

# Sir, You Don't Know Your Wife Chapter 222

With a gloomy face, Daisy read the list of group leaders aloud, "Simon, Yvonne, Janet, Abby and Gordon. The five of you will be the group leaders."

Janet, who was taking a nap, woke up to a start at the sudden mention of her name and looked up at Daisy with a puzzled look. Was she just made a study group leader?

All of a sudden, Gordon, who sat behind her, rose to his feet and requested, "Miss Daisy, I would like to have Abby in my group." He didn't ask Janet to join him because he knew she was too good to need his assistance.

Abby turned around, her chubby face looked bewildered. "Gor—"

"You want to get into a good university in the future, don't you?" Gordon stared at Abby solemnly.

"Of course!" Abby nodded her head vigorously. More importantly, she didn't feel like cleaning the toilets.

"You will be in my group then, got it?" Awkwardly, Gordon spun around and his eyes looked anywhere but her.

"Okay." Cheeks flushing, Abby nodded at him.

Staring at the students who apparently had their own agendas, Daisy made no comment. At last, she decided to just give them free reign. "Well, you guys are free to form your own groups then. Just hand me a list when you're done!"

As soon as she said that, everyone in the classroom clamored, eager to get into their desired group. Those who admired Janet's excellent painting skills wanted to be in her group.

"Janet, can I team up with you?"

"Janet, I'd like to be in the same group with you, is that okay?"

“Me too. Would you be able to teach me how to paint too?”

“I can see your potential in scoring well in the exam. Let’s team up with each other and work hard together!”

Janet scratched her head in resignation at how unfussy the students were at picking their group leader. It would be demanding enough to tutor The Beasts alone. Now that she had to help so many people, she was afraid she wouldn’t be able to cope. The good thing was she supposed these people would work hard to improve their results in order to avoid cleaning the toilets.

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Inside the office, the corners of Daisy’s lips couldn’t help but twitch when she looked at the name list submitted by the class monitor. What nonsense was this? Gordon was going to lead half of the class while Janet would be responsible for the remaining half. With a score of only two hundred something in her exam, could Janet cope?

Daisy didn’t look down upon Janet because after all, she did admire and respect Janet’s painting skills. However, could she handle a study group of over ten students? Daisy gave the name list another look and couldn’t resist massaging her forehead, thinking there was no doubt Class F was going to clean the toilets after the exam next month.

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Class F’s study groups soon started in full swing. Although the effects of the plan were still not obvious at the moment, Daisy was glad to see the students flocking to Janet and Gordon at the end of each period to ask them questions. Meanwhile, Janet and Gordon were very patient in sharing their knowledge. Perhaps the class might be able to end up ranking the second last of the whole batch, in which case they would be able to escape the fate of cleaning the toilets.

After Janet finished answering the questions of the other students, she made her way to The Beasts. “How’s your progress?” Janet drawled.

Dexter pursed his lips miserably and grumbled, “Boss, staring at the test paper makes me dizzy.”

Tyler too puckered his lips and complained, “Exactly. I don’t understand anything.”

Having listened to what they said, Janet smirked and snapped, "Stop giving me excuses! This test paper is actually meant for students in their first year. If you guys can't even answer this, you are banned from having any combat training for a week."

Knowing well that the four of them were smart, she was sure they would be able to do well in the next exam if they were willing to put in effort. In her opinion, the four of them were too used to physical activities that they found studying a bore.

In response to her warning, The Beasts perked up right away and held their heads low, focusing their attention fully on the test paper. Life would be meaningless if they couldn't have combat training.

All of a sudden, Janet's phone vibrated, signaling the arrival of a new message. Opening it, she found that it was from Walter Lynn. Walter was a young, handsome star in the showbiz just like Gordon. Janet had composed songs and lyrics for them and the three of them had jointly composed a song named 'The Heartwarming Season', which became such a hit that it was once ranked in the Billboard Hot 100 Chart's top three.

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Walter: 'Janet, what have you been up to lately?'

Janet: 'I'm preparing for the college entrance exam.' After a while, she sent him another message: 'How did you get my number?' She had changed her number a long time ago. Since she had lost contact with Walter for such a long time, she wondered why he decided to approach her again all of a sudden.

It was only after several minutes that she received a reply from him: 'Gordon gave me your number. Did he not tell you?'

Janet did not send him a reply. Instead, she walked over to Gordon but she had no chance to even get near him because he was surrounded by a throng of their classmates. It was

only when the crowd dispersed after the school bell rang that she finally had a chance to speak to him.

“Why does Walter have my number?” she asked, her expression confused.

Gordon raised his brows quizzically at her and said, “Didn’t both my agent and Walter’s contact your assistant earlier to have you compose songs for us?” Gordon assumed his part was done by leaving his agent to manage the work. After all, they were all students and it wasn’t convenient for them to discuss their work in the music industry in school, especially because Janet was very low-key. He could still recall vividly how Janet had reprimanded him for talking about their work the first time they saw each other in Star High School.

Having heard his explanation, the corners of Janet’s lips twitched in annoyance. She supposed Lee must have forgotten all about it because he had been too busy flirting with girls lately. Shortly thereafter, she messaged Lee and from his replies he sounded like he had completely forgotten about the matter. ‘Janet, I’m really sorry about that. I thought Gordon would’ve told you personally since the two of you are studying in the same school.’

Janet was speechless. Lee then replied in a courteous yet guilty tone: ‘Should I contact their agents now to turn down the job offer?’

Mulling it over, Janet questioned: ‘How much is the pay?’

Lee: ‘100 million.’

Janet: ‘Take it and use the money for Venom’s repair.’ She thought of her car, Venom, which had been severely damaged after the race last week. As it was a gift from Lee, she couldn’t just leave it there without repairing it.

Lee sent her a smiley emoji together with his message: ‘I’ve got it. The details of the job offer have been sent to your email address.’

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Early next morning, Janet arrived at the school to print out some test papers at the Academic Affairs Office. The questions in the test papers were compiled by Janet herself to suit the level of the students in Class F. As the foundation of their knowledge was very

weak, there was no point in giving them college entrance exam level questions and forcing them to do it.

Passing by Class A, she bumped into some jerks from the class standing in the corridor. Noticing that Janet was coming out from the Academic Affairs Office, Madelaine put on an exaggerated expression of utter astonishment and exclaimed, "Gosh, I thought it was someone else when I saw your back just now. What are you doing? Are you trying to save the scums in Class F?"

However, Janet walked past her without even sparing her a glance. Seeing Janet ignoring her, Madelaine threw a look at the girls who were standing nearby; they got her message instantly and blocked Janet's way.

"Tsk, stop looking all high and mighty because all of us know what sort of person you really are!" the girls scoffed as they glared at Janet. As fans of the author Rose, they were still holding a grudge against Janet for bluffing them the last time.

"Get out of my way," Janet said in a cold voice, holding a stack of approximately thirty copies of test papers. Her gaze was threatening and cold, which reminded the girls of Class A of how she used to beat Jennifer Lewis up back then. Intimidated, the girls exchanged a glance among themselves before moving out of Janet's way. After all, Janet was on better terms with the students in Class F now. If things escalated into something physical, they knew they were no match for the barbarians in Class F.

Staring at her back which gave out a presumptuous air, some of them flipped her the bird and cursed, "I don't know why she's so smug. Does she think she's so much better than everybody else?"

"What's the matter?" At that moment, Emily happened to walk over, her face expressionless.

As soon as Madelaine saw her, she quickly walked over with a simpering smile. "Do you know where Janet just went?"

"Where?"

With excitement palpable in her eyes, Madelaine answered, "She just went to the Academic Affairs Office to print out a whole stack of test papers."

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As soon as Emily heard her she let out a chuckle while watching Janet's slender figure. "Does she think she's capable of saving the scums from Class F?"

"Exactly." Madelaine continued in an ingratiating tone, "I've even gotten my camera ready to take pictures of them cleaning the toilets next month."

Upon returning to Class F, Janet first placed the stack of test papers on the desk before saying to Abby calmly, "Abby, please help me distribute a copy of the test paper to everyone."

However, Abby did not respond even after Janet called her name several times. She walked over to Abby and patted her shoulder. "Abby, what's going on?" she asked, concerned.

Abby looked up at her with red and puffy eyes, seeming to have been crying not too long ago. "When I walked past Class A earlier, they told me they are all waiting to see us clean the toilets. They even threatened to call us The Toilet Bowl Class in the future!" Abby felt so angry that she started sobbing again. She had no choice but to put up with their humiliation because she knew she could not go against them and her eyes burned with rage every time she thought of the contemptuous way Madelaine and Emily stared at her.

"Don't worry. I won't let our class suffer the punishment!" Janet bent down and consoled her.

Upon hearing, The Beasts immediately looked as listless as some deflated balloons. "We just spent the entire night doing a test paper and now Boss has another one for us! Oh no!"

Listening to them grumbling in whispers, Janet spun around and smiled encouragingly at them. "Keep up the good work."

The four of them went speechless. Pursing their lips in displeasure, they wondered when their suffering would end.

At five in the evening after school, Janet visited the recording studio with the song she had just finished composing the previous night. She wore a black mask and a baseball cap of the same color to disguise her exquisitely beautiful facial features.

As Walter's assistant had met with Janet on multiple occasions before, he could recognize her just by looking at her figure. The moment he saw her, his eyes brimmed with excitement. "Sweet Tune Guru, you're finally here!"

Janet nodded at him and asked, "Have you guys been waiting long?"

The assistant shook his head and answered, "No. We've just arrived and my boy is still having his makeup done." While he was talking, he led Janet to the lounge and said, "Sweet Tune Guru, please wait for a moment while I get Walter."

The director arrived at the lounge shortly after Janet sat down. Greeting her respectfully as soon as he saw her, the director said, "Sweet Tune Guru, I'm so glad to finally see you here!"

Janet took a sip of water before giving the director a faint grin and a nod. "Where's our two stars for today?" She was referring to Gordon and Walter.

Wanting to please her, the director smiled and answered, "They're having their makeup done. Miss Sweet Tune, why don't you give the song a run in the practice room first so that we won't use up too much of your time when we combine the boys' voices later?"

The director was elated to know that Sweet Tune Guru was willing to take up the job of composing a song for Gordon and Walter because he knew the song would surely be a hit. The talented composer debuted at sixteen and quickly experienced a meteoric rise to fame with the first song she composed. At that time, plenty of singers, including those who were popular and those who wanted to get themselves back into the industry, were all keen to hire her as their composer. However, it had been a year since they last heard anything about her. The producing team of Gordon and Walter, which just got to know that Sweet Tune Guru had come to Sandfort City, immediately seized the opportunity to invite her to compose songs for the two boys. To their pleasant surprise, she accepted their offer.

"Right then; I'll head in first." Janet nodded at him before making her way to the designated practice room.

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Inside the practice room, the staff greeted her respectfully the moment they saw her, "Sweet Tune Guru!" Janet nodded at them courteously.

The crew members immediately cleared out the space and moved the drum set, piano and violins over instead. After sorting out the place, the crew members walked out of the practice room. As soon as they left the room, some of them looked so smitten by Janet that they covered their chest in an attempt to calm themselves down. "Goodness gracious, I can't believe Sweet Tune Guru is here!"

"Sigh, I'm dying to ask for her autograph!"

"Her curvy body has me completely smitten."

"You're so shallow. Sweet Tune Guru made a name for herself with her talent and not her looks!"

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"The 'Starry Night' she composed with Gordon Yaleman is just out of this world."

"I think 'The Heartwarming Season' by the two of them and Walter is nice too."

"I can't wait to listen to the song produced by Sweet Tune Guru today."

"Me too. Now, let's stop chatting and get down to business instead. I want to ask for her autograph when we get off work."

Staring at the musical instruments placed in front of her, Janet felt as though she just traveled back in time to when she worked with Gordon and Walter two years ago. At that time, both Gordon and Walter were nobodies and she had never thought that the song she composed for them would successfully help them gain considerable fame. Thinking back, she couldn't help but sigh at how fast time flew.



Soon, she switched into the composer mood and moved her slender fingers gracefully across the keys of the piano, producing beautiful sounds. All of a sudden, her creative flow was disrupted by the sound of someone rapping impatiently on the door of the practice room.

“Jessie, you can’t go in because Sweet Tune Guru is using the practice room.”

“Hey, Jessie, someone is using the room!”

The female celebrity named Jessie Hunter turned glum instantly.

“Who the hell is that? Is she more popular than me? Who says she’s the only one who can use the practice room?”

The crew member looked distressed when he said, “B-But, it isn’t time to shoot your part yet!”

Jessie sneered at him before pointing at his head and shouted, “Dumb\*ss!” Who was Sweet Tune Guru? Since she was only a music composer, how dare she compare herself with Jessie who was a celebrity?

“Are you a dumb\*ss for not knowing who I am? You’d better be careful because I can have you fired anytime! I will use this room by hook or by crook, even if the king is in there!”

Jessie was the daughter of Nottom Entertainment’s president and the female lead of the music video chosen by the company. As Nottom Entertainment was one of the three major entertainment companies, no one had the guts to talk back to her.

Putting down the music sheets, Janet opened the door to a scowling Jessie who asked, “Oh, are you the legendary Sweet Tune Guru?”

Pursing her lips slightly, Janet answered, “This is my practice room. How can I help you?”

Jessie let out a snort and crossed her arms, strolling around the practice room. “Your practice room? You’re just a music composer; why do you have your own practice room? Do you know that I’m the female lead of this music video?” Jessie confronted her in a presumptuous manner. While she was mocking Janet, she brushed her fingers across the strings of the violin in a somewhat contemptuous manner.

A crease emerged on Janet's forehead and her eyes flashed with an unknown emotion. A crew member immediately stepped forward, intending to haul Jessie out. However, Jessie raised her beautiful brows at him and shook his arm off. All of a sudden, the crew member was shoved violently to one side and ended up crashing into the drum set next to him. With a thump, the entire drum set was knocked onto the ground and one of the stands that supported the drum broke.

Looking at the mess that was strewn all over the floor, the entire practice room was plunged into a state of chaos. Everyone went into panic mode. "That's the drum set used exclusively by Walter... What should we do now?"

Amidst the clamor, Jessie's assistant rushed over and asked with a look of utter terror, "Jessie, are you injured?"

Shaking her head, Jessie looked at the mess on the floor and sneered, "Seems like someone's having an unlucky day!"

Walter was a mild-tempered guy but he treated his musical instruments as dearly as his life. If he knew that his drum set was ruined by the arrogant music composer, there was no doubt he would drive her out. Almost everyone was eyeing Janet sympathetically.

To everyone's surprise, she returned to her seat at the piano and focused on her music again. Staring at her, all of them were flabbergasted by her composure and dauntless attitude.

Meanwhile, Jessie said to her assistant, "That girl is really a fearless one. Being just a music composer, I'm afraid she won't be able to compensate for the loss of the drum set for the rest of her life."

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The crew members were all eager to come to Janet's defence. "Ms. Jessie, Sweet Tune Guru is not to be blamed for this. I think it's best for you to leave the room and we'll come up with an explanation for Walter later on."

It had nothing to do with the shabby-looking music composer? Jessie was stunned for a few beats before recovering with a scowl. "If she didn't occupy my practice room, the stand wouldn't have been broken."

As soon as she said that, she heard a familiar man's voice, "What's going on?"

Jessie knew it would be the doomsday for the music composer as soon as she heard Walter's voice. Although the music composer wasn't a celebrity, she wasn't inferior in terms of either her demeanor or appearance. Therefore, Jessie was jealous of her the moment she laid her eyes on her. Moving her fair and slender legs toward Walter, Jessie complained in an extremely sweet voice, "Walter, you're finally here. You know what happened? That b\*tch there broke the stand of your drum set just now."

As soon as Walter heard her, he walked past Jessie and headed straight for Janet. Jessie had expected him to launch into an angry tirade and confront the music composer but to her shock, Walter's face flashed with surprise and he said, "It's been a long time. You look even more beautiful than the last time I saw you."

Upon hearing his gentle tone, the entire room plunged into deadly silence. Instead of being furious with her for breaking his drum set, he actually complimented her appearance? What was going on?

"Are you injured?" Walter asked in a deep yet gentle voice.

Janet shook her head and responded levelly, "Nope."

As soon as Janet said that, Jessie interrupted them in a coquettish tone, "Walter, I'm sure she couldn't have been injured with all that fat cushioning her. It's your drum set that has suffered."

Janet went speechless. With a height of 163cm and a weight of 44.5kg, she was surprised Jessie deemed her as fat.

Walter looked at Jessie darkly and said, "Miss Hunter, please watch your words because she's my friend. In fact, I attach more weight to a person's character rather than her appearance but I'm sad to say you actually lack both."

While words of kindness were able to warm one's heart for years, one hurtful remark was able to make one feel freezing even during the summer. Having heard Walter's comment, everyone present couldn't help but laugh covertly.

Meanwhile, Jessie's face burned and she gritted her teeth, glaring at Janet resentfully. Never did she think that Walter would defend the music composer so vehemently. Unable to put up with the embarrassment, Jessie stormed out of the practice room. With that, all the crew members present also left the practice room too to avoid disturbing the session.

Walter handed Janet a cup of water and asked, "Did she cause you any trouble?"

Janet chuckled and responded calmly, "She was just throwing a tantrum."

Walter's eyes gleamed with a trace of gratification upon seeing that Janet was as generous and forgiving as usual. Didn't she know that she would suffer a lot of unfair treatment because of her personality?

Janet beckoned him over and stood up, offering her seat to him. "Come over and see whether the key is right."

Just as Walter was about to shower her in a round of compliments, Gordon beat him to the chase. "Anything from Janet must be great!"

Janet looked up and froze for a moment when she spotted Gordon before muttering a curse at him, "Stop trying to butter me up!" She placed her slender fingers on the piano and glided gracefully across the keys according to the music sheet. The melody she produced sounded as energetic, peaceful and refreshing as the flow of a mountain stream. Her disheveled long hair moved in accordance to the music and revealed her soft and tender neck, forming a spectacularly beautiful sight.

Jessie, who was peeking from outside the door, couldn't help but gasp in amazement. She secretly took out her phone to capture her back. She would easily be convinced if someone told her Janet was one of the top pianists in the world. Yet, she happened to be someone she hated.

Inside the practice room, both Gordon and Walter were so mesmerized by the music that they were stuck in a trance. Meanwhile, a strange feeling started blooming in Walter's heart as he witnessed a different side of Janet.

She seemed to be rather satisfied with her performance just now judging from the faint grin on her face. Arching a slender brow at them, she suggested in a calm tone, "Let's practice."

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Walter nodded dazedly at her in agreement. After their first round of practice, both Walter and Gordon were completely blown away by Janet's talent. At the same time, they were absolutely sure that as soon as her song 'Heaven on Earth' was released, it would certainly become a sensational hit on the internet.

It seemed like she was born to be a performer. As soon as she sat down in front of a piano, she seemed to be shining and glittering with her marvelous charm. All the staff members present were sighing and shaking their heads in amazement. They couldn't help but be drawn to the unique demeanor that belonged exclusively to her. Every single movement of her fingers looked beguiling and captivating.

The director was thrilled to watch Janet's performance. Although it had been a long time since she last composed anything, not only did she not seem out of practice, her skills had improved and became even better than before.

"Great! What a fantastic performance!" Looking excited, the director walked over and handed them a bottle of water each before waving Jessie over. "Come here, Jessie; we're going to start shooting the music video soon."

Seeing both Gordon and Walter so completely taken with Janet's wonderful performance that they didn't even spare her a glance, Jessie sulked throughout the entire take. Looking at the screen, the director constantly shook his head in disapproval and kept on reminding her, "Jessie, please stare into the camera and look happier."

Removing the microphone that was pinned to her waist, Jessie, whose face was in urgent need of a touch-up, grumbled, "How am I supposed to be happy with someone being here?" With that, she threw the equipment on the floor and strode off.

Scratching his head awkwardly, the director immediately summoned some of the crew members to go after her. Indeed, it was not easy to handle the wealthy young lady's temper. Yet, the director had no choice but to keep her because it was a special request from the president of the Nottom Entertainment to cast Jessie.

Then, he turned to face Walter, Gordon and Janet apologetically and said, "I'm very sorry that we have to call it a day. We'll shoot the remaining parts some other time. I'll notify you guys when the schedule is fixed."

Upon hearing this, the three of them nodded in response. After the crew members dispersed, Walter poured Janet a cup of coffee but was rejected tactfully by her with a faint smile. "I'm positively filled with nothing but coffee."

Walter was so fascinated by the exquisite beauty of her brows and her eyes that he could no longer think straight. Swallowing, he asked her in a deep and gentle voice, "Since it's been such a long time since we last met, shall we have dinner together?"

Staring at the floor contemplatively, Janet replied, "Sounds good. Let me head to the washroom first."

As soon as she left, the screen of her phone, which she placed on the piano, lit up. Walter checked the screen and saw Mason's name on it. His heart lurched at the sight and he thought to himself, Does she have a boyfriend?

Due to many considerations, Walter decided to walk out of the practice room instead of picking up the call. Meanwhile, Mason's brows creased together in concern because Janet had not been picking up his calls. He instructed in a bleak tone, "Sean, check her whereabouts. I miss her." Sean was exasperated at seeing how needy and clingy Mason was.

When Walter made it out of the practice room, he spotted Gordon who seemed to be leaving in a hurry. Frowning, he asked, "Are you very busy lately?"

Flashing him a toothy grin, Gordon's tired face lit up with barely concealable joy. "Yes, I've been busy revising to prepare for the college entrance examination."

Walter chuckled in response. "Good luck then!"

"See you next time!" Gordon waved goodbye.

It was only when Janet walked out of the washroom did she notice her phone showing she had received several missed calls from Mason. Raising her brows slightly, she was just about to call him back when she heard a commotion outside. She strained her ears trying to hear something. Is Jessie making a fuss again?

As soon as she walked out of the practice room, she saw Jessie reprimanding the crew members who had stood by Janet's side just now. Janet then approached Walter and asked him lightly, "What's going on?"

The moment Jessie heard her voice, she spun around and confronted her, "I'm just teaching them a lesson. It has absolutely nothing to do with you."

Janet raised her brow and asked with a note of amusement, "Are you giving them trouble just because they defended me just now?"

Jessie snorted icily in response, "What has that got to do with you?"

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From the very first moment Jessie set her eyes upon this so-called 'Sweet Tune Guru', she immediately felt threatened by her presence. Not only was she a real looker with a graceful demeanor, she also instantly became everyone's center of attention the moment she arrived. Just now, Jessie even overheard Walter asking her out for dinner. What made her so special?

"Jessie, are you done?" Walter spoke in a cold voice which held a note of caution.

Jessie was so pissed by his tone that she shrieked, "Walter, don't I even have the right to lecture some crew members as Young Lady Hunter?"

As soon as she said that, all the crew members dared not utter a word, dreading the possibility of offending Jessie even further and losing their jobs because of that.

"This place isn't under your family's control so you don't have the authority to lecture any of the crew members here!" Janet spoke in a level voice which contained a subtle warning.

"You..." Stunned by what she heard, Jessie's eyes turned dark as she snapped, "Great! Now the both of you are bullying me! Watch out, b\*tch; I'll ask my dad to fire you!" She shouldn't be so cocky being just a composer, Jessie thought. Since her father's company had so many talented composers working for him, they could always find someone else to compose the song. How dare she go against me—Young Lady Hunter?

Ignoring the expression on Jessie's face, Janet walked out of the recording studio. She pursed her bright red lips in annoyance, thinking that Jessie was being too cocky as the daughter of the Hunter Family. Walter, who was worried that Janet might have forgotten about their dinner date, quickly caught up with her.

After the two left, Jessie gave her assistant who was standing next to her a vicious kick and cursed resentfully under her breath, "What a slut."

Looking at Jessie's face which was red with fury, all the crew members could barely hold in their snigger. Prior to this, Jessie had always maintained an adorable and innocent image on set but today, the crew members finally saw her true colors and all of them responded to it with contempt. She thought she could have everything her way just because she was the daughter of Nottom Entertainment's president. Little did she know that her behavior only caused severe damage to her image and reputation.

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At the office of Lowry Family Conglomerate, Henry was leaning against a sofa made of genuine leather with a cigarette dangling between his fingers. With a crafty smile, he asked, "Young Master Mason, are you waiting for Janet's call?"

Mason was lying on the other sofa looking alluring and sexy with the collar of his black shirt left unbuttoned, revealing his nicely sculpted collarbone and a large area of his well-toned chest.



Henry shuddered and said in amusement, "The two from the Campbell Family and the Cardiff Family paid me a visit, asking me a favor to persuade you to let them go."

Curling the corners of his lips into a sly smirk, Mason responded in a sinister tone, "It's just a very mild punishment for them."

Henry pursed his lips, thinking that Mason must have a very different definition of 'mild' compared to everyone else. What Mason had done was he had tamped down the business of the two families in Asia for half a year. During the period, the two families would lose a major part of their source of income and they would have to be mentally prepared to face bankruptcy and constantly live on tenterhooks. Other than Mason, there might not be anyone else in Asia who had the ability to pull off something as vicious as that.

Suddenly, Mason's phone beeped. In a flash, he stopped everything at hand to open the message he just received on Messenger. Sean: 'Young Master Mason, Miss Jackson is at the largest recording studio in Sandfort City now.'

Mason frowned at the message, wondering why Janet would be at that sort of place. He stood up and smoothed the crease on his shirt before putting his suit jacket over his arm.

Henry teased, "Have you found Miss Janet?"

Mason cast him a glance, a trace of barely noticeable joy hidden in his dark eyes.

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By the time Janet walked out of the largest studio in Sandfort City, it was already almost eight o'clock at night. The chilly wind soon enveloped her to remind her it was early winter in the city. Usually, the weather would only become wintry in February or March but to everyone's surprise, the winter this year came early in January.

"Are you cold?" Walter asked her in a deep and gentle voice. "Do you need my coat?"

After a long beat, Janet waved her hands at him and answered, "Nope, you should keep it."

Amused by her reaction, he suggested, "Let's go and have some mulled wine."

Janet pursed her lips and pondered over his suggestion.

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"Please don't turn me down because I'll freeze to death if you do! Since we don't always get the chance to hang out, it's not too much to ask to have some wine together, right?"

"Alright then. You drive!" Janet was successfully persuaded. At the same time, she had a vague feeling that she had some unfinished business but she couldn't remember what it was.

Just as Walter went to the parking lot to get his car, a pure black Maybach pulled up next to Janet. Coincidentally, Walter's Rolls-Royce arrived too.

Janet stared at the two men who were getting down their cars at the same time. One of them was as warm as spring and the other as cold as winter. Suddenly, Janet froze. It was only then did she realize the reason behind that nagging feeling at the back of her mind. It turned out that she had forgotten to call Mason back... To her surprise, he paid her a visit directly not too long after she missed his calls.

At that exact moment, the two men walked over to Janet and asked each other in unison, "Who are you?"

Frowning his beautiful brows, Mason examined the man in front of him carefully. He quickly held onto Janet's hand with his thick and large palm to show that she belonged to him. The moment he felt the coldness from her hand, his eyes blazed with fury. She must be freezing! At the same time, he wondered why she was suddenly with another man but he had no time to analyze the situation now. With his lips pursed, Mason spoke coldly, "I'm here to take my girlfriend home."

Both Walter and Janet were left speechless. Janet's wrist was starting to hurt as she was hauled away by Mason when she turned round and said to Walter, "Some other time then!" Truth be told, she was not too interested to go with Walter for a drink because the weather was too cold. Mason happened to appear at the right time, providing her with a perfect excuse to reject Walter's invitation.

Stunned by the sudden change of events, Walter intended to say something to stop Janet from leaving but thought better of it when he noticed how briskly they walked away from

him. He narrowed his beautiful eyes at the couple, a complex emotion churning in their depths.

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Inside Mason's black Maybach, he switched on the heater with one hand and wrapped his other hand tightly around both her tiny and slender hands. Then, he draped his suit jacket over her shoulder and blew warm air at her hands with a concerned look. "Do you feel cold?"

Janet was lost in the moment and it was a long while before she startled. Tilting her head to glance at his suit jacket on her shoulder, she responded, "I'm fine." She was not used to wearing clothes that belonged to others because their smell would linger and it would make things complicated.

Mason first stared at her pale face with pensive eyes before slowly moving his vision downward to her neck, noticing that the bite mark he left there had disappeared. He squinted his eyes dangerously, recalling the man who intended to ask her out just now. With that thought in mind, he had the sudden impulse to leave another bite mark on her fair and tender neck. That should be able to stop other men from eyeing her. But for some reason, he couldn't make himself do it. His heart gave a lurch when he thought about the bloody wound he left on her neck the last time.

Staring at her with his brooding eyes, Mason spoke in a raspy voice with barely suppressed desire, "You're wearing so little; aren't you cold?"

Instead of answering him, Janet met his dark gaze with her cold eyes. After some time, she raised her brows at him, looking sly. "Since when am I your girlfriend?" she asked wryly.

Upon hearing, Mason pursed his lips in a self-deprecating manner. Several seconds later, he countered in a deep and sensual tone, "When are you going to say yes?"

Janet fell silent for several seconds before responding with amusement in her eyes, "Say yes? That's out of the question after you bit me so hard last time." She was still mad with Mason at the thought of that.

"Come here; feel free to bite me back." His Adam's apple bobbed as he crooked his finger at her.

Raising her brows, Janet's eyes lit up with a barely noticeable trace of delight as she held his gaze for several seconds. Then, she moved her body closer to him, causing the scent that was unique to her to waft through in the air. She was suddenly in the mood for some mischief and felt like teasing this man.

## Sir, You Don't Know Your Wife Chapter 230

Pursing her red lips slightly, Janet bent down and edged closer toward Mason's neck. Noticing that his breathing was getting heavier, she chuckled. "I'm not going to do that because I'm not a dog!"

Mason looked up at her through his lashes, a trace of hot desire flickering in his eyes. Breathing heavily, he said hoarsely, "Are you trying to seduce me?"

Janet returned to her seat and leaned back leisurely without answering him. Judging from Mason's tone, he sounded really keen to be bitten by her. What a masochist... Both of them were always tough and decisive in handling other matters but they were out of their depth when it came to relationships.

"Let's go and grab a bite." Mason's deep voice came before the sound of the car engine revving.

Meanwhile, Janet fished out her phone and sent a message to Walter: 'Let's meet up some other time!' She then received a reply from him instantly: 'Okay!'

From time to time, Mason would turn to take a peek at Janet who sat next to him. Pressing one hand against his forehead, he controlled the steering wheel with the other as he stared at the road ahead with narrowed eyes.

"Where are we having dinner?" Janet asked without looking at him and not taking her eyes away from her phone.

After a silence that lasted several seconds, Mason answered, "Let's head to the Leaping Dragon Hotel."

She opened her eyes wide and cast him a glance before returning her attention to her phone. "Okay."

Janet would be able to have her favorite braised eggplant dish at the Leaping Dragon Hotel's restaurant. Inside the private VIP room, Janet was leaning in a laid-back manner on the sofa as she took a fruit candy from a plate, popping it into her mouth and lightly sucking at it. A slight clicking sound was produced when the candy came into contact with her teeth.

Mason raised his brows slightly, wondering why his skin was burning all of a sudden. At that moment, Janet's phone started ringing. Seeing that it was from Dexter, she immediately picked it up. "Boss, we've sent our test papers to your email address. Please go through it!" Dexter said in a weary tone.

Janet paused for several seconds before answering him with a note of amusement in her voice, "Alright."

Tyler's voice soon came from the other end, "Boss, since we've completed our test papers, are we allowed to do other things now?"

As Janet was on the phone, a waiter came in with the dishes. "Yes, you may," Janet responded calmly before hanging up on them and putting her phone aside.

Once the waiter finished serving the dishes, Janet took a bite of the braised eggplant. She seemed to have taken a liking to it as she quickly took another bite.

"Did I hear test papers over the phone?" Mason stared at her luscious lips and was quickly enthralled by it.

When Janet heard his question, she was busy sending a mouthful of eggplant into her mouth with a lazy expression. Noticing that she was about to finish the eggplant in her bowl, Mason scooped the remaining portion from the plate into her bowl.

"I've been busy helping my classmates to improve their results; otherwise all of us will be punished to clean the toilets at our school," Janet spoke all of a sudden with a hint of sarcasm in her tone.

"What ridiculous rule is that?" Mason raised his brows, his eyes angry.

"Don't be angry. In fact, I'm glad to see them making an effort this time. Perhaps they might even stand a chance at scoring well in the college entrance exam!" Slowly, she took the napkin and used it to dab at her mouth.

Mason's eyes gleamed up slightly with admiration when he heard her. Looking at her exquisite features, he curled his thin lips upward into a grin and complimented her, "You're so kind, Babe!" What a kind and helpful girl Janet was.

Janet averted her face away from him, wondering what warranted him to address her that way. Mason's eyes shone with joy and he chuckled.

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On the other hand, Jessie visited the Hunter Group wearing heels and looking so sulky it was as if everyone at the office was her enemy. For no reason at all, she threw a tantrum at the receptionist and demanded to see her father. "Where's my dad?"

As soon as the receptionist saw her, she immediately put on a smile and greeted her, "Good afternoon, Young Lady Hunter."

"Is my dad inside?" Impatiently, Jessie jabbed her fingers hard at the receptionist's forehead and shouted, "Answer me, you idiot!"

As soon as her voice was heard, all the other employees present at the office quickly dispersed and stayed out of her way to avoid offending her. Everyone knew very well it spelled trouble for all of them when Jessie was upset because she might decide to complain to her father, Ewan Hunter.

"President Hunter is in the middle of a meeting." Despite feeling aggrieved deep down inside, the receptionist had no choice but to maintain a smiling expression.

Jessie cast her a look of disgust before cursing under her breath, "Ugh idiot, you'd better be careful because I can always get my dad to fire you."

# Sir, You Don't Know Your Wife Chapter 231

Holding their heads low, all the employees put as much distance as possible between themselves and Jessie. Following the receptionist, Jessie barged into the conference room.

At that moment, a meeting was ongoing inside. At the sight of Jessie interrupting the meeting without even knocking, Ewan's expression changed slightly before he tapped the table and announced, "Let's take fifteen."

The members of the management team nodded at him before walking out of the conference room with their notebooks and their heads held low. While everyone deemed Jessie a demon, Ewan saw her as the apple of his eyes. After all, she was his only daughter.

"Jess, why didn't you knock before coming in?" Although Ewan was slightly mad at her, he still addressed her by her nickname.

Knowing full well that Ewan loved her too much to treat her too harshly, Jessie tried her best to play the victim by crumpling her face and grumbling, "Dad, I can't believe you're still scolding me while I'm already feeling sad." With that, tears welled up in her eyes.

Ewan, whose heart hurt at the sight of his daughter's miserable look, asked, "Tell me, Jess. Who bullied you?" Ewan was livid with rage, wondering who had the guts to bully his beloved daughter.

"Dad, do you remember the music video I've been shooting lately?"

Ewan turned to face his daughter. "Yes, the production of the music video is sponsored by our company."

Sounding extremely distressed, Jessie complained, "The composer of that song bullied me! The crew members too; they were all laughing at me!" Before Ewan could even respond, Jessie tugged his arm and pleaded, "I don't care! You have to ask the director to fire them all."

To Jessie, firing a composer was as easy as a piece of cake for Ewan because the Hunter Group owned vast assets and business and it was the parent company of Nottom Entertainment, which was one of the three major entertainment companies in the country.

Upon hearing, Ewan was stunned and only spoke after several seconds. "Jess, could it just be a misunderstanding? Why would a music composer have a dispute with you?"

Jessie pursed her lips in annoyance and snapped, "Dad, that girl insisted to use my practice room! Not only did she refuse to let me use the room, she even humiliated me by saying I was an orphan!"

What she said made Ewan tremble with fury. "I'll talk to the director about this matter. Don't worry, I'll make sure whoever dares to bully you will have no place in the entertainment industry!" Who exactly was the person who had the guts to humiliate his daughter like that? With that, he made up his mind to get that person blacklisted in the music industry.

Overjoyed by her father's promise, Jessie wrapped her arms around Ewan and said, "Thanks Dad! You're the best! You're the best father in the world!"

Ewan was quite pleased by what she said and he responded, "It's no big deal. You'll always have me on your side."

"Muacks!" Jessie planted a kiss on her father's cheek. The thought of getting Sweet Tune Guru blacklisted made her ecstatic. She was sure no one would dare to offend her after this.

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The following day, Ewan and his entourage of bodyguards visited the director's office.

"President Hunter, I'm so glad to see you here!" The director in charge of the music video was eager to please Ewan and he hurriedly walked over to welcome him. With a stiff smile, he asked, "President Hunter, why didn't you inform me of your visit beforehand? I could have gone to the lobby to welcome you myself!"

Wearing an impassive expression, Ewan put his briefcase down on the table hard with a loud thump. "I heard that my beloved daughter was bullied at the recording studio?"

Frowning as he sensed trouble ahead, the director responded cautiously, "President Hunter, you must be kidding! There's no way we dare to bully your beloved daughter!"

A crease appeared on Ewan's forehead as he countered, "Are you trying to say that Jessie lied to me?" Ewan was dissatisfied with the director who gave him an answer without even investigating the matter. Was his daughter a villain in their eyes?



His smile disappearing, the director anxiously clarified, "President Hunter, I don't mean it that way." With that, he immediately dialed a number. "Let me ask my crew about the matter." They couldn't afford to offend President Hunter as he might decide to cancel Nottom Entertainment's investment in their production. In fact, they were only able to hire someone like Sweet Tune Guru all because the production was funded by several mega companies. This way, it was a win-win situation.

"Fire the two dumb\*sses!" the director bellowed into his phone all of a sudden.

After ending the call, he turned to Ewan and said, "President Hunter, I'm very sorry about what happened. Some of our crew members might not have acted professionally on that day but I hope you can forgive them because they really didn't bully your daughter! However, now that those crew members have been fired, I hope you will stop being mad because it's not good for your health."

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