

Sir, You Don't Know Your Wife Chapter 467

Upon hearing the crowd's admiration toward Jasmine, Aquila almost passed out again. They're all my men, yet they're singing my enemy's praises to the skies! He couldn't accept how they were lauding her while living off him.

As Henry listened to the crowd's compliments, he was bursting with pride as though he was Jasmine herself. Puffing up his chest, he winked at Janet. However, Mason then stared at him coldly, his voice tinged with a hint of chagrin. "What was that? Is there a problem with your eye?"

Henry, Sean, and Janet were all struck dumb. He's always inexplicably jealous!

At this time, Black Python stared at Janet's stomach for a while before he deferentially asked, "Shall we send you back to Sandfort City now, Miss Jackson?" After all, he hadn't forgotten the mission Old Madam Lowry entrusted him. I must ensure that no harm comes to the baby in Miss Jackson's stomach. Of course, the safety of Miss Jackson herself takes precedence. As for Young Master Mason... I haven't gotten any orders regarding him.

Raising her eyes, Janet glanced at him. "This depends on whether Aquila is going to cooperate." Then, she languidly shifted her gaze to Aquila. "Do you still have any more backup?" she asked, her voice mild.

Aquila didn't answer her question directly. The thing is, I can't afford to offend her! I called for two people to back me up, but one ignored me, and the other is my rival! There's probably nothing as bizarre as this! As he thought about this, he clenched his hands tightly, the fury within him on the verge of explosion. Suppressing his rage, he stated in a deep voice, "I'll return the Lowry Family's shipment as promised."

"That's it? We rushed here from Sandfort City, yet this is the sum of your sincerity?" Janet snarked, feeling both amused and irritated.

Aquila was fit to be tied at this moment, but he could only feign a calm and unruffled expression. "What else do you guys want, then?"

Although this remark sounded placid, Mason could hear the resentment within it. His thin lips curved upward as he arched a brow, looking very much nefarious. "I also want 10% of your casino's profits!"

Ever since Aquila had taken over the management of the underground casino, the daily profit had reached hundreds of millions. Thus, he most probably made more than tens of billions in these few days. Asking for 10% of the profits was tantamount to demanding an arm and a leg, but Aquila had no choice but to agree reluctantly due to the situation here right now.

Lifting her eyes, Janet looked over at Mason. Her pink lips tilting up, she picked up the laptop beside her and did the calculations. A minute later, she ended up with a

figure; in these few days Aquila had taken over the management of the underground casino, he made a total of eight billion in profits, and this was merely the net profit. Unhurriedly flipping the laptop closed, she stood up. “10% from 8 billion is 800 million. Round it up, it’s a total of 1 billion! Transfer it directly to Lowry Family Conglomerate’s account,” she ordered in a cold voice.

Henry was rendered speechless. Janet is really good at mathematics to even round up the figure when it’s a difference of 200 million! Could it be that 200 million is merely a number in her eyes?

Aquila swallowed hard, reluctant to accept this fact.

“Why, you don’t want to do it?” When Janet saw hesitance written all over his face, her gaze turned wintry, and she stared at him fixedly.

For some reason, her stare struck fear into Aquila. It’s as though I’m seeing J’Adore from the MX! Such glacial eyes petrified and repulsed him. How dare that d*mn woman refuse to help me? I’ll definitely settle the score with her when I’ve gotten out of here!

At this time, Henry grew impatient upon seeing Aquila hemming and hawing. “Can you make it quick? Time is money, so one hour is a hundred million.”

“Young Master Mason, could it be that he doesn’t want to give us the money?”

“He’s dragging his feet when he just has to transfer one billion to us after taking up so much of our time. Is he even a man?” Black Python and White Python chimed in as well.