

# Sir, You Don't Know Your Wife Chapter 27

Mason couldn't help but raise his brows slightly, suddenly feeling impulsive deep down inside. It was a bizarre sensation because it had been years since he last felt something like that.

He thought he had already successfully banished those emotions which could take a toll on his rational thinking. Little did he know, this young woman just made him experience something he had not felt for a very long time.

"My instinct told me so," Janet remarked, a nonchalant expression on her face.

"Well, my instinct tells me we should be together." Mason squinted his long and slanted eyes as he curled the corners of his lips into a crafty smile.

Staring at the man who rarely smiled, Janet thought of the thing she had been wanting to tell him. As he looked very attractive when he smiled, she wanted to stop him from smiling too often; otherwise he might just make girls fall in love with him, yet at the same time, break their hearts by not dating any of them.

"Young Master Mason!" Sean approached him and whispered something into his ear.

Realizing that she shouldn't disturb them, Janet left after saying goodbye. Looking at her back which was slowly vanishing into the darkness, the gentleness in Mason's eyes disappeared in an instant when he asked Sean, "Did you find anything?"

Sean answered in a respectful tone, "Young Master Mason, Miss Janet was attacked near her house by a group of assassins from M Group in Sandfort City."

"M Group?" Mason narrowed his long eyes slightly in contemplation. Since he had never heard of it, he supposed it was a newly established organization which must be desperate to do anything for money. "Where are those assassins now?"

Sean answered him truthfully, "We've captured and locked them up in Mason Vault."

Upon hearing, Mason parted his lips slightly and instructed, "Let's go."

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It was a chilly night that evening. Suddenly, the door of one of the underground cells in Mason Vault was kicked open with an ear-splitting sound, echoing throughout the entire underground space. The black trench coat Mason was wearing fitted his tall and muscular body well and gave him an icy and bleak aura that made him look like the Grim Reaper.

"Young Master Mason!" The assassins' eyes lit up with hope the moment they recognized the pair of mysterious and cold eyes. "Young Master Mason, please help us!"

"Help you?" Mason drawled, then narrowed his eyes into slits and looked at them murderously. "Why should I help you?"

"Young Master Mason, we've realized our mistake! Please let us go! We were only temporarily tempted by the money!"

Looking down, the crooked smile on Mason's face vanished as he questioned them, "You guys were paid?"

"Yes. Young Master Mason, please forgive us because we didn't really cause any harm to that girl and we promise we won't do anything against the law in future!"

Mason sneered in response. "Which hand did you guys use to fire the gun at her?"

"What?" The assassins were confused by his question.

"I asked, which hand did you use to fire the gun?"

"I used my l-left hand." What came next was an agonized squeal—the assassin had one of his hands chopped off.

Mason sized them up, his eyes brimming with menace. "Tell me, who paid you guys to do the job?"

The assassins stared at Mason dazedly with wide eyes. Stroking the gun tied to his waist threateningly, Mason snapped, "What's wrong? Are none of you going to say anything?"

"I'll talk! I'll tell you!" One of them caved in and came clean. "It's a girl with the last name Lewis and she is studying at Star High School. She paid us five hundred thousand to kill that girl."

Mason narrowed his eyes thoughtfully. "Sean, go and investigate that Lewis girl."

"Yes, sir!" Sean nodded in acknowledgement.

Looking at the group of assassins, Sean asked cautiously, "Young Master Mason, how should I deal with them after we've got what we need?"

With a cold smirk, Mason responded, "Keep them here for some time and make sure they get the best 'treatment'."

Sean was speechless. Casting a glance at the bunch of assassins, he couldn't help thinking it was better being killed straight away rather than being kept alive at Mason Vault.