

Sir, You Don't Know Your Wife Chapter 1041 - 1045

The subordinate shook his head frantically at this. "No, Mr. President, that's not it. By the time we got to Ebony Town, we heard that someone's already searched the site. If we're not mistaken, it was Lara and Desire from the MX."

What? Lara and Desire were at the site?

Corey stiffened. If Lara and Desire had been to Ebony Town, did that mean that they found Prime Minister Welch and Janet before us? How am I supposed to know if they are alive or not?

Though logically speaking, the neurotoxin would have surely killed Prime Minister Welch. There is no way he could be alive by the time Lara and Desire found him.

But something suddenly popped up in Corey's mind. What if... What if Prime Minister Welch is not dead? What if the neurotoxin didn't work on him because he's built antibodies from the dozens of poisons he consumed?

Corey's face twisted into a grimace as he clutched his head. How can I not have thought of this sooner? How can I let this happen?

If Prime Minister Welch and Janet did not die in the explosion, then it would only be a matter of time before they came for him.

He knew Janet had a penchant for vengeance—she was probably already planning the many ways she could exact her revenge on him.

At the thought of this, Corey faltered and his face was a ghastly shade of white and sweat trickled past his temples and onto the ground.

His voice was cold and strained as he ordered, "Go and find out if Prime Minister Welch and Janet are dead or alive!"

The subordinate trembled as he said, "Yes, sir."

When the subordinate left, Corey collapsed into the chair behind him and felt a shiver run up his spine.

No; I can't just sit here. I have to start thinking ahead.

He knew he could not stay in Markovia for the time being. The only way for him to save himself was to go into hiding.

Meanwhile in Markovia, Old Madam Lowry was lounging at home when she heard news of what happened to Janet. She hastily rose from her seat and cried, "Quick; quickly now! Bring the car around—I have to go to First Hospital!"

The maids, who were cleaning up around the house, were bewildered at the urgency in her voice. They didn't know why she was in such a hurry to go to the hospital. "Old Madam, please calm down before you put a strain on your body!"

"I am calm! Go and bring the car around—I must get to First Hospital right away!" Old Madam Lowry was beside herself with panic. She desperately wished that she could sprout a pair of wings just so she could fly over to the hospital without delay.

When the maids saw that their usually mild-tempered mistress was growing frantic, they fell silent and hurried to tell the housekeeper to get the car.

Old Madam Lowry was getting more anxious by the second as she thought to herself, Why is my granddaughter-in-law always getting herself into trouble? How am I supposed to appease the ancestors if anything happens to Janet?

Within minutes, the housekeeper brought the car out front, and Old Madam Lowry hastily got into the car before she could even compose herself.

The maids exchanged confused looks as they watched her leave with such haste, and they couldn't help but let out a collective sigh of worry.

In the First Hospital in Markovia, Sean was reporting to the man across from him on the current progress of things.

Mason took a drag of his cigarette and his brows lowered as he asked, "How are things over on Corey's end?"

Sean bowed his head and answered with reverence, "From what I know, Corey has held an internal meeting with the others and claimed that both you and Miss Jackson are dead."

Then, he paused, unsure as to whether he should bring up the next piece of news.

Upon sensing his hesitation, Mason glanced up at him and said in a cold voice, "Go on."

"And the leaders of the other organizations have agreed to swear allegiance to the President."

When he was done speaking, a deafening silence fell over the lounge.

Mason's voice was arctic as it pierced through the still air. "All of them agreed to this?"

Sean pursed his lips and answered honestly, "Yes."

Upon hearing this, Mason stubbed out his half-smoked cigarette in the ashtray, his eyes darkening with rage.

What a bunch of traitorous fools!

It was time for him to take care of these imbeciles for Janet. Corey, in particular, had played him and Janet for fools, but Mason would not let him get away with this.

"Keep an eye on Corey and let me know if he makes any sudden movements," the man said icily.

"Understood," Sean replied, then paused before asking, "Young Master Mason, when do we strike against Corey?"

Mason frowned slightly as he answered, "We'll make our move when our forces from Sandfort City arrive and after Jan recovers."

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While Mason wanted nothing more than to get rid of these traitors for Janet, he knew that he could not do so at the expense of the MX.

Mason was about to leave when Sean said, "Young Master Mason, you should know that Old Madam Lowry has already caught wind of Miss Jackson's injuries."

Upon hearing this, Mason did not get out of his seat and instead froze in it. His brows drew together as he asked sourly, "How did she find out in the first place?"

Telling her about what happened to Janet will only make her panic.

Sean's eyes were downcast as he answered, "I have orders from Old Madam Lowry to inform her of anything that happens to Miss Jackson. We wouldn't dare disobey her orders."

With his head hung and his tone resentful, it was easy to see that Sean was torn between having to heed both Mason and Old Madam Lowry's orders.

Mason sighed and rubbed his temples in frustration.

He was sure that there would be yet another havoc wreaked in the hospital today.

When he returned to the VIP hospital room to find that Janet was not there, the devilish smile slipped off of his handsome face.

Where's Janet? I've only been out for a couple of minutes. How did she disappear so quickly?

Panicking, he ran over to the reception counter and demanded, "Where's the girl in the VIP room?"

"Young Master Mason, are you referring to Miss Jackson? She's gone out for a walk with an elderly woman."

Upon hearing this, Mason let out a sigh of relief.

An elderly woman? It must surely be the old madam.

Mason had been getting so worked up over Corey that for a brief moment he believed that the latter had dropped by and taken Janet away from him.

With a frown on his face, he shook off his nerves and headed out toward the yard.

Meanwhile, out in the yard, Old Madam Lowry placed a hand over Janet's and her eyes rimmed red once more as she said in a pained voice, "My poor little Janet—every time I see you, you're covered in wounds and scars."

Janet didn't know whether to laugh or cry when she saw that the older woman was about to burst into tears. "I'm fine, Old Madam Lowry."

"I simply don't understand how anyone could hurt an angel like you, Janet."

"Stop worrying, Old Madam Lowry. The doctor said I'll be as good as new after a couple days of rest. Besides, I'm already used to this."

Old Madam Lowry heaved a sigh and clasped Janet's hand tightly. "Janet, if anything happens to you, I don't know how I'm going to face Mason's parents."

She would never allow Mason to be in a relationship with anyone new if Janet was gone. As far as she was concerned, Janet was the only girl worthy of being her granddaughter-in-law.

Then, the old madam chastised herself, No! I shouldn't jinx it! Janet's not gone—she's here and she's fine! She's going to bear chubby sons and pretty daughters for Mason!

Janet smiled but said nothing more.

Meanwhile, Mason had only just walked into the yard when he saw two familiar figures, one of which was an elderly lady who was hunched over and the other a petite girl.

Old Madam Lowry was about to say something when she caught sight of Mason from her peripheral view. She chuckled slightly and said, "That punk is here."

Janet blinked, then turned to acknowledge Mason with a smile before letting out a small laugh. "Come over here, Mason."

Her voice was so soft and dulcet that the man found himself walking over to her obediently.

"What are you doing here, Grandma?"

Old Madam Lowry scoffed. "Why didn't you tell me about what happened to Janet? I even have to hear about it from Sean!"

Mason was silent for a moment and he glanced at Janet as he said in a clipped tone, "The breeze is picking up. You should head inside before you catch a cold."

Janet looked at him with mute resignation. Not wanting to come off as rude in front of the old madam, she gave Mason's hand a subtle squeeze and said, "I'm fine."

However, there was a hard edge to Mason's voice as he ignored Janet and addressed the old madam expressionlessly, "I'll bring Janet back to her room, Grandma. I'll get Sean to drop you home later."

Upon hearing this, Old Madam Lowry's expression darkened.

How dare this punk chase me away? How ungrateful of him! I'm not even here to see him—I'm here to see Janet!

"Stop where you are," Old Madam Lowry commanded, clearly outraged. Then, she turned to Janet and said gently, 'Janet, go back inside. I need to have a few words with Mason."

Janet was hesitant but finally she nodded and said, "Okay."

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Mason watched as Janet's back disappeared from view, and he turned to look at Old Madam Lowry with a dark look in his eyes. "What is it, Grandma?"

The older woman glowered at him balefully and snapped, "You useless punk! You should thank your lucky stars that Janet is safe and sound, otherwise I'd beat you to death!"

As she said this, she reached up and made to act on her threat.

Mason flinched, dodging away from her as he looked at her incredulously. He sounded frustrated as he muttered, "Alright, alright—I promise I won't let anything like this happen again. I'm sorry for making you worried, Grandma."

His voice was thick with guilt and his gaze was trained on the ground.

At the sight of this, Old Madam Lowry softened. She couldn't remember the last time she had seen the prideful man before her look so downtrodden and riddled with self-blame.

Nonetheless, she cleared her throat and maintained an air of indifference as she said, "You've been dating Janet for quite some time now. What are your plans for your future together?"

Mason looked stoic as he replied flatly, "I have no plans whatsoever."

The old madam had no comeback for that. She couldn't believe what she had just heard and she stared at him darkly as she demanded, "What do you mean you have no plans? Do you not plan on making an honest woman out of Janet? Is that it?"

He did not meet her gaze and she saw his eyes flash when he shook his head silently.

She grew thunderous and seethed, "Do you not love Janet?"

I've seen the way he looks at her; how can he not love her? Why doesn't he plan on marrying her, though?

Mason's eyes darkened. "I do love her, but now is not the time for marriage."

B*stard! 'I love you but I can't marry you'—what a typical thing for a b*stard to say!

Old Madam Lowry reached up and jabbed him harshly in the shoulder. "What do you mean now isn't the time for marriage? I didn't peg you for a Lothario, Mason, but I guess I was wrong!"

She wanted to snarl at this useless grandson of hers. Mason and Janet had been together for nearly a year now—if they moved at this rate, Old Madam Lowry wondered when she would finally be able to have great-grandchildren.

Mason pursed his lips but his gaze was unwavering as he explained, "There are some things I have to take care of, Grandma. I can't promise her a future right now."

I'm going to propose to her as soon as I bring an end to this whole Corey business.

Old Madam Lowry was speechless for a moment, unsure as to what her grandson might be getting up to. He certainly seemed dedicated.

"Mason, I'll keep fretting over this as long as you don't propose to Janet. Don't you ever think that she might grow to resent you, seeing as she's dating you under the guise of J'Adore?"

Where does she stand in this relationship of yours? I don't care what it takes, but finish off that business of yours as soon as possible and make plans for a proposal. As for the wedding and the matter of revealing her true identity to the public, we can wait until after she graduates." There was a stubborn edge to the old madam's voice as she said all of this, and she did not sound as though she would budge for anything less.

"Okay; I understand," Mason promised in a gravelly tone after a pause.

Upon hearing this, Old Madam Lowry stiffened. She gaped at him before she narrowed her eyes suspiciously. "Do you?"

"Yes," he answered with the barest of smiles. "I'll take care of it as soon as possible."

She beamed. "Right, then. We'll have the engagement party right after your proposal!"

In the President's Office in Markovia, the underlings were all uneasy and restless after finding out that Lara and Desire had been to the ruins of Ebony Town. They tread carefully around the President, afraid that they might say something wrong and trigger his rage.

More to the point, news was going around that J'Adore and Prime Minister Welch might still be alive.

If that was true, the two of them would definitely go after the President.

The President had been uptight since coming out of the conference room, and he had a bitter look on his face. "Why don't you take a break, Mr. President?" one of the underlings suggested.

The President was obviously far too upset to eat as he asked instead, "What were you all talking about?"

The underlings bristled and panic rose within them as they avoided the President's eyes.

"Out with it!" he thundered, his face darkening. "Did you hear anything about J'Adore and Prime Minister Welch surviving the explosion?"

They swallowed, their lips pressed into grim, hard lines as they remained silent.

"I see what this is... We don't even know if J'Adore is dead or alive, but all of you are already planning to grovel your way into her good graces now, aren't you? You're all planning to rebel!"

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Just as Corey was throwing random objects at his men in a fit of rage, another one of his subordinates came jogging up to him. "Mr. President! There's news—news on J'Adore and Prime Minister Welch!"

"Well, what is it? They're dead, aren't they? Have their remains been found at the site?" Corey demanded urgently, feeling as though he was on the verge of going insane.

"No," the subordinate answered as he shook his head. He hesitated for a beat before he continued, "According to the latest information, both Prime Minister Welch and J'Adore are still alive, and the latter is currently receiving treatment at the First Hospital."

"How is that possible?" Corey took a step backward, disbelief and abject horror flashing across his features as a wave of hopelessness seized him.

No; it's impossible! How could Prime Minister Welch and J'Adore have escaped from the traps in Ebony Town? How could they possibly survive? And it seems as if J'Adore wasn't badly injured, either!

"That's not possible." Corey's words came out in a rush of panic. His chest tightened and he could taste the coppery scent of blood in his mouth. "J'Adore and Prime Minister Welch were both poisoned by the neurotoxin," he barked coldly. "They couldn't have survived that."

The subordinate who informed him of the news grew desperate. "But they did survive, Mr. President, and the nurse at the hospital said J'Adore can be discharged tomorrow!"

Upon hearing this, Corey felt the color drain from his face.

J'Adore was not known for her forgiving nature, and she would most definitely come after him once she was discharged from the hospital. Corey was as good as dead.

I can't just die in their hands like this!

He growled, "Quick; get the plane ready and fly me out to Yobril right away!"

Hiding out in Yobril was the only way for him to save himself, and he could also follow up on the matter of the virus that Melissa was creating.

"Mr. President, if you leave now, don't you think it would only make J'Adore suspicious?" the subordinate asked hesitantly.

Corey glared at him and hissed through gritted teeth, "Are you an idiot? Do you think J'Adore isn't smart enough to figure out who's behind all this? Are you saying I should just wait around for her to kill me?"

"Well, if that's the case, Mr. President, why don't you strike first?" the subordinate murmured as his eyes flashed deviously.

"Tell me what you have in mind!"

The subordinate chuckled coldly. "Since J'Adore already knows about this, why don't we go over to the hospital today and kill her before she comes for us?"

"Are you really that stupid?" Corey yelled. He had a feeling he might collapse from talking to these morons. "J'Adore and Prime Minister Welch probably already have eyes everywhere in the hospital after what happened at Ebony Town. If we go over now, we'll be marching straight to our deaths!" he roared.

The subordinate blinked, then hung his head as he sighed defeatedly. "That makes sense."

Corey ground his teeth and clenched his fists, then snapped impatiently, "Well, what are you waiting for? Go and get that plane ready!"

"Got it, Mr. President. Right away."

Meanwhile, on the other end, Mason was still at First Hospital when he received news of Corey's plan to escape from Markovia.

Mason had put the call on speaker while he peeled an apple but upon hearing the news, he paused and stared at the phone on the table. "What?"

The next moment, he put the apple down and rose from his seat, then took his phone as he prepared to leave.

However, Janet had heard everything that was said over the phone.

Her eyes gleamed and she reached out swiftly to hold onto his hand.

Mason stopped in his tracks and after drawing in a breath, he turned to give Janet a loving smile. "Be good. I'm going out to make a phone call. Wait for me here."

She did not let him go and instead said stonily, "Don't lie to me. You promised me that we'll take him down together."

The man had not forgotten the promise he made but he insisted, "Babe, this is a very particular situation and I'm afraid I can't let you come along. You're still recovering."

"If I'm not going, then you aren't either!" As she said this, she extended her legs and wrapped them around his waist to keep him from taking another step toward the door.

When he felt her slender legs snake around the lean muscles of his waist, his gaze darkened. He took another breath, feeling resigned as he looked at her adoringly. "I promise I'll come back safely, Jan."

"No," she refused, then clung tighter to him. "You can't go unless you let me come with you."

She was stubborn and she had made her point. He had to make a decision; if he did not agree to let her come along with him, Corey could very well slip away from his grasp today.

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Knowing that there was no other choice, Mason suppressed a sigh and said, "Alright, then; get changed. We'll go together."

Upon his arrival at the private airport in Markovia, Corey noticed that there was something different about today.

There were more people than usual in the vicinity and he couldn't help but feel as though something was off.

“What’s going on?” Corey asked warily.

His subordinate looked around and he sounded somewhat bewildered as he asked, “Do you think that perhaps J’Adore’s men have discovered your plans to escape, sir?”

Corey’s face blanched at this, and panic seized him as he demanded, “How much time left before I can board the plane?”

“About... about half an hour, sir.”

Half an hour—that’s more than enough time for J’Adore to kill me!

“Quick! Find a place to hide and send someone to hold them off!” Corey was desperate now as he didn’t expect J’Adore to strike so soon.

Outside the airport, the men working for Janet and Mason had the whole private airport surrounded.

Sean was holding up a megaphone and his voice was amplified as he ordered, “If you see anyone suspicious, take them down immediately!”

“Understood!” the men responded in unison.

Sean brought the megaphone away from his lips and headed over to Mason before he asked, “Young Master Mason, what if Corey doesn’t come out from hiding?”

After all, it wasn’t as if they could shoot down the President of Markovia in a private airport.

Mason pursed his lips and his eyes darkened as he said, “Bring a couple of men with you and stop him from boarding the plane.”

“Got it.” Sean nodded before he backed away hastily.

Mason refused to believe that Corey would miss getting on the plane. Besides, it wasn’t as if the man could hide forever—he had to come out at some point and by then, Mason would be ready to take him down.

He snapped out of his thoughts when he saw a figure approaching them, and turned to see that it was an airport staffer.

She came to a stop before him and Janet, then bowed her head respectfully in greeting before asking, "Sir, ma'am, this is a private airport. May I ask what you are doing here?"

Janet appeared nonchalant as she answered, "Arresting a fugitive."

The staffer frowned slightly in confusion. "This is the President's private airport, ma'am. Why would there be a fugitive here?"

Mason slowly pulled out his gun and he was unfazed as he explained coldly, "We're here to arrest the President of Markovia."

The staffer was taken aback by this but her profession required her to force down her fear, and she demanded as calmly as she could, "Mr. Hills is the leader of an entire country. He isn't someone that you can arrest at your own whim."

"Oh?" Janet mused, then slowly took out a badge that was strapped to her waist and held it up to the staffer's face. A wicked gleam flashed in her eyes as she drawled, "Maybe you should take a look at this."

The staffer did as she was told and after a few seconds, she blinked out of her reverie, finally recognizing the badge for what it was.

The MX! The people from the MX are here to capture the President? Has there been a conflict between the MX and President Hills?

Upon seeing the fear that registered on the staffer's face, Janet said coldly, "Get out of the way."

The other girl heeded her words and she hurriedly backed away.

Meanwhile, time passed quickly as Corey hid in the lounge of the private airport. He had fifteen minutes left before he had to board the plane, but said lounge was surrounded by those who worked for his two nemeses and he dared not step out from behind these four walls.

However, he knew he couldn't hide in here forever.

Panic stirred within him. Am I really going to be captured by J'Adore?

“Mr. President.” His subordinate interjected his thoughts and pointed out frantically, “If you don’t board the plane now, you’re going to miss the flight for today.”

Corey gritted his teeth at this and hissed in annoyance, “I know that! But J’Adore is out there, waiting to capture me. How the hell am I supposed to go out?”

With one swipe of his arm, all the books on the table fell to the ground.

He glared down at the books and stomped on them, much like how he would like to trample on J’Adore right now.

Just then, a picture of a girl in an open, crumpled magazine caught his eye.

His gaze swept over her long hair and her dress, and inspiration struck. He beckoned for his subordinate hastily. “Quick—find me a wig and a long dress, and bring them to me within the next five minutes!”

If he disguised himself as a woman, he might just be able to sneak past J’Adore’s men and get on the plane!

He had to admit that he hated having to resort to such desperate measures just so he wouldn’t be captured, but he was left with no other choice.

As confusing as the President’s request was, the subordinate did not question it and instead did as he was told.

Outside, Janet was slowly losing patience as she sat on the bench in the boarding hall. She turned and raised a brow at Mason, grinning menacingly as she said, “Why don’t we burst in with our men and take him where he stands?”