

# Sir, You Don't Know Your Wife Chapter 1041

The subordinate shook his head frantically at this. “No, Mr. President, that’s not it. By the time we got to Ebony Town, we heard that someone’s already searched the site. If we’re not mistaken, it was Lara and Desire from the MX.”

What? Lara and Desire were at the site?

Corey stiffened. If Lara and Desire had been to Ebony Town, did that mean that they found Prime Minister Welch and Janet before us? How am I supposed to know if they are alive or not?

Though logically speaking, the neurotoxin would have surely killed Prime Minister Welch. There is no way he could be alive by the time Lara and Desire found him.

But something suddenly popped up in Corey’s mind. What if... What if Prime Minister Welch is not dead? What if the neurotoxin didn’t work on him because he’s built antibodies from the dozens of poisons he consumed?

Corey’s face twisted into a grimace as he clutched his head. How can I not have thought of this sooner? How can I let this happen?

If Prime Minister Welch and Janet did not die in the explosion, then it would only be a matter of time before they came for him.

He knew Janet had a penchant for vengeance—she was probably already planning the many ways she could exact her revenge on him.

At the thought of this, Corey faltered and his face was a ghastly shade of white and sweat trickled past his temples and onto the ground.

His voice was cold and strained as he ordered, “Go and find out if Prime Minister Welch and Janet are dead or alive!”

The subordinate trembled as he said, "Yes, sir."

When the subordinate left, Corey collapsed into the chair behind him and felt a shiver run up his spine.

No; I can't just sit here. I have to start thinking ahead.

He knew he could not stay in Markovia for the time being. The only way for him to save himself was to go into hiding.

Meanwhile in Markovia, Old Madam Lowry was lounging at home when she heard news of what happened to Janet. She hastily rose from her seat and cried, "Quick; quickly now! Bring the car around—I have to go to First Hospital!"

The maids, who were cleaning up around the house, were bewildered at the urgency in her voice. They didn't know why she was in such a hurry to go to the hospital. "Old Madam, please calm down before you put a strain on your body!"

"I am calm! Go and bring the car around—I must get to First Hospital right away!" Old Madam Lowry was beside herself with panic. She desperately wished that she could sprout a pair of wings just so she could fly over to the hospital without delay.

When the maids saw that their usually mild-tempered mistress was growing frantic, they fell silent and hurried to tell the housekeeper to get the car.

Old Madam Lowry was getting more anxious by the second as she thought to herself, Why is my granddaughter-in-law always getting herself into trouble? How am I supposed to appease the ancestors if anything happens to Janet?

Within minutes, the housekeeper brought the car out front, and Old Madam Lowry hastily got into the car before she could even compose herself.

The maids exchanged confused looks as they watched her leave with such haste, and they couldn't help but let out a collective sigh of worry.

In the First Hospital in Markovia, Sean was reporting to the man across from him on the current progress of things.

Mason took a drag of his cigarette and his brows lowered as he asked, "How are things over on Corey's end?"

Sean bowed his head and answered with reverence, "From what I know, Corey has held an internal meeting with the others and claimed that both you and Miss Jackson are dead."

Then, he paused, unsure as to whether he should bring up the next piece of news.

Upon sensing his hesitation, Mason glanced up at him and said in a cold voice, "Go on."

"And the leaders of the other organizations have agreed to swear allegiance to the President."

When he was done speaking, a deafening silence fell over the lounge.

Mason's voice was arctic as it pierced through the still air. "All of them agreed to this?"

Sean pursed his lips and answered honestly, "Yes."

Upon hearing this, Mason stubbed out his half-smoked cigarette in the ashtray, his eyes darkening with rage.

What a bunch of traitorous fools!

It was time for him to take care of these imbeciles for Janet. Corey, in particular, had played him and Janet for fools, but Mason would not let him get away with this.

“Keep an eye on Corey and let me know if he makes any sudden movements,” the man said icily.

“Understood,” Sean replied, then paused before asking, “Young Master Mason, when do we strike against Corey?”

Mason frowned slightly as he answered, “We’ll make our move when our forces from Sandfort City arrive and after Jan recovers.”