

Sir, You Don't Know Your Wife Chapter 1028

She tried to speak and called out hoarsely, "Mason."

Upon hearing his name, the man tightened his arms around her, burying his face into her shoulder as he murmured, "I'm here. I'm here right now."

Janet shuddered slightly and bit on her lip as her eyes rimmed red. How could this be? How could things turn out this way? I almost killed him with my two hands!

"Don't cry, Babe," he said, his voice low and raspy.

He moved away from her shoulder and his fingers grazed along his face. With a tearing sound, the hyper-realistic face mask came off and fell on the ground.

Janet lifted her gaze. When she saw the familiar handsome and devilish face before her, the tears that threatened to overwhelm finally fell.

In all the time he had known and been together with her, he never saw her cry and certainly not with such anguish.

It was heart-wrenching to see her break down like this. There were many things he wanted to tell her, but he did not know where to start.

He could only draw her closer, rubbing the small of her back as he kissed the tears that streamed down her cheeks.

"Don't cry, Janet. I don't like seeing you cry," Mason said softly in his bass-like voice. "When you cry, it's as if someone is driving a knife through my heart. It hurts to see you like this."

In fact, seeing her cry like this only made him feel less of a man. He thought about all the danger he had put her through and asked himself whether he was worthy of her love.

Meanwhile, Janet was distraught as she wrapped her arms around his neck, muttering in between sobs, "It shouldn't be you. How could you be here?"

He had been Peter all along. The man whom she was trying to kill was none other than Mason himself.

She thought about what had happened the day before—if she had not saved Peter, she would have lost Mason altogether.

She was relieved and devastated at the same time—relieved to have saved him, but devastated that he was now in danger, just like she was.

There were no words that could describe how she felt right now.

When Mason saw her tears glisten in the dimness, he felt his heart ache once more. He took Janet's face in his hands and said firmly, "Stop crying."

With that, he lowered his head. His lips found hers and he was desperate to kiss away her sorrow.

Janet's brows drew together slightly and all she felt at that moment was a shuddering relief that was pierced by anguish.

Suddenly, she was abruptly lifted off the ground.

Mason's face was buried in her neck and his breath was shallow. He was shuddering with the effort of containing his tears, much like she was.

She was startled for a moment and once again, tears were pricking her eyes.

Her lips twitched as though she wanted to say something, but the words crumbled on her tongue.

Janet could feel the warmth as his lips pressed against the skin on her neck and the familiarity of his touch. Slowly, the tears stopped. Her eyes were watery as she kept herself from crying, but it only made for a heartbreaking sight.

"I love you, Mason," she whispered weakly, her voice straining to escape from her parted lips.

Upon hearing that, Mason stiffened before he held her tight against him. He cupped the back of her head with one hand and leaned in to kiss her.

Unlike their previous kiss, there was nothing tender about this one. She could feel the hard slant of his lips against hers and there was an urgency between them that was almost primal, as though they were desperate to make sure that the both of them existed in the same space.

The kiss lasted for nearly ten minutes and when they could taste copper in their mouth, they slowly released each other.

She wrapped her arms around his waist and rested her head against his chest; she was quiet as she listened to his heartbeat.

After a while, Mason asked hesitantly, "Janet, who sent you to kill me?"

Janet paused for a while. When she decided that it was pointless to hide the truth from him, she answered, "Corey."

"Corey?" He froze. "President Corey?"

Janet reached up and traced her fingers along his jaw, nodding as she answered, "That's right. The same president who gave you a present at your twenty-sixth birthday party. He told me that the Hawke Kingdom would threaten his power and he was worried about the implications. Moreover, he assigned half of Markovia's military rights to you, so I agreed to go on the mission as a way to return his favor."

So, that's what's going on, Mason thought.

For a moment, he was as still as a statue. The pieces were falling into place. It was no wonder that they could find him even when he had been incognito—after all, it was the President of Markovia who was tracking his every move and who else had access to immediate and accurate intel but him?

Even if Mason had tried his best to stay off the grid, there was no way he could have avoided being spied on by the President.

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"Does this... mean Corey knows my real identity?" Mason's eyes were downcast as he asked.

Janet pursed his lips in hesitation, unsure on how she should answer him.

If the President knew that Peter was Mason all along, then he was doing all of this to break Janet's relationship with the latter.

One may even suggest that the President wanted them to tear each other apart.

She did not want to believe that he knew about Mason's alter ego as Peter, but all the signs were convincing her otherwise.

Otherwise, he would not have asked her to assassinate Peter as soon as possible if he really was clueless.

Furthermore, there was no one else in the world other than the President who had access to more accurate intel.

She thought about all the conversations she had with the President and finally came to the undeniable conclusion that the President knew about Mason's disguise.

Janet was the only person with any real power in Markovia. She would not allow the President to scheme his way into retrieving the power that he thought rightfully belonged to him and the only way for him to do so was to make sure she was dead.

The President would have all the advantage if he could get rid of her and Peter.

As she thought about it, Janet's fists clenched and her eyes had a murderous glint. He's played a good game. I have been duped by him all along! And the worst part is, he almost got away with it!

Mason pulled her back into his arms once more after sensing her anger and he coaxed gently, "Don't get angry, Babe. You have to save your strength instead of wasting it on these things."

However, even as he continued to murmur words of solace while holding her in his arms, there was only one thing she wanted to say to him and she did so. "I'm sorry, Mason." I'm sorry, Mason. I'm sorry that you're trapped here because of me. I'm sorry for not having realized Corey's plans earlier. If I had, you wouldn't even be poisoned in the first place.

She supposed the only thing she had to be grateful for was Mason's resistance toward the neurotoxin.

He was still kneeling on the ground, gazing at her as his thumbs caressed her face.

He held her close and stared into her eyes. Then, he said tenderly, "You have nothing to apologize for, Janet. I'm the one who should be sorry." I'm sorry for not telling you who I really am. That's on me.

Upon hearing Mason's pleas, Janet gazed at him and saw the love in his eyes.

He was still holding her, his voice soft as he insisted, "It's not your fault—it's theirs and theirs alone..."

Janet's lips twitched. "Okay," she finally said.

His eyes fell on her pale lips and with a pained expression, he leaned to kiss her once more. "I'll make him pay for all the hurt he's caused us." He narrowed his eyes dangerously and the tender look on his face was swiftly replaced by a cold, murderous one.

She stared at him, slightly taken aback.

Mason's arms hugged her stiff body as he muttered, "Don't you want revenge, Janet?"

Upon hearing that, Janet chuckled before she wrapped her arms around his neck as she shook her head diffidently. "Now you're getting angry. You just told me not to get worked up over this."

Mason blinked after hearing her speak. He then dipped his head to nibble gently on her earlobe. After a while of teasing her, he said, "Fine, I suppose there's no point getting worked up over a guy like him."

Janet's lips curled upward to reveal a demure smile as she clung onto him.

As if he just remembered, he turned to pick up the half of the bamboo shoot he had set aside last night. Then, he brought it to her lips as he said plainly, "You should eat. We'll figure out a way to get out of here after you're done eating."

"No," Janet refused and pushed away his hand, her face somber. "You should take the bamboo shoot. You might be immune to most poisonous substances, but it takes time for the neurotoxin to wear off."

However, just as she was about to hand the bamboo shoot back to him, he quickly reached out to clasp his hand over hers before she could uncurl her fingers. He was roguish as he threatened, "Take the bamboo shoot, Janet. If you don't, I won't leave this place with you."

She clicked her tongue at him. It seemed as if he had resorted to emotional blackmail.

Janet knew that he would not eat unless she did. She was torn for a moment, then said expressionlessly, "I don't share my food with others. It's unsanitary."

Realizing that she was using his own words against him, Mason resisted a laugh.

With resignation, he took a tentative bite of the bamboo shoot, then passed it over to her as he placated, "Let's eat it together then, shall we?"

Janet could not resist him when he spoke like that to her. Taking the bamboo shoot from him, she saw where he had taken a bite and bit on it too.