

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.

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Once she entered the auction site, the woman found an inconspicuous seat to sit down on. The only thing I need to observe now is whether or not Prime Minister Welch will show up. I need to know what he looks like and find out when is the best time to make a move.

Upstairs, the man continued drumming his fingers lightly against the stairs railing as he observed the auction site on the first floor.

Another woman had just walked through the entrance. She had blonde hair and she was dressed extremely sexily, making her stand out.

There were many women who looked like her in the Hawke Kingdom, so initially, there was nothing exceptional about her. However, the man's eyes narrowed when he noticed that the woman was not wearing a brooch on her chest.

If she's not wearing a brooch, it means that she's not from the Hawke Kingdom, which also means that she should not be here in the first place.

At that moment, a man in black approached him and spoke quietly. "Prime Minister, a suspicious person has just entered the venue."

The man did not look surprised when he heard that. "Are you referring to the blonde woman?" he asked calmly.

The man in black was stunned for a moment because he did not expect the Prime Minister to be aware of that.

The man in black murmured, "Also, her ID is from Markovia."

"Understood. You may leave now."

"Yes."

After the man in black left, the prime minister's lips curled up imperceptibly. Is the woman here for the auction items or is she here for me? Looks like we'll come to know by observing if she participates in the auction.

It was ten minutes before the auction started and Shadow 1 sat quietly in a corner. It was lively in the venue but somehow, she could tell them something was amiss. It is different from other auctions. Normally during an auction, everybody would be discussing the auctioned items. However, the clients in this auction are not focused on the items that are being auctioned off. Something's obviously off.

Shadow 1 observed everyone carefully by scanning every person from head-to-toe, and her eyes narrowed suddenly because she realized the difference between herself and the rest of the attendees. All the men here have a black bowtie, whereas the women have brooches fastened on their dress. Although some do not have those features, my instincts are telling me that there's something up with this arrangement. If I were to separate the buyers from these features, I'm guessing that three to five out of ten people are real buyers, whereas the rest of them are merely 'props' who have been briefed beforehand. No wonder the guards at the entrance asked me those questions. Prime Minister Welch must have planned all these beforehand!

"D*mn it!" her red lips parted and she cursed under her breath. The Prime Minister of the Hawke Kingdom is so smart that I almost fell into his trap. She scanned her surroundings and after making sure that nobody was observing her, she stood up and slowly made her way to the washroom.

It so happened that another woman was walking out of the washroom. Similarly, she had a brooch fastened across her chest.

Shadow 1 squinted in determination and she grabbed the woman's neck from behind.

The woman was alert too—she knew immediately that something was wrong and she prepared a counterattack.

In any case, Shadow 1 was still Shadow 1 after all, so she defeated the woman in two to three minutes.

Shadow 1 then took out a strong hallucinogen and injected it into the back of the woman's neck.

After being injected with the strong hallucinogen, the woman would be knocked out and the effects of the drug would last for six to eight hours. When the time was up, she would be able to wake up naturally. Forget about eight hours; I don't even need six hours because I would have completed my mission before that.

Shadow 1 smirked while patting the woman's cheek. "Sorry about that."

With that, she unfastened the brooch from the woman's dress to pin it onto hers. Then, she locked the washroom cubicle from within. Clapping her hands in satisfaction, she walked to the mirror to fluff her hair before she finally left the bathroom to return to the auction site.