

Sir, You Don't Know Your Wife Chapter 976

Janet entered while carrying a first-aid kit. "We need to take your temperature." She spoke to Mason gently while placing the thermometer in his mouth.

He was extremely weak right now and he could not resist her. Hence, he had no choice but to nod in agreement. He is running a fever. In fact, he's running a very high temperature; 39°C to be exact.

Janet stared at the reading on the thermometer and her expression darkened. She looked especially somber at that moment as she muttered, "Why are you running such a high temperature all of a sudden?" She recalled that Mason had not been in contact with her for the past few days, so she drew a conclusion. "Were you too busy with your company?"

Mason shook his head while smiling at her. "I fell sick because I missed you too much," he teased.

His fever is quite serious, and I can't believe he's still in the mood for jokes when he's so ill, Janet thought to herself, feeling dumbfounded by his responses. She then took out some medication for his fever from the first-aid kit. "Take this."

Mason kept quiet without answering her, but he swallowed the pill obediently. Seeing as he was so compliant, Janet took out a towel from the bathroom to place it in his hand. "Wipe your body and you'll feel better soon."

Mason smiled at her faintly and he reached out to grab her petite hands. "Why don't you help me with that, babe?"

Janet was at a loss for words when she heard that. She did not answer him but Mason pouted at her, all the while looking especially sorry for himself. In the end, Janet surrendered since she had no choice, and she helped him wipe his body.

Mason's body was emitting heat and when Janet came into contact with his skin by accident, she felt as though she might be scalded by his body. She finally paused when she arrived at his private parts.

Mason looked down while wearing a pitiful but mischievous expression. "You have to wipe everywhere meticulously to make sure that I get well quickly."

Janet was rendered speechless by his response. Is he taking advantage of me? She took away the towel while directly ignoring those parts. Then, she turned around to go into the bathroom and threw an order over her shoulder, "Sleep."

Mason couldn't help but smile when he saw her back view, as though she was escaping from him. Finally, he shut his eyes slowly.

When Janet walked out of the bathroom, she saw Mason lying in bed obediently. She lifted up his blanket to press herself against his chest, trying to sooth him by using her own body temperature. Mason's lips curled into a faint smile and he tightened his arms around Janet.

It was in the middle of the night and after taking the medication and sweating it out, Mason's fever had completely subsided before dawn, thanks to his strong physique. He shifted Janet from his embrace onto the bed carefully, but his movements woke her up straight away.

She opened her eyes slightly, only to see Mason smiling at her. "Sleep; I'm going to take a shower."

Janet nodded and she hugged the pillow, falling asleep once more.

Fifteen minutes later, Mason walked out of the bathroom in a bathrobe. He then walked over to the bed and sat by the bedside. Mason observed Janet holding onto a pillow, her loose pajamas exposing her smooth and fair skin.

It feels like ages since I've last seen her, not to mention that it has been torture for the past three days. No matter how strong Mason's self-control was, he felt it crumbling before the woman he loved. He kissed her tentatively and his movements were gentle and tender, as though he was protective of her. His lips were cool and soft, and it woke Janet up.

She was stunned to silence for a few seconds before she pushed against Mason's chest. "Are you recovered?" Janet sounded breathless.

Mason held her chin and he nibbled her lip lightly. "Of course. I would not have the heart to infect my baby."

Janet pushed him away lightly while trying to get out of bed. However, Mason pressed her shoulders down unexpectedly and he asked in a quiet and dangerous tone, "Why are you leaving? Aren't you keeping me company tonight?"

Janet's gaze sparkled because she wanted to, but due to Mason's current condition, she figured it would be best to leave. "You need more rest."

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He chuckled lightly. "Don't worry, I'll be good tonight."

Janet looked away shyly. "Alright," she answered quietly.

It was late at night and he merely held her tightly in his arms without doing anything.

Janet's lips parted and she suddenly voiced out her curiosity. "Have you been busy for the past few days?"

Mason kept quiet without answering her.

She asked again, "Are you still investigating the previous incident?"

Mason did not utter a word and he remained silent. However, he caressed her hair softly this time, as though trying to sooth her.

Janet frowned slightly and she tried to get up. She lay on her stomach, her front propped up slightly as she observed the man beside her. "Why aren't you answering me?"

He kissed her cheeks and tried to be patient while restraining himself. "Babe, you don't need to know."

Janet's eyes flashed slightly in a menacing manner.

When he saw how angry she was, Mason couldn't help but laugh softly. "Babe, just leave it all to me. You don't need to know, alright?"

As her man, I am already incompetent for not being able to protect her well. Hence, I would just be a failure as a man if I were to add to her worries by telling her about these issues. Mason was adamant on keeping the secret and he refused to tell her anything.

Janet had no choice, so she finally let out a bitter laugh while looking at him. "Fine. In that case, will you tell me what you plan to do after this?"

Mason pressed his lips together and after a long pause, he finally answered her, "Don't worry, Babe—I have a plan."

Janet raised her brows at him. "Why did that person target you? Have you found out about that too?"

Mason shook his head. "I am not sure which identity of mine has ended up as a target." It is just a gamble that it's my identity as Peter Welch.

Janet's gaze reflected her curiosity. "Are they targeting you as Mason Lowry?"

He squinted at her and hummed calmly.

Janet, though, was persistent with her questions. "In that case, what are your other identities?"

Mason looked down at her when he heard that. "Aren't you aware of all my identities?" he murmured as he caressed her cheeks.

Well, that's true. Janet looked up and met his gaze steadily. "I want to go too," she said firmly.

Mason seemed to be avoiding her gaze when he shook his head. "I won't be able to focus with you around. Please listen to me—stay here obediently and I will come back safely to you."

He maintained an indifferent expression, but he had given her all the tenderness he could muster.

Janet had no choice but to nod in agreement since he seemed so determined.

I'd be harming him if I were to insist on going with him.

Suddenly, there was a knock on the door.

Mason got up to get out of the bed when he heard that. "Babe, I'll go open the door," he said lovingly to Janet.

Janet mumbled in acknowledgement while leaning against the side of the bed.

Once the door swung open, Sean greeted Mason straight away, "Young Master Mason."

Mason shut the door since he didn't want to disturb Janet. "How's it going?" he asked.

Sean nodded in response. "The news of you showing up at the auction in Barnsford has been released to the public."

Mason nodded in satisfaction. "Wonderful." I'll then be able to confirm that the appearance of the previous assassins were targeting my identity as Peter Welch by revealing to the public that Peter would be attending the auction.

"But..." Sean wore a complex expression. "Young Master Mason, how can you be sure that those people will show up?"

Mason smirked while squinting his eyes menacingly. "They would not miss such an easy opportunity since they have been trying to assassinate me with all kinds of methods."

Sean nodded in agreement when he heard that. "By the way, does Miss Jackson know about the plan too?"