

# Sir, You Don' t Know Your Wife Chapter 1114

Chapter 1114 Men in Black

What were the male ancestors thinking? How could they bear to let their women endure such a painful process?

For Mason, he couldn't bear it. A few hours later, a huge piece of a tattoo was drawn on Mason's back.

There were a variety of patterns intertwined together including animals such as eagles and leopards. It was a breathtaking scene to see.

Due to the fact that Mason had to be seated still for a long time, his body swayed the moment he tried to stand up. He could feel his back burning as if it was scalded by fire.

The young man put down the tools, wiped off his sweat and asked, "Are you okay, Mr. Lowry?"

"Yeah."

"That's good. Remember not to let your back get in touch with water for the next week. Do avoid vigorous exercise too."

"Alright."

With his shoulders trembling, Mason took his shirt from the couch and put it on.

When he walked out of the room, Sean reached out his hand to support him, but the former frowned and said indifferently, "I'm still able to walk."

"Okay." Sean wore a delicate expression.

"By the way, don't bring this up to her." Mason knew Janet would be even more worried upon knowing this.

Sean looked toward Mason and replied, "Yes, Mr. Lowry."

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At the break of dawn, Janet woke up in a sweat. She dreamt of Mason and Corey. In the dream, Corey was using Mason in some kind of experiment. The last scene of Mason's pale face was still imprinted in her mind.

The moment she opened her eyes, she found no one beside her. Panic-stricken, she quickly sat up from the bed and was about to go look for Mason. Just then, the door was flung open and a familiar sound of footsteps was heard.

Mason switched on the lights to see Janet sitting on the bed, so he walked over to her. "Hey, good morning."

Janet lifted her eyes to see him and nodded. "Hey. Where did you go?"

"I had some matters to attend to, but they are settled now."

"I see." Janet lowered her voice and said, "I had a dream of you and Corey just now."

Janet had never told Mason about her dreams before. But today, not only did she have a dream of him, but she even told him about it, so Mason's interest was piqued. "You dreamt about me?"

He walked over to her carefully and looked slightly unnatural when he sat down by the bed.

Janet crossed her legs and nodded. "I dreamed that Corey used you to perform experiments." With that, she paused and didn't continue on about what happened next in the dream.

Smiling, Mason caressed her head and said in resignation, "So, did you wake up from your dream to look for me just now?"

"Mm-hmm," Janet answered straightforwardly without any disguise. Seeing Mason's bloodshot eyes, she frowned and asked, "Are you very tired?"

Mason inhaled deeply and buried his head at her neck, behaving like a cute puppy.

Janet then caressed his head and encircled his waist. "Let's rest together."

Mason's breath tightened when Janet touched his back. Noticing something odd, Janet furrowed her brows and asked, "What's wrong with you?"

"Nothing. Let's get to bed and we shall go see Emily later."

Mason disguised it so well that Janet didn't realize a thing and eventually fell asleep in his arms.

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Meanwhile, a group of Corey's underlings arrived at White Clouds Mansion upon receiving his order. However, the ground floor was flooded with reporters, so it was impossible for them to rescue Emily in a blaze of publicity.

A man in black took out his phone. "Mr. President, there are reporters all around now. I'm afraid we won't be able to rescue her in a short time," he said in a solemn manner.

"When will the reporters leave?"

"I'm not sure, but the woman has already been hanging up there for 2 hours. If we don't rescue her soon, her life might be endangered." At this point, her arms might break if she were to be hung for another night. Besides that, she might lose consciousness due to dehydration.

Frowning, Corey commanded coldly, "Wait for another hour. If the reporters have not left by then, you will need to rescue her at all costs."

"Yes, sir." With that, the man in black hung up immediately and ordered, "Mr. President has commanded that if the reporters are still around after an hour, we have to rescue her at all costs."

"Yes, sir," the others responded unanimously.