

Sir, You Don't Know Your Wife Chapter 701

The Audi R8 Phantom Black was the most famous and most expensive brand of sports car in Markovia. It was a limited edition that was only sold once per year, and there were only three cars in the entire world. Hence, its price range was between tens of millions to hundreds of millions.

"This is Audi's latest release. Young Master Sanders actually bought it as a gift?"

"Oh my goodness! It's just released, which means that it must be worth more than 500 million!"

"Wow, Young Master Sanders is too generous!"

Mason was slightly taken aback before he opened his mouth. "Thank you, Young Master Sanders. I like it very much."

Henry touched his chin and smiled. "Young Master Mason, I'm sure you and Janet will like this present very much."

With that, Henry looked around him, searching for Janet.

As his black eyes were looking around, he froze on the spot when he saw a woman with a mask on her.

This time around, Young Master Mason didn't bring Janet along to his birthday party? Instead, he brought a vixen?

A few days ago, there was a lot of news about them. Could it be that Janet broke up with Young Master Mason after seeing those news?

That can't be right. If they broke up, Young Master Mason would definitely tell me!

Apart from that, Young Master Mason is not a playboy.

As Henry thought through everything quickly, he suddenly came to a realization.

Is the vixen J'Adore actually Janet?

J'Adore is Janet!

In no time, Henry knew what was going on. Just as he was about to say Janet's name out loud, Mason—who was sitting in the main seat of the party—glared at him fiercely before he could do that.

Henry quickly covered his mouth to calm his excitement down.

After hanging out with them for so long, it was only at this moment that he realized the famous J'Adore was actually Janet's other identity.

So... her position and power is actually even stronger than him?

F*ck!

This couple is nuts!

When Henry recalled the incident in Markovia's casino, he could not stop trembling.

I used to say Janet is a pure lily; now, however, she looks more like a thorny black rose to me.

Mason frowned slightly. "So, what are you giving me, Young Master Moss?"

When Henry heard the familiar low voice by his ear, he finally returned to his senses. His body stiffened as he said in slight annoyance, "The rights to use a luxurious yacht."

With that, everyone around him took a sharp breath. Meanwhile, the three people from the Davis Family immediately blanched.

“Young Master Moss is too generous!”

“A yacht costs billions, right? Wow—and he gave it to Young Master Mason just like that!”

When Magnus heard the comments around the hall, he suddenly did not know what to do next.

The presents given by the other families cost around tens and hundreds of millions, even billions. Yet, the ginseng that he prepared only cost millions. Compared to the others, it was nothing at all.

Even though it was only something that cost a few million, he spent a long time preparing it.

It was at this moment he finally realized the gap between them and the Lowry Family.

“Dad, aren’t you giving him the present we prepared? The gift ceremony is ending soon!”

“Yes, dear. Take our ginseng out quickly!” Esme agreed with Rebecca, not knowing the worry on Magnus’ mind.

“Uh...” Magnus was torn between giving the gift or not.

Seeing that more people were presenting their gifts to Mason, Rebecca panicked and grabbed the ginseng from Magnus’ hands and ran to Mason. “Young Master Mason, this is the present from the Davis Family. I hope you like it.”

With that, she even lowered her head shyly.

When Magnus heard that, his face darkened immediately.

I was planning to say a few more words to warm him up to us and hope for future cooperation. Now that Rebecca has given it to him, I can’t say anything anymore!

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Rebecca is really a failure in everything!

Mason raised his head to glance at her indifferently before he spoke in a lukewarm tone. "Thank you, President Davis."

"I'm just glad that you like it!" Magnus smiled obsequiously as he tried to suck up to Mason.

Seeing that Mason thanked them, Rebecca thought he liked the presents that they had just given him. Hence, after some quick thinking, she said, "If I'm not mistaken, there's another person who hasn't given you any present."

Everyone who attended the party had already given Mason their presents; there was only one woman who did not even utter a word.

Henry lowered his head slightly as he chuckled. Then, he stared at Rebecca—who was standing opposite him—with his dark irises before he suddenly asked, "And you are?"

Seeing that Henry asked about her, Rebecca thought he was interested in her. Hence, she quickly said, "Good evening, Young Master Moss. I'm the young lady of Davis Corporation from Markovia. My name is Rebecca."

Upon hearing that, Henry arched his eyebrows and laughed. "In that case, what has it got to do with you whether my sister-in-law gives presents or not? Who are you to her?"

Immediately, Rebecca's perfectly maintained expression faltered slightly. Taking a deep breath, she regained her calmness.

Everyone looked at Rebecca's 'solo performance' that made the atmosphere more awkward.

“Young Master Moss, that is not what I meant. It’s just that the future Lady of the Lowry Family didn’t even prepare any gifts. Isn’t this slightly inappropriate?”

It was as if she was telling them that J’Adore did not love Mason that much, which was why she did not even bother to prepare a gift for him.

Meanwhile, it was also a subtle reminder for Mason to keep an eye on J’Adore, and that he need not place too much attention on this ungrateful woman.

Janet’s slender fingers drummed on the armrest of the chair regularly before her sly gaze fell on Rebecca. With her eyes raised, she looked dangerous and cunning.

However, Rebecca merely looked straight back without retreating.

Even though she had always thought that J’Adore’s eyes looked familiar and cold, she could not afford to lose to her on the basis of the vibes they had been giving out.

Under the mask, Janet smiled. In a cold and slightly hoarse voice, she replied slowly, “Really? Do we have to show you the private presents between the both of us for your approval, Miss Davis?”

Upon hearing that, Rebecca’s face fell immediately and she looked quite embarrassed.

That b*tch actually said something so amorous in front of everyone. She’s too shameless!

Judging by her tone, perhaps Young Master Mason has already slept with her!

The more Rebecca thought about it, the angrier she got. Even though she was not a virgin, she felt disgusted that Mason had actually slept with a woman like this.

J’Adore is a f*cking b*tch right to the core!

However, Rebecca’s anger was stuck within her—she could not get it out, nor could she swallow it down. It was only after a while that she finally spoke. “It’s just a reminder, Miss J’Adore. Since you seem to mind, I shall not bring it up again.

Upon hearing Rebecca’s words, the socialites and rich ladies around them exchanged awkward glances as they gossiped among themselves quietly.

“Is J’Adore so poor? Can’t she even afford a present?”

“Isn’t she already together with Young Master Mason? Does he not give her some money?”

“Tsk—I can’t believe this! After all, she appeared out of nowhere. I bet she can’t even afford a present.”

“I’m sure Young Master Mason must be disappointed.”

“That’s right. His true feelings have gone down the drain. Young Master Mason’s taste in choosing a girlfriend is simply too poor.”

After Mason heard their statements, he snorted out laughing.

Then, he slowly stood up from his seat and spoke indifferently, “Darling.”

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With that, he slowly turned around to look at the masked woman who sat in the VIP area as he spoke in a loving tone. “Darling, you know how to play the piano too. Can you please perform a piece for me?”

His low and attractive voice reached everyone’s ears.

When the socialites and rich ladies heard him addressing Janet as ‘darling’, they were so starstruck until they were at the verge of fainting.

On top of that, Young Master Mason sounds as though he is pleading with her!

He actually asked a woman for a favor?

I can't believe this!

Then, everyone's gaze fell on Janet, looking forward to witnessing how she would respond.

However, the masked woman merely crossed her legs leisurely, her expression nonchalant.

Upon seeing this, Rebecca smiled slightly and turned her body around as she flipped her hair. "Miss J'Adore, are you refusing to play the piano or do you not know how to play the piano at all?"

How can you expect a woman who suddenly appears out of nowhere to play the piano? Rebecca thought to herself.

Meanwhile, Janet merely smiled at her with her legs crossed.

"It's fine if you don't know how to play piano, lest you accuse us of giving you a hard time later on." Janet's smile sent sudden chills down Rebecca's spine, as the latter thought she looked eerie and terrifying.

As soon as she spoke, the socialites and rich ladies exchanged glances with flashes of contempt.

"J'Adore is simply not good enough for Young Master Mason!"

"I know, right? She doesn't even know how to play the piano—can you believe it? I've never seen such an embarrassment."

"Tsk! Does she look like she plays the piano to you?"

"Alas, Young Master Mason must be blind to fall for a woman like her."

Janet looked at Mason with a faint smile. Then, she winked and announced casually, "Since my man has spoken, of course I must answer to his request."

Her words had made Mason, who was sitting in the main seat, smiled expectantly and happily.

At this moment, there was a slight commotion in the party hall. The socialites and rich ladies, especially, discussed vehemently among themselves.

"Is J'Adore really going onstage?"

"I don't believe it; is she not afraid of embarrassing herself?"

"Is she not worried about being compared with Rebecca?"

"Tsk! She doesn't know who Rebecca's cousin is, does she? She is a disciple of Hilbert! How dare J'Adore compare herself to Rebecca?"

"That's right. We can see for ourselves that Rebecca really has talent."

"I guess she is going to make a fool of herself later on."

"Ha! Let's see, shall we? Soon there will be some jokes to be laughed at."

Janet tuned out the voices and tucked her hair behind her ears. Under the lights from the stage, she looked arrogant and condescending.

Meanwhile, Rebecca had never thought that J'Adore would dare to walk onto the stage. She stood frozen to the ground for a while before returning to her senses.

Janet took over the microphone from Rebecca's hands without even looking at her before she spoke to the audience below the stage.

"Since my man has already requested, of course I have to fulfil his wish."

My man?

The two words had successfully ignited the anger within Rebecca. J'Adore—that f*cking b*tch—is clearly telling everyone here that Mason belongs to her alone, and that no one should lay their eyes on him.

"Miss J'Adore, if you can't play, just get down from the stage instead of spoiling everyone's mood." Rebecca laughed mockingly.

Doesn't she know her own capabilities?

How ridiculous?

Upon hearing that, Janet merely glanced at Rebecca coldly without another word. However, her stare was icy enough to shut the latter up.

Then, she walked to the piano at the center of the hall.

When she passed Mason by, she even winked at him.

In that instant, his gaze deepened.

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When Janet was seated, everyone averted their gazes from Rebecca to her.

In the VIP area, Henry flicked his nose before looking at Sean. "Why didn't you tell me that J'Adore is actually Janet?"

Looking slightly guilty, Sean replied in a low voice, "I thought you already knew about it."

Know, my *ss! Henry almost blurted out his thoughts.

Janet had made him look at her from a different perspective again and again. She knew drawing and car-racing. Now, she was even the head of the biggest organization in Markovia. After listing down Janet's strengths, he even felt that Mason was not good enough for her.

Suddenly, a series of crisp notes flowed and reached his ears. Stunned, Henry and Sean raised their heads and looked at Janet—who was on stage—attentively. They could see her fingers jumping about the black and white keys deftly.

The music was lively one moment and dark and emotional the next, conveying heartfelt emotions. Even though her eyes were closed, her fingers landed on the right keys with utmost precision. There was not a single error—every note was accurate.

Suddenly, someone below the stage exclaimed, “Isn’t this Liszt’s Liebestraum No.1?”

“Oh, yes! That’s the top ten world famous pieces!”

“It’s also one of the top ten most difficult pieces!”

“Wow! She can play it this well without needing to look at the score?”

“And without any mistakes?”

“Goodness, how is this possible?”

Everyone looked at J’Adore incredulously, not expecting that she could play the piano so well.

Just as everyone was starting to enjoy the music, the piece had come to an end. Then, she slowly got up and walked to the man in the main seat. “Are you satisfied?” she asked slowly.

Mason arched his eyebrows slightly and said in a low and magnetic voice, “Yes.” With that, he squeezed her hands.

When Rebecca saw this, she clenched her fists tightly and staggered back as she shook her head. “How is this possible? This cannot be happening...” she muttered to herself. This b*tch actually knows how to play the piano? And she could play so well, without even needing to look at the score? It took me a few months of practice to play the piece. However, J’Adore—this f*cking b*tch—knows how to play it so easily? Why? Why is her musical talent better than mine? She has completely taken my limelight! I finally understand now. J’Adore is pretending that she’s weak just to defeat me. Her aim is to crush me completely without me even realizing it!

“How’s my performance, Miss Davis?” Janet deliberately sat on Mason’s thighs and wrapped her arms around his waist. A flash of joy flitted across his eyes as he tightened his hold on her slender waist.

When Rebecca saw that, blood drained from her face as she bit her lips harshly. It was only until she tasted the strong taste of her blood that she slowly released her lip.

Below the stage, Esme was also anxious to see this. She wanted to pull Rebecca from the stage so that she would not continue to embarrass herself.

However, Rebecca showed no signs of retreating. On the contrary, she even raised her head stubbornly and laughed coldly. “Even if your piano skills are better than mine, your family background is not on par with the most powerful man in Asia!” A poor woman with no background whatsoever is simply not good enough for a man in the top three families in Sandfort City!

The upper-class families cared a lot about background compatibility. She’s just a poor little bird who has no chances of becoming a phoenix! Even though my piano skills are not as good as J’Adore, I’m still the young lady of the Davis Family. My family still has hundreds of millions backing me up! Rebecca thought to herself.

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Upon hearing that, Janet almost burst out laughing.

When Rebecca saw J’Adore’s curled lips that seemed as though she was about to laugh, anger immediately flared up within the former.

“You—”

Just as Rebecca was about to say something, a man suddenly interrupted her from the entrance.

An usher ran to Mason and reported excitedly, "Young Master Mason, the President of Markovia is here!"

With that, everyone else took in a sharp breath. Initially, the union of the three main families of Sandfort was huge enough news for them.

However, when they heard the words 'President of Markovia', they were immediately mind blown.

What's going on today?

It's just a birthday party, yet the Lowry Family's reputation is powerful enough to attract the President of Markovia?

Everyone was so shocked that they were unable to speak and all of them quickly turned to look behind them.

Then, they saw a tall, bespectacled man walking toward them.

At this instant, the crowd exclaimed, "The President looks so powerful!"

Following behind him were almost twenty bodyguards dressed in black. Such a grand scene was rarely seen on television.

Holding Janet's hand, Mason walked to the President of Markovia with her in tow.

Seeing that both of them were walking toward him, the President had a polite smile on his face. "Young Master Mason!"

Mason reached out and shook his hand. "Welcome!"

Janet raised her eyes lazily with a smile on her face as her form of greeting.

The President of Markovia understood her signal and smiled understandingly at her.

On the other hand, Rebecca stared intently at the three of them, especially at Janet.

Hence, she had seen the scene just now.

J'Adore actually dares to smile at the President! How dare she seduce him!

Does she have a death wish or is she completely shameless?

"This way, please." Knowing that the President was here to support Janet, Mason treated him very respectfully, albeit in actions or words.

The President of Markovia nodded and said in a low and polite tone, "Thank you."

When the three of them were seated, a clear voice suddenly rang out.

The President of Markovia snapped his fingers as he ordered in a low and steady voice, "It's time."

Upon hearing that, a bodyguard dressed in black walked up to him and presented something that was covered in a black cloth.

The very next second, the President walked forward and lifted the cloth, revealing a paper-like material.

Everyone was curious about what was in it.

Then, with a smile on his face, the President passed the document to Mason personally. "It's just a small gift; I hope you like it."

Mason, who was sitting in the main seat, frowned slightly as he took the document over. "This is...?"

"I know you have the intention to expand your business in Markovia. Hence, this document is a ten-year contract for 50% of Markovia's ammunition."

A ten-year contract for 50% of Markovia's ammunition?

As soon the words rang, everyone's pupils shrunk as they froze.

Sean stared at the President dumbfoundedly before he cursed out loud on the spot.

What does a ten-year contract of ammunition mean?

Right now, a year of ammunition sales is hundreds of billions. After signing the contract, the number is multiplied by ten!

Sean did not even know how to calculate the total sum.

In a nutshell, it was an enormous number.

Looking at Sean's stunned expression, Henry asked in confusion, "Is this an expensive present?"

He did not know much about military affairs.

Sean nodded but the words he planned to say were stuck in his throat; he could not even utter a word at this moment.

Lee shot a glance at Henry before he lifted the wine glass in front of him and took a sip. Then, he spoke in a cold and indifferent tone. "The President of Markovia has never signed a ten-year ammunition contract with anyone else." Apart from J'Adore.