

Sir, You Don't Know Your Wife Chapter 232

Ewan nodded in satisfaction upon hearing what the director said. Just as he was about to leave, he suddenly thought of something Jessie said. "By the way, Jessie told me that she was bullied by a composer! You have to fire that composer too!"

As soon as the director heard his allegation, he frantically waved his hands and pledged solemnly, "President Hunter, I swear nothing of that sort happened! I believe there's no problem with Sweet Tune Guru's personality because I have personally worked with her before!"

Ewan's expression darkened right away. "What do you mean by that? Are you trying to say that my daughter made that up?"

"No, no! I don't mean it that way at all! However, Sweet Tune Guru is a composer we hired with a handsome sum because we'll be counting on her to turn this music video a hit! If this project turns out to be a success, it would bring benefit to my company as well as Nottom Entertainment!"

It was only then did Ewan realize the director's stance—he would keep the so-called 'Sweet Tune Guru' in the project at all costs. Looking sullen, he turned around and left. He was displeased with the way the director compelled him into dropping the matter by claiming that it would be for the mutual benefits of both parties to keep the composer. If that was the case, he would get the director's company as well as Sweet Tune Guru blacklisted after they finished shooting the music video. Let's see if anyone still had the guts to compel me into doing anything in the future.

On Tuesday, Janet was monitoring the revision of her classmates in Class F as usual. As the trial exam was just around the corner, everyone was working diligently to avoid lagging behind.

Things were going so well that even The Beasts, who were initially equipped with only elementary school level knowledge, had finally mastered middle school syllabus after one whole week of hard work. It was easy to see that they were not intellectually challenged judging from the fact that they could now complete test papers on the middle school syllabus in a short time.

Daisy was extremely pleased to see Janet successfully motivating the students in Class F and often bought her snacks as a reward. Although Daisy would still be taunted by Lilian in

the office from time to time, she wasn't too mad at her. After all, if she was too bothered by her remarks, she wouldn't be able to focus her attention on winning back her dignity.

One day after school, Janet was notified by the director that the shooting for the remaining part of the music video would be continued. She had no intentions to withdraw from the production at this point, considering she was only one step away from pocketing the handsome pay for her work. Hence, she rushed to the recording studio immediately.

In the dressing room, Janet sat leisurely on a stool with her eyes shut as the makeup artist did her makeup. Meanwhile, the makeup artists gathered and whispered among themselves.

"Jessie started throwing tantrums on some of the crew members as soon as she arrived."

"Exactly. Now, everyone is avoiding her as if she is a ghost."

"It's all because her father is the president of Nottom Entertainment."

"You're right. She's nobody without her father."

"She always walks with her nose in the air and never treats us like humans."

To everyone's horror, Jessie suddenly barged into the dressing room in the middle of their discussion and slapped Janet's makeup artist hard across the face. "You b*tch, how dare you talk about me behind my back!"

When Jessie saw Janet walking into the dressing room, she decided to peek through the slit of the door but did not expect to hear the makeup artists secretly criticizing her. Did they even have the right to criticize her?

Touching her swollen face, the makeup artist stormed out of the room looking aggrieved, leaving Janet hanging with her makeup half done. The crew members tried to take a peek at the situation inside the dressing room as soon as they heard the commotion. Seeing Jessie's face livid with rage, they knew it would be another bad day for Sweet Tune Guru.

"What happened to Jessie that gave her such a bad temper?"

"I haven't a clue. Who offended her again?"

"I heard that Sweet Tune Guru is going to be fired soon."

“Someone told me Jessie complained to her father and asked to fire her.”

“Really? That’s such a pity!”

“Alas, Sweet Tune Guru has only herself to blame for offending Jessie!”

Jessie’s eyes couldn’t help but light up with delight, having listened to the crew members gossiping about her. At least she was sure that no one dared to offend her now. With that thought in mind, she pointed at Janet and snapped, “You’ll be leaving soon!” Hmph, I have to ensure this bullsh*t and slutty composer leave this place today!

With a smirk, Janet countered, “Are you sure about that?”

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“Hmph! You still have no idea of the severity of the situation,” Jessie said confidently with a smug face.

Her boot-licking assistants echoed along in an attempt to please her. “You deserve it for offending the Princess of Nottom.”

“Yeah, what’s so great about being a mere composer? You can’t be more powerful than the President of Nottom Entertainment himself!”

“I think she doesn’t have any talent at all and people falsely praised her to be a guru!”

“Exactly, her looks and figure is nothing compared to Miss Hunter!”

Her assistants' efforts in shaming Janet made Jessie even more conceited and she sniggered. "It's never too late to kneel down and beg me for forgiveness! Or else I can't save you when the director arrives."

Then, Walter and Gordon walked out from the males makeup room and frowned in unison as they looked at Jessie's assistants. "That's enough; since when did it become appropriate for assistants to insult composers?"

Seeing the two were trying to stand up for her, Janet pulled them to the side and said calmly, "Ignore her; she's not that powerful."

Overhearing her words, Jessie chortled. "What sort of bullsh*t composer are you? My father is Ewan Hunter, the President of Nottom Entertainment, and he doesn't even need to lift his finger against a powerless composer like you."

Just as she finished speaking, her assistant pointed at the director who was walking over from behind her. "Jessie, the director is coming!"

Jessie's eyes lit up and she pointed a finger at Janet. "Director, are you here today to announce that you're firing this bullsh*t composer?" she asked furiously. A trace of delight could be seen on her face, as though she could envision Janet being fired by the director the very next second.

To her surprise, he merely gestured with his hand to disperse everyone and sent the crew away without a single reprimanding word for Janet. "Go back to work, the lot of you. There's nothing to see here."

All the crew and Jessie were dumbstruck because the director didn't even tell Janet off. Also, didn't Jessie already mention that her father had told the director to fire Sweet Tune Guru?

"Director!" Jessie shouted, so enraged that she looked like she could have bitten him. This bullsh*t director actually has the nerves to go against my father's orders? "Didn't you hear what I said earlier? This Guru was talking back to me!"

Frowning, the director advised gently, "Jessie, I know everything that happened and already fired two crew members. Let this matter rest." He was hoping to get a huge commission after filming the music video of Sweet Tune Guru's song 'Heaven on Earth'. The commission

would be at least tens of millions and he was not about to let this opportunity slip through his fingers.

While Jessie was trying to find the words to counter, the other crew members were stifling their giggles as they saw that she was embarrassed again. Finally, Jessie blew her top and pointed at the director and Janet, declaring, "Director, if you don't fire this bullsh*t composer today, I refuse to be in this music video as the female lead!"

The onlookers rubbed their arms when they saw that Jessie was being her usual bratty self and turned to look at the director, thinking that he wouldn't side with Sweet Tune Guru this time.

After all, Jessie was the female lead hand-picked by the President of Nottom Entertainment; offending her was akin to offending one of the big players in the entertainment industry. Even Jessie knew this, which was why she had the nerves to throw her temper around like this.

However, to everyone's amazement, the director turned and asked, "Gordon, Walter, Guru, can we shoot the first half of the music video again?"

Caught in complete bewilderment, Jessie thought in disbelief, Is he serious?

Knitting his brows slightly, Gordon asked, "Who will replace the female lead then?"

Walter raised his brows and gestured at Janet, his eyes soft. "Don't we already have someone here?"

Everyone's attention fell on Sweet Tune Guru, who had a good figure and a pretty face.

"You... Have you lost your mind?" Jessie cried, looking at the director and Walter in shock. "I am the female lead for the music video!"

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Sighing, Gordon sounded sorry when he spoke, "But didn't you just say that you refuse to act in the music video?"

"I—" Tongue tied, she cried after a beat, "Director, don't forget that the biggest investor in this music video is the President of Nottom Entertainment, who also happens to be my father!"

"Of course I know that, Jessie," he began patiently. "But I've already discussed this with your father. You can ask him about it when you return home!" Before this, he was worried about her snitching on him but Ewan was a businessman, and he had chosen to give in and place his interests in greater importance. Hence, the director was confident of saying this to Jessie.

Trembling in anger, Jessie almost blew a gasket and she mumbled under her breath, "Fine, I'll get my father to teach all of you a lesson when I return."

"Come on, Jessie. Don't be mad anymore!" the director coaxed. "Everything will be over after we finish shooting the second half of the music video."

It was apparent to everyone that she was still hopping mad when she gave Janet a ruthless glare just as she was entering her private makeup room. "Just you wait!"

Looking at Jessie's back, Walter shook his head helplessly before turning to Janet and, recalling what happened that night, he asked out of a sudden, "Was it your boyfriend who came to pick you up that night?"

Janet hesitated before answering, "Not really." Then, she returned with the makeup artist to continue with her makeup.

In the latter half of the shooting, everybody's attention was on Janet. The stylist had chosen a deep red dress for her and her long, wavy hair cascaded down her fair and smooth arms, making her look like a character out of a fairytale. She was absolutely stunning and mystical.

The onlookers all took a deep breath and said, "Goodness, Sweet Tune Guru is totally overshadowing Jessie today!"

"My god, she's so beautiful!"

"But why is she dressed up so prettily?"

"Are you dumb? While she plays the piano, Sweet Tune Guru's back will be filmed so she has to look good!"

Walter stared at her dumbly and couldn't find any words to describe her because it was as though she was an adjective herself.

As Jessie saw the looks in everyone's eyes, jealousy crept into her heart and she thought to herself, No, I have to be the most beautiful girl in the music video. I should do my best today.

...

After the shooting, Jessie stomped into Nottom Entertainment in her heels to look for her father. She waited for him in his office while he was in a meeting and wailed the moment she saw him. "Daddy, didn't you promise me that you'll get rid of that bullsh*t composer?"

Ewan looked uneasy and he said, "Jessie, don't blame Daddy anymore because it wasn't easy to get Sweet Tune Guru at all. If the music video becomes a big hit this time, the company will rake in a huge profit!"

Snorting softly, she sounded hurt when she replied, "So I deserve to be humiliated?"

Standing up, Ewan walked over to her and stroked her head. "Don't be angry anymore, Jess." Then, he went to his desk, picked up his black card and pressed it into her palm. "Enjoy yourself all you want today and buy anything you like."

Jessie's eyes lit up at the sight of the black card but the grievances she felt were still stuck in her chest. Sensing her hesitation, he consoled, "Don't worry, Jess. After this shoot, I'll make sure that she can't stay in the entertainment industry anymore."

Overjoyed at his assurance, she chirped, "Daddy, you must teach her a proper lesson." This sort of person shouldn't be in the entertainment industry.

"Don't worry, I'll take care of everything," he assured, patting her shoulder. After all, she was the favorite in their family.

The shooting for the music video of 'Heaven on Earth' finished very quickly but because of editing, it could only be released a week later. The director and investors were holding this song in high regard and thought that it would definitely be a hit.

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Soon, it was the day for the trial exam in Star High School. At seven in the morning, the students started to arrive and regardless in the pantry or the washroom, all the discussion was surrounding Class F.

"The trial exam is today; I'm so nervous."

"Hmph, there's nothing to be nervous about. Won't it be the same as before?"

"It's different this time. The class who comes in last has to clean the toilets for a month."

Chuckling, one of them said, "There's nothing to be afraid of since Class F will take the last spot. It definitely won't be us."

"That's true! At most, we'll be the second last class."

In the washroom, Janet smirked at their conversation. Before the examination, Daisy called her and Gordon to a corner. Looking at the girl standing in front of her with a lazy air and a composed face, Daisy said, "Janet, please focus on the exam today, okay?"

Expressionless, Janet nodded calmly. Patting their shoulders, Daisy continued, "Our class is depending on the both of you. I hope that you can raise the average grades a little higher."

Lifting his gaze, Gordon looked at Daisy's expectant face and nodded. "I understand."

Taking a deep breath, she encouraged, "Okay, then. Good luck for the exam."

...

The invigilators were selected by the principal and were randomly assigned. Each class would have two invigilators. When Miss Lilian and another teacher entered Class F with the test papers, the students of Class F were all dumbfounded.

“Why is it her?”

“Damn it, why is it a teacher from Class A? How are we supposed to cheat?”

“This old witch will definitely keep her eyes glued on us.”

Scanning the students of Class F, Miss Lilian kept her eyes fixed on Janet as she spoke in a gloating manner, “I’ll be your invigilator for today and I would like to see if anyone dares to cheat.”

Instantly, the atmosphere in the class became depressed.

With a grimace, Miss Lilian snorted. “Don’t assume that I have no idea about what kind of students are in Class F! Listen carefully; if I catch anyone cheating, I’ll definitely report this to the principal and have the student expelled.”

Janet propped her chin on one slender hand and drummed the fingers of her other hand on the desk, looking at Miss Lilian with a faint trace of a menacing smile.

The exam started when Miss Lilian and the other teacher began handing out the test papers. Upon receiving it, Janet took a look at it lazily before lowering her head to start answering. Halfway through answering the paper, she realized that the questions were almost similar to the ones she had given to Class F, proving their efforts for the past couple of weeks to be fruitful. Looks like we really don’t have to clean the toilets this time, she thought with a grin.

Struck by surprise at the students burying their heads and scribbling away, Miss Lilian wondered, Aren’t the students in Class F supposed to be the worst? Look at how they’re writing away. Still, they could just be writing nonsense. With a lopsided smirk that was full of sarcasm, she announced, “Thirty minutes until the end of the exam! Don’t write nonsense if you don’t know the answer; it will just create unnecessary burden for the teacher marking the papers.”

Despite none of the students listening to her, that didn’t bother Miss Lilian at all as she stared at them with her usual disdain.

When the exam was over, Abby sought Janet out and laced her arm through hers, showering her wildly with praise, "Janet, the questions you came up with before are so similar with the ones in the exam this time! You're awesome!"

The students of Class F crowded around them as well and clamored, "That's right, I thought I'll hand in an empty answer sheet for sure this time but I could actually answer more than half!"

"Me too! Maybe we won't come in last this time."

"Janet, you're amazing!"

"How did you manage to figure out the questions?"

"I don't know, either. Maybe it's a coincidence," Janet answered coolly as she looked at everyone.

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"Janet is the savior of Class F!" Everyone's praise for her grew when they heard her.

"She's so amazing that she could even guess the questions!"

Next to them, the other students who overheard them couldn't help but roll their eyes, thinking, The students of Class F? Even if you people were to copy the answers, you won't even get it right. Savior? She's more like a jinx than a savior. Just wait for the moment when you lose and have to clean the toilets for a month.

"Janet!" The Beasts dashed over like a gust of wind and dragged her to a corner. "Boss, we knew how to answer the questions this time!" They rejoiced with shimmering eyes.

Casting them a calm look, she asked, "Really?"

"Yes, all four of us managed to answer all the questions!" They then looked at her in anticipation, hoping for her praise. It was obvious what they were up to but she responded composedly, "Oh, that's great. All the best!"

That's all? They were dumbfounded. That's all she has to say? "Aren't you even going to praise us, Boss?" They pestered and stood so close to her that they almost glued themselves to her.

Pushing them aside in annoyance, she said nonchalantly, "Look for Lara and pick out a favorite weapon for yourselves."

Their eyes almost popped out of their sockets at her generosity. "Boss, you're too kind!" They then proceeded to hug her but she managed to dodge their advances.

Turning her head, she saw Gordon pacing toward them. "How did you do in the exam?"

"It was alright," he replied with a frown.

Stunned, The Beasts looked at him and said, "No way; we all felt that the questions were very easy this time."

"Don't say anything," Janet pointed out to them and they held their tongues as they looked at their surroundings. Understanding the situation, they whispered, "It's not a good place to chat as they are all students from Class A."

After they had left, Emily from Class A gloated, "Even Gordon didn't do well in the exam, so how could those pests have the cheek to say that the questions were easy?"

"They were merely bragging!" the other Class A students agreed.

"Gordon had been led astray by those pests!"

"Exactly, why would an outstanding person like him hangout with Janet and her gang?"

"This vixen must have smitten him with some tricks."

"That's really low of her," Emily uttered, despising Janet from the bottom of her heart.

Meanwhile, Janet, Gordon, Abby and The Beasts went to the pantry and Abby asked Gordon with an expectant face, "Gordon, did you really do badly in the test?"

Looking at her flushed chubby face through his lowered eyes, he saw the anticipation in her eyes and he muttered, "There was an important question which I didn't answer because I ran out of time."

Everyone else was speechless but Abby chuckled lightly. "A genius sure has exceptionally high expectations of himself!"

An inexplicable blush washed over his face. "Usually, I would've gotten a full score for sure."

"Let's go!" Janet urged awkwardly as she could tell from his tone that he really didn't do well in the test. Looks like the people in Class A must be over the moon about this.

In the afternoon, Abby, together with a few girls from Class F, were pestering Janet, saying that they wanted to buy her a meal to thank her for the help. While she walked ahead with a few girls, the student from Class F trailed behind and babbled happily.

"If we really don't have to clean the toilet this time, it's all thanks to Janet!"

"What would you like to eat, Janet? We'll treat you."

"Yeah, let's go to a restaurant to eat."

"By the way, we've never had a meal together even though we've been classmates for such a long time in Class F."

Initially, Janet wanted to reject their invitation but she finally caved in and nodded helplessly after their endless groveling. "Alright then."

They ended up going to the Leaping Dragon Hotel for a meal as per Janet's suggestion and she had booked the presidential suite.

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Using the bathroom as an excuse, Janet slipped to the front desk secretly and paid one million in advance for their expenses. When everyone saw the luxurious hotel, they couldn't help but feel the burning hole in their pockets. Turning to Janet with worried faces, they asked, "Janet, will it be too expensive here?"

Despite them being from rich families, they were still students with limited pocket money. In such a high-end hotel with their group of more than a dozen people, they would definitely end up with a bill of more than a million, at least. Shaking her head, Janet replied, "It's not; I know the boss here and he'll give us a discount!"

"Really? That's great!" they exclaimed, feeling relieved. Subsequently, they began ordering and asked her enthusiastically, "What would you like to have, Janet? I'll order it for you!"

"Order a braised eggplant for me, please. You guys can decide on the rest!"

"Alright!" With more than a dozen people, they spent more than ten minutes just to order their food and then desserts.

After they finished eating, they started playing games. Since The Beasts had never attended such a gathering, they found it very interesting and played with them but ended up finishing a few bottles of beer for losing the game. As they had never drunk before, it didn't take long before they were knocked out from the alcohol.

Janet, who was watching from the sidelines, couldn't stop shaking her head and went to try to wake them up. When everyone saw her coming, they bugged her to join them.

"Janet, come and join us!" Abby invited expectantly.

"Yeah, let's play a game together!" everyone else egged on.

Unable to refuse them and neither did she want to dampen their spirits, she nodded helplessly and agreed. "Okay!" Nevertheless, as a person who always lost in games, she lost in the very first round and had to take a small penalty.

"Janet, since you've lost, do you choose truth or dare?"

"I'll choose a truth, then," she decided awkwardly.

Everyone gave each other a look and evil smiles spread across their faces. "Do you have someone you like, Janet?"

Hesitating, she then replied, "Can I choose a dare instead?"

Everyone was speechless for a moment before they said, "The punishment will be finishing a drink!" She nodded and reached out to grab the beer in front of her but a few guys stepped forward and shouted, "I'll drink it for her!"

"Wow!" A racket broke out and everyone made fun of the guys when they saw through their true intentions. After all, Janet had a good figure with a pretty face so it made her easily likeable.

Janet didn't reject their offer since she was worried that she might accidentally reveal some shocking secrets if she was drunk. After watching the guys finish her drink, they continued with the game. "Let's move on."

Refusing them this time with a shake of her head, she then retreated because she knew that she was not cut out for this kind of game. While a competition with swords involved was more to her liking, this was the kind of game regular people loved to play. Not only could they eavesdrop on other people's secrets, they could also do some things which they wouldn't usually do.

As more than a dozen of them crowded together to play Morra, there was only Gordon and Abby left in the end.

"Oh, you've lost, Gordon! Which one will you choose?"

"I choose a dare!" he announced, knowing full-well that the people from Class F would definitely ask him secrets of the entertainment industry which he was not supposed to tell.

"Then... Then kiss the cheek of any girl here!"

"I..." he muttered with unease. As a public figure, it didn't seem appropriate for him to do this in public.

"Will that be crossing the line though?" somebody asked.

"It's alright since it's just a game!" someone else answered.

"Yeah, we won't tell anyone else!"

Some of the girls made a fangirl cry and pouted their lips. "Kiss me, Gordon!"

"Look at me, Master Gordon!"

"Let me take Gordon's first kiss."

Next to them, Abby lifted her gaze with an unreadable look and tried to pacify everyone, "Don't do this, everyone. It's not appropriate for him as a public figure."

"That's true; let's forget it, then!"

"Abby is right so you'll have to drink up!"

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Just as everyone thought that Gordon would take a drink, he suddenly turned his head. Showing everyone his handsome profile, he pouted his lips slightly and planted a kiss on Abby's chubby cheek. Blinking, Abby was stunned and paralyzed while everyone else's mouths hung open so wide that an egg could fit in.

A few seconds later, he slipped away, saying, "I'm going to the washroom!"

On the other hand, it took Abby a few minutes to recover and she felt her cheek with her hand, as though she could still feel the warmth of his lips. That was... really weird. Why did Gordon kiss me? Could it be because... At the thought of this, she jumped up and grabbed Janet, who was one of the gleeful onlookers, saying, "Let's go to the washroom."

In the washroom, Janet leaned against the wall idly as a grin spread across her face, watching the girl standing in front of the mirror with her face as red as a tomato. Tsk tsk tsk, I didn't even know that they're progressing so quickly.

After splashing water on her face, Abby turned to her and asked softly, "Janet, is my face red?"

Nodding, Janet smirked, "Yes."

"Ah!" Abby yelped and her face fell. "What should I do? How should I face Gordon from now on?" The moment he kissed her, she could feel her heart racing and even faintly smell the unique scent on him—it was just too weird.

"It was just a game, wasn't it?" Janet pointed out, shaking her head helplessly.

"That's right!" Abby agreed, but the sparkle in her eyes dimmed. It was just a game... For a second, she even thought that he liked her, but they were from totally different worlds. So even if he did like her, there would be no outcome. Forget it, she thought, Thinking about it now, I don't feel pressured anymore.

A few minutes later, all three of them returned to the room at the same time. Everyone seemed to have forgotten about what happened earlier and took it as part of the game. Only the two people involved in it were feeling a little unsettled on the inside.

A little past nine o'clock, they were tired and wanted to return home. Thus, the waiter came in a few minutes later with the bill and said politely, "Your bill is 160,000."

When they heard the amount, they looked at each other and exclaimed, "That's so cheap!"

"Yeah, I didn't think that it would be that cheap. I thought it would be more than a million."

"Exactly! We got the presidential suite at such a discount all because of Janet's acquaintance!"

After they paid the bill, they were about to leave the place happily when the music video of 'Heaven on Earth' began playing on the big screen suddenly.

Lifting their heads to watch in surprise, they cried, "Oh my god, it's such a good song."

"Goodness, Gordon is in it!"

"Gordon, you're in the music video!"

“Gasp, my idol Walter is in it as well!”

As they chatted about it, they began swaying to the beat of the song until one of them shrieked, “The composer is actually Sweet Tune Guru!”

“Huh, really? No wonder it’s such a good song!”

“So it’s a song by Sweet Tune Guru! I’ll purchase the music video on it’s release day.”

“I’m her loyal fan! Never did I imagine that she would be in a music video.”

As Janet listened to their smitten cries, she smirked and her eyes crinkled impishly but seductively.

“I’m taking a video of it and posting to Twitter,” one of the girls decided.

“I’ve never seen Sweet Tune Guru in person and I can’t wait to see what she looks like!”

One of them sighed, “Honestly, I think she probably doesn’t look that pretty; that’s why she never showed her face in public.”

“That’s nonsense; Sweet Tune Guru must be a beauty!”

“Stop arguing!” Janet interrupted calmly. “It’s getting late now. Let’s go home!”

Unconcerned with the other girls as they all had their own private rides, Janet’s attention was focused on Abby as she was the only one getting a cab by herself. Thus, Janet suggested, “Gordon, why don’t you send Abby home?”

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Abby, whose face had just recovered from blushing, turned crimson again at Janet’s suggestion and glanced at Gordon. “T-There’s no need for that. My family will come and pick me up!” she said and ducked behind Janet.

Looking at her with a smirk, Janet decided to let it go. "Alright then. Let's wait together."

As Gordon stood under the streetlamp, the light shone on his aloof figure and he pursed his lips slightly. Soon, their classmates began to leave one after another until there was only Janet, Abby and a few of them left. It wasn't long before Gordon's driver drove the Rolls Royce over and waited at the curb.

Before getting into the car, Gordon peered over at Abby and she suddenly felt a rush of icy coldness from her toes all the way up to the top of her head and she shivered from it; an inexplicably odd feeling indeed. She held her breath and merely acknowledged his look with her eyes.

Giggling, Janet asked, "What? Are you avoiding him?" The next second, Abby's whole face was burning again and she appeared both shy and troubled at the same time, which prompted Janet to say, "Forget it, I won't ask you about it anymore!" Casually, she pointed at a car which had stopped in front of them. "Your car is here to pick you up!"

The middle-aged man in the car waved at Abby and she nodded. With her hands gripping the hem of her skirt tightly, Abby suddenly muttered, "Janet, I'll get going then. Take care!"

"Don't worry!" Janet assured and stopped a cab from the side of the road before pushing The Beasts into it.

In the cab, she whisked out her cell phone and began going through Twitter, only to find that Class F's uploads had created quite a stir on the Internet as the preview of the music video was now a hot topic of discussion. The comments below the post were all compliments from fellow netizens.

'My goodness, Sweet Tune Guru is just like a goddess!'

'Such a pity that we can only see her back, but I'm still mesmerized by it!'

'Oh, Gordon and Walter are working together again!'

'Looks like the sales of this music video will hit a new record!'

'How amazing it will be if there's a live performance!'

Expressionless, Janet closed the application and shut her eyes for a moment. Suddenly, her phone vibrated and she glanced at it nonchalantly. Upon answering the call, Lee exclaimed over the line, "Oh my god, this is unbelievable! Just the preview alone was enough to drive netizens crazy!"

"Hmm. What are you trying to say?" Janet asked coolly.

Unable to hide his excitement, Lee said agitatedly, "The director and investors saw the potential in the music video and they want to organize a live performance; the pay is very high!"

"How much are they paying?" she enquired as she crossed her legs nonchalantly.

"Five hundred million!"

Stunned, she repeated, "Five hundred million?" This meant that the music video could sell for more than a billion. It was why the investors and director were willing to spend that much money to invite her to perform.

"Janet, will you accept the offer?" Lee asked eagerly. Not only would the commission be out of this world, he would also have the chance to see Janet shine on stage.

Pursing her lips, Janet said impassively, "Okay, but on one condition!"

"Anything!"

As Janet told him her condition on one end of the line, Lee nodded on the other end and finally said, "Not a problem. I'll convey the message!"

The next day in the office of Lowry Family Conglomerate, Henry leaned back comfortably on a black leather couch with one ankle over his other knee as he watched the video on his cellphone sent over by the investment department.

Since last night, he had received countless requests from that department, asking him to invest in the music video for 'Heaven on Earth'. They claimed that there was a possibility for it to be a big hit and they stood a chance of making a killing from this investment.

The preview of 'Heaven on Earth' began playing and he saw two men and a woman enacting a romance scene while another woman revealed her beautiful back. Seated in front of a

piano, her long, graceful fingers danced across the keys with the ease of a stallion galloping across the prairie as she played. The beat was as light as a dragonfly skimming the surface of the water while the tune flowed fluently like currents in a stream.

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From time to time, the camera would capture her silhouette. Wearing a blood red long dress, a gust of wind blew past and she looked like a broken doll—stunning, beautiful and mind-blowing. It was as though all the focus was on her, while the other woman who was supposed to be the female lead was as invisible as a green screen. Next to the woman in red, she looked just like a passerby. The outline of the woman in red flowed beautifully, a captivating sight to the eyes, while the song she composed was astonishingly good.

“It’s no wonder that the staff in the investment department kept pestering me like crazy to invest in this music video,” Henry couldn’t help but gush, stunned as he watched the video.

It took Mason coming over and patting his shoulder to break him from his daze. In a low voice, he reminded him, “It’s time for you to scram!” It was time for them to get off work, which also meant it was time for him to seek Janet out.

Composing himself, Henry replayed the preview of the music video. “Young Master Mason, let me show you a video.”

After watching it for a few seconds, Mason turned his head and walked off because he had no interest in such things; it would be better if the person in the music video was Janet.

Pouting his lips, Henry pleaded, “Don’t leave, Young Master Mason!” Grabbing Mason, he continued, “I’m not asking you to watch it as a man, but rather as an investor. Do you think this music video will be a big hit?”

Henry clearly knew that Mason had no interest in other women at all and would only have a reaction when he saw Janet. Don't think that I don't know about it, he thought knowingly. I know Young Master Mason the best.

With an uninterested expression, Mason took the cell phone from Henry. "I'm uninterested as a man, but if it's for investment, then you may be able to make some money out of it," he said flatly.

With years of experience in the business world, an investment deemed worthy by him could never go wrong. Therefore, Henry slapped his thighs at his verdict and announced, "Alright then! Since you've already said the word, then I'll invest five billion in it." It was true that he was interested in making money, but he was more interested in the mysterious silhouette. Perhaps he could even find himself a wife this time.

Seeing the desperate look on Henry's face, Mason smirked and spoke in a husky voice, "Do you like her that much?"

"You won't understand the joys of regular people like us!" Henry said with a chortle. Casually, he made a call from his cellphone. "Inform the staff in investment that we'll invest five billion into the music video of 'Heaven on Earth!'"

"F-Five billion?" the staff on the other end of the line repeated in shock. "Mr. Moss, don't you need to discuss something like this with the board of directors?"

"To hell with a discussion; just do as I told you to!" Henry shouted down the line furiously. Suddenly, he added, "By the way, tell the director that I would like a ticket to the live show of 'Heaven on Earth'."

"Yes, yes; I'll see to it!" his staff replied, nodding anxiously before hanging up.

As Mason listened to Henry's call, his eyes suddenly grew wider as he recalled seeing a man's familiar face in the music video earlier. To verify his suspicions, he replayed the video again and sure enough, it was none other than Walter, the same man who asked Janet out for dinner that night.

"Why is he popping up everywhere?" he growled under his breath. Will that woman go to the show to support Walter? He was flustered all of a sudden because he understood the meaning behind the look in Walter's eyes. Just like Mason, he also had the same sort of

thoughts toward Janet. At the thought of this, Mason jumped up from his seat, grabbed his jacket and left his office.

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At five o'clock, Janet walked out of school and instantly saw Mason's car waiting at the school gates. "Go home first, guys. I have to take care of some personal matters!" she instructed The Beasts who were following her.

They nodded their heads and prepared to return home earlier as they wanted to try out the new weapons they had just received from Lara a few days ago.

When Janet saw Mason, she straightened her clothes out of reflex and walked over to him, who was also walking toward her. Casually, he placed his jacket on her when he saw that she wasn't bundled up. "Why didn't you put on more layers?" he mumbled, sounding slightly upset.

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Why is this guy always speaking like an old man? Janet sulked. Frowning, she said indifferently, "I'm strong and healthy so I don't feel cold at all."

It was getting close to winter now in Sandfort City and the temperature was dropping day by day. How could she not be cold? he chided silently. Thinking that she was just being stubborn, he grabbed her hands and insisted on warming it up for her.

Janet didn't resist but pulled back her hands a few seconds later and said stiffly, "Let's get in the car; many tongues will wag at this!"

Scanning their surroundings, he realized that there were indeed quite a few students loitering about and pointing at them as they whispered to one another. He shot them all a cold, warning glare. As though they had seen Hades himself, the students shifted their eyes and left hurriedly.

In the car, as the warm air encapsulated Janet, she felt her eyes getting heavy and drowsiness overtook her. Narrowing his eyes at her, Mason stretched out a tanned hand and adjusted his jacket on her, worried that she might catch a cold. "Do you want to sleep or eat something first?" he asked in a sexy, husky voice.

Opening her eyes, she looked around and saw students holding piping hot sweet potatoes and milk tea in their hands, which made her want to try the sweet potato in Sandfort City to see if it was any sweeter than the ones from the village. "Uh... I'd like a roasted sweet potato."

Surprised at her request, he felt helpless as he looked at her with adoration. This young woman is really unexpected. Gently, he told her, "Wait in the car and I'll get one for you!"

She nodded in reply without a word. As she watched him from behind, a feeling of happiness surged in her heart all of a sudden. In the past eighteen years, besides Morris who doted on her in Markovia for three years, there was no one else who had treated her like this. Cupping her cheeks with her hands, her bright, doe-like eyes flashed with anticipation.

The man returned ten minutes later, striding back on his long legs. Opening the car door, he then carefully passed the sweet potato to her. The hot steam coming from the sweet potato in her hand traveled all the way to warm her heart and she said softly, "Thank you."

"There's no need to stand on ceremony with me," he replied with a tender look in his eyes.

She didn't say anything, but a smile appeared on the edges of her lips. As she slowly peeled away at the sweet potato skin, the oils within trickled out as well and made it look really delicious. Opening her tiny mouth a little, she took a careful bite and the sweet taste blossomed in her mouth.

"It's quite good!" she exclaimed. It was one of the rare occasions when she would take the initiative to introduce something to him. Thus, an odd idea came into his mind and he let out a small chuckle. "Can I try it?"

Janet scowled at his request. A big man fighting over a sweet potato with me? Why didn't you get another one if you wanted one? You're really annoying! Reluctantly, she passed him the sweet potato in her hands, "Here!"

Rejoicing silently, he took it from her and took a bite where she had left her teeth marks, taking her reluctance for shyness. Nodding in satisfaction, he noted, "It does taste pretty good!" Then, he returned the rest to her.

All he wanted was an indirect kiss, but Janet merely arched an eyebrow at the sweet potato and didn't take it. "Finish it if it's delicious. Don't waste it!" she said, her tone flirtatious.

Mason wasn't sure if he should laugh or cry at her comment. "Okay, babe. Whatever you say!"

Ignoring him, she turned on her cell phone and started playing games on it. By the time he finished, she had already won the game.

"I heard that Walter will publish a new music video soon," he muttered, tapping a finger on the steering wheel.

She paused while wondering, Why is this man suddenly asking about Walter? Calmly, she replied, "Yeah, I think so."

"You're going to support him, aren't you?" he asked, the hesitation in his voice almost impossible to detect.