

# Sir, You Don't Know Your Wife Chapter 936

Maybe she would change her mind since there is still some time before the competition.

Janet glanced at her watch before she nonchalantly stated, "Professor Fontaine, I shall take my leave then."

"Alright." The resigned Dylan had no choice but to rise to his full height and see her to the door.

Right after she stepped out of his office, a voice rang. "Janet, you finally came out."

"What's the matter?" She paused in her steps with her brows slightly furrowed.

The person, who came to convey a message, was so excited that he almost danced with joy. "A few persons-in-charge of the music agencies have arrived at our university. They are currently waiting for you at the entrance of the medical school."

The news rendered her speechless. "I understand. I will head over now."

Their conversation was overheard by Dylan, who was inside the office. Propping both hands on the office desk, he let out a sigh. If Janet is willing to put the same amount of attention she has for the entertainment industry in the medical field, a new legend would be born. It's such a pity! She seems to have a lack of interest in the medical field, so why did she choose to study medicine then?

At the same time, at the entrance of the medical school, students of Woodsbury University, who had just calmed down from the shock of learning that Janet was Miss Sweet Tune, burst into an uproar again.

The students in the class were envious of her. "Oh, my God! One is International Glacier Music and the other one is International Kings Music!"

"Yeah, I heard that these two music companies are competitors!"

"That's true! Walter and Gordon are under International Kings Music. I wonder if Janet would choose to work under them as well."

"I am sure she will choose International Kings Music since the three of them were once study partners."

"In that case, International Glacier Music will have to return empty-handed?"

"Sigh, I envy her a lot. If Janet rejects their offer, I am more than willing to take her spot and accept it."

"You? Can you even play the piano?"

While the rowdy students were immersed in their discussions, the two persons-in-charge who came to the university were at each other's throats. The person-in-charge of International Glacier Music glared as he stormed, "F\*ck you! Gordon and Walter are under your company now, yet you are going to snatch Sweet Tune away from us?"

The person-in-charge of International Kings Music coldly snorted and sneered, "Since you have mentioned that Walter and Gordon are under us, why should Sweet Tune join your company?"

Upon hearing his words of mockery, the person-in-charge of International Glacier Music could not help but scoff, "Haha, the only few capable talents your company has are Gordon and Walter and the rest are losers. So, it is obvious that you would wish to get Sweet Tune to support your company."

The unrelenting person-in-charge of International Kings Music refuted, "What does that have to do with your pathetic company? Quickly return and manage your company's artists so that they won't embarrass themselves in front of the public."

"What do you mean by 'pathetic company'? The renowned International Glacier Music is not a place for nobody like you to humiliate!"

The two of them crossed swords and it nearly escalated into a fight. Upon seeing the commotion, the students at the scene could not help but crane their heads to silently watch the show.

At that moment, a cold, nonchalant female voice suddenly rang from behind. "Please excuse me."

Upon hearing that, the persons-in-charge of International Glacier Music and International Kings Music turned in the direction of the sound in unison. The moment they saw Janet, the anger boiling in them gradually subsided.

“Sweet Tune, you are finally here!”

“Oh, my God! I finally get to meet you after a long wait.”

The persons-in-charge of International Glacier Music and International Kings Music were desperate to butter her up.

Janet’s footsteps came to a halt. She sluggishly leaned against the wall while asking in a monotone voice, “What’s your purpose for wanting to meet me?”

## Sir, You Don’t Know Your Wife Chapter 937

The person-in-charge of International Glacier Music seemed excited. “Miss Sweet Tune, do you have any intention to make a comeback and sign a contract with a company? You are free to choose whichever resources that catches your eye in International Glacier Music.”

The person-in-charge of the International Kings Music piped up, “Empty promises are worth nothing! Miss Sweet Tune, both Gordon and Walter are under our company. Please consider us.”

The representative for the International Glacier Music then coldly snorted and mocked, “A certain company only has Gordon and Walter and the rest are losers. What sort of benefit will they be able to provide to you?”

The person-in-charge of International Kings Music rolled his eyes at him, but his enthusiasm was not weakened—even by the slightest. “Miss Sweet Tune, you don’t have to mind a certain company; they can’t even attract Walter and Gordon to work with them. I think that it is a case of sour grapes.”

Janet gently raised her attractive eyes. “I am not going to make a comeback, so I have no intention to sign a contract with any company.”

In essence, her words were a rejection of both their offers.

The person-in-charge of International Glacier Music stared at Janet with wide eyes as he exclaimed in shock, "Miss Sweet Tune, could it be that the 'Untitled' that you played on stage during the competition was your final piece?"

The person-in-charge of International Kings Music also stared at her with his eyes widened as well while eagerness and excitement filled his eyes.

Janet cast a glance at the two of them. With her brows slightly raised, she calmly replied, "That's the case for now."

For now? In other words, she may change her mind on whether she'll make a comeback or not. Is it in the nature of individuals with outstanding talents to be capricious?

Looking at the two men, who were frozen by her words, her pink lips parted. "What's wrong? You guys should leave."

Although it was the clear voice of a girl, it sounded incredibly cold and powerful at that instant.

The moods of the persons-in-charge of International Kings Music and International Glacier Music instantly took a nosedive; they nodded and left with their tails between their legs.

After they had left, Janet entered the classroom.

"Janet, you rejected the offers of both companies?"

The students seemed interested in that.

She nodded without saying anything, which then induced a wave of envious voices from the students.

"Tsk, bigshots are free to do whatever they want."

"Speaking of which, why did Professor Dylan Fontaine ask you to meet him?"

Although Professor Dylan Fontaine was a lecturer in Woodsbury University, he seldom showed up in the university as he spent most of his time presenting talks or performing

surgeries off campus. He usually returned to the university only to carry out medical research work.

However, they did not hear that there was any medical research work being recently carried out in Woodsbury University.

Janet raised her eyes and impassively answered, "For the International Medical Competition."

"Did Professor Fontaine recommend you to participate in it?"

"Yeah."

The few people at the scene were dumbfounded by her words.

"F\*ck ! Professor Fontaine is so unfair; he actually allows you to take the shortcut."

Although they said so, there was not even the slightest hint of jealousy in their tone; instead, it was filled with envy.

Upon hearing that, Janet curved up the corner of her lips and calmly added, "But, I didn't say that I am going to participate."

"Huh?" As soon as she said that, the few people at the scene were obviously more astonished. Why?

Participants of the International Medical Competition would not only gain the opportunity to make an appearance in front of the public. Since the Medical Research Institute in Markovia was part of the judging panel this time around, the participants would also earn the chance of meeting the institute's representatives.

On top of that, rumors had it that the legendary divine doctor was also one of the panel of judges.

Nevertheless, those were merely rumors without any guarantee of accuracy; the truth would only be revealed on the day of the competition.

Nonetheless, obtaining the opportunity to make an appearance in the International Medical Competition was already a dream come true for everyone in the medical field.

Of course, if one was able to be the champion of the competition, it would bring honor to that person's university.

There were hundreds of medical students in Woodsbury University fighting to obtain one of the two available slots to participate in the competition; that would result in an extremely low probability of being chosen. Therefore, when Dylan personally recommended Janet to join the competition, why did she reject the opportunity?

## Sir, You Don't Know Your Wife Chapter 938

One of the students exclaimed, "Janet, this is an excellent opportunity for you to show how capable you are! Unless, of course, you don't plan on practicing medicine on an international level."

Upon hearing that, another student chimed in mournfully, "You can't be serious. What's the point of enduring medical school if you aren't going to practice internationally?"

When it came to university courses, it went without saying that medicine was one of the toughest fields to enrol in. The required amount of work and dedication surpassed those of other courses and one would not be cut out for medicine if the person lacked determination.

Janet slowly responded, "I'm not saying that I'll be giving up on practicing medicine internationally. I just won't be participating in the competition this year, that's all."

"Well, what else is there for you to occupy yourself with? It would be a shame if you let an opportunity like this slip away this year!"

Everyone else seemed more anxious than she was.

While they would like to join the competition, they knew that Janet was the brightest among them. She was the top scholar, after all, and there was no one else better than her to participate in the International Medicine Competition.

Janet, on the other hand, appeared reticent.

When everyone saw her stubborn disposition and the irritated look on her face, they decided to let the matter slide. "We won't pester you about it anymore, Janet, but you should at least think about it. Even if we lose out on a spot to enter the competition ourselves, we still think it'd be a shame if you don't sign up for it."

She was stoic as she hummed in response. Then, she propped her chin on her hand and gazed at the scenery outside the window.

Seeing that Janet was unable to participate in the competition, she did not spend much time lamenting about her decision.

As expected, her phone rang when the last class of the afternoon ended. She glanced down and saw that it was a call she had been expecting.

"You guys can go ahead without me," Janet said to Abby as a smile played on her lips.

When Abby noticed that, she drawled knowingly, "I know, I know."

Sharon and Summer teased in between giggles, "We get it too! Run along to your boyfriend then."

Drowned in their chorus of teasing, Janet could not help but blush as she slung her bag over her shoulder and quipped, "Okay, you guys. I'm leaving now."

She was speaking on the phone with Mason while she walked toward the school entrance when she ran into a familiar face.

Slightly narrowing her eyes, she briefly informed Mason what happened before she hung up.

Megan's eyes flashed when she saw Janet. Then, she hurried over to greet Janet. "Are you done with classes, Janet?"

The other girl merely hummed in response with a stoic face.

"Come on, I'll take you home. Your bedroom has been tidied up and ready for you."

With that, Megan moved forward to help Janet with her bag.

Janet dodged Megan's movement while she retorted stiffly, "I didn't say I'm going back.."

Upon hearing that, Megan fell silent; the words she was about to say crumbled on the tip of her tongue.

Staring at the kind and enthusiastic woman before her, all Janet felt was a strange sense of detachment and annoyance.

Megan dug her nails into her palms and she pleaded in a pained voice, “Janet, there’s no way that Emily will ever be coming back. You are the Jackson family’s only daughter from now on.”

“And then what? Do you honestly think that a broken mirror could be fixed in one day?”

The silence that ensued was deafening and the air around them went still.

A dumbfounded Megan gaped at her. Is there no way for us to fix this? Is she never going to forgive me for the hurt I’ve caused her in the past?

“Janet, unlike broken mirrors, kinship can always be fixed.”

“Oh.” Janet’s lips curved up into a sneer and she let out a bitter laugh as she countered. “But, I don’t feel like fixing it anymore.”

She remembered the sense of longing that she had felt when she first left the Wallace Residence—she wanted to know the true meaning of kinship too.

## Sir, You Don’t Know Your Wife Chapter 939

However, it was only after she arrived at the Jackson Family that she realized how faded and fragile kinship could be.

“I understand that it takes time to fix something like this,” Megan admitted as she nodded her head with a forlorn expression.

She twisted her fingers as she felt her heart shatter into pieces. However, the heartache and desperation she felt now was different from when Emily had left. Perhaps it was because Janet was her biological daughter. Blood runs thicker than water after all, she figured.

Janet, on the other hand, raised a brow and said nothing. Then, she strode toward the black Maybach that was idling outside the school entrance.

Megan turned and she had heart palpitations when she saw the black Maybach.

She hurriedly reached out to grab Janet's hand.

Janet looked back and asked coldly, "Is there anything else?"

Seeing as Megan took the initiative to offer the olive branch, she felt the need to tell Janet what Emily had told her. So, she asked, "Janet, Emily told me about your relationship with Mason Lowry of the Lowry Family Conglomerate. Is that true?"

There were only three black Maybachs in Sandfort City, one of which was owned by Mason Lowry of the Lowry Family Conglomerate. Piecing this piece of information together with what Emily had told her, Megan only grew more suspicious.

Upon hearing that, Janet merely raised a brow in amusement. So, this was the dirt that Emily has on me all along? How ridiculous!

With a smirk, she drawled nonchalantly, "I don't think that's any of your business. Even if it is, it wouldn't get in the way of the Jackson Family."

Don't the Jacksons care about reputation more than anything else? Isn't that why Megan is here—trying to make sure that I'm not going to ruin their reputation?

With that in mind, Janet pulled away from the other woman and she shoved her hands into her pockets. She then continued to walk toward the black Maybach.

As Megan watched her leaving and fading from view, she felt her heart wrench in despair.

She failed as a mother! She had spent nineteen years loving a daughter that was not her own. When her biological daughter came to the Jackson Family, she had despised the latter without any reason.

As it turned out, Emily, whom she had doted on for nineteen years, had duped her and her only biological daughter pretended as though she did not exist.

She was perhaps the most absurd mother on the planet.

Megan heaved a sigh. She did not know how she was supposed to make it up to Janet.

Meanwhile, after entering the car, the man next to Janet scooted over and asked, "Who was that just now?"

"You mean the woman whom I was talking to?"

"Yes." The car was parked too far away for him to have a proper look at the person.

Janet raised her brow and answered plainly, "The Mistress of the Jackson Family."

"Do you mean your mother?"

She did not answer this time as she merely nodded in response.

Mason's eyes flashed and narrowed. "Why was she looking for you all of a sudden?"

"To ask me to return home," she replied wearily.

Mason frowned in thought and his lips pressed into a grim line as he pressed on, "So, are you going back?"

Janet gave him a look of amusement as she let out a small laugh. "Do you want to get rid of me so badly?"

However, Mason only stared at her in silence.

After a pause, she took out her phone and began to scroll through her messages. She looked and sounded unfazed as she added, "Just so you know, I'm sticking around for good."

He abruptly reached out to press one of the buttons in the car and within seconds, the entire backseat was divided from the front by a black partition.

Before Janet could say anything, Mason moved toward her and pinned her down against the seat. He smiled roguishly while his eyes narrowed into mischievous slits as he said, "I was just going to say that there's no way I'm going to let you return there."

"How domineering of you," she mused as she bit on her lip. Then, she burst into a fit of giggles and her eyes lit up with humor. He gazed at her, noting how warm and endearing she looked in that moment.

Her pink lower lip was wet and glistening from where she had bitten it, looking every bit as delicious as a freshly-picked cherry.

No longer able to control himself, Mason did not think twice before leaning in to kiss her.

The heat and passion that entailed left Janet breathless. She reached up and pushed his chest, while glaring at him as she demanded, "Can't you take things slowly?"

## Sir, You Don't Know Your Wife Chapter 940

How could a man be turned on with such ease?

Mason stared longingly at her lips as they parted and closed soundlessly, as though it was tempting him to take a bite. He swallowed convulsively before he said hoarsely, "I skipped lunch to finish work earlier and come to see you. Do you really think I can take things slow right now?"

Upon hearing that, Janet clicked her tongue. She pressed her hand against his chest to keep him from edging any closer before she plainly responded, "In that case, we should get lunch, shouldn't we?"

His gaze trailed down from her pink lips to the soft, fair skin of her nape, whereupon he saw the faded marks that were left from their endeavors last night.

The memory was setting him ablaze.

Janet saw the lustful look in his eyes and she asked flatly, "What should we have for lunch, little satyr?"

Little satyr? He narrowed his eyes at the phrase and demanded in a low voice, "What do you mean by 'little satyr'?"

Mason knew exactly what 'satyr' meant—it was good as she calling him a s\*x addict.

However, Janet smiled at him and answered innocently, "It's another way of saying that you're adorable."

"Is it?" Mason feigned seriousness as he looked at her darkly.

Her skin prickled when she saw his gaze darken and she began to wonder whether she had just landed herself in trouble.

Nonetheless, she maintained an unfazed countenance as she repeated, "I'm serious. What do you feel like having for lunch?"

"You."

As soon as he said that, he took her hands and pinned them above her head.

He did so in an almost animalistic manner and it dawned upon her that he was well aware of what she meant when she called him a satyr.

I've been tricked! Janet felt a wave of resignation wash over her as Mason kissed and nibbled at the soft skin of her neck.

While the backseat of the Maybach was considerably spacious, there simply was not enough room for their heated and passionate venture. Janet could not help but let out a soft cry of pain when she felt Mason's elbow dig into her arm.

Her cries pulled him back to his senses. He then looked down at her with concern swimming in his eyes. "What's wrong? Did I hurt you?"

Janet nodded meekly. "Just a bit."

When he heard that, he rose up and pulled her into his lap. He held her tenderly as he spoke in a pained voice, "I'm sorry, Janet. I won't do it again."

Janet broke into a laugh at the sight of his guilt-ridden and distressed expression; her shoulders shuddered from the effort of containing herself.

Mason blinked. When he realized what was going on, he went from looking incredulous to devilish in seconds. "Were you merely joking?"

"Yes," she answered, openly laughing at him.

He took a breath before he buried his face in her neck as he responded hoarsely, "I really thought that I hurt you."

Her skin tingled when she felt his warm breath on her neck and cheeks.

Janet suppressed a shudder before she softly responded, "You'll just have to be gentle with me."

"Be good. I won't touch you for now," Mason replied lovingly.

She gaped at him. Who is going to relieve me of the frustration now?

For the first time in her life, she wanted to shoot herself in the foot.

It was dinner time at the Lowry Residence, but Janet did not join Mason at the dining table. Instead, she walked over to the backyard to enjoy the evening breeze.

Without her next to him at dinner, he was beginning to grow irritated and bored.

Janet was currently playing with the wolves in the cage—or more accurately, she was actually teasing them.

He narrowed his eyes and shot a disgruntled look toward the wolf pup, who looked tame.

"Janet," Mason called out.

However, she did not respond as she continued to scratch the pup behind the ears.

The pup nuzzled its face against hers, looking as comfortable as if she was one of its own.

Mason watched the scene with resentment. It was one thing for her to miss dinner with him, but it was an entirely different thing when she decided to spend her time making other male creatures fawn over her.

“Janet,” he called once more as he unhappily raised his voice.