

Sir, You Don't Know Your Wife Chapter 904

After suffering a dozen blows, the man in black still refused to speak. When Mason realized that the man lying on the bed was no longer resisting, he stopped.

Sean stepped forward and felt under the man's nose. "Young Master Mason, he's not breathing anymore. I'll ask the doctor to come and resuscitate him."

Mason's eyes showed no change of emotion as his lips curled up into a frosty smile. "Send him to the crematorium." Then, he walked toward the emergency room door without another word, leaving an air of ruthlessness behind him.

Since they refused to speak even after being forced, it showed that these people were something, and it was likely that they belonged to an organization. For some reason, Mason had the feeling that these people were from the same organization as the people who came after him at the teahouse. Who the hell is constantly looking for an opportunity to assassinate me?

After the doctor treated Janet's wound, he gently reminded, "Don't let the wound come into contact with water, and don't lift any heavy objects, okay?"

Janet's face was blank as she nodded. "Okay."

Afterward, the doctor and nurses left. When Lee saw that the doctors and nurses had come out, he stepped forward and asked, "Doctor, can I go in and see her?"

The doctor nodded. "Go ahead. And remind her not to get the wound wet."

"Thank you," Lee said and walked straight into the emergency room.

Janet was lying on the bed with her eyes closed. Hearing his footsteps, she quickly opened her eyes and sat up. Lee immediately yelled, "Don't move!"

Janet raised her eyebrows when she heard this, then joked, "What? Now that I can't use my left arm, you dare to be fierce with me?"

Lee was amused and his somber mood gradually dissipated; he couldn't help but laugh. "Don't joke about it." Even if she only used her right arm, she could easily defeat him.

Janet suddenly remembered something. "By the way, I still have to go to the competition site."

She then tried to get up but was stopped by Lee. "Don't move, young lady! You don't need to go to the competition. I've already withdrawn on your behalf."

When she heard this, Janet's eyes narrowed as she fixed him with a dangerous stare.

Lee wasn't afraid of this look, so he said outright, "There's no use in glaring at me. The judges have already agreed, and they'll let the organizer know when the time comes."

Feeling helpless, all she could do was nod. After that, she peered outside the ward again and grew confused. "Where is he?"

Lee, who was peeling an apple, paused, then looked up at her. "Are you talking about Mason?"

Janet nodded. A hint of anticipation was in her eyes, but it was well hidden.

"He left after getting a call."

"Oh."

"What's the matter?" Lee teased, "Are you disappointed that he didn't come to see you?"

Janet didn't answer. Taking a bite out of the apple he just peeled, she said, "I wonder who came after us today."

"Could it be..." Lee pondered for a while, then blurted, "Your sister?" After all, Emily was close to being the champion but was suddenly intercepted by Janet halfway through. It wasn't impossible for her to want to kill Janet.

"Impossible." Janet continued eating the apple. "These assassins can't be summoned on such short notice. She's not capable of it."

Not to mention, she wasn't intelligent enough to invite three groups of killers to surround her. What was more, she couldn't possibly know when and where Mason's car would appear.

Lee squinted. "Then, who do you think it is?"

Janet raised her eyebrows, her expression menacing. "I don't know."