

# Sir, You Don't Know Your Wife Chapter 1029

"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.