

Sir, You Don't Know Your Wife Chapter 1047

Mason's expression was impassive and his voice was icy as he said, "This is a rule of the Lowry Family. There are no exceptions."

Corey has gotten away. The man who had hurt Jan has gotten away.

For as long as he is still alive, he will be a ticking time bomb.

Mason couldn't forgive anybody for letting this happen and he certainly couldn't forgive himself. He had promised Janet the best life, one in which she could be without fear or worry—he said he would do everything to make this possible.

And yet, he failed miserably to bring this promise into fruition.

Meanwhile, Sean turned to look at Janet with mute despair, as though silently asking her to plead his case.

Janet shot him a meaningful look. "Give us some space. I need to have a few words with Mason."

Once again, the hall fell silent.

Sean dared not make a move. He waited for Mason to say something but the latter remained silent, his lips pressed into a hard line.

Janet reached out and gave Mason's fingers a subtle squeeze. "Get them to step down for a bit, hmm?"

Her kitten-like behavior made it hard for the man to say no, and there was no point resisting. His lips twitched and he turned his stony expression toward his men as he ordered, "Step down. We'll talk about this later."

"Understood," Sean responded, then straightened and led his men away.

Before long, Janet and Mason were the only two left behind in the hall.

His icy gaze softened as it fell on her. He then said in a resigned tone, "Babe, you know there are rules to follow in the Lowry Family. You shouldn't have asked for mercy on their behalf."

Janet raised her brows and her demeanor shifted to one of insouciance as she mused witheringly, "Oh—you mean these rules are exclusively reserved for the Lowry Family? Does that mean I'm not a part of the Lowry Family?"

The man choked and grew flustered. "No; that's not what I meant, Babe."

"So what are you trying to say?" Her eyebrows cocked once more. "If I'm not mistaken, you said that those are family rules and I'm not supposed to intervene. You've as good as told me that I'm not a part of your family."

Realizing that she was going to stubbornly hold that against him, Mason sighed inwardly and conceded, "Fine; I'll do as you say and not punish them."

I have to placate her no matter what, even if it means going against rules.

Upon hearing this, Janet smirked. "I thank you on their behalf."

Abruptly, his deep voice resonated close to her ear. "I'm sorry, Babe." He lowered his gaze and his brows drew together as he continued, clearly blaming himself for what had happened, "I let Corey get away. I couldn't get rid of him for you."

"Is that the reason why you got angry?" she asked softly as she reached out to hold his hand.

He met her gaze and nodded, humming flatly in response.

She sat down on the bench, looking decidedly unbothered. "It doesn't matter. Corey has no power outside of Markovia. Even if he got away, we can still take out the trash that's been piling up in the organization."

When the man heard this, he stiffened and looked at her in surprise. "You know about that?"

She let out a small laugh as she eyed him with amusement. "Know about what?"

"About the other organizations turning their backs on you," he answered.

"Yeah, and it's time to shake things up a bit, don't you think?"

She might have been hospitalized for a while now, but it didn't mean that news would escape her. Besides, it wasn't as though something as groundbreaking as this would not reach her ears at some point.

Mason grew grim and when he reached out to clasp his hand around hers, he said in a steel-like voice, "I'll go with you."

She considered this, then nodded. "Alright."

On the plane, Corey pulled the cursed wig off of his head and threw it on the ground.

"What's wrong, Mr. President?" the subordinate asked, wary as he approached the angry man.

Corey's lips were pressed into a hard line.

He had never been so humiliated in his entire life. He was a seven feet tall man but today, he had to disguise himself as a woman just so he could hide and slip away from the watchful gaze of a little girl. If the other leaders found out about this, he would never be able to live the shame down.

He gritted his teeth as a dark and menacing look twisted his features. "I swear I'll have my revenge on you, J'Adore."

He calmed down after what felt like a long moment, and said, "Contact Miss Rocher and tell her that I'll be dropping by to visit her personally."

It had been nearly half a month since he last saw her. He wondered if there was any progress with the virus that he had asked her to curate.

"Got it."