

# 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.