

Sir, You Don't Know Your Wife Chapter 1071

Janet stood below the stage; countless stars were reflected on her.

It almost seemed as if she was standing underneath the sky whereas the stars were twinkling for her.

Those who had passed away seemed to have turned into stars to bear witness for the two of them.

She was worthy of everybody's blessings because she was such a perfect and refreshing person.

Mason held onto the microphone while looking at her. "I am in love with a girl...

I am in love with a girl whom I want to protect for the rest of her life.

I am in love with a girl and I want to understand everything from her past.

I am in love with a girl; I hope that she is the first person I see when I open my eyes in the morning.

I am in love with a girl; I hope that she will rely on me. And I hope that I will be the first person she thinks of whenever she's feeling happy, upset, lost or dejected.

I am in love with a girl; I have prepared the venue, an engagement dress and an engagement ring for her. Today, I am waiting for the girl to say 'yes' to me."

There was complete silence in the whole room after that.

It was an extremely surreal scene.

Janet was completely caught off guard and she simply had no idea what to say.

After a long time, she looked up to meet Mason's gaze—he was still on the stage. "Are you proposing to me?" she asked softly.

Her voice was cold and clear, but she sounded like she was slightly crying.

The dim yellow light shone on her face and her reddened eyes were focused on Mason.

His heart ached suddenly, so he walked down the stage toward Janet.

"Babe." He caressed her cheeks while speaking to her in a loving and tender tone. "Don't cry. You will only break my heart." Janet turned to wipe her cheeks discreetly. "I am not crying; you are delusional," she answered stubbornly.

"Yes, I am delusional," Mason agreed with her.

Suddenly, there was a rowdy noise outside the door. The two of them turned to look at the door almost simultaneously.

More than 10 people came barging into the room—they were a group of handsome men and beautiful women.

The men and women, who were standing in front, avoided Mason and Janet's gaze.

Lara shoved Henry's shoulder while blaming him. "I told you we should have entered later. Why did you push me?"

Henry retorted unhappily and stubbornly, "Those who were behind pushed me. Well, it's your fault that you were standing in front."

"My Boss is the one receiving the proposal. Why shouldn't I be allowed to stand in front?"

"Well, the person proposing is my Boss! What gives you the right to be the first in front?"

Mason and Janet looked at each other and their lips twitched awkwardly.

After the brief argument, Henry and Lara seemed to have noticed the awkward atmosphere within the room. Then, he blurted out, "Young Master Mason, I am sorry to have interrupted you. I shall leave first."

She wore an awkward expression. "Janet, you two should carry on with your chat. I'll return in a while," she said hastily.

Mason and Janet were at a loss for words when they heard that.

Henry reached out immediately to drag Lara out of the room.

Janet wasn't sure on how to react when she commented helplessly, "Forget it; just come in."

I am sure that they are here to be a part of the proposal. There's nothing wrong for them to enter the room now anyway.

Mason pursed his lips together unhappily while scanning the group of people.

“Mason, what is it?” Janet noticed that he didn’t look happy at all.

Mason raised a brow and his lips parted slightly. “Nothing.”

Janet did not notice it, but he pulled his hand out of his pocket slowly without taking the object out of the pocket of his pants.

Those who had just entered the room were in awe.

“Oh, d*mn! Mr. Lowry, you are very generous!” Lara saw the crown that was in the middle of the room.

There are only two of these crowns in the whole world. One of them belongs to the Queen of Yobril whereas a famous collector has the other one. The collector is very mysterious, but they own myriads of priceless treasures. Could the collector be Mr. Lowry? She appeared to be in disbelief.

“Oh, sh*t! Young Master Mason, did you really transfer 50% of Markovia’s firearms contract to Miss Janet?” Henry stared at the contract on the table in disbelief.