eye when Jenkins had sought his help.

Clownfish was too powerful!

How could he risk angering the powerhouse that was Lion over such a small margin?

The South family was unparalleled. Even a seemingly inconspicuous representative of theirs carried immeasurable clout.

Which begged the question: would Amy, a child of the South family, still ascend the throne of Country A as its next ruler?

Compared to the Souths, Country A seemed almost...insignificant.

Monbatten felt the weight of this realization crush any remnants of pride. His tone became humbler as he addressed Keira. "I'll leave Amy in your family's care. Once things stabilize back home, I'll return to...visit her."

Keira nodded. "Amy will grow up freely in the Olsen family. When she turns eighteen, I'll explain everything to her. Whatever she chooses then, I trust you, King Monbatten, will respect her decision."

"Of course." Monbatten smiled, his hand gently brushing through Amy's hair. His eyes softened with a father's tenderness. "She's my daughter. As much as I want her to take the throne, I'd rather she live a life of freedom."

Keira smiled faintly in return.

Monbatten went on to express his gratitude, assuring Keira that Country A would serve as her strongest ally in her pursuit of the South family's inheritance. That evening, they shared a pleasant dinner.

When it was time for Monbatten to leave, he seemed reluctant, eventually mustering the courage to ask, "Would it be possible for me to stay in one of the Olsen family's guest rooms?"

Keira blinked. "Excuse me?"

Uncle Olsen stepped in to clarify. "Your Majesty, your presence here might attract unnecessary attention, which would complicate things for the Olsen family. However, I can take Amy and stay with you for a few days instead."

Monbatten wouldn't stay in Crera for too long, and because of that, he felt even more reluctant to part with Amy.

Given Monbatten's status as a visiting dignitary, his movements were heavily scrutinized. Staying at the Olsen residence could draw unwanted focus, not just from political rivals but also from families like the Cobbs.

With the South family's members currently concentrated at the Olsen estate, such scrutiny was far from ideal.

Uncle Olsen's solution struck a perfect balance, allowing Monbatten precious time with Amy while ensuring her safety.

Monbatten agreed readily, visibly relieved. Soon after, Uncle Olsen packed a few essentials, along with Amy's clothes, toys, and a small entourage of caretakers, and departed with Monbatten.

Once they were gone, Jenkins, Erin, and Sean all gravitated toward Keira.

Jenkins whistled. "That was a masterstroke, Keira. You've tied Monbatten to us for good!"

Erin popped a pistachio into her mouth. "Alright, spill. How long have you known about this? You kept us in the dark completely!"

Keira responded nonchalantly, "I only found out recently."

The group erupted into laughter.

Keira, however, studied their expressions before posing a question. "The South family's Open House is coming up. Are you all planning to go back?"

The room fell silent.

After a long pause, Jenkins spoke first. "I promised you, didn't I? I'd help you handle Monbatten. I'll go back with you."

Erin nodded, her tone casual but firm. "I'll go too."

Sean hesitated before shaking his head. "I'm not going."