

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.