

# 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.”