

# Sir, You Don't Know Your Wife Chapter 901

Henry was the first to respond as he widened his eyes in shock. "Young Master Mason!"

A hole had been carved into the left side of the black Maybach, leaving Janet injured.

There was a gash on her left arm, and warm blood was gushing out.

Janet looked down at her arm and couldn't help but wince.

"Keep driving." Mason covered her with his body, then pulled out a gun with one hand and started firing at the smoking truck.

The tire scraped sharply against the ground as more and more gunshots sounded behind them. Janet wanted to get up to help but was harshly pressed back down by Mason. "Get down!"

She opened her eyes wide and noticed the numerous holes in the glass window opposite her. Panic rose inside her.

Before she could pull out a gun, her hand was shoved back, and the man pressed her firmly against his thigh as he fought the onslaught of gunfire alone.

"Trust me." Janet's clear and indifferent voice rang out.

Mason was silent for a moment, then he pursed his lips and finally let go of her hand.

Janet endured the pain of the wound, pulled out her gun, then fired at the truck across them.

Henry turned pale and hurriedly turned to assess the situation.

The men in black, who had been carrying guns, had all collapsed.

All the wheels on the truck were blown to bits, and none of its occupants survived.

A car had been following behind them, but when it saw that all the people from the truck were defeated, it quickly turned around and sped off.

For a moment, there was no one around.

"We can't catch up to them."

Mason reverted his gaze to Janet and saw the bloody cut on her arm, finding it terrifying and hideous to look at.

"Henry, go to the hospital immediately." The man's voice was low and hoarse, and he spoke in a strained manner.

"Okay." Without even thinking twice, Henry hurriedly searched for the nearest hospital on his phone.

"It's okay. We'll deal with the wound when we get to the hospital," Janet said faintly with no expression on her face.

"Quiet!" Mason's face was dark. He shrugged off his jacket, then took off the black shirt he was wearing underneath and used it as gauze to give her a simple bandage.

Stunned, Janet didn't speak and simply let the man deal with her injury.

His face was gloomy, and he was exerting more force than usual.

Janet grimaced and snapped, "Will it hurt to be a little more gentle?"

Looking up at her, Mason spoke in a low and cold voice. "If you're in pain, then you should've listened to me and stayed put. You're injured and yet you're forcing yourself."

Janet was speechless for a second, not knowing how to justify her actions.

She looked down at the wound in her arm and murmured, "Who the hell did this?"

In the green room, Lee glanced at the time. "The competition is about to start. Why haven't they returned yet? Do you know where they went?" He looked up at the man opposite him.

Sean shook his head. "I don't know."

Ever since Henry knew that Janet was excellent at playing the piano, he followed her around all day and even took over Sean's job as the driver.

Bowing his head, Sean felt a little aggrieved.

Lee went through his contacts and made a phone call, but it wouldn't connect no matter how many times he dialed the number.

Frowning, Lee turned to Sean. "Give me the phone your master gave you."

Sean was stunned for a moment, then made an 'oh' sound and directly handed the phone over.

This time, the call connected in an instant. Lee said, "Where did you take her? The competition is about to begin."

The low, hoarse voice on the other end of the phone spoke, and Lee's face gradually turned sullen as his brows knitted tightly together.