

Sir, You Don't Know Your Wife Chapter 686

The first dress featured a thigh-high slit; the second one had an open waist design; the third dress came with a halter design; the fourth dress had a V-neckline that plunged all the way to the belly button.

While the man found that the fourth dress was borderline flagrant, he held back from making a remark. However, by the time his eyes landed on the fifth dress, his jaw dropped.

The mermaid dress was tailored to accentuate a flattering hourglass figure with a bodice that was designed to accentuate a woman's bosom. Just the mere thought of it made him cross his legs in an attempt to hide any physical reaction in the lower half of his body.

He would much rather be the only person to see her in those kinds of dresses. If she were to appear in the same garment in front of hundreds of others, there was no guarantee that he could keep his head—he could lose control and detonate the venue in which the banquet would be held. She had already pushed his buttons once with the dress that she wore for the previous New Year's Eve performance; he did not want it to happen again.

When Mason did not respond, Janet opened her eyes and let her gaze fall on the drawing. She then playfully teased, "I think all the designs are pretty great, but the fifth one with the mermaid-cut is impressive!"

Upon hearing her words, White Python nodded and acknowledged, "I'll make arrangements with the company's fashion designer and have her make the dress for you."

"She won't be making anything," Mason interjected coldly with a deep and ominous voice. He clenched his fist around the drawing, effectively crumpling it.

At the sight of that, White Python took several steps back. His face was twisted into a look of mute despair. He lifted his eyes and saw the mischievous look on Janet's face before realizing that he had fallen into her trap. He shuddered as he thought, How could she be so sinister? She's laying snares in her words!

"You can leave now." Janet calmly addressed White Python as she assessed his face with an impish gleam in her eyes. After he left, she let out a small laugh and mused. "I was only joking." For Heavens' sake, why is he getting all worked up for?

Although it slightly cheered her up to see Mason angry like that, she knew it would not do her lungs any favor if she was exasperated for the entire day.

"Hmm?" She could hear the smirk in his voice that only made him sound more seductive and he leaned closer to her. His warm breath tickled her neck as he drawled, "Do you like seeing me angry?"

There was nothing that he could do about the woman in front of him; he often found himself helpless as she mercilessly teased him or when she tried to make him jealous every once in a while.

Janet retracted her neck and she tried to change the subject. "I do not." She tucked her legs beneath her and picked up her phone while mumbling, "I'll design my own evening dress for the banquet." After all, there was no time for any of the dresses to be redesigned. Seeing that she was free for the next couple of days, she could make good use of her time.

When Mason saw that she meant what she said, he pursed his lips and stepped away from her. He then sternly ordered, "The dress must cover your arms, your thighs, your chest, your waist and your back!"

Janet blinked in speechlessness. By the sound of it, she was covering her entire body and it would be pointless for her to come up with a design. Why should I go through all that trouble when I could easily show up in a burlap sack instead? She ignored his words and began to sketch the outline of her design on her phone.

Fifteen minutes had passed before Janet handed her phone to Mason for him to review the sketching. She bit her lip and said, "Take a look at this and see whether the design is up to your taste." The dress that she envisioned had enough concealment and she made sure that it would cover all the important bits.

Mason took the phone. A satisfied look passed over his face as he appraised the design of the cheongsam displayed on the screen and he nodded in silent approval. Most of her arms and legs would be covered up, so she would neither show too much of her skin nor catch a cold during the banquet.

"I approve it," Mason declared as the corners of his mouth tipped up into a smile. He paused as a sudden realization dawned upon him and he turned to ask. "Isn't it too fast to come up with a design sketch within fifteen minutes?"

Even the director of Lowry Family Conglomerate's fashion design department needed half a day to come up with a sketch. How is it possible that Janet can do the same thing in just fifteen minutes?

"I picked up fashion designing for a while back in the day," Janet answered in a flippant tone as she leaned lazily into the couch.

Mason smiled ever so slightly at her words. When he gazed at her, his eyes were full of love and adoration.

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After he walked out from the school gates, White Python entered the car which had been idling outside for some time.

Black Python let out a breath of relief when he saw that White Python appeared to be unscathed.

Upon getting into the car, White Python tore the drawing into tiny pieces.

"What's wrong?" Sean asked from the driver's seat as his brows were pinched together at the sight of White Python's display of frustration.

"Miss Jackson was rather pleased with the fifth dress, but Young Master Lowry wanted the fashion design department to redesign it." White Python sighed as he spoke while being unable to comprehend Mason's request.

Black Python, on the other hand, clapped his hand over his mouth to stifle his laughter.

He made the right decision not to accompany White Python earlier. After all, if he was in Mason's shoes, he would not like it either if his woman chose to wear any of the dresses in those drawings.

Unfortunately, White Python had a simple mind and he was completely oblivious to that notion.

"By the way, why didn't Miss Jackson say anything about the news?" White Python frowned, looking confused as he went on. "How did Young Master Mason suddenly get tangled up with J'Adore from the MX Group in Markovia?" From what he remembered, the Lowry Family Conglomerate only collaborated with MX Group for a couple of times, so he could not understand how Mason became involved with a woman in a mask.

If J'Adore and Miss Jackson were to show up at the banquet at the same time, it would surely be quite the dramatic affair to watch.

However, if he were to choose, he would still side with Miss Jackson out of instinct.

Meanwhile, Black Python blinked. "Did Miss Jackson really say nothing about it?"

White Python shook his head. "Nothing at all."

"It would be odd if she did," Sean chimed in with a smile as he drove.

Upon hearing that, both Black Python and White Python were bewildered. "What do you mean?"

Sean merely chuckled and answered them in a mystifying tone, "The both of you will find out soon enough."

Black Python and White Python exchanged confused looks with each other after hearing his reply. What is he trying to tell us?

Meanwhile, in a luxurious apartment at Sandfort City, Hazel pondered on what Emily had told her. After having observed Janet for a day, she was all the more certain that Emily was correct—that girl was rude, self-centered and arrogant; she was nothing but a philistine who had no idea on how fashion worked!

Hazel held her phone and hesitated for a while before she finally texted Emily, which read, 'How did you get along with Janet earlier on? She's like an iceberg. It's as if she doesn't take notice of those around her.'

Hazel was becoming resentful with all the obstacles that she had encountered thus far. If only her brother could help her to look into the matter at hand, she would not have had to travel all the way there to catch the liar.

It did not take long for Emily to reply. 'I'm used to it. It's in her nature to behave in the way she does. She's not as competent as she thinks, but it hasn't stopped her from behaving like she's the best.'

Indeed, had it not always been in Janet's nature to act as if the world was her oyster? She was the one who stole all the spotlight during Grade 12 in high school, but now it seemed that she was not as good as Emily.

Now, the both of them could not be any more different from each other—they were worlds apart!

After reading Emily's message, Hazel clicked her tongue in disdain while she shook her head.

It was far too exhausting to try and get along with a person like Janet. She did not know how Emily had managed such a feat for all those years!

'All liars will eventually let the cat out of the bag. Don't worry, I hear that Woodsbury University will be conducting a clinical trial assessment or something similar to that soon, which means that Janet is bound to show up. It's not like she would skip on something like that,' Emily typed in a subsequent text. She did this mainly to placate Hazel, so that the latter would not back down in resignation.

She still hoped that Hazel would prolong her stay in Sandfort City. If she did, there was no way that she could enter the piano competition, which meant Emily would have one less competitor.

Furthermore, with Hazel gone, Mr. Hilbert was placing all of his hopes on Emily instead.

Hazel, on the other hand, was clueless about the games that Emily was playing. She was convinced that Emily was genuinely offering solace. As such, she happily replied, 'Got it.'

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Time seemed to fly past and it was the night of the 28th in the blink of an eye.

It was six o'clock in the evening and the handsome man, who sat at the dining table at the Lowry Residence, was dressed in a suit that was tailor made for his tall and slender frame. He kept his usually icy demeanor aside tonight and adopted the look of elegance. When he placed his cutlery down on the plate, it made a crisp sound that reverberated throughout the room.

He drew the napkin up to his face and gently dabbed at the corners of his mouth. Then, he lifted his gaze as he said slowly, "Didn't the old madam say that she would be back on the night before the banquet? Where is she now?"

The maid who stood at one side was respectful as she answered, "Old Madam Lowry said that she would not be staying here at the Lowry Residence tonight and that she will meet you and Miss Jackson at the banquet tomorrow."

The initial plan was to host the banquet at the Lowry Residence, but seeing as they were expecting a large number of guests tomorrow, they opted for a different venue instead.

Upon hearing the maid's explanation, Mason nodded and said nothing else before turning to address Janet. "By the way, the company's fashion design department has prepared a dress based on your drawing. You should try it on to see whether it fits."

Janet briefly looked up at him. Then, she nodded as she answered, "Thank you."

She returned to her bedroom after dinner whereupon she tried on the dress that she would wear to the banquet tomorrow. As expected, the dress fit her perfectly.

She glanced at herself in the mirror before slowly removing the dress.

At that moment, the hot water for her bath had been prepared. She stepped into the bathtub and having submerged herself in the relaxing hot water, she closed her eyes.

Meanwhile, the man in the bedroom from across the hall was feeling restless.

It was hard enough for him to ignore the thought of her wearing the cheongsam. Now that he knew she was in the room across from him, he was ready to abandon all his chivalrous restraint.

Before long, Mason opened the door and left his bedroom without hesitation before coming to a stop in front of Janet's room. He stood there silently for a few seconds, pondering on what he was about to do. Then, he turned the doorknob anyway.

When the door swung open, he was greeted by the faint scent of shower gel that came from the adjoining bathroom. It was a light, pleasant scent with a trace of vanilla in it.

Mason's eyes darkened and he swallowed slightly.

Although his body cried out for him to burst through the bathroom, he refused to give in to his primal instincts. He instead loosened the buttons on his shirt and climbed onto the bed before getting into what he could only assume was a seductive pose.

Janet, on the other hand, had quickly wrapped the towel around her after she heard the faint clicking sound of her bedroom door being opened. She was wary as she ventured out of the bathroom.

"You—" She blinked, slightly taken aback by Mason's posture on her bed. "What are you doing here?"

Mason lifted his head and gazed at her with longing. Her hair was in damp, wavy locks past her shoulders as the water dripped onto the floor.

He was at a loss for words and his Adam's apple bobbed as he swallowed. "I..." he trailed off while still staring at her.

She noted the roguish look in his eyes and tightly gripped her towel. The tips of her ears also turned a light shade of red. "Can you leave the room for a bit?" Her voice was demure—she did not sound as cold as she usually did.

“Janet,” Mason called out while maintaining his gaze on her. He seemed adamant on staying in her room for the night. His voice had traces of pity when he asked her. “Do you know what day it is? I want you to be the first one to wish me a happy birthday.”

Upon hearing that, Janet could feel her fingers twitching by her side. She did not ask him to leave the room a second time and instead handed over the towel in her hand. “Then, help me to dry my hair,” she said with an air of authority.

His eyes brightened after listening to her words. He took the towel and drew her into his arms.

After a while, the lights in the bedroom were growing dim.

Janet lay in bed next to Mason; she felt the warmth that emanated from his body. Her gentle gaze fell upon his features as the light played across his face.

Later that night, the phone rang with a ‘ding’, indicating that it was midnight.

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Janet's slender fingers traced the man's lips. She smiled; her eyes were like an endless, gentle ocean as she whispered, “Happy Birthday, Mason.”

She wrapped her arms around his waist before snuggling into his embrace.

Under the moonlight, his thin lips curved upward, making him look like a devilish and rogue person.

It was before sunrise when Mason stirred from his sleep the next morning.

As his eyes fluttered open, his gaze fell on the girl who was nestled in his arms. “Good morning, Janet,” he muttered softly.

With that, he placed a light kiss on the corner of her lips.

Janet was awakened by the warmth of the kiss. As she slowly opened her eyes, she greeted the indolent, roguish man staring at her, “Good morning.”

“Go and wash up. We’ll head over to the banquet hall after this.”

The banquet was tonight, but they needed to make their way there now so that the stylists could begin the process of makeup.

She nodded. Then, she crawled out of bed to head into the bathroom.

Meanwhile, it was becoming lively downstairs in the Lowry Residence.

Everyone huddled together as they discussed the details of the banquet while keeping their voices hushed despite their excitement.

“I heard that many of the big bosses in the industry will be attending the banquet tonight.”

“Well, if the guest list on Sean’s table is anything to go by, then you’re right. We all saw the names—five pages of them!”

“What about J’Adore, who is rumored to be Young Master Mason’s girlfriend? Will she attend the banquet as well?”

“I certainly don’t think she would be that shameless! Since Old Madam Lowry will be there as well, the woman ought to stay away if she knows what’s good for her.”

“That’s what I think as well. We should inform Old Madam Lowry if we see her at the event!”

“Yes, that’s right. She ought to take a look in the mirror—where did she even get the confidence to woo Young Master Mason?”

“Poor Miss Jackson—she still doesn’t know about this, does she?”

At that moment, a cold voice broke through the maids' chatter. "What are you all talking about?"

Janet was dressed and she was slowly making her way down the stairs.

Upon hearing her voice, the maids clamped their mouths shut and swallowed convulsively, fearing that she could have overheard them.

"N-Nothing," they stammered as they slowly lifted their eyes.

They were shocked when they saw the figure before them; it felt as if someone had forced the air out of their lungs.

The teal-colored cheongsam had featured intricately-woven water lilies with a cut that accentuated Janet's slender frame and a delicate collar which surrounded the graceful curve of her neck. The attire gave her sensuality a touch of dignity.

"You look absolutely beautiful in the dress, Miss Jackson!"

"I didn't think the dress was special last night when I saw it, but I was wrong! It looks breathtaking on you!"

"My goodness! I feel like I'm looking at a piece of art!"

"Oh, my Lord. Old Madam Lowry will be over the moon when you show up in this!"

While everyone could tell that Janet was not wearing any makeup, the dress that she wore had been elaborately crafted so that they did not pay any attention to any other attributes that she lacked.

The maids were sure that she would not lose out even if she were to run into the vixen—J'Adore.

However, even as Janet listened to their praises, her face remained stoic.

She was used to hearing compliments like that, making her impervious to their effect.

At that moment, a man was descending the staircase—he was dressed in a crisp white blouse and a black coat with a subtle golden lining.

It was clear that he did not put much effort into knotting his tie. His hair appeared to be slightly tousled as well, but there was something curated about his look that one could not help but wonder whether he had done it on purpose.

Mason raised his brow, which only made him look more devilish and charming.

Goodness! It is like these two beautiful people are made for each other! If only that vixen, J'Adore, did not come in between them, the maids thought wistfully.

Suddenly, there was a loud honk that came from outside the front door.

They glanced out and saw one luxury car after another driving toward the house.

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Even as Janet listened to their praises, her face remained stoic.

As she had heard compliments like those multiple times, she was immune to their effect.

At that moment, a man was descending the staircase—he was dressed in a crisp white blouse and a black coat with a subtle golden lining.

It was clear that he did not put much effort into knotting his tie. His hair also appeared to be slightly tousled as well, but there was something curated about his look that one could not help but wonder whether he had done it on purpose.

Mason raised his brow, which only made him look more devilish and charming.

Oh my, it's like these two beautiful people are made for each other! If only that vixen, J'Adore, did not come in between them, the maids thought wistfully.

Suddenly, there was a loud honk from outside the front door—one luxury car after another was driving toward the house.

The entourage that was arriving was grander than a presidential visit.

Janet crossed her arms and she leaned lazily against the wall to watch the fleet of luxury cars pulled up at the house. "Is there a need for this?" she asked with amusement.

Mason turned to look at her before he chuckled, "Just wait until we are married. I'm sure our entrance will be grander than this."

She quipped as she raised her brow. "Who says that I'll be marrying you?"

He was not annoyed; rather, he slowly sauntered toward where she stood and pulled her into his arms. "I'll marry you if you ask for my hand!"

A small smile tugged on her lips; she looked at him with a mischievous glint in her eyes as she answered, "That's more like it."

Mason giggled. "Let's go."

Janet took the initiative to hug his waist before they boarded the black Rolls Royce together.

In the car, he gently squeezed her hand and asked, "Would it be okay for you to show up as yourself?"

She supported the weight of her chin on her palm and laughed. "What other choice do I have?"

Upon hearing that, Mason fell silent before he shifted slightly to reach toward the backseat to retrieve something.

Janet turned to see what he was holding and grinned.

"If you don't feel comfortable making an appearance—" He paused to wear J'Adore's mask on her before he continued. "I can wait until you are ready." I don't think that this is the only secret she is hiding.

A couple of days ago, the internet had blown up over the intimate gesture that he shared with the mysterious J'Adore.

He could only imagine the uproar that would ensue if Janet were to show up today, seeing that she was a familiar face to everyone.

For her to make an appearance at an event like tonight's one could greatly affect her studies.

Even if no one had the courage to speak ill of her in front of him, Mason hated to think that those vicious rumors would reach her ears.

Janet stared at her reflection while wearing the mask on the car window as she was deep in thought.

Meanwhile, at The Palace Hotel, the Lowry Family had contracted the entire building for themselves. The receptionists, waiters and the rest of the staff were those who worked for the Lowry Family.

The lounge that was originally used for receiving guests had been converted into a powder room as well as Old Madam Lowry's lounge.

Although she needed to rest after undergoing a complicated surgery, she was adamant on attending the event to keep an eye on every detail. After all, it concerned her grandson and her granddaughter-in-law—she had to make sure everything proceeded without a hitch!

Once she was done with her inspection, she went into the lounge to take a break.

Sean, on the other hand, was tasked with escorting her and helping to give the necessary instructions to the staff working during the banquet.

Old Madam Lowry was sipping her tea when she suddenly leaned toward him and implored with a whisper, "You know about Mason's trip to Markovia, don't you?"

Sean nodded; he appeared nonchalant as he replied, "Yeah, I do."

She frowned after hearing his answer before responding solemnly, "Then, tell me what you know about that girl who is rumored to be having an affair with Mason."

"Do you mean J'Adore?"