

Sir, You Don't Know Your Wife Chapter 242

Staring at him, she realized that his eyes revealed a mix of uncertainty, questioning as well as pity. "I guess so," she answered seriously with narrowed eyes.

At that moment, he hit the brakes and asked her in a solemn tone, "I'll ask Henry to save me two tickets. Will you come with me?"

With him? she thought and then rejected his invite while shaking her head, "No."

The second she rejected him, the hope and fireworks in his eyes died out.

"I already agreed to go with my friends," she explained, raising her brows. "That's why I can't go with you."

He glanced at her and saw in her shining dark gaze that she didn't seem to be lying. That's good; that's enough, he told himself. At once, the hope in his eyes reignited and he whispered, "I'll be waiting for you by the exit when the show is over!"

Surprised, she acknowledged coolly, "Alright."

A few seconds later, he stopped the car on the side of the road again and took out his cell phone from his trouser pocket. "Save me two tickets for the live show of 'Heaven on Earth'," he said to Henry over the phone before hanging up. Chuckling, he told her in a serious tone, "I'll pass the ticket to you once I get it."

From the corner of her eyes, she saw his handsome profile and said calmly, "Okay." Seeing that it was almost dinner time, she knew that it was about time she headed home. And so, she told him, "I have to go home now." Although she was expressionless, upon closer inspection, she was actually palpitating.

"Alright, I'll send you home," he offered in his husky voice.

After he stopped his car at the yard of the Jackson's house, she gestured with her hands to tell him to go quickly so that her family wouldn't discover him. The way they were acting seemed as though they were having an affair and she felt really bummed.

At seven o'clock, Janet returned to her room on the second floor after dinner. Just then, her phone rang and she picked it up.

The person who called was her 21 year old music disciple whom she accepted in Markovia—Roxy. There were only two qualities she looked for in a person whenever she accepted someone as her disciple: extraordinary talent and determination. Coincidentally, Roxy happened to possess these two qualities. At the age of fifteen, he learned to compose and produce music and rose to fame at eighteen. However, he didn't become arrogant because of it and to widen his knowledge in music, he increased his production to more than fifty songs a year. It was exactly because of this that she decided to accept him as her disciple and made him her only disciple in music.

"Master Sweet Tune, why didn't you tell me beforehand that you have a new album?" he asked, his voice full of excitement.

With a look of annoyance, she said in an exasperated tone, "How many times have I told you not to call me 'Master'; just 'Sweet Tune' is enough!"

"I got it, Master! I'm taking a flight tonight and will be there personally to show my support!"

"Keep a low profile and don't bring too many people with you!" she reminded him flatly without much emotion.

"Master, I heard from Lee that you're preparing for the entrance exam recently? Is this true?" he asked, surprised. With Master's talents, there's no need to take any entrance exam! he pondered. She can just pick a music school and be a professor there.

On the other hand, Janet didn't reply as she knew that he already found out everything from Lee.

Sniggering, he said, "It's alright if you're not telling me, Master. The flight is taking off soon so I'm hanging up now." With that, he ended the call.

Subsequently, congratulatory messages started popping up in her group chat with Desire, Lara and Sarah.

Desire: 'Boss, I missed the last time you were painting; I must attend this live performance.'

Lara: 'Yes, you have to. Everyone else should go too!'

Sarah: 'I'm still on a mission in Markovia. Should I attend as well?'

As Janet read the messages in the group chat, the look on her face grew even more annoyed and she typed in a few words with her slender fingers deftly, 'Are you guys too free? Should I assign tasks to everyone?'

Silence fell over the group chat a few seconds after her message was sent out. In fact, nobody dared to start another chat for the whole evening.

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The next day when Janet and the Beasts arrived in Class F, they were greeted with a commotion. Even the students from Class A, who were usually as quiet as a mouse, were part of the commotion on the corridor.

"Have you seen the preview of the music video of 'Heaven on Earth'?"

"I've seen it; Sweet Tune Guru's back is stunning!"

"Exactly! Walter is very handsome too!"

"When it comes to looks, I think Gordon is more good looking."

"Both of them are different types of good looking guys, alright?"

"I don't care for them at all; all I care about is Sweet Tune Guru."

Meanwhile, Gordon was barricaded by fans of Sweet Tune Guru hankering him for details about her. "Gordon, please tell us; is Sweet Tune Guru beautiful?"

"Yeah, you must have seen her in person before since you're working with her, right?"

"There's no need to ask. She must be beautiful, right?"

Overwhelmed with questions, Gordon was unable to answer all of them and kept signaling for Janet's help with his eyes. However, she merely grinned and ignored him. The moment she sat down, her classmates from Class F surrounded her and one of them took out some rare tickets.

"Janet, this ticket is for you. Let's watch the show together."

Looking up, Janet appeared a little startled when she took the ticket. Looks like the students in Class F are improving.

Everyone showered looks of envy at her and exclaimed, "Aren't there only ten thousand of the tickets to this live show? How did you get two of them?"

"Yeah, these tickets are really hard to come by now!"

"I used more than ten accounts to purchase the tickets but I still didn't get any!"

Not only was it rare, the ticket for the live performance of 'Heaven on Earth' was also extremely pricey.

"My uncle works in the entertainment industry so it was easy for me to get it!" the student replied with a smile.

"That's amazing, I want a ticket as well. Then, I can die without regrets after seeing Sweet Tune Guru in person!"

While everyone was complaining, Emily passed by Class F with two tickets and raised her voice on purpose, saying, "Is it that rare? It's just two tickets; there's no need to make yourself look like a country bumpkin who has never seen the world." Sure enough, she wanted Janet to hear every word she said.

Yesterday, she had pleaded with Brian for the tickets and he had given two of them to her readily, telling her that the one was meant for Janet. Despite that, from the looks of it now, it seemed like the country bumpkin didn't know how to appreciate music at all. It would be a waste to give it to her and she would rather feed the ticket to the dogs.

"My father spent a lot of money to get these tickets!" Emily said haughtily and gleefully.

The students in the corridor were all envious at her claim. "Your father loves you so much!"

“Yeah, one ticket costs hundreds of thousands.”

“My goodness, you’re really as precious as a princess in the family! That’s so blissful!”

“Her father, Brian Jackson, has a rather huge company. This is peanuts to him!”

“I’ve heard of the Jacksons—they’re one of the richest in Sandfort City!”

Emily’s spirits lifted at their praise as she loved being complimented and envied by others. Nevertheless, the students from Class F couldn’t stand her behavior and scowled, “Isn’t it just two tickets? There’s no need to show off. Someone from our class has it as well!”

“Yes. I’m only showing off because you don’t have it,” she said indifferently, glaring at them. “Just shut your mouth if you don’t have it, you annoying pauper!”

“Hmph! Do you think we care?” The students from Class F glanced at her as though she was a retard.

“Annoying pauper, I’m not wasting my time on you,” Emily snorted and sashayed back to Class A.

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The students gritted their teeth at Emily; when one was too flashy and did something to the extreme, things would only backfire!

After the first lesson in the afternoon, Janet left the school for a while and returned with a stack in hand. When her classmates saw that, their hearts sank. Is this another test paper for us? But it’s already been two days since the exam and the teachers have started correcting the papers. It’s far too late for any revision now...

“Janet, is this another test paper?” her classmates wailed as they glued their eyes to the unknown stack of papers.

Placing the stack on the class monitor's desk, she said casually, "These are the tickets to the live show of 'Heaven on Earth'. Hand them out and return the leftovers to my desk."

Everyone was flabbergasted and froze on the spot at her words. What's she talking about? The tickets to the live show of 'Heaven on Earth'?

Hooking Janet's arm, Abby asked in confusion, "Janet, how did you get these tickets?" There were more than thirty people in the class and each ticket cost hundreds of thousands, so the whole stack would be worth several million. Furthermore, money couldn't even buy these tickets and it was not news that they were extremely hard to come by.

With a wave of her hand, Janet replied flatly, "Oh, my friend's company wanted to watch it with all their staff, but they had to work overtime at the last minute and couldn't attend. So these were given to me."

Friend? Janet has such a rich friend? Abby wondered. It's not surprising that she was able to get a discount at Leaping Dragon Hotel the last time. Maybe she even has friends all over the world.

Seeing this, everyone went to take the tickets in relief. However, the moment they received the tickets, they froze with shock again as the signatures of Gordon, Walter and Sweet Tune Guru could be seen on the ticket.

They stammered in utter disbelief, "Janet, t-the signature on this is...?"

Janet lifted her eyes and said impassively, "Yeah."

"Did your friend trick you? Everyone knows it's impossible to have any signatures on the tickets except if it came from Gordon, Walter and Sweet Tune Guru themselves!" It was even more rare to have tickets with signatures on them and it was said that there were only a hundred pieces of such tickets. But more than thirty of them were now in the hands of Class F students?

"I don't think he tricked me, so don't worry." Even though she was calm, she also sounded highly confident.

With her words as assurance, everyone put their minds at ease. After all, Janet even knew the boss of Leaping Dragon Hotel, so maybe the friend who gave her the tickets was also a famous and influential person.

"This is amazing, I'll get to meet my goddess soon," they exclaimed with the tickets in their hands.

"You're too kind, Janet."

"Thank you, Janet!"

...

In the president's office of Lowry Family Conglomerate, Henry pushed through the door with two tickets in his hand. "Young Master Mason, I brought you the tickets!"

These were VIP seats tickets which offered an uninhibited view to watch the beauty on stage. The edges of Henry's lips twitched. Soon, I'll be able to see this so-called Sweet Tune Guru, he thought expectantly.

Placing the tickets on the desk, he saw that Mason didn't seem interested as he was fully engrossed in the book he was reading. Peering closely, he asked in curiosity, "Young Master Mason, what are you reading?"

As soon as he saw the book's title clearly, his curiosity morphed into exasperation. "The CEO's 99-Day Contract Lover"? Since when have you developed an interest for comics, Young Master Mason?" Moreover, it was a romance comic involving a CEO.

Mason placed down the comic book in his hand and asked solemnly, "Henry, do you think the methods mentioned in it like captivity, plundering and the like will work?"

At that moment, Henry happened to be taking a sip of water and he spit it out when he heard him. "Young Master Mason, what age are we living in now? How could you still think about captivity and plundering? Knowing Miss Janet, she's bound to hate you for a lifetime!"

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Henry was speechless. The man that everyone referred to as the 'devil' was just an idiot who didn't know how to love. Mason nodded in agreement. If he really did such a thing, the young woman would definitely fight tooth and nail with him. Maybe she would even hate him for a lifetime. No, that won't do. He had to think of another way.

Seeing Mason's distressed look, Henry gave him some advice. "You should love her, spoil her, care for her, and protect her. That's how you get a woman's heart."

Listening to Henry's advice, Mason's expression instantly became dark. He had done this a long time ago but Janet was still unmoved by him. She was truly a difficult woman. He should take it slow. After all, a watched pot would never boil. Perhaps, he might even push the one he loved far away by being too impatient.

...

Meanwhile at the Hunter residence, Jessie was destroying furniture in the bedroom like a lunatic. Although the MV of 'Heaven on Earth' was a hit, the netizens were mostly discussing Walter, Gordon and Miss Sweet Tune. No one was talking about her at all. This so-called 'Sweet Tune Guru' in particular had been trending on Twitter for two consecutive days.

The people who bought tickets online all did so for 'Sweet Tune Guru', and not for her, the female lead. Why? Why should she, the female lead, lose to a mere composer?

Seeing Jessie's rage, the servants dared not open their mouths. They could only clean up the mess silently. The more Jessie thought about it, the more angry she was. Using her slender thighs, she kicked a servant's back hard to vent her frustration.

"Ow! Miss Hunter, what did I do wrong?" The servant was kicked so hard that his back hurt. Holding back tears, he voiced out his question.

"Get out of here!" Jessie shouted fiercely.

"Of course!"

Looking at the servant's back, Jessie became more and more furious. The very next second, she took out her cell phone and dialed her manager's number. "Pay Twitter to make me a trending topic. I want to beat that bullsh*t composer!" Jessie shouted hoarsely.

The manager seemed to be used to Jessie's behavior and promises came from the other end of the line repeatedly. After Jessie hung up the phone, she took a picture and was about to post it on Twitter to amass some fans when she suddenly found that the video of Janet practicing was still in her phone's gallery. She shot this video when she was kicked out of the practice room on their first meeting. At that time, she felt that the composer was amazing, but now she just found her disgusting.

Suddenly, a thought flashed through her mind. Didn't the audience come for the bullsh*t composer? Then, she would make the show even more lively. She looked at the female figure in the video and snorted softly. Since that woman went against her, she would make her regret it for a lifetime.

...

Soon, it was Saturday night, and there were thousands of people outside the National Stadium in Sandfort City. The performance had not yet started but the fans outside were already screaming frantically. The crowd that was originally packed like sardines became orderly with the arrival of a blue Maybach.

The security guard standing outside the entrance helped open the car door. Then, a gentleman walked out from the car, his back ramrod straight. People recognized him in an instant.

"Is that Roxy? Roxy is here?"

"What? You mean that man is Roxy?"

"Ah! I recognize him too. He is the legendary genius composer Roxy, right? The one who produces 50 songs a year?"

"Damn! 50 songs a year?"

"Yes, it's him!"

"Why did he come to the performance of 'Heaven on Earth'?"

“Is it because of Sweet Tune Guru?”

“Impossible. Someone on Twitter said that he had some conflict with Sweet Tune Guru. Anyway, their relationship is very complicated. They are now arch nemesis.”

“Then did he come for Jessie Hunter?”

“Come to think of it, is Roxy and Jessie in a romantic relationship?”

That moment, the audience started to whisper excitedly to one another, which added a bit of mystery to this performance.

When the host saw Roxy, the music genius of Markovia, he couldn't help taking a deep breath.

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The host hurriedly stepped forward to block Roxy's way. “Roxy? Why are you here? You're not on the VIP list tonight!” As he said that, he handed the microphone to Roxy.

Roxy laughed. “I'm here to cheer for an old friend.”

The host gasped. “Old friend? Who's the old friend of a music genius like you? Can you tell us?”

“I'm sorry,” Roxy said calmly. “She likes to keep a low profile.”

The host shrugged upon hearing that. “Alright then!”

With that, Roxy entered the venue in advance.

Meanwhile in the backstage dressing room, the director looked at Janet in shock and couldn't help but jokingly say, "Sweet Tune Guru, isn't your attire a bit much?" Not only was she wearing a mask, she was also wearing four-inch heels. What was going on?

Hearing this, the corners of Janet's lips tilted up. "Director, my manager has communicated with you in advance about this matter and you all have agreed."

The director wiped away the cold sweat on his forehead and laughed awkwardly. He only managed to invite this Sweet Tune Guru with great difficulty so he should keep his mouth shut and not offend her, which might cause her to leave, in which case, he would suffer a huge loss.

"Don't worry; I won't leave." Janet was amused by the sweat on the director's forehead.

The director was overjoyed when he heard her words. Trying to butter her up, he said, "Sweet Tune Guru, is there anything else that you need?"

Janet squinted her eyes slightly. After thinking about it, she casually said, "Find a makeup artist for me. I want a special updo."

Hearing this, the director quickly assigned three makeup artists from Jessie's dressing room to her and said with a serious expression, "Do whatever Sweet Tune Guru requests. Make sure she's satisfied."

"Understood, director!"

Janet shook her head wordlessly. She just wanted a different hairstyle. It would be even better if the hairstyle was so outlandish that no one could recognize her at a close distance.

Jessie watched as the makeup artist serving her was called by the director to the bullsh*t composer's dressing room. She gritted her teeth, looking forward to seeing her being embarrassed tonight. Thinking of this, the corner of Jessie's mouth turned upward into a cryptic smile.

...

Outside the National Stadium, the staff had started to verify tickets. Several wealthy families of the students in Class A whispered among each other while holding the tickets.

"Have you heard? The tickets of the Class F students were given by Janet!"

"No way. How can Janet have so many tickets?"

"Impossible. These tickets are worth hundreds of thousands. How can she have the money to buy so many?"

"Could they be fake?"

"I think they're probably fake!"

"Perhaps she bought them from a scalper."

"How shameless. She'll go to such great lengths for the sake of her pride."

"I knew she couldn't afford tickets."

"What a poser."

Upon hearing this, an initially shocked Emily sneered and mocked, "I'm really looking forward to seeing the embarrassing scene of the Class F students being driven out by the staff with Janet's ticket in their hands."

Hearing Emily's words, the people in Class A also laughed. Suddenly, one of the girls recognized Abby and she asked, "Aren't those students from Class F?"

A group of people were following Abby.

"Ha! The tickets will be checked in a while. Do you think they will be driven out by the security?"

"For sure. I have to record that scene."

"Hmph, the people from Class F are simply a shame to our Star High School!"

But the very next second, everyone's jaw dropped. They saw that the ticket in Abby's hand was successfully verified. Everyone was shocked. "What's going on?"

"Isn't it fake?"

"How could Janet get real tickets? She's amazing!"

"Hmph! What's so amazing about her?" Emily lowered her head and prepared to take out her phone to take pictures of the students from Class F being driven out. She also muttered, "You all should know how 'amazing' she is. She just knows how to feed pigs, as well as herd cows and sheep! She even dared to call herself Master Nato. She's nothing out of the ordinary!"

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Seeing that no one answered her, Emily couldn't help but sneer and say to Madelaine, "Did you hear me? Janet is a lying, scheming girl."

Madelaine was still in a state of shock. Voice trembling, she said, "B-But... Abby's ticket was successfully verified."

"What?" Successfully verified? Emily looked at Madelaine with a dazed expression and then looked at Abby standing in front of her. It wasn't long before rage started coursing through her veins. She shook her head incredulously and muttered to herself, "How did Janet get so many tickets? Not to mention they're all real."

"I-I don't know either!" Madelaine froze in place, unable to speak clearly.

Could it be that Brian gave them to Janet? This idea flashed through Emily's mind but she quickly shot it down. Even if Brian loved her a lot, he would never spend millions to buy her tickets... She really didn't understand Janet.

The atmosphere outside the National Stadium was very lively, with the audience cheering and screaming non-stop. Meanwhile, the people backstage were extremely nervous and excited. After getting his makeup done, Walter walked to Janet's dressing room and took a

few peeks at her. Emotions filled his eyes as he said, "Janet, you're completely unrecognizable."

She had on a floor-length white dress and her pair of silver high heels peeked out from under her skirt. She had a silver mask on, and her long curly hair was somewhat charming and sexy.

Gordon smiled slightly. "She wants to be lowkey. There are so many people present; I'm sure Janet is afraid of being recognized."

Janet leaned back on the stool casually as she opened her eyes and asked impassively, "Is the performance about to start?"

Walter said lightly, "The female lead is still having her makeup done."

Janet nodded and fell silent. Within a few minutes, the staff backstage informed Jessie, "Jessie, get ready. The performance is to start."

Jessie smiled. "Okay."

The staff members wiped their sweat. Did Miss Hunter win the lottery today? Why was she in such a good mood? Usually, she would yell at them for hurrying her.

...

Outside the stadium, Abby took a few videos and muttered, "It's a shame that Janet isn't coming."

The people of Class F nodded. "It can't be helped though. Janet doesn't like noisy places."

"Then let's take more videos today and show her when we return."

"Alright, sounds good!"

As an investor, Henry had VVIP tickets and didn't need to get his tickets checked. As long as Henry showed up, he could have access to the member seats up front.

Seeing that a member came in without getting their tickets checked, the staff quickly notified the director to come and welcome the guest. The director immediately came out from backstage. "Oh, why didn't you tell me that you're coming, Young Master Moss?"

When the director heard that Mason, the head of the top conglomerate in Sandfort City, had also come, he was flattered. He respectfully said, "Y-You should've told us in advance that you guys are coming. Our staff didn't make the necessary preparations to tend to you!"

Henry smiled. "It's okay. We brought our staff here as well, so there's no need to trouble your staff!"

Mason also nodded casually. Seeing this, the director hurriedly answered in agreement.

"What does 'Sweet Tune Guru' look like?" Henry let out a dry cough and asked the question that he was most concerned about today.

Upon hearing his words, Sweet Tune Guru's face and figure came into the director's mind. His eyes shone brightly and he said with a very exaggerated expression, "S-She's a beauty! Not only is she beautiful, but she is also very capable. We all like her very much!"

"I see!" Henry murmured joyfully to himself.

Mason turned around and said in a faint voice, "You can leave us." Then, the man took on an indifferent look and walked off casually. Mason's slender fingers slowly buttoned his suit and he said with a cold voice, "Henry, come and sit here."

Henry knew clearly what the man was planning. However, he wondered what kind of woman managed to intrigue him so much. Henry followed behind him enthusiastically and looked around while wondering aloud, "Young Master Mason, where do you think Miss Janet is?"

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He waved the high-end pastries prepared by the staff in his hands and said, "Why don't you give some of this to Miss Janet?"

Mason fell silent for a while. He looked at Henry quietly for a few beats before he curled his lips and laughed. "Nah. I'll pick her up after the show," he said in an affectionate tone.

It was definitely not appropriate to send snacks to Janet at such an occasion. After all, her classmates would inevitably start gossiping about their relationship. Time passed quickly and the performance was about to begin.

The director called the four of them together and advised kindly, "Ma'am, miss, I beg you. Please perform well today!"

Jessie was in an unusually good mood. A smile appeared at the corner of her mouth as she said, "Don't worry; I'll definitely not disappoint you during my performance tonight!"

When the director heard this, he was moved and shocked. Jessie was almost like a different person today. He put his hands together as if he was praying.

Seeing this, Janet, Walter, and Gordon were speechless.

One minute later, the excited voice of the host echoed, "The performance of 'Heaven on Earth' is about to begin. Please keep absolutely quiet and respect each of our artists. Please don't throw things on the stage even if you're feeling excited!"

Following the host's announcement, the four people walked into the venue from backstage. Janet followed behind Jessie. Suddenly, a low female voice sounded by Janet's ears, "You like to be in the limelight, right? Today, you'll be the star. A good show is about to unfold!"

Hearing this, Janet looked toward Jessie coldly. Her voice was indifferent and distant as she asked, "What do you mean?"

Jessie curled up the corners of her lips and smiled. "Stop pestering me about it. Instead, you should think about how to protect yourself later!"

Janet fisted her hands and glanced at Jessie coldly. Jessie looked fearless. She didn't believe that she as the Young Lady of the Hunter Family would not be able to beat a mere composer.

When the four walked to the stage, the lights flashed and shone on them. The audience all held their breath and the moment they saw Sweet Tune Guru, the audience exclaimed. Even if she didn't show her face, she still radiated absolute charm. Her mask even added a sense of mystery to her, which made people want to know more about the person under the mask.

"Sweet Tune Guru is so tall. Is she wearing high heels under her dress?"

"No, no. The most important thing is that she actually appeared wearing a mask!"

"Oh no, I just came to see the Sweet Tune Guru. Why did she have to wear a mask?"

"Exactly! I want to see the face of Sweet Tune Guru under the mask."

The voices of opposition from the audience continued to sound, and many people clamored to see the true appearance of Sweet Tune Guru. Fortunately, the host stepped up in time and consoled, "I understand everyone's feelings very well, but our Sweet Tune Guru is also just an ordinary person. She's just a composer and does not wish to reveal her face in public. I hope you all understand, alright?"

When the audience heard what the host said, they started to be more understanding. "Yes, Sweet Tune Guru is just a composer. She doesn't need to rely on her appearance to make a living."

"I think it makes sense. Since we are her fans, we should protect her and support her."

"Sweet Tune Guru, all the best!"

"Sweet Tune Guru, I love you!"

More and more audiences voiced their support for Sweet Tune Guru. Jessie stood on the stage and curled her fingers into a fist. Gritting her teeth, she thought to herself, Ha! Will you all still be so understanding later?

As the prelude of the song sounded, the four bowed politely to the audience before walking to their respective positions. Janet strode in her four-inch high heels and walked straight to the piano before taking a seat.

Sweet Tune Guru's song was the spiritual food for her fans. Her music was always full of infinite enthusiasm, freedom and hope for life. Each moment of the song flowed smoothly and happily.

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With her slender fingers on the white piano, Janet's arms moved swiftly with the song. Her eyes were relaxed under the silver mask as if she and the music had become one.

Henry was sitting in the VVIP zone where he had a clear view of the whole stage. He was close to drooling. "I'm sure Sweet Tune has a pair of long legs under that dress of hers." Wiping off the drool on his face, his gaze shifted to a stoic Mason beside him. "I bet they're even nicer than Janet's."

Mason's eyes sharpened as he shot a sidelong glance at Henry, warning him off with a dark and threatening gaze. Upon seeing this, Henry wiped off his sweat stiffly and brought his attention back to the stage.

Meanwhile, the audience did not take their eyes off of the four people on stage. They listened to Sweet Tune Guru play the piano as they admired her appearance. Gradually, the song's pace quickened. If the former part was like a river, then the latter part was like a galloping steed.

At the corner of the VVIP zone, Roxy's eyes widened when he heard Janet's song. The gaze he had only spelled shock. Fantastic! I must say, Master's sense of rhythm is only getting better! He suddenly had a desire to stay and study in Sandfort City.

The contrast between the start and end of the song kept the audience's hearts in their throats as if they would leap out any moment now. After the first part of the song, everyone was clapping and cheering.

"That was so good! Ah! My ears just got knocked up."

"Oh, man. I can die with no regrets now. I love 'Heaven on Earth!'"

"From now on, I'm going to be Sweet Tune Guru's diehard fan!"

"I will be her number one fan!"

"Ah. My idol Walter Lynn is so handsome!"

"Gordon Yaleman, I want to give you the world!"

While the crowd was cheering, the song was also about to reach its climax. Suddenly, a frightening sight was displayed on the screen on stage. It showed the back of a young lady. Because she was wearing a cap and thick clothes, it was impossible to tell who she was.

Coincidentally, she was also playing 'Heaven on Earth' on the piano. The more crucial bit, though, was that the video was taken a few days before Sweet Tune Guru recorded the music video for 'Heaven on Earth'. That meant that Sweet Tune Guru was not the first person to perform this song. Because of regulations within the industry, the original video with an unrecorded song was not allowed to be released to the public. Everyone was well aware of that.

At that moment, the idea of plagiarism crossed everyone's minds. An uproar broke out below the stage.

"What's happening?"

"Does that mean this isn't Sweet Tune Guru's original song?"

"Sweet Tune Guru was a fraud all along!"

The sudden accusations made the people around them lose their rationality and it stirred up some angry yelling.

“Get down from there!”

“I want a refund! I don’t want to listen to this fraud!”

“No wonder she keeps that mask on all the time. This is who she really is!”

“F*ck! You swindler! Give me my money back!”

“One ticket costs several hundred thousand! Was it all wasted on people like you?”

Several people who got worked up even started flinging water bottles onto the stage. Janet was already distracted by the chatter in the crowd when she reached the climax of the song. Under the mask, she tore her eyes away from the piano and looked over at the screen. Her eyes widened and an icy chill grew in them. Was this what Jessie warned me to be careful about?

Glaring at the screen, a sense of danger and foreboding escaped through her charismatic eyes. When she saw the date the video was recorded on, it just so happened to be the day Jessie made a huge fuss in the practice room. It meant that Jessie had secretly taken this video of her practicing through the small crack in the door. The purpose of displaying it on stage now was to show everyone that Sweet Tune Guru was a fraud.

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That was an unexpectedly smart move. It perfectly explained her attitude today.

“Turn it off!” The director who was initially enjoying the performance backstage was alerted by the current situation.

What is this?

How did this happen?

Who is that in the video?

The director was also astounded by the sudden turn of events. In all his years as a director, something like this had never happened before.

His reaction, however, seemed to have reinforced the audience's assumptions. "Get down from that stage you bullsh*t composer!"

"Return our money to us you bullsh*t composer!"

"We want a refund!"

"You fraud! I'm going to record all of this and share it on Twitter!"

"Yeah, record it! This is infuriating!"

"A group of con artists! They cheated us of our money! Curse them!"

Suddenly, a group of people from the audience started throwing rotten eggs at the stage and the stage began to reek of a foul odor.

Seeing that the audience was getting out of control, the director promptly led the four of them off the stage first.

Amidst the chaos, Jessie had a relaxed smile on her face. Raising an eyebrow, she looked at Janet with a contemplative look on her face and mouthed, "You're over!"

Janet's eyebrows shot up. Her rage was about to hit the roof.

Under the guidance of the director and staff, the four of them made it backstage.

Walter and Gordon, who were already there, were clearly on Janet's side, but there was nothing they could do since they had no proof to say otherwise.

With an arched back, Jessie walked back to her dressing room. After this bullsh*t composer gets ousted by the director, it'll be over for her—on top of having this incident on her record.

From now on, not only will her reputation be ruined, but she would also have to compensate for her breach of contract.

At the thought of that, Jessie's steps became lighter.

Janet was staring at Jessie's back with her dark eyes. The chill in her gaze looked like it could melt someone and her ruthlessness became apparent on the corner of her lips.

After taking a seat on the stool, Janet took off her heels and mask. She faced Walter and Gordon with a calm and collected expression. "If the director asks for me, just tell him you don't know where I am."

Walter looked puzzled. "What is this? How did this happen?"

Behind her, Gordon chirped, "Someone is trying to sabotage Janet!"

Janet did not have time to explain. Once she gave them the instructions and her stage accessories, she immediately left the place.

Meanwhile, Gordon and Walter quickly went to hunt down whoever was in the projection room.

The person who was trying to sabotage Janet might still be there.

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In the VVIP zone, Henry was also dumbfounded by the abrupt situation.

Did this concert fall through?

The five billion he invested was also gone with the wind.

Moreover, he was now disappointed in Sweet Tune Guru.

People backstage started an emergency meeting.

It was rare for Henry to look so stern. Hitting the table, he growled, "What was that video about?"

Because he was the major sponsor of this concert, the director was too afraid to offend him.

With paled lips, the director wiped off the sweat on his face and looked like he still had not recovered from what happened earlier.

"A-About this incident, our workers backstage have gone to investigate. Please wait for a bit, Young Master Moss!"

Henry glowered at him and his voice sounded threatening. "Bring Sweet Tune here now to clarify the situation!"

The director immediately had one of his workers go and get her.

A few minutes later, the worker came back with a troubled expression. "D-Director... Sweet Tune Guru ran off."

"What?" The director slapped his own lap and nearly jumped up. He practically yelled, "Then, did you find out who was behind this?"

"When we went to the projection room, it was already empty!" The worker shook his head; he was completely in distress.

Henry slammed the table and pinched the bridge of his nose. "I hope the person in charge can give me an explanation for the incident today. Who is going to be responsible for such a big loss?"

The director wiped his sweat off. "Please give us some time, Young Master Moss. We'll get to the bottom of it!"

Sir, You Don't Know Your Wife Chapter 251

If Henry discovered who the culprit was, he was going to tear that person into pieces.

Whoever stood in the way of his fortune would have an eternal animosity with him.

“You guys can keep discussing. I’m going to leave first.”

Mason suddenly remembered that Janet was still in the auditorium.

After what happened, the audience went completely mad. They could have trampled over her.

At the thought of that, he could not stay by Henry’s side any longer.

To Henry, five billion was not a large sum of money.

The reason he was unhappy was that his impression of Sweet Tune Guru had been ruined.

Mason immediately called Janet and the call quickly went through.

His low voice carried some concern. “Where are you? I’ll come and get you.”

However, Janet answered nonchalantly, “I’m fine. I made it out!”

He was still worried. “Wait for me at the doors. I’ll head over right now!”

“N-No. I’m with my friends. It won’t be too convenient.”

“Wait for me at the exit!” His voice was indifferent but it was forceful and even a little unhappy.

Blinking her eyes, she rebuked, “You can’t tell me what to do!”

After hearing that, his eyes turned gloomy. “I know your personality, but I just want to make sure you’re safe.”

Then, he hung up the call.

His fierce gaze swept over the people behind him. “You guys can leave first!”

They murmured an acknowledgment and bowed, then proceeded to drive away in their cars.

Janet stared at her phone blankly for a while. It was the first time Mason had hung up on her.

Even though he was overbearing, he was only looking out for her, which made it impossible for her to refuse him.

“Come here.” The low voice came from her left.

She was kicking a discarded concert cheering thingamabob for Sweet Tune Guru when she looked up to her left and saw the tall and sturdy man.

She walked over calmly.

“Where are your friends?” He gently stroked her smooth cheek and said out of habit, “You’re so cold.”

She hesitated before making up an excuse. “My friends left. If they saw you, they wouldn’t want to be friends with me anymore.”

His expression was completely calm and his tone was unusually hoarse. “In that case, I’ll buy you supper as compensation.”

The corners of her lips twitched.

She only wanted to hurry home and find out what happened tonight.

He noticed her faint expression and frowned. “You don’t want to? Then, I’ll just take you home.”

She fell silent for a moment then agreed with him.

...

Inside the car, her eyes were slightly narrowed. The director probably has people looking for me right now.

If nothing unexpected happened, she would probably be the most wanted person tonight.

She let out a scoff.

Mason glanced over at her briefly but seemed indifferent.

Just then, Janet's phone started to ring. After taking a look at it, she answered the call.

"Master, are you okay? What was that video about?" Roxy sounded anxious on the other end.

Did that wench put up the video in that setting on purpose? Not only did it ruin Sweet Tune Guru's reputation, but now she'll have to pay a large sum of money for breach of contract.

Janet turned her head away slightly and switched the phone over to her other ear. She murmured softly, "I'm fine. I'll tell you the details later."

The man with gloomy eyes in the driver's seat listened to her conversation without much of a reaction.

When she hung up the phone, his voice sounded a bit perplexed as he probed, "If you know that guy, Walter Lynn, do you also know Sweet Tune Guru?"

She did not expect that question from him. Turning to the side, she said, "Not really. Why?"

"Henry invested in the performance today. I wanted to ask on his behalf." The look in Mason's eyes was sullen.

"How much?"

"Five billion!"

Five billion?

The corner of her lips twitched. Dumb and rich.