

Sir, You Don't Know Your Wife Chapter 1026

A look of disdain flashed in Shadow 1's eyes as she sneered, "Didn't you say it was unsanitary to share food? You took a bite out of the bamboo shoot and you're giving it to me now. Mr. Peter, haven't you heard of the saying—do not do to others what you don't want to be done to you?"

Upon hearing that, the man let his hand hang in mid-air for a bit before he withdrew his arm and placed the bamboo shoot aside. I'll save it for when I'm hungry, he thought grimly. After all, he was unsure how long he would be trapped here.

She observed his actions and let out a small laugh. "Most people would have died within ten minutes after being exposed to the military's neurotoxin, but you've managed to survive the night. It seems you're stronger than I thought."

He chuckled dryly and made no attempt to deny her statement. He did not have any other symptoms other than fatigue and he was smirking as he mused, "As you can see, the military's so-called neurotoxin is over-glorified."

Shadow 1 pressed her lips into a thin, hard line. "The military's neurotoxin is one of the most poisonous substances in the world. For you to survive its lethal effects would mean that there is something more lethal in your bloodstream."

Peter merely shrugged at that. He then curled his lips into an insouciant smile. "Probably." After all, he had taken dozens of poisons from all over the world. His body was as good as immune to toxic substances. "We should probably get some sleep. We can figure out a way to escape when morning comes."

It was impossible for them to make their way out in the dark of the night and the little light on his mobile phone was too weak to be of any real use. Neither of them broke the silence that ensued. In the quiet of the rubble that surrounded them, they could hear each other's heartbeats.

The next morning, the air was thick with cool morning mist. Peter was asleep when he heard a hissing sound close to him and when he felt a sharp pain on his leg, he opened his eyes. There was a small snake biting his ankle. He pulled out his gun immediately and aimed a shot at the snake's head.

Startled by the gunshot, Shadow 1 bolted upright and looked over at the man next to her, demanding, "What happened?" As soon as she asked, her eyes fell onto the grotesque image of a halved snake on the ground.

Her gaze darkened and flickered over to the wound on Peter's ankle. "Were... you bitten by the snake?" How much bad luck could one man have?

He frowned and lowered his head as he peered at the wound on his ankle. It was oozing blood and he was not sure if the snake was venomous. His vulnerability evoked her sympathy and she leaned closer to him as she offered, "Here, let me take a look. Does it hurt?"

Peter blinked at the gentle tone of her voice. Then, he shook his head slowly. "It doesn't hurt."

The blood was red and the flesh that was left exposed by the wound appeared pinkish. Based on her experience, there was no venom in the snake's bite. She had to admit that she felt a sense of relief, but she maintained a cool and distant tone as she declared, "The snake wasn't venomous. Don't worry."

"Okay," he replied. He was about to follow up with a word of thanks, but when he saw her face at close distance, his eyes darkened. Her face...

Shadow 1 stiffened and backed away from him. She eyed him warily as she asked, "What are you doing?"

Peter was still staring at her with his lips pressed into a hard line. The more he stared at her without him saying or doing anything, the more she wanted to shrink away from him. She felt a shiver run up her spine as she demanded unhappily, "If you have something to say, say it."

Peter looked at her darkly and said in a deep voice, "Your skin is cracking."

Taken aback by his words, Shadow 1 touched her face. A hyper-realistic face mask like this would only last for twenty-four hours, after which it would start to dry and crack around the edges. If her guess was right, her mask was beginning to fall apart and it would only be a matter of time before it peeled off to reveal her true identity.

Meanwhile, Peter could see the panic that flooded her eyes. It was just as he had thought—the woman before him did not really look the way she did. That isn't what she really looks like! Is she using a hyper-realistic face mask?

Peter paused before he asked tentatively, "Are you perhaps using a hyper-realistic face mask, Miss Shadow 1?"

Shadow 1 twitched and she quickly avoided his gaze. She tried to keep her voice even as she answered, "I have no idea what you're talking about, Mr. Peter."

"Is that so?" He let out a dry chuckle.