

Sir, You Don't Know Your Wife Chapter 1038

After all, he had failed to reach her ever since she had disappeared after the surgery training.

Therefore, he had no choice but to call Mason.

Robert asked, his tone puzzled, "Miss Jackson had been absent from school these few days. Do you know what happened to her?"

"She is ill but she will be well in a few days. I will take her to the university myself after she recovers."

"If that's the case, please let her take a good rest. I will inform Professor Fontaine about this."

"Yes; I'll have to trouble you with that, then."

With that, Mason hung up the call.

Meanwhile, the woman, who had been lying on the bed unconscious, dreamt about Mason lying in a pool of blood and gradually disappearing before her.

Suddenly, she opened her eyes. Looking at the snowy white ceiling, she seemed confused and lost.

"Mason... Mason!" Janet subconsciously cried out.

Desire raised her head, a look of joy on her face. That kind of joy was completely unconcealable as she murmured, "Janet, you're finally awake!"

Janet's lips parted. "Where's Mason? Where is he? Did he return with me? How is the injury on his foot?"

Desire, who was shocked by Janet's current state, immediately comforted her. "Calm down, Janet."

“Where’s Mason? Where is he?” Janet, however, couldn’t calm down; she felt that she was shrouded in coldness and even her heart felt cold.

“Mr. Lowry has just gone out; I’ll ask him to come back now.” With that, Desire attempted to rise to her feet.

Without listening to her, Janet directly sat up but Desire pressed her shoulder. “Don’t move, Janet. I will go and get him.”

Janet was worried sick, wondering if the wound on Mason’s ankle had been treated.

So much had happened in these few days that until now, she couldn’t fully catch up with what was happening.

In her dreams, she actually saw Mason dying in front of her and it was this same dream that woke her up. The dream seemed so real that Janet couldn’t help but to feel worried.

At that moment, Desire had reached the door and was about to open it, but someone beat her to it.

A low, deep voice was heard coming from the door. “Babe.”

As soon as Mason entered the ward, he immediately saw Janet, who was about to sit up on the bed. It made him flustered, so he quickly called out to her.

Janet was stunned for a few seconds. Upon seeing the familiar handsome face, she didn’t even bother to put on her shoes before throwing herself at him.

Upon seeing the scene, Desire rubbed her nose and quickly left the ward.

It might have been because the man was too worried for Janet that traces of fatigue actually appeared on his handsome face.

The corner of Janet’s lips curved upward as she rubbed the spot between his brows and murmured, “Mason, I miss you.”

The man was stunned. Happiness, shock, and joy—all the feelings blended together and welled up inside him.

At that moment, his eyes became slightly red.

Drip. A drop of warm liquid fell on the back of Janet's hand, making her squint as her lips parted. "You're crying, Mason..."

This was the first time he shed genuine tears in front of her.

At that instant, the panicked Janet comforted him while cupping his face, "Mason, don't worry; I'm fine."

The man's calloused palm gently caressed her tender cheeks as he let out a chuckle. "I didn't cry. You got it wrong." Why would I cry? I am beyond elated.

"Mason, how is the injury on your foot?" Something seemed to suddenly cross her mind, so she intended to bend down to check the injury on his foot.

"Jan, I'm fine. It has been treated." Then, he suddenly carried her in his arms.

Janet subconsciously hooked her arms around his neck and gasped. "What are you doing?"

Without replying, the man had one arm wrapped around her waist while he announced in a strong and overbearing manner, "Punishing you."

His words shocked her. Her lips quirked up and she was amused by his reply. "What did I do wrong? Is it because I didn't tell you that Shadow 1 is one of my identities? Mason, it wasn't my intention to hide my identity as Shadow 1 from you. It's because there is an unspoken rule in the world of assassins—I receive instructions from others, so I must never reveal my identity to anyone."

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"I saw the map of the Hawke Kingdom in your basement, so I thought that you were also investigating him... I had no idea that you are Prime Minister Welch himself. If I had known, I wouldn't have laid my hands on you for sure. I definitely wouldn't."

This was undoubtedly the longest string of heartfelt words she had ever said to him in one go.

The thoughts and feelings that she had been bottling up inside her for a few days came pouring out at this instant.

Nevertheless, the man seemed unfazed by her words.

The shadow of a smile that played around his lips when he looked at her without doing anything made Janet feel scared.

I think that he is really mad. He has never been mad at me before...

After a while, she could not bear it any longer so she asked, "Or is it perhaps you resent me for attempting to assassinate you? If you really hate me for that, I will apologize—"

Before the word 'apologize' completely left her mouth, her lips were sealed by the man's thin ones.

This time, instead of avoiding him, she took the initiative to lick his lips like a kitten.

Jan has never been so meek yet proactive like today. Aroused, Mason directly cupped the back of her head and returned her with an aggressive yet gentle French kiss.

The unique hormones and scent of grass on him entered Janet's nose, entrancing her and causing her to lose her head over him. She hung onto him, all her strength gone.

The wet yet sweet French kiss ended with her panting.

Instead of letting her go, Mason took things further by questioning her coldly, "What else did you do wrong? Spill it!"

Upon hearing that, Janet blinked, a confused look on her face.

What else did I do wrong? With her eyes and head lowered, she shook her head. "I don't know."

Upon seeing her miserable and sorry look, the smile that he had been stifling finally broke out. He reached out his hand and pinched her nose while he asked in displeasure, "Why did you lie to me?"

Even with the knowledge that waking him up would require a special method after he had fallen asleep, she still talked him into falling asleep.

The reason he was mad was not because of the things she had said earlier. Instead, it was the fact that she had carried him all the way with her petite body—that enraged him.

He hated her stubbornness, as well as her selflessness; in contrast, he wouldn't hate her if she had left him behind at that time.

Janet, who could roughly guess what he meant, reached out and cupped his face. "I've told you this before—my life would be meaningless without you."

Stunned, he was so touched by her words that he was close to tears.

He pressed his lips together and after a moment, he finally collected himself. "Babe, I swear you won't have to go through that again."

Mason initially intended to resolve the matter by himself but unexpectedly, he still dragged her into it in the end.

At night, Janet curled up and slept on the bed in the ward.

The man, who had just exited the bathroom after taking a shower, lifted the blanket and snuggled under it.

His movements woke her up, but she hugged the man's waist and continued sleeping.

After a moment, she felt warm all over, which made her feel that something was off.

She opened her eyes, only to see that the single bed, which had been small in the first place, was completely occupied by someone—her whole body almost lay on top of him.

Yet, the man's embrace was so warm and his heartbeat felt so real that she didn't want to push him away. Instead, she wrapped both her arms around him tightly.

"Mason, what are your plans on dealing with Corey?" Janet suddenly asked.

Upon hearing the name 'Corey', anger welled up in Mason's chest, causing his breathing to quicken as he slowly clenched his fists. "Babe, don't you worry. Be a good girl and leave this to me."

She kept quiet for a few seconds before confiding in him, "Mason, I don't want you to interfere in this matter. I wish to resolve the feud between me and him on my own."

Upon hearing that, Mason knitted his brows. "Babe, listen to me. He is not someone who is easy to deal with. An innocent person like you is no match for him."