

Sir, You Don't Know Your Wife Chapter 332

Mason wanted to be with Janet all the time.

He did not know that was the kind of person he was, but after being with her, he did not recognize himself anymore.

Picking up some braised eggplant, he put it in Janet's bowl and murmured, "I want to go to school with you."

If he were by her side, who would dare to bully her?

Upon hearing that, she choked and sent the eggplant she had just put in her mouth back out at him. "What nonsense is that?" She felt completely baffled on the inside as she was wiping his face.

"This isn't nonsense." He was not angry. While he let her wipe his face with her hand, he put it in a different way. "I want to go to your school."

Looking at him in all seriousness, she narrowed her eyes but did not say a word.

At the side, Walter let out a dry cough and continued to eat his food.

He glanced at the man in front of him, then at Janet. He was now filled with regret. Looks like I don't stand a chance here.

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Once they were done eating, they all went their separate ways.

Walter hurried back to the film set to continue shooting his scene while Janet and Mason went back to the villa together.

When they were in the car, Mason took out his phone and gave a few instructions.

On the other end of the call, the principal ended up falling out of his chair in shock.

He even failed to get his words out properly. “Young Master Mason, I... I... didn’t hear that wrong, did I?” Young Master Mason wants to come to my school?

“Cut the nonsense!” Mason snapped. “Say more and I will make you step down from your position.”

The incapability of this principal was the reason Janet had to suffer over and over again.

In fact, he wanted her to drop out of that school and be done with it. Why did she have to stay at that rotten place?

“No! No!” The principal was on edge. After gathering his thoughts for a few minutes, he said, “Young Master Mason, come to the school tomorrow. I’ll leave the dean’s position open for you. How does that sound?”

The dean’s job was rather easy. He just had to read over several report cards and hold meetings with the principal and teachers.

If Mason were to take that position, he did not have to lift a finger. All he had to do was take up the title.

When the phone call ended, Janet looked over at him but was unable to read his emotions. “Do you think I haven’t attracted enough attention yet?”

She was well-known at her school. If they were to meet at school every day, all sorts of rumors would start to spread.

“I won’t bother you.” He gently massaged her hand that was still not fully recovered yet.

As long as he got to see her whenever he wanted to, he was content.

The following day, Janet entered her classroom whilst listening to the uproar behind her.

“Janet, were you taken away by the police yesterday? Is everything okay?” The students in her class were extremely concerned.

They also heard that Emily was the one who made the report. But for someone as bad-natured as Emily, she deserved to get beaten up.

Janet nodded with a calm expression on her face. “Everything is fine.”

“Glad to hear that. Good for you.” Her classmates gave her a thumbs-up.

Abby, who was sitting at the side, had her lips pursed. “I was worried sick about you yesterday! Thankfully, Gordon told me you were fine.”

Janet reached up to caress her head. “Can you walk? Does it still hurt?”

A small smile slowly crept up on Abby’s face and her cheeks were bunched together. “Of course. The medicine you gave me was very effective! Where did you get it from? I’ll get it from you again if I need it next time.”

After applying it twice yesterday, she was able to get out of bed this morning.

Janet could not resist squeezing her round cheeks. “Then, we’ll talk about this when that time comes.”

Abby flaunted a smile on her blushed face.

While looking at her, a thought occurred to Janet. “Did Gordon take you home yesterday?”

Abby blinked at her then buried her face in her book. Janet is mean now. She’s even making fun of me. She nodded. “Mm.”

That made Janet smile. “Great.”

Their feelings for each other were mutual even though Gordon acted cold most of the time.

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Within the school grounds, word was spreading like wildfire about the new dean.

“I heard the new dean is super handsome.”

"What? That old man with the beer belly is gone! This is great news."

"I went to sneak a peek earlier, but the door to the office was shut tightly. There was no way for me to get in." "I saw him come to school in a Maybach today."

"Maybach? Even a dean can afford a Maybach? What's up with our school?"

The students gossiped among themselves and were all eager to see the new dean.

Janet lifted her head off the table when she heard them talking and could not help but smile affectionately.

Just as she was about to put her head back down, one of her classmates called, "Janet! Someone wants to see you."

Opening her eyes, she had a blank look on her face. "Who?"

Could it be Emily looking for trouble again?

"The new dean's assistant came to get you!" Her classmate informed her shortly after.

Her lips twitched in bewilderment. Assistant? Did he bring his group of underlings to my school?

"Okay," she called out after a brief moment of hesitation.

When she arrived at the dean's office, the door was closed shut as if there was not a soul inside.

A moment later, the door opened.

Red Python came out and took a few steps toward her. He gave her a slight bow then said, "Miss Jackson, Young Master Mason wants to see you."

She looked around the space, then nodded and went inside.

"Babe," he called from inside. His sensual and electrifying voice was like a deep well pulling her in.

Gazing up at him with her pointed eyes that made her look bewitching, she snapped, "What do you want?"

He got up from the office chair with one hand in his pocket and looked at her through narrowed eyes. "Is the injury on your hand better now?"

Her eyebrows shot up as she said patiently, "Just about." Then, she took a seat on the sofa.

Mason walked to the front of the sofa. When he grabbed her small hand, he spotted the part of the wound that had gotten infected from being exposed to water.

Is this called getting better? Does she know the severity of an infection the second time around?

"Black Python, get some medicine and gauze from the infirmary." His cold voice reached Janet's ears.

After that, he lifted her and carried her to the office desk. Pressing down on her shoulders, he warned, "Don't move."

She took a brief look at the wound on her hand. "This isn't serious. You don't have to do anything about it."

When he heard that, he glared at her with his deep black eyes.

"If it gets infected, it will be too late." It was hard to distinguish his emotions from his aloof tone.

Tsk. She clicked her tongue intentionally. "Am I the doctor or are you, stoic master of the house, the doctor?"

He scoffed at her. She has a quick tongue. If I hinder those pink lips of hers, she won't be able to speak anymore.

Janet glanced up to find that he was staring at her lips with a desirous look in his eyes, which made her feel self-conscious. Mason did not care for the occasion when he got worked up, but there were many hot-blooded males where they were so they had to be warier.

She cleared her throat and quickly brought up a different topic. "You're so brazen. That old principal actually listens to you."

He smiled at her passive attitude. "In Sandfort City, you're the only one who doesn't let me have my way."

There was not another person in this world, besides her, who would defy him.

Her alluring eyes shot up as she teased, "Why are you still wasting your time on me then? Are you letting go of the Lowry Family Conglomerate?"

As the largest company in Asia, Lowry Family Conglomerate had an unfathomable amount of competitors who were just waiting to have a piece of them the moment they started to falter.

"Don't worry, Miss Jackson. We send over company contracts and data daily," Sean explained from the side with a slight smile.

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Janet was speechless.

Just then, Black Python walked in with a first aid kit in his hand.

He bowed and said, "Young Master Mason, the people at the infirmary want us to return this as soon as we're done with it."

"I got it," he replied while his hands busily searched through the first aid kit.

He poured some ointment on a cotton bud and instructed, "Lift your hand."

Meanwhile, Janet kept her eyes fixed on his bony fingers. For a brief moment, she felt his breath falling on the top of her head.

It was warm.

Surprisingly, she obediently opened her hand and let him apply the medicine.

He moved gently, and both his movements and eyes were filled with tender love.

“Are you done?” she asked in a soft voice.

“Almost. Just a minute.”

In less than two minutes and with his first-aid skills, her hand was bandaged up.

“You don’t have to remove it until it’s all recovered,” he mumbled with a slight wariness in his voice.

To Janet’s understanding, it was precautionary advice.

Instead of replying to him, she put her hand on his shoulders and jumped off the table.

“Thanks. I should get back to class now.” She lifted her bandaged hand, neither hating it nor loving it.

“Okay, go on.” Mason was putting everything back in the first aid kit. Before Janet left, however, he teased in a deep voice, “No matter how strong you are, there will always be times when you’d have to submit to me.”

She froze in place. A few seconds later, her face turned a bright red as she lifted her foot and stepped on him.

Through gritted teeth, she said, “Hooligan.”

I’m never coming to this office again.

When she left, Mason patted his flushed face. That was embarrassing.

Watching her storm off, his lips curled up slightly. It was only in those moments when he could win over her.

Red Python, Black Python, and Sean exchanged glances with each other then smiled in gratification.

Miss Jackson and Young Master Mason have such a good relationship.

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In mid-April, the sun was shining brightly and everyone was dressed in uniform.

Occasionally, there were a few students who wore skirts in an attempt to gain attention.

The music that was being blasted on the school field was reaching its climax once again.

It was their weekly exercise session.

Sometimes, Mason would take time off during work hours to sneak up on her. He stood at the highest peak where there was a complete view of the field.

He only saw Janet waving her arms around, but she had a look of indifference on her face.

Ten minutes later, the woman on the big screen stopped moving and the music also came to an end, indicating that their exercise session was over.

The physical education teacher said into the microphone, "Dismissed."

Thus, the students started to leave while chatting away noisily.

Suddenly, the large screen on the field lit up again, but this time, the display shocked everyone.

On the upper part of the large screen was a cold and uncaring girl.

All they saw was the sullen gaze in which she used to look at the other girl in front of her. Lifting her hand, she hit the other girl who was of similar age to her.

Of course, the girl who was being hit was Emily.

In the next frame, it showed Janet and a few other people huddled together.

The girl who was being beaten up in that scene was the former school beauty, Jennifer Lewis.

The footage had clearly come from a surveillance camera.

At the end of the video, there were even large words typed onto the screen that said: 'Janet Jackson'.

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Mason was also stunned for a moment before he started pacing back to the dean's office and ordered, "Take down that video now."

For a few seconds, Sean was puzzled.

But when he heard the urgency in Mason's voice, he figured that something big must have happened.

He could only do as he was told for the time being.

After quickly turning his computer on, he was able to take down the video being played on the screen in less than a minute.

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On the field, the crowd was bustling below the stage.

“What’s happening? Who did this?”

“Tsk, tsk, tsk. Janet is too cruel. What did Emily do to her?”

“Who else could’ve done this? It’s obvious.”

“Looks like we’ll have something to keep us entertained for now.”

The principal’s face grew darker. Hasn’t all of this been resolved? Why make it public?

Who wanted to ruin Star High School’s reputation?

If word got out, no one would dare to enroll in their school.

Lilian glanced over at the principal who had fallen into deep thought and a bitter smile flashed across her face.

I told this old man that Janet was an accident waiting to happen. Yet, they still protected her like they were protecting treasure. Now that this has happened, it’ll be over for Janet.

Regarding this incident where Janet beat up Emily, even the Gods could not protect her now.

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In Class A, Emily was crying like a person in despair and her tearful appearance was heartbreaking to witness. However, she felt a fleeting moment of joy.

Master Nato? Excellent grades? Beautiful? F Class’s pride and hope? I gave her a chance. If she apologized to me yesterday, I might have forgiven her. But... she doesn’t know good from bad. She deserved this. All of these titles will disappear like smoke tomorrow. Let’s see who will still dare to be around such a violent girl.

All Emily had to do was hire a hacker and it was over for Janet.

For someone who was this easily crushed, what right did Janet have to go up against her?

"Emily, does your face still hurt?" her classmates asked out of concern as they surrounded her.

Sobbing softly, she murmured, "I'm fine now. You don't need to worry about me anymore. Don't blame Janet. She didn't do it on purpose."

The moment she said that, everyone in Class A felt even worse for her.

Emily was clearly trying to portray herself as the kind person who got beaten up by Janet, making people question if there was justice in the world.

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To protect Janet and prevent any arguments from breaking out, Mason kept her in the dean's office for the time being.

There were not a lot of emotions on her face and she simply kept her eyes lowered as though she was in deep thought.

Mason felt anguished at the sight of her.

When I wasn't around, she might've endured much worse than this.

"Shut down all the servers, including Twitter and Reddit, for half a day. No one is allowed to do anything that slanders Janet during this time."

Sean nodded. Looking at a nervous Mason, he did not dare to waste another minute either.

"Don't worry. I will find the hacker who did this." Mason took a few steps forward and pulled Janet into his arms.

The warmth of his chest reached the depths of her soul and moved something within her. A rush of emotions finally filled her eyes. "Thank you."

He held her gently and did not say anything for a long time.

Even though they did not speak to each other, they trusted each other—it was an undeniable trust.

Suddenly, an idea came to her.

“Can I use the computer for a bit? I have something to do.” Her gaze fell on his laptop.

He nodded and murmured, “The password is your name in lowercase letters.”

“My name in lowercase letters?” She raised a brow up at him.

Not long after, she was sitting at his office desk with a flushed face.

Her slender hands were flying all over the keyboard. It sparked Mason’s curiosity and prompted him to walk over to see what she was doing.

Before he could take a step, however, a knock came on the door.

With his permission, Black Python huffed with his brows furrowed. “Young Master Mason, the principal is looking for Miss Jackson all over the school right now.”

Because the principal did not know about their relationship, he did not know that Janet was in the dean’s office at this very moment.

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Upon hearing this, Janet stretched and got ready to get up, only to be stopped by Mason, who looked stern and sounded deep when he stated menacingly, “Let me deal with him.”

Mason knew that it must not be something good if the principal was looking for her; perhaps he was going to talk about expulsion or punishment.

Since the school principal was ignorant, perhaps it’s time to get rid of him.

As such, Janet watched Mason from behind as he left. The corners of her lips helplessly curled up.

After that, she walked outside with her flash drive.

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Arriving at the principal's office, Mason kicked open the door and right away looked at the man who sat at the head of the table.

That man seemed surprised by this loud bang. "Young Master Mason, how can I help you? Are you unhappy with the position that I gave you?"

"I'm happy with that. Very happy indeed." Mason cracked a callous smile—one that was chilly enough to freeze anyone.

He must be really happy to witness his woman suffer from being wronged on the first day of his job.

I am so happy that I feel like slaughtering someone.

Not understanding the implications in his words, the principal coughed and quickly followed up, "Young Master Mason, did you happen to come across someone named Janet Jackson? I've been looking for her for a while but can't find her. I wonder where she is."

All that the principal could think about right now was finding Janet and nothing else.

Upon hearing this, Mason grinned and squinted slightly, sounding rather insensitive when he responded, "Are you still looking for Janet Jackson?"

The principal looked startled as he heard that, and his voice seemed emotional. "Young Master Mason, do you know her whereabouts?"

It's already rather shameful for Mason to witness what happened to Janet on his first day of work. Now I'm asking him to help with finding her. It's too much trouble indeed.

At this point, the principal swallowed nervously. "Young Master Mason, would you like to bring me to her or can you ask her to come find me?"

"You're really bold, aren't you?" Meanwhile, Mason sat down and leaned back in a chair, crossing his legs. A few of the buttons on his black dress shirt were unbuttoned and he looked cold as he let out a gentle grin.

"I'd never dare to." The principal awkwardly wiped the sweat beads from his forehead.

Just as he was about to get up for Mason to bring him to her, Mason asked suddenly with a rather nonchalant voice, "How are you going to take care of this matter?"

The principal frowned; he did not understand the sudden interest from Mason in the way he handled things.

Nevertheless, out of respect for Mason, he firmly gave him an answer while frowning, "For students like Janet Jackson... it's probably best to expel her. However, due to her fame in Sandfort City, perhaps a punishment would be more proper."

Even though Janet had stopped creating artworks, her reputation in Sandfort City was still stellar.

Not too long ago, the principal had used her in a school advertisement that attracted a considerable number of new students.

"She's in my office right now. What are you going to do about her?" Mason squinted, looking somewhat indifferent, yet upset.

The principal had a jolt. He quivered as he stiffly turned around, asking, "Young Master Mason, w-what do you m-mean?"

"What do I mean?" Mason sneered as he looked him in the eye. "You didn't think I came here for no reason, did you?"

His words almost caused the principal to fall over in his chair.

Is he trying to say...

"Young Master Mason, I-I didn't know about you and Janet!" His voice quivered. "If I knew about it, I would never have said those things to her!"

The principal was not dumb either. Based on his years of experience, he reckoned that Janet and Mason had a strong tie with each other.

Lowry Family Conglomerate was huge, so Mason would never waste his time on an ordinary lady by coming to this school to be a dean.

At this moment, the Lowry Family was still unshakeable in Sandfort City and all of Asia. No one could know what power they had behind the scenes, including what measures they would take in dealing with people.

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Now that Janet had Mason backing her up, she was untouchable.

Right now, the principal was perspiring profusely, and he almost could not stand straight as he leaned on the couch for support. "Young Master Mason, I'll definitely look into this."

"And that's it?" Mason sneered, completely destroying the last bit of mental energy left in the principal, whose lips turned pale. "Young Master Mason, it was my ignorance that caused her to be wronged. In the future, I'll definitely promote teamwork and friendship among the students to prevent this from ever happening again.

If Mason decided to blame him, he could easily report him to Sandfort City's bureau of education. If that happened, he would lose his job right away and be completely cut out from his position as the principal of Star High School.

At this point, Mason stood up with his hands in his pockets, looking and sounding callous. "Then, I look forward to seeing how you'll look into this matter. If I don't have a conclusion today, today will be your last day of work."

The principal looked somewhat emotionless, pale, and numb.

Since things were where they were now, he could only endeavor to solve it to the best of his ability.

Then, Mason nervously glanced at the principal while his fists were balled in his pockets; he looked fierce.

Mason had been trying to hold down his anger. Otherwise, based on his usual character, the principal would have been thrown out of the building by now.

The principal exhaled in relief as he thought about this.

“Young Master Mason, don’t worry. We’ll do our best.” The principal let out a bitter smile when Mason responded softly yet callously, “I sure hope so.”

As he finished, Mason marched out authoritatively, even closing the door behind him before leaving.

The loud bang gave the principal a jolt.

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While in the dean’s office, Black Python asked rather worriedly as he saw Mason walk in, “Young Master Mason, how did it go?”

“The moment Young Master Mason comes into the picture, I don’t think anyone can expel Young Miss Jackson,” White Python piped in, not even looking up.

Mason nonchalantly glanced at them, raised his eyebrows, and answered steadily, “He’s just a coward.”

Hearing this, Black Python reckoned that Mason had surely taken care of the matter.

No one would refuse to do any favors for the Lowry Family.

Then, Mason pulled his office chair out and sat down, trying to sniff the scent Janet had left behind.

It was familiar and calming.

After seeing his laptop screen that lit up, he smiled and started frantically typing on the keyboard. A few seconds later, his countenance dropped.

Didn't babe use my laptop earlier?

Right now, he could no longer trace any browsing history on his web browser nor any other traces that she left behind. It was as if she had never used his computer.

It was bizarre.

Absolutely bizarre.

Based on a normal human being's habit, no one would intentionally wipe off all the records. Unless...

An unthinkable thought crossed Mason's mind.

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On the other side, Janet took the flash drive to the teaching building.

With one of her hands in her pocket and another under her chin, she was standing on the balcony. She was overlooking the view from there and felt relaxed—as if she was not at all bothered by whatever transpired today.

When some students from Class A saw her outside the classroom door, they let out a despised look.

"Why does Janet still have the audacity to be here?"

"Is she mad? What is she doing outside our classroom? Is she going to hit someone again?"

"Shh. Speak softer, please. Do you want her to notice us?"

"Hmph. How can she hear us? She's standing so far away. She's not a dog."

Right at this moment, Janet looked toward the direction of these voices. She let out a gentle smile, looking somewhat annoyed and cold.

Right away, all the people that were just talking about her put their heads down as if nothing had happened.

Coincidentally, Emily looked up from her desk and locked eyes with Janet.

Emily then snorted. Is she here to apologize to me?

After giving it some thought, she did not think that was likely. That's not something a stubborn b*tch like her would do.

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It was near impossible for Janet to apologize. Meanwhile, Janet raised her eyebrows at Emily as if she was up to something; this confused Emily even more. As such, Emily decided that she had to find out why Janet was here. For one, she might even be here to really offer her apology. At this point, Emily slowly got up.

"Emily?" Madeleine grabbed Emily's hand. "What are you doing?"

"Janet is here to look for me!" Emily grinned mockingly as she said this—loud enough for everyone in the classroom to hear. It was indeed her intention that everyone would hear that so they would know that Janet came on her own volition to offer her an apology.

Just as they heard that, a discussion began to take place. "Emily, are you serious? She's so desperate; she could do anything to you."

"That's right. Don't go. It's better to stay safe."

"Janet is such a b*tch. She even has the audacity to come here and pick a fight with Emily."

"Fortunately we weren't friends when she was still in Class A. Otherwise, I would've regretted being her friend. It's so embarrassing."

"Emily, you should record your conversation later. If anything happens, we'll definitely seek justice for you from the school."

At this point, Emily cracked an understanding smile. "Don't worry, guys. I'll stay safe! Please don't look at Janet any differently. She'll change for the better." The moment she uttered these words, her classmates began to sigh.

"Tsk, tsk, tsk. Why are you still defending her?"

"Emily, Janet's completely hopeless. Would you please stop defending her?"

"Yeah. You are such a saint for defending her right now."

"Oh, guys, stop it." Emily let out a gentle smile before heading outside the classroom while the rest of the classmates broke out in a cold sweat as they watched her go. After coming to the hallway, Emily realized that it was rather empty. Perhaps it was the perfect opportunity for her to confront Janet.

"What's the matter?" Emily sounded rather disgusted and contemptuous.

Janet responded, "Should we go somewhere else?"

Emily's countenance turned slightly gloomy as she let out a sarcastic smile and looked somewhat disgusted. "Oh, you have something to say to me?" It looks like public pressure has really defeated Janet for her to come here and apologize to me. If I can see her humble herself and speak to me, that'd be exhilarating. She's always been arrogant and has never once respected anyone.

At this point, Janet looked somewhat embarrassed and downcast as she forced a smile. "Uh-huh. I do."

"You can just say it here." Emily crossed her arms as she stared at Janet delightfully. Since they were not too far away from Class A, the entire classroom could hear what Janet would say as long as she spoke up just a little. In fact, Emily did want everyone in her class to see how Janet would lower herself and beg her. That would be a fascinating scene to watch.

At this point, Emily's sense of vanity began to increase.

"Are you sure?" Janet's voice was unemotional and she sounded like nothing was unusual. Besides, she even had a hateful look in her eyes as if she was not happy with this request. Of course, for someone as proud as her, she would never want anyone to see her lower herself.

Emily sneered. "You aren't happy with that? Or is there something that can't be heard by others?"

Janet squinted her phoenix eyes and gave Emily a glance before responding calmly, "It's up to you whether or not you want to come with me." As she finished, she left with hands in her pockets. She reckoned that she had given Emily ample opportunity, but who knew that the latter didn't know what was best for her. She's such a drama queen.

Emily's countenance dropped as she watched Janet walk away. You b*tch. What kind of attitude is that in giving an apology?

Having said that, there was no way Emily would pass this up. She had to witness how Janet would lower herself and apologize to her.

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Not long after, Emily followed suit, and hearing her footsteps from behind, Janet could not help but sneer.

They ended up coming to the back of the teaching building. Seeing this nonchalant girl who had her hands in her pockets, Emily stated with an acerbic look on her face, "You can start talking now. How are you going to apologize to me?"

"Apologize?" Janet's face was as cold as ice; she looked extremely moody and peeved.

Is Emily out of her mind?

When did I ever say anything about apologizing?

Does she have a delusional disorder?

If she's ill, I'd probably pity her and send her to the hospital to get treatment.

But if there's something wrong with her mentally, there's nothing I can do about it.

"No one's around. Can you just stop pretending?" Emily sneered with her small red lips. "Or you can choose to kneel and wipe my shoes for me. Then, I'll help you weather this drama that you created."

All that she needed to do was spend some money and people would forget it in no time.

She was confident in the abilities of the Internet ghostwriters that she hired.

Even though she really hated Janet, Emily still acknowledged that Janet had a conscience. So long as she stayed under her feet, Emily would be willing to let go of the past, and it was obvious that asking her to kneel to wipe her shoes was one way to do it.

Janet looked Emily in the eye, slightly squinting. "Are you delusional?" She paused before continuing, "When did I ever say I wanted to apologize to you?"

"Haha." Emily sneered right away, getting caught off guard by what Janet said. "Get ready for your reputation to go down the drain then."

Emily raised her eyebrows, trying to provoke her.

"Go down the drain?" Emily began to look extremely upset and callous. "Who are you referring to?"

As she finished, she took out a small flash drive from her pocket and waved it in front of her, whispering, "This contains the surveillance footage from the library. So, whose reputation is going down the drain?"

Emily's eyes widened as she heard this. She tried to calm herself down, but it was to no avail. "W-What are you talking about?"

How does she have the surveillance footage from the library?

Didn't I hire the hackers to delete them all already?

Did the hackers lie to me?

Did they never actually erase the footage?

No. That's not possible. But how did she get her hands on it?

Hundreds of questions appeared in Emily's head within just a few seconds.

"H-How did you get it?" Emily's voice quivered, but she would not let Janet hear that. As such, she mumbled, "Ha. That's just a trick, isn't it?"

In that split second, all of Emily's worries went away as she thought about Janet's reputation. No one would ever give her that footage given how horribly she treats people.

She reckoned that she had indeed overestimated Janet.

"Ha!" Janet sneered like the devil in hell before she calmly plugged the flash drive into her smartphone that was of the latest model.

A few moments later, the footage where Emily pushed Abby over appeared on the screen, and it was on repeat for a total of more than ten seconds.

Meanwhile, Emily's heart was pounding in her chest. She perspired profusely as she saw herself on the screen in complete disbelief.

"Janet Jackson, what do you want?" Emily clenched her fists so hard that they started to hurt.

"My answer to that question depends on what you'll do." Janet bit her pink lips, looking attractive yet devilish.

Before hearing what Emily might say, Janet walked around her and left without hesitation.

Meanwhile, Emily was there, stunned and upset. She once again clenched her fists and whispered, "Janet Jackson, you b*tch. I won't let you go."

When I become the successor of Yobril, I'll make you pay for all the shame you put me through.

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"Janet Jackson, you won't have it for long."

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Stuffing a lollipop given by Abby into her mouth, Janet calmly walked back to her classroom.

She was disgusted by Emily's detestable face that appeared in her head, but very quickly, she felt pleased with herself.

The moment her classmates in Class F saw her walk into the classroom rather nonchalantly, they were all shocked.

"Janet, did you see the principal already?"

"Did he say anything?"

"Did he find out who did it?"

"I heard that you went to apologize to Emily. Did she forgive you? You didn't get expelled, did you?"

All of a sudden, numerous questions bombarded her. Not knowing what to say, she shook her head, rendering her classmates speechless.

Just moments ago, the school principal and the entire school were looking for her, but right now, she just showed up in a nonchalant manner. What was going on?

Meanwhile, Abby grabbed her hand and asked confusedly, "Emily didn't give you a hard time, did she?"

"She didn't." Janet shook her head and said in a rather reassuring tone, "Don't worry."

Abby nodded, still frowning.

Staring at the surprised look on their classmates, all four members of The Beasts were somewhat annoyed. Their boss would never be expelled, at least not before the principal got fired.

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Meanwhile, in Class A, most people were startled as they read Emily's latest Reddit post. It was a public apology that read: 'I'm sorry. I'm Emily Jackson, and I'd like to clarify that the incident that took place yesterday where Janet Jackson allegedly slapped me was fake. We had a minor row, after which I slapped her first, so the slap that she returned later was unintentional. I'm utterly wrong in this, so please stop sharing that video clip. Thank you.'

"What's this? Did Janet show up earlier not to apologize but for Emily to apologize to her?"

"My goodness. What's going on? This is such a plot twist."

"I wonder which terrible person played that video clip on the school's screen."

"How could Emily even call the police yesterday? That's so crafty."

"Exactly. I don't know what she was thinking."

After posting the public apology, Emily went back to the classroom, looking peeved.

"Emily, what's going on?" Madeleine grabbed her arm and asked, feeling nonplussed.

Is Emily being threatened?

Otherwise, given her character, she would never have said those things herself.

At this moment, Emily shook her head, looking unemotional. "It's what you saw."

As she finished, she silently walked back to her seat.

"Didn't Janet come to apologize to you? Why did it turn into you apologizing to her?" Some of Emily's classmates were befuddled.

Jabbing her fingernails into her palm, Emily stared at the person who asked that question. "Can you please stop asking?"

They all went silent.

That's strange. She still looked fine earlier. Why did she change her mood so quickly?

When Emily turned around, she looked ferocious; she was dying to find a spot to bury her head in.

Meanwhile, in the principal's office, the principal exhaled in relief as he read the public apology posted by Emily. Problems were sorted before he could even get to the bottom of it.

He reckoned that Mason and Janet's anger had probably worn off, and the thought of this delighted him.

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In the dean's office, Janet showed up and knocked on the door. Before she could wait for Mason to respond, she pushed the door open and entered.

After seeing her enter, Red Python, Black Python, and White Python proceeded to stand up and bow to her in reverence, after which Janet responded with a nod and a smile.

"How did that Emily girl apologize on her own initiative?" Mason's voice was somewhat deep; he looked inquisitive yet entertained.

Janet responded with a risen eyebrow and a sneer. "Are you asking me? How should I know? She probably found her conscience, I guess."

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"That's interesting." Mason crossed his legs and squinted his dark eyes at Janet, who was standing right in front of him. "Do you also have the habit of deleting your browsing history every time you finish using the computer?" As he spoke, he peered at the notebook on his office desk.

"Uh-huh. What's wrong with that?" Janet smiled as she responded calmly, leaving others in confusion.

Then, she sat down on the couch and played with her fingernails, occasionally turning to the clock.

"I have a class later," she said in Mason's direction as if she was reporting to her lover.

Upon hearing that, Mason nodded, walked toward her, and pinched her fair palm. "But first, let's go to the principal's office."

Not rejecting it outright, Janet began to follow him, and their hands touched each other inadvertently.

Seeing that Janet was behind him, Mason decided to knock on the door of the principal's office.

Upon hearing the knock, the principal quickly opened the door and welcomed the two with a warm smile.

"Mason, Janet, you're both here."

Looking rather indifferent, Mason brought Janet to sit down on a genuine leather couch.

At this point, Mason stroked his chin with one hand and held a cigarette in between his lean and clean fingers of his other hand before gently blowing out smoke. He squinted as he looked at the well-mannered Janet underneath the layer of smoke as she sat there. Then, he turned to the principal. "You are lucky that this problem was taken care of before you got involved."

The principal chuckled and swallowed as he looked at Mason who was smoking and sitting on the couch. "Young Master Mason, as I've told you, the students in this school love and treasure each other. They won't let Miss Jackson suffer for no reason."

Upon hearing that, Janet snorted and looked up. She looked callous and cold. "How long have you been a principal?"

"T-Twelve years." The principal found the words and uttered them while stammering.

He then lowered his voice as he continued, "Miss Jackson, w-what are you getting at?"

Isn't this incident over?

Is Young Master Mason still going to hold me accountable for it?

At this point, Janet responded blandly, "Nothing. I was just wondering if you ever felt ashamed of yourself for being the school principal."

To Janet, she could completely ignore whatever happened so long as she and the ones around her were not affected. Previously, this principal, with his twelve years of experience, had suggested that the class with the worst academic results should clean all the toilet bowls in the school.

Such an act in no way qualified him to be an educator and a school principal.

The principal began to quiver as he saw the callous look on Janet's face. To ask for help, he turned to Mason. "Y-Young Master Mason!"

Mason glanced at him and blew a mouthful of white smoke. "Someone will be here to replace you tomorrow. You don't have to come in anymore until the college entrance exams are over."

At this point, the principal froze.

Is he saying that Janet is under his protection?

The principal was burning with embarrassment and he could not even speak clearly. "Young Master Mason, this isn't a great idea, is it? The seniors are about to take the college entrance exams. I have to be around!"

Mason closed his mouth; he did not say another word until a few seconds later when his chilly voice sounded out again. "I've already contacted the education bureau."

After he finished, Mason and Janet left together.

"It surprises me how you can get the principal kicked out after just a few days into your job as the dean. People might think that you two didn't get along."

Mason let out a dull smile. "What's wrong? You aren't happy about it?"

"Nothing," Janet responded rather unemotionally. "I'm happy about it."

She did not even have to do a thing, and he just took everything into his own hands.

Who else on this earth had the power to directly contact the people in the education bureau?

At this moment, Mason looked down and saw the smile on her face; he proceeded to quickly and gently kiss her on her cheek. "Take this as interest."

"You..." Janet touched her cheek, feeling the warmth left by Mason on her fingertips.

She then took a deep breath and looked rather indifferent. "I won't visit you in your office anymore."