

Sir, You Don't Know Your Wife Chapter 901

Henry was the first to respond as he widened his eyes in shock. "Young Master Mason!"

A hole had been carved into the left side of the black Maybach, leaving Janet injured.

There was a gash on her left arm, and warm blood was gushing out.

Janet looked down at her arm and couldn't help but wince.

"Keep driving." Mason covered her with his body, then pulled out a gun with one hand and started firing at the smoking truck.

The tire scraped sharply against the ground as more and more gunshots sounded behind them. Janet wanted to get up to help but was harshly pressed back down by Mason. "Get down!"

She opened her eyes wide and noticed the numerous holes in the glass window opposite her. Panic rose inside her.

Before she could pull out a gun, her hand was shoved back, and the man pressed her firmly against his thigh as he fought the onslaught of gunfire alone.

"Trust me." Janet's clear and indifferent voice rang out.

Mason was silent for a moment, then he pursed his lips and finally let go of her hand.

Janet endured the pain of the wound, pulled out her gun, then fired at the truck across them.

Henry turned pale and hurriedly turned to assess the situation.

The men in black, who had been carrying guns, had all collapsed.

All the wheels on the truck were blown to bits, and none of its occupants survived.

A car had been following behind them, but when it saw that all the people from the truck were defeated, it quickly turned around and sped off.

For a moment, there was no one around.

“We can’t catch up to them.”

Mason reverted his gaze to Janet and saw the bloody cut on her arm, finding it terrifying and hideous to look at.

“Henry, go to the hospital immediately.” The man’s voice was low and hoarse, and he spoke in a strained manner.

“Okay.” Without even thinking twice, Henry hurriedly searched for the nearest hospital on his phone.

“It’s okay. We’ll deal with the wound when we get to the hospital,” Janet said faintly with no expression on her face.

“Quiet!” Mason’s face was dark. He shrugged off his jacket, then took off the black shirt he was wearing underneath and used it as gauze to give her a simple bandage.

Stunned, Janet didn’t speak and simply let the man deal with her injury.

His face was gloomy, and he was exerting more force than usual.

Janet grimaced and snapped, “Will it hurt to be a little more gentle?”

Looking up at her, Mason spoke in a low and cold voice. “If you’re in pain, then you should’ve listened to me and stayed put. You’re injured and yet you’re forcing yourself.”

Janet was speechless for a second, not knowing how to justify her actions.

She looked down at the wound in her arm and murmured, “Who the hell did this?”

In the green room, Lee glanced at the time. “The competition is about to start. Why haven’t they returned yet? Do you know where they went?” He looked up at the man opposite him.

Sean shook his head. “I don’t know.”

Ever since Henry knew that Janet was excellent at playing the piano, he followed her around all day and even took over Sean’s job as the driver.

Bowing his head, Sean felt a little aggrieved.

Lee went through his contacts and made a phone call, but it wouldn't connect no matter how many times he dialed the number.

Frowning, Lee turned to Sean. "Give me the phone your master gave you."

Sean was stunned for a moment, then made an 'oh' sound and directly handed the phone over.

This time, the call connected in an instant. Lee said, "Where did you take her? The competition is about to begin."

The low, hoarse voice on the other end of the phone spoke, and Lee's face gradually turned sullen as his brows knitted tightly together.

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Noticing that something was wrong with the atmosphere, Sean turned to look at Lee.

He heard Lee saying solemnly, "All right. Take good care of her."

"What happened?" Sean asked while taking back the phone.

"On their way back, they encountered a gunfight, and Janet's arm was injured after being hit by a car." Lee's voice was low, and his expression was steely as if he was out for blood.

Sean froze and immediately asked, "What about Young Master Mason?"

Lee pursed his lips and said nothing, then rolled his eyes at him.

After he passed her over to Mason, she had been getting injured more times than he could count!

That b*stard sure is useless!

After hanging up the phone, Lee didn't go to the hospital but went to the judges' lounge instead.

The five judges were all there.

At Lee's sudden visit, the few of them were surprised and hurriedly got up to greet him. "Young Master Sanders, what are you doing here?"

Lee closed the door, then sat on the sofa—his demeanor was unusually calm. "Regarding the second and third round of the competition, can it be postponed?"

As soon as he said that, the judges exchanged looks; they looked somewhat at a loss. "Well..."

"Young Master Sanders, is something the matter?"

Lee opened his eyes and told them outright. "The contestant named Janet Jackson injured her arm and is still in the hospital, so she can't make it here and she can't play the piano."

The judges' eyes bulged with surprise upon hearing this. "This... How could this happen? Is she all right?"

Lee shook his head. "That's why I wanted to ask if it's possible to change the time for the next round."

"Young Master Sanders, the thing is..." The few judges had troubled looks on their faces. "You know that today's competition is being broadcasted live worldwide, so even if we agree, what are we supposed to tell the other contestants? What do we say to the global audience?"

"Okay," Lee said blankly. "Then, I'll withdraw from the competition on behalf of Janet."

"This..." The judges looked at each other again, and they appeared even more distressed than before.

Withdraw from the competition? Sweet Tune has just announced that she's coming, and now Janet's withdrawing. Could it be that she feels guilty? Otherwise, how could there be such a coincidence?

One of the judges stood up and asked, "Young Master Sanders, what is your relationship with Miss Jackson?"

"I'm her friend." After Lee answered, he turned and walked out; his departure was followed by a loud slam of the door.

Henry had informed the hospital long before they arrived. By the time they got there, the hospital chief, the chief surgeon, and a nurse were already waiting outside.

Although Henry's driving skills weren't as good as Mason and Janet's, the speed at which he drove today could be compared with those two people.

Fortunately, the wound was bandaged in time, so she didn't lose a lot of blood.

The hospital chief knew of their status in Sandfort City and the whole of Asia, so he hurriedly ordered, "Get her to the emergency room."

The chief surgeon nodded and waved for the nurse to carry her onto a wheelchair.

Mason pursed his lips and stayed silent as he picked Janet up and went to the emergency room.

Janet wanted to laugh and cry. "Can you stop being so anxious? It didn't hurt before, but I'm definitely hurting now."

Mason was expressionless. Looking straight ahead, a trace of self-blame flashed across his face.

It's all because I didn't protect her well. If I had brought more people to Yobril, this wouldn't have happened. But, who would attack us in Yobril? Was the culprit targeting me or Janet?

"I'll go out first."

Sir, You Don't Know Your Wife Chapter 903

When they reached the emergency room, Mason gently set her down. His expression was blank, and his gaze didn't rest on her for more than half a second.

Janet's lips moved, and an indiscernible emotion flashed across her face. She seemed lost and sad, but quickly returned to normal and nodded. "Okay."

She was obedient and her answer came quickly, but the man still didn't spare her a glance.

After a while, Janet looked away and she heard the sound of footsteps as he walked out the door.

The chief surgeon hurried to her bedside. After assessing the wound on Janet's arm for a while, he said calmly, "The wound is quite deep. I can't rule out the possibility of there being glass inside, so we may need to disinfect and take the shards out later. It will hurt a lot; can you take it?"

Janet nodded and murmured a faint 'yes'.

Mason didn't leave directly after leaving the emergency room but stopped outside the door to listen to the conversation inside.

When the man heard the word 'glass', he suddenly saw red.

Just now, he had been avoiding her gaze, as he was afraid to look at her, much less look at her wound. He was fearful, and Janet noticed that he was nervous and blaming himself.

He didn't blame her for trying to be brave anymore.

She never said that she was in pain, and she never cried. But, does it really not hurt? Of course, it does. She's also human—a human woman. She's made of flesh and blood, so it undoubtedly hurts, and she needs to be protected. It's just that she always pretends to be easy-going or indifferent.

Just then, a panicked shout sounded in the corridor. Mason looked up and squinted.

"Where's Janet?" Lee's expression was bleak and he seemed unworried, but his uneven breathing betrayed him.

Mason looked down and said, "Emergency room."

Upon hearing this, Lee's handsome face turned sullen and dark. "Ever since she got together with you, she's been hurt more times than she should."

Last time in the teahouse, she had helped him block a bullet, and now, she was somehow injured again after participating in the competition.

If word about this got out, the other forces of Markovia might laugh themselves silly!

Pursing his lips, Mason said nothing.

I'm useless; I'm trash. I can't even protect my own woman. What's more, it was hard to lay a finger on the old Janet, let alone hurt her!

Suddenly, the phone in his pocket rang. Mason reached for it and took it out.

When he answered the phone, a low, hoarse male voice came from the other end.

As Mason listened, his eyes narrowed slightly. "All right. I'll go over now."

Sean was in the emergency room on the second floor. When he went to the scene of the incident, he found that some of the men were still alive. In order to facilitate the confession, he brought them to the hospital.

Mason stood quietly by the bed as he looked down at the man dressed in black. The air around him felt static.

Narrowing his eyes, Mason spoke in a stony voice. "Tell me; who sent you?"

The man that was lying on the bed stayed silent, a sneer hanging on the corners of his lips.

Mason lifted his leg and kicked him hard.

Blood shot out of the man's mouth, but he said nothing.

Mason's eyes narrowed with hostility, and he was ready to give the man another kick.

"Young Master Mason, there's no point asking. This man's mouth is sealed tight. I've repeatedly questioned him just now, but he won't say a word." Sean stood on the side, feeling utterly distressed.

When Mason heard this, he pressed his exquisite lips into a hard line, his demeanor exuding an air of haughtiness.

"We'll see if your mouth is tougher than my fist!"

With that, he punched the man in the face.

The wound on the man's chest was bleeding, and fresh blood was flowing out of his mouth.

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After suffering a dozen blows, the man in black still refused to speak. When Mason realized that the man lying on the bed was no longer resisting, he stopped.

Sean stepped forward and felt under the man's nose. "Young Master Mason, he's not breathing anymore. I'll ask the doctor to come and resuscitate him."

Mason's eyes showed no change of emotion as his lips curled up into a frosty smile. "Send him to the crematorium." Then, he walked toward the emergency room door without another word, leaving an air of ruthlessness behind him.

Since they refused to speak even after being forced, it showed that these people were something, and it was likely that they belonged to an organization. For some reason, Mason had the feeling that these people were from the same organization as the people who came after him at the teahouse. Who the hell is constantly looking for an opportunity to assassinate me?

After the doctor treated Janet's wound, he gently reminded, "Don't let the wound come into contact with water, and don't lift any heavy objects, okay?"

Janet's face was blank as she nodded. "Okay."

Afterward, the doctor and nurses left. When Lee saw that the doctors and nurses had come out, he stepped forward and asked, "Doctor, can I go in and see her?"

The doctor nodded. "Go ahead. And remind her not to get the wound wet."

"Thank you," Lee said and walked straight into the emergency room.

Janet was lying on the bed with her eyes closed. Hearing his footsteps, she quickly opened her eyes and sat up. Lee immediately yelled, "Don't move!"

Janet raised her eyebrows when she heard this, then joked, "What? Now that I can't use my left arm, you dare to be fierce with me?"

Lee was amused and his somber mood gradually dissipated; he couldn't help but laugh. "Don't joke about it." Even if she only used her right arm, she could easily defeat him.

Janet suddenly remembered something. "By the way, I still have to go to the competition site."

She then tried to get up but was stopped by Lee. "Don't move, young lady! You don't need to go to the competition. I've already withdrawn on your behalf."

When she heard this, Janet's eyes narrowed as she fixed him with a dangerous stare.

Lee wasn't afraid of this look, so he said outright, "There's no use in glaring at me. The judges have already agreed, and they'll let the organizer know when the time comes."

Feeling helpless, all she could do was nod. After that, she peered outside the ward again and grew confused. "Where is he?"

Lee, who was peeling an apple, paused, then looked up at her. "Are you talking about Mason?"

Janet nodded. A hint of anticipation was in her eyes, but it was well hidden.

"He left after getting a call."

"Oh."

"What's the matter?" Lee teased, "Are you disappointed that he didn't come to see you?"

Janet didn't answer. Taking a bite out of the apple he just peeled, she said, "I wonder who came after us today."

"Could it be..." Lee pondered for a while, then blurted, "Your sister?" After all, Emily was close to being the champion but was suddenly intercepted by Janet halfway through. It wasn't impossible for her to want to kill Janet.

"Impossible." Janet continued eating the apple. "These assassins can't be summoned on such short notice. She's not capable of it."

Not to mention, she wasn't intelligent enough to invite three groups of killers to surround her. What was more, she couldn't possibly know when and where Mason's car would appear.

Lee squinted. "Then, who do you think it is?"

Janet raised her eyebrows, her expression menacing. "I don't know."

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There was no evidence, and plainly guessing was no use at all!

Not to mention, Janet was uncertain about whether they were targeting her or Mason.

It was too dangerous for the two of them to be together.

They would just double the danger!

Lee studied the frowning girl and felt somewhat bad for her. "Get some sleep. We'll investigate it when we get back to Sandfort City."

After taking the anti-inflammatory medicine, Janet felt drowsy. She said nothing and simply nodded before nestling under the blanket.

Seeing that she had closed her eyes, Lee didn't want to bother her anymore, so he got up and walked out quietly.

When Mason heard the conversation and footsteps, he hurried into the ward next door in a panic.

He was relieved to see Lee disappear down the corridor, and only then did he walk out of the ward.

After leaving the ward, he went into the next room.

Janet was lying on the hospital bed and her pink lips looked pale. Her eyes were closed, and she was already asleep.

However, Mason didn't have the courage to go in.

After hearing her question to Lee, a sweet feeling made its way into his heart, but he was also sad, and he couldn't bring himself to see her.

She kept getting hurt time and time again because he didn't know how to protect her.

If she continued to get in harm's way because of him, he would rather disappear from her life!

Mason bowed his head and greedily touched Janet's smooth and tender face.

She was such a strong person, but because of him, she was lying here—unable to join the competition.

Subconsciously, the man clenched his fist and blue veins bulged on his forehead.

"The patient needs more rest. May the family please leave the room." The surgeon's voice sounded next to him.

The man looked up and made a shushing gesture, then whispered, "How is she?"

"The patient needs more rest. I suggest you leave her be."

Mason shook his head and insisted coldly, "It's fine. She said just now that she wanted to see me. I'm not going to wake her up."

Unable to win this argument, the surgeon hesitated before nodding. "Then, keep your movements minimal, and don't wake her up."

Mason didn't speak as he returned his affectionate gaze to the girl once more.

Sighing, the surgeon exited the ward.

The judges were quick to tell the organizers about Janet's withdrawal from the competition.

The organizers were shocked at first, then simply nodded in acknowledgment.

It didn't take long before they issued a statement.

'We regret to announce that Janet Jackson withdrew from the World Piano Competition due to personal reasons, but the competition will carry on. Don't forget to watch the live broadcast or come to the venue to see your favorite pianists live.' –The organizing committee of the World Piano Competition.