

Sir, You Don't Know Your Wife Chapter 1030

There was enough liquid in the bamboo shoot to satiate them after they took a couple of bites.

She looked at Mason pleadingly as she handed the rest of the bamboo over and he finished it.

Soon, the sun broke over the morning mist and light shone through the slanted makeshift roof under which they found shelter.

"Come on," the man said as he lowered his head to cast his gentle gaze at her.

"Okay," she answered, turning her face to his as she nodded.

Mason wrapped an arm around Janet's waist and they marched into the sunlight.

As he walked, a frown began to etch on Janet's face. With a worried tone she spoke, "Here, lean on me." She lifted his arm and ducked beneath it so that she could hold him up by the waist.

He chuckled lightly. "I'm sorry for burdening you, Janet."

"You can burden me anytime," she quipped.

When he saw the steely look in her eyes, he nodded and agreed to lean on her for support.

Having emerged from the rubble, they saw that they were at a foreign place.

There were no plants around them, let alone skyscrapers or residential areas.

The road upon which they stood was barren and he guessed the land around them had been abandoned.

By the time it was noon and the sun hung high in the sky, they still could not find any source of water around them.

Still, she held onto him and her steps were firm as she marched forward.

The sound of sweat dripping onto the dry ground was akin to the ticking hand of a clock and in the blink of an eye, half a day had gone.

Janet wiped the sweat from her forehead before she glanced at the wound on Mason's leg.

The wound from the snakebite was beginning to swell and redden. It had to be cleaned immediately, or bandaged at the very least; otherwise the wound could fester and she hated to think about what may happen when it did.

Her chest tightened as panic rose in her. She did not like to know that Mason was suffering.

Reaching out to wipe the sweat on his forehead, she saw him in a pallor and swallowed. Then, she suggested, "Why don't we look for a place to sit down for a bit?"

"I'm fine, Janet." Mason's thumb caressed her face. He was fighting to stay awake with the little strength he had.

They had to find a way out before they could leave this deserted place and Janet knew she could not afford to be weak now. She nodded firmly. "Okay."

For some reason, her voice was hoarse and the scene before her grew blurry.

Her throat tightened as she tried to keep her panic from getting the better of her. He's not fine. Anyone else would have died from the neurotoxin and if that's not bad enough, he was bitten by a snake.

She wanted to stop to let him catch a breather, but she was well aware that rest was a luxury they could not afford. If we don't get his wound cleaned or disinfected soon, his leg might... She swallowed, unable to finish her chain of thought.

"We should bandage your wound," she said decidedly when they found a spot that shaded them from the sun.

Mason looked at her quietly, then nodded. "Alright."

She knelt down in front of him and tore a piece of fabric from her skirt. Then, she wrapped it tightly around his wound before it could be exposed to the air any longer.

"Babe," he called out gently when she was done with the bandaging. "Can I kiss you again?"

Janet obediently leaned toward him and laughed, "But I haven't brushed my teeth. Do you mind?"

He shook his head with a smile. "It doesn't matter."

When her face was close enough to his, Mason added gently, "Janet, if there's a way out of here, I want you to leave me behind. Y-You have to save yourself, do you understand?"

He choked toward the end, a sad look passing over his features.

“There’s no ‘if’.” Janet stared at him incredulously, his vulnerability was reflected in her eyes. “If there’s a way out, I’m taking you with me. I won’t leave you behind.”

“Be a good girl and do as I say,” Mason said in a deep voice. He managed to come off as somewhat authoritative despite his condition.

“Well, ask me to do something else then—because I won’t follow orders this time.”

“Don’t be sassy with me,” he warned darkly.

Janet looked indifferent at this, but she knew she was trying her hardest to keep her emotions in check. She could not afford to break down in front of him.

Taking her silence as concession, Mason paused before continuing, “When you get out, promise you won’t fall... fall for someone...” He swallowed, afraid to finish his sentence. If he did not say it, maybe it would not come true.

“Mason,” she piped up suddenly, her tone gentle and angelic.

When his gaze met hers, Janet quietly smiled. “Do you know what, Mason? We still have tons of things we haven’t done together, like watching the sun rise above and set beyond the horizon, staring out at the sea, surfing, and traveling...” she trailed off and looked at him meaningfully. “There are so many wonderful things about this world and how superb it is to be alive to see them all.”