

Sir, You Don't Know Your Wife Chapter 1022

She looked up and stared at the lock on the silver door. Then, she leaned close to press her ear against it as her nimble fingers turned the combination lock.

She could hear the clicking sounds of gears and parts that came from within the lock.

As she worked on the lock, she frowned slightly with the clicking sound of the mechanism still resonating close to her ear.

A moment later, she turned her head and glowered up at the man standing behind her, her face devoid of expression as she said, "Shh. Don't breathe."

However, it was not like Peter could do anything about his erratic breathing—the poison was attacking his nervous system and he panted in an effort to draw in air.

The low sound of his breathing was annoyingly familiar.

Her brows drew together as she turned to clap her hand over his nose and mouth.

Upon feeling the soft touch of her palm against the lower half of his face, Peter opened his eyes.

He did not move as he breathed the scent of her palm, which was strange and familiar at the same time.

He stiffened warily at the touch, but the familiar scent soothed him and his eyes began to close once more.

As silence enveloped them, Shadow 1 took a deep breath and she pressed her ear against the door again. She quickened the pace in which she turned the combination lock.

With a sudden raise of her brow, she stopped turning.

The mechanical clicking could be clearly heard through the door now.

Her palm was growing moist with every passing second. The next step was crucial to the success of this mission. Shadow 1 drew in another breath and with her last ounce of strength, she turned the lock.

The heavy steel door gave a loud whine as it sprang open and her eyes rimmed red as tears of relief threatened to overwhelm her.

The hopelessness she had felt was ebbing away and she stared at the open door like it was her saving grace.

Overwhelmed with joy, she reached out to push the heavy door with tears streaming down her face.

However, when she turned her head, she saw that the man lay motionless by the wall.

His face was pale and all the color had been drained from his thin lips.

Eight minutes had passed since he was first exposed to the neurotoxin.

Shadow 1 found herself in a dilemma and she was seized with a sudden surge of desperation. On one hand, he would die if she left him here while on the other, he would only slow her down if she saved him.

An explosion went off behind her as the earth-shattering boom snapped her out of her thoughts.

She rushed out the door on instinct, but the weight that tugged on her arm reminded her of the man she was leaving behind.

Gritting her teeth, she made the decision to turn around and save him. She knelt down next to his unmoving body and began to drag him up to his feet.

The explosions did not stop and the loud booms echoed around her as she felt Ebony Town quake beneath her.

At the final moment, just as Ebony Town was crashing down over them, her gaze darkened and she pushed the man out the door.

She could have left him behind to be crushed under rubble like the merciless assassin she was supposed to be. She thought about all the lives she had taken, the blood on her hands—why did her heart wrench at the sight of man lying motionless on the ground? Why did she go back for him?

A pang of self-loathe and grief gripped her when she realized that she felt sorry for a stranger.

The sound of explosions rattled her bones and she watched in silence as bright, orange flames engulfed the remainder of Ebony Tower.

Meanwhile, in a basement that was painted in black, a man dressed in a black shirt stepped forward. He sounded out of breath as he greeted, “Mr. President.”

“How did it go?” The President asked as he rose from his seat, a look of anticipation lighting up his face.

“The news just came—Ebony Town has been detonated and there has been no sighting of Shadow 1 or Peter Welch. They must have perished along with the building.”

The man who stood on the dais burst into laughter at the report. “Wonderful!”

The most powerful man in Asia, Mason Lowry, also known as Peter Welch, Prime Minister of Hawke Kingdom, perished alongside J'adore, the world's foremost assassin and the head of the MX!

He could only imagine how the world would burst into an uproar once the groundbreaking news broke out.

Straight to the point was that those two legendary figures had died in his hands!

He guffawed. Now that he had gotten rid of both of them, he could easily take over Markovia and the hamlet that was Hawke Kingdom.

A greedy and ambitious sneer twisted the President's effable face as he ordered, "Quickly arrange for a meeting as soon as possible to make an internal announcement on J'Adore's death."