

Sir, You Don't Know Your Wife Chapter 981

On the other side, the blonde woman, who had originally disappeared for a few minutes, suddenly showed up again.

However, she had a brooch fastened on her chest this time.

Prime Minister Welch squinted at her before he asked the man who was standing behind him, "Why does she have a brooch fastened on her dress now?"

The man standing behind him was shocked to see that too. "Maybe she forgot about it earlier and has just remembered it?"

"That's impossible." Prime Minister Welch's gaze flashed intimidatingly. "Don't you remember what the men in black said just now? She's from Markovia."

A Markovian wearing a brooch from the Hawke Kingdom. Does she find it fun to play ostrich? Upon hearing Prime Minister Welch's words, the man standing behind him spoke quietly, "Prime Minister, why don't I bring her over?"

Prime Minister Welch smirked and his eyes flashed menacingly. "There is no rush."

She might have a partner, so the best time to make a move is when her partner shows up.

The man behind him answered straight away, "Roger that." He felt a chill run down his spine as he glanced at Prime Minister Welch's silhouette, and he shivered as though he was caught in an icy-cold breeze. The reason for him to be so serious and scary right now is because somebody made a move on an untouchable person.

The auction started at that moment and the host went on stage to greet everybody. "The precious items today include a pair of bronze mirrors from the Social Era, blue and white china from the Revision Era, a porcelain with gold wire and enamel paint from the Revision Era and many more. The auction officially begins now!"

Sitting below the stage, there were ordinary buyers, men who were wearing black bow ties, and women who were wearing brooches across their chest.

Shadow 1 scanned her surroundings and she discovered a man standing on the second floor.

The man had a tall and well-built figure. Despite wearing a black dress shirt paired with slacks, it did nothing to hide his physique.

The man had a chilly expression and he was staring back at her.

Shadow 1 raised a brow before averting her gaze.

At that moment, she could clearly sense that something fishy was going on.

"The first auction item is the porcelain with gold wire and enamel paint from the Revision Era. Bidding starts at 200,000 and a 10,000 minimum increase is required with each bid. Let the auction begin!"

Two staff brought the porcelain with gold wire and enamel paint from the Revision Era to the stage.

The exquisite and unique manufacturing process made the porcelain shine brilliantly; in short, it was stunning.

Shadow 1 raised her placard to prevent herself from standing out. Her voice was cold and distant as she announced, "250,000!" She had no intention of bidding tonight and she was only doing this as a front.

Then, the others started bidding too. "500,000."

"600,000 from me."

"I'm offering 1 million."

Shadow 1 looked up and she realized that they were all men who were wearing black bow ties. Ha! There are all a bunch of Oscar winners! She chuckled lightly as she raised her placard. "5 million."

Meanwhile, somewhere on the second floor murmured, "Boss, it looks like the blonde woman is truly here for the auction." After all, why would anyone bid for no reason? If she

were here to assassinate someone, it wouldn't warrant spending such a huge amount, would it?

Prime Minister Welch's lips curled into a smirk and he responded lazily, "Really?" I have to disagree, though; the woman is most probably doing that to avoid exposing herself.

He was considering his options but he broke the silence suddenly. "10 million," his tone was cold.

The host looked up when he heard a familiar voice. Boss?

Nobody had the audacity to bid further since the Boss had placed a bid himself.

Shadow 1 squinted and she knew instinctively that something was amiss. The man upstairs is most probably Prime Minister Welch.

Sir, You Don't Know Your Wife Chapter 982

Is that really how the Prime Minister of the Hawke Kingdom looks like? Shadow 1 thought to herself, but she did not reveal anything on the surface. She clenched her jaw in determination before making the next bid. "50 million." The porcelain with gold wire and enamel paint from the Revision Era is originally worth a few million, but I've bid 50 million for it. I'd be making a huge loss if I fail to acquire Prime Minister Welch's head today.

This time, the man on the second floor kept quiet.

The host was back in action straight away. "50 million, going once!" A second passed and no one said anything. "50 million, going twice!" the host shouted.

Everybody at the auction remained quiet. Three seconds passed by but nobody made another bid.

"50 million, going thrice—sold! Congratulations to the blonde woman with blue eyes for procuring the Revision Era's porcelain."

Shadow 1 gritted her teeth and she returned to her original seat.

The auction was halfway through but nobody entered the venue.

Prime Minister Welch squinted and he turned around to order, "Bring her up here."

The man who was standing behind him nodded and left in silence.

Meanwhile, Shadow 1 was sitting in a corner among the audience. However, at that moment, she could feel a few pairs of eyes staring at her intensely and she had an odd feeling. Have I been exposed or is my outfit too eye-catching?

As the seconds ticked by, the auction was coming to an end. However, she could not even confirm if the man on the second floor was Prime Minister Welch.

I should have given up on the Revision Era's porcelain. After all, if the man had procured the item, the host might have called out his name and I could have confirmed if he's Prime Minister Welch. Shadow 1 was about to stand up to head upstairs when she heard footsteps approaching her. In fact, the footsteps were getting closer and closer by the second.

A bespectacled man who was wearing gray walked toward her gracefully.

"Hi there." The man greeted her.

She turned around and her lips curled into a smile. "Hello. How can I help you?"

The man's cold gaze gave her a once-over. "Earlier, you successfully bid for the Revision Era's porcelain, so my master would like to have a chat with you. I'm wondering if it's convenient for you?" Then, he pointed in the direction of the second floor.

Shadow 1 glanced upward while maintaining a blank expression. "Sure," she answered coolly.

I was just wondering how to approach the man. That's one hassle less for me now that he's taking the initiative to invite me to meet him. I'm not sure if my identity has been exposed, but at least I'd have contact with the man. I'll know if he's Prime Minister Welch when I meet him. After all, those who should meet will eventually meet.

She then followed the man to the second floor.

At the second floor, there was nobody else around apart from the man whom she suspected was Prime Minister Welch.

Nevertheless, she did not let down her guard. On the contrary, she was even more careful than usual.

Shadow 1 and Prime Minister Welch exchanged a look, and there was a cold and intense aura around them; it was so forceful that it could be felt for more than 50 meters away.

One of them felt fierce and lonely, whereas the other seemed evil and arrogant.

Less than a second after their eyes met, the two of them had a fight in silence.

At the same time, the man who had led her up here had retreated from the second floor.

Hence, they were the only two left on the second floor.

“Have a seat.” Prime Minister Welch broke the silence first and his voice was deep and husky, carrying a very slight hint of hostility.

Shadow 1 did not beat around the bush; instead, she sat across from him straight away. “May I know why you summoned me?” she asked coldly.

He let out a soft chuckle and he squinted at her, his gaze icy cold. A quick glance was enough to sense the pressure he was exerting.

“I’m interested in the Revision Era’s porcelain that you’ve procured in the auction. May I ask if you’d be willing to sell it?”

“Why didn’t you bid for it earlier? The Revision Era’s porcelain isn’t worth 50 million. Are you planning to use it for flower arrangements?”

“Ha! In that case, why did you bid for it? Are you telling me that you are foolish but rich? Or did you bid for the item to shift the attention to others?”

Prime Minister Welch’s lips curled into a faint smile after saying that.

Sir, You Don't Know Your Wife Chapter 983

"I bid for it because I like it. Besides, I have plenty of money. As for shifting others' attention, I'm not sure what you are referring to." Shadow 1 appeared calm and it was impossible to tell any emotions on her face.

It seems that this man is well aware of things and he's not a simple person. Initially, I was only half sure that the man in front of me is Prime Minister Welch but judging by the current situation, I'd say that there's a 70% chance. Her gaze turned cold in the blink of an eye and she questioned, "Who are you?"

"It's not important who I am. The most important thing is your purpose here, Miss." Prime Minister Welch's voice was deep and it reverberated along the corridor of the second floor.

Shadow 1 chuckled softly and she answered him casually, "What purpose could I possibly have? Is there a rule stating that a blonde haired woman with blue eyes is not allowed to show up here?"

Prime Minister Welch smiled slightly as he narrowed his dark eyes. He then shifted his gaze toward the woman's chest. "Your brooch is pretty," he drawled.

She pressed her lips together and remained silent without answering him.

After a while, she raised a brow at him. "Thank you for your compliment, Sir, but it is impolite to stare at a woman's chest."

He burst out laughing when he heard that. "Don't worry, Miss. Your figure is too lousy for my taste. It doesn't attract me."

With that, he paused for a beat before continuing, "Nevertheless, since you are a Markovian, why do you have a brooch from the Hawke Kingdom?"

Is this from the Hawke Kingdom? Shadow 1 narrowed her eyes and a trace of excitement flashed across her eyes. It turns out the man truly is Prime Minister Welch; this is great! Looks like there is no reason to continue lying since I can't hide the truth anymore. She then

cocked a brow at him. "Mr. Welch, you have a keen eye. However, this is the last time you'll see me."

"Is that so?" He smirked at her and his gaze was filled with pride and mischief.

Shadow 1 squinted and she reached out swiftly to attack him.

However, he leaned back slightly and dodged her attack skillfully.

Shadow 1 laughed mirthlessly. "You are quite capable, indeed. No wonder the Hawke Kingdom still poses a threat to other countries until today."

"In that case, do you have a death wish?" Prime Minister Welch's voice was frosty and it sent chills down Janet's spine.

"Let's give it a go; we'll know who will end up dead first." Her expression darkened and she raised her leg to kick him.

He had not met such a quick opponent for a very long time so he asked coldly, "Are you a professional assassin?"

"Why don't you give it a guess?"

One of them would move forward when the other retreated and vice versa. Nobody was willing to give in.

Prime Minister Welch squinted and he pushed her against the wall.

His bloodthirsty gaze stared at her unblinkingly and it almost looked as though he was staring at his prey. He wasn't in a rush to kill her, though; instead, he asked her, "Tell me—who sent you?"

Shadow 1 laughed quietly in response. "You do not have the right to question me."

She got up and wanted to strangle him, but she did not expect the drastic difference in strength between the two of them.

Janet knew that she was in trouble, so she lifted the hem of her skirt to pull out a dagger from her thigh to press against the man.

Prime Minister Welch laughed in amusement. This is child's play. How can this possibly defeat me? I was deliberately forcing her hand just now.

In the world of assassination, when it comes to the fatal blow, there aren't many assassins who like to slit their target's throats. With this encounter, I can vaguely tell that this woman must be the world renowned, murderous Shadow 1. Slitting throats, severing tendons of their victims' limbs and causing a fatal blow with the knife are her modus operandi. Mason stared at the knife, which was pressing against his throat, and he asked while smiling faintly, "Are you Shadow 1?"

The woman did not seem surprised. After all, he is Prime Minister Welch from the Hawke Kingdom. It is not difficult for him to deduce my identity through my means of assassination.

She laughed lightly and did not answer him.

"Ha! Judging from your response, you must be Shadow 1."

"Whether or not I am her, I can't let you leave alive today." She sounded indifferent. "I have to return a favor to someone."

Prime Minister Welch, on the other hand, did not panic. He flicked away the knife as he questioned, "Who ordered you to murder me? Spill!"

"You are at the brink of your death. Is it really important to know who it is?"

Shadow 1 stared into the man's eyes. For some reason, she found them familiar and she felt pity for him.

He laughed mirthlessly and he grabbed her wrists straight away. "Do you think you can defeat me with your tricks?"

The man's icy aura shrouded her and a chill against her face made her tremble involuntarily.

Sir, You Don't Know Your Wife Chapter 984

"Let go of me!" the woman shouted at him, to which he demanded coldly, "Tell me—who sent you?"

I can strangle her to death easily right now, but my goal today is to find out who is the culprit. I will have to look behind my back if I do not find out who it is, and Babe's life will always be on the line. Her safety will not be guaranteed. In the past, I used to be alone so that didn't matter, but now, I have a woman I love. Nobody should underestimate a man's desire to protect his woman.

A horrible pain shot up Shadow 1's wrist when he grabbed her. What's with him all of a sudden? And so, she devised a plan on the spot and she commented casually, "Let me go first and I'll tell you."

"A captive has no right to make demands." Prime Minister Welch squinted at her ruthlessly.

She reached out another hand to lift her skirt. She then took out another dagger from her inner thigh and pressed it against his abdomen. "Let go—otherwise, you'll die a horrible death."

The man pressed his thin lips together. "Well, do you think that you'd be able to escape if I die?"

Right now, the first floor is full with people from the Hawke Kingdom. Even if she is Shadow 1, she can't possibly win against such a huge crowd.

He continued speaking when he saw the trace of hesitation in her eyes, "Don't you have someone you care for? What would happen to your family if you die?"

"I do not have any family," she answered coldly.

"What about your lover?"

Shadow 1 averted her gaze but she maintained a calm façade. "I do not have a lover."

Prime Minister Welch was shocked when he heard that. An assassin's life is always on the line. There is no advantage in competing with a person who does not fear death. She may not have a lover, but I do.

This time, she noticed his emotions flashing through his eyes, so she asked rhetorically, "I have nothing to hold onto but I am sure you have, Mr. Welch. If you don't release my hand, the dagger will pierce through your abdomen and I am quite sure you'll die an ugly death! If your lover sees you in such a horrible state, I'm sure her heart would be broken, don't you agree?"

Her words pierced through the man's heart.

He pressed his lips together. "Fine; I agree to your request. I will count down from three and we will let go together."

"Sure," she answered lightly.

"Three! Two! One! Release!"

He counted backward but nobody released their grip.

Shadow 1 lifted her leg to kick at the man.

However, he blocked her kick before her leg could reach him.

In the end, no one was getting the upper hand.

It is almost 6 PM now and if I fail to contact Lara before 6 PM, I'm afraid she might charge in with a group of people. If Lara were to barge in now, our identities will be exposed. This will not only drag the MX into the situation, I might even expose Corey's identity. Shadow 1 could not take the risk, so she got up to prepare to escape.

However, Prime Minister Welch held onto her leg firmly, so she was rendered motionless.

"You will not benefit from killing me! However, if you were to let me go today, I might be able to provide some information to you, Mr. Welch." Shadow 1 took the initiative to make an offer while raising a brow at him.

Upon hearing that, Prime Minister Welch burst out laughing suddenly. "The person who tried killing me thrice is offering me information; don't you think that's too good to be true?"

“You can say whatever you want but I think you should consider it. After all, you already know my identity, so it’s easy for you to send someone to kill me.”

Meanwhile somewhere in Barnsford, Lara was panicking because it was almost 6 PM.

Janet mentioned that if she doesn’t return or give a call before 6 PM, it means that the mission has failed. Although she has instructed me countless times not to do anything reckless if the mission fails, as a member of the MX, how could I possibly have the heart not to rescue Janet? It was 5.50 PM and Lara just could not sit still any longer. Hence, she took out her phone to call Desire.

Desire’s familiar voice greeted her over the line, “Lara, what is it?”

Lara pursed her lips while trying her best to suppress the panic rising in her chest. “Janet might have ended up in Peter Welch’s hands,” she answered calmly.

“What?” Desire sounded shocked.

“Isn’t Peter Welch the Prime Minister of the Hawke Kingdom? How did Janet end up provoking him?”

Sir, You Don’t Know Your Wife Chapter 985

Since only Lara knew about the mission to assassinate Prime Minister Welch, Desire had no idea about this matter.

Hence, Lara had no choice but to explain the entire situation to her patiently. “Janet’s just returning a favor to the old man, Corey. She mentioned that if she doesn’t return or call me by 6 PM, it means that her assassination mission has failed. Right now, we have another eight minutes to go.”

“Well...” Desire could not even begin to describe how she felt.

Although we rarely hear about Prime Minister Welch from the Hawke Kingdom, nor have we met him or heard of his methods, his methods and capabilities are to be reckoned with since he is powerful enough to take on the position as prime minister. Now that Janet is in

his hands, I'm not even sure what he'd do to her. If the MX were to lose our leader, I can't even imagine what sort of changes might happen in Markovia. Besides, if Mason were to learn about what happened to Janet, I am sure Sandfort City will end up in chaos. On one hand, Desire was angry with Janet for being reckless but on the other, she was worried that something terrible might have happened. Desire was feeling even more agitated now and she just could not focus.

"Lara, what do you think we should do?" Desire had never been so nervous before.

Lara weighed their options for a while. Then, she hissed through gritted teeth, "Gather Makovians at Barnsford. I will find out what's happening at the auction site."

Desire was feeling so nervous that she felt out of breath.

However, this wasn't the time for her to panic because she had to stay calm right now. Hence, she narrowed her eyes in determination while answering coldly, "Got it."

"Also, inform Corey too while you're at it. Get him to send some military forces," Lara added.

"Understood. Please be careful on your end."

"Sure." With that, Lara hung up swiftly.

After their phone call, Lara felt her heart stop when she was just about to make a move.

That's right—I have to inform the Lowry Family about this. With Mason and Janet's relationship, I am sure that he wouldn't ignore a situation involving Janet's life, and he might be just in time to stop Peter Welch from doing anything. After all, Mason is quite powerful too.

Once Lara came to that conclusion, she took her phone out hastily to phone the Lowry Residence.

The phone rang a few times and it finally connected after the fourth ring.

A respectful and diplomatic female voice greeted Lara over the line, "Good day to you. This is the Lowry Residence. May I know who is on the line?"

Lara frowned while answering in a hurry, "I am a friend of Mrs. Lowry, Lara."

"Oh—are you Miss Jackson's friend? Are you looking for Miss Jackson? I am sorry but she's not in."

"I am not looking for her!"

"In that case, who are you looking for?"

"Mason Lowry!"

"I'm sorry but Young Master Mason isn't home either. He has left for a business trip and will most probably be back tomorrow." Upon hearing that, Lara felt panic bubble up her chest. Why is Mason not around at such a critical moment?

Lara then asked in annoyance, "Well, what about his attendant?"

The Lowry Residence's servant scowled when she heard that. "Are you referring to Sean? I'm sorry but he has left with Young Master Mason for the business trip. He won't be back until tomorrow. If something is the matter, I will convey your message the first thing when Young Master Mason is home."

Convey my message? Convey, my *ss! We might be staring at Janet's corpse if we were to wait until tomorrow. Since I can't rely on Mason, it looks like I can only rely on myself. Lara clenched her jaw tightly and she took out two silver guns from her luggage before strapping them to her thighs.

Once she was ready, she rushed out of the room.

Nevertheless, she bumped into a person when she got out.

Lara was just about to curse when she looked up, but she was stunned into silence.

Janet? Lara blinked a few times and she seemed to be in disbelief.

Janet giggled when she saw Lara's bewildered expression. "What is it?"

Lara hugged Janet in excitement while exclaiming in joy, "Janet, you are finally back!"

Janet took out her phone to check the time when she heard that. It was exactly 6 PM.

She laughed in amusement. "Well, I told you that I'd return before 6 PM."

"What about Prime Minister Welch? Did you kill him?"

Janet frowned deeply and her gaze reflected her regret and frustration. "No; I didn't."