

Sir, You Don't Know Your Wife Chapter 979

He was just about to enter the auction site when a man in black stopped him. "Your name, please."

The man in question paused before he brandished a seal in his hand.

After looking at the words on the seal, the man in black had a complete change in attitude. He bowed respectfully and murmured, "Prime Minister, this way please." This is the first time the Prime Minister has shown up in a public setting, and this is also my first time catching sight of his face!

The prime minister squinted while asking in a deep and alluring voice, "Did you see any suspicious people entering the venue?"

The man in black shook his head as he murmured, "None so far."

"Alright. Report to me straight away if you notice any suspicious personnel."

"Understood."

After that, the prime minister made his way up the second floor. He stood at the corridor of the second floor while drumming his fingers lightly against the stairs railing. He then looked at the crowd walking around downstairs.

Most of the people in the auction are from the Hawke Kingdom. In other words, I've set up a trap. It is easy to identify people from the Hawke Kingdom. If they are not from the Hawke Kingdom, there is a high probability that they have come to assassinate me. The Hawke Kingdom's men have a special feature—those who are attending the auction tonight will have black bows around their necks as part of their suits. On the other hand, women will also have a special feature—they will be wearing a brooch with their dresses. However, in order to avoid unwanted attention from my enemy, the color and styles of the brooches are random. Of course, the citizens of the Hawke Kingdom are not just props to confuse the enemy. They are all elites and in fact, all of them are armed with guns. Once the enemy shows up, they will never be able to leave the auction alive.

The man did not notice anything out of the ordinary on the first floor, so he looked away. Suddenly, he turned around and asked, "You can't tell anything out of the ordinary from my appearance, can you?"

Another man, who was standing behind him, shook his head. "Young Master Mason, everything looks perfect. Nothing looks out of the ordinary."

Ever since I learned that Markovia has started researching hyper-realistic face masks, the Lowry Family Conglomerate started our research too. In fact, we have an enhanced version and the masks can last up to eight hours without fail.

Mason scowled. "Sean, stop addressing me as Young Master Mason to avoid exposing ourselves."

"Yes, Prime Minister."

Around 3 PM outside of the auction entrance, a blonde woman with blue eyes and prominent features showed up on time.

She inhaled deeply before exhaling slowly. Then, she walked toward the entrance of the auction.

There were now four men in black at the auction entrance, compared to the one man before.

The woman looked calm when she was about to walk into the venue.

However, a man in black stopped her. "Please show your ID."

So it turns out I need an ID... Fortunately, I've prepared one beforehand.

The woman raised her brows and she handed them her name card—which she had prepared beforehand—to the men in black. “Have you taken a good look?” she asked in a cold and calm tone.

The man in black scanned the woman from head to toe discreetly and they paused for a few seconds. “Are you from Markovia? Why are you here to attend our auction in Barnsford?” he asked in a grave tone.

The woman giggled when she heard that and she answered steadily, “Is this the attitude of the auction organizer? I am dropping by to purchase something for fun. Will you trace my background just for that?”

She then paused and narrowed her eyes as she warned, “Are you telling me that there’s something illegal in the auction?”

The men in black were silent as they exchanged glances after hearing that. Finally, they let her in.

The woman reached out for her card. Taking it, she ripped it into pieces and tossed it into the trash can.