

Sir, You Don't Know Your Wife Chapter 1108

Brian would not tolerate Megan if she planned to plead on Emily's behalf.

Fortunately, his concern was unfounded, because Megan then clenched her fists and spoke through gritted teeth. "That's not it; I'm thinking that... even if Emily dies in front of me in the end, I will not be moved anymore."

After all, Megan owned Janet too much and she wondered if it was not too late to start mending things with her.

She did not dare to think about it, because she was afraid that she could never compensate Janet for what they had done.

"Honey, I miss Janet already. I want to see her." Megan's hands trembled as she held onto Brian.

Besides, she wanted to tell Janet the words that she had never spoken for all these years.

However, Brian's eyes merely narrowed as he said steadily, "Let's do it tomorrow. It's too late tonight."

Megan wiped the tears away from her eyes. "Alright."

Meanwhile in the presidential suite, Janet buried herself under the comforter to get some warmth.

She crossed her legs, deep in her thoughts.

Seconds later, she was about to take out her phone when Mason walked out of the shower.

Janet raised her eyes and met his gaze at the same time.

"You've finished thinking about it?" he asked.

“About?” Janet queried.

He ruffled his damp hair with a smile on his face. “On how to punish Emily?”

She nodded nonchalantly. “Yes. Sit down and listen to me.”

“Sure.”

He sat by the bed, waiting for her next move.

Then, Janet dialed a number.

“Hello?”

The phone call was picked up by a man whose voice was familiar to Mason—it was none other than Lee Sanders.

With one hand holding the phone, Janet’s right hand slowly slid over Mason’s firm abdomen.

She licked her lips, looking evil yet alluring, as she spoke in a cold and low voice, “Are you sober?”

She remembered that Lee drank a lot of alcohol and if it was under normal circumstances, she would not call him.

However, she could not help herself this time around, as she could not wait any longer.

Lee's voice echoed faintly down the line, "I've drunk some tea to wake me up, so I'm fine now. What's up?"

Janet sat cross-legged as she caressed Mason's abdomen with her right hand. Without any change in her expression, she laughed gently. "I want to punish Emily. Help me out here."

If Janet did not have her engagement party today, she would want to punish Emily personally.

However, since everyone said that it would bring bad luck if blood was spilled on the engagement day, she was unwilling to risk her happiness.

Lee was not surprised to hear that and it was as if he had already been anticipating this call from Janet. He let out a chuckle and asked, "Janet, what do you want me to do?"

Janet arched her eyebrows as she started to discuss the details with Lee. "I heard from Old Madam Lowry that it's bad luck if blood is spilled on the engagement day, so let's think of some other ways. Say, would it be better to break her arms or legs? What about both? If we break them, we can still reconnect them after that. Or shall we pull her tongue off? Ah—but she would bleed because of that. Why don't we throw her into the water and save her when she's about to die, then press her down into the water again? Let's do this for the entire night as a form of entertainment for me and my fiancé." With that, Janet paused. "Do you think it's workable, Lee?"

Lee was speechless upon hearing that.

It had been a while since Janet was so sinister. Even if there were moments like these, it was through other people whom she ordered. She seldom gave such personal orders.

Once he pictured her beautiful and icy expression, goosebumps rose on Lee's skin immediately.

However, such punishments were not enough for someone like Emily.

Hence, Lee suggested, “Why don’t we hang her on the balcony of the White Clouds Castle to entertain you and Mason?”

The White Clouds Castle was one of the most prominent and tallest buildings in Sandfort City.

It must look good to have a human hanging up there, swaying in the wind.

I bet it would add more beauty to Sandfort City’s skyline!

Upon hearing that, Janet immediately exclaimed, “Great—but make sure that the rope is sturdy enough. It won’t do if she falls and hits the passers-by below. Also, make sure that no blood is spilled. Otherwise it will bring bad luck!”

After hearing the excitement in her voice, Lee curved his lips into a smile and followed her instructions. “Alright; I’ll carry it out immediately. Enjoy the rest of your night.”