

Sir, You Don't Know Your Wife Chapter 1045

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?”