

# Sir, You Don't Know Your Wife Chapter 1113

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"Don't you want it?" She looked straight into his eyes.

Mason's breathing became more rapid. Suppressing his impulse, he shook his head. "I still have some matters to attend to later, and I might need to head out for a while."

"Is the matter about Emily?"

"Nope."

Since Mason was able to suppress his urges, it must be a very important matter. Nevertheless, he had no intention to elaborate further, so neither did she want to continue asking. After calming her breath, she shrugged and said, "Alright then."

She might not have noticed that her tone was tinged with disappointment, but Mason perceived it. Because of that, he laughed and teased her, "You seem quite disappointed that I did not lay my hands on you."

Feeling awkward upon being exposed, Janet came down from Mason's lap and denied, "Not at all."

Mason laughed in spite of himself and couldn't help but reach out his hand to stroke her nose.

Just then, the phone on the bed rang. After Janet unlocked her phone, the screen displayed a video sent by Lee.

In the video, Emily was hung at the rooftop of White Clouds Mansion. Every time she started struggling, her entire body would sway back and forth like an oscillation. The scene of her hanging upon a thread was a frightening scene.

Together with the video, Lee had left a caption, 'Are you happy with it, Janet?'

After seeing that, Janet passed the phone for Mason to see. With that, Mason wore an elated look and his eyes were filled with savagery and satisfaction.

Janet looked at him and smiled. "Can you get past it now?"

Mason nodded and hummed in response. Then, he took over her phone and turned off the screen before placing it on the bedside table. Caressing her head,

he said in a low and hoarse voice, "You've had a long day. Have a goodnight, and we'll talk about the rest tomorrow."

After going through the trivial formalities while wearing a heavy gown the entire day, Janet was indeed tired. She rubbed her forehead and leaned against Mason.

Moments later, Mason looked at Janet, who was already asleep, and felt sorry for her. He laid her down on the bed and left the room after ensuring that she was sleeping in a comfortable position.

When Mason came out of the room, Sean was already waiting outside. The former pursed his lips and asked in a deep voice, "Is everything ready?"

"Yes," Sean replied. He then glanced toward the room and said, "Does Miss Jackson..."

Mason shook his head. "I've already said this before. That thing shouldn't appear on her body."

Sean's pupils dilated when he heard that. "M-Mr. Lowry, but you shouldn't do that no matter how much you love Miss Jackson. For many generations, all the Lowry Family's mistresses had that thing on their body," he exclaimed.

Mason lifted his eyes and stared at Sean coldly. "Rules are never meant to be kept."

Rules were never meant to be kept—they were meant to be broken. He would rather bear the pain himself than see her suffer.

"M-Mr. Lowry..."

Before Sean could finish his sentence, Mason frowned as his eyes filled with displeasure. "Shut up or get lost!"

At once, Sean didn't dare to say anything more and quickly left the room.

In the room, a young man furrowed his brow and asked, "Mr. Lowry, I'd like to make sure you're decision—"

"There's no need. I've already made up my mind," Mason blurted without hesitation.

"B-But this is a painful process. Besides that, you're the head of the Lowry Family..." the young man reminded Mason again.

Mason frowned and said impatiently, "Just stop talking and start working. I want to head back before sunrise."

Seeing that, the young man sighed and decided to remain silent. Then, the man took out a tube of anesthetic and said, "I'll stop immediately if you find it unbearable."

"Okay."

Mason didn't feel any pain when the anesthetic was being injected, but when the young man started drawing a tattoo on him, he couldn't help furrowing his brows.

The tattoo ink used was extraordinary and it would stay on the skin for a lifetime. The only way to remove this tattoo was to peel off the skin. Hence, the process would be extremely painful with the use of this type of ink.

In the past, all mistresses of the Lowry Family had to undergo this ceremony. During the process, many of them would pass out due to the pain even after being partially anesthetized.

At that moment, Mason gritted his teeth and felt like cursing.