

My Accidental Husband is a Billionaire ! #Chapter 627 - Read My Accidental Husband is a Billionaire ! Chapter 627

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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!

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Everyone present tensed up immediately, stepping forward as if they wished to take the punch for Brian.

Luke roared, "Dad!"

Keira furrowed her brows, her pupils contracting slightly, yet she didn't step forward. She had already seen that Brian managed to dodge the blow, evading most of the attack. He ensured that the part of his body that got hit would only cause a minor injury.

Brian was struck and fell out of the fighting ring, which was a loss. He clutched his abdomen and breathed heavily.

The people around him, including Holly and Vincent, couldn't help but step forward and surround Brian.

Holly asked, "Uncle Dawson, how are you?"

Brian chuckled, "I'll live."

He then looked around at the crowd. "Do you know where all these injuries on my body came from?"

The crowd was slightly stunned, shaking their heads.

Brian looked down. "Thirty years ago, when I was twenty, just like Luke, I went on a mission against a single person. He had stolen a large portion of Crera's technological secrets, so it was crucial we intercepted him. By then, he had fled to a foreign country. That country used the same tactic, claiming he had violated their laws and detained him, preventing me from bringing him back..."

Brian's gaze was downcast. "At that time, I took on ten men alone, using a method common in the Special Division, and eventually succeeded in bringing our man back."

As Brian spoke, a silence fell over everyone present.

He looked at them. "What does personal honor or shame mean in the face of justice?"

Without uttering a word of blame, those who had felt ashamed about ganging up, thinking it would be dishonorable, now had flushed faces. Here they were, discussing honor and martial virtue. But had their enemy ever cared about such things years ago?

No... They could maintain a bit of dignity now because their predecessors had laid a solid foundation for them!

Holly said with determination, "I only regret not having learned martial arts. Otherwise, I could have stepped in to deplete King's stamina, making it easier for those who come after."

Luke clenched his fists, looking toward the people from the Special Division.

James shouted angrily, "If you don't go up now, I'll call the Freeman Sect. But it'll take them time to get here; they won't arrive immediately..."

Amidst the conversation, someone suddenly leaped forward, "I'll go!"

Everyone turned their heads to see a young man ascending the stage.

Subsequently, a group of high-ranking Special Division members immediately stood up and formed a line beside the ring.

Both Luke and Holly let out a deep sigh of relief.

James glanced at Keira.

The people now taking the stage were less skilled and would only serve to exhaust King's stamina. It was certain that they would all lose.

Seizing the moment while the bout was ongoing, James slipped beside Keira. "Sis, are you going up later?"

Keira narrowed her eyes.

She was waiting to see how things unfolded...

If Luke and James could beat King, she wouldn't need to reveal her identity as the senior sister. But if they couldn't win...

Keira's expression turned serious, and she was about to speak when Holly coughed lightly. "Keira doesn't need to go up. You all go ahead!"

After saying that, Holly gave Keira a meaningful look.

James hesitated for a moment, then gave a wry smile and lowered his voice. "But from observing King's moves, I'm afraid Luke and I might not be able to overcome him."

Keira lowered her gaze. "Don't worry. Just do your best."

James took the hint. He breathed a sigh of relief, nodded, and then moved to the end of the line, standing in front of Luke.

Luke was startled. "You should be behind me."

Since James was more skilled in martial arts, having him fight last would increase their chances of winning.

James, however, smiled. "I'll focus on exhausting him. If you can win, that's great. If not, no worries."

James patted Luke's shoulder. "Even though we both have a rivalry because of Kate,,I'm willing to set that aside today. If you win, you'll gain great renown within the Special Division, and taking over will make perfect sense."

Luke was taken aback.

He awkwardly turned his head away but didn't say anything unpleasant.

One by one, the fighters in line took their turns. Each stayed in the fight longer, partly because the remaining fighters were more formidable and partly because King's stamina was being drained...

A relay battle was indeed effective!

When it came to James's turn, King had already begun to pant. The Special Division members were proving to be even more troublesome than expected. Fueled by Brian's example, they fought with all their might until they were backed into a corner and then conceded defeat.

Seeing this, James turned to Luke. "I'm going to exhaust the last of his stamina. When it's your turn, it'll be your victory! Luke, I'm counting on you this time!"

After saying that, he jumped straight into the temporary fighting arena. James warmed up his muscles, waved to King, and said, "Bring it on!"

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King immediately lunged forward.

James's agility allowed him to pull back and wear King down, making him breathe heavily. However, James wasn't in a great position either. King's muscles were incredibly solid. Even when James found a weak spot and threw a punch, it felt like he was barely making an impact.

To beat King, one needed to be either extremely nimble to disorient him or stronger than him. The more James fought, the more excited he became, even thinking he might win if Luke didn't enter the ring.

At that moment, he spotted a flaw in King's defense and jumped up, grabbing King's shoulder as if to drag him out of the competition area. Stepping out of the ring would count as a loss!

The spectators around them immediately cheered:

"We're winning! We're winning!"

Luke's eyes widened with excitement.

Keira, however, silently sighed.

Holly asked anxiously, "What happened?"

"We're losing."

Keira frowned.

Her brother was too impatient. This move was a weakness King had intentionally shown to lure James in.

If James had stayed calm and not taken the bait, he might have dragged out the fight for another ten minutes, leading to King genuinely running out of energy, which could have secured the win.

But with Luke urging him on, James took more risks, knowing it might be a trap yet still jumping in!

While Keira was considering this, Luke scoffed coldly, "What nonsense are you talking about? Clearly, James has the upper hand! Aren't you the prominent Inner Sect Disciple of the Freeman Sect? Your martial arts seem mediocre at best, and you couldn't possibly tell that. Maybe you should go home and train for a few more years before coming back!"

Holly was about to retort, but remembering Luke had to fight soon, she swallowed her reply and simply told Keira, "Don't take his words to heart."

Keira shook her head slightly.

Luke sneered, "Some people think that just because they're from the Olsen family, they can get into the Freeman Sect through connections. But your martial arts aren't impressive at all. You should take the time to learn from the Senior Sister. She's outstanding, yet here you are, an Inner Sect Disciple, unable to grasp a simple fight. Doesn't that embarrass you?"

In the next moment, as James grabbed King's shoulder, King suddenly spun around, grabbed James's arm in a countermove, and threw him out of the ring!

James was dumbfounded.

Thrown out of the arena by King, James was unable to control his fall.

"Bang!"

He rolled on the ground to absorb the impact, then pushed off with his feet to stand up. "Damn, I've been outmaneuvered!"

Everyone exclaimed, "What just happened?"

Luke stared at Keira in disbelief.

Holly was also stunned. "Keira, you actually predicted this correctly!"

Predicted?

Luke thought that if it were just a prediction, no one could be this accurate.

James ran back, looking dejected as he was about to ask something. "I can't believe I lost. That's really too bad. Luke, it's all on you now! King's energy is at its limit; he can't hold on much longer!"

Luke nodded.

It was clear to everyone that King was struggling. Desperate to win, he was gasping for breath and half-kneeling in the competition area.

Luke stepped onto the stage. "Let me finish this match!"

But then...

They heard the head of Interpol call out, "Hold on a moment."

Everyone turned to see the department head smiling. "King needs to replenish his energy."

He walked into the competition area, took out an energy supplement from his pocket, and handed it to King.

King injected the supplement, and immediately, his fatigue vanished. He was back at peak condition and even seemed... slightly stronger than before!

James, watching from below, was stunned. "What did you give him? A stimulant?"

Interpol's head handed him the remaining residue. "It's an energy supplement we developed ourselves. It instantly restores a person's physical strength and complies with all regulations. It's not a banned substance. Technology is part of strength. Using an energy supplement isn't against the rules."

Indeed, it wasn't...

Many boxers use food to replenish energy during a match; how could that be against the rules?

James clenched his fists in frustration and glanced at Luke with concern. With King now at peak condition, even if Luke and James teamed up, they'd be lucky to get a draw!

They had already expended considerable energy, and now they had to start over again?!

James sighed, approached Luke, and whispered, "There's no need to go all out. Just do your best; we still have one more person to rely on."

Luke, however, had a determined look in his eyes. "I must win this match!"

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Luke went straight up to the stage.

His eyes firmly fixed on King, filled with a resolve of burning all bridges.

Luke had misunderstood James's meaning.

He thought James meant that even if the match were lost and the prisoner was to be handed over to Interpol, there would still be other ways to interrogate her.

But from Luke's perspective, he had to keep Vera South here.

Otherwise, it would be a disgrace for the Special Division.

After sending out ten people, they still couldn't defeat King, and if word got out that they had the advantage yet lost the fight, it would be humiliating!

He had to save their dignity!

Luke took a deep breath and launched an attack at King!

Unfortunately, Luke wasn't in the same league as King. Before Luke's fist could reach King's face, King stepped to the side, landing a punch on Luke's shoulder.

Luke felt an agonizing pain, and he almost couldn't raise his left arm!

Staggering back, he steadied himself, then moved his shoulder, realizing it was dislocated. Bearing the pain, he used his other arm to snap it back into position with a "clack".

Just one exchange left him drenched in sweat from the pain.

Seeing his condition, King couldn't help but laugh, "You're no match for me. Give up."

He spoke perfect English.

Working in the Special Division meant dealing with important matters, so Luke knew English well. He stared at King and replied, "Giving up is out of the question."

King raised an eyebrow in surprise, then gave him a thumbs-up. "You have my respect."

Luke didn't waste his breath. Instead, he stepped forward and attacked again.

The two of them were quickly engaged in combat.

Luke was at a complete disadvantage and was overpowered. Even the onlookers, including Holly, who knew nothing of martial arts, could tell Luke had no chance of winning.

This realization gradually filled everyone with despair.

Terry's eyes flickered, and he shouted toward Luke. "Luke, stop fighting! You can't win! Save your strength!"

Engrossed in combating King, Luke got distracted by this remark and was struck once again on the shoulder!

He was hit in the same spot, and the pain was even more intense than before. Luke stumbled and fell to his knees, turning pale with pain.

Terry immediately yelled, "Luke, just give in!"

But Luke clenched his teeth and glanced fiercely at his shoulder.

King still maintained some sense of humanity. He didn't press forward but stood at a distance and said, "Give up. You're no match for me."

Luke immediately shook his head. "I won't!"

King frowned.

After taking a deep breath and getting accustomed to the pain in his shoulder, Luke slowly stood up, ready to reset his dislocated shoulder once again.

With his eyes turning red, Terry said, "Luke, just give up. If your shoulder gets hit again, it could lead to habitual dislocations, and you might never use this arm again!"

Luke angrily turned his head to Terry and snapped, "Shut your mouth!"

Terry lowered his head immediately, letting out a sigh.

Brian was clutching his waist and glanced at Terry. Keira could see that Brian had begun to harbor doubts about Terry.

Keira turned her gaze back to the combat platform.

Luke put the other hand on his shoulder, preparing to reset the joint, when the head of Interpol spoke to King. "What are you waiting for? Finish this match, and stop wasting time!"

King sighed and looked at Luke. "You are an opponent I respect, but my head won't allow me to give you any more time. Sorry!"

After saying this, before Luke could fix his shoulder, King attacked aggressively. Luke was startled and rolled on the spot...

But by a cruel twist of fate, he landed on his injured arm!

The pain slowed his reaction, and the next moment, King grabbed his injured arm and lifted him into the air.

He looked at Luke and asked, "Do you concede?"

Lifting off the floor by King, Luke shouted, "No!"

King then flung him forcefully out of the ring!

Luke grabbed King's shoulder and pulled himself back.

King sighed when he saw this. "Why must you do this?"

Luke fixed his gaze on him. "I'd rather die than surrender. You cannot tarnish the honor of the Special Division!"

King was momentarily stunned.

At this moment, the head of Interpol spoke again, "King, no more holding back."

Hearing this, King's pupils shrank, and he let out a sigh before looking at Luke. "I'm sorry!"

With those words, he slammed Luke to the ground with a heavy thud!

"Thump!"

Luke felt as though his body had been run over by a truck, the pain almost making him faint.