

Sir, You Don't Know Your Wife Chapter 21

"It's impossible," Janet adamantly uttered. She had intended to graduate from Star High School with a low profile, so it would be impossible for her to be participating in a cultural performance. On top of that, she had never promised Emily that she would give a performance.

Gordon thought that Janet was pulling his leg, so he tapped open his Messenger and forwarded the performance list.

Performance List of Class A:

Gordon Yalaman: Singing.

Emily Jackson: Playing Piano.

Wendy Young: Calligraphy.

Janet Jackson: Dancing.

Janet was even the finale act. As she squinted her eyes, she found that the handwriting on the list was exactly the same as Emily's. It immediately dawned on her that Emily was the one who had signed her up for the performance! Now, this is going to be fun. Since she is so eager to see me perform, I surely won't let my sister down! She then replied to Gordon via text. 'I'm coming over now!' He immediately replied with an 'Okay'.

After that, she fished out a piece of paper—a prescription list—from her bag and handed it to Mason. "Just follow the prescription on the paper and get the medicine for the old madam. Inform me immediately if her condition takes a strange turn."

Their fingers had touched under the paper, thereupon a stunned Janet raised her gaze and met with Mason's before she blinked her eyes. "Young Master Mason, I'll text you my account number when I return home. You can transfer the commission to my account."

The man looked at her and chuckled. "Sure."

"Thank you. I have something urgent to attend to, so I'll head to my school first."

He raised his brow. "I'll ask Sean to send you."

"There's no need for that." Janet picked up her thin jacket and impassively headed toward the door.

The man's sexy mesmerizing eyes stared at the teenage girl's disappearing back, as if gazing at his prey. His lips were slightly curved upward and the warmth of her finger seemed to have remained on his due to their touch earlier. He brought his fingers to his lips and inhaled the lingering scent on them.

Meanwhile, at the backstage of Star High School, the voice belonging to the class teacher of Class A was suddenly heard. "Are all the performers here?"

Emily stood up first. "Mr. Smith, only Janet isn't here yet." She had planned everything out in advance—whether Janet arrived tonight or not, it would still be a humiliation to her. If she were to show up on stage, but was unable to present a performance, she would become the laughing stock of the whole school. If she didn't show up, everyone would mock her for being timid and weak.

After glancing at the three people, the class teacher scratched his head in frustration before suddenly shouting, "Damn it! Why did I approve Janet's application at that time?" He knew that Janet was a problematic student, but since the performance list had already been provided to the host, there wasn't any way to cancel her performance.

"Mr. Smith, don't worry. I have contacted Janet earlier and she will be here in a while," Gordon stepped out to console him.

Upon hearing Gordon's words, Mr. Smith felt as if his worries had been swept away and believed that there wasn't any reason for the student to lie. After that, he gladly returned to the audience seats to watch the performances. The order of the performance during the school festival was now determined by drawing lots—Class A was the second last class to perform.

A choir by Class B kickstarted the performance, which was followed by a few smaller choir groups. The performances were dull and lacked energy, causing the initially excited audience consisting of teachers and judges to almost doze off. Then, a few students from Class C gave a rap performance, which instantly livened up the atmosphere.

According to the performance list, Class F only had one performance—a girl with a plump figure went onstage to perform. She was warming up her body with her back facing the audience. Upon seeing that she was wearing a pair of shorts with a tank top, the audience

guessed that her performance could be a sexy dance. A second later, voices of some boys were heard from the audience.

“She’s so fat. I’m going to throw up what I ate for dinner.”

“She still has the guts to dance with that sort of figure? She should have learnt to paint instead!”

“The school festival this year is so boring. None of the performances are good.”

Nevertheless, the plump girl on stage wasn’t influenced by the comments from the audience as she focused on getting into position onstage. Then, the lights dimmed followed by the music being played. As the lights were focused on the center of the stage, the hall was instantly filled with pin drop silence. Her body moved according to the rhythm and was perfectly in sync with the melody of the music. Coupled with the wild and dynamic melody, she instantly captured the gaze of everyone.

A student suddenly shouted, “Robot dance!” Nobody had expected that the plump girl was able to perform that highly difficult dance.

The class teacher of Class A frowned. This powerful dance happened to be arranged before Janet’s performance. The audience would definitely compare this girl to Janet and certainly cause her to overshadow my student.