

## Sir, You Don't Know Your Wife Chapter 929

Janet looked and smiled at Roxy while someone else had embraced her. "I will send you the piece once we have returned to Sandfort City. Don't worry, I won't forget about it."

Feeling flattered, he immediately waved his hand. "Master, it's fine. I was just joking." Troubling her under this circumstance will only make me feel uneasy.

The man's gaze gently rested on the girl as he hugged her waist while he muttered in a forceful yet slightly displeased tone, "Let's go."

Upon hearing that, she nodded. Just as she was about to turn, her body was suddenly lifted into the air.

She cried in surprise and quickly wrapped her arms around the man's neck to firmly secure herself on him.

At that moment, four unusually strong gazes stared at them from behind.

In the confined space amidst the darkness of the night, although the light in the car was not lit, the moonlight that poured into the car was enough to allow them to see each other's face clearly.

The atmosphere was rather quiet as they looked at each other.

The man's usual gentle gaze became cold and distant at that moment, which caused Janet to feel a little anxious.

She could not tell why his expression was cold. Is it merely because I am Sweet Tune?

Mason's voice was slightly husky as he stared at her with cold and stern eyes. "The golden arranger in the music industry is you, huh?"

Janet blinked at him while she had an uneasy feeling. "Are you mad?"

"Yes." As he spoke, he reached out with his finger and stroked her cheek. "I am mad because you didn't tell me about it." I didn't tell him about it? I thought that I had given him enough hints for him to be able to guess it.

“I thought that you were smart enough to more or less guess that it’s me, Mr. Lowry,” Janet teased.

“No, babe, you have overestimated me.” He lowered his eyes and peered at the injury on her hand.  
“Babe, the doctor said that your hand will recover; it won’t affect you playing the piano.”

Mason had a calm expression, but she was well aware that under the surface was the immense guilt that he felt in his heart!

Janet gazed at him and asked, “Haven’t you found anything?”

Mason lowered his eyes and shook his head; it was rare of him to display a look of frustration on his face.

“Just stop the investigation if you can’t find anything. I will be more careful in the future.” She narrowed her eyes, but her words sounded like she was unfazed by the situation.

Mason leaned in closer toward her, pressing her on the soft seat while kissing her cheeks and the injury on her arm. A solemn look appeared in his eyes as he confessed, “Babe, no matter what choice I have made, please believe me that I have always loved you and my love for you will never change.”

After saying that, he bit her clavicle and the gentleness in his eyes transformed into piercing coldness.

He had never felt as useless as he did now—he suddenly realized that everything that he gave her was everything that she owned from the beginning.

The feeling of helplessness made him begin to doubt his ability to stay and stand by Janet’s side.

The pain made her return to her senses and it stiffened her body. She raised her eyes and smiled. "What do you mean?"

Mason's lips moved. "I love you."

"Will you stay by my side forever then?" As a shrewd girl, she understood the underlying meaning in his words.

Mason slightly frowned and answered, "If I can, I will."

"There is no 'if'. You must." Janet looked at him; there was adurance in her eyes.

The man's thin lips curled upward as he drew closer to her and kissed her neck. "Yes."

Meanwhile, in a basement somewhere in Markovia, the entire space was shrouded in a terrifying gloomy atmosphere. The subordinates reported with trepidation, "Mr. President, the assassination mission has failed!"

The man sitting at the main seat slammed the table with a thump and he rose up before roaring in fury, "Who allowed you to take your own action?!"