

Sir, You Don't Know Your Wife Chapter 476

A name flashed across Mason's mind when he was still brooding on the subject. Perhaps MX might be able to help.

At that same moment, Sean's voice came through. "Mr. Lowry, Miss Jackson is back!"

Janet stood by the door while glancing at him furtively, but she had to pretend as if nothing happened. Meanwhile, Mason marched toward her with a chilly aura about him, but his dark eyes seemed to hold grief. "What's the matter?" Janet asked, feigning ignorance as to the reason he was upset.

Upon hearing her question, Mason pulled her into an embrace so tight that it felt like he was trying to merge their figures into one. He didn't know, nor did he dare imagine how painful it might be to lose Janet.

Janet yawned in an attempt to hide something. "I'm so tired. I want to sleep." Despite her attempts to break free, Mason didn't let go, causing her to regard him with a frown.

"There's no hurry in doing that. You'll have plenty of time later on!" Mason dragged her into the lobby before heading upstairs.

The sight of it came as a relief to Sean. Good gracious! Miss Jackson is so naughty! First, she didn't inform us beforehand where she was going, then didn't pick up our calls. And now, she just pops back in front of us after such a long period of silence?

Seeing that things were more or less settled, Sean gave a call to inform his subordinates in Sandfort City that they were no longer required to set off to Markovia as Janet had returned safe and sound. Besides, one of the people who were most worried about Janet was an elderly woman, so he figured he should soothe her nerves as soon as possible.

"We've found her. You can now remove the search notices," Sean instructed the advertising company.

However, the man on the phone said, "We already did so early on! You can rest assured of our efficiency."

The man's response brought a frown to Sean's face. He raised his voice to question in puzzlement, "Why would you do that? We are just calling you now!"

As soon as he said so, truth dawned on the man on the other end of the line. "So you weren't the ones who gave us a call just now?"

His frown taut, Sean had an odd feeling regarding the situation. Suspicion arose within him when he thought, Might Miss Jackson's disappearance be somehow connected to the incident at Star Harbor?

Meanwhile, in the presidential suite on the twelfth floor, Mason led Janet to sit down on the bed, a calm confusion showing on her face. The screen of the phone she left on the table was black, seemingly indicating that it was switched off. It was her attempt to show him that she didn't answer her phone because it was switched off. Nonetheless, he asked a few seconds later after glancing at it, "Tell me. Where have you been?"

"What's wrong?" Janet seemed indifferent to his question.

Taking a deep breath, he rubbed her hands with much force while staring at her delicate face. "Why didn't you inform me that you needed to go out? Why didn't you pick up my calls?" While he didn't mind if she wanted to have fun, he deemed her recent outing last night inappropriate given the circumstances. She should've waited for him in the hotel.

Janet lifted her gaze to look at him, at the same time requesting, "Can I not answer your question?" She seemed conflicted.

Upon noticing that, Mason didn't feel like prying any further, since he understood that everybody had secrets, and that even intimate couples needed their own space. Therefore, he decided that he would respect her wishes. There's nothing I can do if she's gonna be like this. After a moment's silence, he pulled his lips into a thin line. "Have you been to Star Harbor?"

Silently, Janet hung her head low before locking eyes with him again without a word.

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"Before that, I have a question for you." She crossed her legs before throwing a question at him nonchalantly. "How will you react if I tell you I did go to Star Harbor?"

She did? So she is J'Adore of MX? Mason's body stiffened at the thought. "Is that why you risked yourself to save me?"

Knowing she wouldn't be able to cover up what happened, she already scripted a response accordingly. All of a sudden, she put on a wretched look, seemingly on the verge of tears. "I don't know, but I saw nothing."

Although Mason was angry and astonished by her response, he panicked as soon as he saw her reddened eyes. "What did you see?"

"How do you expect me to reply to that? Should I tell you that I saw you talking with another woman, as well as seeing that woman save you?" Janet averted her gaze in reluctance.

"You knew about everything that happened at Star Harbor last night?" He wondered if she meant that she went after him to Star Harbor, but didn't show herself as she saw him talking with another woman. Does this also mean she's unwilling to tell me of her whereabouts because she's feeling jealous?

At that moment, Janet turned around to sneakily wipe her tears, but Mason noticed it, causing him to fall into silence. Although there were too many coincidences, he decided to release his doubts upon witnessing someone as headstrong as her crying.

Seeing that he stood unmoving, Janet tugged on his sleeve while hanging her head low. In a low and slightly hoarse voice, she probed, "Are you angry because I didn't inform you that I went to Star Harbor?"

"Why would I?" Mason hugged her while patting her shoulders, looking at her from where he stood. "I'm overjoyed that you would think of coming to find me, so I have no reason to be angry."

A smile tugged on the corner of Janet's lips upon hearing that, as she was sure that he believed in her. Subsequently, she poured a glass of water from the dispenser to hand it to him. "But I left the hotel without telling you."

Taking the water from her, Mason sounded both defeated yet still loving. "Next time, you should stay put instead of sneaking out, okay?"

"No!" Janet was quick to put her foot down. "I won't allow myself to sit around idly when you're exposed to danger! You have to bring me along no matter the situation! I fear nothing!" Even if she had a second chance, she would still go after him to Star Harbor, as he was her man.

Hearing her dedication brought a gentle smile to his face. "But I fear for you."

After he said so, an equivocal silence hung thick in the air. Janet held his hand in hers before sliding her hand to his sturdy waist. Then, she planted a kiss on his lips. "I'm sorry."

Mason was momentarily startled before taking the initiative to kiss her back. It wasn't until her body went limp and she was desperate for oxygen that he let go of her. By then, her lipstick was already ruined, staining both their lips.

Panting, he reassured, "The Lowrys are all well-trained, and every one of us has capabilities on par with a special force personnel, so I'll be alright. Nobody will be able to hurt me."

Taking a deep breath, she said, "I know that, but nor am I weak, so you have nothing to worry about."

They exchanged a glance before Mason let out a chuckle. While he knew she could stand on her own, there was no place for a girl on a battlefield. It was especially unbecoming of his girl. "Are you tired?" He felt sorry for her when he noticed the bags under her eyes.

"Yeah."

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Mason smiled before scratching her nose. In a tone that sounded both reprehensive yet loving, he chided, "You didn't even spend a minute in here before sneaking out, you rascal!"

Knowing that someone cared for her had Janet feeling warm and fuzzy all of a sudden. After saying that, Mason tugged on her hand to lead her to the bathroom.

"What's the matter?" Her face turned a pinkish hue. Is he planning on bathing with me?

"Let's bathe!" Mason chuckled, then carried her on his shoulder when she had her guard down. There was a shift in Janet's countenance when she fell backward onto his shoulder.

Ever since they got into the bathroom, Janet had been shrieking nonstop for twenty minutes straight. "Hey, d-don't stare! Close your eyes!"

"Let me help you!"

"I don't need your help!"

"You got me all worried, you rascal!"

After ten or so minutes of the ordeal, Janet's face was flushing a deep crimson red. She felt like she was about to meet her creators while her heart palpitated like never before, as it was their first time ever seeing each other naked. Although she had been trying to cover herself with a towel, the thin fabric was torn when Mason tugged on it.

It wasn't until then that she knew how horrid he could be. In the end, she managed to escape after a desperate struggle. She had her eyes closed all the while. It was thanks to her excellent sense of direction that she didn't slip and fall on the floor.

When Mason got back out from the bathroom, Janet was already fast asleep on the bed with a towel wrapped around her. He toweled his hair dry while staring at her tiny frame on the bed with a deep gaze, the sight of it disturbing the tranquility within him. Putting the towel aside, he straddled the bed while dragging his slender fingers across her delicate face.

Janet could feel his breathing tingling her ear. Turning her head to face him, she had a gentle gaze in her eye when she inquired, "What's wrong? Aren't you going to bed?"

Upon hearing that, Mason reached out to caress her hair before speaking in a hoarse voice. "You should dry your hair." Sleeping with wet hair can lead to a headache. She shouldn't be stubborn about it even if she was a doctor.

Thus, she got up with narrowed eyes, but she didn't move otherwise.

In the meantime, Mason retrieved the hair dryer from the bathroom before sitting down by the bed. Upon recalling that Janet was about to resume her studies, he asked, "When do you want to go back to Sandfort City?"

She pondered on the subject. "You decide."

"Then we'll sleep through the morning. We can always return at night."

"Okay."

After giving her reply, Janet was suddenly jolted awake when she recalled a question that she had been meaning to ask. In a hushed voice that was devoid of emotion, she probed, "Will you promise to help me out if I ever want to do something in Sandfort City?"

Smiling, Mason planted a kiss on her forehead. "Of course. What do you want to do?"

"Nothing." Janet shook her head. She knew he would help settle all of her problems in secret if he ever knew about her wish to set up a base in Sandfort City, which was something that worried her.

Mason assumed that the question was but a result of her grogginess, so he paid no heed to it. Lowering his head, he took in the scent of shampoo and her bodily scent when he sniffed on her hair. It made him feel dizzy, stirring up certain notions that were taboo. He didn't expect himself to carry her into the bathroom so impulsively, which he regretted as he felt the bulging sensation of his erection.

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After he returned the hair dryer to its original position, Janet fell asleep while leaning against the headboard. A smile ghosted his lips when he stared at her sleeping face. It struck a chord in his heart that brought forth a sense of warmth. All of a sudden, he caught a glimpse of the silver gun beside the bed, which he picked up without making a sound.

As soon as he grasped it, his heart sank when he noticed that it was equipped with a muffler. Come to think of it, he had yet to teach her how to install a muffler on a gun. Moreover, the gun was loaded. When he unloaded the cartridge, he noticed that it contained only seven bullets, while the eighth was missing, which indicated that she had fired the gun.

As soon as he noted that, doubts arose within him. He observed her sleeping face before letting out an abrupt chuckle. Then, he mumbled in a low voice, "Janet, was it you that I saw?" However, he also wondered why she chose not to tell him the truth if she was indeed the woman he saw. It was fine if she didn't want to tell him, as he agreed that everybody had a right to keep secrets, but he would feel sorry for her if she was indeed J'Adore. He caressed her face and spent some time staring at her before turning to exit the room.

As soon as he stepped out of the room, he saw Sean walking up to him, who greeted him with a solemn nod. "Mr. Lowry."

Mason returned the nod before brushing past him.

While watching Mason leave, Sean hesitated if he should tell him about his suspicions. In the end, he called out to Mason. "Mr. Lowry!"

He stopped in his tracks before turning back slightly. "What is it?"

"I have a feeling that something's fishy regarding what happened early this morning," Sean said. According to Black Python, he had been standing guard in front of the hotel room all night with White Python, so Janet shouldn't be able to sneak out of the room. One possible exit remained, which was the area in the backyard that was undergoing maintenance. He realized it was obstructed from view when he checked on the surveillance records.

Pursing his lips, Mason paused for a moment before asking, "Does it have something to do with Janet?"

"Yeah."

"We'll talk about it after we return to Sandfort City." Mason narrowed his eyes, keeping a straight face as he did so. Perhaps she had her reasons. All will come to the surface when the time is right.

Sean nodded obediently, as he agreed that they shouldn't be investigating Janet behind her back. After all, she must've worked extraordinarily hard to attain the position as leader in Markovia. Due to the difficulties that she had to go through, she would of course hide her identity carefully.

It was seven o'clock at night in Markovia. Janet, Mason, and a few more people were dining in the hotel. Checking out Janet's high-collared outfit, Henry laughed before making fun of her. "Miss Janet, there's still some time before winter arrives. Don't you feel stuffy in it?"

Mason's gaze darkened while glancing at Janet, as he could see from his position the red marks on her neck. While propping her collar up, she glared at him for leaving not one, but multiple hickeys on her neck when she was asleep. It was his fault that she had to wear a high-collared outfit during summer, causing people to give her a knowing glance during the afternoon.

Being on the receiving end of Janet's glare, Mason vented his frustrations on Henry. "Focus on eating your food!"

"I'm full already, so I'll go pack my stuff," Janet said. After that, she looked at Mason while tugging on his hand. "Don't you need to pack up?"

"Alright." Mason pursed his lips before smiling at her. Later on, he followed her upstairs.

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Upon entering their room, Mason stopped by the door to watch her while arching his brow. "Are you unhappy that I left visible marks?"

Janet kept her silence while walking into the bathroom. After a while, she complained, "I can't get rid of these marks."

"Let me have a look." Hearing that, Mason chuckled before entering the bathroom.

Janet stood still, allowing him to comb her hair aside. He then tapped the back of her neck with his coarse and chilly fingers before rubbing the back of her flushed ears. "I'm sorry to have overexerted myself." After saying that, he deliberately put on a mischievous smile.

Grinning naughtily herself, Janet cried out loud, "This is unfair!"

Upon hearing that, the resulting thought of her being angry somehow made Mason nervous. Just when he was about to explain himself, Janet reached for his waist before standing on tiptoes to suck on his neck. There was a popping noise when her lips separated from the flesh on his neck. She put just the right amount of pressure behind it, making it sound sensual. When Mason heard that, his eyes darkened while he tightened his grasp around her thin waist. After that, he said in a dangerously attractive voice, "You're playing with fire." He wondered if she assumed that he wouldn't take her then and there.

"Haha!" Tilting her head, Janet laughed while arching an eyebrow provocatively. The sight of it aroused him, which gave him an erection. Although he tried to move away, he found himself nailed to the spot as if being charmed.

"Aren't you leaving?" Janet turned around to tug on his hand.

As he stared into her cunning eyes, he narrowed his own dark eyes that were filled with desire. Then, he raised his eyebrows before circling around her to bar her exit. "Why don't we stay here for another night? We can leave tomorrow morning?"

Rendered speechless by his suggestion, Janet locked eyes with him for a moment before recalling a question that she had been meaning to ask. "Where's the silver gun?" She couldn't find it when she was packing her luggage earlier.

"I took it back, It's not safe for you to carry it around."

"Okay." Janet pursed her lips while maintaining a poker face.

Later, they arrived at the airport by nine o'clock at night. Black Python, White Python, Sean and Henry were already waiting for them on the plane. Upon hearing their footsteps, Henry lifted his gaze to see the crimson marks on Mason's neck. He couldn't help but make fun of the latter. "Tch, you got stung by a huge mosquito in the span of the short amount of time we spent apart!"

Upon hearing that, the others noticed the hickey on Mason's neck as well when they raised their head to check on him. Their bodies stiffened at the sight of it before they smiled awkwardly. One of them said sheepishly, "Wow. That was quite a huge mosquito indeed."

Janet was at a loss for words; all she knew was that she sure wished to blast these idiots out of the plane.

Four hours later, the plane landed safely. Meanwhile, at Lowry Residence in Sandfort City, Old Madam Lowry had already received news of Janet's return. After she was done with her dinner, she had been waiting for them until it was past twelve midnight.

When she finally saw Janet, she was so elated that not even the joy of winning a lottery could compare to her current jubilant mood. The servants within the house were also greeting Janet with a smile on their faces. "Janet, you've gotten prettier after a few months! You look like an angel!" Old Madam Lowry brushed past Mason to snatch Janet away from him.

Henry smiled when he heard that. "She sure looks prettier than ever! How could she not when Mason was constantly being lovey-dovey with her?"

When Mason heard those words, he shot him a glare before instructing a servant in a hushed voice, "Hand the keys of the remodeled car to Young Master Moss."

"Understood, Young Master Mason!"

"Thank you very much!" Henry chuckled as he headed toward the entrance with his hands in his pockets.