

# Sir, You Don't Know Your Wife Chapter 791

Can this be considered his instinct?

At that moment, Mason suddenly noticed the intense stare that was coming from under him.

Janet felt her heart melting. The corners of her mouth lifted slightly, and her small mouth moved as she spoke. "Boss, if you hate me that much, why did you protect me? What would happen if your wife were to see this?"

He moved his lips as if to answer, but he did not know how to explain his actions. Although in his head he was extremely averse to this woman, his body seemed to have its own mind! His body refused to listen to his head, instinctively protecting her when she was in danger. As it stands, I've only ever been intimate with Jan before. Jan should be the only one my body can recognize. But, why did my body instinctively protect Rose?!

She looked at the man's incomparably handsome face, and her heart started racing. Without warning nor giving him a chance to resist, she grabbed his face and kissed him. She was certain that even if he mentally rejected her, his body wouldn't—because his body recognized her.

Faced with the sudden kiss, his first reaction was to push her away. However, the woman's strength was enormous. Moreover, she had her hands firmly hooked around his neck. He could not resist her at all. No! No! I cannot do anything that will betray Jan!

The kiss went on for nearly half a minute. It wasn't until she ran out of air that she finally released him. In a hoarse voice, she said, "I—"

She opened her mouth to reveal her identity to him. At that moment, a man's voice rang out from a distance. It was Sean, rushing over urgently. When he saw the man and the woman lying on the ground under the hazy night sky, he froze in place—Mason was pressing his body against Rose, his slender arms naturally cradling the woman's head!

Similarly, everybody from the Lowry Family and Black Rain stared at the two of them with dumbfounded and incredulous expressions. They had heard a loud explosion from afar and hurriedly rushed over, thinking that something had happened. From what they could see, the building had collapsed. At the same time, the relationship between that pair seemed to have gotten closer too.

It wasn't as if Sean had never encountered such a situation before. However, it was his first time seeing Mason being so intimate with another woman. I didn't mean to arrive here, at this time, on purpose!

What an untimely entrance! Janet muttered silently in her heart. On the other hand, Mason seemed relieved and immediately got up from the ground.

Reaching out toward him, she teasingly said to him, "Help me up, quickly!"

As expected, the man's expression was very grim. His voice was also extremely cold, almost as if he contained no emotions at all. "Get up on your own." How dare this fearless woman kiss me?! He already hit his limit when he happened to see an intimate part of the woman's body during the previous mission. And now, he had been forcefully kissed! I don't know how Jan is going to punish me for this! The more he thought about it, the deeper his scowl became. Turning his head, he ordered, "Sean, clean up the scene."

Sean immediately dragged his focus back to the present and hurriedly replied, "Yes, of course!"

Before he left, he glanced at Rose out of the corner of his eye. This Rose... Despite being pressed underneath Young Master Mason, she remains so calm and collected. She doesn't even look embarrassed at all. He sighed before turning around to clean up the mess at the teahouse.

After taking several steps, Sean looked back at Mason and Rose. It seems like Young Master Mason fought with Rose so much that he grew feelings for her. What does it mean for him to press her underneath his body? Is he planning to have an affair with Rose? He couldn't figure it out. Miss Jackson is so much prettier than Rose. Why is he attracted to Rose?

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Miss Jackson's status had already been publicly announced during Young Master's birthday banquet. Even if the announcement was made under her identity as J'Adore, everybody within the Lowry Family has acknowledged her as the prospective young mistress. Even so... to think that the head of Markovia's MX would be cheated on just like that! This is so unfair for Miss Jackson!

Still, Sean only dared to think these thoughts in his head. He did not dare to do anything or say anything to stop it. More importantly, he would never speak about this secret, whether on purpose or by accident. Otherwise, he wouldn't know when, where, and how he was going to die.

On the other side, Mason turned around and headed toward the car without a single backward glance after issuing his orders. He desperately needed some time to calm down, or he might do something impulsively.

Janet sighed as she stared at Mason's aloof back. She felt both conflicted and happy. She was happy that the man had been utterly indifferent to her advances. At the same time, she had mixed feelings about the disdain he felt toward her identity as 'Rose'. Because of that, she didn't know how to break the news to him. Pursing her lips, she lowered her gaze and pondered for a while. Then, she ran forward and blocked his path. "Can you take me in for a while?"

As she spoke, she shrugged pitifully. The injury on her shoulder was not severe, but she played it up and exaggerated her actions.

He lowered his eyes, his gloomy gaze landing on the woman's shoulder. A moment later, his eyes became clear again as he silently stood in place.

She sighed in response and was just about to return alone when he frowned. He spoke in a deep and emotionless voice, "Thank you."

She casually dusted off her butt while speaking in a cold, impassive, and distant manner. "It's nothing. I voluntarily protected you from that bullet. So, you don't need to thank me for that."

The humbler her attitude was, the more ripples appeared in the man's heart. However, when he recalled all the things she did to him previously, he quickly recovered his composure and replied in an icy tone, "Let's forget about what happened in the past and never cross paths again. I don't want to get involved with you."

"Okay."

A helpless expression appeared on his face. Claspng his hand behind his back, he walked in the direction of his car without looking back.

An unknown emotion flitted through her eyes as she stared at the man's back. The resentment and grudges between him and 'Rose' were water under the bridge now. Therefore, whether she was Rose or not wasn't important anymore. If I reveal the fact that I am Rose now, he might be very disappointed in me. After all, he thinks that Rose is a wicked woman! Moreover, he mentioned that more than once. If he doesn't like Rose, then there is no need for me to ever mention Rose in front of him again.

At that moment, Janet suddenly felt her mood becoming lighter and happier. Making peace with each other was the best outcome she could hope for. Originally, she came here simply to tease him a little before revealing her identity to him. However, she had not expected to run into a group of professional assassins today, which caused the current situation to become so awkward. Unfortunately, she did not know who those assassins were after. She could not investigate them now that they were all dead.

Inside the car, Mason glanced out the window and subconsciously touched the lingering warmth at the corner of his mouth. Rose's teasing had left him feeling so humiliated and furious that he didn't even think about why his body couldn't reject her. Besides, her attitude seemed to indicate that the group of professional assassins today was not working under her orders.

Just who on earth chose to attack us at this time? Are they after me? Or, Rose? He furrowed his eyebrows together slightly. His thoughts were all over the place. Closing his eyes, the scent of Janet's body filled his mind. However, the image that appeared in his mind's eye flickered between Janet and Rose.

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Does this count as cheating? Mason didn't think so. After considering it briefly, he took out his phone and called Janet. The call connected very quickly. Then, a girl's cold and clear voice came from the other side of the phone. "What's up?"

"Jan." The man's voice was low and faint. It also carried a slight sense of longing.

"Yeah?" Janet's voice was as emotionless as ever.

"What time does your class reunion end? I miss you so much!"

"It may continue for another one or two hours. You can sleep first if it's too late."

Upon hearing that, Mason nodded. "Okay."

On the other side, Janet hung up the phone and reached out to take the medical kit that Desire handed to her.

"Tsk. Tsk. Janet, the both of us are so unlucky! And, it's all because of your man!" Desire clicked her tongue.

Janet's pink lips parted slightly. Taking out a pair of scissors and some gauze, she sneered. "It's not the same." I willingly took the bullet for him.

Eyeing the bloody wound, Desire frowned. "Do you want to get it looked at in a hospital?"

"No, it's just a scratch." Janet bit her lip as she carefully cleaned the graze wound on her shoulder.

Desire stood by her side and scowled deeply. "Just who on earth did he upset? Those assassins were armed with bombs and explosives!"

"I don't know." She continued tonelessly, "But, such professional killers can only be secretly trained by one of the countries." This isn't something a lone organization can pull off. After all, only a few people can produce bombs and explosives. And, I know all of them. Still... all the assassins are dead; I don't have any leads to investigate. All I can do now is increase my vigilance and wait for the other party to make their next move.

A door of a basement somewhere in Markovia was opened suddenly. In response, the man sitting in the main seat immediately sat up straight with a slightly grim look.

The black-clothed man that barged into the basement got down on one knee. He respectfully but cautiously reported, "Master, the mission to assassinate Prime Minister Welch has failed."

"It failed?" A drop of sweat slid down the man's forehead. The assassins I sent were professionals; they were secretly trained by the country. Moreover, they were secretly investigating and tracking Prime Minister Welch's whereabouts over the last two months. How can they fail just like that?

"Where were the assassins last seen?"

The black-clothed man frowned slightly. "The last point of contact was in Sandfort City."

The man sitting in the seat of power reacted to those words, and the pupils in his eyes contracted abruptly. As the movements of the assassins had been kept secret throughout their mission, even he, as the person who gave them the order, did not know their whereabouts. If we lost contact with the assassins in Sandfort City... Does that mean they went to Sandfort City to assassinate Prime Minister Welch? But, why would Prime Minister Welch of Hawke Kingdom be in Sandfort City? Does he have some sort of connection to Sandfort City?

The black-clothed man looked up and asked tentatively, "Mr. President, didn't you assign this task to J'Adore? Why didn't you wait for her to make her move?"

The President shook his head. "I didn't expect things to turn out like this."

What he envisioned at the beginning was that if these assassins succeeded in their mission, then he didn't need to involve J'Adore in this matter. Contrary to his expectations, not only did they fail their mission after investigating for two whole months, but more than a dozen elites also lost their lives during the mission. The only thing he could be certain of at the moment was that Prime Minister Welch of Hawke Kingdom most likely spent most of his time in Sandfort City. However, Prime Minister Welch's identity in Sandfort City remained unknown. If he really is in Sandfort City, then J'Adore will have an easier time investigating him.

"Master, do you still want to send somebody to continue investigating Prime Minister Welch?" The black-clothed man knelt on the ground, awaiting his instructions.

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Sitting on the seat of power, the man shook his head and spoke in a calm and collected voice. "Forget it; let's wait for J'Adore to make her move." Although she won't be free any time soon, she is the only one I can count on right now.

"Understood." After that, the black-clothed man slowly withdrew.

Then, the man on the seat sighed deeply and thought to himself, I hope J'Adore can take action soon. Otherwise, I might not remain the president of Markovia for long.

Back at Royal Garden, Janet became drowsy after treating her wound and fell asleep on the sofa. Desire finally woke her up at midnight. "Janet, are you not going home today?"

Yawning drowsily, Janet opened her eyes slightly. "What time is it?"

Desire pointed at the clock and replied, "It's midnight."

Upon hearing those words, Janet sprang up without warning, gathered her stuff, and left in a hurry. I told him I'll be back in an hour or two. I can't believe I slept until midnight! He must be worried sick by now! I'll probably face a barrage of questions when I get back.

It was late at night at the Lowry Residence; Mason sat on the sofa and waited for Janet. He had arrived home at 9 PM and had been waiting for her to return ever since. Despite waiting until midnight, she was nowhere to be seen.

It's so late. The way back is quite dangerous. Besides, I don't know if anybody in medical school harbors any malicious intentions toward her. "Find out where the medical students of Woodsbury University are holding their class reunion." So that I can go and pick her up.

"Yes, sir." His subordinate immediately withdrew to begin investigating upon receiving the order. At that moment, a familiar cold and calm voice rang out from the outside. Janet walked in lazily, greeting all the servants she met along the way.

Mason's fingers twitched slightly. Then, he hastily got up and eagerly walked over to the girl standing outside. He pulled her into his arms and hugged her tightly, the musky scent surrounding the man's body blending together with the crisp scent of the woman's body.

"You're so late." His deep voice was questioning, trying to sound her out.

"Yeah. I sent Abby home," Janet replied lightly.

Abby was somebody he knew, so he didn't question her any further. Wrapping his arm around her shoulders, he led her toward the dining room. "Let's eat. The food has gotten cold."

Janet's expression paled slightly when he touched the wound on her shoulder. She secretly slipped out of his grasp and said faintly, "I already ate."

Upon hearing those words, the man squeezed her hand and said preachingly, "You probably ate a bunch of junk food outside. I asked the chef to make soup for you. You can go to bed after finishing it."

In response, she lifted her gaze and studied him coldly. I have to admit; the difference in his attitude toward Rose and me is very obvious. She looked at the man's slightly reddened



lips—it was a mark left behind from when she forcibly kissed him in the teahouse. Then, she deliberately reached out, grabbed him by the chin, and questioned him, “What is this red mark on your lips?”

When his chin was grabbed so suddenly, he subconsciously pursed his lips. After that, he closed his mouth and shook his head. She narrowed her eyes at him, moving her cherry lips. “You went to meet Rose today. Did she leave that mark on you?”

“Yes—no... It’s not what you’re thinking. Please, let me explain first.” He immediately panicked.

Janet crossed her arms in front of her chest and raised an eyebrow at him. She knowingly said, “Fine; explain yourself. Who else could it be but Rose?”

Mason fell silent. Rose must have been aiming for this when she deliberately kissed me just now. How could I be so blind?! Why didn’t I notice the lipstick mark on my lips?! Furrowing his eyebrows together slightly, it took a long while before he answered, “Jan, it’s not what you’re thinking. It was Rose; she forcibly kissed me. I swear; I immediately pushed her away the moment she kissed me.”

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“Also, I won’t ever agree to her requests to meet up again.” After the man finished speaking, his slender hands gripped Janet’s shoulders in agitation.

Janet’s fingers twitched slightly, and her complexion paled. After a long while, she finally uttered, “It hurts.”

“What’s wrong?” Mason vaguely sensed that something was wrong with her. Did she injure her shoulder? Thus, he immediately moved to remove her clothes to check her injury.

Panicking, she immediately took several steps back. Even so, her voice was low and indifferent as she explained, "I accidentally bumped into one of the waiters at the restaurant."

His instincts told him that things were not as simple as she indicated. Therefore, he became flustered. "Jan, let's go back to the room. I'll massage it for you."

She became annoyed by his persistence. "I'm a doctor. Don't you think I would know my own physical condition?"

"But—"

With no other choice, she took the initiative to hold his hand and sat down at the dining table. "Where's the soup you mentioned? I feel like drinking it now."

Upon hearing those words, the man frowned before turning to the chef standing by the side and saying, "Reheat the soup."

"Yes, sir."

It was windy tonight. As the night breeze blew by, Mason's fluctuating emotions finally calmed down. He finally had the time to clear his mind and think as he quietly watched the girl sitting at the dining table. When his gaze landed on her shoulder, his enchanting eyes narrowed slightly. If I remembered correctly, Rose injured her shoulder too. Moreover, it was a bullet graze wound. If my sense of smell isn't wrong, I smelled a medicine used to treat graze wounds caused by metal objects on Jan just now. All of a sudden, he was reminded of the kiss in the afternoon. Then, his gaze shifted to her pale lips. That feeling... I don't think I'm wrong!

By the time Janet finished eating supper, it was close to 1 AM. She stretched and prepared to go upstairs to sleep. Before she could stand up, the man next to her spoke up briefly. "I took the day off for you. Have a good rest tomorrow; don't go to school."

She considered it for a moment, then she nodded. "Okay. I'm going upstairs to sleep."

"Okay." The man stood motionless, staring at Janet's back. His eyes darkened slightly.

Inside the study, the man leaned back in his black leather chair and rubbed his eyes. All of a sudden, a knock came from outside. He sat up straight and coldly said, "Enter."

Sean approached tremblingly. "Young Master Mason."

Mason lifted his gaze indifferently and asked in a low and hoarse voice, "Did you find anything at the scene? Who sent those assassins?"

Sean shook his head helplessly. "The scene was a mess; there was no evidence to be found. Moreover, they all died cleanly. I have no leads to investigate."

He had expected those results—the other party would not leave behind any clues since they came prepared. Besides, the scene had been damaged so badly that there was no way anybody could survive the explosion. Therefore, it remained unknown as to whether the assassins had been targeting him or Rose. Aside from those questions, he had another doubt in his heart. Moreover, he wanted to know the truth behind his suspicions more than anything else.

"Sean," the man sitting in the black leather chair called out suddenly. He sounded confused and puzzled.

"Yes, Young Master Mason?" Sean respectfully bowed.

"Do you believe... that two people can be completely identical in all aspects except their faces?"

Sean's eyes widened slightly at those words. "Young Master Mason, what do you mean?" Is Young Master Mason talking about Miss Jackson and Rose?

In the next moment, what Mason said confirmed Sean's suspicions. Mason said, "Jan is very good at racing. And... so is Rose."