

Sir, You Don't Know Your Wife Chapter 470

Janet's brows furrowed slightly, and her voice was slightly apologetic when she spoke. "Did I wake you?"

Desire startled. When did Janet become so considerate? This isn't at all like the Janet Jackson who didn't care about anything in the past! "You're my superior, so don't be so courteous if you have orders for me."

Upon hearing this, Janet reverted to her usual solemn manner, her voice turning cool and placid. "Accompany me on a mission."

The moment Desire heard the word 'mission,' she almost jumped out of bed. A mission! I love taking risks! If Lara is also in Markovia, such an interesting task would definitely be hers. "Sure! Where are you? I'll pick you up!" Freeing her hands by clasping the cell phone with her chin, she swiftly changed into suitable clothes.

"Euphony Hotel. Bring a mask over." Her lips curving into a smile, Janet likewise changed swiftly. She was initially feeling quite dejected, but at the thought of seeing Mason, her mood improved greatly. With the corners of her mouth unconsciously tilted upward, she opened the room door and walked out.

"Miss Jackson!" Black Python was taken aback when she swung open the door soundlessly.

Janet didn't expect them to be still standing outside the door, so her expression turned a touch awkward. "Why are you two standing guard here?"

"Markovia isn't as safe as Sandfort City, so we're afraid that you might be in danger," Black Python explained grudgingly after an awkward chuckle.

"Are you thinking of going out, Miss Jackson?" White Python asked. "If so, Black Python and I will protect you."

"Nope," Janet answered, her face devoid of expression. Then, she closed the door before her eyes shifted to the window. The night is dark, and this is the 12th floor, so it'll be quite a good warm-up exercise. Her lips turned up. In the next instance, a beautiful figure cut across the air before descending slowly.

Outside the door, Black Python and White Python exchanged a glance, relieved that she obediently went back in to sleep.

Star Harbor was quite a distance away from the hotel. Anxious, Janet ordered Desire to move over and took the driver's seat herself.

Desire had never seen her in such a frenzy. Fortunately, there weren't many people or cars on the road at night, for Janet floored the gas pedal and drove close to 200 km/h. Such an ordinary car couldn't possibly withstand the strain exerted by a professional

racer like her, so by the time they arrived at Star Harbor, Desire's car had also gone kaput, the tail end of it smoking.

Snagging the binoculars, Janet took a look, only to see that Mason and Henry were already here though Aquila hadn't yet arrived. She threw the binoculars to Desire, her gaze chilly. "Drive the car over to the junkyard. I can manage things alone here." Her voice was a tad hoarse and frigid.

Desire nodded. "Sure." The tail end of the car is smoking, so I'm afraid that the car will explode and catch fire if I don't drive it over to the junkyard.

Slipping on the mask hanging on her hand, Janet then adjusted her cap and covered all her exposed skin.

As Desire stared at her back, she couldn't help shuddering. Boss is really scary when she's protecting her man! If Aquila truly dares to play any tricks, she'll certainly raze his territory to the ground. "Do you need a gun?"

Whipping out a gun from her waistband, Janet brandished it in her hand. "I have one." After saying that, she loaded the gun and strode toward Star Harbor without any expression on her face.

Simply flinging the binoculars down in the car, Desire inhaled deeply as she gazed at Janet's cold and menacing back, her red lips curving upward. Mr. Lowry, what's so special about you that Boss loves you this much?