

My Accidental Husband is a Billionaire !

My Accidental Husband is a Billionaire ! #Chapter 621 - Read My Accidental Husband is a Billionaire ! Chapter 621

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As soon as these words were spoken, they enraged the people around Vincent.

Keira had previously doubted whether Brian and his son could be Fox's people, but she had already ruled that out.

After all, the Special Division wouldn't choose such people as the next successors.

When they were selected, even their ancestors would have been thoroughly investigated to ensure no issues.

Brian's father had honorably sacrificed his life while on a mission.

Such a family wouldn't have any issues with loyalty.

Just yesterday, Vincent reminisced that after Brian's father died, old Mr. Sims personally raised Brian and had already decided to hand over the Special Division to him.

So, when Vincent didn't come to work at the Special Division, Brian became its deputy head.

But for some reason over the years, the rift between Brian and old Mr. Sims had grown deeper and deeper...

Moreover, after Vincent spoke, Brian became silent.

That indicated that Brian wasn't concerned about whether Vera would be taken away by the people from Interpol.

Therefore, Keira completely ruled out any suspicion of the father and son.

Her gaze first fell on the man who had first spoken on Brian's side. She recalled his name as Terry, and he had initiated the confrontation between both sides.

Those who echoed his words were full of anger, having been stirred up by him.

Terry must be Fox's mole!

With that thought, Keira looked at the people behind Vincent.

The first person who had spoken was always following Holly around, a little lackey who was also part of the group who tried to arrest Vera at home last time.

His words just now seemed to be defending the Sims family, but they actually pushed the confrontation between the two sides to the extreme!

Therefore, this little lackey must also be Fox's insider!

Maybe the dissent between old Mr. Sims and Brian was also the work of these two insiders!

Fox was so cunning!

It wasn't easy to plant an insider in a department like the Special Division, yet she managed to plant two!

With two insiders, she stirred up conflicts between the two sides, causing internal quarrels within the Special Division, breaking them up into factions, suppressing the division's power, and weakening its presence.

Keira had to admit, Fox was impressive!

As she was reflecting on this, the scene erupted into chaos.

With red eyes, Luke argued, "The Sims family is up to no good! You've coaxed my dad to work for your family! You're clearly planning for a father-to-son succession! Why pretend to be good people in front of my dad?!"

Holly was also provoked and pointed at him while shouting furiously, "If the Special Division is handed over to people like you and your father, that's when it would really be finished! The criminals imprisoned there are from the South family, and you seem to have forgotten what the duty of the Special Division is!"

Upon hearing Holly's words, Keira inwardly cursed her luck.

Sure enough, the next moment, Brian looked at her with fury. "I see. That's your grandfather's real plan, right? How come out of nowhere, instead of bringing his son on board, he brought you in? Looks like he's been guarding against me all along! I've given my life to the Special Division! I don't deserve to be accused by a youngster like you!"

Caught up in the argument, Holly retorted, "Brian, ask yourself this: Have you truly been dedicated and responsible to the Special Division?"

Luke said, "Of course, my dad is! You're going around the Special Division with your best friend, acting as if it's your own house!"

Holly wanted to speak, but Vincent immediately stopped her. "Holly, that's enough."

Holly had just stopped talking when Luke scoffed. "Can't argue with us, so you shut up, right? Holly and Vincent, you two are hypocrites! If you're coveting the power of the Special Division, just say so. Why pretend to be so innocent? And Old Mr. Sims, he's nothing but a sly old fox! He's completely hoodwinked my dad!"

Enraged, Vincent retorted, "I can tolerate your rudeness toward me, but don't speak ill of my father! My father has devoted his life to the Special Division and will die a dedicated man! He never betrayed the Special Division in any way!"

Luke sneered. "If there was nothing, why was he arrested? I think something's up, and your whole family might be spies! Your family should be the ones locked up!"

Furious, Holly challenged, "What did you say? Say it again if you dare!"

With a scoff, Luke goaded, "I said it, what about it? Want to have a go?"

He rolled up his sleeves.

Holly's lackey's eyes darted, and he immediately shouted, "Luke, don't bully Miss Sims! Now that old Mr. Sims is in trouble, do you no longer respect the Sims family? I'll take you on!"

After that, he charged head down toward Luke.

Vincent tried to stop him but only caught his sleeve as the man rushed toward Luke.

With a shoulder throw, Luke sent the man sprawling to the ground. "You think you're equal to me in fighting?!"

After being hit, the man conveniently lay on the ground, playing up his pain. "Luke, you used lethal force on me! Do you hate the Sims faction that much? I understand now that you want to eradicate us completely so you can make the Special Division the Dawson's property, right?"

Luke was flabbergasted.

He looked at his hand; he hadn't used that much force just now...

But before he could react, someone else charged at him. "Luke, you've gone too far! Old Mr. Sims hasn't even been convicted yet! Is your dad so eager to take over? Do you want to purge the Special Division?!"

With two quick moves, Luke floored the newcomer as well.

Once he lost his temper, Luke arrogantly surveyed the crowd. "Who else from the Sims faction refuses to accept this? Come on, all of you, let's see what you've got!"

Not just the people behind Holly but even Holly herself was enraged and picked up a broom, ready to join the fray.

Holly said, "Luke, you're intolerable! I'll beat you to death!"

Behind Luke, Terry immediately shouted, "Charge! Don't let the Sims get the best of us!"

A crowd quickly got into position, and it seemed a massive brawl was about to break out!

Vincent urgently tried to calm everyone. "Everyone, don't be impulsive. We need to present a united front today! We shouldn't fight among ourselves!"

Unfortunately, no one was listening.

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Holly was overwhelmed with rage, and her usually cool demeanor was replaced with anger as she stared daggers at Luke, her broom hitting his arm with force.

Luke immediately grabbed the broom.

Then, giving Holly a cold look, he intended to hit back, but upon realizing she was a woman, he snatched the broom away and threw it to the ground.

Pushed backward, Holly stumbled several steps.

Keira didn't move, noticing that Luke had held back his strength.

Although he usually mocked Holly, he still knew how to measure his force.

But the next moment...

Holly's lackey, the one who was working for Fox, was a man named Mike. He stepped forward and caught hold of Holly, then acted as if he couldn't support her.

He shouted, "Holly, watch out!"

In the next moment, both he and Holly fell to the ground.

He landed beneath Holly, using his body as a cushion, ignoring the wounds he sustained from the ground as he looked anxiously at Holly. "Holly, are you okay?"

Holly gave him a puzzled look and quickly said, "I'm fine. What about you?"

Mike clutched his arm and glared at Luke. "Luke, you've really gone too far! Old Mr. Sims hasn't been convicted yet, and you dare mistreat Miss Sims! Do you people even respect old Mr. Sims at all?"

Luke frowned and glanced at his hand. Without suspicion, he just scoffed. "I didn't even use much strength, and she fell. The Sims family's younger generation is truly incompetent, yet they still want to continue leading the Special Division. Are they planning on having the delicate Miss Sims take the reins?"

The director of each generation's Special Division had to go through a rigorous selection process.

Although the Sims family always held that position, it was attained by winning over everyone in the Special Division.

Old Mr. Sims had been unparalleled in combat within the Special Division.

Vincent didn't want to practice martial arts, and Old Mr. Sims somewhat intentionally trained Brian instead. Hence, Vincent chose to become a forensic doctor.

Brian might have grown a belly and, with a slick smile, looked like a bureaucrat trying to replace old Mr. Sims...

But actually, Brian was also without rivals in his time.

He was personally trained by old Mr. Sims...

Luke's skill at his age also made him an outstanding member of the Special Division. His aspiration to enter the Freeman Sect was to conquer everyone.

In their line of work, there has always been an unwritten rule of forming friendships through martial prowess.

So, Luke's mockery of Holly resonated with the onlookers.

Terry, who stood behind Luke, quickly said, "Exactly, Miss Sims has the physique of a weakling. No wonder old Mr. Sims seems to be considering handing over the Special Division to Mr. Dawson. With her like this, how can she manage the Special Division? Please..."

The people on Holly's side immediately became furious. "What did you say?"

And they went straight to blows.

During the scuffle, Mike landed a punch on Terry's face.

Terry's nose started bleeding, and he shouted, "Are you trying to kill me? The Sims family really doesn't give a damn about the Dawsons! Guys, get them!"

Vincent quickly stepped in to mediate. "Everybody, please stop. Let's talk this out."

Unfortunately, not serving in the Special Division, Vincent didn't hold sway over these hot-blooded men, especially those who stood behind Brian.

Brian just looked on coldly with a touch of dissatisfaction on his face.

Keira frowned.

She had found the mole, but the problem was...

She had no evidence!

Forget about Terry; take Mike, for example. He had been unfailingly obedient to Holly in the Special Division, always by her side, protecting her. He was considered the most loyal person to the Sims family within the division.

If she were to tell Holly that Mike was a traitor now, even with their good relationship, Holly would be doubtful!

Keira turned her gaze to Lewis.

Lewis had already guessed her intent. When suspecting the two men as moles, he had sent their information to Tom to investigate.

Seeing Keira looking his way, he frowned and shook his head.

There was no information, meaning that Tom couldn't find anything at all about the two men.

Of course, they had been recruited by Fox. How could they be so easily exposed?

There was no chance they'd leave such obvious traces.

But if Keira accused the two men as traitors, she'd be suspected by both sides...

Then it wouldn't be just a brawl between the two sides, but she would be the one being jointly attacked!

But could she stand by and do nothing?

Keira looked at the several people from Interpol and saw contempt on their faces.

Clearly, they were waiting to reap the benefits after both sides had broken down!

Keira frowned.

Although she had no evidence to expose the two moles, it was time to get tough!

If she waited any longer, both sides might suffer mutually assured destruction!

Keira's expression hardened.

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Keira chuckled dismissively and looked toward James, who was in the distance and gave him a slight nod.

Immediately, James led several Inner Sect disciples of the Freeman Sect, charging into the chaotic scene.

James shouted, "Stop fighting. No more hitting!"

This was the backup plan Keira had prepared.

When words failed, it was time to show strength!

Each of the Inner Sect disciples was skilled enough to Luke. Once they stepped in, they quickly separated the two clashing sides.

Luke started to fight with people from the Freeman Sect but was promptly subdued by James, who grabbed Luke's shoulder from behind, making Luke cry out in pain.

The combatants on both sides soon calmed down.

Mike and Terry exchanged glances and frowned, not expecting the Freeman Sect to suddenly meddle in this affair...

Mike shouted, "James, are you here to help us? That's fantastic!"

As expected, the people on Holly's side began to rejoice. "Miss Sims and the people from Freeman Sect have always been in contact. The Freeman Sect is here to help us! Look, they've detained Luke!"

Upon hearing this, Luke was furious and glared at James. "James, the Freeman Sect is supposed to stay independent, never interfering with the division's management. What you're doing is breaking the rules! You've gone too far!"

Terry also added, "Yeah, way too far!"

Then he looked toward Holly. "I wondered how the Sims family got so bold today; it turns out you found the Freeman Sect as your helper! Do you think, with their help, you can take the director's position back?"

That statement was incredibly instigating.

Even the hot-headed Luke was triggered, let alone Brian himself, who was infuriated by that comment.

He confronted James, "Mr. James Olsen, right? What's the meaning of this? You owe me an explanation!"

James was perplexed.

What could his intentions be?

He was following his little sister's command to break up the fight. When he hit someone, they didn't dare hit back. Being the most capable fighter, Luke wouldn't stop, so he had to be restrained.

How did that turn into taking sides?

James tried to explain, "I'm not..."

"Not what?" Terry angrily shouted. "Why are you treating Luke like this?!"

The others yelled, "Right, let Mr. Dawson go!"

"Release Mr. Dawson!"

Brian also stepped forward, his face dark with anger. "Let go of Luke!"

James was dumbfounded.

Just as he was about to release Luke, Mike said, "James, don't be scared! Right now, old Mr. Sims is still the director, and what are Brian and his son to us? Do they dare to compete with us?"

The hotheaded youths standing behind Holly roared, "Exactly, ignore them! Old Mr. Sims used to treat you all so well! They're so ungrateful! They're biting the hand that fed you!"

"That's an understatement! I think it's sheer ambition!"

Luke retorted, "Old Mr. Sims said he'd hand over the Special Division to my dad. It wasn't something my dad asked for. If he didn't want to, why not say so outright instead of being so hypocritical?!"

"Yeah, old Mr. Sims says one thing and does another; it's utterly disgusting!"

"We support Brian and Luke!"

Both sides were on the verge of arguing again...

Mike and Terry were such agitators!

Keira sneered. She stepped forward and addressed Brian, "Deputy Director Dawson, do you also think old Mr. Sims says one thing but does another?"

Upon hearing this, Brian hesitated slightly, a flash of indignation flashing across his face.

Keira understood then that it was a grudge built up over time.

Undoubtedly, Terry had been whispering poison into Brian's ear regularly.

That was how trust between people worked.

One or two rumors wouldn't do much, but what if one constantly listened to them?

Old Mr. Sims and Brian were both profound thinkers. There were simply too many chiefs in the division and an inherent conflict between them.

Old Mr. Sims certainly had the sincere intention of handing the Special Division over to Brian...

But for some reason, he had delayed his retirement, causing Brian's suspicions...

Luke scoffed. "Of course, he isn't sincere. He's eighty years old and still clinging to the director's position. My dad is already fifty! Does he plan to wait until he's a hundred? That would make my dad seventy by the time he becomes the director!"

Brian sneered and turned to Vincent. "Since the topic has been brought up today, Mr. Sims, I'd like a clear answer. Is your father dissatisfied with me? Was Holly brought over to take his place?"

With this, Luke exclaimed, "On what grounds? Dad, you've sacrificed so much for the Special Division! Letting Holly manage the Special Division? I can't accept that!"

"I can't accept that either!"

"Brian, don't waste words with them. Old Mr. Sims has been taken away; you should just take charge!"

Keira observed Brian and sighed inwardly. She asked, "Do you not trust old Mr. Sims?"

Brian snapped, "I have nothing to say to a girl like you!"

"But I have something to say to you."

Keira stepped forward and handed a document to Brian. "Before you doubt old Mr. Sims, take a look at this!"

Keira had come prepared!

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Brian frowned, looking hesitantly at the document in Keira's hand. "What's this?"

Keira pushed the item in her hand forward a bit. "Take a look at it before you say anything."

Brian frowned again.

Keira deliberately provoked him. "Deputy Director Dawson, are you afraid to look at something given by a young woman like me?"

Brian wasn't taken in.

But Luke was irritated. "What did you say? Let me see!"

He stepped forward and snatched the document from Keira's hands, glanced at it for a moment, and was slightly taken aback. "What the hell is this?"

The people behind him leaned forward to look. "Isn't this the declaration we made when we joined the Special Division?"

Those words made Brian pause for a moment. "What?"

Luke then handed the document to Brian.

Brian looked down at it.

It was indeed the declaration they had all written when they joined the Special Division.

These people had joined the Special Division out of love for their homeland, willing to dedicate their lives to serving their country...

Before joining, everyone had to recite the charter of the Special Division and write down their original intentions in this booklet.

It was just that as time went by, everyone had forgotten.

The Special Division had many members, and this booklet looked very old...

While the others were confused, Brian stared blankly for a moment, then immediately flipped through the pages, landing directly on page 36. There, two different types of handwriting were present.

One was written by someone who appeared very learned, with attractive handwriting: For the great rejuvenation of Crera!

Brian paused slightly.

Holly glanced at it and was also stunned. "This is Grandpa's handwriting."

Looking down at the signature, it was indeed old Mr. Sims.

Holly frowned and looked further down.

It was a row of childlike handwriting, crooked and skewed.

The sentence was simple: For the great rejuvenation of Crera!

It seemed to be imitating the statement above, but like the voice of a young boy with youthful naivety, earnestly speaking his wish...

Seeing that row of words made Holly pause slightly. "What's that...?"

Luke immediately sneered. "Who wrote that? It's so ugly!"

At those words, Brian's face darkened, and he smacked Luke on the head. "Watch your mouth! I wrote it at the age of five, and that was pretty impressive!"

Luke was dumbfounded.

With an ingratiating smile, Luke said, "Wow, dad, you wrote this? But isn't your declaration of joining the Special Division a bit big?"

Young people didn't understand the significance of this sentence. It seemed a light-hearted remark to them, and they were unaware of how many of their predecessors paid the price with their lives.

Their country, Crera, had only started developing so well in the last thirty years. Brian was fifty; he was five years old about forty-five years ago...

Back then, Crera was still a developing country, striving to catch up with other nations...

It was the efforts of these predecessors that brought about today's development in Crera.

Luke might not understand, but Brian was very clear about how much old Mr. Sims, and he had sacrificed for this one sentence...

Why didn't Vincent join the Special Division? Was it really because he liked being a forensic doctor?

No...

He was attacked in an assassination attempt as a child, sustained an injury, and was unable to practice martial arts.

Brian suddenly remembered what old Mr. Sims often held him and said when he was a child, "The Special Division doesn't belong to the Sims family. It belongs to everyone. Little Brian, when you grow up, you must remember this. You must fulfill the wish of me and your father! You must lead the Special Division, carry out our responsibilities, and strive to make sure no inexplicable force can threaten Crera!"

Just as Brian thought of this, Keira handed him another notebook.

That notebook was obviously newer, although it might have seen many years as well, dating back thirty years...

When Brian was young and careless, he scribbled his own declaration where old Mr. Sims had written his manifesto. Still, when he officially joined the Special Division, he had his own page of declaration.

Brian stared at that notebook.

He reached out, took it, and slowly flipped open to the declaration page...

He didn't need to see that declaration to know what it was.

"For the great rejuvenation of Crera! To be Crera's safest Guardian!" The fierce expression on Brian's face gradually dissipated upon seeing this sentence...

Everyone has an original aspiration.

His own aspiration drove him to take over the Special Division.

He truly hoped to protect his family and country, to be a Guardian of Crera...

But when did he begin to forget this initial aspiration?

Brian clenched his fists tightly, and his eyes gradually moistened.

Keira looked at him. "Deputy Director Dawson, I can't prove anything, nor do I know why old Mr. Sims has delayed his retirement, unwilling to give up his position to you. But I think you shouldn't have forgotten your original aspiration."

Brian pursed his lips.

Even Luke fell silent.

Terry still wanted to provoke the crowd. "Don't use the greater good of the country to make your point, you..."

"Shut up!"

Brian rebuked sharply, startling Terry.

Brian looked at Keira. "I'll never forget my duties! But what does Interpol taking someone away have to do with this?!"

Keira said, "Deputy Director Dawson, you are well aware of the affairs of the Special Division, so you should understand that the Special Division has always wanted to find information on the South family, right?"

Upon hearing this, Brian was stunned, "You mean..."

"Yes, Vera South is a member of the South family. Otherwise, why do you think old Mr. Sims would have specifically approved an arrest warrant for me?"

Brian was taken aback.

Keira looked at him. "So, do you still think that Vera South should be handed over to Interpol?"

Terry said, "Don't make excuses here; the criminal doesn't even have the surname South. Vera South is her Crera name; foreigners come to Crera and pick a Crera name for themselves, just for convenience in pronunciation. Do you really think that just because she's called Vera South, she belongs to the South family? You..."

"All personnel, heed my command!"

Terry was cut off by Brian.

Brian straightened his back and put down the two manifestos in his hands.

His protruding belly even seemed to become a bit more handsome and pleasant to the eye...

All members of the Special Division immediately stood upright, performing the salute they had trained for so long.

Brian said, "Mr. Sims isn't here, and I am temporarily in charge of the Special Division. Please listen carefully to my command. No one is allowed to take the prisoner Vera South away!"

As soon as these words came out, the whole room was in an uproar.

His sonorous tone made even Keira feel more solemn.

Vincent looked at Brian with a glint of relief in his eyes.

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Brian was the Deputy Director of the Special Division. Although many people were loyal to old Mr. Sims, Brian's contributions to the Special Division were indisputable.

Therefore, once he spoke, everyone present, including Holly, straightened up and said, "Yes!"

As the vigorous voices fell, the two previously divided sides immediately turned their heads in unison, glaring angrily at the representatives from Interpol.

Having witnessed their dispute, the people of Interpol were dumbfounded.

Fox had bought the person who came to take Vera away. Once he had Vera, he would hand her over to Fox.

Fox had already made it clear that there would be infighting in the Special Division and that he just had to watch from the sidelines.

But how come, just as they were enjoying the show, these two sides reconciled so quickly?

The person working for Fox couldn't figure it out and didn't respond for a while.

Brian approached him and said, "Sorry, but you can't take this prisoner with you. The Special Division still has a caseload pending."

The head of Interpol immediately retorted, "Wasn't it agreed that all cases would be combined and handled by us?"

Brian simply said, "Our case isn't part of that deal."

The person in charge became furious. "It's not your call! She's an international criminal. Your petty Special Division has no right to stop us from conducting our investigation! Please turn the prisoner over immediately!"

Brian spread his hands. "I'm sorry, but we have a crucial case on our side, and the person can't be transferred to you for the time being. If you have any objections, please communicate with our higher authority!"

The person in charge was speechless.

He stared at Brian before finally saying, "Since you're not cooperating, let's just stick to the old rules."

At these words, Keira raised her eyebrows.

A new employee of the Special Division asked a veteran beside them, "What old rules?"

"The Special Division is different from the other departments. The way we get things done has a bit of an old-school martial world feel..."

The veteran employee scratched his head and searched for the right words. "That is, when there's a dispute over a person or an item both sides want, we hold a competition in the ring."

"What kind of competition?"

The new employee exclaimed in surprise. "Can we really do that?"

The veteran employee coughed and continued in a lowered voice. "The Sims family used to have a high standing in the international martial world. Back in the day, to fight for Crera's interests, they used this method many times. Otherwise, why do you think the Special Division has such a good relationship with the Freeman Sect? We've borrowed their people on more than one occasion!"

The new employee was bewildered.

Keira just lowered her gaze.

Having learned about the close ties between the Special Division and the Freeman Sect, she had asked Holly for these details, so she knew all about it.

The Sims family was indeed formidable. During a time when Crera was weak, they managed to secure numerous concessions from the international community through this approach.

Now, the tables had turned, and the other side wanted to use this method to take a prisoner away.

Brian squinted upon hearing this. He subconsciously touched the area around his chest.

In his earlier years, he had devoted himself to martial training, but as he grew older and after suffering injuries, his capabilities declined over the years.

He looked at Luke and James.

With those two around, there shouldn't be any problems, should there?

With that thought, Brian said, "Fine, let's do it that way."

But almost immediately as his words fell, the person in charge of Interpol stepped aside, revealing the black-clad bodyguard who had been following him all along.

The black-clad bodyguard had been wearing sunglasses and a mask, so no one had really noticed him until now.

The person in charge pointed toward the bodyguard and announced, "This is our King. He'll represent us in today's martial contest."

On hearing this, the bodyguard immediately removed his sunglasses and mask, stretched his neck and wrists, and then took off his suit jacket, revealing his impressively muscular build.

All members of the Special Division gasped in realization when they saw the foreigner.

"King? The boxing champion?"

"Heavens! Has he joined Interpol? He's the one who defeated the previous champion and is regarded as the number one in the martial world today! It's said that many have challenged him, but no one has ever won against him!"

"Deputy Director Dawson, what do we do now? Luke and James are probably no match for him..."

"Yeah, with such a figure, I can't think of anyone we could use..."

"How about the senior sister of the Freeman Sect?"

"Are you crazy? The senior sister of the Freeman Sect isn't even here. It's rumored that she is very mysterious, always traveling abroad. How could she possibly be here now?"

"Do you expect a Divine Weapon to descend from the heavens? Let's come up with our own solution, maybe a relay fight?"

"Do you know what sets the King apart from the other champions?"

"What is it?"

"He once knocked down twenty-five fighters in a row to enter the finals! And he didn't lose even after that. The match only ended because the time was up!"

"What? We don't have twenty-five capable fighters in the Special Division, do we? What are we going to do?!"

"Are we just supposed to stand by and watch Vera South be handed over? No way!"

While everyone was talking amongst themselves, Keira suddenly chuckled.

Was this Fox's backup plan?

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Keira had yet to make her move or reveal her identity, for she was waiting for Fox's contingency plan.

She knew that Fox, cunning as they were, wouldn't have only made plans concerning the Special Division...

As Fox's schemes surfaced one by one, she began to admire that person!

Because!

Even before the Special Division got involved, Fox had already managed to plant two moles in the division.

This meant that all over Crera, countless places were under Fox's influence!

Just how many years had this person been operating in Crera?

Far from basking in self-satisfaction for being the senior sister of the Freeman Sect and conveniently being able to counter Fox's move, Keira only felt terror and retrospective fear.

Her identity as the senior sister of the Freeman Sect was an opportunity, a chance encounter with her master in Oceanion.

However, these were all part of Fox's plan, be it Terry and Mike or King!

If Keira hadn't met her master, he might still be scouring the world for his last disciple, and the Freeman Sect would be without a senior sister. In that case, James would have been the mightiest in this generation.

But it just so happened that King could outmatch James by a wide margin!

While Keira was lost in thought, King had already taken off his shirt, revealing his solid muscles. He clapped his hands, making his arm muscles bulge, displaying a strong sense of power.

With each step he took, his muscles seemed to wobble slightly, but his footsteps remained steady. His imposing presence and massive build made him feel like a towering mountain.

He was like a mountain that could neither be crossed nor conquered!

All the members of the Special Division immediately swallowed hard.

Even Luke, the ever-unconvinced rebellious man, couldn't help but widen his eyes at this moment.

James said, "I never expected someone could train their muscles so well. Each of his muscles seems perfectly formed. It feels as though he was born to box!

"Good heavens, if he landed a punch on my face, my brains would probably splatter out!"

Terry and Mike exchanged a glance before they spoke.

"Exactly, I dare not step up anymore. It's not that I'm scared, but it's pointless to do so. Others might be able to wear him down a bit, but if I had to fight him, he would defeat me like picking up a chick, and it would disgrace the Special Division!"

"I can't bring myself to do it either. It's just too embarrassing," Mike whispered. "And King has always been someone I admire. He's a hero. I have even read an interview

about him. His persistence in boxing truly reflects his life's struggle; he was a person who couldn't afford meals as a child. Step by step, he reached where he is today, and he deserves our respect. If we win against him in a war of attrition, wouldn't that be shameless?"

No sooner had they said that than those who had considered taking turns to wear King down began to hesitate.

They were willing to be cannon fodder as long as James and Luke could win the match. Sustaining injuries didn't matter to them because they still remembered the oath of joining the Special Division.

But upon hearing what Terry and Mike had said, they suddenly felt that even if such a war of attrition led to victory, it would be a dishonorable win.

Everyone fell into silence.

King scanned the crowd, then turned to look at the person in charge from Interpol.

That person immediately stepped forward. "I suppose the people from the Special Division wouldn't stoop to a war of attrition, right? Here's what we can do. You can select ten people, and if any of them defeats King, then the prisoner is yours. But if King defeats all ten people, the prisoner is ours! How about it?"

At these words, the members of the Special Division felt even more embarrassed.

They might not be able to defeat King with ten people, but would it be glorious if they did win?

Luke immediately said, "What are you still waiting for? Any volunteers?"

He and James were the most capable in the Special Division and surely had to be the last to go in case someone managed to defeat King.

Thus, they needed eight others to take the first hits.

But as soon as he said that, everyone went silent.

In modern times, people were concerned with saving face, and other members of the Special Division found the idea too embarrassing.

Luke frowned. "What's wrong with you all?"

Everyone looked down, too afraid to speak.

Luke became impatient. "Is this the time to save face? We must win no matter what! Get on with it!"

Then Mike said, "You make it sound so easy... but it is too shameful!"

While everyone hesitated, Brian suddenly said, "I'm of an old age now, and my strength has declined. I'm plagued by sickness. I shouldn't overestimate myself, but seeing King, I can't hold back. How about I spar with him first?"

With those words, he stepped forward.

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Brian took a smiling step forward.

The older generation knew that saving face meant little compared to practical benefits.

Luke immediately spoke out, "Dad, you can't! Your injury..."

"I'm fine."

Brian cut him off. "Besides, as an elder, it's my job to set an example. Only then will everyone be willing to give their all!"

He turned to King and said, "Let's begin."

The crowd quickly stepped back, clearing the field.

Keira watched the scene.

If James and Luke could win this match, she wanted to conserve her strength, especially since they were still battling Fox.

Revealing too much too soon could lead to faster losses. Her identity as the senior sister of the Freeman Sect needed to stay concealed unless absolutely necessary.

She looked at Brian.

At that moment, a hint of admiration arose in her eyes.

Despite her initial misgivings about him, she began to understand why old Mr. Sims had entrusted the Special Division to him. Brian's boldness and willingness to face embarrassment were clear.

One had to be such a person to lead an organization like the Special Division.

The job required someone who could navigate both light and dark matters without being overly rigid. Sometimes, achieving goals demanded unconventional methods.

Keira felt as if she had learned something from Brian...

As Keira thought this, Brian had already rushed toward King, who threw a punch directly at him. Brian bent down, but due to his protruding belly and lumbar strain, his movement was slightly slowed, and King landed a hit on his left arm.

Brian stepped back a couple of paces, steadying himself.

Luke exclaimed, "Dad!"

Brian waved his hand with a smile, "I'm fine."

He rotated his shoulder, still appearing relaxed, but Keira noticed cold sweat forming on his forehead. She couldn't help but walk over to Luke and ask softly, "Does your father have old injuries?"

Luke glanced at her, still irritated by her earlier comments about Holly, and chose to ignore her. Instead, Holly said, "Yes, Deputy Director Dawson has carried out many secret missions for the Special Division over the years. He has hundreds of scars and seventy-eight serious injuries. He has over a dozen scars on his back alone and many scratch marks on his chest. There have been several instances where bullets grazed his heart..."

Holly's words made Luke lift his chin proudly. For them, these scars were medals and proof of their contributions.

Holly continued, "Deputy Director Dawson's back was broken once. During a mission, he fell off a cliff and got caught by tree branches. Though he survived, the muscles on his lower back were severed and couldn't be repaired. Since then, Uncle Dawson has been on desk duty..."

Keira took a deep breath, feeling renewed admiration for Brian.

Luke scoffed, "That's enough. Every scar on my father's body represents his dedication, and yet your grandfather refuses to step down. It's unreasonable!"

He anxiously turned his attention back to the fight.

Keira tensed her jaw.

At that moment, she suddenly understood Brian and Luke's frustration.

Brian was a capable leader, and Luke had likely made many sacrifices as well. Old Mr. Sims, despite promising to pass the Special Division to Brian, stubbornly clung to his position at eighty years old. It was no wonder resentment was building.

Anyone in this situation would feel distanced.

Brian was only fifty and in prime time to achieve great things, yet Old Mr. Sims was holding him back. Wouldn't resentment build over time?

But given Holly's attitude, it was clear that Old Mr. Sims likely had his reasons.

The Special Division now seemed fragmented. Resolving their internal conflicts was crucial. The group needed to be united to face external threats.

Thinking this, Keira approached Holly and asked softly, "Has your grandfather really not considered handing over the Special Division to Brian?"

Holly shook her head, "I've never heard of such a plan. I've only heard my grandfather say that we should follow Deputy Director Dawson's leadership. He's never mentioned any intention to step down."

Keira nodded.

Meanwhile, in the arena, Brian and King had exchanged several more blows. Despite being seriously injured, Brian, once the Special Division's top combatant, managed to dodge several of King's attacks with his agile movements.

Just as the Special Division was encouraged by Brian's performance, Keira saw the head of Interpol signal to King. King immediately adjusted his strength and launched a furious punch towards Brian.

The punch was swift and powerful. If it connected, it could leave Brian severely injured or even crippled!

The Novel will be updated first on this website. Come back and continue reading tomorrow, everyone!