

## MY ACCIDENTAL HUSBAND IS A BILLIONAIRE !

841 Chapter 840

The TV screen displayed a live broadcast.

The person in the spotlight was Jodie South.

She sat gracefully in a well-lit room, wearing a sleek dress that accentuated her elegance. Two men stood beside her, one of them holding a whip.

"Do you realize what you've done wrong?" the man demanded.

Jodie didn't answer.

The whip cracked across her back.

Snap!

Snap!

Snap!

Three sharp lashes landed in succession. Jodie remained unfazed, not even flinching. Yet to Keira, watching from afar, each strike felt like it had hit her instead, leaving her chest aching as though pierced by invisible thorns.

"Does it hurt?" the man asked.

Jodie actually smiled. "It does."

Her words contradicted her nonchalant expression, as if she found the lashes no more bothersome than a scratch through clothing. The man frowned in annoyance.

The second man spoke. "Will you try running again?"

"I won't," Jodie replied obediently. "Staying here in the South estate suits me. I won't run again. It's a fine place to grow old."

With that, one of the men yanked her up and led her away.

The broadcast moved on to the next person.

This time, the victim screamed in pain under the whip.

In that moment, Keira understood.

There was no way it didn't hurt.

Jodie was enduring it deliberately. She knew Keira would be watching and didn't want her to act rashly.

Keira's initial fury—the impulse to burst in and tear everything apart—was quickly replaced by a quiet, searing pain in her chest. Her hands clenched into fists, and her eyes turned red-rimmed.

Jessica switched off the broadcast and turned to Keira. "Your mom's fine," she said coolly. "Yeah, those lashes sting, but they're meant to humiliate, not harm. The wounds will be treated. After all, she's still a daughter of the South family."

Jessica gave a short, mirthless laugh. "Even someone like me wasn't abandoned by the family. Your mom's in no real danger, so don't do anything reckless."

Keira was silent.

Jessica continued, her tone calm and measured. "If you want to save your mom, the only way is to become the next heir. I know you're smart and always scheming, but I'll warn you now: don't act impulsively."

Keira's jaw tightened as she gazed out the window.

The sky was black.

She recalled arriving from the ship at night. Had they traveled for a full day and night? Or only a few hours? It was hard to tell—time seemed suspended here.

Lost in thought, Keira heard Jessica speak again. "Stop guessing. You've barely scratched the surface of what the South family is capable of. And don't forget—they have the ability to predict the future."

Keira spun around, her eyes sharp. "Is that true? Can the South family really predict the future?"

Jessica gave her a wry smile. "How should I know? That ability only gets passed down to the heir. I'm not one. But let me tell you this—every prophecy the family has ever released has come true."

Keira's brows furrowed deeply.

She took a step toward the door. "Can I leave this room?"

"No," Jessica replied flatly. "You're being watched. Every person who enters or leaves the estate is monitored. And you... well, you're under constant

surveillance—even in the shower. So do yourself a favor and skip the bath for the week."

Jessica wheeled herself closer to Keira, her voice carrying a bitter edge. "This estate is a cage. Only the heir can break free. Keera, I've told you that your whole life. As a kid, you didn't understand. You thought I was strict, maybe even cruel. Now, perhaps you finally get it."

Her words echoed through the living room as she disappeared into her bedroom.

Keira stood motionless, her mind racing.

What could she do?

If coming back to the South family meant she was trapped—unable to leave, unable to act—how could she gather the information she needed? How could she possibly save her mother?

After a long silence, her eyes turned to Matthew.

He spoke before she could. "As your guardian, I can't leave either. The South family is shrouded in too much mystery. I can't see a way through."

Keira pressed her lips together, but another name came to mind—Lewis Horton.

By now, if the timing was right, he should have already infiltrated the South estate. Would they recognize him?

Would he be safe?

Keira took a cautious step toward the door, testing her limits.

Just as her foot crossed the threshold, Jake appeared in front of her. His weathered face held a faint smile. "Thinking of going out?" he asked.

Keira nodded.

The man chuckled lightly. "I'm sure you've grown strong—maybe even strong enough to slip past the estate's defenses. But have you considered what happens next? If you take one step outside this door, your mother might die."

Keira's pupils constricted. "What do you mean?"

The man sighed. "The South family has strict rules. If they find out you've escaped—or even attempted to—they won't try to catch you first. They'll execute Jodie."

Keira froze.

The man smiled faintly. "And if Jessica dares to leave the South family, you'll be the first person they kill. Do you know how she got that scar on her face?"