

# Sir, You Don't Know Your Wife Chapter 22

The students from Class A now intensely prepared themselves backstage.

At that moment, some of the students had paid attention to the score of the plump girl onstage.

"She managed to attain 95 marks in the end, which is the highest score so far," The host immediately cheered. "This is the highest score so far. Congratulations! Class F is our number one winner for now. Next, let's invite students from Class A to perform onstage."

The first one to appear was Gordon. He was going to sing his original song—'Starry Night'.

His accompanist was Emily—one of them played the piano while the other sang a song about passion and youth.

"Young Master Yaleman is so handsome!"

"Class A will win! Class A will win!"

"The girl next to Young Master Yaleman is quite pretty too. They are a perfect match!"

Although it was a school festival, the bunch of girls offstage made the scene look like it was Gordon's personal concert, which obviously illustrated how crazy the audience was for him.

In the end, he obtained a high score of 97, which was the night's best performance at that point.

Emily thought their performance would certainly attain the highest score, causing her to grin from ear to ear.

The class teacher was beyond anxious backstage. It was nearly Janet's turn, but she was nowhere to be seen and she didn't even answer her phone.

Emily and Gordon went to the backstage after their performance. Upon seeing that, he asked, "Janet still hasn't arrived yet? Gordon, quickly give her a call and urge her to come!" The class teacher reminded him.

She intentionally bit on her lips and wore a dark expression. "Can she still make it?"

Mr. Smith now regretted approving her application. I'm doomed. If something were to happen during the school festival, the principal is going to invite me to his office for another round of scolding. Why do I have such bad luck to have Janet, this jinx, as my student...

The host was already calling for Wendy to perform her calligraphy writing onstage.

Her performance only took 3 minutes and in 5 minutes' time, it would be Janet's turn to perform onstage. If she couldn't arrive within that time frame, then it would be equivalent as Class A losing an opportunity to be rated.

As minutes and seconds went by, the backstage was filled with nervousness. Mr. Smith was so anxious that he paced in circles.

"Young Master Yaleman, do you think that Janet is coming?" Emily asked.

Gordon ignored her and continued to call Janet, but her phone was switched off.

"How about I tell the host to cancel Janet's performance?" Mr. Smith scratched his head. Although he might not succeed, he had to at least try to communicate with the host.

A triumphant expression flashed across Emily's eyes as she arrogantly raised her head. "Mr. Smith, I'm afraid that you'll have to take the trouble to do so. If she intends to escape, why even bother to participate? She's really wasting our time! I wonder what she has in mind."

Right after she said that, a slow yet calm female voice was heard backstage. "Who says that I've escaped?"

"Oh, my God! You are finally here!" Mr. Smith immediately went up to greet her.

Gordon had also approached her with his phone in his hand. "I couldn't get through to you."

Janet took out her phone from her bag and glanced at it before smiling awkwardly. "I'm sorry. My phone ran out of battery and switched off."

“Janet, are you ready? Wendy’s performance is going to end soon and it’s your turn next.”  
Mr. Smith was close to tears.

Emily scoffed while deliberately wearing a worried expression, saying, “Mr. Smith, stop asking. Don’t give Janet too much pressure. After all, she has never learned dancing before!”

A menacing smile appeared on the corner of Janet’s lips as she asked, “Really?”

Emily stepped forward and grabbed her hand. “Hey! Let’s stop talking. Janet, you should quickly go and get changed.”

Janet retracted her hands on the spot, which caused the fake smile on Emily’s face to freeze. Is she disgusted with me? Her hypocrisy is so revolting. I would like to see how she humiliates herself tonight!

“Janet, you should go and get changed!” Gordon pointed at the clothes hanging at the side. “Those are the performance attire. You can choose one for yourself first and it will be your turn to perform later.”