

Sir, You Don't Know Your Wife Chapter 691

"Who else would I be talking about?" Old Madam Lowry raised her voice and snapped impatiently at him.

What a shameless hussy, she thought to herself grimly. If she dares to step foot into the banquet, I'll have her thrown out by security.

However, J'Adore wasn't a topic that could be breached within a short span of time.

Sean narrowed his eyes thoughtfully as he answered in a serious tone, "J'Adore is the leader of a mysterious organization in Markovia."

Upon hearing the word 'leader', Old Madam Lowry stiffened, realizing that the girl was not someone ordinary. She then regarded Sean and asked, "Is she very capable?"

"Of course," he replied. After all, J'Adore was the only female leader who could come close to being as powerful as Mason.

Old Madam Lowry took in his incredulous expression and scoffed, "What's so special about being a leader?"

Is she any better than my Janet?

Janet was a medical practitioner and she was also an artist; she was even the top scholar in the college entrance exam! How could J'Adore even begin to compete with a person as accomplished as her?

The very thought of that photo of Mason and J'Adore being intimate with one another only served to stoke the rage in Old Madam Lowry.

Presently, Sean found it odd as to why she reacted this way after asking him about J'Adore.

Could it be that she doesn't know who J'Adore really is?

Judging from the way Old Madam Lowry reacted and her abject hostility, it was very likely that she was clueless about J'Adore's identity.

If Young Master Mason hasn't told her the truth, then I probably shouldn't either.

With that in mind, Sean did not offer any further elaboration and decided to leave the explaining to the people behind the ruse instead.

Even though the banquet would only commence at night, there were guests with ulterior motives who had been waiting at the venue since morning—one example being the Davis Family.

It was noon when said family entered the banquet premises.

Rebecca was overwhelmed and bubbling with excitement as she entered the banquet hall. As she took in the opulence of the furnishings surrounding her, she began to imagine what life could be like if she moved into the Lowry Residence.

Magnus, on the other hand, had made arrangements the day before for a piano to be set up on the stage in the banquet hall. He had specifically instructed for the piano to be in the spotlight, and emphasized that it should be set up on the most important and conspicuous part of the stage.

Everything on the stage could be seen at a single glance upon entering the premises.

Magnus gestured in the direction of the piano and turned to address his daughter. "Rebecca, you can go up to the stage for your performance at six in the evening."

Rebecca flushed, her trembling hands clutching at the purse in her hands as she said nervously, "I know."

Just then, Esme lifted her finger and pointed at the guest lounge, deliberately showing off the huge diamond on her ring. "Honey, why don't we go over and take a seat? Come along, Rebecca."

“Okay.”

With that, the three of them began to move toward the guest lounge.

They had only just seated themselves when a couple of managers or directors recognized Magnus.

Holding their flutes of expensive champagne, the men approached Magnus, whereupon one of them greeted, “Why, President Davis! Are you here for the banquet as well?”

Magnus stood up immediately and took up the champagne flute that was set before him, clinking glasses with the man as he greeted jovially, “Mr. Everett! How nice to see you here!”

The man known as Mr. Everett swept his gaze over Rebecca, smiling as he asked, “If I’m not mistaken, this must be your daughter.”

Magnus was about to answer him when Esme chimed in, “That’s right, Mr. Everett. This is my daughter.”

Rebecca smiled demurely at him and said, “Good day, Mr. Everett. I’m Rebecca.”

Mr. Everett leered at her as she introduced herself.

Meanwhile, more guests were arriving at the lounge and congregating around them. Everyone’s attention was drawn toward the Davis Family.

Among these guests were socialites and upper-class women. When they saw Rebecca, their eyes lit up and they couldn’t help but exclaim in surprise, “My goodness—what an exquisite dress!”

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"The cheongsam has such fine embroidery! It's such a timeless and alluring piece—how beautiful!"

"Exactly! But it can only be pulled off by someone who looks as good as she does."

"Comparisons are often painful. Rebecca, how do you maintain that gorgeous figure of yours?"

"Her skin is like a baby's! I'm so jealous!"

"Rebecca, you're definitely the most fashionable socialite among us all tonight."

While Rebecca was ecstatic with the praises, she kept herself from grinning too widely and gave them a polite smile instead. "Thank you for the kind words, everyone, but all of you look beautiful as well," she said modestly.

"If I'm not mistaken, you will be performing on stage tonight, yes?"

Truth was Esme had gone around telling others about Rebecca's upcoming performance at the banquet, and it wasn't as though these guests were unfamiliar with the Davis Family; most of them were well aware that the girl was going to be playing the piano on stage tonight.

Nonetheless, Rebecca nodded. "That's right, but I hope you won't make fun of me if the performance is not good enough."

Everyone burst into polite laughter, gathering around her as they made friendly conversation.

In other words, they were simply making small talk—praises meant nothing in the commercial world.

“Rebecca, you’re far too modest.”

“Exactly. I’m sure your talent speaks for itself, otherwise Young Master Mason wouldn’t have agreed to your performance tonight.”

“That’s right. I look forward to hearing you play!”

“I hear that Mr. Hilbert has hand-picked your cousin Emily to go to Yobirl; I’m sure you play the piano perfectly, too.”

Someone chortled and quipped, “If that’s the case, that means we have our very own Chopin here in Markovia, as well!”

As she listened to the chatter that went on around her, Rebecca couldn’t help but feel gutted at the mention of Emily being hand-picked to go to Yobirl.

After all, she was the only person who knew that Emily was once rejected by Mr. Hilbert as well.

However, the thought of being able to showcase her prowess and charm in front of Mason at the banquet later was more than enough to cheer her up again. Any feeling of resentment that she felt immediately dissipated, replaced by excitement and a slight giddiness.

Presently, Esme was standing among the ladies, gloating happily at the fervent discussion that surrounded her daughter. “You don’t know how much work my darling Rebecca has put in while practicing the piano—it goes without saying that the performance tonight will be spectacular!”

Upon hearing this, everyone was impressed and turned to look at Rebecca with newfound admiration.

Rebecca, on the other hand, bowed her head and flushed at all the compliments that were showered upon her.

Meanwhile, Mason and Janet had arrived at the scene of the banquet and a fleet of luxury cars lined up outside of the Palace Hotel.

The chauffeur got down and came around to their door, opening it before bowing. "Young Master Lowry, if you please!" he murmured with respect.

Hearing that, Mason unfolded himself slowly from the backseat of the car and stepped out onto the pavement. Janet followed suit and fell into step behind him.

Her right hand took hold of his strong arm and the both of them leisurely entered the lobby of the opulent establishment.

Dozens of bodyguards dressed in crisp black suits trailed after them, creating an imposing entourage.

The moment the doors to the banquet hall swung open, those who were waiting inside descended into a frenzy.

Their gazes fell upon the couple who entered and they watched in awe as the man's every movement seemed to catch the lighting in the hall.

There was an audible intake of breath from the crowd when they realized that the man was Mason.

The socialites and all the other upper-class ladies stared at him with wide eyes.

"My goodness! Doesn't Mr. Lowry look handsome in his suit?"

However, when they noticed that there was a woman standing next to him, they stiffened.

"But why is there a woman standing next to Mr. Lowry?"

"Is that the girl who was spotted with him the other day? J'Adore?"

"Yes; that's the mask that J'Adore was seen wearing in the photo!"

However, they were standing too far away to make out the details; all they could see were the vague outlines of the figures.

Mason, on the other hand, held Janet's hand and leaned toward her. His voice was low as he spoke next to her ear. "Let's go backstage. Grandma's waiting for us."

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Janet appeared to be unfazed and simply hummed in agreement.

Upon seeing the both of them enter the lounge, everyone in the hall regained their composure and began to discuss what they just saw.

"What's going on? Isn't she that J'Adore girl who is rumored to be Mr. Lowry's girlfriend? What is she doing here?"

"Did Old Madam Lowry approve of her? What in the world is going on? Could it be that Mason is making his relationship official in front of everyone?"

"But nobody knows anything about J'Adore. She's far too mysterious for Old Madam Lowry to ever give her stamp of approval!"

"Precisely. It's not that easy to marry into the Lowry Family."

"After all, seeing as that girl is of neither good breeding nor nobility, it's highly unlikely that Old Madam Lowry would ever agree to Mason's relationship with her. There's no background information on her whatsoever."

Standing off to one side, Rebecca remained silent as her eyes stared at the entrance to the lounge. Her fists were clenched, her nails digging into the flesh of her palms as her expression grew sour.

Moments ago, she had felt as though she was walking on air; now, it was as though she was crashing down into an abyss.

How dare Mason bring J'Adore—that sly vixen of a woman—to the banquet?

She wondered if Old Madam Lowry really did agree to any of this.

Even though Rebecca had been prepared beforehand to see J'Adore at the event, the actual sight of that hussy showing up with Mason was far more painful than she had expected.

She panicked once more and turned to look at Esme helplessly. "Mom, what should we do?"

Esme ground her teeth and clenched her fists.

She couldn't believe that the infuriating J'Adore would dare show up here.

However, she knew that Old Madam Lowry was a very particular woman, and she certainly would not approve of a girl with a questionable background like J'Adore.

As such, Esme pinned her only hope on Old Madam Lowry's judgment and she quickly offered her daughter solace. "Don't worry, Rebecca."

"How can I not worry?" Rebecca demanded, her eyes rimmed red as though she was on the verge of tears.

If that b*tch is here, what use is there for me to play the piano?

Esme kept her voice down to avoid other guests from overhearing their conversation and explained patiently, "Look—even if J'Adore is here, it's unlikely for Old Madam Lowry to welcome her. After all, Old Madam Lowry would hardly entertain a girl whose background is unknown."

Any person with taste would choose the multi-talented Rebecca over J'Adore, Esme thought to herself.

"But what if Old Madam Lowry likes her? I wouldn't stand a chance if that happens!"

Due to Rebecca's fickle nature and her lack of a backbone, she was easily flustered in the face of uncertainty and other problems.

However, just as Esme was about to speak, a flurry of voices which sounded a lot like arguing traveled from within the lounge.

"Mason, why did you bring her here?"

It was Old Madam Lowry's voice, which rang out clear and sharp; the aggression in her tone was difficult to miss.

Everyone's ears pricked up at the sound of her voice and they tried to listen to anything else that might be going on in there.

The women in the hall were exchanging gleeful looks as they remarked to one another, "Old Madam Lowry must be furious at Mason for bringing that wh*re along to this event."

Someone let out a bark of laughter. "Does this mean that Old Madam Lowry has never seen that sl*t J'Adore?"

"Old Madam Lowry is not one to mess around with!"

"I guess we've got front row seats to a comedy! Let's see how Old Madam Lowry throws her out of here!" Another woman sniggered.

While the other ladies quipped about the misfortune that J'Adore undoubtedly deserved, Esme and Rebecca both looked relieved, their frowns disappearing after hearing Old Madam Lowry's ultimatum.

Esme smirked in contempt. "See, Rebecca? I told you Old Madam Lowry would never like someone like J'Adore."

Rebecca pursed her lips and unclenched her fists. "I suppose I was worried for nothing," she mused, a mocking tone in her voice.

Of course I was worried for nothing! After all, how could someone like J'Adore even stand a chance when compared to me? Who does she think she is? How dare she lay her dirty claws on Mason?

Meanwhile, on the other side of the door...

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Holding Janet's hand, Mason opened the door of the lounge.

Meanwhile, Old Madam Lowry was sipping her tea in the corner of the room. When she heard the door opening, she turned around to look at the source of the sound. Upon seeing the people who had just entered the room, her eyes widened as anger instantly appeared on her aged, kind face. She immediately got up and chastised, "Mason, why did you bring her here?" He actually brought that vixen here; what will happen to Janet? Is this man such a playboy? What a b*stard!

Standing beside Mason, Janet did not reveal any expression. Instead, she just raised her beautiful eyebrows slightly.

Suddenly, Old Madam Lowry grabbed something behind her to throw it at Mason. However, Janet stepped forward and stood in front of him.

Without even giving her a chance to explain, Old Madam Lowry glared at her and warned, "You dare to block him? What a scandalous couple!"

The men of the Lowry Family were known for their loyalty—they would stay faithful to one and only one woman throughout their entire lives. However, looking at the situation now, Mason had broken the rules completely. Hence, Old Madam Lowry was determined to teach him a lesson on the behalf of the ancestors of the Lowry Family.

Standing behind Janet, Mason snorted with laughter. Even though Sean has been with her for an entire day, he didn't tell her the truth!

"How dare you laugh?" Old Madam Lowry grabbed the pillow behind her back and threw it at Mason.

However, right after she turned around, Janet blocked the attack again. Even though it was not a heavy attack, surely one would feel something from that hit.

At that instant, Mason panicked and quickly opened his mouth to explain to her. Unexpectedly, Old Madam Lowry interrupted him, "You vixen! Let me know which family you come from! Do you know that Mason already has a girlfriend whom I have approved? B*tches like you should stay away from him; otherwise, I will ask security to throw you out. Don't even dream of being treated well by me!"

Mason was rather speechless after hearing that and the corner of his lips twitched. "Grandma, look carefully at who she is."

Upon hearing that, Old Madam Lowry glanced angrily at Janet with fire blazing in her eyes before she started appraising her carefully. Well, she looks quite beautiful in the cheongsam; no wonder she's able to seduce that b*stard grandson of mine. But... her looks are still far from my granddaughter-in-law! With such thoughts in her mind, she glared at Janet.

Suddenly, silence hung in the air for a few seconds. Old Madam Lowry rubbed her eyes as she looked at the woman in front of her. With a hint of uncertainty in her voice, she asked, "Janet, is that you?"

Rather exasperatedly, Janet grunted a 'yes' and slowly took off her mask.

In that instant, Old Madam Lowry felt embarrassed but she was also pleasantly surprised. She immediately appraised Janet from head to toe before speaking to her with much love and care, "Janet, are you alright? Did the pillow hurt you just now?"

Ah—age is really getting to me! I'm even confused at this critical moment! Looks like it's time for a change of spectacles. Old Madam Lowry blamed herself for speaking so harshly to Janet just now. Apart from that, she even secretly cursed Janet over the past few days. It was at this moment that she deeply regretted her actions.

Seeing that Old Madam Lowry was blaming herself, Janet consoled, "I'm fine. After all, we haven't met for almost two months. It's normal to not recognize me." Janet understood how she felt.

"It's all the rascal's fault—not only did he not tell me through the phone, he even hung up on me. Apart from that, Sean also didn't tell me..." Old Madam Lowry muttered to herself as she thought, Men are all up to no good!

Upon hearing that, Mason felt painfully wronged. I hung up the phone? I didn't explain to her? Point is—did she even give me a chance to explain?

“Take a seat. I'll ask the makeup artists to put on some makeup for you.” With that, Old Madam Lowry was about to summon the makeup artists outside to enter the room.

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Janet stopped her immediately. “Old madam, I need to wear the mask on stage later, so I don't need to put on any makeup.”

When Old Madam Lowry heard that, she was instantly disappointed.

After all, she was planning to introduce her beautiful granddaughter-in-law to her friends. Unexpectedly, Janet was planning to wear a mask for the party later.

Mason took a few steps forward and explained, “Jan is still studying, so it's not that convenient to reveal her face.”

“Because of her identity as J'Adore?” Old Madam Lowry suddenly remembered Sean telling her about some kind of organization just now.

Mason stayed silent for a while, as that was not technically the main reason. After all, Janet's background was not just that. However, Old Madam Lowry might not be able to take in so much information at once, hence he nodded. “Yes.”

“That's fine too. You can put on some makeup for our benefit.” With that, Old Madam Lowry held Janet's hands and brought her to the makeup table with a wide grin on her face. “It's such a shame if you don't put some makeup on your pretty face.”

Even though Janet already looked stunning barefaced, she would look even more sexy and alluring after putting some makeup on.

Perhaps, with the beautiful scenery at night, I might be able to push them to do something nice!

Unable to convince Madam Lowry otherwise, Janet could only smile at her. "Alright; we'll do as you say."

In the end, over a dozen makeup artists froze when they looked at Janet's face.

It was simply because the woman reflected in the mirror was so beautiful that they worried that their makeup would ruin her perfect face.

Only by drawing her brows, she already looked extraordinarily gorgeous.

Sitting behind them, Old Madam Lowry was also amazed. Wow, what a beautiful face she has!

If Janet claimed to be the second most beautiful woman in Sandfort City, no one would dare to claim to be the first.

Even though it was just simple makeup, her face complemented the cheongsam she was wearing, making her exude the elegance and gracefulness of a traditional beauty.

If she walked out of the room looking this way, she would definitely stun everyone.

The dozens of makeup artists could not help expressing their opinions.

"I've been in this line for over a decade, yet your skin is the most flawless and softest I've ever seen, Miss Jackson."

"It's not just the skin, but your facial features are the best I've ever seen."

"Your figure as well! Even the celebrities on television aren't as beautiful as you."

"If not for having the chance to look at you up close, I would have thought that you were a doll."

"Precisely! Your facial features are even more exquisite than a perfectly carved doll!"

Everyone's praises darkened the expression of the man who was sitting on the sofa.

He frowned, feeling slightly anxious.

Grandma is going overboard! There are dozens of makeup artists and some of them are even men!

Seeing how Mason's gaze never left Janet, Old Madam Lowry smiled. "Mason, what do you think of Janet's makeup?"

Mason narrowed his eyes and pretended to be calm as he looked at Janet's exquisite face. "It's okay."

It's okay?

Obviously, Janet was not satisfied by his answer.

She turned around and arched her eyebrows. Pouting slightly, she deliberately tried to seduce him with her sexy voice. "Just 'okay'?"

Mason's breath quickened as he felt a surge of heat building up in his lower abdomen. He immediately averted his gaze and put down the fashion magazine he had been reading. Without another word, he turned around and walked to the washroom.

Seeing how he left hastily, Janet had a playful smile on her face.

Meanwhile, Old Madam Lowry merely shook her head. This grandson of mine is so useless!

It's better to dote on Janet instead!

At this moment, Janet's phone suddenly rang a few times due to the notifications from Messenger.

She lowered her eyes and opened the app nonchalantly, only to see more than twenty people who sent messages to her. Then, she opened the first chat she saw on the list.