

Sir, You Don't Know Your Wife Chapter 58

“Janet, how can you say that? Do you know how much effort I have exercised to be his disciple?” Emily frowned, as if she was about to burst into tears.

Janet raised her eyebrows and said in arrogance, “Efforts without talent are useless!”

She had seen Emily's paintings, but could not see any quality that would warrant her winning the championship—it meant that Old Mr. Collins was biased.

“Shut up, Janet! Just because you are older than her doesn't mean that you can behave like this,” Megan said dejectedly.

Janet resembled more like someone without manners, becoming rude and jealous. An evil smile poked at the corner of her mouth. “Huh, I'm not that bad at judging people and you know that.” Then, she quickly went upstairs.

“Mom, did you hear what Janet just said?” Emily looked at Janet's back with hatred as the latter climbed upstairs.

Megan helplessly answered, “Calm down, my dear. Just wait for Old Mr. Collins to accept you as his disciple and that'll be a slap in Janet's face. By the way, you have to hide the paintings well, so that Janet doesn't steal or take them away from you.”

Just when she finished talking, Janet came down the stairs. She carried a small school bag in her hands, which seemed to have been stuffed with something, before lowering her tone. “It's not a big deal to steal or take your paintings away.” Emily could feel that her plan to slap Janet's face now backfired.

“I won't be back for dinner tonight,” Janet said before she left. She had an appointment with Mason to meet the old madam.

Megan looked at her as she walked out the door, feeling bad about what happened earlier and wishing that God could remove all the negativity soonest possible.

It was Thursday at Star High School.

Emily started to brag with pride as soon as she sat on the stool. “I saw Old Mr. Collins yesterday.”

“Oh, my God! You met Old Mr. Collins?” Madelaine asked in excitement, pulling Emily’s hand.

“Yes, he also said that I’m very talented and he’ll accept me as a disciple as soon as possible...” Emily nodded while feeling proud.

“Oh my God! Emily, you are great! We’re all envious of you!”

Aaron patted the tabletop and said, “Dear students, please don’t spread the news yet. Our list for the test last Wednesday has been released!” The contestants in this competition are Janet Jackson, Gordon Yalman, Mindy Phillips... and Emily Jackson who did not take the test.”

There was warm applause in the classroom the moment Mr. Rodriguez spoke.

He continued saying in satisfaction, “Emily, you definitely have stolen all the spotlight by winning first place in the painting competition and a medal in the math competition!” Everyone looked at Emily with astonishment. Her happiness spiked as she received praises from her fellow friends—it was the first time that she was elated in the last 2 months, considering what happened all this while.

Ever since Janet arrived at the Jackson residence, Emily was embarrassed almost all the time, especially at the Leaping Dragon Hotel and it caused her to lose her courage to meet her relatives. After being suppressed for a long time, she had now proven herself.

Although the painting that Old Mr. Collins saw was done by Janet, Emily had already won the championship, which was enough to prove her strength.

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Since the school was not open in the afternoon, Janet was about to head home to sleep when she suddenly received a call from Lee. “Janet, there is a race on Brumley Road in Sandfort City in the afternoon. Whoever arrives at first place will win a bonus of two hundred and five. Do you want to come?”

Racing was undoubtedly her most favorite hobby, especially those in which she could make money from. “Definitely.”

She drove a cool and beautiful sports car to Brumley Road.

By the time she arrived, most of the people were already present. She saw many luxury cars as well as awesome sports vehicles as she glanced around.

As soon as Janet drove over, it had caused quite a stir since she drove the limited edition vehicle called 'Shadow', which was worth hundreds of millions.

“Damn! It’s Shadow!”

“So cool!”

Janet exited the car and sat down lazily. “When will the race begin?”