

My Accidental Husband is a Billionaire ! #Chapter 631 - Read My Accidental Husband is a Billionaire ! Chapter 631

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"Pfft!"

Luke spat out a mouthful of blood!

All his internal organs were in pain.

It was obvious he had suffered internal injuries.

King looked down at him from above. "Surrender!"

Luke wiped the blood from the corner of his mouth and stared at King determinedly. "I said I won't surrender!"

King immediately kicked hard at Luke's abdomen, trying to kick him off the stage to win the match, which was also to protect Luke.

But Luke stubbornly grabbed King's foot, and even after taking that kick, he remained on the stage!

"Pfft!"

Yet another mouthful of blood spurted out.

Everyone from the Special Division below was shocked.

They all began to shout, "Luke, surrender!"

Anyone with eyes could see that Luke was bound to lose, and any futile resistance was pointless!

James even shouted, "Come on! Luke, didn't I just tell you? Just surrender!"

Luke, however, glared at him. "I must protect the honor of the Special Division. I won't trust that task to anyone else!"

James immediately realized Luke distrusted the people from the Freeman Sect because of his recent rivalry, and he shouted, "I was wrong just now, but the people from the Freeman Sect are just like you. They would give their all for the Special Division!"

But Luke wouldn't listen. Wiping the blood from his mouth, he struggled to stand up.

King found it hard to watch and sighed. "Surrender! If you die, the honor you value won't last. Your death means nothing to me!"

But Luke laughed. "Perhaps to you, it's useless, but for us, it certainly holds extraordinary significance! Without the sacrifices of our forebears, we wouldn't have reached this far!"

He raised his hand and charged toward King once more!

"Uncle Dawson, make him surrender!" Holly couldn't help but shout, turning her gaze toward Brian.

All eyes turned to Brian, and everyone said, "Deputy Director, let him surrender!"

"Deputy Director Dawson, let Luke surrender!"

Brian looked at everyone, then looked back at the arena.

His eyes were brimming with reluctance, but he said, "He just said he couldn't entrust the protection of the Special Division's honor to someone else! That's his duty as a member of the Special Division."

His words left everyone at the scene in utter silence.

Even Holly felt a hint of respect for Brian and Luke, let alone those supporting Brian.

As much as how she disliked those two men when it came to the greater good, they never hesitated...

She clenched her fists tightly. "Uncle Dawson, if Luke loses, there's still one spot left. Let him surrender, and let me go!"

"Let me go! Miss Sims, you've never trained in martial arts!"

"I'll go!"

"We must keep Vera South!"

My people were filled with passion.

But Luke was still stuck in that miserable battle.

He was knocked down by King time and again, and yet he kept standing back up...

No one knew how much blood he had spat out. The floor was speckled with stars of red...

James looked on, his eyes reddening as he shouted, "Luke, surrender!"

Luke wouldn't do that. Even if he was beaten down, he still refused to surrender.

King squatted down. "Surrender!"

Luke shook his head, "If you want to take Vera South, then step over my dead body!"

If he died, then this matter would become a huge deal, and it would be difficult for Interpol to take Vera South away!

Luke was sacrificing his life to keep the prisoner here!

Brian understood his intention. His gaze on his son was filled with reluctance, firmness, and pride.

Brian's eyes were filled with tears ...

Luke managed to crack a smile.

Keira was deeply touched...

Luke couldn't stand up anymore. He was just gripping King's clothes, adamantly refusing to give in.

King didn't want to kill Luke, and he was at a loss at that moment.

The person in charge of Interpol went up on the stage and sneered. "Is this how shameless the Creran Special Division is? You can't beat us, so you start using shameless strategies! If no one can fight, just say so!"

After that, he sneered disdainfully, "Weaklings."

Once he uttered that word, all Crerans in the room became furious. "What did you say?!"

The man scoffed, "Did I say something wrong? You're such a big department, but you don't even have one capable fighter! Aren't you weaklings? And this man, he's just resorting to despicable tactics!"

"You can't talk about Luke like that!" James roared. "He is a true hero!"

"Yes, you can't slander Luke!"

A group of people began arguing fervently.

But the man scoffed again. "I just called him that. What about it? What can you do to me? If you have the guts, send someone up to beat King!"

After saying that, he looked at King, "Since this guy is so unafraid of dying, let's fulfill his wish. After all, it's normal to kill someone on a martial arts stage!"

As soon as these words were uttered, the pupils of all those present suddenly contracted!

Even King was momentarily stunned, but under his boss's gaze, he felt compelled to obey.

James shouted, "You wouldn't dare!"

"Why wouldn't I? It's the rule of the match. Are Creran people bad losers? "

The person in charge of Interpol laughed, "Once this is over, remember to hand over the prisoner to us obediently!"

James glared at him, then turned his eyes to Keira as if he wanted to say something.

Keira nodded to him in response.

With no choice left, King had to raise his fist; he looked at Luke again. "If you don't surrender, this punch is going to land on your head! You'll be killed on the spot!"

Luke managed a smile. "I won't surrender!"

The next moment, King put all his strength into his hand, raised it, and smashed it down toward Luke's head!

All the personnel from the Special Division immediately cried out, "Don't!"

Luke closed his eyes.

If he were to die for the Special Division, it would have been worth it!

But the next moment, there was only the sound of a "thump" as a slender hand blocked the punch!

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Everyone at the scene found it difficult to watch.

The weight of King's fist was well known to all; it was said to have the power to split a sandbag with a single punch.

If it landed on a person's head, such a fist would surely burst the head open... Brain matter would come spouting out.

Everyone covered their eyes.

Even Brian closed his eyes, with tears leaking from the corners. Clenching his fists tightly, he heard the sound of that forceful punch hitting flesh!

"Bang!!"

That absolute power made Brian realize that his son couldn't possibly survive it; even if that punch wasn't to Luke's head, a blow to the abdomen would cause his internal organs to rupture and lead to his death!

His heart felt like it was being violently grasped, causing Brian so much pain that he momentarily couldn't breathe.

Luke was his only son!

His father died for the Special Division.

He could die for the Special Division, too.

So could his son!

But still, he felt the pain and despair. Tears welled up in Brian's eyes...

For a moment, he regretted his decision...

Regretted letting his son join the Special Division...

But he knew he shouldn't regret it!

As Brian was drowned in despair, he suddenly heard a faint voice. "What are you doing?"

That voice... Was it Luke?

He wasn't dead?

Brian abruptly opened his eyes and saw a slender figure standing before Luke on the stage, currently stretching out a hand, grasping King's fist.

The woman stood tall, her hands delicate like tender green shoots, blocking King's fist perfectly.

King was an African American, and his giant fists and dark skin starkly contrasted Keira's pale hands, creating a stunning visual impact.

King stood in front of Keira, a full head taller than her, and appeared twice as wide and several times heavier, like the difference between an adult and a child.

Keira easily blocked the punch and looked down at Luke.

Luke was frowning at her. "Step down! This is my battlefield! We can't lose!"

Keira raised an eyebrow. "You step down. I'll take over."

Luke glared at her. "How could you? You've just joined the Inner Sect of the Freeman Sect. What do you know about martial arts? You..."

The rest of his words stopped abruptly.

Because Keira didn't waste words with him, and with a casual wave of her hand, King was forced to stagger backward and could barely keep his balance!

Luke was stunned. "You, you..."

Keira moved her neck around, warming up her shoulders and wrists. "Hello, I am Keera Olsen from the Freeman Sect."

Luke was dumbstruck.

Everyone below was also stunned.

Even Holly stepped forward anxiously. "Keira, what are you doing? Come down from there..."

The next moment, they heard James laugh proudly. "Allow me to introduce her. This is the senior sister of the Freeman Sect and my little sister, Keera Olsen!"

After saying that, he looked at Luke. "Alright, hurry up and give in. Don't embarrass yourself up there!"

Although his words conveyed disdain, he had already approached Luke and helped him to get up.

Luke was still in disbelief and looked at Keira. He didn't speak and was pulled out of the competition area by James, effectively conceding defeat.

Staggering and weak, he stood before Brian. "Dad, I've disgraced you."

Brian clenched his fists, his eyes red with emotion, and his voice choked up. "I'm proud of you!"

Luke's eyes lit up, and father and son supported each other, looking back toward the stage. After experiencing loss and a brush with death, their eyes were unconsciously filled with a touch of admiration and sincerity when they looked at Keira.

Keira wasn't looking at the crowd below, nor was she aware that she had unintentionally won over Brian and Luke. She just stared at King.

King was shocked as he looked at her. "You're very strong."

Keira said, "Thanks."

The head of Interpol was baffled, scanning Keira from head to toe in confusion. "You're the senior sister of the Freeman Sect?"

Keira looked at him coldly. "Is there a problem with that?"

Sweat instantly poured down his forehead. "No, that's not what I meant..."

Keira didn't waste any more words but turned to King. "If I beat you, Vera South can stay, right?"

King nodded.

The next second, Keira moved like a darting rabbit, rushing up to him.

Keira was petite, and she could have chosen the same combat path as James.

She could have used her agile movements to play around with King, tiring him out with gasping breaths, then find an opportunity to win the match.

But Keira didn't do that.

King respected every competitor from the Special Division...

The repeated restraint he had shown toward Luke was evidence of that, so Keira gave this opponent the respect he deserved!

She struck with her strength!!

King was stunned. "Miss Olsen, you're too arrogant."

He threw a punch. He hadn't used his full strength on the punch against Luke, and that was why Keira managed to push him back. This time, he used all his strength!

Keira's slight frame couldn't possibly be a match for him!

But what he didn't expect was...

"Bang!!"

When their fists met, he felt that that tiny fist was as immovable as a hill. He tried with all his might to overcome her, but even with all his strength, he couldn't make the girl retreat a single step!

Although Keira appeared frail, she was incredibly durable. With a background of enduring hardship from a young age, she also possessed considerable strength. Otherwise, how could she have caught the eye of the Freeman Sect's Leader just with her flexibility?

Seeing that King was hesitating, Keira smiled. She extended her other hand and waved it through the air a few times before slapping it onto her own fist!

With a "bang," King was pushed back by Keira, his feet scraping forcefully on the ground as he took several steps backward before he could steady himself, stopping just in time.

King's eyes widened in disbelief as he looked at Keira. "Impressive! I'd like to challenge you again."

Yet Keira put away her fists and said calmly, "You lost."

Surprised, King looked down to realize he had been pushed out of the competition ring without knowing it.

He was dazed for a moment, then gave Keira a fist salute before stepping down from the stage.

Only then did Keira turn to the head of Interpol. "Aren't you leaving?"

The man gritted his teeth.

Keira, on the other hand, turned and walked toward the cell where Vera was kept. She was going to talk with the prisoner again.

The rest of the Special Division folks stood there stunned until Keira left the martial arts arena. Only then did they snap out of it.

James was the first to shout, "Awesome! Our senior sister actually forced King into retreat with one move! One move! That's so freaking cool! Cool as hell!"

The others also immediately got excited.

It was a community that bonded through martial arts, where strength, the size of one's fists, and the quality of one's gear determined who the boss was.

With that one move, Keira had conquered the entire Special Division.

Holly exclaimed in astonishment, "When did Keira learn martial arts? How could I possibly not know?"

Vincent happened to be standing beside her and couldn't help asking, "Didn't you say her name was Keera? Now she's Keira? Is she Keira Olsen or your good friend, Keira?"

Holly immediately said, "Both!"

Luke and Brian were also staring dumbfounded in the direction Keira had left, exchanging glances that revealed a hint of awe at the bottom of their eyes.

Brian slowly said, "This generation's senior sister of the Freeman Sect is quite fierce."

Luke grinned, revealing all his bloodstained teeth.

Brian then laughed, "That's great! The Special Division now has a powerful ally!"

Luke nodded as well. "I was worried before that the senior sister hadn't shown up and might just be a liability. After all, the Freeman Sect has had men as the leading disciples for so many years. Until this generation, the Sect Leader didn't have any Inner Sect Disciples and ended up recruiting a girl, which left everyone uncertain. After today, no one will ever question the senior sister's abilities again!"

Brian nodded and looked toward the head of Interpol. "Nor will anyone question the Special Division's abilities anymore!"

The expression on that man's face of Interpol stiffened.

But James just laughed. "I seem to remember someone just now saying we were all weaklings."

The head of Interpol quickly gestured, "No, I didn't say... that didn't happen."

"Really?"

"I heard it!"

People on Holly's side shouted.

"I heard it, too!"

People on Brian's side also shouted.

Although there had been some distance between the two groups due to the internal conflict, they once again united after this event.

While they might look down on each other inwardly, they were still comrades-in-arms, people who could be trusted to watch each other's back.

Watching them unite, the man from Interpol knew he had lost the mission. They had initially stood in two groups but now were back as one. He wiped the sweat from his forehead. "We'll be leaving now."

James immediately hooked an arm around his shoulder. "Come on, let me walk you out!"

Then, with a strong grasp, he clenched the head's shoulder, making the latter break out into a cold sweat from the pain.

James said, "What's up with you? Why are you sweating so much? Do you want to take off your clothes and spar a little to cool down?"

The man immediately swallowed hard. "No, that won't be necessary. I'm not hot..."

"What am I saying? Sparring to cool down? It'll only heat you up. If you're not hot, then shall we spar a bit to warm you up?"

"No, thanks. I've still got things to do..."

"What's the matter? Weren't you here to pick up the criminal, Vera?"

"No, I don't need to anymore..."

The man left under the jeering of the crowd, his body bruised and battered from the pinches by James.

By the time he left the Special Division, he almost burst into tears.

Gosh...

That was so brutal.

The people here were too scary; he wanted to go home!

...

Keira ignored everything happening around her. Having revealed her identity as the senior sister and won the competition, she wasn't sure if it was a good or bad thing for her.

She entered the interrogation room and saw Vera's excited look.

Vera's face was full of certainty as she smiled. "You're here to let me go, aren't you?"

She stood up and held out her hands. "Take these handcuffs off... Was King tough? How many people from your Special Division did he take down?"

She laughed arrogantly, looking at Keira with a triumphant look on her face.

Keira watched her steadily and smirked. "You're not going anywhere yet."

Vera was taken aback. "Why? Are you telling me the Special Division doesn't keep its word? You refuse to admit defeat in the competition?"

But Keira just curled her lips. "Because I won."

Those words left Vera completely stunned.

She looked at Keira incredulously. "What did you say?" V

"I said, I won. Now, it's time for you to fulfill the bet. Tell me, where exactly is the South family?"

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Keira sat before Vera, looking as if she had everything under control. Vera was bewildered, feeling completely puzzled. "How could you possibly win? They even hired King, the Boxing Champion, one of the strongest fighters in the world today!"

Keira watched her quietly without saying a word. Next to her, Lewis said, "Because she's the senior sister of the Freeman Sect."

"What?!" Vera was even more bewildered; she stared at Keira incredulously. "That's impossible... How could that be?"

Keira looked at her. "Why is it impossible?"

Vera stared at her. "In the Crera region, there are only two people from the South family, Fox and Rabbit. Since I've pledged allegiance to Fox, I've also investigated Rabbit. Rabbit has a mild character, has never been outstanding in anything since a young age, and even has a daughter. She's nothing like you!"

Keira thought of her sister, Keera, and her gaze softened. "You've investigated me, but have you ever considered that all of this could be a false front I put up?"

Vera's eyes narrowed. "I get it now; you've deceived everyone. Rabbit, you're so cunning! When the South family chooses our code names, they usually pick them based on our personality while living with the South family. Looking at you now, you shouldn't be Rabbit; you should be Fox! Your thoughts are even harder to guess than Fox's! To think you've deceived even the South family and your own parents... No, to you, they are probably your foster parents. You are terrifying!"

Keira frowned at these words. She stared at Vera, her expression grave and composed. "Stop talking nonsense. Now tell me, where is the entrance to the South family?"

Hearing this, Vera turned her head sharply and scoffed. "I could tell you, but even if I did, you probably wouldn't be able to get in!"

"Why not?"

Vera looked at her. "The South family has never closed its doors to us; it's just that the door only opens once every three months, and each time it stays open for only seven days. The last time it opened was a month and a half ago, and the time before that was four and a half months ago. So, to go to the South family again, you'll have to wait another month and a half."

Keira's brow furrowed. The last time the South family had opened its doors was four and a half months ago...

Four and a half months ago, she and her sister were attacked at sea in Oceanion, and afterward, her mother was taken away by the South family. The timing matched exactly!

Keira immediately looked toward Vera. "What do you mean by opening the doors? Where exactly is the South family? What kind of door can block all the detection?"

Vera laughed mockingly upon hearing this. "You really don't understand, do you, Rabbit? Do you think you could have meticulously laid out all these plans? If you knew nothing about the South family, how could you hide your true strength?"

She stared at Keira. "I sense conflict in you; the person you seem to be doesn't match the terrifying actions you have taken."

Keira fixed her gaze on Vera. "I don't have time for your nonsense. Answer my question."

Vera laughed. "Alright then, I'll tell you."

She looked directly into Keira's eyes and slowly said, "Do you think that we, the people of the South family, actually know the location? No one in this world knows the exact location of the South family! Whenever we return home, we first have to apply to the family, and then someone will come to take us away. We wear blindfolds the whole way, so we have no idea where we are going... When we get home, the blindfold is taken off."

Hearing that, Keira couldn't help but feel that the South family was so meticulous!

Was it a measure to prevent someone who no longer wished to compete or who had developed enough power outside from waging war on the South family? Even the South family's own people were kept in the dark...

As Keira was pondering this, Vera said. "However, Rabbit, as far as I know, it's been many years since you've been home. Even if we, the children wandering outside, don't return home, our parents would call us back. Haven't your foster parents called for you in all these years?"

Keira didn't know. Had Keira been called back and declined, or had her foster parents never called for her at all?

Keira took a deep breath and walked out the door. She went outside and made a phone call to Matthew.

Matthew picked up almost immediately. "Keira, what's the matter?"

Keira inquired, "What exactly happened with my sister? What was her situation in the South family when she was young?"

She felt her mind was in disarray.

With a sigh, Matthew said, "I'm not very clear on the details."

Keira cut him off, "Then tell me everything you know!"

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Matthew paused briefly before saying, "You already know that the South family's heirs have always been women, don't you?"

"Indeed."

"But the world is fair; intelligent couples might have less intelligent children. The competition for each generation's heir in the South family is always fierce. Besides choosing the heir, they also select the top ten candidates. The heir for the next generation is chosen from the children of these top ten individuals. In other words, only the children of the top ten have the qualifications to compete for the position of the next heir."

Keira was taken aback. "But my mother wasn't in the top ten of the previous generation, so I don't have the qualifications to compete..."

She and Isla would have been switched at birth. If her mother had been among the top ten competitors of the previous generation, Isla would also likely have become one of the candidates for the South family's current generation. But that wasn't the case. Having grown up with Taylor and his family, Keira was very familiar with the family members' lifestyles and routines. Isla had received no interference from any external forces.

Matthew said, "That's right, your mother wasn't in the top ten of the previous generation. But have you ever considered something else?"

"What is it?"

"Daughters of each generation compete with their peers, yet there is only one successor. For those who fail by just a little bit, how could they be content in such a scenario? They would certainly pin their hopes on their daughters, so the losers would try hard to have children. However, these people, after striving in the outside world for many years, might suffer physical damage and not be able to have children or might not be able to produce female offspring. Obviously, it's not right to ask them to give up at that point."

Upon hearing this, Keira vaguely realized what had happened with Keera's adoptive parents. "So?"

Matthew sighed. "Therefore, if those who lost and even the successor of the previous generation were unable to have children, they could adopt the children of the losers. As long as these children carry the South family's genes and their parents or adoptive parents are among the top ten of the previous generation, they would become competitors in the next generation."

Keira's pupils narrowed. "So, after my mother gave birth to Keera, she was stolen by someone from the South family because someone from the previous generation couldn't have daughters?"

"Exactly."

Matthew continued, "Most of the South family's successors are cold-hearted without steady partners. They only want daughters and typically don't need a man around. Your sister's adoptive mother had her womb damaged during the competition due to someone's scheme, rendering her unable to have children. She found out about your mother's whereabouts by chance and sent people to kidnap the child."

Matthew sighed. "Your mother wasn't among the top ten; she was a loser, doomed never to leave the South family. That was why she concealed her background and never underwent prenatal check-ups while she was pregnant, so she didn't even know she had twins. Keera's adoptive mother stole her, and your own mother had no idea.

"Keera was raised in the South family until she was five, then taken by her adoptive mother's subordinates to settle in Clance, Crera. To outsiders, those two subordinates were her adoptive parents, which was why her adoptive father also has the surname South. It was because he was a servant of the South family."

Having said all this, Matthew added, "In the past, the South family zealously nurtured their progeny, but daughters are becoming increasingly scarce in the South family nowadays. To my knowledge, there are only nine contenders in your generation—one child from each of the top ten families of the previous generation, with one family lacking a daughter. Given the current circumstances, your sister holds a significant advantage because she has Amy."

Amy...

Keira suddenly remembered that both Vera and Fox had mentioned taking Amy away in their messages. Was Amy now a sought-after prize because it was difficult for the South family to produce heirs? Keira pursed her lips, understanding the logic behind it.

At that moment, she suddenly received another call. Keira glanced down, and her pupils immediately contracted. The incoming number wasn't unknown; it was stored in her contact list under the name Fox! R Only

Keira said promptly, "I need to take this."

After that, she hung up on Matthew and answered the call from Fox.