

# Sir, You Don't Know Your Wife Chapter 1043

Mason watched as Janet's back disappeared from view, and he turned to look at Old Madam Lowry with a dark look in his eyes. "What is it, Grandma?"

The older woman glowered at him balefully and snapped, "You useless punk! You should thank your lucky stars that Janet is safe and sound, otherwise I'd beat you to death!"

As she said this, she reached up and made to act on her threat.

Mason flinched, dodging away from her as he looked at her incredulously. He sounded frustrated as he muttered, "Alright, alright—I promise I won't let anything like this happen again. I'm sorry for making you worried, Grandma."

His voice was thick with guilt and his gaze was trained on the ground.

At the sight of this, Old Madam Lowry softened. She couldn't remember the last time she had seen the prideful man before her look so downtrodden and riddled with self-blame.

Nonetheless, she cleared her throat and maintained an air of indifference as she said, "You've been dating Janet for quite some time now. What are your plans for your future together?"

Mason looked stoic as he replied flatly, "I have no plans whatsoever."

The old madam had no comeback for that. She couldn't believe what she had just heard and she stared at him darkly as she demanded, "What do you mean you have no plans? Do you not plan on making an honest woman out of Janet? Is that it?"

He did not meet her gaze and she saw his eyes flash when he shook his head silently.

She grew thunderous and seethed, “Do you not love Janet?”

I’ve seen the way he looks at her; how can he not love her? Why doesn’t he plan on marrying her, though?

Mason’s eyes darkened. “I do love her, but now is not the time for marriage.”

B\*stard! ‘I love you but I can’t marry you’—what a typical thing for a b\*stard to say!

Old Madam Lowry reached up and jabbed him harshly in the shoulder. “What do you mean now isn’t the time for marriage? I didn’t peg you for a Lothario, Mason, but I guess I was wrong!”

She wanted to snarl at this useless grandson of hers. Mason and Janet had been together for nearly a year now—if they moved at this rate, Old Madam Lowry wondered when she would finally be able to have great-grandchildren.

Mason pursed his lips but his gaze was unwavering as he explained, “There are some things I have to take care of, Grandma. I can’t promise her a future right now.”

I’m going to propose to her as soon as I bring an end to this whole Corey business.

Old Madam Lowry was speechless for a moment, unsure as to what her grandson might be getting up to. He certainly seemed dedicated.

“Mason, I’ll keep fretting over this as long as you don’t propose to Janet. Don’t you ever think that she might grow to resent you, seeing as she’s dating you under the guise of J’Adore? Where does she stand in this relationship of yours? I don’t care what it takes, but finish off that business of yours as soon as possible and make plans for a proposal. As for the wedding and the matter of revealing her true identity to the public, we can wait until after she graduates.” There was a stubborn edge to the old madam’s voice as she said all of this, and she did not sound as though she would budge for anything less.

“Okay; I understand,” Mason promised in a gravelly tone after a pause.

Upon hearing this, Old Madam Lowry stiffened. She gaped at him before she narrowed her eyes suspiciously. “Do you?”

“Yes,” he answered with the barest of smiles. “I’ll take care of it as soon as possible.”

She beamed. “Right, then. We’ll have the engagement party right after your proposal!”

In the President’s Office in Markovia, the underlings were all uneasy and restless after finding out that Lara and Desire had been to the ruins of Ebony Town. They tread carefully around the President, afraid that they might say something wrong and trigger his rage.

More to the point, news was going around that J’Adore and Prime Minister Welch might still be alive.

If that was true, the two of them would definitely go after the President.

The President had been uptight since coming out of the conference room, and he had a bitter look on his face. “Why don’t you take a break, Mr. President?” one of the underlings suggested.

The President was obviously far too upset to eat as he asked instead, “What were you all talking about?”

The underlings bristled and panic rose within them as they avoided the President’s eyes.

“Out with it!” he thundered, his face darkening. “Did you hear anything about J’Adore and Prime Minister Welch surviving the explosion?”

They swallowed, their lips pressed into grim, hard lines as they remained silent.

“I see what this is... We don’t even know if J’Adore is dead or alive, but all of you are already planning to grovel your way into her good graces now, aren’t you? You’re all planning to rebel!”