

# Sir, You Don't Know Your Wife Chapter 41

Mason was afraid that she would trip again, so he held onto her hand tightly as they walked down the trail. As she couldn't cope with the uneven path, she threw in the towel and allowed him to support her. After all, she had already seen what he looked like when he was half-naked.

A successful smile flashed on his expression. The woman's hands were so soft that he couldn't bear to release it.

Janet had walked for a while before she squatted in front of a stall, which gave her the perfect excuse to release his hand. The stall owner, upon noticing that his customer was merely a lady, didn't give her a second glance. "Miss, please don't simply touch anything, yeah? The items here are extremely valuable. If you break them, you'll have to pay for it."

She didn't respond as she perused the items in the stall. Pulling an inconspicuous bracelet from a corner, she held it in her hand and slightly shook it. "Sir, how much is this?"

The stall owner glanced at the bracelet in her hand—it was black, which made the item look ugly as it was a knock-off from a precious stone. He had bought it as a rejected item from the countryside and since it looked old, he decided to take it out and try to sell it as a genuine item. No one had ever asked about its price and now, someone finally did—it was unfortunately a young lady who looked like she didn't have any money. He never thought that he would be able to sell it for an extravagant sum.

The stall owner casually said, "10,000! No bargaining!" This child probably hasn't seen enough of the world, which is why a broken bracelet caught her attention. If she's an adult, I'll definitely sell it for only a few hundred.

Janet glanced around the stall and decided that there wasn't anything else that caught her eyes—she was determined to have the bracelet and took out her phone. "Give me your bank account's QR Code. I'll scan it."

The stall owner gave the QR code for his bank account with trembling hands. After watching her proceed with the payment, he finally returned to his senses.

Meanwhile, the surrounding stall owners sighed. "Who is this silly girl? How could she purchase a broken bracelet for 10,000?"

"If it were my own daughter spending like this, I'd definitely give her a lecture!"

"Miss, don't walk away! Come over to my stall and look at the treasures I have!"

All of the present stall owners were unable to believe that the young lady had actually bought the broken bracelet.

Janet heard their discussions and laughed—it was just that she really liked the bracelet and hoped that Sarah liked it too.

As Janet left the place, she shook the little treasure in her hand and blinked at the bracelet. Against the setting sun, Mason watched the beautiful scene unfold as the corners of his lips lifted into a dotting smile. What a silly girl to fancy antiques that much.

She wandered around the stalls, looking at the items—there wasn't anything particularly good.

At that moment, a young man was preparing to open his stall. Pulling out a velvet cloth, he placed it on the ground and carefully laid some antiques on top of it. There were some rocks under the cloth, which made the ground antiques uneven. He cursed, "These damned broken stones are in the way!"

Janet noticed that he held a palm-sized red object in his hands and he was about to throw it away into the trash can. She stepped forward and grabbed it from the man's hands, leaving him a little dazed. "I'll throw it away for you."

Mason watched with pleasure, knowing that his young lady was indeed kind-hearted. Unbeknownst to him, she took advantage of the young man's carelessness and quickly shoved the red stone into her bag as she had found a treasure. When she first saw that distinct color, she knew that it was not a mere simple stone since it was of a naturally bright red color; it had to be the legendary oriental jasper.

Mason was stunned for a few seconds when she actually placed that trash in her bag. The young woman doesn't seem to use common sense to do things. However, it was fine as long as she was happy.

She, on the other hand, was satisfied as she had found two treasures—one of which she had gotten for free! She held on tightly to the bag, afraid that she would accidentally drop it.

He watched Janet's nervous expression—she looked so helpless, like a chicken guarding its babies.

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Back at the Jackson residence, Janet quickly went upstairs and carefully opened the bag before taking her phone to send a picture to Sarah. 'What do you think that this stone looks like?'

Sarah replied: 'An oriental jasper?'

Janet: 'Smart girl.'

On Saturday morning, she and Sarah agreed to meet at Leaping Dragon Hotel. Sarah was picky about the taste of food; if the food was even a little bit stale, it would be difficult for her to swallow. Hence, within the group, she had the nickname 'picky little eater'.

As Janet looked for the table that she reserved the day before, she heard a familiar voice not too far away.

"Janet Jackson, what are you doing here?"