

Sir, You Don't Know Your Wife Chapter 51

"5 million. That's the maximum I'm going to offer!"

"Don't f*cking compete with me! I'm going to buy this oriental jasper today for sure!"

"Why should we listen to you? I'm offering 8 million!"

When the figure 8 million was shouted, everyone was displeased. "Why the f*ck did you raise the bar so high?!"

Janet sat on the table and drank tea while listening to the crowd scrambling to buy her jewel. For the sake of the oriental jasper, the collectors had ignored their reputations and started to curse one another, but it gave her a headache. "Stop arguing. 50 million. You can take it if you want, but I'm taking it back if you don't want it!"

"50 million? Young lady, you really have the guts to ask for this price!"

"Right, I'm not going to accept that price. That's absurd. I bet that nobody has ever offered such a high price in the world!"

"That's daylight robbery! Let's leave."

Everyone shook their heads and reprimanded Janet for demanding an exorbitant price, but she was unfazed by their responses and smiled. "If you guys don't want it, I'm leaving."

Nobody dared to say anything. And so, she rose to her full height and with light footsteps, attempting to leave with the oriental jasper. However, before she could take two steps, a collector stopped her. "Young lady, don't leave! I was merely messing with you! Come back! Please come back!"

A shadow of a cunning smile appeared at the corner of her lips. Instead of dilly-dallying like a woman, this is how he should have reacted earlier. In the end, the oriental jasper was purchased by a man with a beer belly at the price of 50 million. Although he felt heartbroken at the moment he swiped his card, a sense of satisfaction bloomed in his heart when he had his hands on the oriental jasper. After this oriental jasper is crafted, the 50 million that I had spent will surely multiply by a few times.

Upon looking at the bank card in the young lady's hand, the crowd exclaimed, "Even a young lady has so much money. The world is surely changing."

As the trade fair hadn't ended, the crowd was curious and asked, "Young lady, where did you get the oriental jasper from?"

She blinked and casually answered, "I picked it up."

"Picked it up?"

Everyone rolled their eyes at her. "Young lady, why are you lying to us? Tell me where you pick it up from, so that we can go and pick one too!"

"It's up to you whether you believe me or not." She blinked at them mischievously and raised the enameled gourd vase. "This is also genuine."

The crowd's eyes brightened. "How is that possible? I just scrutinized it earlier!"

Janet looked at the old man. "Oh? Really? You seemed quite old, so I supposed that you have been playing with antiques for quite a number of years."

The old man nodded. "Yeah, but this thing is obviously a counterfeit!"

She smiled. "The enamel at the base is white and delicate while the pattern is messy, which happens to prove that this is genuine."

"Continue!" The old man adjusted his spectacle and focused his gaze on her.

"The base of the enamel gourd vase, which was made during the ancient era, is white and delicate because it belonged to a famous person. If the base is yellow and dirty on top of the pattern being in an orderly manner, making it look as if it was printed with a machine,

that item will certainly be a fake." She blinked at him again. "What do you think?" With that, she carried her little bag and trod away in a carefree manner.

The old man was instantly rendered speechless. I think what she said is true... Upon looking at the young lady's back view, he was suddenly curious about who she was.

...

The Jackson residence was rather quiet when she arrived home—Brian had been busy with his work in the company as of late, so he was unaware of that incident and Megan hadn't told him as well. However, he knew about Janet's current result—she had achieved the first place in the entire grade. Upon seeing that she had arrived home with her school bag, he asked, "Janet, I heard that your results are rather excellent this time. Do you have anything you want? I'll give them to you."

Upon hearing that, she raised her brows and gave it some thought. "I really don't have anything that I want."

Brian's gaze toward Janet and Emily were different because a man was more concerned on whether he was biologically related to his children. He thought that Janet was shy to tell him, so he uttered, "I've been recently busy with my company and you guys need to attend school as well. I'll ask my friend to buy you a beautiful dress tomorrow."

When Emily heard his words, she frowned and pulled Megan's arm, pleading adorably at her. Although Emily hadn't explicitly told her that she wanted the same, Megan understood her daughter well. "Brian, ask your friend to get two dresses instead. The sisters should get one each!" she said lightly and happily.

Brain hesitated for a moment. Seeing that his wife had asked him, he couldn't bear to reject her, so he nodded. "Okay."

Janet frowned and went upstairs—she lay on the bed with her hands holding on her abdomen, which faintly ached. F*ck. There's nothing that I'm afraid of in this world, but I can't escape my period. I can't cure menstrual cramps and I just can't get rid of it.

All of a sudden, there was a soft sound outside the window, which immediately startled her as she relaxed on the bed. Someone's out there?

The next instant, she saw Mason entering her room through her window. The sight of him caused her to be at a loss for words. “Mr. Lowry, do you know that this is considered trespassing?” she scoffed.

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A sluggish arc appeared at the corner of his lips while his pair of phoenix eyes tried to entice her. “You didn't answer my calls—or would you rather me pay a visit to my future parents-in-law?”

Janet glanced at her phone, which was coincidentally switched off. “Your father-in-law and mother-in-law? Mr. Lowry, you really know how to make jokes.”

The man leaned on the window while smiling with his pressed lips.

Every time she saw Mason, she would unconsciously look into his eyes, as if he had captured her gaze.

She met his glance, but immediately moved her eyes away as she felt a little uncomfortable and coughed. “Why are you here?”

“I heard that you had a conflict with someone at the Leaping Dragon Hotel. I was worried that you were bullied.” As he was speaking, he quietly took a few steps forward.

Is he joking? When have I, Janet Jackson, ever been bullied... Wait, how did he know about what happened to me at the hotel? Could it be that this man was stalking me? “How did you know what happened to me today?”

Before Janet could complete her sentence, she raised her eyes and looked at Mason, but she found him leaning toward her with squinted eyes. “Are you hurt?”

“No!” she replied almost instantaneously.

“I can smell the scent of blood!”

She didn't know what to reply. Is this man a sniffer dog?

Upon seeing her eyes straying, he immediately understood and smiled. “I'm used to the smell of blood, so I'm sensitive to it.”

Upon hearing his words, she was momentarily at a loss for words. Then, she stopped pretending. With her hands on her abdomen, her pretty little face grimaced. “Can you leave now?” she quietly asked.

“Sure.” It was a reply that did not sound hesitant.

For an inexplicable reason, Mason's answer made her feel rather depressed.

However, after a few seconds, the man's sexy low voice was heard. “I'll go and get you something to eat.”

Janet was a little speechless before she acknowledged his words and watched Mason leave.

She felt dizzy and really uncomfortable.

After some time, she could smell a familiar scent and opened her eyes, only to notice that it was Mason, who had returned after leaving for a short while. “Why are you back?”

She saw that he slowly placed his slender hand on her flat abdomen.

“Be good!”

It turned out that he had smacked a warm bag on her. However, at that moment, she lacked the strength to decipher why he had one with him.

Her cold tummy was now covered by a warm, large palm, which made her eyelids feel heavy.

By the time she woke up, it was daybreak. Janet had a fruitful rest last night, considering that it had been some time since she had a good night's sleep. Rubbing her eyes, she saw a note on her bedside table when she turned.

Written on it was a reminder. 'Remember to have these when you wake up!'

She saw a cup of brown sugar water as well as a bowl of congee. They were still warm, which meant that they were placed there not too long ago.

Upon seeing that, she had a strange feeling.

After finishing the congee, she felt as though she had been revived.

As she stretched herself, she heard a sudden swish. The sound came from the window again. This elusive man...

Mason walked up to her. Just when she was about to say something, his hand was placed on her cool forehead.

At that moment, it was like her words were lodged in her throat. All she could focus on was that warm palm on her forehead. "What are you touching?"

He had a stern expression on his face. "Your little face is flushed!"

"Oh." She awkwardly pushed his hand away.

With his straight brows raised, his thin lips were suddenly by her ears. In a low and sexy tone, he said, "This was not how you treated me last night."

Swish! She was blushing—all the way from her ears to her neck!

"Hmm, let me see whether your temperature has risen again." Mason's phoenix eyes narrowed as he squatted down and touched her forehead with his lips. "Why is your temperature rising again?"

She patted on his face impassively. "It's getting hot in here!"

He was rendered speechless.

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The two of them chatted until almost 7AM in the morning.

Today was Monday and Janet had to go to school.

All of a sudden, they heard the sound of someone knocking on the door. "Janet, Mom sent me to ask you whether you want to take the SUV to school."

When she suddenly heard Emily's voice, she was a little nervous, but she calmed down after a few seconds and softly answered, "No."

Emily, who stood outside the door, clicked her tongue as she looked at Janet's firmly closed door before leaving.

Mason raised his brows, never expecting that Janet would remain calm. If it were to happen to another girl, she would have been flustered. After all, she was actually hiding a man in her room.

"I'm going to school. You should leave now and make sure that the Jackson Family doesn't notice you," she uttered while packing.

"Do you want me to drive you there?"

"No!" Janet answered without giving it a thought. If she went to school in his car, rumors about her being someone's mistress would spread like wildfire.

Maintaining a low profile would save her a lot of trouble.

The first class on Monday was supposed to have been Spanish, but the French teacher had insisted on having her class for the sole purpose of catching students who arrived late.

Janet usually arrived at her classroom on time, but she ran behind schedule as she had talked to Mason for a while at home.

At 8AM, Miss Lilian entered the classroom—and the first thing she looked at was Janet's seat. She asked with a frown, "Where's Janet?"

Abby was worried for Janet. This is bad. Miss Lilian will pick on Janet from now onward.

"Abby, where's Janet? She's supposed to sit next to you."

Abby stood up and lowered her head before tentatively answering, "Miss Lilian, she's usually on time. Maybe she has something urgent, which caused her to be late today."

"Huh, something urgent? What about me? I need to take care of my family and my kids, but I have to arrive at school on time as well. What kind of an emergency will a student like her have?" Miss Lilian scoffed.

Upon hearing her words, all of her students covered their ears, as if they were tired of hearing her same excuse, which she had repeated from time to time.

Due to incidents that involved Janet, Miss Lilian was humiliated in school a few times, but she was unable to find a suitable opportunity to take her revenge and this time, she would certainly teach the former a lesson.

She criticized coldly, "A student from Class A should behave like one. How could she be late?"

At that moment, Janet arrived at the door of the classroom.

Miss Lilian glanced at her watch. "Janet, you are late."

Janet impassively stood at the door—she seemed meek and quiet.

However, Miss Lilian was unwilling to let her off the hook and continued to reprimand her, "Don't think that you are above all of us after receiving full marks and being in first place in

the school festival. You will never know that you might be at last place instead the next time. You need to change your attitude!”

She had never believed that Janet could score that kind of a result since the latter had never attended high school. However, it was proven that Janet didn't cheat during the test, so it wouldn't be wise of her to mention that episode again.

Janet kept her mouth shut as she had no intention to beg Miss Lilian.

Miss Lilian scoffed, “Aren't you going to answer? Go and stand outside for this period, then.”

She had already made up her mind to have Janet stand outside the classroom during the first period.

Janet stood outside and admired the view downstairs in a carefree manner. Whether or not I pay attention in class doesn't matter to me since I know everything that she's teaching.

Gordon felt uneasy, looking at her standing outside alone. I'm going outside to accompany her! Then, he rose to his full height. “Miss Lilian, I would like to head out too. It's kind of stuffy inside.”

Upon hearing that, Miss Lilian was put on the spot. “Gordon, our air conditioner is switched on and it's a little inappropriate for you to stand outside.”

Nevertheless, he wasn't asking for her permission and directly walked out.

Her expression immediately darkened, but she couldn't say anything for the fear that his fans would think that she was bullying him.

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By then, Gordon's fans would condemn her.

When Abby saw what happened, she was tempted to follow suit as well, but Miss Lilian glared at her. "You want to head out as well? Do you believe that I will tell your parents about this?"

Abby had a scowl on her little face when she heard Miss Lilian's words.

Upon seeing the grimace on Abby's face, Janet couldn't stifle her smile and mouthed at her to console her. "Listen in class!"

Miss Lilian was enraged throughout the duration of the class.

As soon as she left, the class burst into cheers.

"The French teacher is loquacious!"

"It's obvious that she has been targeting Janet."

"But why did Gordon head out? Could it be that he likes Janet?"

"It's impossible. Gordon probably wants to look at the scenery."

Once class was over, the students started to gossip again. Janet, who sat on her seat, had no choice but to listen to them.

Miss Lilian left the class and returned to her office.

When another teacher saw that Miss Lilian had a dark expression, she chuckled, "Janet is really special—she likes to stand and dislikes to listen in class!"

Miss Lilian sighed. "She's very difficult to deal with; she's such a handful! I thought that she would leave Class A after the trial exams, but I never thought that she would become the center of attraction instead. I'm going mad if this continues."

The other teacher knew about Miss Lilian's attitude—she was impatient and liked to mock people.

However, since they were in the same office, there was no other choice but to console her, “Just be patient. Our class is even worse—their results are really poor, but they don’t listen in class. How about I apply to the principal to arrange you to teach them instead?”

Upon hearing that, Miss Lilian rolled her eyes. When she left the office, she cursed quietly, “Crazy!”

During the second period, the math teacher, Aaron Rodriguez, shared about the registration of the National Mathematics competition. “The registration for the National Mathematics competition is about to start. I’m glad to see that everyone likes math so much,” the mathematics teacher was agitated as he announced onstage.

Nevertheless, the students offstage were oblivious to his excitement.

“National Mathematics competition? This has nothing to do with me since I’m bad at maths.”

“Whoever is interested in it can proceed. I’m not joining the competition.”

“Our class monitor, Emily, will surely participate! She’s good in everything!”

“Sir, you can participate in it yourself.”

Upon hearing the discussion of the students, Mr. Rodriguez was rendered speechless. These little brats are so inconsiderate of my pride.

He ignored them and continued, “However, there’s a limited entry for the competition. Therefore, our school will organize a preliminary competition on Wednesday. Only students who passed the preliminary competition can participate in the national competition.”

As he was speaking, his gaze landed on Janet. “Miss Janet!”

Janet raised her eyes and looked blankly at him.

He uttered in a serious manner, “I’ve saved a form for you. Why don’t you come over to fill up the form later?”

She blinked at him, feeling at a loss for words. “Sir, I didn’t say that I’m going to register!”

She really had no intention to be in the limelight. After all, it was a national competition and nobody could tell how many people would see on television...

Mr. Rodriguez was momentarily speechless and did not know what to say.

At the same time, when her classmates heard of her refusal to join, they started to discuss among themselves.

"Janet, you had previously received first place for the trial exams. Aren't you supposed to join the national competition this time around?"

"That's right. Could it be that your result in Mathematics is fake?"

"Janet, you are so selfish. Can't you be considerate and think on behalf of our class?"

Upon hearing their words, Janet let out a cold smile. These people are really good at taking the moral high ground...

Gordon poked on her shoulder. "Janet, are you really not joining? Just listen to how they are describing you!"

Janet blinked. "Are you joining?"

"I'll consider it!" This is a national competition after all and it will be embarrassing if I lose. However, for Janet's sake, it would be fine for me to lose my reputation. "Janet, I will join if you join!"

Looking at the stern expression on his face, she couldn't suppress her laughter.

When Mr. Rodriguez saw Janet ignoring Gordon, he awkwardly coughed. "Janet, I think that you should consider it."

Suddenly, he saw Emily raising her hand.

"Emily, what's the matter?"

She stood up and tucked her hair. "Sir, I'm busy this Wednesday. Can I not participate in the preliminary competition?"

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Mr. Rodriguez frowned. "What are you going to be busy with?"

Emily explained, "Sir, I need to participate in the finals for the painting competition on this Wednesday, so..."

Upon hearing her words, he was shocked. "Emily, are you saying that you are in the finals for the Summer Painting Competition? Is this genuine?"

"Sir, that's old news and you didn't know about it? What Emily said is true. She's really outstanding; she's good in everything."

"Emily is really responsible and she excels in everything! She's also pretty. I'm envious of her."

"Unlike Janet, who is unwilling to bring honor to our class."

"I don't think that she's unwilling to do so; she's just afraid to humiliate herself. After all, we all know how she achieved her results." All the students expressed their opinions one after another.

Emily couldn't suppress her cold smile, but she pretended to be calm while uttering, "Don't say these kinds of words! Janet has never joined a competition like this, so it's only natural for her to temporarily feel out of place. I'm only qualified to join the finals for the painting competition and I won't necessarily emerge as the winner."

Mr. Rodriguez's eyes widened—he was a tad bit astonished by Emily, who was impressive. "You don't need to join the preliminary competition, then. After all, everyone knows how well you score in math papers. Try your best for the competition and strive to become the champion for the painting competition."

Emily nodded while beaming. "Thank you, sir!"

After class, the students flocked to surround her.

"Emily, try your best for the painting competition!"

"Emily, you are really impressive. It's a pity that I'm not talented in painting. If I know how to draw, I'll definitely become your disciple!"

As she listened to the students flattering her, she deliberately glanced at Janet and noticed that she was spacing out in a corner, looking pitiful.

However, the more pitiful Janet looked, the happier Emily was.

Emily faked a smile again. "Stop flattering me. You guys are pressuring me!"

In fact, she was certain that she would win first place in competition. What pressure will I feel? How is a small competition like this difficult for me?

When Gordon saw Emily's pretentious smile, he looked at Janet. "Janet, how are you able to bear with a hypocrite like her?"

Janet, who was playing games on her phone with a deadpan face, calmly replied, "It's yet to be confirmed on who will have the last laugh. Just wait and see."

Emily glanced at Janet again and noticed that the latter talked to him.

I knew that her calmness was merely a facade; she's probably trembling in fear. Haha! Haha!

When Emily arrived home from school, the dress—which Brian had asked someone to purchase—was also brought back home.

She loved the dress because he had generously bought them the branded version of it. I'll probably attract everyone's attention if I wear it to participate in the finals of the painting competition! Her thought was delighting her.

Megan cast a glance at the firmly closed door upstairs and asked Emily to bring the other dress. "Emily, give this to Janet."

Emily nodded. "I'll head upstairs now."

She quickly walked upstairs and arrived in front of the door to Janet's room before knocking on it, but nobody answered her from inside. Janet isn't inside?

She checked the hallway and her surroundings. After confirming that there were no maids around, she sneaked into the room.

She opened the door and found nobody inside.

It was the first time that she entered Janet's room since the latter usually kept her door closed. Hmph, let me see what treasures you have in here.

With both hands buried in her pockets, Emily walked up to the window—a table was placed at the most obvious spot in the room.

On top of the table was some painting materials with a piece of painting that was almost completed.

Emily was puzzled. Janet paints? What's going on here?

Looking at the painting before her eyes, her heart skipped a beat. It was lifelike and lively—the plum blossoms were stunning and the composition of the painting was flawless, making it an exceptionally beautiful piece of artwork.

Could it be that it was Janet who painted this? Or was this actually bought by her? If she painted this herself, she would certainly have the draft with her.

An idea suddenly popped in her mind—she started to ransack the entire room and finally found a pile of completed paintings in the cabinet of her dressing table.

Every single piece was stunning—there were paintings of animals, people, sceneries and even buildings.

In that instant, another idea flashed across her mind.

She poked her head at the door and looked around, noting that it was quiet outside.

After picking a few pieces, she secretly took them out and tidied the room so that everything looked normal