

Sir, You Don't Know Your Wife Chapter 6

The next day, Star High School welcomed a famous celebrity from Sandfort City, Gordon Yaleman.

Upon taking her seat, Janet immediately heard her classmates discussing earnestly.

"I heard that Young Master Yaleman is attending our school!"

"What? Are you referring to that singer, Gordon Yaleman?"

"How is that possible? Why would a singer attend school here?"

"Why isn't it possible? I heard that Deamont and Bramford Universities contacted Young Master Yaleman to offer him a seat! However, they were all rejected."

"Oh, damn! Are you sure? Young Master Yaleman is so handsome; I'd like to date him..."

Initially, Janet was slumped across her desk to rest. However, the girls in her class were extremely noisy while they chattered, and she was forced to listen to their conversation.

She was stumped for a moment when she caught a familiar name. "Gordon Yaleman?" she blurted out.

Abby, who was sitting beside Janet, glanced at her upon hearing that.

"Janet, have you never even heard of Gordon Yaleman?"

Janet may have lived in the village, but I should explain things to her.

“Gordon Yalerman debuted at 15 years old, and he has been in the entertainment industry for three years. He’s acted in films and drama series before, but the most important thing is that he is one of the rare young and handsome singers in Metkane. He won the Youth Golden Melody Award with his song, ‘Starry Night’. He became famous overnight with that song.”

A silly smile plastered across Abby’s face at the mention of her idol.

Janet was at a loss for words. Gordon Yalerman... Could he really be the person I know?

Just when Janet was feeling puzzled, there was a sudden commotion at the entrance of the classroom.

Abby left her instantly to join the crowd, and she screamed at the top of her voice, “Young Master Yalerman, you’re so cool!”

The guy who walked into the classroom looked thin and tall. He had a white shirt on, making him appear very youthful.

He entered the classroom while maintaining a blank expression.

Emily waited for the right chance to appear in front of him. “Gordon Yalerman, welcome! I am the class monitor.”

Gordon maintained the same constipated expression while he regarded Emily coldly and nodded. “Nice to meet you.”

Upon witnessing that, the girls beside him started screaming shrilly and excitedly, “Ah! You’re so cold and aloof, Young Master Yalerman! I love you!”

Emily’s lips curled into a faint smile. Ha, no matter how cold and distant he appears to be, I can easily get him wrapped around my finger.

“Gordon, I have an empty seat beside me. You can sit with me.” Emily pointed at her seat.

Nevertheless, he shook his head. “That’s not necessary. I’ll select my own seat.”

While he said that, he glanced at the seats at the back of the class. However, he was shocked when he caught sight of the girl sitting in the corner.

Damn! What is happening? Is the golden arranger here too?

Gordon rubbed his eyes before opening them again. He noticed that the girl, who was sitting in the corner, did not disappear. In fact, her head was bowed while she used her phone.

That's really her!

Emily noticed that Gordon was standing as still as a statue, and so she asked in puzzlement, "Gordon, are you alright?"

In the next instant, Gordon completely ignored Emily and charged straight to the last row to take a seat.

Every student in the class was stunned to silence in that instant.

Why did Young Master Yaleman choose to sit behind Janet?! There are so many seats available in the class.

The smile stiffened across Emily's face because she couldn't comprehend why Gordon would rather sit behind Janet than beside her.

Emily was extremely upset, and she tried advising him. "Gordon, it's best that you sit with me. Students seated at the back of the class have less-than-ideal results, and it might affect your studies."

Gordon looked impatient when he heard that. "That's not necessary."

"But—"

Emily was about to say something, but the bell rang at that moment.

The French teacher was already walking up to the podium with books in her hands.

"Students! Class has started; return to your seats."

Emily glared at Janet viciously before leaving unhappily.

Once she left, Gordon prodded Janet in her back. "So you attend school here as well, golden arranger, Miss Jackson?"

Initially, Janet's head was bowed down while she stared at her phone. However, upon hearing Gordon's remark, she turned to look at him. "Do you have a death wish?"

He's speaking so loudly; is he trying to get the whole class to learn about my identity?

Her face was puffed up in annoyance, looking slightly ferocious, but it was undeniable that she looked adorable.

"Fine. I'll lower my voice." Gordon cleared his throat helplessly. "I was just asking why you are attending school here too."

Janet explained lazily, "My family arranged it. They claim that my education background is too low, and it's embarrassing."

Oh, no. How could Golden Janet possibly be embarrassing? She can choose whichever music college she wants. Besides, Janet arranged my song, 'Starry Night', which became popular in the whole country.

Abby patted Janet's shoulder, signaling her to stop speaking because the French teacher was well-known for being strict and fierce.

Unfortunately, the French teacher tossed her book on the table at that moment while exclaiming vehemently with a shrill voice, "The female student at the back of the class, what are you doing? That new student seated in the corner! Come up here to solve this question." Miss Lilian pointed at Janet.

Miss Lilian had heard that there was a new student in the class, and that she was a village bumpkin. It seems that the rumors are true after witnessing this in person.

She's daydreaming in the middle of a class; how impolite.

Janet stood up while staring at the question on the blackboard. Then, she frowned while making her way to the front.

Everybody looked as if they were ready for a drama to unfold, whereas Emily was especially thrilled.

Janet? How could she possibly solve a 12th Grade French question? She'd be lucky if she can actually say something in French.

With that, Janet stood rooted to the spot in front of the blackboard for a few minutes. Then, she turned around to look at Miss Lilian. "Miss Lilian, I've never learned French within a senior high's level."

However, Gordon did not buy that at all because Janet personally wrote all the French songs in his album after all.

Janet is most probably not bothered to solve the teacher's question.

Miss Lilian knew very well that students from the village wouldn't be familiar with French. It would have been fine if she didn't know French, but here she is, trying to chat Young Master Yaleman up. She is just like a vixen trying to seduce him.

"You don't know the answer? Dear students, our Janet doesn't know how to solve this question. Whoever knows the answer, please come forward."

Emily took the chance to stand up, and she looked determined. "Miss Lilian, I do."

Miss Lilian nodded. "Sure, Emily; go ahead."

I'm confident with Emily's abilities. After all, she's a good student whom I've nurtured over time.

True enough, within two minutes, Emily was done writing the answer across the blackboard.

Miss Lilian flashed her a satisfied smile while paying her a compliment. "Emily, you are outstanding, as always." Then, she turned to Janet. "Get off the platform and pay attention to class," she spat coldly.

Janet acknowledged her before going back to her seat. Initially, Janet was prepared to attend class quietly, but the French teacher refused to let things slide. "I don't care what methods you students use to enroll in our school. However, you'll have to pay attention in my class! You are still young, and so refrain from seducing your male classmates." She sounded as though she was educating Janet, but in reality, she was mocking her.

Students started commenting jokingly, "Tsk, tsk, tsk! They both have the surnames Jackson, but why is there such a vast difference?"

Janet paused while she was flipping her book. Her sharp gaze landed on Miss Lilian's bitter, sarcastic face, and her bone-chilling gaze pierced through Miss Lilian's words.

Abby was distracted while reading her book as the temperature around her dropped rapidly. She then rubbed her arms while pouting. "Why is it suddenly so cold?"