

Sir, You Don't Know Your Wife Chapter 932

She groggily switched on her phone and took a look at it, only to realize that it was a message from the President.

The President texted, 'Are you free today? Come over and discuss a major issue.'

Janet replied, 'Address.'

He penned, 'Grandiose Hotel in Sandfort City.'

She asked, 'Why are you here in Sandfort City?'

The President answered, 'To investigate something. Are you free now?'

She wrote, 'I will arrive in 30 minutes.'

He responded, 'Alright, I will wait for you.'

Janet switched off her phone and she rolled over to glance at the man's deeply furrowed brows. Then, she leaned closer toward him to peck his forehead.

30 minutes later, she entered through the entrance of Grandiose Hotel while wearing a black modest jacket.

Due to the President's special identity, she did not ask anyone to come with her.

With the room number that he gave her as a guide, she arrived at the last room of the highest floor.

All the rooms in the highest floor were reserved and a few bodyguards were standing outside in the corridor.

“Hold on.” Janet was stopped by the bodyguards outside.

She removed her hat and face mask. “It’s me.” Her voice was low and sluggish.

“Miss J’Adore, Mr. President is waiting for you inside.”

“Okay.” She nodded.

After saying that, she pushed the door open and entered the room.

Upon hearing some sound, the man, who was sitting on the couch, rose to his full height and smiled.
“I’m meeting you again.”

Janet nodded and she comfortably settled on the couch. Her voice was wayward as she drawled,
“What’s the purpose for asking me to come so late at night?”

“You...” Instead of answering, the President slightly frowned and asked in puzzlement. “What happened to your hand?”

She did not evade the question. “I went to Yobril yesterday and a small issue happened. It was not a big deal.”

Upon hearing that, a gleam flashed across his eyes as he asked in a seemingly playful tone, “Your man didn’t follow you?”

“Hmmm?” Janet raised her head to look at him.

The President smiled and explained, “What I meant was—if Mr. Lowry had followed you, you shouldn’t have been hurt.”

Janet did not reply but a hint of amusement flashed across her eyes. “Tell me.” She asked again. “Why did you ask me to come here at this time?”

The eyes of the President, who was sitting on the couch, darkened. “It’s still the issue about Prime Minister Welch.”

“Didn’t you say that the time limit is 6 months?” She yawned. “Is it that urgent?”

A glimmer flashed across his eyes as he adjusted his glasses and replied in a low voice, “I can afford to wait, but the Markovia’s Council of Elders can’t. Also, aren’t you worried that Prime Minister Welch’s forces would affect the MX?”

Worried? As far as I know, the Hawke Kingdom does not have the ability to harm me now. Janet curled up her lips and smiled. “I’m not worried about that. If worse came to worst, I will take him down along with me. However, Mr. President, since I have promised to do this, I surely won’t break my promise.”

Upon hearing Janet’s words, the President felt relieved and responded, “Janet, the mission to assassinate Prime Minister Welch is a secret mission. You cannot tell anyone about this.”

Looking at his nervous state, she chuckled, “Don’t worry, you won’t be involved. If it’s that urgent, send me his details. I will take action once my injury heals.”

“Details?” He seemed slightly nervous and even his tone sounded unnatural. “If I had his details, I wouldn’t have asked for your help.”

She calmly replied with hints of amusement in her tone, "If even the President Office is unable to search for any information about Prime Minister Welch, I don't think I am able to do so."

After all, the President Office's methods in protecting confidentiality and its investigation of information were the best in the world.

"Stop pulling my leg. I don't have real powers, so I have to rely on you." The President pleaded.