

MY ACCIDENTAL HUSBAND IS A BILLIONAIRE !

Chapter 838

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The South family's boat was tiny, almost laughable against the vast ocean. Just watching it rock with the waves, Keira felt like a single strong wave might overturn it in an instant.

She kept her eyes fixed on the little boat as it gradually drifted toward the cruise ship they were on, coming to a stop just below it.

Without saying a word, she glanced at Matthew for confirmation.

He gave her a nod and said, "I'll show you how it's done, but only once."

With that, he leaped over the side of the ship and dove straight down!

Keira gasped, her breath catching in her throat.

She rushed to the edge to look down. The ship's deck was at least 30 feet above the water. Jumping from that height—if you didn't position yourself just right—would be like hitting concrete.

Matthew, however, dove like a pro. Hands out in front, his form was flawless, cutting through the water like an Olympic diver. He surfaced quickly and swam toward the small boat, where someone immediately threw a cloak over his shoulders.

Then, standing on the boat, he waved her over.

Keira hesitated.

If this had been any other member of the South family, she wondered, would they have survived the jump?

Lowering her gaze, she couldn't help but feel a flicker of worry for Lewis.

They'd never talked about whether he could swim. What if he couldn't?

Shaking the thought away, she stepped up to the edge of the deck. Mimicking Matthew's earlier stance, she jumped.

The cold hit her like a wall. Ice-cold water stabbed at her skin, making it feel like needles were piercing every inch of her body.

She pushed the pain aside, focusing only on reaching the surface.

Keira had always been a decent swimmer, but as she tried to move upward, her body betrayed her. A wave of panic constricted her chest, making it hard to breathe.

Memories of nearly drowning back in Oceanion came flooding back, triggering a deep-seated fear of open water. No. She couldn't give in. Not now. Not when her mother needed her.

Determined, she fought to regain control, but her muscles stayed rigid.

Anyone who's ever swum knows that stiffness is a death sentence in the water.

The harder she fought, the more she sank.

Deeper... and deeper...

Her eyes locked onto the faint shimmer of light above, but it felt impossibly far away.

Just as she thought this might be the end, a rope splashed into the water beside her. She grabbed it instinctively, holding on with all her strength as someone hauled her upward.

Breaking the surface, Keira gasped for air, her chest heaving.

Matthew reached out from the boat, grabbing her arm to pull her aboard.

The moment she was safely inside, someone draped a warm blanket over her.

Catching her breath, Keira looked around the small boat and saw three people: a boatman and two men staring at her.

She turned to Matthew, silently demanding an explanation.

He cleared his throat awkwardly. "Keera, it's been a while since you've been home. These are... your mom's husbands."

Keira froze.

"Husbands? Plural?"

One of the men looked barely over twenty, while the other was older, probably in his forties.

The older man sneered, "What's this? You've been avoiding home all these years because you can't swim? Pathetic. Just wait till your mom sees you. She'll have a field day chewing you out!"

The younger man, on the other hand, was much kinder. "Don't mind him. Your mom's been missing you so much. She talks about you every day..."

Keira stiffened, unsure how to respond. The "mom" they mentioned was technically her adoptive mother—the one who'd stolen her as a baby from Jodie South, the rightful heir.

She stayed silent, figuring it was safer that way.

The older man clicked his tongue, clearly annoyed. "Still as dull as ever, huh? With a blockhead like you, how are you supposed to win the inheritance fight? If you lose, we'll be trapped in the South family forever. Do you even understand that?"

Keira remained expressionless, nodding slightly. She'd learned the hard way that sometimes it was better to say nothing at all.

Her silence only made the man angrier. "What's wrong with you? Cat got your tongue?"

The younger man stepped in to defuse the tension. "Alright, alright, let's not fight on her first day back. It's been over twenty years since you last saw her. What would the lady of the house think if she knew you greeted her like this?"

The older man huffed but finally backed off.

The younger one pulled out a strip of black fabric. "Standard procedure," he said with a polite smile. "You're not allowed to see the route."

Keira glanced at Matthew, who nodded reassuringly. She gave the man a slight nod of her own.

He stepped forward and carefully tied the blindfold over her eyes, then did the same to Matthew. Once they were both blindfolded, the boat began moving.

The journey was long and disorienting. Keira tried to focus on the sounds of the water, hoping to get a sense of where they were heading. But the boat rocked too much, and the only things she could hear were the wind and the waves.

After a while, she gave up and let herself drift into sleep.

A voice eventually woke her. "Keira, wake up. We're here."

She sat up groggily, pulling off the blindfold. As her vision cleared, she finally got her first glimpse of the South family's hidden stronghold.