

Sir, You Don't Know Your Wife Chapter 1021

As she heard Prime Minister Welch's words, Shadow 1 slapped herself on her thigh and laughed mockingly. "I'm sorry, Mr. Welch."

She had already taken an antidote before coming. Hence, she did not think twice as she smelled the familiar scent earlier on. As such, she had forgotten to remind him to hold his breath.

"Is this a trick of yours?" Prime Minister Welch curled his lips in disdain and his smile turned increasingly cold.

She looked on at him with an innocent expression as she wrinkled her brows. "No; it's just that I took an antidote before coming here! It's been three minutes since you inhaled copious amounts of that neurotoxin, so if you don't find an antidote within the next seven minutes, you'll drop dead immediately. Not to mention, your death will be quite a gory one!"

Prime Minister Welch held onto the wall as he proclaimed coolly, "If I can't make it out of here alive, then I'll make sure to kill you off the minute before I die."

Shadow 1 kept her cool as she laughed about the situation. "Ha! A normal person would have been in a paralyzed state within three minutes of inhaling this, but your body's quite tolerant to it. It's been more than three minutes and you're still standing here talking to me!"

Prime Minister Welch smiled coldly as he replied, "Don't you worry; I'll definitely stay strong as I can't bear to leave you by yourself."

"I sure hope so," she replied coolly.

On the other side in a darkened underground cellar, the guy sitting comfortably on a black leather sofa gradually opened his eyes. As he lifted his gaze to the clock in front of him, he laughed and said, "If I'm not mistaken, the neurotoxin would have taken effect on the two of them by now. You can go inside in ten minutes to collect their bodies."

Standing next to him, the person clad in black smiled as he said, "Mr. President, you must be pulling my leg. There might not even be a whole corpse to collect."

Corey gave a deep chuckle as he heard those words. "That's true; they might already be blown to smithereens by the bomb."

"Miss J'Adore probably never expected this even up till the moment of her death," the person clad in black continued.

Corey curled his lips in disdain and muttered, "J'Adore, this is all your own doing."

You should have stayed at home and been a homemaker instead of interfering in the affairs of Markovia. You've gradually taken control of Markovia over the past three years and although I'm the president, I'm just a puppet. It was fine in the past but I'm ready to take control of Markovia from now on. I won't allow anyone to come in my way.

As for Shadow 1 and Prime Minister Welch, the former stood by the metal door and observed it carefully before making her way back and sitting down next to him.

He opened and shut his mouth weakly before asking, "Have you figured it out?"

She furrowed her brows as she replied with a deep voice, "This door is operated by an automatic control. It cannot be destroyed by brute force."

As she said this, she turned to look at him.

Currently, his lips were deathly pale and beads of cold sweat trickled down his forehead.

She knew that the neurotoxin had taken effect.

If they couldn't get out of here within five minutes, then he would most probably lose his life here.

Meanwhile, Prime Minister Welch's face took on an impatient expression as he asked quite coldly, "What do you mean by automatic control? So, do you have a plan?"

She stared at him with raised brows. "This is an Italian-made mechanical lock and it's made by millions of components put together. It's commonly used in the Markovia military. To be frank, I've been taught how to unlock this by my master but I've never succeeded at it."

Her voice was quite cool and nonchalant; it was calm despite the adversities they were facing.

Prime Minister Welch could feel the energy depleting from his body as he stared at the door weakly. With a smile, he said, "That's fine. At least I have someone to accompany me in death. I won't be too lonely in hell."

Upon hearing his words, she gave a light laugh. "Funnily enough, I don't plan on dying here. Come on; I'll just wing it and hope for the best."

"Wing it?" Prime Minister Welch's voice was surprisingly calm.

"My master told me this before—if someday, my ears and hands can feel the resistance of a single strand of hair, then there won't be a lock in this world that can hold me." Shadow 1 mentioned this with an air of nonchalance.

Prime Minister Welch's face was as pale as a sheet as he pursed his lips and remained silent.

"So, do we wing it?"

"It's up to you," he leaned against the wall and mustered his strength to mutter those four words.

“Okay.” She turned around and beamed. At the same time, his enchanting looks were reflected in her eyes.