

Sir, You Don't Know Your Wife Chapter 1112

'Hey, I know who you mean but you better be careful—your account may be suspended.'

'That's scary. I'm off!'

On the other side of the world in a five-star hotel in Yobril, a man pushed open the door to the room and hurried inside. Upon seeing the man with his back facing the door, he immediately went up to him. "Mr. President," he said in a husky and low voice.

Corey turned around to look at him when he heard his voice. "What's the matter?"

The man in black lowered his head and reported, "Something unexpected happened during J'Adore and Mason's engagement."

Corey raised his brow and repeated coldly, "Something unexpected?"

"Yes; a woman suddenly showed up at their engagement—" Before the man managed to finish his report, Corey quickly walked to his computer. His fingers danced on the keyboard, producing clicking sounds.

The next instant, a video appeared on the screen—it was the video that was taken at J'Adore and Mason's engagement. In the video, J'Adore was seen rebuking the woman, who had collapsed to the floor, with an indifferent expression. The video managed to record her voice clearly.

When Corey saw that, a slight frown appeared on his face. His eyes suddenly lit up before he raised his head and asked, "Who is this woman on the floor?"

"She seems to be J'Adore's younger sister, Emily Jackson."

“Younger sister?” Corey furrowed his brows. “Why have I never heard her mention this before?” He muttered coldly while looking at the screen. J’Adore has a younger sister? But that’s impossible. She has never told me that she has one.

The man in black rubbed his chin and he replied, “She is not J’Adore’s biological sister; she was taken in by the Jackson Family by mistake. However, after she was involved in a plagiarism incident, she was kicked out of the family. Maybe she was disgruntled with J’Adore, so she made a fuss during her engagement.” He was unclear of the whole situation as well. While he was speaking, they heard a ding from the computer.

#Emily’s retribution#

When Corey cast a glance at the computer through the corner of his eye, his eyes immediately brightened and he quickly clicked on the notification. On the screen, a woman was seen hanging from the top floor of a hotel. She was struggling but she could not make any sound as she had a cloth stuffed in her mouth.

The next second, Corey moved the cursor and clicked open the comments section. If he was not mistaken, this was done by J’Adore! In short, Emily had a grudge against J’Adore—a deep grudge, to be exact.

He narrowed his eyes; a curve appeared at the corner of his lips while an unfathomable expression flashed across his gaze. He slowly opened his mouth and ordered, “Get someone to go to Sandfort City and bring me this woman.”

The man in black was a little confused when he heard that. “Mr. President, this—”

Corey coldly instructed, “She must be brought back alive, no matter what.” She can be of great use to me as she may be an important chess piece to take down J’Adore.

On the other end in the president suite of White Cloud Castle, Janet exited from the bathroom after taking a bath. She walked toward the bed while drying her hair with a towel. Presently, she was dressed

in a black shirt—it was a man's shirt, to be exact. It was loose and baggy on her, not to mention long and large, sparing her the need to wear pants. This resulted in her slender, fair legs being exposed.

The man's eyes darkened. He directly rose to his full height and walked up the girl, thereafter carrying her in his arms. He brought her to the bed and took over the towel in her hands.

In the process, their hands incidentally touched each other's. The man's fingers lightly trailed across the back of her hand, causing her heart to skip a beat and instantly giving her goosebumps. His Adam's apple bobbed and his voice was hoarse. "Let me dry your hair."

And so, Janet sat on the man's lap with her lips pursed. They had their engagement today, so it was only natural for them to spend the night together. However, since he did not mention it, she was too shy to take the lead and seduce him.

The man breathed hot air onto her fair neck. It was warm and numbing, causing her to feel uneasy and successfully arousing her desire. The man, who might have noticed her unusual behavior, swallowed and asked in a husky voice, "Babe... are you thinking about that?"