

Sir, You Don't Know Your Wife Chapter 7

In Jackson's villa, Janet reached home and saw Megan. After saying her greetings, she locked herself in the room.

Megan's expression was gloomy as she intermittently glanced at the room on the second floor.

The villa was quiet; only her sighs could be heard.

It was only when another girl appeared that a smile finally showed on her face.

"Mommy, I'm back."

Upon seeing that Emily had returned, Megan put on a kind and caring smile.

"Emily, you are back. Are you hungry? I'll ask the housekeeper to prepare something for you to eat."

Emily shook her head. "I'm not hungry. Mommy, are you tired? Let me give you a back massage."

Megan nodded with a wide grin on her face.

The only person she could rely on was this daughter of hers, who wasn't even her biological daughter—her biological daughter treated her like an enemy.

She gave her trouble after attending school for just a few days. Today, the teacher from Star High School specially gave them a call to tell her that Janet didn't pay attention in class and flirted with boys.

Sigh, it was really embarrassing. Brian and my reputation, which we had maintained for all our lives, were destroyed at the hands of Janet.

“Mommy, is Janet home?”

Megan pouted while casting a glance at the second floor from the corner of her eyes. “She’s upstairs. Emily, help me to give her some advice.”

Emily patted on Megan’s back and consoled her, “Mommy, don’t worry. Although she isn’t serious in school, I’ll help to supervise her.”

Megan nodded as she didn’t know what else she could do.

Only this daughter is reliable.

When Emily went upstairs and knocked on the door, she intentionally pulled the window open to peek inside.

She saw Janet holding the most recent auction magazine in her hand while intermittently turning on her phone to send some text messages.

Emily found her ridiculous. She’s reading an auction magazine? Such a show-off!

However, Janet had long discovered Emily’s sneaky behaviors, but she didn’t expose her; she continued to chat on her phone instead.

Desire: ‘Janet, the Bronze Bull Head that we got from the UN auction has been returned to the government.’

Janet: ‘Okay. I’m comfortable with leaving the matter to you.’

Desire: ‘Janet, the reporter from Sandfort City wants to interview you about your thoughts on returning the cultural relics, and the mayor wants to see you too.’

Janet: ‘I’m busy. Reject them.’

Desire: ‘You refuse to meet them on such important occasions? Janet, what have you been up to lately?’

Janet replied, 'I'm busy preparing for an exam.' Then, she went offline.

Desire, who was in the middle of a task and finally managed to squeeze out some spare time, was dumbfounded.

The boss still needs to take exams? What exam? Driving license? Diving license... What else does she not have?

Right after Janet kept away her phone, Emily knocked on her door. "Janet, can I come in?"

Hearing her pitiful tone, Janet couldn't bear to keep her out.

"What's wrong?"

"Mommy is worried about you, so she asked me to come up to check on you."

"I'm fine. Is there anything else?" she casually asked, raising her ending tone.

Emily bit on her lips, as if she was going to burst into tears the next second. "Janet, is it true that you hate me? Do you hate me for snatching away your mother's love? Or perhaps because you hate me for refusing to leave?" As she spoke, tears welled up in her eyes. "But I'm innocent too! Janet, can you not treat me so coldly?" With tears streaming down her cheeks, she looked at Janet pitifully.

Janet, on the other hand, wore a smile while coldly watching her putting on an act.

"Stop crying!" She got up. Ignoring Emily, she turned around to leave her room, but she then turned back to Emily and uttered, "I can't be bothered to hate you."

Hearing that, Emily tightly clenched her fists. She looked at Janet's back view before wiping her tears away forcefully.

At that moment, the maid happened to have finished preparing their meal, so she yelled, "Miss Janet, Miss Emily, come down to eat."

At the dining table, Brian and Megan initially planned to avoid the topic about school, but Emily unexpectedly brought it up.

"Come to think of it, daddy, mommy, we are having our trial exam this Friday."

Megan smiled and nodded. "Emily, do your best! I'm sure that you can do it."

This daughter had never made her worry—she was extremely self-disciplined in both her studies and life!

Janet, who was eating with her head lowered, paused for a moment before resignedly continuing to eat.

I'll never have this kind of relationship with my family for my whole life.

Brian cast a cryptic glance at Janet. He then coughed and uttered, "Emily, you need to help your sister more with her studies!"

Emily finished her meal and wiped her mouth elegantly before she incidentally mentioned, "Daddy, I understand. Today, I helped her to answer some questions that she couldn't answer."

Her words made Brian feel awkward again, so he could only silently nod. "Good."

The next day, Janet played games for the whole morning. There was an advantage for sitting behind—the teacher couldn't clearly see what she was doing. The class teacher nodded, feeling pleased and content. Students from the village are expectedly hardworking.

When it was lunch hour, Gordon obediently wanted to help Janet to buy lunch.

After he had left, Abby suddenly walked over to Janet. "Janet, someone's looking for you."

Janet glanced at the door. A hint of coldness appeared in her eyes, and her red lips slightly curled upward.

Tsk, I've just been here for two days, and there's already someone knocking at the door.

Abby couldn't hold back herself and whispered, "It's better that you don't go."

Janet darted a glance at her and patted on her shoulder. "Don't worry." After she said that, she walked out of the classroom.

Looking at Janet's back view, Emily felt delighted. This bumpkin is finally going to be taught a lesson.

She intended to wait in the classroom to watch her come back after being humiliated.

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The moment Janet walked out from the classroom, she was surrounded by a group of people.

One of the people surrounding her was the most beautiful female student of their school—Jennifer Lewis. She had heavy makeup with eye-catching earrings and rings; her looks suggested that she was a person that one couldn't easily mess with.

"Hey! You are here."

Janet's tone was cold. "Who are you?"

Jennifer squinted her eyes; her gaze that was cast at Janet was filled with loathing. She uttered maliciously, "I'm Jennifer Lewis from Class B. I have some business with you. Come with me."

The students in the class chattered among themselves.

"This newbie is going to get beaten. I feel sorry for her."

"She kept talking to Young Master Yaleman yesterday. It's no wonder that she is going to be beaten."

"It's her own fault because she kept talking to Young Master Yaleman. Serves her right!"

"Stop talking. Let's go and check it out!"

Jennifer brought Janet to a corner in the hallway.

Looking at this village bumpkin, a shred of contempt flashed across her eyes. Although she had fair complexion and her face was small and delicate, all these were overshadowed by the air of poverty on her, which made people feel disgusted by her.

The loathing in her eyes became more obvious. Pointing at Janet's nose, she warned, "Barbarian, remember this—don't you dare speak to Young Master Yaleman again after this. Otherwise—"

“Pffft!” Hearing that, Janet chuckled. Her phoenix eyes lazily peered at this delinquent teenage girl before her red lips parted. “Otherwise?”

Jennifer sneered, “Otherwise... I’ll let you have a taste of my fist.”