

Sir, You Don't Know Your Wife Chapter 372

Rebecca was very nervous. She had only received the piano score in her hand a few days ago and was not completely familiar with it yet.

Hilbert's eyebrows furrowed slightly, then he drew in a breath and smiled. "Of course!"

He kept trying to convince himself that he was focused on musical talent and not simply on outward appearances. If this girl in front of him was able to exceed his expectations in playing the piano, then the inadequacies in her memory were hardly an issue.

"Thank you!" Rebecca beamed.

Taking a deep breath, she cleared her mind of any distracting thoughts and let her hands fall on the black and white keys of the piano, initiating the start of her performance.

Hilbert's eyes glistened; he was excited to hear the sound that moved him once again.

As the stream of notes flowed out, his fingers on the soft leather sofa also moved along to the music.

Not long after, however, his fingers came to an abrupt stop.

Opening his eyes, he waited until she finished playing to yell, "Stop."

When Rebecca looked up and met his green eyes, all she saw was a look of disappointment.

It seemed like he was not satisfied with her performance today.

Disheartened, she lowered her head and forced a smile. "I'm sorry for disappointing you!"

This was not how she imagined it to be. She thought that she had played well, but why was Hilbert against her?

It was hard for her to accept.

She did not believe that she lacked the slightest in comparison to Emily—she did not back then nor did she now.

Seeing the girl in front of him biting her lip while her eyes filled with tears, he hesitated for a moment before he lamented, “Miss Davis, I don’t think you played badly! But, you might not be as good as the candidate I have in mind. Between the both of you, I still choose her.”

The ‘her’ referred to Emily.

Even though the level Emily was at more than a month ago was not that far off from where Rebecca was now, he believed Emily would have improved the next time she played for him.

Therefore, Emily was still Hilbert’s choice for now.

Raising her watery eyes, Rebecca asked in a voice that was on the verge of tears, “Is Emily the candidate you have in mind?”

“Yes...” he murmured.

When he said that, she became even more unsettled. What reason does he have to pick Emily over me?

If Emily finds out that she was chosen by Hilbert, how arrogant would she act in front of me?

At the thought of all the attention being drawn toward Emily, a bitter resentment started to grow within Rebecca.

However, she could only accept things as they were. No matter how unhappy she felt, there was nothing she could do.

Now, she was curious to see how good Emily was when she officially performed. If her skills were much better than hers, then there was nothing more she could say about it.

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Outside the Lowry Family Conglomerate’s conference room, Janet reached up and knocked on the cold metal door.

A low and deep voice came from inside. "Come in!"

Those two words were enough to make Lara and Desire nervous.

That Lowry heir is known for his ruthless and cruel ways. Why did Janet fall for him? And why does she want to work with a capitalist like him?

Janet went to open the door promptly. Rolling her eyes under the mask, she proceeded to walk in with poise.

In seconds, the whole conference room was filled with the heavy perfume scent and the sound of continuous short sniffs were heard.

The man who was sitting in the center had a frown on his face as his cold gaze stared ahead at the three women in front of him. They were neither tall nor short—about the same height as Janet—except the scent they carried was suffocating.

He turned on the air ventilation then stood up with an outstretched hand. "Mason Lowry!"

Janet nodded with a smirk under her mask. Changing the tone of her voice, she said, "J'Adore. I'm the person in charge of the MX."

After they introduced themselves, however, she did not shake his hand.

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"Take a seat!" Mason pulled his hand back and gestured to the seats in front.

After sitting down on the cushiony sofa, Janet said in a serious tone, "Ten billion for that base. Didn't you agree to that? What else is there to discuss?"

He chuckled. His demeanor and voice were both cold and menacing. "Miss J'Adore, you're already planning to expand in Sandfort City." He raised an eyebrow. "I'm thinking of using another ten billion to buy a base in Markovia!"

They were both thinking of expanding their power in the other's territory.

Normally, she would never agree to something like that, but the man in front of her was no stranger.

Chuckling lightly, her eyebrows shot up under her mask in amusement. "If you were talking to the old me, I would definitely decline your request."

Black Python, Red Python, and White Python exchanged glances with each other.

What was that supposed to mean?

Did she mean that she was not going to refuse him now?

"Huh?" Mason looked at her questioningly.

He had prepared for a refusal and even thought of some countermeasures.

"But thinking about it now, the Lowry Family can be of some use to me. I'll also help you with anything you need in return." Smiling, she continued, "I believe..." She paused. "the Lowry Family sees us the same way too."

He frowned. The stench of her perfume was so stifling that it made him lose his bearings.

Leaning back, he said, "Of course! It would be an honor for us to be able to work with the MX."

Janet reached out her hand instinctively. "Pleasure doing business with you!"

At this moment, however, he avoided her. A smile appeared on his handsome face as he said, "I look forward to working with you."

She smirked under the mask. For some reason, a feeling of joy overwhelmed her.

From the start to the end, he had made sure to maintain some distance between them.

With a smile on her face, she stood up in her five-inch heels. The strong scent of perfume exuded off of her even before she passed an area.

When she started walking, she suddenly lost her footing and stumbled.

To lessen the pain, she was going to fall on the sofa but she ended up falling into his arms instead.

“Watch your step, Miss J’Adore!” Mason had a stoic look on his face as though he was simply helping out with a small matter.

Her heart skipped a beat and she quickly pushed herself off of him.

“Thank you for the reminder, Mr. Lowry!” She kept a straight expression on her face.

Mr. Lowry?

He froze at those familiar words.

That was a name that only Janet called him by.

Lowering his head, he only saw a woman dressed in a loose-fitting long-sleeved black blouse. It was a drastic difference from the way Janet dressed.

Moreover, her voice was different.

“What’s wrong? Don’t stare at me like that, Mr. Lowry!” She shot her eyebrows up at him as she asked in amusement.

A moment later, he shifted his gaze away from her and kept a fixed distance between them. “My apologies. I got distracted.”

Mason felt uneasy now as his whole body was covered with the strong scent of the perfume. Janet is not going to like this.

For now, he decided to send his guests off first. “Let me see you off, Miss J’Adore.”

“No need. I can still walk!” she insisted.

He motioned to Black Python, White Python, and the others.

“Come to the base in two days!”

“Sure thing.”

Once that was settled, Janet walked out of that big chilly conference room in her heels.

Listening to the sound of heels clicking against the ground, Mason could not help but rub his temples in frustration.

Even a completely unrelated woman reminded me of Janet. I think I’m starting to miss her again.

Leaning against the sofa lazily, he reached up to loosen his necktie. Then, his previous frustrations were appeased the moment he heard the voice on the other end of the phone.

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He murmured, “Did she eat the congee yet?”

The housekeeper looked up at the time and panicked. “Oh! I almost forgot that Miss Jackson hasn’t had dinner yet!”

“Go check on her upstairs. Don’t wake her if she isn’t up yet. Let her sleep.” He did not sound too happy.

“Okay, I’ll go take a look,” the housekeeper informed him and was about to hang up.

Suddenly, he interjected, “Don’t hang up! Hand the phone over to her if she’s awake.”

The housekeeper fell silent.

When she arrived at Janet’s room and did not hear any noise, she was about to tell him that Janet was not awake yet.

But looking at the bed, she realized that it was empty except for the blanket.

Rubbing her eyes, she focused once more but still did not see anything.

She walked to the bathroom with the phone in her hand, but no one was there.

At that moment, the housekeeper became flustered.

“Young Master Mason, I think Miss Jackson left the house! I don’t see her anywhere!”

“What?” He got up in an instant from the idle position he was in before and his voice grew cold. It seemed like he was about to explode with fury. “Check the backyard!”

She often enjoyed going to the backyard to feed the wolves. That seemed to be the only plausible explanation. Since she was not feeling well, it was not likely that she had gone out to meet her friends.

As he gave those instructions, he was already out of the conference room.

Sean, Black Python, Red Python, and the rest looked on in silence.

What happened? Why does he look so bewildered?

Could it be that something happened to Janet?

Inside the green luxury car, Janet’s phone continued to ring. She looked down and saw that it was Mason.

With the explanation that she gave him, he should still be under the assumption that she was asleep because of her menstrual pains and would not be calling her to wake her up.

Even though she wanted to answer it, she also presumed that the housekeepers had discovered her absence.

She waited for the ringing to end before turning off her device.

Knowing him, he would track her phone to find her location.

With a serious look on her face, she instructed, "Step on it, Lara."

Her voice was harsh and overbearing, leaving Lara stunned for a moment.

Don't tell me Mason found out that she left?

When Janet did not sense a change in the speed of the car, she promptly kept her phone away.

Lara glanced at the rearview mirror then heard her utter, "Let's switch seats, Lara."

"Okay!"

Lara and Desire were both delighted. They were ready to have a feel of the Night Shadow's driving skills.

In the pitch-black night, the green luxury car sped off on the road.

There was a hint of ridicule in her clear eyes and a contemptuous smile on the corner of her lips.

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The brilliant lamps on the wall of the Lowry Residence radiated a warm light. From the moment Mason stepped in, he had a grim look on his face.

"Did you check the surveillance cameras? You didn't see her?" His voice sounded threatening.

The housekeeper was gripping onto the ends of her clothes tightly. "Y-Young Master Mason... I looked over it but I didn't see any trace of Miss Jackson!"

A person could not just disappear into thin air.

Her phone was switched off.

Is she in trouble?

Did she get abducted?

He grew more fearful of the possibilities and could only go upstairs to see for himself.

"If anything happens to her, it'll be on you!" He quickly paced upstairs.

The housekeeper watched his back while feeling anxious and uneasy. Where did Miss Jackson go?

He kicked the door open.

It was dark. Janet just so happened to walk out of the bathroom with a towel wrapped around her and was looking at him.

Her skin was fair—like a sweet honey peach.

"W-Why are you in here?" Janet was shocked. She tightened her grip on the towel and forced herself to sound unsettled. "G-Get out now!"

He gulped. His gaze grew deeper and he immediately went up to hug her.

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"Babe!" Mason called gently. "You scared me to death!"

Janet stiffened and feigned a look of ignorance. "What's gotten into you?"

He lifted her puzzled face at her neck and looked over her once, making sure that it was his beloved Janet.

"The housekeeper said you disappeared into thin air!" As he hugged her, his low and soothing voice echoed from beside her ear. It did not seem like the panic had subsided yet and he was speaking to comfort himself. "Thank goodness you're okay!"

Being held tightly by him with only a towel between them made her feel very uneasy.

Squirming in his embrace, she patted his back as though she was appeasing a young child. "Where else would I go? I was home the whole time and only went to take a shower earlier!"

She leaned against his shoulder and grabbed onto his shirt tightly. A feeling of guilt slowly rose inside her.

She knew that trust was the most important thing between two people in a relationship, but she could not reveal her identity to him yet. She had to be responsible for her people at the MX.

After a while, Mason finally came around and felt her damp hair by accident. "Did you wash your hair?"

"Yeah," she replied softly.

Fortunately, the car did not break down after going at 600. Otherwise, she would be covered in a dreadful stench of perfume while standing in front of him.

Looking up, Mason met her eyes and said, "I'll go get the hairdryer!"

She blinked at him as she let him go.

Then, she walked to the front of the wardrobe and took out a shirt to put on, revealing a pair of thin and enticing fair legs.

She was not used to being looked after by someone. Growing up, no one had ever cared for her and worried about her like he did before.

Nonetheless, she was not going to let herself be a woman who relied on a man.

"Let me." Walking up to his side, she reached forward to grab the hairdryer.

With his long arms, he lifted the hairdryer high up in the air and walked past her.

The absurdity dumbfounded her. "I'll do it myself."

As she spoke, her small hands reached up but she still failed to grab anything.

Mason scoffed and continued to wear a blank expression on his face. "Sit here!" he instructed and pulled her onto the bed.

Her eyebrows shot up. While listening to the sound of the hairdryer from above her head, she carelessly asked, "Did you get the deal with the MX?"

He paused for a moment as he was not expecting that question from her, so he also answered nonchalantly, "Yes! She agreed to let our Lowry Family start a base in Markovia!"

"Oh!" The tone of her voice was ambiguous. "Seems like the head of the MX is quite nice to you."

His hands stopped abruptly, then they gently massaged the top of her head. "Oh, someone sounds jealous. Would you feel better if I took you there with me?"

Jealous? He thinks I'm jealous? How is that possible? How can I be jealous of myself?

She witnessed for herself how well-behaved he was that he did not even give 'her' a handshake.

Just then, he put the hairdryer back in its place. Janet got up as she fixed her hair and was about to get off the bed to go eat.

When she looked up, she realized that he was taking off his shirt. It was a sight for sore eyes.

She gulped.

Her throat tightened and suddenly went dry.

He already looks this attractive with only his shirt off. If he takes everything off...

He lowered his eyes toward her and a subtle smile grew on his lips.

“Come here!”

“What?”

She moved away from him and looked him straight in the face again.

She had only taken a couple of steps when he went up to her, pulled her into his arms, then leaned down and kissed her.

The lighting in the room was still dark. After being held in his embrace and kissed for a long while, she didn't even know where to put her hands anymore.

When their deep French kiss ended, Janet was breathing heavily as she looked at him with a bright red face and asked, “Dinner?”

“I'm going to take a shower first.” He looked intently at her. “Join me?”

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“No!” Janet shook her head. “I just came out of the shower.”

But he did not give her a chance to refuse and pulled her straight into the bathroom.

“I... Mason... I took a shower already. I don't need to shower again!”

The housekeeper was passing by in the corridor. When she heard the ambiguous sounds coming from inside the room, she immediately blushed and walked away.

How did Miss Jackson appear so suddenly?

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Ten minutes later, Janet came out as the winner in that battle. She managed to escape from the bathroom and headed downstairs with a growling stomach.

"Miss Jackson!" The housekeeper, who was put in charge of taking care of her, looked at her in shock. "H-How are you coming down from there? I just..."

She was unable to get her words out properly.

Meanwhile, Janet raised her eyebrows and chuckled. "I've been upstairs the whole time. You just missed me."

"Is that so?" The housekeeper scratched her head and was unable to comprehend the situation. She had even checked several times earlier. Only when she was certain that Janet was not in her room did she call Mason. Was I mistaken?

Seeing Janet standing in front of her in one piece, she finally released the breath she was holding. Forget it. As long as Miss Jackson is fine, that's all that matters. Maybe I really was mistaken.

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In the morning when the sky was still dim, Janet slowly opened her eyes.

She moved and tried to inch her way out of his embrace. Throughout the night, she had struggled to get any air from being held in his arms.

It seemed like she had caused him great distress last night which, in effect, instilled in him the fear of losing her.

At the side, her phone suddenly lit up and she realized that Abby had sent her a message last night.

Abby: 'Janet, Class F is having a banquet tomorrow afternoon at the Four Seasons Hotel.'

Feeling her hair, Janet then turned the screen off.

"What's wrong?" Mason's eyes were not open. He was still hugging her thin waist with a lazy look on his handsome face as he asked in a hoarse voice, "Who sent you a message this early in the morning?"

She tried to sit up. "My classmate informed me that there will be a get-together at noon today!"

"A class reunion?" His voice grew more hoarse as he tightened his grip around her. "Where?"

"Four Seasons Hotel or something." His grip continued to tighten. She was baffled. "Let me go. I want to wash up!"

I've never met such a clingy man before. He's the most powerful man in Asia, yet he goes back and forth between clingy and vicious. What do I do with him?

Once she was in the bathroom, she started brushing her teeth and looking at herself in the mirror. That was when she noticed the big, red mark on her neck.

Her face turned red in an instant.

This is so embarrassing!

She used her hand to poke the red mark but it only became more obvious.

Outside, she heard Mason talking to someone.

It must be about work.

Thus, she did not think too much about it.

At 11 AM, Abby was waiting at the designated place for Janet.

She gulped as she looked at the rows of luxurious villas in awe.

"Beasts!" Abby cried out in alarm, "This is the Villa District where all the big figures in Sandfort City live. Are you sure that Janet lives here?"

She did not mean that Janet did not fit the place, but it was still hard to imagine.

From what her father told her, all the big figures in society lived in Villa District—the mayor, several tycoon families, and so on.

It was apparent that Janet's father fell short of those qualifications.

Moreover, Janet was unable to purchase such a luxurious villa on her own.

"I looked at the address and it's right!" Dexter blinked at her with a puzzled look.

Isn't Abby overreacting? What's so great about these villas? None of the villas that Boss owns in Markovia are lacking in comparison to the ones here.

"Silly girl!" Dexter teased.

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Abby blinked, completely unable to comprehend the calm expressions of the Beasts.

Ten minutes later, Abby looked toward the direction where the footsteps came from.

At that moment, she felt like her heart had suddenly halted.

Janet was in a dark green dress. The hem of the dress fell right on her knees, revealing her fair, smooth legs.

Nothing special had been done to her hair; it was simply twisted into a chignon, and she looked like a serene young lady from the south.

Her gaze was calm but glistening, looking like a gorgeous southern lady. But, there was a trace of stubbornness evident between her brows—similar to the charm of a northern woman.

She was exactly like a fairy that came out from a brocade.

"What's wrong? Do I look bad?" Janet glanced casually at the dumbstruck people in front of her.

"You look amazing!" They nodded, finding it hard to speak coherently.

Once Janet dressed herself up, there was no one in all of Sandfort City who could be compared to her in terms of appearance.

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As soon as Janet entered the Four Seasons Hotel, she caught the eyes of the lobby manager.

He glanced at her for a long time before suddenly recalling the phone call made by his boss earlier this morning.

Instantly, he stepped forward and greeted her with a polite smile. "Are you guys here for the class reunion?" The lobby manager was calm, and there was nothing from his behavior that suggested otherwise.

"Yeah. We've booked the room. It's Room 403." Nodding, Abby proceeded, "Our friends are already waiting for us there!"

Upon hearing that, the manager let out a chuckle. "Actually, the room you booked earlier has been upgraded to the VIP room. There will be a lobby boy who will be taking you there in a moment!"

"Really?" Excitement flashed through Abby's eyes, but she hesitated for a while. "How much does it cost for the upgrade?"

Of course, it would be nice if she could book the VIP room. She bet the set courses would be delicious.

But... she was afraid that the price would be unacceptable.

She heard that the presidential suite in this hotel cost millions just for one night.

"You don't have to pay. Someone has paid the bill." The lobby manager smiled and he signaled a waiter to show them the way.

When the students from Class F met up, the group dived into a chatter.

“I wonder who’s the one that upgraded us to the VIP room?”

“How unbelievable! Doing us a good deed in secret!”

Curling up her lips, Janet pointed toward the dessert on the table. “Hey girl, isn’t that your favorite?”

Following the direction where Janet’s finger was pointing, Abby looked over. Plates of strawberry mousse and Oreo mousse were placed on the table.

She gulped, and her eyes blazed. “Janet, I’m gonna stop talking. I’ll go eat something first!”

As Janet looked at Abby who was acting like a starving kitten, her lips pursed.

There were some people playing games and chatting in the middle of the room.

Suddenly, the door was pushed ajar.

The lobby manager walked in with a string of waiters.

The waiters were pushing food carts; there was a variety of seafood, desserts, steaks, red wines, and other dishes.

Fancy dishes on all eight food carts?

Everyone present at the scene was dumbfounded.

But, the lobby manager flashed them a friendly smile and said, “Please enjoy!”

“Hey! Something’s wrong! We didn’t order any of these dishes. May I ask what’s happening right now?” Someone in the room grabbed the lobby manager’s arm and asked with a puzzled expression.

Someone then noticed the brand of the red wine and he exclaimed, “Romani.”

One of the top red wines in the world.

This type of red wine was very expensive. It was over a hundred thousand just for one bottle. It would be millions for those seven or eight bottles that they brought in. But the thing was, none of them knew how to drink.

Why would they have dared to order it?

However, the gentle smile on the lobby manager's face did not fade. Instead, his eyes met Janet. "Enjoy your meal, Miss Jackson!"

Everyone was bewildered. Did Janet order these?

When they looked toward Janet in search of an answer, Janet was only shaking her head innocently, saying that she didn't know what was happening either.

"Maybe the lobby manager found our Boss pretty, so he decided to give us a free treat!" Dexter whispered from the side.

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"It might be true! Maybe the lobby manager wants to hit on Janet! Otherwise, how would he know her last name!"

"How is that possible? Look at his face! Do you think he's worthy of Janet?"

"Of course, not. If it weren't for Janet, I wouldn't be able to pass the college entrance exam!"

"I'm really looking forward to the results! If we did well in the exam, we're definitely coming here again!" Instead of trying to figure out the situation, everyone joined in to tease Janet.

Suddenly, Janet remembered the conversation she heard when she was in the bathroom this morning, and she thought she somewhat understood what was happening now...

On the second floor of the Four Seasons Hotel, Class A was also holding a party.

"Rebecca! Chloe! Over here!" Emily beckoned as she shouted.

Pulling a smile on her face, Rebecca walked forward. "Emily!"

"Hurry up! The class reunion is about to start!"

"All right!" Rebecca and Chloe tugged at the hem of their dresses, swiftly putting themselves together.

"Emily, who are these?" The people from Class A looked at the two unfamiliar girls curiously.

Both of the young ladies were standing by the side shyly. Laughing, Emily introduced, "They're my cousins, Rebecca and Chloe. You guys wouldn't mind if they joined us for the party, right?"

"Of course, we won't!" Her classmates shook their hands and teased, "How can we reject such beautiful young ladies?"

When both Rebecca and Chloe heard the compliments, they held their chin up, intending to let the others take a look at their appearances more clearly. Emily smiled at her classmates; she walked gracefully back to her seat as she listened to the gossip.

"I think I saw Abby and Janet on the first floor just now!"

"Are you sure? What a coincidence!"

"How pretentious! I guess she's just trying to be like us. I'm sure she'll be crying later when she finds she can't afford to pay the bill!"

"Yeah. She's very well-dressed. I wonder who she's trying to impress tonight."

"Tsk. Even if she did manage to look pretty tonight, she's still no match for Emily and the two cousins she brought over today!"

"That's right! As expected, beauty runs in the family!"

Picking up the orange juice from the table, Emily took a sip elegantly; the corners of her mouth curled into a mocking smirk. Why is she everywhere?

On the other side, the moment Rebecca showed up, every guy in Class A was captivated.

"You're Rebecca?" They immediately hit on her as she took her seat.

Nodding, Rebecca's ears turned scarlet. "Yeah."

"Your voice is beautiful! Just like Snow White!" The boy flirted, "What do you want to drink? I can help you to get something."

"I only drink red wine!" Rebecca stroked her hair, exuding the sweet fragrance of her perfume. People with her taste would only drink Romani red wine. She would not even lay her eyes on red wines from other brands, let alone consume them.

"All right! I'll go get the waiter!" As the boy said this, his eyes continued to be fixated on her.

Pursing her pink lips, Rebecca was slightly pleased. She didn't expect that there would still be boys who wanted to hit on her when she was already laying low. It seemed like her charm was not any lesser than Emily's. When she thought about this, the sorrow that had been growing in her after Hilbert rejected her vanished into thin air.

When the boy was about to leave to get a waiter, one of them came in with some fancy dishes.

"Hi. Can I order some red wine?" the boy asked politely.

"Of course, you can! Which brand would you prefer?" The waiter served him with a smile.

Glancing toward Rebecca, the boy was signaling for her to order. Rebecca tucked her hair and curled her lips in confidence. "Romani!"

Upon hearing that, the waiter was dazed for a moment, and he said, "I'm sorry, but the Romani has been sold out!"

"What the hell?" The boy was startled. Not many people would order Romani red wine on an ordinary occasion, much less until it was sold out.

In an awkward but polite manner, the waiter continued, "There is another group of students here today too. The Romani red wines were given to them just now."

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"Students? From where?" The boy was puzzled.

"Could it be those from Class F?" Emily questioned mindlessly as she took a sip of her juice.

"Impossible! It's more than a hundred thousand just for one bottle. They can't afford it!"

"I agree. Even if they have the money, it's impossible to order so many bottles at once!"

Rebecca was sitting by the side in a depressed state when she heard that she couldn't drink the wine.

Why is it Janet again? Why is she everywhere even when I'm just here for dinner?

As she was thinking, she pulled Emily out furiously.

"Emily, can you accompany me to the washroom?" Rebecca couldn't hide her disappointment in her tone.

"Sure." Emily saw through her dissatisfaction.

This is for the best since Rebecca would hate Janet even more.

In that case, I would have an ally.

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The reunion party of Class F was in full swing.

"Can someone go get a bottle of water?" someone in the room yelled suddenly.

For a long time, the noise in the room remained and no one answered.

Moving her eyes away from her phone, Janet looked around the room. She put her phone away slowly and said in a neutral tone. "I'll go."

"Thanks a lot, then!"

Rising to her feet, Janet glanced toward Abby, who was secretly sipping the red wine, and her head shook helplessly.

She decided she should order some hangover soup; otherwise, everyone would get drunk tonight.

When Janet walked down the corridor, she ran into Emily and Rebecca.

Her gaze swept across their faces, then she passed by them and went straight down to the first floor.

Both Emily and Rebecca exchanged a glance and stood there for a few minutes in bewilderment.

Why is Janet dressed up so beautifully?

If they weren't mistaken, the dress she wore was a custom-made greenish-black tweed one piece from Balenciaga...

That dress cost upward of a million, not to mention that it was custom-made. The actual price would have far exceeded that.

Where did she find the money to buy such a luxurious outfit...

Both of the girls were so envious that their hearts ached.

They clenched their palms at the same time and were hurt by their pricking nails.

The results of the college entrance exam aren't even out yet. How dare she come showing off like that in that Balenciaga dress?

Once the results are out, there's no way she would dare to show her face anymore.

Let's just see how bad she'll do in the exams! It'll be a mess!

How ridiculous!

But, another thing that shocked both of them was that they had just seen Janet coming out from the VIP room!

Is there a mistake?

When did Class F become so extravagant?

Did they just get themselves a VIP room?

Could it be that they are the ones who had ordered all of the Romani red wines?

As they thought about this, the two of them started following Janet.

They wanted to find out what Janet was trying to do.

Janet descended the stairs as she curled her lips, not taking things to her heart.

Nonchalantly, she made her way to the front desk.

The moment the lobby manager saw her, his attitude immediately changed, and politely, he greeted, "Hi. Do you need any help?"

"I need a bottle of water!" Raising her eyebrows, Janet continued, "A big one!"

"Got it!" The manager waved his hand, signaling his staff to get it from the kitchen.

Ever since Janet appeared at the front desk, the smile on the lobby manager's face had never gone away.

Fixing her gaze on him, Janet found the situation slightly funny. "Do you know me by any chance?"

"No, no!" The manager denied it. "But, this morning I got a call from our boss saying that someone has booked a room for a class reunion today. He wanted us to upgrade the room for the group with the most beautiful student!"

He was also wondering why his boss would use such an exaggerated adjective. But, when he saw the photo, he realized that he had seen too little of this world.

So, he had been waiting at the front desk since morning.

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The lobby manager didn't expect the real person to be even more beautiful than the photo.

She was absolutely gorgeous.

And he wondered who had requested his boss to help upgrade the room.

However, since his boss had given the order, he just did as he was told.

Upon hearing that, Janet narrowed her eyes. Her pink lips tightened, but she said nothing.

In the distance, Emily and Rebecca were hiding in the corner, sticking their heads out trying to take a glimpse.

They were wondering why Janet was talking to the lobby manager.

Does she know the lobby manager of the Four Seasons Hotel?

How unbelievable!

Maybe that vixen has hooked up with the lobby manager before!

The both of them were disgusted just by that thought.

When Janet finally got the water and left, Emily and Rebecca went up to the front desk.

The attitude of the lobby manager was indeed not as good as he was earlier with Janet.

One could simply say that he had bypassed them completely.

Gritting her teeth, Emily grabbed the lobby manager's arm. Anxiously, she asked, "Excuse me. May I know why that girl earlier came out from the VIP room?"

The manager adjusted his glasses as he took a few glances at both of them. In an irritated tone, he said, "How may I help you?"

Seeing that the manager was slightly annoyed, Rebecca tried to answer sweetly. "It's nothing. She's my classmate! We're from the reunion party. We're just wondering why the location was changed to the VIP room."

Noticing that both of the girls were also around school age, the lobby manager said after a moment of hesitation, "Actually, our boss called and wanted us to upgrade the room! But, I'm not sure who exactly is the person behind all of this."

Emily was dazed.

Someone upgraded it?

When did Emily find herself a golden goose? And that man is actually willing to splurge for her?

It's the VIP room! Adding those drinks, it would be more than ten million for just one night! How is he willing to spend that money?

Emily found herself irritated when she thought about that. It took them so much effort just to get their hands on a glass of Romani red wine, but Janet had bought bottles of them with ease.

After Rebecca heard what the lobby manager told them, she clenched her fists. Her palm ached and a touch of disgust appeared behind her eyes.

How could Janet take my favorite drink away from me?

She wasn't actually that angry that she couldn't drink it. However, knowing that Janet was able to lay her hands on it, her heart was ill at ease.

The both of them stared fiercely at Janet's back and continued to follow her.

When they reached the foot of the stairs, they were surprised.

"Why are the two of you following me?" Janet suddenly walked out from the door. Her phoenix eyes squinted, but there was no emotion in them.

Rebecca and Emily were so scared that they took a few steps back.

Is she a dog?

How did she notice them when we already tried so hard to keep our voices down?

Rebecca was annoyed but she had nowhere to vent it out. "Who said I'm following you? Why are you so shameless?"

She was trying to scare Janet with her raised tone, but Janet didn't flinch at all.

With a cold voice, Janet questioned, "Oh?" As she was saying that, she smoothed her hair. "Then, who was it that was sneaking behind me?"

"Y-You..." Rebecca was lost for words, so she turned her gaze toward Emily, asking for help.

After all, Emily had dealt with Janet before, so she wasn't as afraid of her.

Emily smirked and she said mockingly, "Class A's reunion party is also held here! How can you say that we're following you?"

She's really disgusting! Even though we're obviously following her, we didn't do anything to hurt her. Why did she come out all of a sudden to scare us?

“Oh?” As Janet was listening to Emily, the corner of her mouth curled up and she mocked dryly, “Where’s your room? It isn’t opposite of the VIP room, right?”

“You...” Emily didn’t expect Janet to be so sharp-tongued. Furiously, she said, “Why are you boasting about the VIP room? At least we wouldn’t sell our bodies in exchange for benefits!”

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Janet let out a chuckle.

It seemed like she was laughing that they didn’t have the guts to sell their bodies.

The look on Emily’s face became even worse. “You...”

Just as she was about to say something, someone came out from the VIP room.

Abby had originally wanted to go to the washroom, but she didn’t expect to find the annoying Emily and another girl beside her.

The both of them were standing angrily opposite Janet, looking like they were about to hit her.

“What happened, Janet?” Abby marched forward and threw a disgusted glance at Emily.

Insulted by Abby’s gaze, Emily was once again stimulated. “What the hell was that gaze? Don’t forget your status just because you’re staying one night in a VIP room! You stupid fatty!”

Emily pointed her finger at Abby as if she would poke Abby’s round eyes at the very next second.

Abby had never seen Emily on the edge before so she quickly hid behind Janet. In a trembling voice, she stuttered, “Let’s go, Janet. I don’t want to play with animals!”

She wasn't exactly fat, but Emily liked to insult her with words like that.

How frustrating!

When Emily heard the way Abby had referred to her, her fingers became stiff and she pointed directly into Janet's eyes.

However, Janet raised her eyes and her voice went cold. "Don't point your finger at me!"

"So what if I point at you?" Rebecca finally joined the fight.

She looked at Abby's plump body and couldn't help feeling nauseous. So, this is the follower Emily was always talking about!

She was still wondering why Janet would have friends, and it turned out that this was the one.

Looks like this girl is an outcast too.

At this moment, a terrifying coldness was seeping out from Janet. It was so cold that it seemed like someone could be frozen in the next moment.

In the next second, Janet lifted her arms and grabbed Emily and Rebecca's fingers. With a gentle swing, she pushed them out into the distance.

"Argh!" The girls screamed at the same time. It was fortunate that they had been standing firmly; otherwise, they would have fallen straight onto the ground.

Emily felt like her index finger was about to break off. Viciously, she stared at Janet. "B*tch! Did you do that on purpose?"

How evil! What happens if my finger is broken? I wouldn't be able to play the piano anymore!

Janet ruined my dream to be an artist! Is she trying to do the same thing to my dreams of being a pianist?

"Are you okay, Emily?" Rebecca darted toward Emily, looking concerned.

She then turned toward Janet and yelled, "Aren't you just jealous of Emily for playing the piano so well? Aren't you just jealous that she is about to become the successor of the Yobril Royal Academy of Music? Are you trying to hurt her because of that? How wicked!"

As soon as she finished talking, she heard a cold voice. She saw Janet's eyes narrow as her lips parted. "I said, don't point your finger at me!"

"You..." Rebecca was vexed, but she couldn't rebuke.

The quarrel in the corridor quickly attracted the waiter's attention.

Seeing that the situation was getting out of hand, the waiter quickly went to fetch the lobby manager.

Thinking that something must have gone wrong, the manager walked over with a grimace.

As he got nearer to the scene, he realized that these were the guests he had just seen.

"Miss Jackson, what happened?" the manager asked in concern, fearing that he might offend her.

Janet didn't respond to him, but it was Emily who then demanded, "I want to see your boss! Ask him to kick this person out!" She knew the lobby manager was in a relationship with Janet, and he would absolutely be on her side. However, there was no way that the boss would show her any respect.

When the picture of Janet being kicked out by the boss formed in her mind, her mood instantly got better.

Rebecca yelled when she saw the lobby manager staying unmoved. "Didn't you hear us? Do you want me to file a complaint?"

"This..." The lobby manager didn't understand what was going on. Aren't they classmates? Why are they quarreling all of a sudden?