

Sir, You Don't Know Your Wife Chapter 903

When they reached the emergency room, Mason gently set her down. His expression was blank, and his gaze didn't rest on her for more than half a second.

Janet's lips moved, and an indiscernible emotion flashed across her face. She seemed lost and sad, but quickly returned to normal and nodded. "Okay."

She was obedient and her answer came quickly, but the man still didn't spare her a glance.

After a while, Janet looked away and she heard the sound of footsteps as he walked out the door.

The chief surgeon hurried to her bedside. After assessing the wound on Janet's arm for a while, he said calmly, "The wound is quite deep. I can't rule out the possibility of there being glass inside, so we may need to disinfect and take the shards out later. It will hurt a lot; can you take it?"

Janet nodded and murmured a faint 'yes'.

Mason didn't leave directly after leaving the emergency room but stopped outside the door to listen to the conversation inside.

When the man heard the word 'glass', he suddenly saw red.

Just now, he had been avoiding her gaze, as he was afraid to look at her, much less look at her wound. He was fearful, and Janet noticed that he was nervous and blaming himself.

He didn't blame her for trying to be brave anymore.

She never said that she was in pain, and she never cried. But, does it really not hurt? Of course, it does. She's also human—a human woman. She's made of flesh and blood, so it undoubtedly hurts, and she needs to be protected. It's just that she always pretends to be easy-going or indifferent.

Just then, a panicked shout sounded in the corridor. Mason looked up and squinted.

"Where's Janet?" Lee's expression was bleak and he seemed unworried, but his uneven breathing betrayed him.

Mason looked down and said, "Emergency room."

Upon hearing this, Lee's handsome face turned sullen and dark. "Ever since she got together with you, she's been hurt more times than she should."

Last time in the teahouse, she had helped him block a bullet, and now, she was somehow injured again after participating in the competition.

If word about this got out, the other forces of Markovia might laugh themselves silly!

Pursing his lips, Mason said nothing.

I'm useless; I'm trash. I can't even protect my own woman. What's more, it was hard to lay a finger on the old Janet, let alone hurt her!

Suddenly, the phone in his pocket rang. Mason reached for it and took it out.

When he answered the phone, a low, hoarse male voice came from the other end.

As Mason listened, his eyes narrowed slightly. "All right. I'll go over now."

Sean was in the emergency room on the second floor. When he went to the scene of the incident, he found that some of the men were still alive. In order to facilitate the confession, he brought them to the hospital.

Mason stood quietly by the bed as he looked down at the man dressed in black. The air around him felt static.

Narrowing his eyes, Mason spoke in a stony voice. "Tell me; who sent you?"

The man that was lying on the bed stayed silent, a sneer hanging on the corners of his lips.

Mason lifted his leg and kicked him hard.

Blood shot out of the man's mouth, but he said nothing.

Mason's eyes narrowed with hostility, and he was ready to give the man another kick.

"Young Master Mason, there's no point asking. This man's mouth is sealed tight. I've repeatedly questioned him just now, but he won't say a word." Sean stood on the side, feeling utterly distressed.

When Mason heard this, he pressed his exquisite lips into a hard line, his demeanor exuding an air of haughtiness.

"We'll see if your mouth is tougher than my fist!"

With that, he punched the man in the face.

The wound on the man's chest was bleeding, and fresh blood was flowing out of his mouth.