

# Sir, You Don't Know Your Wife Chapter 781

"That's right. Do you honestly believe Janet doesn't read Lady Rose's books just because she says so? Who knows? Maybe she does read her books in secret!"

"No way! Janet is not someone who would do something like that and there's no reason for her to cheat!" Summer craned her neck as she argued with the others.

"Pfft! It's not as if it's impossible. Think about it—she didn't take her first board exam so she's trying to prove her capabilities through this one, and she did it by plagiarizing Lady Rose's work. There's nothing far-fetched about that!"

"Exactly. If she really is as capable as she makes herself out to be, she wouldn't have missed out on the first board exam, would she?"

Someone sniggered. "You guys don't have to speak up for her. I think she's going to be expelled in the next two days!"

Janet hovered by the door for a moment, then strode into the lecture hall, her expression unreadable.

When they saw Janet making her entrance, Abby, Sharon and Summer looked at her with panic in their eyes.

"Janet, I believe you! We know you didn't plagiarize anything."

"That's right. I believe you, too!"

"Yeah! We'll just wait for our papers to be returned, then we'll show them!" All three of them were so adamant on speaking up for her that Janet was rendered speechless for a moment.

However, one of her classmates then quipped, "We don't mind waiting. We'll just take her paper and compare it to Lady Rose's work, then we'll know for sure."

"Exactly. If it can be proven that you did not plagiarize, then we'll apologize to you on the spot! But if you did cheat off of our dear Lady Rose's work, then I'm going to report to the headmaster and have you expelled!"

"I agree. We'll apologize to you personally if we've wrongly accused you in this matter."

These crazed fans of Lady Rose's were all giving warnings to Janet, refusing to allow anyone to rip off their favorite author.

Meanwhile, Janet simply gazed at them and smiled leisurely, looking devilish as she said, "Whatever."

Hazel and Madelaine stood outside the hall, secretly observing the scene before them.

Hazel's eyes narrowed into slits as she watched the drama unfold within the hall.

It was only yesterday when she had thought about letting Janet off the hook if the wretched girl admitted her mistakes. If she were to do that, Hazel wouldn't have put up her exam scroll on the bulletin board.

However, she didn't think that Janet would be so headstrong, and she was only getting worse.

Seeing that Janet was as arrogant as ever, Hazel's expression turned grim and she decided that she had no choice but to teach her a lesson.

Madelaine, on the other hand, was more than happy to see Janet ostracized like this. "Hazel, you're a genius! I can't believe you managed to get your hands on the evidence so quickly!"

Hazel ducked her head and chuckled. "It's all thanks to you, otherwise I wouldn't have known how to get everyone's attention on this."

Emily was the one who had introduced Madelaine to Hazel yesterday.

If only the both of them had met sooner!

Following the introduction, it was Madelaine who had come up with the brilliant plan of posting the exposé on Reddit.

Now that she thought about it, she was used to doing things like this with Emily back in the day when the both of them were in Star High School.

Ever since Lynette's expulsion and subsequent exile from Sandfort City, Madelaine had not been able to find someone with whom she could scheme against Janet. For the past couple of days, all she did was worry about how she was going to take down Janet—then Emily introduced her to Hazel.

A girl like Hazel, whose father was President of the Yobirl National Council, had stature and a reputation that far exceeded Emily's. Madelaine felt important just to be seen as Hazel's friend.

"Now all we have to do is wait for the papers to be handed back, then you can steal hers and pass it to me. I'll personally put up her exam scroll up on the bulletin board!" Madelaine looked content as she said this.

Hazel nodded. "Got it. She won't be able to get away with this so easily once we're done."

"Yes, and that's exactly what we want," Madelaine agreed, then turned to look at Hazel imploringly. "Hazel, why don't you go in there and ask Janet about this? Let's see how she'll react!"

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Hazel fell silent and after a moment of contemplation, she nodded. "I'll go ask her."

Madelaine watched as Hazel entered the lecture hall, a smirk playing on her lips.

Turns out Hazel is far easier to manipulate compared to Emily.

She had been puppeted by Emily all the time before this, but now there was another girl who was more dim-witted than her.

Presently, Hazel made her way to Janet and immediately switched her expression to one of compassion. She sounded concerned as she asked, "Janet, I'm sure with your abilities, there's no need for you to plagiarize anyone's work at all."

Janet glanced up at her briefly and upon seeing the friendly smile on the girl's face, she couldn't help but smirk. "Thank you for your concern, Hazel," she said in a clipped voice, then looked down once more as she played with her phone.

Hazel eyed her with empathy and she continued, "Even if you did plagiarize, wouldn't it be better for you to come right out and confess it? Lady Rose's fans won't blame you; after all, everyone makes mistakes when they're young."

Having heard this, Janet looked up but from her peripheral view, she could see that there was a figure that moved swiftly outside the door, and her mind put together the pieces immediately.

This time, she answered, "Thanks for the advice but I did not plagiarize anything."

Hazel's lips twitched into a wide smile and she replied, "Well, that's a relief to hear. I hope you know what you're doing."

It was then that Hazel thought about how much of an oddball Janet was. How can she refuse to admit to her crime even as she's about to walk off the plank? Is she only going to confess after seeing her paper plastered up on the bulletin board?

How shameless! I can't even believe people like her exist!

It was six in the evening—the teahouse was a quiet place, with a calm ambience that was often preferred by those who came for tea.

Sean was seated next to him and aside from his company, Mason brought nothing else with him—except the revolver that was secretly strapped to his waist.

If Rose so much as played any funny games with him, he would not hesitate to let the bullet bring her to meet her maker.

Just as Mason was deep in thought, an uproar came from outside the teahouse.

“Holy crap, look at this lady! She’s driving a sports car!”

“She’s awesome! She has to be a professional racer!”

“My goodness! Isn’t this sports car model a limited edition?”

“It is! I think there’s only three of them in the whole world!”

“I remember both Dark Shadow and Night Shadow have one each, but I have no idea of the owner behind the third one.”

“Is she one of the three people who own the model?”

Upon hearing the commotion, Mason craned his neck and peered outside.

All he could see was a woman behind the wheel of a sports car, and she was casually pulling up at the teahouse.

After that, she got down from the car in a leisurely manner, holding her keys in an enigmatic way.

If he didn’t detest her face so much, he would have thought she was Jan.

Mason scoffed inwardly, a corner of his lips pulling up into a contemptuous smirk.

Even if Rose looked like Jan, she was still a sly and cunning woman who could never be as kind as the latter.

Just then, the sound of footsteps approached him, followed by a female voice who called out, “Are you the head of Black Rain?”

The crisp, cold voice snapped Mason out of his thoughts.

He turned around and glowered at the woman whom he had dreamed of strangling.

He was trying his best to suppress his murderous rage. While his eyes gleamed with bloodlust, he quickly composed himself and managed a flat smile. "Rose? Have a seat."

Janet smiled as she took a seat across from him, her eyes gazing into his. She pointed at the man next to him and asked, "Can you please leave?"

Sean did not move until Mason asked him to.

Janet watched as Sean left them before she leaned back in the chair comfortably. She raised a brow in amusement as she drawled, "Were you perhaps fascinated by my driving skills earlier?"

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Anger flashed in Mason's eyes when he heard this, but he retained his composure anyway. "The way you drove reminded me of my wife, is all," he replied flatly then added, "But I can't say much about your skills, since my wife's are far superior than yours."

Janet pushed herself away from her seat and looked at him squarely in the eye. "Oh? So your wife has great driving skills; perhaps I should ask her out for a match."

"My wife is a proper lady. She doesn't hang around with questionable people like you." There was a chill in Mason's words.

Janet shrugged this off as she mused, "Surely your driving skills are up to par. Let's race, shall we?"

"Rose, I don't think you asked to meet me today just so we could go racing," Mason said pointedly, his voice cold.

However, Rose was unfazed as she countered with a relentless tease, "Are you not interested in a match at all?"

His gaze darkened as he appraised her, sensing that there was more to her than met the eye. Short of her proposing a collaboration, there was nothing more that Mason would like to say to her. "Why did you ask to meet me here today?" he demanded icily, not wanting to delve further into meaningless small talk with the woman.

She raised a brow and placed both her palms on the table, assessing him with a sultry gaze as she drawled, "I'll tell you if you race against me."

"No," Mason rejected without hesitation. He was already pushing limits just by meeting Rose alone at the teahouse. He would not allow himself to entertain any woman other than Jan, and he certainly would not be provoked by them.

Meanwhile, Janet knew that he would refuse her. She also knew that things were looking more comical than they were supposed to be, but she only went to such great lengths just so she could poke the bear in him. She also wanted to see how he would react once he found out that she was Rose. If he found out that she and Rose were the same person, would he still think of the latter as a terrible woman? I must find out!

"Are you sure you don't want to race against me? If you do, I'll tell you who I really am," she said in a sing-song voice, deliberately getting on his nerves. Other than the silicone mask that she was wearing, Janet did not try to cover up anything else about herself. She did not try to mask her own scent with fragrances, and she spoke and carried herself the way she usually did.

At that moment, Mason was caught off guard when he picked out a familiar scent. There's something about her scent and the way she carries herself that seems awfully similar to Jan.

Mason frowned as he tried to draw a distinction between this woman and Janet, immersed in his own thoughts.

Janet, on the other hand, noticed that his brows were heavily drawn together, and she smiled as she teased, "Are you okay? Do you feel as though there are some things about me that are similar to your wife?"

Upon hearing this, Mason snapped out of his thoughts and appeared dazed as he looked at her. He crossed his legs defensively, his gaze flickering as he snapped, "If you insist on a race, I'm afraid I must turn you down. You can go back to wherever the hell you came from!"

"Fine." Janet was flippant as she waved her hand dismissively. "Since you're not up for a game, then I won't pester you. I don't want you to hate me more than you already do."

He scoffed and glared at her balefully. "Even if you don't pester me, the mere mention of your name is enough to make me want to murder you."

Janet laughed at this and she smirked as she strutted over to him, her hips swaying enticingly. She reached out a hand and slid it over his waist.

Mason stiffened. He looked down at the dainty and porcelain-like hand that was feeling up his waist and his expression grew thunderous. He stood up roughly and pushed her hand away, feeling the rage consume him as he asked in a fearfully cold voice, "Rose, what do you think you're doing?"

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A small smile appeared on the corners of Janet's lips, and she unhurriedly said, "Boss, you're such a disobedient man!" After saying that, she reached out again to grope the man's waist. This time, her speed was extremely fast—so fast that the man couldn't react in time. Then, she took out the gun and raised her eyebrows at him. "You're hiding a gun. Were you planning to attack me when I let my guard down?"

"You—" The man's expression was very grim.

She calmly took out the silencer and the bullets from the gun and placed them to the side. "Boss, don't get mad... It makes you look ugly."

All of a sudden, the man sneered. His slender fingers lashed out and grabbed her by her shoulders. He mirthlessly said, "Do you think that I won't dare to kill you?"

She blinked. "Boss, you won't get out of here alive if you kill me."

The man's expression changed with those words. I nearly forgot! This sly woman has this entire place booby-trapped. And, I stupidly brought a gun here... If I make my move now, Sean and I might not leave this place alive. This woman is truly unbelievable!

"I won't touch you." The man's eyes became slightly colder. "If you have nothing more to discuss, I will take my leave." I'm so stupid; I'm such a fool. How could I believe this woman's words so easily?

"Don't leave just yet!" The corners of her mouth lifted into a sneer. Then, she swiftly stood in front of the man, reached out, and snatched the mask off his face.

In an instant, Mason's eyes turned dark. His mask coming off meant that his identity as the most powerful person in Asia and the heir to the Lowry Family Conglomerate was exposed in front of this cunning woman. Even so, the woman didn't look a single bit surprised at the revelation. Her hand holding the mask shook slightly, but she looked relaxed and cheerful as she said, "Boss, you're so handsome."

He frowned in response. Clenching his fists tightly, he said in a horribly cold voice, "Could it be that you discovered my identity a long time ago?"

She laughed softly at that. She stood there lazily and frivolously replied, "Do you think it's difficult for me to investigate a person?" She leaned back slightly and crossed her arms in front of her chest. Watching the man's handsome face darkening out of anger, she couldn't stop a chuckle from escaping her lips.

"Speak. What on earth do you want?" Since she had discovered his true identity, he no longer needed to hide anything. The only thing I can do now is to escape from this woman as soon as possible.

"Can you really give me anything I want?" She narrowed her eyes and leaned in close to the man with a smile.

That smile was lazy with a hint of wickedness in it. Looking at her smile and her eyes, he blanked out for a moment. She looks so similar to Jan... Could she be Jan's long-lost sister?

During that moment when the man let his guard down, she wrapped her hands around his neck and groped his waist. Then, she breathed in his ear. "Boss, you're so handsome. You have such a great figure too. Your relationship with your wife must be great."

It wasn't until her warm breath touched his ear that he came back to his senses. He raised his hand, pulled the woman away from him, and violently shoved her away. "Please watch your behavior. I am a married man."

She nearly slipped and fell to the ground. Fortunately, thanks to her dancing skills, she managed to land on the ground steadily. For a moment, she didn't know whether to praise him or murder him. What a silly fool. I was already so close to him; how could he not recognize me?! Still, his way of rejecting a woman's advances sure is straightforward. I like it!

Before Janet could react, Mason continued coldly, "You're a cultured person too, so don't pull such shameful acts."

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Upon hearing those words, Janet couldn't help doubling over in laughter inside her heart. However, she managed to conceal her expression well on the surface. "Boss, what are you talking about? Do you mean kissing or..."

"You crazy woman." The man couldn't help losing his temper and clenching his fists tightly. Under normal circumstances, I would have skinned this woman alive and fed her to the sharks. Unfortunately, I don't have a path of retreat today. Thus, I have no choice but to bear with her constant humiliation! If she isn't crazy, I think I'm going to go crazy instead!

She seemed satisfied and stopped teasing the man. Sitting on a stool, she raised her eyebrows lazily and charmingly. "I didn't come here today just to fool around with you."

When the man heard the words 'fool around', the cold aura around him increased exponentially. However, she ignored him and continued, "Today, I came to make peace with you. What do you say?"

"Make peace?" The man sneered at those words. "If not for what happened today, we might have had some leeway for reconciliation. However, you challenged my boundaries again today. I won't 'make peace' with you; I won't let you get away with what you did so easily."

She lightly snorted. "You provoked me first most of the time. I'm being generous by not making Black Rain beg for my forgiveness. That's my biggest concession to you. Why are you acting all aggrieved when you set ten fighter jets on us?"

A glimmer of guilt flashed across his eyes before they calmly returned to normal. "The first time, it wasn't my intention to hijack your books. I only did so out of instinct. The same goes for the second time. However, the third time was because you provoked me. Do you understand?"

The cold manner in which the man spoke gave her the impression that he was a shameless rogue. If this man were any other man and not Mason, I would have shot him in the head!

"Despite everything you say, I still managed to hack into Black Rain's system. Besides, you didn't get the books either, right?" She laughed lightly. Her words were filled with disdain.

Upon hearing those words, he frowned and involuntarily rubbed at his eyebrows in irritation. I can't stand talking to this woman any longer. Just as he was about to tell Sean that they were leaving, a commotion rang out from the first floor of the teahouse.

Since she was standing closer to the railing of the second floor, she leisurely walked over to take a look. She was greeted by the sight of the teahouse customers fleeing in a panic. She was about to say something when a group of people barged in through the entrance of the first floor! All of them were dressed in black casual clothes. Moreover, they were wearing masks and holding guns in their hands—they looked very aggressive.

"You're shameless!" Thinking that it was a trap Mason set, Janet turned to glare at him coldly.

Mason was confused by the woman's accusation. He did not have the faintest idea why she said that to him. "What's going on?"

After saying that, he walked over to the railing and frowningly glanced down to the first floor. He saw a group of black-clothed men surrounding the first-floor entrance. They were also wearing masks that concealed their faces from the public. Turning to stare at the woman with a bloodthirsty look in his eyes, he coldly uttered, "You are shameless!" This woman sure is cunning! Is she trying to take the chance to kill me seeing that we can't reach a compromise?!

Her pupils contracted abruptly. She narrowed her eyes slightly and coldly asked, "Aren't those your men?"

His eyes were crimson from rage. "Don't blame me for something you did!" Those men are clearly here under her orders. How dare she try and blame it on me instead?! She sure is good at pretending!

"I can deal with you alone. Why would I need to bring in so many people?" she retorted coldly.

Following that, the air was dead silent for several moments.

"Those are not your men?" The man's throat tightened in response. "Could there be a third party?"

Janet didn't say anything as she lowered her gaze to study the men dressed in black plain clothes.