

# Sir, You Don't Know Your Wife Chapter 931

Meanwhile, at the Lowry Residence, Henry did not participate in the second match and instead returned to Sandfort City as something suddenly cropped up in the Moss Group.

If it had not been for his assistant and everyone from the company who watched the live stream, he would not have known what went on.

Henry sat with restraint on the couch at the Lowry Residence as he cautiously asked, "Janet, are you really Sweet Tune? Are you sure that it wasn't something you made up to deal with Emily?" I could still remember how I expressed my adoration for Sweet Tune in front of Young Master Lowry!

Now that he recalled it, it inexplicably sent a shiver down his spine.

"Hmmm?" Janet raised her brow as a shadow of a smile formed by her lips. "Who else if it's not me?"

Before Henry could say anything else, she continued, "I remembered that the Moss Group invested 5 billion in the 'Heaven on Earth' live concert. It became a complete loss because of Jessie from the Hunter Group. In the end, the Hunter Group had to pay 2 billion for it."

Upon hearing that, he was stunned. "Janet, why didn't you tell me earlier?!" He sighed and pounded his chest.

Janet smiled and replied, "Whether I told you or not, it doesn't change the situation."

"It would have been different." Henry wore a serious expression. "If I knew that you are Sweet Tune, I wouldn't have fallen for you—that's for sure." It was not because he would not, but more like he lacked the courage to do so!

Janet shrugged and nonchalantly uttered, "Now that you know the truth, will you try to pursue me?"

Right after she said that, they could obviously feel the air around the man beside them become colder.

“To hell if I will! I don’t come between other people’s relationships.” The timid Henry backed down.

As soon as he said that, she could feel the air around the man beside them gradually return to normal.

A disgruntled Henry intentionally added, “Janet, although I don’t like to come between other people’s relationships, that doesn’t mean other men won’t do so.”

Even before that, Sweet Tune had already been considered the musician with the most fans in the industry. Therefore, after the live stream, the number of followers in her Twitter account increased by tens of millions.

Upon hearing that, Mason, who was beside her, wrapped his arm around Janet’s waist and he firmly took her into his embrace.

The man’s voice was deep with hints of warning. “I will keep an eye on my darling. I don’t need your help, Young Master Moss.”

Huh? Young Master Moss? Why does it sound awkward? It makes our relationship sound distant. Could it be that Young Master Mason is jealous that I had a secret crush on Sweet Tune when I was unaware of the truth? F\*ck! If that’s the case, it was a good thing that Janet didn’t give me Sweet Tune’s contact number!

Henry felt lucky that he was able to survive through this!

Mason glanced at Henry, who was staring into space, and he coldly asked, “Why are you still here?”

Henry was stunned before he soon returned to his senses and let out an awkward chuckle. “Young Master Mason, I’m sorry. I will leave now.”

While looking at Henry leaving with his tail between his legs, Janet pushed the man’s shoulder and she chuckled. “Why were you so fierce?”

Upon hearing that, the man caught her hand and whispered, “Tell me then—why are you so enchanting?”

His cold fingers caressed her smooth little face while his voice was beguiling. "Babe, you are gorgeous."

A hint of blush appeared across her face and it soon disappeared, but the man had taken notice of her fleeting shyness.

Mason chuckled and carried Janet in his arms, causing her to subconsciously wrap her arms around his neck. "Where are you taking me to?"

"To bed."

"I have legs, though. I can walk on my own!"

"You have to take a bath before heading to bed, so just leave this task to your husband."

His words had rendered her speechless.

Janet's phone, which was placed on the bedside table, rang at night.

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She groggily switched on her phone and took a look at it, only to realize that it was a message from the President.

The President texted, 'Are you free today? Come over and discuss a major issue.'

Janet replied, 'Address.'

He penned, 'Grandiose Hotel in Sandfort City.'

She asked, 'Why are you here in Sandfort City?'

The President answered, 'To investigate something. Are you free now?'

She wrote, 'I will arrive in 30 minutes.'

He responded, 'Alright, I will wait for you.'

Janet switched off her phone and she rolled over to glance at the man's deeply furrowed brows. Then, she leaned closer toward him to peck his forehead.

30 minutes later, she entered through the entrance of Grandiose Hotel while wearing a black modest jacket.

Due to the President's special identity, she did not ask anyone to come with her.

With the room number that he gave her as a guide, she arrived at the last room of the highest floor.

All the rooms in the highest floor were reserved and a few bodyguards were standing outside in the corridor.

"Hold on." Janet was stopped by the bodyguards outside.

She removed her hat and face mask. "It's me." Her voice was low and sluggish.

"Miss J'Adore, Mr. President is waiting for you inside."

"Okay." She nodded.

After saying that, she pushed the door open and entered the room.

Upon hearing some sound, the man, who was sitting on the couch, rose to his full height and smiled. "I'm meeting you again."

Janet nodded and she comfortably settled on the couch. Her voice was wayward as she drawled, "What's the purpose for asking me to come so late at night?"

"You..." Instead of answering, the President slightly frowned and asked in puzzlement. "What happened to your hand?"

She did not evade the question. "I went to Yobril yesterday and a small issue happened. It was not a big deal."

Upon hearing that, a gleam flashed across his eyes as he asked in a seemingly playful tone, "Your man didn't follow you?"

"Hmmm?" Janet raised her head to look at him.

The President smiled and explained, "What I meant was—if Mr. Lowry had followed you, you shouldn't have been hurt."

Janet did not reply but a hint of amusement flashed across her eyes. "Tell me." She asked again. "Why did you ask me to come here at this time?"

The eyes of the President, who was sitting on the couch, darkened. "It's still the issue about Prime Minister Welch."

"Didn't you say that the time limit is 6 months?" She yawned. "Is it that urgent?"

A glimmer flashed across his eyes as he adjusted his glasses and replied in a low voice, "I can afford to wait, but the Markovia's Council of Elders can't. Also, aren't you worried that Prime Minister Welch's forces would affect the MX?"

Worried? As far as I know, the Hawke Kingdom does not have the ability to harm me now. Janet curled up her lips and smiled. "I'm not worried about that. If worse came to worst, I will take him down along with me. However, Mr. President, since I have promised to do this, I surely won't break my promise."

Upon hearing Janet's words, the President felt relieved and responded, "Janet, the mission to assassinate Prime Minister Welch is a secret mission. You cannot tell anyone about this."

Looking at his nervous state, she chuckled, "Don't worry, you won't be involved. If it's that urgent, send me his details. I will take action once my injury heals."

"Details?" He seemed slightly nervous and even his tone sounded unnatural. "If I had his details, I wouldn't have asked for your help."

She calmly replied with hints of amusement in her tone, "If even the President Office is unable to search for any information about Prime Minister Welch, I don't think I am able to do so."

After all, the President Office's methods in protecting confidentiality and its investigation of information were the best in the world.

"Stop pulling my leg. I don't have real powers, so I have to rely on you." The President pleaded.

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Since he had already said so, it would not be nice for Janet to press on. She had no choice but to nod in agreement. "Alright then. I will do it after my injury heals."

At the Fuller Residence in Yobril, Hazel was so upset about the incident where Emily had lied to her to the point where she did not feel like attending classes.

Even though Emily called her many times during the period, she did not answer any of them.

In the end, she was so annoyed by the calls that she changed her number.

Sitting on the couch, Sheldon took a sip of tea and he asked while looking at Hazel, "Are you going to stop studying in Woodsbury University? If so, I will ask Reiner to inform the principal."

Hazel sat on the couch without replying as she felt pissed. I feel so ashamed of myself; I am mortified to even meet Janet in person!

After hesitating for a while, she snarled, "I'm not going anymore." It's not fun to hang out with a bunch of nerds from Sandfort City anyway. As for whether Janet is the divine doctor, time will eventually provide me with an answer.

There was a knocking sound on the door all of a sudden.

Sheldon took a glance at the time before he looked at the girl on the couch. Then, he instructed, "Hazel, leave the room."

"Alright!" Hazel unwillingly went to the door.

Upon opening the door, she was greeted by a woman in office wear. The said woman seemed rather young—she was probably 19 to 20 years old, but she emanated a strong aura.

Hazel left without paying attention to her.

With a professional smile, the woman entered the room and she closed the door behind her after Hazel had left.

"The International Medical Competition that you have been waiting for has finally arrived." Sheldon pushed the documents in his hand to the woman before him.

Ever since the incident occurred to Old Master Fuller, the Fuller Corporation had joined forces with the Rocher Family to form a medical team.

As a century-old family of doctors, the Rocher Family naturally knew the benefits of collaborating with the Fuller Corporation. The Fuller Corporation not only had strong assets to source for the medical equipment, but also the ability to enhance and stabilize the status of the Rocher Family in the country's medical industry as well as the whole world.

On the other hand, what caught Sheldon's attention was the name and reputation of the Rocher Family. He hoped that the collaboration would enable him to create the world's strongest medical team and attract countless talents from the medical field to join them.

By then, the Fuller Corporation would be able to gain a strong foothold internationally in terms of both reputation and power.

The woman in front of him was the fifth-generation heir of the Rocher Family—her name was Melissa Rocher.

Her delicate petite face was palm-sized that was complimented by a pair of mesmerizing phoenix eyes. She had a healthy blush on her face and her body figure was of the sexy hourglass type.

Melissa flipped through the documents in her hands.

Sheldon continued, "If you manage to win the International Medical Competition, you will gain the opportunity to appear in the section which features novices of the industry in the International Medical Journal. This will be of great benefit to you and the Rocher Family."

She had a deadpan expression, which gave nothing away. "I understand. However, do you have the list of participants for the competition?"

He raised his eyes while slightly frowning. "I am not sure. I haven't received the list yet."

"Alright, I understand." Her red lips were curled upward.

The International Medical Competition, which she waited for a year, had finally arrived. I hope the outcome doesn't disappoint me. In fact, it must not let me down. As the fifth-generation heir of the Rocher Family, I can't afford to ruin my family's reputation as a century-old family of doctors. Having said that, it will be difficult to look for a candidate with foundation and skills comparable to mine among the novices in the medical industry.

Melissa grinned as her mood was much better than before. "I shall take my leave first."

"Sure." Sheldon nodded. "This is the first collaboration between the Fuller Corporation and the Rocher Family. It's also an opportunity for you to make your first appearance before the public. Please seize it well."

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Melissa calmly nodded. "I understand." I will definitely lead the medical team that was jointly formed by the Fuller Corporation and Rocher Family to participate in the International Medical Journal with me.

Meanwhile, in Sandfort City, Janet's extended leave was approved the next day. Although the injury on her arm had not made a full recovery, she still needed to attend classes, especially when the medicine school was about to host a practical competition or event. As a result, the students were busy with their studies.

Since almost everyone in the Woodsbury University had watched the live stream, her beautiful photos remained as one of the trending topics in Reddit and the University Forum for a few days. The scene where she said 'what if I am Sweet Tune?' was made into a sticker—she looked stunning and cool at that moment!

The incident instantly turned Janet into the most popular student in Woodsbury University.

The students in her class intermittently cast gazes of envy and adoration toward her.

“Oh, my God! I have never thought that Janet and Emily are biological sisters!”

“Tsk, Janet doesn't have a younger sister like her, okay? Emily is a fake daughter of the Jackson Family. Not only did she hijack Janet's life, she even plagiarized the latter's composition. She is so shameless!”

“I agree. The Jackson Family has been treating Emily well enough and they even held a birthday banquet specially for her a few days ago. Who knew that something like this would happen?”

“Previously, when she was chosen by Mr. Hilbert, she was so full of herself, as if the whole world belonged to her.”

“Yeah, that's right. I didn't expect that the person whom Hilbert was looking for in the first place was actually Janet.”

“Tsk, Emily once used Janet's drawing to become the disciple of a renowned artist before this. I thought that she had turned over a new leaf, but unexpectedly, she is still as shameless as she was even after entering the music industry.”

“I thought the reason why Janet went there was to watch the competition, but it turned out that she went there as a participant!”

“Yeah, she really did a good job in keeping it a secret from everyone.”

Abby, Sharon, Summer and the others were holding their phones while their eyes continuously flicked from Janet's face to the person in the video.

Janet's lips twitched and her voice reflected her helplessness. “It's real!”

Abby shook her head. “That's impossible...”

Sharon and Summer voiced their agreement. "I think so too."

In resignation, Janet knocked on the heads of the three girls. "If it is fake, would everyone play along with the act? Besides, if I am not Sweet Tune, I wouldn't have known Gordon. You guys can ask him after this." She reached out with her hand and stroked Abby's head.

A stunned Abby pinched her own cheeks. "Crap, it makes sense." But, why didn't Gordon tell me about this...

If they knew that the reason why Janet went was to participate in the competition, they would have gone to the scene to watch how she dealt with Emily.

Abby snorted in displeasure.

At that moment, one of the students suddenly asked, "Why aren't we seeing Hazel today?"

"Hey, you are right. Could it be that she applied for leave again?"

"Perhaps it's because she is unsatisfied with the outcome of the competition and decided to not come and study."

"Who knows? Both Emily and her are Hilbert's disciples. Now that Emily has caused such a mess, he will surely face some troubles on his side."

"He's not the only one; even the reputation of the Royal Academy of Music has been humiliated."

The students continued to discuss among themselves.

At that moment, a man's voice was suddenly heard from outside. "Janet."

The voice stunned Janet for a moment before she raised her head to look outside the window—only to see that a boy was dashing toward her. "Professor Dylan Fontaine is looking for you," he said while panting.

Professor Dylan Fontaine?

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The medical school professor? Although she was studying in Woodsbury University for quite some time and had heard of Professor Dylan Fontaine, she had never met him in person. I wonder why he wants to see me.

"Alright," she replied and headed outside.

Janet arrived at Dylan's office and she knocked on the door. A man's deep, husky voice was heard inside the office. "Come in."

She pushed open the door and entered the office.

Upon entering the office, she was greeted by a middle-aged man with a thin, slender figure wearing a pair of black glasses. He seemed amiable with an elegant bearing since it was their first meeting.

Janet walked up to Dylan and calmly asked, "Professor Fontaine, I heard that you wish to meet me?"

Dylan put down the newspaper and he appraised her while adjusting his eyeglasses. "Miss Jackson, please have a seat."

"Thanks."

He stated, "This is the first time that I'm meeting the top scholar of the Woodsbury University."

Janet did not reply to him, but her lips were slightly curved up.

"The reason why I wished to meet you is to ask whether you are interested in participating in the International Medical Competition for Novice."

As the name suggested, the participants of the International Medical Competition for Novice were all new members of the medical field. Most of the participants were novices selected from universities or medical teams.

As the medical school of Woodsbury University was the representative for all the institutions of higher learning in Sandfort City, it would only be natural for the university to participate in the competition.

Since Janet was the top scholar of the university as well as a student from the medical school at the same time, Dylan naturally had high hopes for her.

Nonetheless, she seemed uninterested and asked, "Is it a competition specially for novices?"

Dylan nodded. "Yes. The winner of the competition might gain the opportunity to appear in the International Medical Journal as well as participate in the surgeries and researches of internationally renowned doctors. Therefore, this is a golden opportunity for a novice like you."

All the novices who wished to further their career in the medical field internationally would never miss the opportunity.

Even if she did not manage to win the competition, getting the opportunity to make an appearance at the competition would benefit her.

"I understand the benefits. However, I am not interested in a competition for novices," Janet calmly stated.

Her words made him stunned for a few seconds. Not interested in a competition for novices? Could it be that she doesn't wish to enter the international medical field? Or perhaps she looks down on a competition that is specially for new members of the field?

Dylan could not make head or tail of Janet's mind at that moment.

As he did not wish for her to give up on the golden opportunity on impulse, he explained, "Miss Jackson, don't you know how many novices long to gain the opportunity to join the competition? You don't have to feel ashamed even if you fail to win the competition. No matter how strong or smart you are, there will always be someone who is stronger and smarter than you are. You merely join to make an appearance before the public, which will greatly benefit you in your future in the medical field. Speaking of which, the panel judges this round includes the people from the Medical Research Institute of Markovia—this is the first time the people from this research institute have ever made an appearance!"

Janet yawned, which made it obvious that she was uninterested. "Professor Fondaine, I—"

"Don't quickly reject the offer. Do take your time to consider; otherwise, it would put the university in a spot!"

There were numerous eyes watching the Woodsbury University Medical School. If they were not able to send even one candidate, it would be humiliating.

"Okay, I understand," She replied before asking with a deadpan voice. "I am too busy; I really can't make it for the competition. How about I recommend some candidates?"

Seeing that Janet really had no interest in the competition at all, he resignedly shook his head. "Forget it; it's fine."