

Sir, You Don't Know Your Wife Chapter 1044

Just as Corey was throwing random objects at his men in a fit of rage, another one of his subordinates came jogging up to him. "Mr. President! There's news—news on J'Adore and Prime Minister Welch!"

"Well, what is it? They're dead, aren't they? Have their remains been found at the site?" Corey demanded urgently, feeling as though he was on the verge of going insane.

"No," the subordinate answered as he shook his head. He hesitated for a beat before he continued, "According to the latest information, both Prime Minister Welch and J'Adore are still alive, and the latter is currently receiving treatment at the First Hospital."

"How is that possible?" Corey took a step backward, disbelief and abject horror flashing across his features as a wave of hopelessness seized him.

No; it's impossible! How could Prime Minister Welch and J'Adore have escaped from the traps in Ebony Town? How could they possibly survive? And it seems as if J'Adore wasn't badly injured, either!

"That's not possible." Corey's words came out in a rush of panic. His chest tightened and he could taste the coppery scent of blood in his mouth. "J'Adore and Prime Minister Welch were both poisoned by the neurotoxin," he barked coldly. "They couldn't have survived that."

The subordinate who informed him of the news grew desperate. "But they did survive, Mr. President, and the nurse at the hospital said J'Adore can be discharged tomorrow!"

Upon hearing this, Corey felt the color drain from his face.

J'Adore was not known for her forgiving nature, and she would most definitely come after him once she was discharged from the hospital. Corey was as good as dead.

I can't just die in their hands like this!

He growled, "Quick; get the plane ready and fly me out to Yobril right away!"

Hiding out in Yobril was the only way for him to save himself, and he could also follow up on the matter of the virus that Melissa was creating.

"Mr. President, if you leave now, don't you think it would only make J'Adore suspicious?" the subordinate asked hesitantly.

Corey glared at him and hissed through gritted teeth, "Are you an idiot? Do you think J'Adore isn't smart enough to figure out who's behind all this? Are you saying I should just wait around for her to kill me?"

"Well, if that's the case, Mr. President, why don't you strike first?" the subordinate murmured as his eyes flashed deviously.

"Tell me what you have in mind!"

The subordinate chuckled coldly. "Since J'Adore already knows about this, why don't we go over to the hospital today and kill her before she comes for us?"

"Are you really that stupid?" Corey yelled. He had a feeling he might collapse from talking to these morons. "J'Adore and Prime Minister Welch probably already have eyes everywhere in the hospital after what happened at Ebony Town. If we go over now, we'll be marching straight to our deaths!" he roared.

The subordinate blinked, then hung his head as he sighed defeatedly. "That makes sense."

Corey ground his teeth and clenched his fists, then snapped impatiently, "Well, what are you waiting for? Go and get that plane ready!"

"Got it, Mr. President. Right away."

Meanwhile, on the other end, Mason was still at First Hospital when he received news of Corey's plan to escape from Markovia.

Mason had put the call on speaker while he peeled an apple but upon hearing the news, he paused and stared at the phone on the table. "What?"

The next moment, he put the apple down and rose from his seat, then took his phone as he prepared to leave.

However, Janet had heard everything that was said over the phone.

Her eyes gleamed and she reached out swiftly to hold onto his hand.

Mason stopped in his tracks and after drawing in a breath, he turned to give Janet a loving smile. "Be good. I'm going out to make a phone call. Wait for me here."

She did not let him go and instead said stonily, "Don't lie to me. You promised me that we'll take him down together."

The man had not forgotten the promise he made but he insisted, "Babe, this is a very particular situation and I'm afraid I can't let you come along. You're still recovering."

"If I'm not going, then you aren't either!" As she said this, she extended her legs and wrapped them around his waist to keep him from taking another step toward the door.

When he felt her slender legs snake around the lean muscles of his waist, his gaze darkened. He took another breath, feeling resigned as he looked at her adoringly. "I promise I'll come back safely, Jan."

"No," she refused, then clung tighter to him. "You can't go unless you let me come with you."

She was stubborn and she had made her point. He had to make a decision; if he did not agree to let her come along with him, Corey could very well slip away from his grasp today."