

Sir, You Don't Know Your Wife Chapter 1

The July sun was like a blazing fire, scorching the entire village and crop fields.

"Janet, someone is looking for you."

When the neighbor, Mr. Wallace, found Janet Jackson, she was busy planting watermelon seedlings. The girl looked up and stared wide-eyed at the man. She had a cool temperament, and her skin was exceptionally fair. Despite doing farm work at her home all year long, her skin appeared so good that it was enviable.

Mr. Wallace spoke, "That person is in your house. They are from a large family, and they came in a car." Janet nodded, and she followed him.

At that moment, a group of people was gathered in the Wallace residence. Ms. Cook looked at the girl with a cool temperament walking toward them. She was wearing a linen top and a pair of black trousers, which were splattered with mud and dirt. Even though she did not smell funny, she had an unapproachable and distant aura around her.

Ms. Cook did not bother to hide the disdain in her gaze when she asked her, "Are you Janet?"

Janet nodded while looking indifferent.

Ms. Cook added, "My name is Maya Cook, and I am the housekeeper of the Jackson family. I handle complicated and miscellaneous affairs within the Jackson Family."

Coincidentally, Madam Wallace—Poppy Wallace—snorted in disdain. Ms. Cook burst out laughing because she knew what Poppy meant when she snorted. It's just about money, isn't it? After that, she took out a bankcard from her bag to slam it on the table. "There's 5 million in here. You will never earn this amount even if you planted crops for the rest of your lives."

The two middle-aged elderly villagers had their legs crossed while they stared unblinkingly at the bankcard. Hmph, I can't believe this damned girl is worth so much money!

Poppy persisted, "Are you trying to get rid of us with only 5 million? We've raised her for eighteen years!"

"Poppy Wallace, you should take it. Don't be too greedy!" advised Janet lazily.

The woman named Poppy glared at Janet viciously. "This is none of your business, you damned girl. You stink! Get lost and have a shower; don't get involved in something unrelated to you!" I've never fancied this daughter since she was young. Her results were bad, and she has always been a loner; there is honestly nothing likable about her. Initially, I was hoping to receive some dowry after she got married, but that damned girl ran away after junior high. During that time, I heard from the village's gossipmonger that a man from another province took the stupid girl away. Therefore, the villagers mocked me throughout the three years. Even if I were to take this money, should I ignore the grievances I've experienced throughout the years when the villagers mocked me?

The weather was hot, but there was no air-conditioning in the Wallace residence. Ms. Cook was already feeling annoyed and impatient, and so she threw the card firmly on the table. "It's for you to decide whether you want the money, but I'm taking her away, without question." After saying that, she turned around to face Janet. "Change your clothes! You're filthy!"

Janet looked up at her slightly while giving her a cold and distant stare, but she did not comment further. After that, she walked into her room. All the while, Ms. Cook had a contemptuous look on her face.

In no time, Janet had a fresh change of clothes, and she was carrying a small bag. After she walked to the front of the car, Ms. Cook stated quietly, "Hop in!"

Janet did not reply to her; instead, she got into the car straight away, as if the place had no sentimental value to her. I've lived here for eighteen years, but it's not where I belong after all. I'd like to know what my actual home looks like.

In the village, the villagers stared at that luxurious car as it sped off and started discussing in hushed tones, "Look, that girl is like a phoenix rising from the ashes!"

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In the car, Janet leaned against her seat lazily while knocking the car window rhythmically. Suddenly, her phone rang, and she took her time to fish her phone out of her bag. Ms. Cook, who was in the front seat, noticed Janet's large and brick-like phone, and a look of disgust flashed through her eyes. What era are we in now? Why is she still using such an ancient phone?

Janet pressed a button to answer the call, only to be greeted with an anxious voice over the phone. "What happened?" She had a youthful girlish voice, but her tone was indifferent and distant.

Nevertheless, her response did not dampen the man's spirits and excitement. "Janet, there's something huge in the UN Auction tomorrow. Are you coming?" The man's tone was careful but filled with anticipation. His respectful tone sounded as if he was speaking to a senior.

The person on the phone call was Janet's close friend, Lee Sanders. He would always be first to inform her about the best event across the country. The auction this time was no exception. After all, Janet was a famous big player within the auction network.

Janet frowned when she heard that. "I'm not going; I'm busy." She hung up on him after saying that.

"Miss Jackson, did you receive a scam phone call? The swindlers in Sandfort City adopted high technologies, and so someone like you, who has been living in the village, must have never encountered such circumstances," Ms. Cook commented.

Janet closed her eyes without responding to her. Many swindlers around? Is she proud that the swindlers are skillful?

Infuriated by Janet for giving her the cold shoulder, Ms. Cook thus commented contemptuously, "The Jacksons are rich and powerful people. If you were to join the Jackson Family, you'll have to change your phone, Miss Janet. You wouldn't want to embarrass the Jacksons." With that, Ms. Cook rolled her eyes at Janet in disdain. She noted that Janet's eyelids were half-closed, almost as if she was fast asleep.

Upon realizing that her speech had fallen on deaf ears, Ms. Cook raised her voice straight away. "I heard that you dropped out of school during junior high, Miss Janet. In that case, I'm sure you're not familiar with the rules in the Jackson Family."

Initially, Janet appeared to be asleep, but her eyelids suddenly fluttered, and her lips curled into a smirk. "Oh?"

Immediately, Ms. Cook's tone took an icy turn, and she sounded as if she was reprimanding an ill-behaved wild girl. "Oh? Don't you have any manners? Is this how you speak with an elderly?"

Janet chuckled quietly, but she did not comment further. Is the housekeeper reprimanding me, Young Miss Jackson?

Ms. Cook was upset when she heard Janet's laughter, because it almost felt as if she wasn't listening to her at all. Nevertheless, she inhaled deeply to calm herself down. She seemed to have noticed that she had gone overboard, and so she stopped speaking.

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In the Jackson residence, the family was having lunch in the two-story villa. Her father, Brian Jackson, had managed Jackson Enterprise in good order over the years, whereas her mother, Megan Davis, was a retired well-known model. Their daughter, Emily Jackson, had good grades in school. She could play the piano and draw, and she was always a favorite among teachers and the school principal. To outsiders, the Jacksons looked like the perfect family.

If it weren't for the physical examination for Emily's school's military training, they would have been none the wiser. The physical examination report revealed that Emily was Blood Type O, but Megan and Brian were both Blood Type AB. Therefore, it was impossible for them to have given birth to a child with Blood Type O. If it weren't for the report, the entire Jackson Family might not have realized that Emily wasn't their biological daughter. After a series of investigations, it turned out that the trainee nurse in the hospital at that time made a blunder and labeled their names wrongly.

At that moment, everyone seemed affected and looked sad. There were an array of emotions, and everyone had different thoughts going through their minds. They weren't in the mood to eat at all. No one touched the delicious spread on the dining table.

As Emily was biting on her chopsticks, she burst into tears all of a sudden. Then, she put her chopsticks down as she prepared to leave the dining table.

"Emily, where are you going?" Megan stood up to stop her.

Emily could hardly catch her breath between her sobs. "Daddy, Mommy, soon, I won't be your daughter anymore."

Brian joined in to stop her from leaving. "Emily, what nonsense is that? You will always be our daughter!"

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"B-But... Janet is arriving home soon, and this home will no longer belong to me."

"Emily, what are you talking about? This home is always yours; you can't leave!" Megan held Emily in her arms.

Megan was rather upset because she had invested eighteen years of affection for Emily. How could she possibly abandon her at a moment's notice?

On the other side, her biological daughter was merely a failing Young Miss Jackson.

Janet's information and background flashed through Megan's mind. Janet Jackson, 18 years old, junior high school graduate, mediocre student who is always playing truant. Later, she went missing for three years.

Nobody knew where she was during those three years. There were horrible rumors claiming that she ran away with an old man. I just can't imagine someone like her as my biological daughter.

Coincidentally, Janet had just arrived home, and her gaze was hollow while she took in the sight in front of her.

She stood still for the longest time. Finally, Brian was the one who noticed her.

"Janet?" Brian greeted her dubiously.

The middle-aged man turned to look at Janet, and he released his arm from Emily's grip, looking rather uncomfortable.

Emily's sobs paused for a moment, and she shifted her focus onto Janet.

The girl had fair skin and a petite frame. Her face was small with delicate facial features, and she looked almost like a porcelain doll. Both her appearance and temperament were somewhat a reflection of Megan—she was their biological daughter, after all.

A trace of jealousy glinted in Emily's eyes. However, when she saw the rags Janet was wearing, her gaze turned into one of disgust.

She came from the village indeed, and that explains her poor taste. She can't compare to someone like me, who has been living in the city.

At a quick glance, Emily looked much more like a Young Miss Jackson in comparison.

"Janet, is that you? Quick, come in."

Janet nodded calmly before she made her way to Brian's side and took her seat.

Megan gave the young girl, who closely resembled her, a once-over before breaking the silence awkwardly. "Janet, this is your younger sister, Emily."

"Janet, nice to meet you; I'm Emily," greeted Emily tentatively. Megan noticed how timid Emily was, and her heart clenched in pain.

Janet's lips curled faintly into a smile, and she greeted them in a distant tone, "Nice to meet you."

Brian stared at Janet; he observed her from head-to-toe, and a complex emotion flashed across his face!

"Are you still trying to adapt since you just got home?" Brian stood up to pour Janet a glass of water.

Janet responded with a faint smile. "I'm fine."

Brian nodded. "That's good. As parents, we've owed you. From now on, you should live in the Jackson residence, and we will look after you."

We owe Janet too much, and from now on, we have to make it up to her gradually.

“By the way, Janet, I learned about your education and results. Currently, you are still in junior high, so I’ve arranged for you to continue with senior high in Star High School. You’d be in the same school as your younger sister! Classes start on Monday; is that alright?”

“Star High School is the best exclusive private school in Sandfort City. Janet, as the Young Miss of the Jackson Family, it’s not enough for you to have a junior high education,” added Emily. She was blatant with her intentions, and she meant that it would be embarrassing to be poorly educated.

She can’t shake off her shabbiness even if she were to attend school in Star High School.

A faint smile spread across Janet’s face. “Thank you.”

Emily rolled her eyes in her mind when she saw Janet smiling in delight.

Is she so happy just because she heard that she’s attending an exclusive private school? Villagers truly have low standards.

“That’s right.” Brian looked as if he thought of something before he walked into his bedroom. He took out an intricate gift box from the cupboard.

After that, he placed the present in front of Janet while speaking to her calmly, “Janet, this is a gift for you since we are meeting for the first time as father and daughter. Have a look.”

Janet’s large, round eyes glanced at the exquisite gift box.

Then, she unwrapped the bag outside slowly and realized that it was a Louis Vuitton designer brand’s box.

Upon opening the box, a beautifully-crafted Louis Vuitton necklace was presented in front of everybody.

Emily’s eyes flashed with a trace of jealousy because it was obvious that this necklace was extremely pricey. Brian is meeting Janet for the first time, but he has already prepared such a costly gift for her.

I don’t want to even imagine what might happen in the future. Is there even a place for me in the Jackson Family in the future?

When she thought of that, earnest jealousy shone in her gaze.

Brian asked while sounding sincere, "What do you think?"

Janet's pink lips curled into a smile, and she answered with a light and distant tone, "Thank you."

"We are family, so don't mention it." Brian smiled kindly at her.

Just when Brian was about to continue to ask Janet what she liked, his gaze suddenly focused on her fair and slender neck.

There was a ruby necklace around Janet's slender neck.

He immediately recognized that as the newest auction item this season in Markovia. The cost was astronomical, and the price was about ten figures.

The necklace was inlaid with blood-red gemstones. It had an extremely stylish and classy style that made it look superior.

At that time, the necklace was auctioned off at 1.5 billion. Nevertheless, the person who purchased the necklace was still a mystery until today.

Rumors have it that a big boss from Markovia bought it; how did it end up on Janet?

Brian's keen gaze was filled with suspicion now.

Upon weighing the possibilities, he came up with a conclusion. Maybe Janet doesn't own any presentable accessories, and so she bought a counterfeit to save face?

If we had raised Janet by our side, she wouldn't have ended up being so snobbish and materialistic.

Then, Brian kept his head bowed without commenting further.

On the other side, Megan had no common topic to talk about with Janet too.

They were family members who were unfamiliar with each other, just like strangers.

Time started ticking away, whereas Janet gathered her things before going upstairs.

After Janet left, Megan slumped onto the couch, as if a burden had been lifted off her shoulders.

Emily walked to the couch to sit down and asked in concern, "Mommy, why did you treat Janet with that attitude?"

Megan massaged her eyebrows in frustration while answering Emily helplessly, "Emily, I don't want to sound blunt, but do you know that earlier tonight, the necklace around Janet's neck was this season's latest auction item in Markovia? It fetches about ten figures."

In all honesty, Megan recognized that the necklace was an imitation from the very beginning, but she didn't want to humiliate Janet in front of so many people. Most importantly, she didn't want to embarrass herself.

Emily's eyes shot wide open in shock when she heard that. "Ten figures?" she asked in disbelief. "How could Janet own a piece of jewelry that costs ten figures?" She deliberately tried causing more dispute. "Is Janet a kept woman?"

Megan shook her head and sighed. "That's impossible, because she wouldn't be acquainted with such a generous man! What I'm trying to say is that she shouldn't have done something that is beyond her means in order to appear impressive by wearing a counterfeit! I will end up as a laughing stock if she wears it out because people will mock the daughter of the Jacksons for wearing a fake piece just to show off."

Ah, I see. Emily realized with a start the reason behind Megan's sudden outburst of emotions earlier. She couldn't help but think to herself, What an uncultured imposter!

"In that case, why didn't you expose Janet on the spot?" asked Emily in confusion.

Megan sighed while explaining helplessly, "How should I voice my thoughts? Don't I need to maintain a shred of dignity as a mother?"

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Emily paused for a moment before replying pretentiously, "Mommy, it's entirely my fault. If it weren't for me, Janet wouldn't have been so materialistic!"

"That's not true," Megan consoled her. "You are forever my precious daughter."

Janet stood beside the railing on the second floor while she observed the scene. Her lips curled slightly into a mocking smile.

The next day, someone came to pay the Jackson Family a visit out of the blue.

Someone was knocking on the door early in the morning, and so Emily came forward to answer the door in a rush.

It turned out to be Megan's friend, Madam Lane.

Megan and Madam Lane got to know each other in the past when they were models. They were friendly with each other, and so after learning that Megan had found her biological daughter, Madam Lane came rushing over for a visit today.

Emily smiled happily when she saw her. "Mrs. Lane, nice to see you!"

Megan came over to greet her as well, "Madam Lane, you're here!"

Madam Lane regarded Emily with her kind eyes. "Emily, it's been such a long time since I last saw you. You are now even taller and prettier."

Emily covered her face shyly while giggling. "Thank you."

The three of them chatted for a bit before noticing Janet nearby.

“Eh, is that girl your biological daughter?”

Megan felt her heart sink, and she clenched her fists tightly while her expression stiffened involuntarily.

“Yes...”

At that moment, it so happened that Janet was seated on the couch. She had a pair of earphones on while she leaned against the couch lazily. Nevertheless, she was emitting an unapproachable and unfriendly aura.

Madam Lane smiled while commenting, “She is so pretty, and she really takes after you. Madam Jackson, you are a true winner in life for having two pretty daughters.”

Megan’s nails dug deep into her palms, and she felt the sharp pain. Emily, who was standing beside her, felt even worse.

“Madam Lane, you must be joking; sometimes, having more isn’t necessarily a good thing.”

It so happened that Janet looked up at them when Megan commented so.

However, Madam Lane suggested, “Megan, it had been such a long time since we last met. I heard that the large mall has a new restaurant now that uses imported New Zealand steak! Why don’t we head over for a meal?”

Emily broke into a smile when she heard that. “Is that true? I haven’t had imported steak for a very long time.”

Emily started salivating at the mention of imported steak.

Madam Lane spoke while smiling at her, “Yes, it’s been a long time since I’ve last had it too. By the way, Madam Jackson, why don’t you invite your other daughter too?”

Megan’s expression stiffened. Janet was raised in the village, and I’m afraid she has never had steak before. I’m sure she wouldn’t be familiar with the cutlery, and she would most probably embarrass herself later.

Nevertheless, Megan was worried that Madam Lane might notice her concerns, and so she collected herself swiftly. “Sure, but she doesn’t really understand English. I’ll go over to speak with her.”

Hence, Megan made her way to Janet's side and took her earphones off.

Janet's eyelids lifted slowly, and she glanced at Megan.

Megan lowered her voice into a whisper. "Later, we are going to have steak with Madam Lane. You will say that you do not like steak, and that you want to have oriental food. Do you understand me?"

Janet stared at Megan while smirking at her. Then, she stated casually, "I'm not going." She then took on a mocking tone. "I don't understand English, and I do not know how to eat steak."

"Well..." Janet is sitting on the couch, and she's so far away from us. How did she hear my conversation with Madam Lane?

Megan was at a loss for words when she heard that.

She regarded Janet, who was emitting a rebellious and distant aura, almost like a porcupine on a defensive stance, and she felt a stab in her heart.

She kept quiet for a moment, but she did not comment further.

It's a good thing that she's not going; otherwise, she might humiliate us.

Madam Lane understood the reason Janet did not wish to join them. She has just arrived in Sandfort City, after all. I'm sure she's not used to a lot of things.

By the time Emily and Megan left with Madam Lane, Janet received a text message on her phone.

Lee persisted and asked her the same question again. 'Janet, are you sure you are not coming? The main item today is the Bronze Ox Head. Big players from all over the world are attending the auction to get their hands on it.'

A trace of emotion flashed through Megan's still gaze, and she replied to him simply, 'I'm coming.'

The auction had started by the time she arrived.

Upon noticing her arrival, Lee exclaimed in excitement, "Janet, is that really you?"

“When does the auction for bronzeware begin?”

“Soon, I guess; most probably in another half an hour,” Lee rubbed his chin while answering with a smile.

Janet leaned against the back of her chair. She crossed her legs while observing her surroundings lazily.

True enough, auctions in big cities are lively.

Lee glanced at Janet, who was busy observing her surroundings. Who would believe that this girl is an actual big player? She is skilled at medicine, painting, hacking and even car racing.

“The next item is the main item for tonight’s auction—the Bronze Ox Head.” The host’s voice boomed and reverberated throughout the auction site.

Janet looked up and saw the assistant bringing the Bronze Ox Head up the stage carefully. It seemed to be a grand occasion, and Janet squinted her dark eyes instinctively.

The host remarked, “I believe everybody is familiar with the national treasure. In that case, let’s start the auction at 10 million.”

“11 million.”

“13 million.”

“15 million.”

Those who managed to get a place in the auction were all wealthy and powerful figures.

Furthermore, the Bronze Ox Head was a national treasure, and so it was an intense competition.

“20 million.”

“50 million.” A male voice boomed from the second floor, and it most probably belonged to a powerful figure.

His bid caught everybody's attention, and they looked up at him.

It was just a Bronze Ox Head with a bid price starting at 10 million, but it was now five times the starting price.

Initially, the UN Organizer felt that 20 million would be considered a high enough price for the ox head.

They did not expect the price to skyrocket to 50 million!

It seemed as though there was no stopping these people!

"Do I hear more than 50 million?" the host asked for the second time. The third strike of his gavel would seal the deal.

"80 million!" Lee lifted his placard, and he smiled so broadly that his eyes were mere slits.

Well, it's not my idea; I'm just speaking on behalf of Janet.

"80 million!" The host's voice was almost hoarse from shouting. It took him quite a long pause to regain his voice again. "80 million. Is there a higher bidder?"

"80 million, going once; 80 million, going twice; 80 million, going thrice."

In the end, no new bids came in. Hence, Janet and Lee purchased the Bronze Ox Head with an astronomical price of 80 million.

I don't particularly fancy this bronzeware because I can't wear it on a daily basis after all. I suppose I'll turn it over to the country.

Janet stood up happily, and her delicate eyes twinkled slightly with a smile. She put her sunglasses on while placing her hands on her hips, getting ready to leave.

"Ladies and gentlemen, please don't leave in a rush. I've just been informed that there's a last item coming up. Please wait for a moment."

The host had just received the update, and he tried reassuring and calming the guests.

Janet and Lee turned slowly to look at him, and the two of them exchanged smiles before taking their seats.

The host smiled politely. "Today, the person in charge of the UN, President Jayden, personally picked a gift for everybody to enjoy. Ladies and gentlemen, feel free to have a look before leaving."

"Oh? President Jayden even prepared a program for us. He is so considerate," someone from the audience commented.

The person in charge, President Jayden, grinned broadly at the crowd.

Clap, clap! He clapped twice.

The surrounding lights were turned off, and they were left with a dim light right in front of the hall that was cast on the middle of the raised platform. An additional black cage appeared somewhere along the line, and someone was trapped in the cage.

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It was a man, and he immediately caught Janet's attention.

The person was leaning against the side of the cage, and his side profile, which was illuminated by the light, was almost perfect. He looked naturally sensual and stunning, and he was exuding an inexplicable seductive aura.

His good looks were hard to come by!

"Oh, my God! Janet, is that a man or a woman? Why does he look like that?!" Lee nudged Janet's shoulder.

She was staring indifferently at the man in the cage.

The man in the cage seemed to have noticed Janet among the crowd of hundreds of people. He looked over at her, and his thin lips parted. He spoke almost inaudibly, "Buy me!"

Janet got the message, and she mouthed coolly, "Give me a reason!"

The man's sexy, thin lips parted again. "I'll pay you double upon my release."

Double? That's interesting. It will be just in time to replenish the sum spent for today's Bronze Ox Head.

The person in charge, President Jayden, suggested, "Ladies and gentlemen, feel free to have a look at the goods we have today and see if it may interest you."

The bidders were intrigued by the sudden turn of events. It doesn't matter if it's a man or a woman; we'll just have to buy the person. We can keep and enjoy it if it's a woman; if it's a man, we'll just sell him off as a gigolo.

Everybody was slightly dumbfounded, and President Jayden spoke, "The bid starts at 1 million."

1 million?

The man in the cage almost coughed up blood in frustration when he heard that. It seems like I'm not even worth the price of the Bronze Ox Head.

"1.5 million."

The first bidder was an old man with a potbelly. He held up his placard while looking as though he was salivating.

"2 million."

"3 million," a hoarse and husky voice thundered. Janet looked in the direction of the voice, and she noticed that it belonged to a balding man.

She was rendered speechless when she saw that. Are men usually interested in other men too?

"5 million." Janet held up her placard while smiling charmingly.

Lee cocked his brow, and his lips curled into a subtle smile. Is Janet interested in the beautiful man too?

"6 million."

President Jayden was at a loss for words.

Oh, damn!

Janet and Lee exchanged a look, and they smiled. "6.5 million."

I'm not being generous or that I'm adamant on having this man. I'm merely driven by the fact that I'd receive double the price if I were to procure him.

Mr. Potbelly held up his placard. "7 million." Nevertheless, he seemed to have regretted the minute he made the bid. He mumbled to himself in frustration, "Damn it. I should have just abandoned the bid!"

Lee couldn't endure it anymore, and so he leaned slightly toward Janet while asking her quietly, "Janet, how much do you have in your card?"

Janet lowered her eyes without revealing any emotions, and she replied calmly, "Not more than 10 million."

Lee looked worried. "What should we do? You won't be able to take this man away if the bid exceeds 10 million."

Janet's lips curled into a smirk. "Mr. Potbelly is such a pervert. I can't believe he's competing with me over a man! I want this man."

Lee chuckled. "Alright."

Just when Janet was about to raise her placard to make a bid of 8 million, a male voice rang loud out of nowhere.

The crowd was bewildered. Where did that voice come from?

Then, a group of bodyguards in black barged in to arrest President Jayden.

"What is happening?" President Jayden exclaimed in shock.

The group of men in black pried open the metal cage, and one of them kneeled down in front of the cage. "Young Master Mason, we were inefficient in protecting you. Please punish us, Young Master Mason," exclaimed the bodyguard in black. President Jayden was scared witless when he heard that.

Who is Young Master Mason?

He is Mason Lowry from the most reputable family in Sandfort City, and he is the leader of the largest financial group in the country!

Generally, people addressed him as Young Master Mason, and he was only 25 years old. However, he possessed hundreds of millions worth of assets, and he owned businesses

that were involved in countless different fields. He owned enterprises globally, and so he had the global economy within his grasp.

He stood up, and his lips curled lazily into a smile. Mason glanced at President Jayden casually while asking him, "President Jayden, did I do well?"

The crowd exchanged confused looks because they weren't sure what was happening.

Lee was about to ask Janet something when she placed a finger on her lips to signal him to remain silent.

"It's a misunderstanding! It's a misunderstanding! We had no idea that it was you! If we had known, we would never have done it, no matter the circumstance! Besides, this doesn't involve us!"

I merely purchased him from someone else for this auction!

"Haha." Mason laughed mirthlessly. He cackled with abandonment, and it sent chills down everybody's spine.

"In that case, send him to the police station to investigate whom he purchased me from!"

"Yes."

Janet finally understood the entire story upon listening to their conversation. It's none of my concern now since someone has rescued him.

After that, she stood up, and her eyes were twinkling with a smile. She put her sunglasses on while dragging Lee to walk out of the venue.

In the Lowry Residence.

After a shower, Mason had a change of fresh clothes, and he listened lazily to the report by the man in black.

"Young Master Mason, we managed to find out that Cyclone was the one behind this incident."

Mason was still holding onto his phone when his gaze flashed with a bloodthirsty gleam. "In that case, there's no need to keep him around. Get rid of him."

“Will do,” the man in black spoke. “Young Master Mason, the woman you asked me to investigate is the Jackson Family’s biological daughter, and they were only recently reunited,” he added.

“Is that all?”

The man in black nodded. “That’s the only information I found.”

Mason’s lips curled into a faint smile. “Got it.”

At 7.00AM on a Monday, Brian brought Janet to the school for some enrolment procedures.

“Mr. Jackson, you must be well aware that our school does not accept new students for the 12th grade because this is unfair to other students. Besides, this will potentially decrease our college acceptance rate.”

The principal had Janet’s folder in his hands, and he looked as though he was put on the spot.

Janet Jackson, studied in ‘Springfield High’. Well... she is from a village; how could she possibly catch up with the syllabus in Star High School? Besides, she hasn’t even completed the 10th and 11th grades.

He glanced at Janet again. Her eyes are large, black and sharp; it’s obvious that she’s the head of some gang.

We will most probably have trouble in school if I were to accept her.

Brian was extremely angry when he heard the principal’s response. “What do you mean by that? Are you looking down on us, the Jacksons?”

The principal apologized straight away, and he switched tactics immediately, “No, that’s not what I meant at all. I’ll take her to her class right now.”

I might not know Janet’s background, but Brian Jackson is a rich and powerful man in Sandfort City, so I can’t afford to offend him. Well, I suppose I shall squeeze her into a random class.

Brian and Janet did not comment further upon hearing the principal’s response.

In Class A of 12th Grade, all students were still immersed in the excitement of their holidays, and so it was loud and cheery in the classroom.

“By the way, do you know that we have a new student joining our class this term?”

That statement caught everyone’s attention simultaneously.

“New student? But aren’t we in the 12th grade? Are they joining us for the College Entrance Exam?”

“That’s right; they must be here for the graduation diploma in order to sit for the College Entrance Exam.”

“I heard that the new student is a country bumpkin.”

“What? A bumpkin is joining our class?”

There was a sudden uproar among students within the class.

“I don’t want to be in the same class as a bumpkin.”

Emily had already entered the classroom by then, and she took her seat in the classroom.

Upon hearing the discussion, she secretly felt gleeful, and she just couldn’t wait for Janet to embarrass herself.

Although Janet might be the true daughter of the Jackson Family, our classmates are not privy to that information. Besides, I am much more superior than she is in terms of appearance and examination results.

That is why I’m not afraid of her!

A set of footsteps could be heard outside of the classroom door when the class was discussing animatedly.

Sir, You Don't Know Your Wife Chapter 5

The class teacher, Mr. Smith, appeared at the entrance of the classroom together with Janet.

“She’s here! She’s here!”

The students rushed to steal a glimpse at the new student since they were curious how plain-looking the bumpkin was.

In the end, a petite figure appeared beside Mr. Smith.

Everybody was stunned to silence when they saw her.

Is this our new classmate?

Are country bumpkins so pretty and fair-skinned nowadays?

It was human nature to like pretty things. Most people wouldn't have the heart to hurt someone with a pretty face.

The students, who were gossiping earlier, had suddenly quietened down.

“Everybody, quiet!” Mr. Smith stood on the podium and cleared his throat. “This is our class’ new student. Please welcome her and help each other from now on!” After that, Mr. Smith turned to look at Janet kindly while taking on a gentle tone. “Why don’t you introduce yourself?”

Janet nodded.

“My name is Janet Jackson.”

Dead silence followed suit.

Mr. Smith waited for the longest time before snapping back to reality. "Is that all?"

Janet nodded.

The class was filled with laughter suddenly.

Mr. Smith appeared embarrassed.

"Alright, then. In that case, take any empty seat available."

The seats in the classroom were arranged according to the final exam results from last term. Hence, the top twenty students were given priority to choose the seats they wanted, whereas the teacher assigned the rest of the class their seats randomly.

Nevertheless, since Janet was under special circumstances, she had to sit temporarily at wherever was available to her.

Therefore, she randomly picked a seat next to the window.

Mr. Smith left the class after dropping some simple statements. Then, the class erupted in a heated discussion again.

"Whoa, our new classmate is quite pretty."

"There's a change in the joker list, and there is also a change in the campus belle list too."

Janet was rendered speechless when she heard that.

However, she couldn't be bothered to listen to their gossip, and so she sat on her seat while looking at the scenery through the window.

Suddenly, Janet received a note.

'Nice to meet you. My name is Abby Shaw.'

Janet turned to look at the girl, and she took the pencil to write down a response. 'Nice to meet you.'

Abby seemed delighted, and she scribbled quickly across the note. 'It's a pleasure to make your acquaintance. Let's take care of each other in the future.'

Throughout the entire period, countless gazes and hushed discussions revolved around Janet.

Nevertheless, the subject of interest merely looked at the scenery through the window as she rested her chin on her slender and fair hand. In fact, that particular position was yet another wonderful angle.

Once the school bell rang, a large group of people gathered outside of Class A.

The rumored campus belle, Jennifer Lewis, joined the crowd too. Emily walked out of the classroom once she saw the campus belle.

She adjusted her hair while commenting casually, "I wonder if the boys are blind. I can't believe they claim that she's as pretty as you are."

Jennifer's expression darkened immediately.

I am the well-established campus belle in Star High School. That title has been mine for two years.

However, upon hearing that there's a new transfer student, the boys are acting as if they've been possessed. They are posting Janet's photos nonstop on Reddit, and I just can't help but feel threatened.

"By the way, isn't your surname Jackson too? She can't be your relative, can she?" Jennifer glanced at Emily while asking pointedly.

"Well, of course not. She's a bumpkin from the village. How could that be possible?" Emily dissociated from her hastily.

Jennifer's sour expression finally relaxed, and she pouted while remarking, "It's good to know that she's a bumpkin."

Simultaneously, Abby, who shared a table with Janet, regarded Jennifer wearily. There was a long pause before she turned around to speak to Janet in a whisper, "Janet, do you know you're in big trouble?"

Janet was dumbfounded. “What for?”

Abby checked their surroundings, and after confirming that nobody was paying any attention, she explained, “Our campus belle dropped by earlier; her name is Jennifer Lewis...”

“Oh.” Janet nodded after she heard that.

Abby did not expect such a mild response because Janet didn’t seem to be taking this seriously.

“Hey, Janet, do you know the severity of this matter?! I’ll put this simply for you—Jennifer will hold a grudge against anyone who is prettier than she is!”

Seeing as Abby was so timid, Janet reassured her, “Thank you for warning me, but I’m not afraid! I believe that God is fair, and she will get what she deserves if she causes trouble for me.”

Abby was rendered speechless when she heard Janet’s response.

Forget it. I’ve just wasted my breath!

After school, the Jacksons came over to pick them up, but Janet refused to get into the car; instead, she insisted on walking home alone.

While she walked, she suddenly sensed someone following her from behind.

She stopped dead in her tracks and hissed coldly, “Show yourself.”

She turned around abruptly to see a few youths behind her. “Yo, we heard that you are the campus belle from Star High School! Would you like us to have some fun with you?”

The rest of his partners beside him guffawed horribly after he said that.

Janet was delighted. It has been such a long time since I last had any physical activities. It has been challenging to hold back!

She hissed quietly, “You must have a death wish!”

The youths were immediately plagued with evil thoughts the moment they saw her smooth and fair skin. However, they noticed that the girl was smiling when they met her gaze.

They were provoked by her reaction, and the urge to overpower her increased rapidly. The gang exchanged glances with each other, ready to make their first move.

Janet was also prepared to counterattack, but someone showed up out of nowhere suddenly.

A man rushed forward and wrapped his arms around her.

The youth took the chance, but they ended up kicking the man.

Thud!

There was a dull thud, and the kick landed hard against the man's back.

When Janet looked up at the man who protected her in his embrace, she was shocked to her core. "It's you!"

The youths did not expect an outsider to get involved in the middle of their affairs. We'll beat him up too! they thought in delight.

Nevertheless, the next thing they knew, the man moved swiftly, and he sent the youths flying with a kick. He frowned deeply while looking at the girl in his arms anxiously. "Are you alright?"

"Why are you following me?" Janet asked while struggling out of the man's embrace.

The hooligans scattered and ran away after the kick.

Mason walked to Janet's front and stood still. "Because I wanted to thank you."

She looked at him incredulously, and her beautifully arched brows frowned deeply. "I wasn't able to save you in the UN Auction. You need to stop following me too."

Mason followed behind Janet until she arrived at the entrance of her home. She felt troubled, and so she lost her patience and exclaimed, "Can you stop following me?"

Mason cocked a brow when he heard that. Suddenly, he bent down before stopping inches away from her face. With a seductive smile, he spoke, "I think I got injured from rescuing you earlier. What are you going to do about that?"

"Ha!" Janet smirked. "I would have beaten them up if you hadn't shown up!"

Mason chuckled while looking up at the main entrance of the Jackson residence. "Fine, I'll stop messing with you! Go on in; I'll see you again."

Janet ignored him by keeping her back facing him. However, Mason reached out suddenly to hug her from behind while whispering at her ear, "Let's get to know each other again. My name is Mason Lowry!"

Sir, You Don't Know Your Wife Chapter 6

The next day, Star High School welcomed a famous celebrity from Sandfort City, Gordon Yaleman.

Upon taking her seat, Janet immediately heard her classmates discussing earnestly.

"I heard that Young Master Yaleman is attending our school!"

"What? Are you referring to that singer, Gordon Yaleman?"

"How is that possible? Why would a singer attend school here?"

"Why isn't it possible? I heard that Deamont and Bramford Universities contacted Young Master Yaleman to offer him a seat! However, they were all rejected."

"Oh, damn! Are you sure? Young Master Yaleman is so handsome; I'd like to date him..."

Initially, Janet was slumped across her desk to rest. However, the girls in her class were extremely noisy while they chattered, and she was forced to listen to their conversation.

She was stumped for a moment when she caught a familiar name. "Gordon Yaleman?" she blurted out.

Abby, who was sitting beside Janet, glanced at her upon hearing that.

"Janet, have you never even heard of Gordon Yaleman?"

Janet may have lived in the village, but I should explain things to her.

“Gordon Yalerman debuted at 15 years old, and he has been in the entertainment industry for three years. He’s acted in films and drama series before, but the most important thing is that he is one of the rare young and handsome singers in Metkane. He won the Youth Golden Melody Award with his song, ‘Starry Night’. He became famous overnight with that song.”

A silly smile plastered across Abby’s face at the mention of her idol.

Janet was at a loss for words. Gordon Yalerman... Could he really be the person I know?

Just when Janet was feeling puzzled, there was a sudden commotion at the entrance of the classroom.

Abby left her instantly to join the crowd, and she screamed at the top of her voice, “Young Master Yalerman, you’re so cool!”

The guy who walked into the classroom looked thin and tall. He had a white shirt on, making him appear very youthful.

He entered the classroom while maintaining a blank expression.

Emily waited for the right chance to appear in front of him. “Gordon Yalerman, welcome! I am the class monitor.”

Gordon maintained the same constipated expression while he regarded Emily coldly and nodded. “Nice to meet you.”

Upon witnessing that, the girls beside him started screaming shrilly and excitedly, “Ah! You’re so cold and aloof, Young Master Yalerman! I love you!”

Emily’s lips curled into a faint smile. Ha, no matter how cold and distant he appears to be, I can easily get him wrapped around my finger.

“Gordon, I have an empty seat beside me. You can sit with me.” Emily pointed at her seat.

Nevertheless, he shook his head. “That’s not necessary. I’ll select my own seat.”

While he said that, he glanced at the seats at the back of the class. However, he was shocked when he caught sight of the girl sitting in the corner.

Damn! What is happening? Is the golden arranger here too?

Gordon rubbed his eyes before opening them again. He noticed that the girl, who was sitting in the corner, did not disappear. In fact, her head was bowed while she used her phone.

That's really her!

Emily noticed that Gordon was standing as still as a statue, and so she asked in puzzlement, "Gordon, are you alright?"

In the next instant, Gordon completely ignored Emily and charged straight to the last row to take a seat.

Every student in the class was stunned to silence in that instant.

Why did Young Master Yaleman choose to sit behind Janet?! There are so many seats available in the class.

The smile stiffened across Emily's face because she couldn't comprehend why Gordon would rather sit behind Janet than beside her.

Emily was extremely upset, and she tried advising him. "Gordon, it's best that you sit with me. Students seated at the back of the class have less-than-ideal results, and it might affect your studies."

Gordon looked impatient when he heard that. "That's not necessary."

"But—"

Emily was about to say something, but the bell rang at that moment.

The French teacher was already walking up to the podium with books in her hands.

"Students! Class has started; return to your seats."

Emily glared at Janet viciously before leaving unhappily.

Once she left, Gordon prodded Janet in her back. "So you attend school here as well, golden arranger, Miss Jackson?"

Initially, Janet's head was bowed down while she stared at her phone. However, upon hearing Gordon's remark, she turned to look at him. "Do you have a death wish?"

He's speaking so loudly; is he trying to get the whole class to learn about my identity?

Her face was puffed up in annoyance, looking slightly ferocious, but it was undeniable that she looked adorable.

"Fine. I'll lower my voice." Gordon cleared his throat helplessly. "I was just asking why you are attending school here too."

Janet explained lazily, "My family arranged it. They claim that my education background is too low, and it's embarrassing."

Oh, no. How could Golden Janet possibly be embarrassing? She can choose whichever music college she wants. Besides, Janet arranged my song, 'Starry Night', which became popular in the whole country.

Abby patted Janet's shoulder, signaling her to stop speaking because the French teacher was well-known for being strict and fierce.

Unfortunately, the French teacher tossed her book on the table at that moment while exclaiming vehemently with a shrill voice, "The female student at the back of the class, what are you doing? That new student seated in the corner! Come up here to solve this question." Miss Lilian pointed at Janet.

Miss Lilian had heard that there was a new student in the class, and that she was a village bumpkin. It seems that the rumors are true after witnessing this in person.

She's daydreaming in the middle of a class; how impolite.

Janet stood up while staring at the question on the blackboard. Then, she frowned while making her way to the front.

Everybody looked as if they were ready for a drama to unfold, whereas Emily was especially thrilled.

Janet? How could she possibly solve a 12th Grade French question? She'd be lucky if she can actually say something in French.

With that, Janet stood rooted to the spot in front of the blackboard for a few minutes. Then, she turned around to look at Miss Lilian. "Miss Lilian, I've never learned French within a senior high's level."

However, Gordon did not buy that at all because Janet personally wrote all the French songs in his album after all.

Janet is most probably not bothered to solve the teacher's question.

Miss Lilian knew very well that students from the village wouldn't be familiar with French. It would have been fine if she didn't know French, but here she is, trying to chat Young Master Yaleman up. She is just like a vixen trying to seduce him.

"You don't know the answer? Dear students, our Janet doesn't know how to solve this question. Whoever knows the answer, please come forward."

Emily took the chance to stand up, and she looked determined. "Miss Lilian, I do."

Miss Lilian nodded. "Sure, Emily; go ahead."

I'm confident with Emily's abilities. After all, she's a good student whom I've nurtured over time.

True enough, within two minutes, Emily was done writing the answer across the blackboard.

Miss Lilian flashed her a satisfied smile while paying her a compliment. "Emily, you are outstanding, as always." Then, she turned to Janet. "Get off the platform and pay attention to class," she spat coldly.

Janet acknowledged her before going back to her seat. Initially, Janet was prepared to attend class quietly, but the French teacher refused to let things slide. "I don't care what methods you students use to enroll in our school. However, you'll have to pay attention in my class! You are still young, and so refrain from seducing your male classmates." She sounded as though she was educating Janet, but in reality, she was mocking her.

Students started commenting jokingly, "Tsk, tsk, tsk! They both have the surnames Jackson, but why is there such a vast difference?"

Janet paused while she was flipping her book. Her sharp gaze landed on Miss Lilian's bitter, sarcastic face, and her bone-chilling gaze pierced through Miss Lilian's words.

Abby was distracted while reading her book as the temperature around her dropped rapidly. She then rubbed her arms while pouting. "Why is it suddenly so cold?"

Sir, You Don't Know Your Wife Chapter 7

In Jackson's villa, Janet reached home and saw Megan. After saying her greetings, she locked herself in the room.

Megan's expression was gloomy as she intermittently glanced at the room on the second floor.

The villa was quiet; only her sighs could be heard.

It was only when another girl appeared that a smile finally showed on her face.

"Mommy, I'm back."

Upon seeing that Emily had returned, Megan put on a kind and caring smile.

"Emily, you are back. Are you hungry? I'll ask the housekeeper to prepare something for you to eat."

Emily shook her head. "I'm not hungry. Mommy, are you tired? Let me give you a back massage."

Megan nodded with a wide grin on her face.

The only person she could rely on was this daughter of hers, who wasn't even her biological daughter—her biological daughter treated her like an enemy.

She gave her trouble after attending school for just a few days. Today, the teacher from Star High School specially gave them a call to tell her that Janet didn't pay attention in class and flirted with boys.

Sigh, it was really embarrassing. Brian and my reputation, which we had maintained for all our lives, were destroyed at the hands of Janet.

“Mommy, is Janet home?”

Megan pouted while casting a glance at the second floor from the corner of her eyes. “She’s upstairs. Emily, help me to give her some advice.”

Emily patted on Megan’s back and consoled her, “Mommy, don’t worry. Although she isn’t serious in school, I’ll help to supervise her.”

Megan nodded as she didn’t know what else she could do.

Only this daughter is reliable.

When Emily went upstairs and knocked on the door, she intentionally pulled the window open to peek inside.

She saw Janet holding the most recent auction magazine in her hand while intermittently turning on her phone to send some text messages.

Emily found her ridiculous. She’s reading an auction magazine? Such a show-off!

However, Janet had long discovered Emily’s sneaky behaviors, but she didn’t expose her; she continued to chat on her phone instead.

Desire: ‘Janet, the Bronze Bull Head that we got from the UN auction has been returned to the government.’

Janet: ‘Okay. I’m comfortable with leaving the matter to you.’

Desire: ‘Janet, the reporter from Sandfort City wants to interview you about your thoughts on returning the cultural relics, and the mayor wants to see you too.’

Janet: ‘I’m busy. Reject them.’

Desire: ‘You refuse to meet them on such important occasions? Janet, what have you been up to lately?’

Janet replied, 'I'm busy preparing for an exam.' Then, she went offline.

Desire, who was in the middle of a task and finally managed to squeeze out some spare time, was dumbfounded.

The boss still needs to take exams? What exam? Driving license? Diving license... What else does she not have?

Right after Janet kept away her phone, Emily knocked on her door. "Janet, can I come in?"

Hearing her pitiful tone, Janet couldn't bear to keep her out.

"What's wrong?"

"Mommy is worried about you, so she asked me to come up to check on you."

"I'm fine. Is there anything else?" she casually asked, raising her ending tone.

Emily bit on her lips, as if she was going to burst into tears the next second. "Janet, is it true that you hate me? Do you hate me for snatching away your mother's love? Or perhaps because you hate me for refusing to leave?" As she spoke, tears welled up in her eyes. "But I'm innocent too! Janet, can you not treat me so coldly?" With tears streaming down her cheeks, she looked at Janet pitifully.

Janet, on the other hand, wore a smile while coldly watching her putting on an act.

"Stop crying!" She got up. Ignoring Emily, she turned around to leave her room, but she then turned back to Emily and uttered, "I can't be bothered to hate you."

Hearing that, Emily tightly clenched her fists. She looked at Janet's back view before wiping her tears away forcefully.

At that moment, the maid happened to have finished preparing their meal, so she yelled, "Miss Janet, Miss Emily, come down to eat."

At the dining table, Brian and Megan initially planned to avoid the topic about school, but Emily unexpectedly brought it up.

"Come to think of it, daddy, mommy, we are having our trial exam this Friday."

Megan smiled and nodded. "Emily, do your best! I'm sure that you can do it."

This daughter had never made her worry—she was extremely self-disciplined in both her studies and life!

Janet, who was eating with her head lowered, paused for a moment before resignedly continuing to eat.

I'll never have this kind of relationship with my family for my whole life.

Brian cast a cryptic glance at Janet. He then coughed and uttered, "Emily, you need to help your sister more with her studies!"

Emily finished her meal and wiped her mouth elegantly before she incidentally mentioned, "Daddy, I understand. Today, I helped her to answer some questions that she couldn't answer."

Her words made Brian feel awkward again, so he could only silently nod. "Good."

The next day, Janet played games for the whole morning. There was an advantage for sitting behind—the teacher couldn't clearly see what she was doing. The class teacher nodded, feeling pleased and content. Students from the village are expectedly hardworking.

When it was lunch hour, Gordon obediently wanted to help Janet to buy lunch.

After he had left, Abby suddenly walked over to Janet. "Janet, someone's looking for you."

Janet glanced at the door. A hint of coldness appeared in her eyes, and her red lips slightly curled upward.

Tsk, I've just been here for two days, and there's already someone knocking at the door.

Abby couldn't hold back herself and whispered, "It's better that you don't go."

Janet darted a glance at her and patted on her shoulder. "Don't worry." After she said that, she walked out of the classroom.

Looking at Janet's back view, Emily felt delighted. This bumpkin is finally going to be taught a lesson.

She intended to wait in the classroom to watch her come back after being humiliated.

...

The moment Janet walked out from the classroom, she was surrounded by a group of people.

One of the people surrounding her was the most beautiful female student of their school—Jennifer Lewis. She had heavy makeup with eye-catching earrings and rings; her looks suggested that she was a person that one couldn't easily mess with.

"Hey! You are here."

Janet's tone was cold. "Who are you?"

Jennifer squinted her eyes; her gaze that was cast at Janet was filled with loathing. She uttered maliciously, "I'm Jennifer Lewis from Class B. I have some business with you. Come with me."

The students in the class chattered among themselves.

"This newbie is going to get beaten. I feel sorry for her."

"She kept talking to Young Master Yaleman yesterday. It's no wonder that she is going to be beaten."

"It's her own fault because she kept talking to Young Master Yaleman. Serves her right!"

"Stop talking. Let's go and check it out!"

Jennifer brought Janet to a corner in the hallway.

Looking at this village bumpkin, a shred of contempt flashed across her eyes. Although she had fair complexion and her face was small and delicate, all these were overshadowed by the air of poverty on her, which made people feel disgusted by her.

The loathing in her eyes became more obvious. Pointing at Janet's nose, she warned, "Barbarian, remember this—don't you dare speak to Young Master Yaleman again after this. Otherwise—"

“Pffft!” Hearing that, Janet chuckled. Her phoenix eyes lazily peered at this delinquent teenage girl before her red lips parted. “Otherwise?”

Jennifer sneered, “Otherwise... I’ll let you have a taste of my fist.”

Sir, You Don't Know Your Wife Chapter 8

There wasn't anybody who wasn't afraid of Jennifer in Star High School. With a powerful family background, she was spoiled and intractable; even the teachers would try to tolerate her.

Upon seeing that Janet was brought away by Jennifer, there were quite a number of people following behind them to watch the show.

Abby, who noticed that something was wrong, lacked the courage to inform the teachers, so she had no choice but to find the other person involved—Gordon.

Janet slightly raised her eyes and curled up her lips into a smile. "You have a father behind you, so you bully other students with your identity?"

Jennifer let out a cold laugh and replied in disdain, "Yes, I'm relying on my father. What's wrong with it? Is your father even reliable, you bumpkin?"

Janet scoffed, "Ridiculous!"

Upon hearing her remark, the students around them broke into cold sweat. Janet actually has the courage to offend Jennifer. Is she really not afraid to die?

"You are just a village girl, but you dare to flirt with Young Master Yaleman. I think that you are dreaming the impossible. I'm going to teach you a lesson."

Just when Jennifer was in the middle of her scolding, a light flashed across, and she felt a painful sensation on her forehead!

"You village girl, how dare you hit me? I'm going to tell the principal, and you won't be able to continue staying in the school."

Jennifer was beyond furious because she was hit in the head by a penny.

Janet stood straight while she lifted her cold eyes. "Who saw me hitting you?"

"Erm..."

All the students at the scene looked at one another in silence because none of them actually saw Janet do anything.

However, Jennifer was hit by a penny when she was scolding her just now.

Nevertheless, what was more impressive was that when Jennifer was cursing and was about to lay her hands on Janet, the latter held her wrist. With a gentle twist, she controlled her body and gave her a hard push toward the ground, causing Jennifer to fall to the ground and be unable to even crawl back up. She cried out in an awkward manner, "Help me! The village girl in our school is beating me..."

Janet looked down at her from her height with a cold gaze as her thin lips parted. "Remember this—take another path whenever you see me in the future."

After saying that, she left.

The students behind her cheered, "She's so cool! This is the first time I've seen our school beauty being put in an unfavorable situation."

Upon hearing the students' discussion, Jennifer shouted like she had gone mad while she viciously and unblinkingly glared at the leaving teenage girl.

The moment Janet exited the staircase, she bumped into Gordon, who had just returned from the canteen. He was shocked to see her unharmed. "Janet, you managed to subdue her?"

The teenage girl had a calm expression as her beautiful phoenix eyes peered at the teenage boy in front of her. She didn't deny his words.

...

The Lowry Family Conglomerate was the largest and top Company Group in Sandfort City.

A man quietly sat on a chair while facing the floor-to-ceiling window. He didn't say a word; the air around him seemed to have frozen.

After some time, a man in black opened the door before he started his report proficiently. "Young Master Mason, Miss Jackson had a conflict with someone in school. One of them was the daughter of the President of Lewis Group. Now, President Lewis is on his way to school to demand an explanation. He intends to have the school expel Miss Jackson," the man in black reported in a professional yet detailed manner.

The man cast him a glance. "Who won?"

His glance made the man in black quiver. "I heard that it was Miss Jackson who won."

On a black leather sofa, a sudden gloating laughter burst out. "Young Master Mason, your subordinate is too inattentive! He actually reported to you about a young girl. When have you ever cared about women, Young Master Mason? You only have power in your eyes—"

There was actually another man in the president's room. The man was sitting on the sofa with his legs crossed, looking beguiling when he laughed. His name was Henry Moss, the young master of a family of scholars in Sandfort City.

Mason suddenly interrupted him, "Shut up!"

The temperature in the air dropped by a few degrees.

The man in black who was reporting to Mason was caught in the middle.

Mason instructed in a husky voice, "Take my name card and go and look for the principal. I would like to see who has the guts to get her expelled."

The eyes of the man in black lit up. "Yes! I'll go and do it now!"

With his legs crossed, Henry slowly asked, "Young Master Mason, is she your prey?"

Mason calmly replied, "She's not a prey. She's my girl!"

Meanwhile, in Star High School, as expected, the incident where Janet beat the school's beauty, Jennifer, was widely spread all over the school within less than 20 minutes.

Janet was called to the office. When she stepped inside, she saw a few familiar girls.

Jennifer's mother was blocking at the door of the principal's office, demanding an explanation.

"Look at this student of Star High School; she bullies students and disrespects the elders. She must be expelled!"

"I bullied them?" Janet asked. Her phoenix eyes were slightly raised as she found their accusation ridiculous.

Jennifer's mother stood up and pointed at Jennifer. "Look at her. She beat up my daughter, the daughter of the Lewis Family, to the point where her whole arm is bruised. There were students who witnessed the incident as well."

The class teacher's face was dark. She looked at Janet and asked, "Is it true that you did this?"

A little white rabbit from the village is able to bully the school's prettiest girl to the point where the latter is in such an embarrassing state?

With a calm expression, Janet shook her head, as if all these had nothing to do with her. "It was them who called me out and attempted to hit me."

The class teacher instantly understood—Jennifer and the others attempted to seek trouble with Janet, but they were beaten up by her instead.

Jennifer's mother roared, "Girl, what nonsense are you saying? It was obviously you who took action first by hitting her. If you refuse to apologize today, I won't let you get away with this."

If the school refused to give them an explanation and expel Janet from Star High School today, they wouldn't let the matter go.

With her mother's support, a smile flashed across Jennifer's eyes, as if at the next second, she could see the scene where Janet was apologizing to her and begging for her forgiveness.

To her surprise, the corner of Janet's lips curled up, and a shred of irony flashed across her eyes. "You must be daydreaming."

Jennifer's mother's expression changed tremendously. She shouted in a high-pitched voice, "Sir, look at your student; she disrespects the elders."

The principal looked at Janet and uttered, "Janet, you said that it was Jennifer who brought you to a corner. Do you have any witnesses?"

The purpose of his question was to ask Janet to show them the evidence that it was Jennifer who provoked her first.

Upon hearing the principal's words, Jennifer had a triumphant expression on her face.

She dared to guarantee that nobody in the school had the guts to stand up and speak on behalf of Janet, unless he or she had no intention to continue studying in Star High School.

As expected, when the principal called for several students consecutively, none of them dared to be the witness for Janet.

They either said that they didn't know about it or they didn't see anything.

Jennifer was someone with a high status, and her father was a big shot in Sandfort City. Therefore, everyone was afraid to offend them.

She relied on her family background and aggressively pressed on, "Sir, look—they didn't see me bully Janet, but it was her who beat me up to the point where I'm now in such a state."

The principal was put in a spot as he looked at Janet and said, "Janet, you should apologize to Jennifer and the others."

Hearing that, Jennifer revealed a triumphant expression.

At that moment, a familiar male voice was heard. "I know who made the first move."

Then, a slender figure appeared before everyone.

He was wearing a white sportswear, which wrapped around his slender, perfectly-proportioned figure.

The moment Gordon made an appearance, the whole area burst into an uproar.

"Young Master Yaleman is here! He's so handsome!"

"Why did Gordon appear at this moment?"

"Don't tell me that Gordon is here to speak on behalf of Janet."

"As expected, the handsomest male student is the perfect match for the prettiest female student."

"Sir." Gordon glanced at Janet before coldly looking at Jennifer.

Sir, You Don't Know Your Wife Chapter 9

Jennifer approached Gordon and uttered, "Young Master Yaleman, Janet is from the countryside. She suffered from a bad reputation in her previous schools and just a few days after she started her studies in Star High School, she laid her hands on me—" As she spoke, she started to sob.

"I know Janet better than you." Gordon coldly interrupted her before he continued to speak. "Sir, I saw that it was Jennifer who made the first move."

Upon hearing his words, Janet was a little stunned.

The crowd around them were even more shocked. "It turns out that Young Master Yaleman is not here to speak on behalf of Jennifer."

Jennifer had never expected that he wasn't here for her, but rather to help Janet instead, which made her expression become darker. "Sir, I—"

He cast her a cold look and indifferently said, "I saw it with my own eyes that it was Jennifer who came to our class to yank Janet away! She initially intended to bully her, but was beaten up by Janet instead."

Although the truth was exactly like what he said, he actually did not witness it with his own eyes. Nevertheless, nobody had the courage to doubt the words of a famous celebrity!

The principal coughed. "Miss Jennifer, do you have any other questions?"

Jennifer shook her head with her red eyes before attempting to leave the office.

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"I have a question. Hitting a person will ruin the school's reputation whereas slandering is also a sign of moral corruption. Now, don't you think that you guys should make up to me

and expel her from school instead?" Janet's words had caused the room to fall into deathly silence.

"You..." Jennifer's face intermittently paled and flushed with the triumphant expression she wore earlier completely vanishing.

Not to mention, the other parents lost their composure as well. "Miss Janet, it's just a misunderstanding!"

"We are sorry. Our children are still immature, so please just let it slide!"

"We are sorry..."

The few parents, who had initially arrived to cause a scene, apologized, which caused the students standing outside the door to gape at them.

After they apologized, one of the parents even immediately took out some money from their purse. "Miss Janet, I'm sorry. This is a little something to show my sincerity."

Janet raised her brows and calmly rejected it, but her rejection had made the parents more anxious. Is she going to force our kids to sign an agreement to withdraw from school?

At that moment, the principal stepped forward. "You guys should head back first. All the students who were involved in the incident will be suspended from school for a week."

All the parents eagerly nodded. "Yes, sure! I wonder when those brats learned to tell lies."

"We will teach our children a lesson after we return home."

The Lewis Family could no longer afford to be humiliated, so they dragged Jennifer along with them and left with their tails in between their legs.

Young Master Mason's subordinate, who was standing not far away from them, happened to witness the scene. Tightly gripping on Mason's business card, he realized that he shouldn't have worried for Janet. He couldn't help but exclaim to himself, The person whom Young Master Mason has his eyes on is surprisingly extraordinary.

The students, who were watching the show, didn't expect the incident to turn out in that direction, so they all stared at each other at one side in the silence.

The principal looked at the bunch of people around him and uttered in displeasure, "Go back to your classes, all of you!"

Nobody possessed the courage to rebel against the principal's words and the crowd dispersed within a few minutes.

Janet raised her eyes and looked at the principal. "I'm returning to my classroom too."

"Alright. You may leave."

Then, Gordon left as well.

After she left the office, the girl's pair of indifferent eyes finally bore traces of emotions in them.

A hint of amusement rapidly flashed across her phoenix eyes that were hidden under her lashes.

Raising her head at him, she jokingly said, "I never expected the famous celebrity to excel in everything. You don't even need to prepare a script to tell a lie!"

A hint of embarrassment instantly appeared on his face. "Janet, I lied for your sake. How could you make fun of me?"

He had indeed told a lie because he never witnessed the incident with his own eyes—all of it had been shared by Abby.

The corner of Janet's lips curled up into a smile. "I could have resolved the matter by myself without you."

"How so?"

Janet pointed at the security camera on top of her head. "Hey, bro, what age do you think we are now living in? Do you think that our school doesn't have any security cameras?"

Without realizing it, her mood was uplifted, causing her steps to become lighter and faster. The person who is able to harm me has yet to be born!

Admiration appeared on Gordon's youthful facial features as he quickly rushed after the teenage girl in front of him. "Janet, wait for me!"

...

In Class A, the incident about the fight between Janet and Jennifer was once again the topic of discussion after class among the students.

"Let me tell you something—Janet is so manly this time!"

"I found it funny when I saw the campus belle leaving with her tail in between her legs."

"That's right. Someone's finally able to constrain her."

At the same time, there was a quiet figure in the classroom—Emily.

She felt extremely uneasy, as if she was on pins and needles. I never thought that Gordon would actually testify for Janet...

She intended to watch Janet being humiliated, but the latter had unexpectedly and suddenly gained the favor of a large number of students!

At that moment, the school bell rang while the French teacher, Miss Lilian, entered the classroom.

When she heard that the students were still being noisy, she couldn't help but feel annoyed. In her high-pitched voice, she yelled, "Be quiet! Don't think that nobody can expel you from Star High School after you've managed to enter the school. Some of you have no idea what shame is! You had stirred up such a huge mess for our school on your first day here."

Once she said that, all the students turned their gaze at Janet, who was quietly lying on the table and totally unfazed by their gazes.

A few male students couldn't bear to remain silent and refuted. "Miss, you don't understand the situation. It was the campus belle who made the first move to hit a student from our class."

"Yes! Miss, how could you say that? You need to at least protect our classmates!"

“This teacher is really snobbish. She looks down on students from the countryside and has tried her hardest to suck up to the Lewis Family.”

“All she does everyday is make life difficult for people. She knows that Janet doesn't understand French, but intentionally asks her to answer questions on stage.”

The whole class immediately fell silent after those words were said.

Miss Lilian had been so furious that she couldn't say a word. She had been teaching Class A for the past two years and nobody ever had the guts to go against her. Unexpectedly, after Janet came, the students started to rebel against their teacher.

Suppressing the displeasure in her, she stared at Janet and enunciated her words, “If you guys don't wish to be looked down on, use the result of your trial exams to prove yourselves. Those who score lower than 90 marks have no right to enjoy their school life in Class A. It looks like you guys have no mood to study today. You guys are free to do what you want!”

With that, she dropped the text books and angrily rushed to her office.

The class teacher—the one who set the exam questions—was startled. “Miss Lilian, why are you so enraged?”

Miss Lilian was initially able to control her anger, but when the class teacher had mentioned about it, she blew her top. In a sobbing tone, she complained, “The students of your class are really too difficult to handle. They actually talked back to me for the sake of the new student, Janet!”

He was obviously aware about it. In fact, he had already mentioned about it to the principal on more than one occasion that placing a weaker student in an academically good class would be meaningless. However, the principal didn't take his words seriously. Moreover, the fight between Jennifer and Janet had given them more headaches.

The class teacher could not do anything as well because the principal was the one who assigned Janet to Class A. All he could do was to console Miss Lilian. “Janet is a little troublesome, so please bear with her! Once the result of the trial exam is out, I'll report to the principal and have him transfer her to another class.”

Anyway, she would be in last place in class, so he would definitely have a reason to transfer her to another class.

“Sir, for the Spanish exam this time, you must set difficult questions, so the academically weak student, Janet, can be transferred to another class. This is to enable Class A to regain its former glory.”

Sir, You Don't Know Your Wife Chapter 10

I

Time flew by and it was soon Friday.

Janet was in her seat and played games like usual.

At that moment, Gordon suddenly approached her. "Janet, have you forgotten what today is? You still have the mood to play?"

She frowned. "Why?"

"Today is Friday—the day that we are having our trial exams! Janet, you need to work harder this time. I heard that students who fail will be transferred to the lower classes."

She was unfazed. "I think that changing a new environment is good as well. At least I don't need to face our snobbish French teacher."

He was instantly rendered speechless. "Janet, how about me if you leave?"

She chuckled resignedly. Truth be told, it never mattered to her which class she was in—the most important thing was to make those who looked down on her regret their actions.

After a while, the class teacher entered their class and briefed them about the examination.

A few minutes later, the items on their desks and drawers were cleared, leaving only empty desks.

They had their Spanish paper during the first period.

The moment Janet received the exam paper, she raised her eyes and sluggishly flicked across the paper.

She initially thought that the exam questions in one of the renowned high schools in Sandfort City would be harder, but the content of the exam was unexpectedly more or less the same as what was written in their textbooks—it was so easy that she could answer it with her eyes closed.

The corner of her lips was slightly curled up as she was in a great mood.

After a while, she kept her stationeries away and leaned on the table to sleep.

However, just two minutes after she closed her eyes, she heard the sound of someone knocking on her desk.

The invigilator seemed displeased. “I’ve heard about your situation, but you should treat the trial exams seriously.”

Her voice sounded lazy. “Sir, I’ve finished the paper.”

Right after she said that, the students began to laugh.

It was a two-hour paper and not even an hour had passed, but she said that she had completed all of the questions, which would create an impression that she was a top student in their school to those who didn’t know about her situation.

No, even the top student would never be able to finish the paper in such a short amount of time—especially when the questions set by the Spanish teacher for the current exam were actually harder than usual.

“Haha, she’s able to finish it so fast. I bet that she left the entire paper blank.”

“This is too funny. Such a silly new student!”

The invigilator sternly reprimanded, “Quiet! I’ll confiscate your paper if you continue to talk.”

With about 30 minutes left, Janet rose to her full height and impassively handed her answer sheet and question paper to the invigilator before directly exiting the classroom.

At the end of the first exam, everyone was in agony as they whined and howled the moment they exited the exam hall.

“Oh, my God! The trial papers were so difficult. I’m sure that I’m going to fail.”

“I hope I won’t get the last place! God, I’m begging You!”

“Don’t worry, you won’t be in the last place because we have a newbie from the countryside in our class!”

...

After the exam, Gordon was the first to look for Janet.

“Janet.” He waited for her at the door.

She walked over when she saw him.

“Janet, how’s your exam?”

She answered while walking, “So-so.”

Emily, who happened to hear their conversation from one side, inadvertently rolled her eyes.

“Ha-ha!” I was the one who previously answered the French question on stage. All she did was linger around Young Master Yalman. I wonder if she will feel embarrassed to death when her results are out.

Their exam mainly focused on three subjects—Spanish, Mathematics and English. Therefore, they had all three papers in the same day.

As Janet hadn’t touched her phone for the whole day, she saw lots of missed calls and a couple of texts.

One of them was from Lee.

She walked with the earphones in her ears. “What’s the matter?”

“Janet, you finally answered your phone. Why was your phone switched off for the whole day?”

She casually replied, "Exams."

His voice sounded apologetic. "I'm sorry, I nearly forgot that you are a student now."

"Cut to the chase."

"The bald man with a beer belly, whom you had a conflict with in the UN, said that he wanted to personally discuss some business with you."

She squinted her eyes. "Didn't I tell you to reject it?"

"Janet, the price is totally up to you. Are you really going to reject it?"

"Reject it!" She insisted on declining the offer.

"I'll help you to reject him then."

Lee hung up the call and smiled. Sigh, there's really nothing I can do with this girl.

Not long after Janet had left, it started to rain.

It was such a coincidence, as if everything was destined.

At the mention of the auction, she was inadvertently reminded of that man. She was a little astonished when she was in the cage that night; she could vaguely remember that his name was Mason Lowry!

Not even a few seconds later, as if she suddenly came to her senses, she patted her cheeks to remind herself not to overthink it.

After she tapped open her Uber app and made a booking, she noticed that she had to wait for over 100 people before it was her turn. "Such bad luck!" she quietly cursed.

"Stop the car!" In the dark night, a black global limited edition Rolls Royce flashed through the rain.

The man in the car looked at the girl in the rain with his dark eyes while his brows were slightly furrowed. Why is she here?

His assistant, Caleb, looked at the man in the rear mirror and asked, "Young Master Mason, what's wrong?"

The man did not reply. Ignoring the rain, Mason exited the car and walked toward the girl.

Janet, who was drenched under the rain, suddenly felt someone approaching her and instantly became vigilant.

The next second, she was being pulled into an embrace and overwhelmed by the scent of a man, causing her body to uncontrollably shudder.

She was stunned.

The man's voice revealed his slight displeasure. "Do you enjoy getting wet under the rain?"

She still couldn't comprehend why Mason had suddenly appeared and why he was hugging her in his arms. "What does this have to do with you?"

The fact that she was being embraced by a man whom she had met only twice would naturally make her feel uncomfortable, so subconsciously, she was rude to him and started to struggle.

The man warned in a low and husky voice, "Stop struggling! Don't you know that getting wet in the rain will easily make you fall sick?"

Janet was rendered speechless. I'm used to being drenched under the rain and being injured, so it's impossible for me to fall sick because of this. "Let me go!"

Mason didn't listen to her. He directly scooped her into his arms and walked toward the car before throwing her inside.

"You—"

He interrupted her and instructed the driver, "Head toward Lowry Residence."

She cast him a look. "Who says that I'm returning with you?"

"Are you sure that you are not going back to the Lowry Residence? The Jackson Family told your parents that we met at the UN Auction, didn't they?" The man's cold voice was heard.

As expected, she calmed down in a few seconds. I can't allow Megan and Brian discover my real identity. Otherwise, it will cause a lot of great trouble for me!

The two of them did not say much along the journey, but Mason's assistant, Caleb, was rather talkative. "Miss, why were you out in the rain? You look like a student, so perhaps that you didn't perform well in your exams? Or maybe you were scolded by your teacher?"

Janet didn't know how to reply to him and turned to look outside the window without saying anything.

Caleb coughed twice and continued to drive.

The Rolls Royce stopped at the Lowry Residence.

She unwillingly followed Mason out of the car and all the way to the living room.

When the maids saw that Young Master Mason had arrived home, they immediately stepped forward to greet him, but never expected to bring a woman with him.

This childish girl before their eyes was actually the first woman that he had ever brought home.

His eyes flicked across the maids in displeasure before coldly asking, "Why are you guys still standing here for?"

The maids were at a loss for words.

"I'll go and cook some ginger soup for Miss."

"I'll go and prepare a hot water bath for Miss."

"I'll go and prepare some clean clothes for Miss."

Sir, You Don't Know Your Wife Chapter 11

Mason yanked a blanket from the couch and gently draped it around her shoulder. "Go and take a bath."

As being drenched was making her feel uncomfortable, Janet eventually entered the bathroom under his dangerous sight. When she emerged again after taking a bath, he had greeted her—he was waiting for her outside the door with a bowl of ginger soup in his hands. "Drink this!"

Janet was a little hesitant because she was not under the weather. She initially intended to reject him, but sneezed before the words could even escape her lips. Therefore, she had no choice but to take the bowl of ginger soup, which was black in color, and downed the liquid. After that, she attempted to leave; she had no intention to be involved with the man as she knew about the forces behind him. "I want to go home. Can you give me a set of clothes?"

Mason's gaze flicked across her fair little hand, which was tightly clenching a towel. He frowned while sweat gradually appeared on his palm. "I'll get someone to bring them upstairs."

"Thank you."

After a while, the maid handed her a white dress that complimented her skin color. She then changed into the dress in the bathroom before leaving with her things.

...

According to the practice at Star High School, once the exam was over, all the teachers of the same grade would gather together to mark the papers and the trial exam was no different. Currently, a few class teachers chatted with each other.

"I wonder what the average grade of our class is."

“Don’t mention it. As the teachers of Class B, you guys should be satisfied. Unlike Class B, our Class F is always in the last place.”

“Sigh, come to think of it, Class A always gets first place each time. I’m so envious of them.”

All the teachers glanced enviously at Mr. Smith from Class A. However, he was worried.

“Hey, you guys know that I have a new student in my class. If she gets the last place in the whole grade, it would be really embarrassing for me!”

All the teachers in the office wore a relieved look that the principal hadn’t placed the new student, who came from the countryside, in their class.

Mr. Smith, who was from Class A, sighed. “She’s such a troublemaker. She had a fight with Jennifer from Class B a couple of days ago, which caused me to be lectured by the principal.” In fact, he had already given it a thought. Once the results are released, I’ll ask the principal to transfer Janet to Class F.

After a word or two about the village girl, everyone lost interest and did not continue to talk about her.

“Oh yeah, when I was marking the Spanish paper, there was one student who managed to score a perfect score for the objective questions. The answers that this student gave for the subjective questions were close to the standard answer as well. I wonder who this impressive student is. The Spanish paper this time is the most difficult paper that we ever had in Star High School,” one of the Spanish teachers uttered.

The papers from each class were all mixed up and marked together, so the names and classes of the students were not visible as they were redacted. Nevertheless, all the teachers knew the answer to that question.

“Is there even a need to ask this question? The student must have been Emily Jackson from Class A—her Spanish is really good.”

“That’s not necessarily the case. Although Gordon from Class A is also a new student, he managed to attain an almost perfect score for all the three main subjects during his second year in high school.”

When the few teachers were talking to one another, the dean walked into the room. “Dear teachers, the results are now out. You guys can log into the system to check it out.”

Upon hearing that, Mr. Smith hastily returned to his workstation as he wanted to know which student had earned the first place. With a sense of familiarity, he switched on the computer and logged into the score-checking system. The average marks for his class were as shown below:

The average mark for Spanish: 126 / 150 marks

The average mark for Mathematics: 119 / 150 marks

The average mark for English: 101 / 150 marks

For an elite class in Star High School, those marks were not considered an excellent score. However, as it was a trial exam, it was understandable since the papers were particularly difficult. He estimated that it would be good if Class A would be able to attain about 400 marks.

Much to Mr. Smith's surprise, there was actually a student who scored a total of 440 marks! In other words, that person's average score for each of the subjects must have been at least 147! He instantly became worked up, wondering who exactly the student was.

Name: Gordon Yalerman

Spanish: 120

Mathematics: 128

English: 133

Total Score: 381

Mr. Smith thought, Not bad. This kid is not only handsome, but his academic result is good as well. He really deserves to be a national idol. Wait, the student who obtained the first place this time isn't Gordon? It must be Emily then.

The next student was Janet. He had initially intended not to look at her results for the fear that his blood pressure would spike after seeing it. Fine, fine. It's already a fact that she's academically weak, so what else can I do? Mr. Smith took a deep breath and forced himself to click on her results. In his mind, he already planned on how to expel her from Class A.

Pursing his lips, he moved his gaze to her results, only to be dumbfounded in the next instant.

...

The results were announced on Monday morning. The entire Star High School was particularly lively and buzzy; the students in their classes were especially concerned about the result for their trial exams.

In Class A, the student sitting next to Emily, Madelaine, started to flatter her, "Emily, you must have gotten first place again this time!"

Emily wore a gentle smile and humbly uttered, "You are flattering me. All the students in our class are excellent." She then hypocritically added, "Perhaps the new student, who has the same last name as mine, managed to get good results too." She had only intended to praise Janet to make the latter fall harder after the results were revealed.

Madelaine let out a contemptuous laughter as her eyes were filled with disdain. "You mean Janet? Emily, stop joking. She's from the countryside and has never read any textbooks from our freshman or sophomore year in high school! If she is able to pass the trial exams, I'll eat sh*t while standing upside down."

All the students and teachers from the Star High School knew that Emily from Class A was famous for being an excellent student. As for Janet, who shared the same last name as her, she was not a match at all!

Upon hearing Madeleine's words, Emily pretended to be a little mad. "We need to take care of each other. You shouldn't badmouth her after this. Otherwise, I'll get mad."

Madelaine only smiled. "Our Emily is so gentle. Okay, I won't badmouth her." Talking about Janet is just a waste of my saliva, anyway.

When it was time for their results to be revealed, Gordon tugged on Janet's clothes. Janet, who was lying on the desk to sleep, opened her eyes. There was a hint of indifference in those phoenix eyes of hers. "Do you have a death wish?"

He didn't know how to reply to that. The girl always gets cranky whenever she's being woken up. He asked, "What do you think is your class rank?"

A number of students heard Gordon's voice and curiously looked at them. Janet's voice was sluggish. "My class rank?" She chuckled as the corner of her lips curled up into an arc of confidence. "In the top five."

All the students were rendered speechless with all sorts of expressions on their faces. If what she meant was her ranking from the bottom, then yes, she's indeed the top 5 from the bottom.

Her phoenix eyes flicked across their faces, which had looks of disbelief on them, but it only made the smile on her face grew wider and more beguiling. Inwardly, she thought, We shall wait and see!

A male student dashed toward them and excitedly exclaimed, "The results are out. Come and check it out!"

Upon hearing that, Gordon immediately stood up and eagerly walked up to Janet. "Janet, let's go!"

At that moment, students had gathered around the school's notice board.

"Oh, my! That's all I got?"

"I screw up on my Maths! I'm going to get an earful once I get home!"

"Wow, Gordon actually ranked 5th in the grade! He's so impressive! How I wish that Young Master Yaleman could be my tutor!"

"Wow, Emily from Class A has ranked third; she's as outstanding as usual... Wait, that's weird. Why isn't she in the first place? Why is the first place left blank?"

Upon hearing that, Janet lazily raised her eyes. Gordon squeezed himself out of the crowd and moved to the front of the notice board. In one of his rare moments to do so, he cursed, "F*ck! Janet, why isn't your name on the list?"

Sir, You Don't Know Your Wife Chapter 12

Janet merely smiled without saying anything. She patted on Gordon's shoulder and uttered, "Let's return to our class. I'm bored."

Gordon was rendered speechless. Isn't she worried about her results at all?

Even though the school bell was ringing, the students were still discussing the results of their trial exams.

Abby, who was seated next to her, tugged on her sleeves and shyly asked, "Janet, why is your result not revealed on the notice board?"

She asked carefully, afraid of hurting Janet's pride as a teenage girl.

While looking at Abby asking in a cautious manner, Janet couldn't suppress the urge to tease her. She propped her chin on her hand with a raised eyebrow, saying, "Girl, you did well this time. Keep up the good work!"

Abby shyly lowered her head as she felt that she was being teased.

Just when they were chatting and laughing, the class teacher, Mr. Smith, knocked on the door. He glanced at Janet and uttered, "Miss Janet, please come to my office for a moment."

Upon hearing that, Janet removed her earphones and walked out of the classroom.

All of the students gazed at her as they were puzzled.

"Maybe the new student has scored zero marks. Her name wasn't listed on the notice board..."

“Perhaps she was called out to be told about this in private. Otherwise, it would hurt her self-esteem.”

“What sort of self-esteem does she have? She even shamelessly said that she can become the top 5 in our grade. It’s clear that she’s only embarrassing herself.”

Upon hearing the students’ discussion, the corner of Emily’s lips curled upward into a smile of irony. Does she even have any self-esteem? She’s so shameless, so why should the school be afraid of hurting her pride?

Janet followed the class teacher, Mr. Smith, all the way to his office.

He intended to protect her pride, so he told her his intention when there was nobody else in the office. “Janet, how do you think you did in the exam?”

When she heard his question, she smiled. “I think that I can get at least over 400 marks.” Her chin was slightly raised and her clear eyes gleamed with confidence, making him nearly believe the nonsense that she said.

“Janet, I’m trying to save your reputation. If you really don’t feel any guilt about your results at all, I’ll announce it in class.”

With an eyebrow raised, she parted her red lips. “Just announce it. Why shouldn’t you announce it?”

Mr. Smith had never seen that side of her, considering that she used to be timid and bashful, but she now seemed more attractive. “Alright. You will have to bear the consequences of this incident.”

He was also upset by the incident. After all, she was a student from his class. If words about a student cheating in examination were leaked out, it would be a disgrace to his profession as a teacher after many years.

It would be fine if it was just cheating, but she actually managed to earn the first place through that method—it was something so serious that he couldn’t turn a blind eye to.

When she returned to Class A, all the students looked at her.

Abby cautiously asked, “Janet, why did the teacher look for you?”

Gordon leaned closer to them as well, eagerly waiting for her reply.

Janet's red lips quirked up with sluggish eyes. "You will all know in a little while."

At that moment, the class teacher walked up to the stage. "The results of the trial exams have been released. I believe that all of you have seen your results, but the first place has been left blank." As he was speaking, he subconsciously glanced at Janet before he raised the report card and read it aloud, "The student who has received the first place is Miss Janet Jackson. Her total score is 440 marks—Spanish at 144 marks, English at 150 marks and Mathematics at 146 marks."

Upon hearing that, all the students were dumbfounded.

Gordon, who wasn't properly seated on his chair, nearly fell. "What the heck!"

Everyone couldn't believe their ears. This village girl actually ranked first in our class? No, she ranked first in our grade?

As he saw that nobody responded, Mr. Smith continued with his words. "Janet, come on up to take your report card."

Right after he said that, Emily stood up and yelled, "That's impossible!"

Sir, You Don't Know Your Wife Chapter 13

Emily immediately spoke after standing up, "Mr. Smith, is there a mistake? How could Janet possibly get first place? Besides, did she receive full marks for English? That's impossible!"

Upon hearing Emily's comment, the students in the classroom kicked up a fuss too.

"That's right; how could Janet possibly get first place?"

"I don't believe that—it's already a miracle if she passes the exam."

"Well, she must have cheated!"

"Those who cheated would be expelled from Star High School."

Everybody in the classroom shot Janet despicable looks and they started to mock her.

"Janet... How did this happen?" Abby asked her in a quiet voice.

When she looked up at Janet, her eyes were shining brightly with confidence and assurance.

"Shut up, everybody!"

Gordon was utterly annoyed with the constant chatter of his classmates, which sounded like birds chirping. "Mr. Smith has yet to comment. Who are you guys to blindly speculate?"

Everybody immediately fell silent because it was the first time Gordon lost his cool in the classroom.

Respectable!

Mr. Smith was in an awkward situation upon facing such an issue because he wasn't sure how to handle it.

He frowned while reassuring Emily, "You should take your seat first!"

Emily was adamant because she was confident that her classmates were on her side. "Mr. Smith, I don't believe that Janet has received full marks for her French test! Previously, during our French class, I was the one who solved a question for her. Naturally, as the class monitor, I trust all my classmates. Therefore, it doesn't mean that she cheated... Could there be an error with the names?"

Mr. Smith was stunned into silence for a moment, but he did not have evidence to prove that Janet was cheating. Hence, he could only maintain his principles and morals as a teacher to provide her with the dignity she deserved and patiently advised, "Dear students, a village education doesn't necessarily mean that it'd be any lesser than an education in Sandfort City. I hope everyone here would treat a child from the village with fairness."

"Mr. Smith, I don't think it's plausible too," Janet broke the silence after hesitantly biting her lip. Her comment had shocked everybody in class.

Mr. Smith looked at her. "Janet, what is happening? Didn't you say that you took the exam on your own earlier in the office?"

She had been holding back for the entire day. Now that she finally had the chance to speak, she abruptly stood up. "Mr. Smith, I'd like to clarify something. Why is my Spanish only 144 and how could I have scored a mere 146 for Math? There must be a mistake!"

She was shocked to her core when she learned about her results. Did I only score 146 for Mathematics? Have I wasted all my efforts to learn Math in Markovia?

There was an uproar among the students in class. Janet is such a shameless person! She cheated, but she's demanding for full marks!

He was also rendered speechless by her response, so he clapped while instructing the class, "Enough is enough! Please be quiet! You will all know your mistakes once you receive your test papers in the afternoon."

Soon enough, he instructed Emily to hand the result slips to the class. Then, he allowed everybody to rearrange their seats, according to their placement within the class.

Therefore, being in the first place gave Janet the right to be the first to choose her seat.

However, she did not switch and instead remained seated.

Abby was utterly grateful for her decision. “Janet, you have such good results, so why would you sit with me?”

Janet raised her brow before teasing her, “Girl, I’m nowhere as capable as you are. In all honesty, my results are mediocre, at best. I was just lucky with this test.”

However, she regretted once she sat down. Why did I choose the second last person? I could have Gordon seated at the front... It is much more carefree in the last row. Wouldn’t it be nicer to enjoy the scenery in its entirety? It’s such a pity...

The class ended soon later but nobody regained their composure.

The students were immersed in their emotions that revolved around the results of the trial exam. Some were upset while some seemed in shock and some looked delighted, but most of them were suspicious of Janet... How could anyone score full marks in French???

The news spread like wildfire. As the French teacher for Class A, Miss Lilian was in utter disbelief and decided to snatch the first place for Emily by collecting evidence to expel Janet out of Star High School.

“I heard that the village girl from A Class received first place for her grade. Did you notice Emily’s dark expression? It’s hilarious!”

“Anyway, I support Emily.”

“She must have cheated!”

The entire Star High School student body was embroiled in the gossip.

On the other side, the subject of interest—Janet—was lazily taking an afternoon nap.

“Janet,” Gordon and Abby called her with a flat expression while staring at her in a daze. They both asked simultaneously, “Did you answer the test yourself?”

The test papers had already been handed out.

They were both looking at the beautiful writing across the test paper while staring at the essay which had a near perfect score. Her logic and train of thoughts in writing was on par with that of a writer.

Abby's chubby chin sagged. "Well... Janet, your writing is outstanding."

"Huh?" Janet looked up slightly before giving a casual answer. "In all honesty, I used to be horrible at writing essays in the past. My score used to be almost zero each time."

Gordon and Abby were at a loss for words when they heard that. The two of them were in a daze for the longest time. Their hands shook while holding onto Janet's test papers. "In that case, how did you score such high marks this time?"

Janet's red lips curled into a smile while her cheeks were flushed due to her sleep. "I saw the answers in my dreams the night before the exam, so it's a mere coincidence."

Gordon and Abby were rendered speechless once again—and exchanged glances in silence.

At that moment, there were quite a number of people who were gathered in the school's meeting room—the French teacher, Miss Lilian, Mr. Smith, the principal, and Emily from Class A were present.

"Sir." Emily started to voice her thoughts while sounding unsatisfied. "What do you plan to do regarding the cheating in our school?"

The principal was righteous with his speech. "The Star High School will never cover up for students who cheat. Once they have been discovered, they will be immediately expelled."

"Sir, the new student in our school, Janet Jackson—I'm sure you know about her. However, she went overboard this time. She earned the first place by cheating in the test! This is such a humiliation!"

The principal scowled while glancing at Mr. Smith when he heard that. "Is it true about Janet's results?"

Mr. Smith wore a dark expression while shaking his head because he never expected Emily to kick up a fuss in front of the principal. "I'm not sure."

Miss Lilian, the French teacher, added fuel to the flames. “Sir, Janet is my student, so I’m sure of her ability. Based on her usual performance, it’s impossible for her to receive full marks in French. I think this matter warrants a thorough investigation.”

The principal slightly frowned because cheating was not a minor offence. In order to verify the situation, he picked up his mobile phone to summon the teacher who was invigilating the exam.

Miss Lilian and Emily exchanged glances, looking delighted at the turn of events.

Mr. Smith seemed to be caught between a rock and a hard place. Although he could not have been particularly fond of Janet, the matter had happened in his class, so it was extremely embarrassing for him.

Within a few minutes, once the invigilator understood the current situation, she shared about the situation that day, “Sir, that child had left quite an impression, but she did not cheat.”

“How is that possible?” Miss Lilian snorted in disdain while glancing at the principal. “Otherwise, how could she get first place in her grade as a student from the village?”

The principal was extremely annoyed with her constant barrage of questions and spat impatiently, “Miss Lilian, you keep saying that, but do you have any proof?”

Emily spoke gleefully, “The proof is in Janet’s hands—her test paper! We’ll know once we compare her test paper to the standard answer.”

Sir, You Don't Know Your Wife Chapter 14

The principal was hesitant, but Lilian persisted, saying, "Sir, if word gets out that someone is cheating in our school, but we wouldn't expose her, our reputation would be at stake!"

He nodded. I should call her over to get to the bottom of this.

He called the broadcasting room to provide them with some instructions before hanging up.

Soon, a stern voice boomed around the school compound through the campus broadcast system. "Janet Jackson from Class A, upon hearing this announcement, take all the three subjects of your test papers to the meeting room!"

Upon hearing the announcement, her classmates in Class A appeared gleeful, as if they anticipated to see her fail.

"My guess is right, indeed. They must have collected evidence for Janet's cheating."

"The consequence of cheating in our school is expulsion! This is great! We do not have to be in the same class as the village girl anymore."

"Shameless..."

Abby and Gordon were both utterly worried when they heard those comments.

On the other side, Janet seemed indifferent when she spoke to them, "Don't worry!"

When she said that, a flash of frost gleamed in her elegant eyes as she glanced at her classmates who mocked her.

She arrived at the principal's office.

Emily smirked when she saw Janet, as if making a point. You are done for. You will be kicked out of Star High School soon.

Janet instantly knew what was happening when she saw that a crowd had gathered. Emily must have been unsatisfied about my results, so she deliberately kicked up a fuss in front of the principal. Her ruby red lips curled into a faint smile. It hasn't been confirmed who is done for.

The principal coughed dryly before requesting, "Janet, hand over your test papers."

Her lips parted and her voice sounded especially cold. "What do you want to do?"

Miss Lilian snorted contemptuously while exclaiming, "Are you still pretending? You have the guts to cheat, but don't you have the courage to admit it?"

Janet's gaze seemed indifferent. "I did not!"

"Janet, stop denying it. I have proof!" Miss Lilian laughed mirthlessly.

"Oh, an evidence?"

She snatched the test papers and tossed them in front of Janet. "This is the proof. Just look at it—your objective questions have identical answers to the standard answer sheet! If you hadn't seen the standard answer sheet before, how could you have possibly answered this?"

Janet burst out in laughter. "Is this the method that you use to judge my cheating? Miss Lilian, don't you think that you lack knowledge?"

Miss Lilian was rendered speechless in frustration after her own student had reprimanded her. After a pause, she exclaimed vehemently, "In that case, how did you get that score?"

Janet did not answer her directly and instead turned to the principal. "Sir, I can endure it when Miss Lilian finds fault with me on a daily basis! However, she is claiming that I'm cheating now! If I prove myself, what should she do?"

Miss Lilian smirked. "If you can prove yourself, I'll apologize to you for three consecutive days!"

The principal cleared his throat. "Fine, let's go with that!"

Janet glanced at Miss Lilian while stating coldly, "This time, you will give me the questions on the spot and I will retake the exam here and now!"

"Sure. In that case, Miss Lilian shall set the question now."

After thirty minutes, Miss Lilian handed the test paper to Janet. "As long as you are able to score more than 130, I will apologize to you for three consecutive days!"

Janet accepted the paper, casually flipping through it.

From the beginning until the end, she was emotionally calm and even intermittently closed her eyes to process her thoughts.

Emily glanced at Miss Lilian while whispering, "Miss Lilian, you didn't make things lenient, did you?"

"Did I make things lenient?" Miss Lilian cackled. "Those questions are the most difficult past year questions from the college entrance exam. I am confident that she wouldn't be able to answer!"

Emily smirked. "I trust you, Miss Lilian."

The exam lasted for an hour, but Janet took less than twenty minutes to complete it. After that, she looked almost as if she was ready to slump across the desk to sleep.

Once Miss Lilian saw that Janet was almost falling asleep on her desk, she burst out in laughter. "Sir, just look at her. Is this a good student who received first place? Did she sleep by slumping over the desk to get first place? If I hadn't exposed her today, she would have stayed around in Star High School!"

Miss Lilian sounded like she was mocking Janet. It's almost impossible not to suspect this type of student for cheating!

Mr. Smith was feeling embarrassed as well, so he gently rapped his knuckles against the desk. "Janet, wake up and continue with the questions!"

Janet had just fallen asleep, so she woke up with a start when she heard that. Her eyes were barely focused. "What?"

“The test paper! Answer it!”

She regained her composure and answered indifferently, “Mr. Smith, please excuse me, but I’ve completed it!”

Miss Lilian and Emily both laughed mirthlessly when they heard that.

“Who are you trying to bluff? Are you saying that you’ve completed everything within twenty minutes? My guess is that you have no idea how to answer the questions.”

Janet covered her ears in annoyance and she placed the test paper right in front of herself. “Here! Have a look for yourself!”

Miss Lilian picked her test paper up, but her gloating smile stiffened immediately... All the questions have been answered? However, it might not be correct.

Next, I’ll have to meticulously mark them. The first question is correct, the second question is correct and the third...

When Miss Lilian saw the answer, her red pen ticked automatically across the test paper. I can’t believe she got another question right...

Toward the end, her expression soured.

The principal walked over to her while asking, “What is it?”

She did not answer him for the longest time. In the end, she stammered, “I-I can’t believe t-that it’s exactly 131. H-How is this possible?”

Emily’s eyes widened in shock. How is this possible???

Janet could not be bothered to spend a minute longer in the meeting room. Nevertheless, just when she was about to leave, she whispered quietly to Miss Lilian’s ear, “Remember your promise!”

Miss Lilian clenched her fists tightly as a wave of unfamiliar humiliation washed over her.

In Class A, when Gordon saw that Janet was walking back, he asked her hastily, “Janet, what happened?”

She answered him calmly, "You'll know soon enough."

Over time, the turn of events had developed according to her expectations. True enough, in less than two minutes, Miss Lilian and Emily returned to Class A while looking ashen.

Miss Lilian kept her head bowed and she struggled with what came next. "This time, everybody has improved leaps and bounds in the French subject. Right here, I'd like to apologize to one of the students in this class."

When they heard her saying that, every single student in the class held their breath while anticipating what was about to come next. Some even thought that they were hallucinating.

Why would that high and mighty French teacher apologize to someone else?

She glanced at Janet while elaborating, "Janet has passed the exam with flying colors this time. However, due to my subjective judgement, I had wrongly suspected that she cheated. With that, I hope that everybody would learn from her and obtain even better results during the college entrance exam."

At the end of her speech, everyone's jaws gaped. Does that mean that Janet's results are legit this time? Is she the true but hidden savant???

Nevertheless, her speech was merely a joke to Janet's ears. She said that she would apologize, but there was not a single word of 'sorry' in her speech. This is quite an irony!

"Miss Lilian, is this your attitude at apologizing?" Gordon broke the silence. "You did not even say sorry at all!"

Miss Lilian's expression darkened further, acutely feeling the anger burning within her chest. Does he expect me to say sorry to a wild girl? Besides, the results this time doesn't mean anything. It only means that she knew how to solve those questions by chance. "I'm sorry! I hope that you'll get even better results the next time, Janet."

I have always wanted to chase Janet out of Class A, but this time, it has backfired badly...

I've never felt so frustrated throughout my 20 years of teaching career.

Janet Jackson, just you wait!

Sir, You Don't Know Your Wife Chapter 15

After the examinations were over, it was time for the anniversary of Star High School.

The current year's school anniversary required every class to put on a show—the more the better.

The class teacher instructed the students, "Emily, you are the class monitor, so I want you to work with the art committee and come up with a list of shows for the registration. Please hand the list over to me by Wednesday."

All of the sudden, the entire class became lively. All the students fancied the school activities the most because not only could they skip classes, but it was also a great opportunity for them to express themselves.

After class, she took her notebook and happily went over to Gordon. "Gordon, do you want to sign up for this? I remember that you are excellent at singing and playing the piano, so you can definitely win first prize for us."

Actually, she had her own selfish intentions because he was a school hunk, so he was capable of singing, rapping and playing both the guitar and piano. That day, if I get to sing while he plays the piano, everyone will think that we are a match made in heaven.

He was already used to words like those, so he nodded. "Alright."

Suddenly, Emily turned her attention toward Janet, who was leaning there with sluggish eyes, as if anything around her did not matter

Therefore, she purposely said to Janet in front of Gordon. "Janet, would you like to present a show too?"

Instantly, everyone in the class looked toward Janet at the same time.

During the exam, she gained all the limelight, so Emily really wanted to embarrass her.

Then, Janet lifted her head. "Don't you play the piano very well? Aren't you joining?"

"She is right. Emily, I think you should play the piano that day."

"That's great. Our Emily is such a pretty girl. She can even win the prize merely by standing there."

Everyone quickly agreed.

Emily lowered her head shyly. "Oh my. You all should stop praising me. I'm just an ordinary girl."

At the same time, Janet remained silent.

After being praised by her classmates, Emily felt really happy, so she was patient when asking for other people's opinion, which was a rare occasion. "We can now confirm two shows. Does anyone else have other talents?"

"Emily, I want to sign up for calligraphy."

"Class monitor, I want to sign up for street dancing."

Everyone was exceptionally enthusiastic for the school anniversary. In less than half a day, Emily and the art committee, Bethany, were able to come up with a list of shows.

In the end, when they were handing over the list, Bethany suddenly felt that something was wrong. She looked at the list in confusion. "Emily, why did you write the name of the newcomer, Janet, on the list?"

Initially, Emily wanted to secretly include Janet's name into the list, so that she could put the blame on Bethany when the list was released.

However, Bethany had mentioned Janet all of the sudden.

“Bethany, Janet said earlier that she wants to present a show as she has learned dancing before.”

In shock, Bethany scratched her head, saying, “Really? I never expected that she knows how to dance.”

Emily’s face didn’t blush as she continued with her words. “It’s true. I just found out about it. Forget it, let’s stop talking about it. We need to hand over the list to the teacher.”

“Alright.”

...

At that moment, a low-key luxurious car stopped in front of the biggest private hospital in Sandfort City.

Then, a man exited the car.

Inside the hospital, a doctor emerged from the emergency room to explain, “Young Master Mason, the old madam’s situation isn’t promising. I’m afraid that you need to prepare for the worst.”

Mason raised his eyes and glared at the doctor. “She was still fine a few days ago. Why would this happen today?”

The doctor revealed an aggrieved expression and sighed, “Young Master Mason, we didn’t expect this to happen too, but there is still another way.”

As Mason listened, he lifted his eyes and said coldly, “Say it!”

Sir, You Don't Know Your Wife Chapter 16

The doctor explained to him with caution, "In Sandfort City, there is a doctor named 'Sandra', who once conducted craniotomy. If you're able to ask her for a visit, there is an 80% chance that it may work."

The 'Sandra' mentioned by the doctor was a legend in the medical world. Last year, a craniotomy had enhanced her reputation in the medical world while making her a genius doctor.

However, she had a weird personality and went on visits. Furthermore, she charged others with an expensive price, so not many people could afford her services.

Mason rubbed his forehead before taking out his phone to make a call.

After the call was answered, he calmly instructed, "Go search for a doctor named 'Sandra'. Tell her that I'm willing to pay her 50 million for her visit."

"Sure, Young Master Mason!"

At night, Janet did not return home after school and went to the most famous hotel in Sandfort City instead.

The presidential suite in the hotel was where she specifically met up with her organization.

A while later, a young man entered the room.

The man was a member of her organization with the codename 'Leon'.

"Janet." He bent over to salute her.

She slowly stood up from her couch. "Sit down."

While taking a seat, Leon informed her, "Someone is asking for your visit and the price is 50 million. Are you taking it?"

Upon listening to him, Janet squinted her charming phoenix-like eyes. 50 million is a huge amount of money. I haven't taken any cases recently. "Who is the client?"

Then, Leon took out his phone and showed it to her. "Old Madam Lowry. Three years ago, she suffered from a cerebral hemorrhage, so they tried searching for the best doctors in the country, but no one was able to cure her. Lately, her illness took a turn for the worst, so she requires craniotomy."

Janet glanced at his phone and mumbled, "The Lowry Family?"

After a minute of silence, she said, "I'll take it."

In the hospital, the nurse said to Janet while entering the ward, "There are lots of medical experts in the room, so don't enter while pissing your pants!"

She slightly lifted her eyes and uttered calmly, "Let's go."

A trace of disdain and displeasure flashed through the nurse's face as she watched the young girl immediately entering the ward. Is she really the legendary genius doctor? She is just a little brat. These days, we have lots of strange people running around, but for some reason, this client believes her.

Inside the ward, a group of people surrounded an old woman who was lying in the center.

Everyone's eyes were filled with curiosity when they saw the young girl entering with her suitcase.

Then, a man dressed in a black suit came in. He was the middleman sent here by Mason—Sean Bradley.

Upon looking at the young girl in front of him, he asked, "Are you the legendary Doctor Sandra?"

Janet nodded her head.

After that, Sean went up to her and stretched his hand out. "Nice to meet you. Mr. Lowry has some urgent business to deal with, so he has sent me here to meet you."

Without uttering a word, she walked straight to the hospital bed. "Can you briefly describe the patient's condition?"

Sean carefully recalled his memory. "The old madam always has had minor issues with her body. Three years ago, the cerebral hemorrhage almost killed her, but we managed to save her. Lately, her illness is starting to return." His eyes were full of suspicion while looking at her. "Doctor Sandra, can you really cure the old madam?"

Without any hesitation, she immediately answered him, "Yes, I can."

However, the next second, another doctor in the room questioned, "Little girl, are you sure that you are a doctor? How could you make such a deduction without checking the patient? This is a life that we are dealing with!"

Another man in a white coat also stood out and said, "Are you sure you are Doctor Sandra? You look like a little brat who knows nothing."

The moment his words came out, Janet swept her sharp eyes over to them.

At the same time, Sean also noticed her displeasure, so he instructed, "All of you shut up! Are you all done? Or do you think that you can cure her instead?"

Sir, You Don't Know Your Wife Chapter 17

Sean's voice was so threatening that every doctor in the room took a cold, deep breath.

"The sooner the operation, the better. I will schedule it for Wednesday, which is tomorrow." Janet took a name card out of her bag and gave it to him. "Here are my contact details. If the patient has any problems before the operation, you can contact me."

It so happens that the art performance will be held this Wednesday, so the school will only be in session for half a day. That's enough for me to carry out the operation.

Sean slightly lifted his head. "When do you plan to come? I can send my men over to pick you up."

"There's no need for that. I will be there myself."

"Alright. Then I'll be waiting for you, Miss Sandra."

"Yes."

"It's late now, so I'll be leaving first."

After gaining Doctor Sandra's promise, he returned to inform Young Master Mason. But she is merely a little brat. Does she really have the genius medical skills?

At night, Emily followed Megan and said worriedly, "Mommy, is something wrong with Janet? Why isn't she back yet? It's already late."

Megan saw that the time was exactly 10.00PM. "If she isn't back by 10.30PM, I'll tell your daddy to look for her." I just can't keep hold of this daughter of mine. There are butlers in the Jackson Family who specialize in sending the kids to school and back home, but she just has to return home herself. She is too realistic.

In the meantime, Janet could hear them talking upstairs after opening the door to her room. Then, she smiled mockingly. Is she really worried—or is she trying to make Megan hate me even more? Suddenly, she became excited, so she walked down the stairs with her hair lowered. “Are you looking for me?”

Upon listening to the voice, Emily was shocked when she saw Janet approaching. “How did you come home?”

Megan also looked toward Janet. “Janet, when did you return home? Why didn’t I see you earlier?”

Janet rubbed her eyes. “When I got back, no one was in the living room, so I didn’t inform anyone.” After that, she intentionally yawned. “I have been busy with my studies recently, so I felt sleepy. Am I right, Emily?”

The moment Janet mentioned her hectic studies, Megan suddenly remembered about the examination Emily told her a few days ago.

Then, she glanced at Emily and asked happily, “Emily, how did you do in your exam? Did you get first place in class again?”

Upon listening to her, Janet giggled.

On the other hand, Emily looked embarrassed as she stuttered, “Mommy, I got second place, but next time, I will fight for first place.”

Megan was amused by her tense and exaggerated tone, so she touched her head to comfort her. “Emily, as long as you focus on your studies, you will always be my darling, no matter which place you get.”

In Janet’s eyes, the scene felt so ironic. Which mother in the world would never ask about her own daughter’s life and academic results? Forget it, I’m already used to this.

“I’ll head to sleep now.” With that, she went upstairs.

After nodding her head, Megan could feel the twitch in her heart again when she gazed at Janet’s lonely back. I didn’t ask about her results earlier because I don’t want to hurt her feelings. I wonder if she can understand my intentions.

The second day was Wednesday.

During the school anniversary, the rehearsals were held in the morning while the show started at night.

However, Janet never signed for any of the shows, so she was free for the whole day.

After leaving the house, she made a call. "Have you asked the person? The same one I told you to contact?"

A familiar voice reported to her on the other side of the phone. "Janet, I've already transferred him. We are almost there."

"Alright."

Then, she hung up the phone.

After placing the phone back in her bag, she prepared to call a cab on the side of the road, but...

The moment she lifted her eyes, she realized that a black luxurious car was intentionally charging straight at her!

Sir, You Don't Know Your Wife Chapter 18

She narrowed her eyes and dodged her body to avoid the oncoming car. Several wretched men exited the car, which now came to a stop on the side of the road, before they looked at her with dangerous intentions.

“Hey little girl, where are you going? Let my brothers send you off.”

Janet quickly removed a dagger from her waist and landed it on the man's neck. “Who sent you here?”

Those men did not expect such a reaction from her.

A fierce gleam flashed in his eyes, forcing the men to retreat backward and freeing himself from the girl's hold.

“Oh wow, this girl's bravery deserves an applause! My dear, let me show you a good time.” As he spoke, the pervert's hand stretched his hand out toward her fair complexion.

Just when he finished his words, a slender leg kicked at the man before the owner turned to grab the man's wrist, pulling it backward, making the man squeal and wail in pain.

Upon seeing that, another man immediately stepped forward, but Janet raised her leg and forcefully landed a kick on his abdomen.

The others were stunned upon seeing that.

F*ck, this woman looks weak, but who knew she would actually be this feisty?

“Bloody woman! Let me go!” The man began to curse.

Janet squinted her pair of cold eyes and warned him, “Speak! Who gave you orders?”

“F*ck—ah!” Janet broke his arm without saying a word while he cursed nonstop.

She had to make them understand that she had no time for nonsense at that moment.

The man gritted his teeth but refused to speak.

Receiving no response, Janet smiled heartily. “Huh! You seem to be stronger than I imagined. Let me try another tactic, in that case.”

Then, she forcefully kicked the man to the wall, to which the man slid off the wall, and his bones seemed to have been broken.

However, those men were still relentless.

When they crawled toward Janet again, a man even pulled out a gun with a silencer.

Boom! A gunshot rang in the air, right next to her ear.

She never expected that they would carry weapons with them—they seemed adamant on killing her. As she saw the bullet approaching her, she immediately turned to avoid it.

Unexpectedly, the speed of the bullet was fast enough and it still grazed upon her cheek—there was even a trace of bloodstain at the corner of her eye.

She casually wiped the blood with her hand and slowly raised her head. Her eyes turned red as she wondered how someone would want to have her killed in Sandfort City while she was keeping her life as low-key as possible.

The man looked into her eyes and realized the woman was not someone to be trifled with. Thus, he could only command, “Let’s go!”

Immediately, those men jumped into the car and sped off.

Janet did not chase after them as she needed to head to the hospital. She turned and looked at the shell of the bullet which brushed her cheek; it had a small letter ‘M’ engraved on it.

Things would have been easier to resolve if she had known where the bullet came from, but unfortunately, she had too much to manage at that moment.

At Sandfort Private Hospital, Sean was waiting in the ward while waiting for the genius doctor to appear; he was worried that she wouldn't show up.

After all, the head of the Lowry Family, Mason Lowry, was also present on that day as he was very curious about that someone the people call a "genius doctor".

The director of the hospital walked over at this moment. "The old madam's preoperative check-up has been alright and preparations for the operation have been made. We can start at any time now."

Mason glanced at the time and turned to ask Sean, "When will the doctor arrive?"

"Around 11 o'clock," Sean responded cautiously.

Sir, You Don't Know Your Wife Chapter 19

There were several doctors crowding at the door—they all wanted to witness the miracle happening. However, the 'genius doctor' was still not seen.

Sean was worried. "Young Master Lowry, the doctor must be on her way. Please wait a while."

Upon hearing this, Mason's face instantly became gloomy. A few minutes later, he pursed his thin lips and asked, "Is the doctor not here yet?"

Sean said guiltily, "Well... It seems like... there is a traffic congestion. We need to wait a little longer..."

Mason pressed his lips harder into a straight line.

Before he could speak, he could hear a few doctors discussing on the other side of the door. "It's 11.30 now. Why isn't the genius doctor here yet?"

"Tell me it's not a prank—how is it that a young girl who barely has any experience is able to conduct a craniotomy? It's really unheard of."

"Are we really being stood up? Who dares to make a fool of the Lowry Family?"

At the same time, a little nurse ran over, asking, "Is the doctor already here? The surgery has been delayed by fifteen minutes."

Upon hearing this, Mason frowned and followed the nurse toward the ward.

He turned to look at Sean, and with a cold voice, he demanded, "Tell me where he is."

Sean couldn't help but tremble while sweat beads formed on his forehead as he took out his mobile phone, preparing to call a "Doctor Sandra".

Before he could make the call, however, a soft voice floated from the hospital corridor. "I'm here."

He hung up on the phone and looked up at Mason. "Young Master Mason, the doctor has arrived."

Finally, she has arrived! Sean breathed a sigh of relief and wiped the sweat on his forehead away.

Mason continued to stare at the entrance of the corridor, only to see a girl in a white coat approaching them with her hair tied up in a bun. At that time, she did not possess the childishness of a student, instead radiating a sense of calmness and composure that could not be ignored. Is it really her?

He stood motionlessly at the door, staring blankly at Janet.

Sean strode toward her. "Doctor Sandra, you're finally here."

With an indifferent expression on her face, Janet walked over to Mason. "Hello, I am Sandra."

Sean glanced at "Doctor Sandra" before turning to Mason—she seemed to know his master.

By the looks of it, they seemed to be quite familiar with each other, so why was he summoned over?

Mason retracted his surprised gaze before his sharp eyes fell on the corner of her cheek—there was a thin scar on it.

His angry heart twitched for some reason, thereupon he frowned and asked, "Do you really know what you're doing?"

She nodded and said, "About 90%." Then, she pushed the door open and said to the nurse, "But, do bring all of the old madam's previous laboratory reports to me."

"Give them to her," he instructed. "From now onward, everyone will follow her instructions."

Upon hearing his words, all the doctors in the ward were even more curious as to how powerful the genius doctor was. She must be so powerful for Young Master Mason to be obedient toward her.

At this time, one of the doctors stood up and asked in worry, "Doctor Sandra, where is your assistant?"

Janet was perusing the laboratory report and had no time to take care of other things.

"Doctor Sandra, this kind of craniotomy is very difficult and risky. Is your assistant the same age as you?"

Upon hearing that, everyone became worried.

The hospital chief frowned and looked at Janet, "Doctor Sandra, I don't doubt your professionalism; it's just that it's difficult for our hospital to guarantee the success of a risky operation like this."

Janet glanced at her phone. "I don't need a hospital assistant since I have my own and they will be here soon."

As soon as she finished speaking, the nurse's voice came from the corridor. "Chief, the doctors from the Medical Research Institute of Markovia are here!"

Sir, You Don't Know Your Wife Chapter 20

Upon hearing this, the hospital chief's expression immediately changed. Doctors from the Medical Research Institute of Markovia? What an honor for us to have such a talented doctor who has a doctorate in three years come to our hospital!

He was about to greet her, but Dr. Fernandez had unexpectedly entered the ward first.

"Dr. Fernandez!" the hospital chief exclaimed while looking at the man in front of him in surprise.

The man asked politely and respectfully, "Is there a craniotomy here today?"

The hospital chief smiled. "Dr. Fernandez, how could a minor surgery in our hospital require your expertise? I'm so sorry to have inconvenienced you."

Dr. Fernandez waved his hand. "Forget it, I'm also here to help the young lady from our hospital. Speaking of which, where is Doctor Sandra?"

He could not wait to meet the said young lady. They hadn't met for nearly half a year and he wondered whether she was doing well.

The hospital chief was stunned for a moment. "Dr. Fernandez, y-you are here to help?" The doctor from the Medical Research Institute of Markovia is here to help?

Concurrently, a weary voice was heard. "Herbert Fernandez, I have been waiting for you for ages!"

Herbert Fernandez's eyes instantly brightened when he heard the voice. He walked past the hospital chief and when he saw the little girl, he teased, "Well, it was rather short notice."

Janet looked up and frowned in displeasure. "You came alone?"

Herbet chuckled. "Who doesn't know that you need all members of the Fantastic Four each time you have someone under the knife?" He subsequently gave an order. "Come on in, everyone."

Upon hearing his voice, the two people who were waiting at the door entered.

"Damn!" the hospital chief couldn't help but curse as it was an unprecedented scene—the craniotomy had recruited doctors from Markovia's research institute and the famous brain specialists from Braux, James Torrez and Michael Hoffman.

"Janet!" They bowed respectfully. "We're sorry that we're late."

The hospital chief almost collapsed after hearing that.

Before he could decipher the current situation, he heard "Doctor Sandra" ordering, "Herbert, James, and Michael will stay whereas everyone else will remain outdoors."

No one dared to go against the chief surgeon's words—except for the names that she mentioned, the rest all exited.

Sean tried to peer through the window, but his view was blocked by the blue medical curtains and he only saw the blurry figures. "Young Master Mason, do you think Miss Sandra is able to treat the old madam?"

"Yes," Mason answered confidently.

Sean was stunned. "Are you sure, Young Master Mason?"

I believe in her."

"Young Master Mason, I was shocked when I first saw Miss Sandra. She only looks like she's around seventeen or eighteen years old. I had my doubts back then on whether she had experience with a knife, but today's scene has dispelled all of my doubts," Sean recalled when he first met Janet.

Mason hadn't expected that the doctor whom he looked for was Janet Jackson. If he had known about it earlier, things wouldn't have been so troublesome after all.

At that time, in the operating room, all of the masters were in their sterilized medical clothes as they wore their gloves and tidied their white coats before saying, "Alright, let's prep for the operation."

"On it, Janet!" The masters sounded excited. It had been a long time since they performed an operation together.

"Herbert, insert a deep vein, establish a channel, then insert a urinary tube." The girl's clear and calm voice directed before the operation started.

Even while Janet was the youngest among those people, the aura she radiated could make one feel at ease and reassured.

"James, I will draw the incision line first. You'll have to get ready to put on the head frame."

James held his breath and earnestly completed what she had explained moments ago.

What followed next was up to Janet. It was because of her connection to the old madam on whom she was operating that she couldn't be slack as the old madam was from the Lowry Family.

The sharp knife landed on the scalp before the subcutaneous layer was opened and she took the medical electric drill in Michael's hand. The four nodded to confirm that everything was in order and sutured the meninges before the old madam's skull was reattached.

Minute by minute, time passed—and the blue curtain was finally opened!

Mason looked inside and saw that Janet was packing her tools. "How is everything?" he asked.

"Everything is fine; she'll be fine once she wakes up." Her face carried a hint of fatigue as she answered.

Mason's dark eyes fixed on Janet as he noticed the exhaustion between her eyebrows. He couldn't help but feel distressed for her.

Just then, Janet felt a slight pain in her face and touched her eyes; it seemed that her sweat had dripped onto her wound, making it inflamed.

Heart aching for her, Mason asked in a panic, "What's wrong with your face?"

Sean also noticed the wound on her face and immediately said, "Young Master Mason, I'll head down and grab some medicine."

"I'm fine; I just need some rest." Then, the four of them were arranged to a room to rest. In the room, Herbert looked at her. "Janet, you seem quite nervous this time."

James suspiciously glanced at her. "Janet, are you pursuing the guy outside?" Upon hearing this, a strange emotion danced in her eyes. Seeing this, Michael teased, "Stop it, guys! Janet's blushing."

Janet looked up with a fierce, yet cute expression. "Michael, one more word and I will sew your mouth shut."

Michael deliberately looked frightened. "Janet, please don't do that. How can I eat without my mouth?"

Upon hearing that, James and Herbert shouted that they were hungry and that they urgently needed to boost their energy. As such, she waved her hand. "Go away, I need to rest for a while."

Then, the three of them looked at each other and smiled—Janet was still the same person, who was known for being the best at sleeping.

Once the three of them had left, Mason quietly entered the room and noticed that she was asleep before waking her up. He held a cup of hot milk in his hand and handed it to her.

Glancing at him, Janet took the cup before whispering, "Thank you."

Mason raised his eyebrows, realizing that she had regained her energy. "Are you re-energized after sleeping for a while?"

Janet took a mouthful of milk and the corners of her lips were stained with a layer of white liquid. The small tip of her tongue stretched out to lick it off before she replied in a low voice, "Yeah."

He nodded and took out the cigarette case from the pocket of his pants, lighting it by his mouth and blew the smoke out around him, making him look like the mysterious bad boy down the street.

She suddenly recalled the glamorous and charming scene where she was locked in a cage that night and coughed twice before quickly moving away from his face. "So, how will you thank me for saving your old madam's life?" she asked this for the weirdest reason.

Mason blew out smoke as his thin lips slightly twitched. "I'll give you something, how about that?"

Janet paused before giving him a blank look. She wanted to say something, but her phone rang.

On the other end of the phone was Gordon's voice—he seemed to be anxious. "Janet, why haven't we seen you yet?"

"Why are you looking for me?" She was casual in her reply.

"The 8 o'clock school celebration tonight—have you forgotten?"

She frowned. "When did I sign up for that?"

Gordon laughed in response. "Janet, how bad is your memory? Your name is on tonight's list!"