

# Sir, You Don't Know Your Wife Chapter 821

"I knew it. How can that wench Janet be Rose? There's no way Rose is that wench either."

The corner of her lips twitched faintly, then she walked out the door.

In the corridor, the staff at the Royal Academy of Music were all staring at their screens. They all looked like diehard fans as they talked excitedly. "I didn't expect my favorite author to be this pretty."

"Yes, I didn't think she would be this young—she's still a student. She's even the top scholar in Sandfort City! I never would have imagined."

"I really want to go to Sandfort City to catch a glimpse of her!"

When Emily heard them, she froze right away.

All of that was true! How can this be? The last pillar she was relying on also crumbled. Not wanting people to see the terrible state she was in, she quickly ran into the restroom to hide.

What else did she have to compete with Janet now? She scoffed. What else is there? How did this happen? She had been studying piano diligently in Yobril this whole time. How could Janet be getting all the fame in Sandfort City?

How was the world so unfair?

While she was resenting Janet, Janet was getting off the stage after finishing her short introduction.

The scene was a mess. A swarm of authors and fans quickly surrounded her.

"Rose, I really love your work. I never imagined you were this beautiful."

“Rose, can I get your autograph? Sign it on my chest.”

“Rose, sign your autograph on my chest, too. I won’t ever take a shower!”

“Rose, I read both ‘Warm Blade’ and ‘Warm Blade II’. I love your style. Can I get your contact details to keep in touch with you?”

Currently, it was no longer a Writers Association meeting but Rose’s autograph signing event.

The corners of her lips twitched slightly as she glared at Eric.

With an awkward look on his face, he quickly called for security to escort her backstage.

The audience watched her leave then eventually quietened down a bit.

Outside the venue of the meeting, a black Maybach was parked at the entrance. Inside the car, the live broadcast of The Tenth Writers Association was being played.

The man sitting in the backseat of the car had a smirk on his face. His black eyes were trained on the screen at the girl’s back as she made her way backstage.

Raising his hand, Mason massaged his temples and let out a sigh. What should I do?

Because of how outstanding his girlfriend was, he gained several rivals all of a sudden. It was truly frustrating. Did they really ask her to sign her autograph on their chest? Are they out of their minds? How daring of those lowly peasants to make such demands when her actual boyfriend hasn’t even done so?

Luckily, she did not agree with that person’s request. Otherwise, he was going to teach her a lesson when they got home!

“Young Master Mason.” Sean stared at him and gulped. “Aren’t you going to go in and get Miss Jackson?”

They had rushed from the Lowry Family Conglomerate to the venue within fifteen minutes, but now that they were here, Mason simply remained silent. Sean couldn’t understand him.

“I’ll wait for her to come out.” Mason sighed.

If he went in there now, it would certainly cause a great stir. After all, they all knew that he was a married man, but they just did not know that his wife was Janet.

At that moment, however, more and more cars were starting to gather outside the meeting venue.

The once quiet entrance was suddenly filled with over a dozen cars.

He saw people with cameras in their hands pouring out of the cars. If my guess is right, these reporters have come from television stations to interview Janet.

Sean glanced at the rearview mirror and reminded, "Young Master Mason, if Miss Jackson doesn't show up now, once more people start to gather later, she might not get to leave the place so easily anymore!"

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Mason's face grew serious at his words.

In the next moment, he was reaching for his sunglasses and cap in the backseat. After he put them on, he took off his suit and quickly got out of the car.

Seeing that, Sean also followed after him.

Once Janet returned backstage, she was about to sit down and rest when a whole crowd of reporters came out of nowhere with cameras pointed at her face.

Some of them even went as far as to hold their cameras in one hand and a pen and paper in the other to get her autograph.

"Rose, I love your book, 'Warm Blade'. Can I please have your autograph?"

"Rose, please tell us your thoughts about being the youngest chairperson in the history of the Writers Association."

“Can you reveal how you feel at the moment?”

“Can you give us a teaser for other spectacular works you will be releasing next year?”

The corner of her mouth twitched. She could not get herself out of the situation.

If she had known the aftermath of her appearance would be this intense, she would have hired a group of bodyguards beforehand.

At that moment, however, a path was suddenly made between the reporters who were standing in front of her.

She looked up automatically.

When their eyes met, her expression stiffened.

Mason is here too!

The reporters pointed their cameras at the man who had walked over. “And you are?”

But Mason did not give an answer and only walked straight toward Janet. Stretching a hand out, he said, “Come with me.”

Even though he was wearing a cap and sunglasses, she was still able to recognize him. Nodding, she put her small hand in his and was taken away.

The reporters were all dumbfounded.

“What is happening? Why is this guy taking Rose away?”

“Sh\*t. Could he be Rose’s boyfriend?”

“No way. Does she already have a boyfriend?”

“Follow them. Hold them back!”

They all knew that if the man who showed up suddenly was really her boyfriend, it would become breaking news today.

As reporters, none of them wanted to miss the chance to report breaking news.

The man grasped Janet's hand tightly and took one step after the other out of the building.

When they got to the car, he opened the door to let her in.

Once they were all set, Sean drove off.

By the time the reporters came out, only the shadow of a car was left behind.

The group of reporters remained frozen in place for having missed the chance to take pictures.

"F\*ck! They're gone!"

"I'm certain that's Rose's boyfriend!"

"Although he had sunglasses on, he looked quite decent just by looking at his physique and face shape."

"Release the news quickly. It will definitely make headlines."

"Sh\*t. I'm heartbroken!" One moment they were in love, and the next they were heartbroken.

Barely a few seconds after pictures and videos were released, it became a trending topic.

'Rose revealed to be Janet Jackson!'

'How many identities does Janet have?'

'Photos of Janet!'

'Rose was named the youngest chairperson in the history of the Writers Association.'

'Rose received the most votes in history!'

'Rose's boyfriend!'

'While backstage, Rose's boyfriend came and took her away!'

The top ten trending searches online were all about Janet.

Inside the black Maybach, Janet asked, "How did you know I was here?"

Mason smirked. "Mr. Goldstein told me you got taken to the Writers Association Meeting, so came here right away."

She let out a smile then took off her cap and sunglasses.

His face grew serious as he hinted his jealousy at her. "A male fan asked you to sign on his chest earlier. What did you think about that?"

## Sir, You Don't Know Your Wife Chapter 823

Janet lifted her head awkwardly and stammered, "Did you watch the live broadcast?"

Mason scoffed at her. "I was so close to rushing in and grabbing you out of there without a disguise just to see who would still dare covet you." Who would still dare covet my woman?

She couldn't hide her smile. "They didn't mean anything behind it. If I had actually agreed to it, they wouldn't necessarily dare to lift their shirts for me to sign!"

Under her identity as Rose, she did not have many male fans compared to her identity as Sweet Tune.

Ninety percent of Sweet Tune's fans were male. Mason would ooze with jealousy if he found out!

"I won't allow that. Now that they know you have a boyfriend, I will burn anyone who dares to ask for such a request again." His face was serious, and his voice didn't sound happy.

Rolling her eyes at him, she reached out to squeeze his big palm and draw circles on it with her fingertip. "Don't be jealous now."

Wasn't it clear who she belonged to?

"Hmph." He kept his eyes on the barrage of comments on the live broadcast playing on the screen inside the car and ignored her.

Sean who was driving seemed to have noticed. Casting a side glance at the comments on the live broadcast, he only saw comments such as 'I want to marry you, Rose' and 'I like you, Janet' on the screen.

It was no wonder the man in the backseat was furious.

With a smirk, Sean quickly stretched out and turned off the screen inside the car.

Noticing his action, Janet slid her finger across Mason's chest lightly. "The live broadcast is turned off now. Are you still jealous?"

"Comfort me," he said shamelessly.

Getting up, she held his neck and whispered, "How should I do that?"

There was some movement in his throat. He grabbed her small hand and pressed it against his sturdy chest. "What do you think?"

Inching closer toward him, she placed her warmth against his neck and sighed. "Like this?"

With a snap, the last restraint in his mind broke.

Her warmth traveled from his neck to his limbs. Not only was his upper body heating up, but his lower body was in even more agony. At that moment, his stone-cold heart was also starting to boil.

His gaze fell on her playful pink lips, and he could not help but want to ravage them.

After placing a light peck on his lips, she moved away as quickly as a dragonfly.

His eyes lit up. Squeezing her waist, he put her on his lap and kissed her slowly from the corner of her lips down to her neck.

Meanwhile, at the Royal Academy of Music in Yobril, Emily was standing in front of the restroom mirror and staring at her miserable face.

Slam! Out of frustration, she drove a fist into the mirror violently.

No wonder Janet generously gave out over thirty autographed copies of 'Warm Blade' when we were still in Star High School. When it was sold out all over the world, she was able to give out over thirty signed copies. Why... Why didn't it occur to me at the time that Janet was Rose herself? But why did Janet have to pretend that she was not Rose? Had it been her plan all along to make a grand surprise? Did she want to give me a big slap across the face? A woman like her is just too f\*cking calculating. She is the definition of a b\*tch!

Moreover, Megan must be beyond delighted to find out that Janet is Rose.

What did it mean to be the chairperson of the Writers Association? In the world of literature, it was similar to being the president of the Music Association.

Emily, however, was still a student under Hilbert. Who knew when she would become president!

## Sir, You Don't Know Your Wife Chapter 824

Emily did not want to admit it, but it was the truth. Therefore, she was even more frustrated. She was also the Jackson Family's daughter, so why was Janet able to bask in glory in Sandfort City while she had to suffer in Yobril?

Just then, a staff member walked into the restroom and said, "Emily, Mr. Hilbert asked to see you. He wants to talk to you about something."

She hesitated for a moment, then gathered herself and nodded. "I got it."

"Did you cry? Your eyes are red." The staff member handed her a piece of tissue paper.



Emily shook her head and walked past the person without accepting it. "I'm fine. Thank you."

Watching Emily leave arrogantly, the staff member scowled. "I was just being nice. How ungrateful."

When the voice sounded from inside the restroom, Emily clenched her hands and gritted her teeth. Why don't you take a look at yourself? What right do you have to talk behind my back? I'm one of Hilbert's students. How qualified are you to criticize me? What a joke. Taking a deep breath, she pushed open the door to Hilbert's office.

Not long after, the mature and steady voice of a man came from inside. "Come in."

Once she opened the door, she kept her temper under control and put a smile back on her face. "Mr. Hilbert, did you want to see me?"

Hilbert's green eyes moved from the screen to look at her. "Yes. Have a seat and we can talk."

"Okay," she answered politely before taking a seat.

He rubbed his eyes and started with a somber expression, "The global competition I told you about last time is happening next week."

Hearing those words made her spring to her feet. She exclaimed, "What?" It's happening next week?

He nodded. "I will also ask Hazel to return and take part in this competition."

Hazel is coming back too? She clenched her hands nervously. Pressing her hands together until her fingernails turned white, she asked, "Is it taking place in Yobril?"

He pursed his lips. "If nothing goes wrong, that should be the case." Currently, he had yet to receive the list of contestants and did not know the details about Emily and Hazel's places. Since they were already competing, however, he was surely hoping that one of them would win the competition.

"In that case, Mr. Hilbert..." She gripped the hem of her skirt tightly. Feeling extremely nervous, she asked, "Is there a high chance that Hazel and I can win the competition?"

"I can't say for sure. If you're able to keep your style consistent, and if the contestants are at the same level as the contestants from the previous competition, then there is quite a high chance." He did not hide anything from her and spoke to her frankly.

"The contestants from the previous competition?" She frowned. "Can you tell me who the champion was last year?" With a reference, she would know the level she was at in comparison.

Squinting his eyes, he said in a normal tone, "There were two champions last year. One was Gordon Yalaman from Sandfort City, and the other was a contestant from Chestshire. But those who won last year are not allowed to take part in the competition again this year." That was a rule in the competition. The existence of this rule was to give newcomers a chance to win the title.

Emily was stunned when she heard that. If Gordon can't take part in the competition, then who is the Music Association in Sandfort City going to send out this year? That completely baffled her. If she met a contestant who was better than her, then wouldn't it be the end for her? But she thought, Other than Walter and Gordon, Sandfort City probably doesn't have any more skilled contestants to send out.

## Sir, You Don't Know Your Wife Chapter 825

The news that Gordon was unable to take part in the competition was nothing but a sedative to Emily.

The redness in her eyes faded and was replaced with a gloomy smile.

Nothing was more important to her than this global competition. She had to be the winner in order to beat Janet.

Seeing the confidence in her eyes, Hilbert sighed and said, "You've been in Yobril for three to four months now. Logically speaking, you should be better than the other contestants, so I trust you won't have a problem."

Upon receiving a compliment, she lowered her head bashfully. "I'm completely relying on your guidance. I will not let you down in this competition, Mr. Hilbert."

Moreover, she was not going to let herself or Megan down. She had to make Megan proud. That way, she would be able to contend with Janet.

Otherwise, she would have nothing left.

“Okay.” Hilbert lifted his gaze again. “You can work out your own schedule during this time. You can also return to Sandfort City to see your parents. Remember to come here on time next Saturday. I will take you to the venue.”

She paused for a few seconds. Widening her eyes, she asked, “Mr. Hilbert, are you saying I can go back to Sandfort City?”

At the thought of Megan and the other wealthy women looking at her with looks of admiration and envy, she was overwhelmed with excitement.

She wanted all her close friends to come to Yobril to watch her at the World Piano Competition, and Janet to see her become the champion for herself. I’m going to crush that wench’s power and prestige for good this time!

While Hilbert was busy sending out invitations on his computer to masters in the music industry from various countries, he said, “That’s all, Emily. You may leave.”

Pulling herself back, she nodded politely and said, “Okay, Mr. Hilbert.” Then, she walked out of his office with pride and confidence.

He was watching her leave from the back when a thought suddenly occurred to him. “We will only get the list of contestants the day before the competition. I’ll let you know when you return to Yobril.”

Without pausing to listen, she held the door handle and simply murmured a response in return before leaving.

It did not matter to her who was taking part in the competition now because, in the end, the champion could only be her.

She had to return to Sandfort City quickly and make a good appearance in front of the Jackson Family.

Meanwhile, inside a black Maybach in Sandfort City, Mason was getting more aroused and had kissed Janet's lips until they were red.

A woman's glossy red lips could easily make a man lose control of himself.

As he reached down to touch her, he was about to tug at what was in his way when he unexpectedly found a thick cotton object secured inside.

At that moment, his entire face turned dark, and his expression looked awkward.

On the other hand, Janet laughed to herself and pushed him away gently with her hands.

Then, she grabbed a pillow from inside the car and put it over him. "Calm yourself down first. It's not good for you."

His eyes were red, and his body felt like it was about to burst.

Because it was that time of the month for her, he couldn't do anything except bite his lip to hold back. Using the pillow to block her view, he unbuckled his belt and started to move his hand rapidly.

When she heard his low moans, her body started to feel hot. Very quickly, she opened the car window for some air.

With a partition inside the car, Sean could not hear a thing but seeing the opened car window, he figured something indescribable must have happened.

Letting out a sigh, he stepped on the gas pedal even harder.

At Woodsbury University, the medical students were dumbfounded after they finished watching the live broadcast on their phones.