

## MY ACCIDENTAL HUSBAND IS A BILLIONAIRE !

843 Chapter 842

Keira froze for a moment.

She hadn't expected Jessica to actually encourage her to go out.

While Keira was still processing this, Jessica gave her hand a light pat before turning and leaving the room.

Keira paced around the room, restless.

She turned on the TV, only to find that the selection of shows and movies was shockingly sparse. Almost everything was local productions, as if there was a deliberate effort to limit the city's residents from learning about the outside world.

Even the news focused exclusively on local events—what had happened in town, who had done what, and little else.

Yet, one thing stood out to Keira: the South family's city was surprisingly large. With a population of about five million, it seemed the people here had grown used to this way of life.

And the city was run with an iron grip.

There was a strict curfew at night, and people were only allowed to move freely during the day.

At night, soldiers patrolled the streets. It looked like a modern society at first glance, but the way it was managed felt more like a feudal kingdom.

The South family ruled as if they were sovereigns, and the people's reverence for them bordered on blind worship. Nobody seemed to have their own thoughts—they just obeyed.

Yet oddly, the people here dressed like royalty. From the TV broadcasts, Keira could see that nearly everyone on the streets wore custom-made designer clothes. They strolled leisurely, their lives appearing carefree and luxurious.

Keira spent the entire day watching the news.

That evening, after dinner, Jessica came over. "You've been watching all day. So, what did you learn?"

Keira hesitated for a moment before cautiously replying, "This city... it feels off."

Jessica smiled. "Exactly. The South family has a high income and supports the entire city. People born and raised here feel fortunate—they don't need to work too hard. Each month, a tailor visits their homes to make custom clothing for them. Food is rationed and distributed, ensuring everyone has more than enough. Schools are completely free, and so is healthcare. Even the homeless can receive enough food and clothing to survive, and anyone who's sick gets the best medical treatment available. Life here is high quality."

Keira glanced at the TV screen. Jessica wasn't wrong; everyone on the broadcast had smiles plastered across their faces.

Jessica continued, "There's no conflict here. People don't worry about how much money they can make because their housing, food, and everything else are already the best money can buy."

Jessica gestured vaguely around them. "The South family lives in mansions. Ordinary citizens live in luxury apartments. Even the homeless can line up for government aid to get housing."

The more Keira listened, the more unsettled she felt. "If the city's policies are so great, why are there still homeless people?"

Jessica froze.

Keira stared at her. "If everyone's guaranteed a good life from birth, how can there be homeless people? And with a curfew at night, where do those homeless people even stay?"

Jessica lowered her gaze. "I didn't expect you to stay this sharp after all these years. You're right—those 'homeless' people are... different. Most of them are migrants from other countries. For some reason, they've heard about the South family and are desperate to sneak in. That's why the city never runs out of new people."

Keira's heart skipped a beat.

Jessica's words implied something shocking.

It was possible for outsiders to enter the city! But the exact method of entry... that was still a mystery.

She looked directly at Jessica and, after a long pause, said, "There are a lot of people watching me, aren't there?"

Jessica nodded. "Yes."

"Fine. Then I'll stay inside for the next few days. No point in dragging you into trouble."

With that, Keira headed upstairs.

Jessica had given her a new perspective on escaping the South family.

Could she use the guise of a "homeless migrant" to infiltrate the city?

First, though, she needed to figure out where exactly the South family's city was located.

Once in her room, Keira shut the door and pulled the curtains closed. She paced for a moment, then checked the room again. She'd already searched every corner yesterday and hadn't found any surveillance devices.

To be sure, she double-checked everything. Still, there was no sign of cameras or bugs.

She exhaled, finally relaxing, and turned her attention to the old radio on the shelf.

She'd noticed earlier that all the signals here were internal. Some sort of jammer must have been in place, blocking any external transmissions and limiting access to local broadcasts.

Keira had no electronics with her when she arrived, and they hadn't given her a phone. They probably assumed she had no one to contact anyway.

Lewis's situation was a complete mystery to her.

Just as she was thinking about him, there was a knock at the door. One of the kitchen staff called out, "Miss, your evening snack is ready. Would you like some?"

Keira straightened her posture. "Come in."

The maid entered with a tray and set it down on the table. She gestured to a pastry. "This one's especially good. You should give it a try."

With that, the maid left the room.

Keira frowned and looked at the pastry. When she broke it open, she found a small piece of paper hidden inside.

It was a message from Lewis.