

Sir, You Don't Know Your Wife Chapter 939

However, it was only after she arrived at the Jackson Family that she realized how faded and fragile kinship could be.

"I understand that it takes time to fix something like this," Megan admitted as she nodded her head with a forlorn expression.

She twisted her fingers as she felt her heart shatter into pieces. However, the heartache and desperation she felt now was different from when Emily had left. Perhaps it was because Janet was her biological daughter. Blood runs thicker than water after all, she figured.

Janet, on the other hand, raised a brow and said nothing. Then, she strode toward the black Maybach that was idling outside the school entrance.

Megan turned and she had heart palpitations when she saw the black Maybach.

She hurriedly reached out to grab Janet's hand.

Janet looked back and asked coldly, "Is there anything else?"

Seeing as Megan took the initiative to offer the olive branch, she felt the need to tell Janet what Emily had told her. So, she asked, "Janet, Emily told me about your relationship with Mason Lowry of the Lowry Family Conglomerate. Is that true?"

There were only three black Maybachs in Sandfort City, one of which was owned by Mason Lowry of the Lowry Family Conglomerate. Piecing this piece of information together with what Emily had told her, Megan only grew more suspicious.

Upon hearing that, Janet merely raised a brow in amusement. So, this was the dirt that Emily has on me all along? How ridiculous!

With a smirk, she drawled nonchalantly, “I don’t think that’s any of your business. Even if it is, it wouldn’t get in the way of the Jackson Family.”

Don’t the Jacksons care about reputation more than anything else? Isn’t that why Megan is here—trying to make sure that I’m not going to ruin their reputation?

With that in mind, Janet pulled away from the other woman and she shoved her hands into her pockets. She then continued to walk toward the black Maybach.

As Megan watched her leaving and fading from view, she felt her heart wrench in despair.

She failed as a mother! She had spent nineteen years loving a daughter that was not her own. When her biological daughter came to the Jackson Family, she had despised the latter without any reason.

As it turned out, Emily, whom she had doted on for nineteen years, had duped her and her only biological daughter pretended as though she did not exist.

She was perhaps the most absurd mother on the planet.

Megan heaved a sigh. She did not know how she was supposed to make it up to Janet.

Meanwhile, after entering the car, the man next to Janet scooted over and asked, “Who was that just now?”

“You mean the woman whom I was talking to?”

“Yes.” The car was parked too far away for him to have a proper look at the person.

Janet raised her brow and answered plainly, "The Mistress of the Jackson Family."

"Do you mean your mother?"

She did not answer this time as she merely nodded in response.

Mason's eyes flashed and narrowed. "Why was she looking for you all of a sudden?"

"To ask me to return home," she replied wearily.

Mason frowned in thought and his lips pressed into a grim line as he pressed on, "So, are you going back?"

Janet gave him a look of amusement as she let out a small laugh. "Do you want to get rid of me so badly?"

However, Mason only stared at her in silence.

After a pause, she took out her phone and began to scroll through her messages. She looked and sounded unfazed as she added, "Just so you know, I'm sticking around for good."

He abruptly reached out to press one of the buttons in the car and within seconds, the entire backseat was divided from the front by a black partition.

Before Janet could say anything, Mason moved toward her and pinned her down against the seat. He smiled roguishly while his eyes narrowed into mischievous slits as he said, "I was just going to say that there's no way I'm going to let you return there."

“How domineering of you,” she mused as she bit on her lip. Then, she burst into a fit of giggles and her eyes lit up with humor. He gazed at her, noting how warm and endearing she looked in that moment.

Her pink lower lip was wet and glistening from where she had bitten it, looking every bit as delicious as a freshly-picked cherry.

No longer able to control himself, Mason did not think twice before leaning in to kiss her.

The heat and passion that entailed left Janet breathless. She reached up and pushed his chest, while glaring at him as she demanded, “Can’t you take things slowly?”