

## Sir, You Don't Know Your Wife Chapter 975

"Janet," Lara sounded hesitant. "You can't be serious about going, right?"

Janet kept quiet when she heard that.

After a long pause, she finally drawled, "Why shouldn't I go?"

"Janet, you are walking into the lion's den!" Lara was clearly agitated as she thought to herself, I can't just sit around and let Janet take the risk.

"Don't worry. I shall accept my fate if I were to die in their hands so easily." Janet had a casual tone, but she sounded slightly evil too. The risks are high but the chances of winning are equally high.

Her gaze was bottomless and unreadable; it was almost impossible to guess her thoughts. I finally have information on Prime Minister Welch. How can I not show up since he is about to escape right under my nose? In any case, if I fail to assassinate him, I do not have the right to call myself Shadow 1 of the world of assassination.

Lara knew that Janet would not budge after deciding on an issue, so she stopped advising against the latter's decision. "By the way, somebody from Markovia posted a mission which is worth a billion. Are you interested?" she asked.

"Nope." Janet shook her head without missing a beat.

Lara sighed. "I haven't even informed you what the mission is about."

Janet squinted at her without saying anything.

“It is a research project, but I have no idea what it is about.” Lara also heard about that from those within the industry. That being said, she was not concerned about whether that was the only aspect of the mission.

Janet observed the scenery outside through the window while answering in a flat tone, “A billion in funds is normal if it is a research project.” Currently, a billion isn’t tempting enough for me. The only thing I want is to accomplish my mission as soon as possible to stop Corey from pestering me further.

It was late at night when Janet walked into the living room of the Lowry Residence while carrying a single-strap bag.

She confirmed that there was no one around after scanning her surroundings.

Suddenly, a servant appeared behind her while greeting her with a smile. “Miss Jackson, you’re back.”

Janet hummed in reply. “Where is your master?”

The servant pointed up the stairs. “Young Master Mason is upstairs.”

Is he asleep? Why is he sleeping so early, though? That’s out of the ordinary. Janet took her single-strap bag up the stairs. Then, she knocked on the master bedroom door while wearing a blank expression.

She continued knocking for some time, but nobody opened the door for her.

In the end, she sneaked into the room.

She saw Mason lying in bed, a sheen of cold sweat on his forehead. He was currently curled up tightly underneath the quilt.

Janet panicked right away and she rushed forward to check on him.

Mason woke up the moment she touched his hand and he looked at her, his gaze vigilant.

Janet regarded him while speaking to him reassuringly, "It's me."

After making out that it was Janet, Mason called out for her weakly, "Babe."

His breath felt scorching hot and Janet's cheek blushed automatically.

The heat feels abnormal. Janet reached out to touch Mason's forehead and her gaze flashed with anxiety. "Are you running a fever?"

Mason grunted softly. Then, he sat up to wrap his arms around her while burying his head against her shoulder. "Yeah," he answered simply.

Mason had been busy the past few days when Janet left for Yobril. He went to Markovia and due to insufficient rest and low morale, he found himself coming down with a cold upon returning to Sandfort City.

"I'll get some medication for your fever." Janet wanted to stand up after saying that.

However, Mason grabbed onto her waist in a hurry and hugged her tightly. "Don't leave me," he mumbled softly.

Janet lowered her head to look at him.

The sweat on Mason's forehead was reducing, but his body was still heating up.

"Please, lie down. I'll be back soon," answered Janet.

Alright then." Mason released her unwillingly.

After a while...