

# Sir, You Don't Know Your Wife Chapter 991

Melissa wore a complex expression and she kept her head bowed without answering him.

A trace of thrill flashed through the President's eyes, but he hid it straight away. "Since you've made your choice, Miss Rocher, I will sign a contract with you."

After saying that, he walked back to the couch to place the contract in her hands. "Have a look at it. If there's no issue, the experiment starts tomorrow. The faster, the better."

Melissa inhaled deeply while slowly accepting the contract. She had a look at it before asking him, "Mr. Hills, I hope that you'd keep the research content a secret before the experiment succeeds."

"Of course." He grinned at her. I want nothing more than to make sure that she keeps this a secret anyway.

Melissa accepted the President's fountain pen. After making up her mind, she placed her signature on the dotted lines.

There is no going back after signing the contract. It's true; Mr. Hills is right—if the experiment succeeds, I will become the pioneer in the medical community. By that time, how could anyone take the moral high road by condemning me? Melissa's lips curled into a smirk and she laughed bitterly.

Meanwhile, the bureau somewhere in Barnsford City did not help Mason with much. Well, at least I know about Shadow 1 now. As long as I continue investigating with Shadow 1 as a clue, I am sure that I'd be able to find out who is pulling the strings behind the scene.

Mason returned to the Lowry Residence in Sandfort City after a long journey.

The servants had already prepared a warm dinner for him. She greeted him respectfully upon his return, "Young Master Mason, you are finally home."

He nodded while scanning the surroundings casually. After taking off his coat, he asked, "Where is she?"

“Young Master Mason, are you referring to Miss Jackson?”

He nodded discreetly while grunting softly in acknowledgement.

“Miss Jackson left shortly after you and she has yet to return.”

Mason was stumped for a few moments and his expression stiffened. He looked slightly anxious when he asked, “Did she say where she went?”

“No, she did not. By the way, Miss Jackson’s friend phoned yesterday. She said that she’s looking for you and she sounded rather panicked.”

Mason scowled deeply. “Looking for me, you say? What is her name?” he asked.

The servant stood still to recall the conversation over the phone and she suddenly remembered. “I think her name is Lara.”

“Lara?” he mumbled to himself. I can’t make sense of the situation. After considering his options, he looked down while walking toward the couch. He sat down in silence for a few seconds. In the end, he took out his phone to dial a number.

The phone rang a few times, but it connected swiftly. “Hello.”

“Babe, where are you?” Mason’s husky and alluring voice sounded clear and his tone reflected how terribly he missed her.

Janet answered quickly—she sounded slightly indifferent, but amused. “I am just outside the door.”

“Huh?” Mason’s response had a strong nasal twang.

“Come out.” After hearing her words, he stood up from the couch abruptly and he charged out of the door like a maniac.

Janet was talking on the phone while walking forward.

Mason’s gaze darkened and he ran straight toward the woman outside the door.

After that, he reached out to tightly hold her in his arms. He embraced her while breathing in her scent.

He immediately detected a faint, but unfamiliar shower gel scent. It set alarm bells on his sensitive receptors. "Where did you go?" His voice was deep, but it sounded husky and seductive.

Janet snorted lightly. "In that case, where did you go, Mr. Lowry?"

He didn't even inform me when he left. Instead, he conveyed the message via a servant. I know he did that because he didn't want to wake me up and disturb my sleep. However, I just have to tease him.

"Let's go in and I will tell you everything." He held her tiny waist to lead her into the house.

Janet bobbed her head and she allowed him to hold her.

I have been missing her for the past few days. My empty heart feels full to the brim the moment I saw her just now. I simply can't describe my feelings with words. In any case, I just really miss her.

During dinner time, he placed a piece of meat into Janet's bowl. "The servant mentioned that your subordinate, Lara, was looking for me. Did something happen?" he asked.

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Janet ate the piece of meat while she answered indifferently, "Oh, it's fine now."

"Huh?" Mason put his bowl and chopsticks down to look at her.

She took a bite of the vegetables and finished chewing it before she spoke again, "In that case, where were you, Mr. Lowry? You better quickly tell me." I am quite curious about the development of his investigation.

He picked up his chopsticks to continue placing different dishes into her bowl. He answered her calmly, "I managed to investigate, but I want to get rid of the root cause, so I will need more time."

Janet did not expect such quick progress in the matter. She placed her chopsticks down to stare at the deep, dark circles around his eyes. "Don't exhaust yourself. You have to pace yourself."

Mason held her petite hand with a smile. "It is worth it." Everything is worth it for her sake. Right now, as I look at her fingers, somehow, I feel as though something is missing. After a life-and-death experience, I am convinced that I can't lose her. Maybe I will promise her my life after this matter has been resolved, but I wonder if she'll agree. He chuckled in a rumbling voice—his laughter was filled with love and tenderness for Janet.

Her fingertips felt ticklish from his touch, so she quickly withdrew her hands. Then, she hid her embarrassment by masking it as a yawn.

Janet's phoenix eyes appeared tired.

"Be a good girl and head upstairs for a shower. You need to sleep soon."

She nodded while leaving the dining table to make her way up to the second floor.

She was too exhausted to use the bathtub; instead, she planned to take a quick shower before heading to bed.

Just when she was removing her last piece of clothing, somebody opened the bathroom door suddenly.

Janet looked up sleepily and before she realized what was going on, she saw Mason walking into the bathroom. He was half-naked from the waist up and his trousers had wet patches.

She was slightly confused. "I am not done with my shower..."

He lifted his arm up to turn off the tap. Then, he picked her up while chuckling in amusement, "You will have to shower again later, anyway."

Janet was rendered speechless when she heard that.

Maso carried her out of the shower. Apart from her last piece of clothing, she was naked.

"I'm sleepy." Janet rubbed her eyes; it was obvious she was not interested in what he had in mind.

However, Mason was not deterred and he instead placed her on the basin top. Then, he bent down to plant a hot and passionate kiss on her corner of her lips. He kissed her in a sensual and lingering manner.

Janet felt as if he was about to suck the breath away from her chest. It had been a long time since he was in such a dire need for her. She could not stop him, so she patted his shoulders. "Mason, back to the bedroom."

He bent down to kiss her eyes and his voice was deep and husky. "No, I can't wait any longer."

Janet took a step back and she cupped his handsome face with her hands. "It's only a few steps away. Is this necessary?" she asked rhetorically. My body is pressed against the basin. It feels cold and hard. How could it possibly feel good for me?

"Check the duration from the last time I've had you. How long has it been? I am a man." Mason gritted his teeth and he started nibbling her icy-cold earlobe. "You are always wearing thin pajamas to sleep while wrapping your hands around me. Isn't that a form of invitation?" he asked, as though he was complaining too.

Does she even know how seductive she is when she says something sensual to me while hugging me to sleep or when she speaks in her dreams? I am already at my limits for enduring it for such a long time.

"Invitation, my a\*s." Janet rolled her eyes at him. "Don't try to blame me when you are in the mood for this."

Mason chuckled in amusement when he heard her accusations. "Yes. Yes, I want it. Well, do I have your permission?" he asked in a deep voice.

She did not answer him; instead, she raised her leg to kick his chest lightly.

Janet's fair and small foot traced lightly against Mason's body. I am not a man if I do not do something under such circumstances.

He reached out to grab her foot and he pulled her down to his lower body. Mason mumbled in a husky voice, "Babe..."

Since he did not look like he was in a rush anymore, Janet snorted lightly at him, "Mason."

"I do not like that name." Mason's hands froze and he pinched her waist gently before he added. "Call me something else."

She was at a loss for words.

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She clenched her jaws stubbornly, unwilling to speak. However, Mason would not release her at that critical moment.

"Janet, try calling me again. You have to address me with the name that you were previously used to."

She finally could not endure it anymore. She moaned and there were tears in the corners of her eyes. "Mason." I haven't addressed him in such an intimate manner for a long time, so I am not used to it all of a sudden.

Mason was even more energized when he heard her sensual voice. He ended up focusing all of his strength on one point.

Janet was usually tough, but she was helpless when it came to this. She gritted her teeth before sinking them onto his shoulder. "You are able to bully me because you are a man. If I have one too, I will bully you so hard that you'd surrender to me," she commented angrily.

"Is that so?" Mason chuckled and his voice was especially hoarse, but he did not stop his movements; instead, he increased the intensity. "I am looking forward to that day. However, before that, you can only stay beneath my body."

Janet bared her canines and she bit his arm hard.

They were not sure how much time had passed, but they were both exhausted by the time they were done with each other.

She was on his shoulder when she mumbled, "Aren't we going back to bed?" Why do I have the feeling that he isn't done?

"We will be back in bed soon enough." After saying that, Mason changed positions.

Janet glared at him and she warned him helplessly, but her voice was gravelly at that point, "You should exercise restraint."

"You should speak less if you want me to end this faster," his voice was deep and urgent. The sweat on his forehead dripped down her body. I suppose she isn't aware that her breath and moans excite me immensely.

Janet sighed—her hips and limbs were weak and limp. In the end, she gave up resisting him.

Amidst the night, Mason finally let out a guttural growl and he finally stopped moving. He locked his arms around her waist in a domineering and intimate way. Then, he asked in a husky voice, "Promise me that you will always stay by my side, alright?"

Janet, who was fast asleep, did not answer him.

Mason pinched her nose to punish her while asking her persistently, "Will you stay by my side?"

This time, Janet, who was fast asleep, finally responded. She opened her eyes in a daze. After glancing at the man, who was lying beside her, she answered him, "Sure, we will always be together... We will always be together and we'll get married."

Mason's originally clear eyes turned dark when he heard the words 'get married'. He felt an indescribable feeling surge through his chest at that moment. I don't care if she's just sleep-talking or whether she's sincere. I have to realize what she just said. He stood up to carry Janet, who was on the basin, into the shower to clean her up.

The two of them came out of the shower after 20 minutes.

He placed her carefully on the bed.

He was extremely careful and gentle, but she woke up anyway.

Janet opened her eyes and the sharp discomfort she felt reminded how hard they were going at it earlier. We did it from 9:00PM until 4:00AM—that is 7 hours long. We did it more than 7 times. Oh, my God! A man who has abstained for too long is worse than a starved wolf.

“Ouch.” She was in pain. She slumped onto the bed again when she tried getting up.

Mason had some medication in his hands when he entered the room. He was amused, but his heart ached for her when he saw how weak she looked. “Stop moving.”

Janet glared at him because she was frustrated. Why should I be tortured and motionless on the bed, but he’s still standing while making fun of me? Well, isn’t it just a rod? What’s so awesome about it?

She was fuming when she commented deliberately, “Mr. Lowry, you have admirable stamina. You are suited to work as a gigolo.”

Mason was at a loss for words when he heard that. He squinted at her suddenly and his gaze flashed menacingly in a warning manner.

He reached out to pick her up from the bed. Then, he placed her on his thighs when he teased her, “In that case, what do you think about my skills, Babe? I suppose it feels good, right?”

“Hmm,” Janet answered weakly. “At best, it’s average, but I think it’s a good choice to order your services once in a while.”

Mason’s handsome face soured straight away when he heard that. Is she treating me as a tool to vent her frustrations?

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"Babe, do you still remember what you said in the bathroom earlier?" He was not annoyed, but he wanted to know whether she was serious about getting married or if she was just joking.

Janet seemed indifferent. "What did I say?" I don't remember.

True enough, she doesn't remember anything. I am sure that she just mentioned it for fun. The look of joy vanished from his eyes as he lifted her pajamas in silence. Then, he squeezed some medicine on his finger to smear it on her injured body parts. It felt cold, but he was tender with her. However, there was something strange about his expression.

Janet blinked her eyes and she asked Mason in confusion. "Tell me—what did I say?" He hooked his finger angrily when he heard that, making her shiver involuntarily. "What are you doing?" She looked up at him while complaining in frustration.

Mason pressed his lips together and his voice was deep and gravelly. "Little liar." Does she know how happy I was when she mentioned that we should get married?

What is wrong with him? Janet glared at him. She snatched the tube of medication from him. "I will do it myself."

This time, he did not persist. Instead, he stood rooted to the spot for a few moments before finally turning to leave the bedroom.

Janet stared at Mason's lonely and dejected back view and somehow, she felt lost. Did I say something I shouldn't have said earlier? I don't think I did. Did I say something to hurt his pride?

At the dining table, he ate his breakfast without speaking to her.

She was chewing on her toast and she stole a glance at him. "What is wrong with you?" She could not read his mind, so she had no choice but to take the initiative to ask him.

Mason took a bite of his toast. After a pause, he shook his head. "Nothing." She forgot about what she said just a second ago! She's a playgirl! I can't be bothered with her right now.

Janet obviously did not believe his answer. After all, he was passionate and intimate with her yesterday and he had a complete change of attitude now. It was a 180-degree change. He is a playboy! In any case, I am not sure why, but I just want to be nice to him. Therefore, she put down the toast in her hand and took a new piece of bread. Then, she coated the toast carefully with a layer of beef sauce before handing it to him. "Eat," she commanded firmly.

Mason was stunned to silence for a few seconds. His lips twitched into a faint smile, but he looked reluctant as he accepted the piece of toast to have a bite.

After breakfast, the cell phone on the table started to ring. Janet picked it up and she noticed that it was Dylan calling her. Hence, she answered the phone call swiftly while maintaining a blank expression. "Professor Fontaine, what happened?"

A deep and matured voice of a man spoke on the other side of the line. After a while, she nodded. "Sure, I understand."

Janet stood up to take her bag from the couch. She turned to speak with Mason, "Professor Fontaine wants me to go back to school."

Mason did not answer her; instead, he cocked a brow at her, as if he did not mind at all.

When she took her bag and was about to leave, she added, "I might return later than usual this evening. You don't have to pick me up."

He remained silent, but his brow shot upward in exaggeration.

She had no time to reflect on his reaction and she assumed that he was reacting to her comments in the bedroom. "I'm leaving."

Mason remained silent, but he frowned even deeper now.

He sat on the large couch while loosening his tie. The originally neat tie knot was now in a mess. His deep scowl reflected his mood at that moment.

The morning sun reflected the cold and unhappy expression on his face.

“Young Master Mason, what happened?” Sean noticed something was amiss at the dining table that morning.

However, Mason kept quiet. His cold gaze darkened significantly and his frown suddenly deepened. A trace of confusion flashed through his eyes.

After a long pause, he finally broke the silence. “What is the reason for a woman to claim that she wants to get married, but denies it once she leaves the bed?”

Sean was astounded for a few seconds and he looked dumbfounded. “Young Master Mason, I am sorry, but I have no idea.” Forget about marriage, I don’t even have a girlfriend.

Mason glanced at him casually, but it was obvious that he was not too happy about the situation. “If.”

Sean was rendered speechless when he heard that.

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Sean refused to answer Mason for the longest time. “Yesterday, she held me while claiming that she wants to marry me, but she denied it once she got out of bed,” Mason explained unhappily while cocking a brow.

Sean was at a loss and he thought, I see, Young Master Mason was bothered by this earlier in the morning! “Young Master Mason, in all honesty, I am not well-versed in these matters. However, based on Miss Jackson’s personality, she is not the type of person who would deny things that she has said. Maybe she was joking earlier.”

Mason’s expression changed drastically when he heard that and he smirked. “A joke?” He laughed mirthlessly. It was obvious that he was unhappy with Sean’s answer! In fact, he seemed upset about it.

Sean noticed that something was amiss, so he changed his approach. "Miss Jackson must have forgotten about it. Why don't you bring it up again when you have a chance?"

After considering all the possibilities and coupled with Sean's reply, Mason believed that the theory of Janet forgetting about what she said was the most plausible reason.

Therefore, he grunted in response. "I will ask her to marry me after resolving the issue with Shadow 1."

Something flashed through Sean's gaze. Miss Jackson is still in freshman class. Will she agree to it? Will she become Mrs. Lowry very soon?

In Woodsbury University's laboratory, a few penultimate year students from the medical school were gathered together in a whispered discussion.

"I heard that Professor Fontaine is planning to assign a freshman together with us to participate in the surgery."

"That can't be true! Are you kidding me? My guess is that a freshman hasn't even learned the most basic clinical skills."

"That's right! Is your news inaccurate?"

"Impossible! I heard Professor Fontaine mentioning it in person. I think her name is Jane Jackson or something."

"Janet Jackson, you mean?"

"Isn't Janet Jackson the champion for the International Medical Competition for Novice? She defeated Melissa Rocher from the Rocher Family in Yobril!"

"Oh, d\*mn! If it's really Janet, she might very well join us for the surgery training."

"Oh, d\*mn! Isn't that rather unfair?! After all, we are in our third year, but she has the opportunity to operate when she's still in her freshman year."

"She is the champion of the International Medical Competition. Fairness does not exist in this situation."

“That is right. Professor Fontaine is obviously taking her side. What could we possibly say?”

“However, if Tina had participated in the competition this time, she could have won it too.”

“That is right! If it was not for Tina Favre’s health conditions causing her to miss the previous training and her inability to participate in the competition, I am sure she would have performed well.”

The person, named Tina Favre, was a third year student in the medical school. She had always been an outstanding student in the medical school from freshman year to third year. She was the top student in Woodsbury University’s internal exams, which included both the theory and practical exams. Unfortunately, she could not take part in the training previously due to her health conditions. That was why she could not take part in the competition.

At that moment, a woman’s voice suddenly rang outside the door. Her tone was not impressive and she sounded ordinary too. “What are you guys chatting about?”

The senior students, who were in the medical laboratory, turned when they heard the voice.

It was Tina standing outside the door.

Speaking of the Devil.

Those closer to Tina approached her swiftly and they started to gossip. “Tina, have you heard that Professor Fontaine is assigning a freshman student in our practical project? This means that we are forced to complete our assignments with an inexperienced freshman.”

What? Does Professor Fontaine actually expect third year students, who are about to graduate, to work with a freshman to complete a surgery? Isn’t that a joke? Who could have received such an honor to complete the practical subject with us?!

Tina frowned slightly and she asked, “A freshman? Is it the one named Janet Jackson?”

“That’s right! Who else is popular in the medical world apart from her?” a few penultimate year students commented in jealousy.

When we were in our freshman year, we were still learning about basic medical theory. Now, Janet is allowed to practice her surgical skills when she’s still in her freshman year! It is impossible not to be jealous of her.

