

Sir, You Don't Know Your Wife Chapter 816

Megan had to admit: that girl looked a lot like Janet.

If it really was Janet, how did she end up participating in that meeting?

Thinking that it was absurd, she quickly shook her head.

Not long after, the camera cut to Eric once again.

"If no one has any more questions, I will announce the start of the election."

A round of applause sounded below the stage.

Eric walked down and sat beside the council which was also next to Janet.

Following the start of the election, the committee members started to go on stage to vote.

While Eric was beside Janet, he murmured with his hand over his mouth, "Do you think you have a high chance of winning?"

She shrugged. "Are you talking about the voter turnout?"

He nodded and chuckled. "With how well 'Warm Blade II' is doing right now, there's no way you would lose."

She seemed helpless. "You already know I don't want to win." If she won, she had to go on stage and take photos which would expose her.

"What you want is not important." He smirked. "The point is I would feel uneasy if the title of chairperson went to someone else."

Tsk. She leaned against her chair in frustration. This crafty old man!

Aside from Janet and Eric's calm demeanor, the rest of the place, both on and off stage, was bustling with activity.

A total of ten authors participated in the election this time. All of them were elderly artists who had their own distinct styles and were skilled writers. According to the past selection criteria, the chairperson for the association would be among them.

More than half the votes had been cast, but Janet was way ahead in the lead.

From below the stage, the voices of committee members and other authors continued to pour in.

"I have to say; the winner this time will be Rose."

"You're right. The book, 'Warm Blade II', she released a few days ago is even more exciting than the first one."

"I must admit; even though she doesn't have a lot of publications, she releases fine works every year. Each book is a bestseller. It's just a bit disappointing that she only releases one book a year."

"Hey, I heard that she's already at an old age and isn't able to write anymore. One book a year is already pretty fast."

"What? She isn't able to write anymore? She must probably be an old granny in her seventies or eighties."

"But didn't Secretary Lawson go to Woodsbury University to invite her? How can she be an old granny?"

"Oh, those are just rumors. Her writing is so refined. How can she be that young?"

"Huh. That does sound quite reasonable!"

"We shall see in a bit!"

Eric couldn't help but laugh to himself as he listened to their conversation.

On the other hand, Janet remained quiet beside him.

The Tenth Writers Association Meeting was now in full swing.

Meanwhile, Emily was trying endlessly to call Hazel but no one was picking up.

She kept traipsing about anxiously.

Right now, she was looking forward to hearing news about Janet's expulsion from school and could not wait another second longer.

After waiting for almost an hour, she was finally able to get to Hazel and put her mind at ease.

In high spirits, she asked, "Hazel? How did it go? Did the principal take disciplinary action?"

Rubbing her hands together, Hazel affirmed while biting down on her lip, "Mm-hmm."

Emily became overjoyed in an instant. Janet, that wench, is finally being punished! The one hour she waited had not been in vain.

Because she was so excited, she missed the disappointment in Hazel's voice. She was about to ask about the type of disciplinary action the principal had taken when Hazel cut her right off.

"He did take disciplinary action, but against me and Madelaine!"

Emily's brows quickly furrowed together in confusion. "What? You and Madelaine are being punished? What about Janet?"

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Hearing Janet's name being brought up made Hazel furious. She ranted, "Janet is the real Rose. Rose is Janet. Do you get it now?" Once she finished speaking, she immediately massaged her small hand pathetically. After spending an hour writing a thousand-word self-reflecting letter, her hand felt like it was about to fall off.

When Emily heard those words, she chuckled while shaking her head. How is that possible? Hazel is quite the jokester now! Janet is the real Rose? Rose is Janet? What kind of joke is

that? It's not funny at all! I won't fall for that! "Stop teasing me, Hazel. How can she be Rose?" Emily laughed. Her expression turned dark soon after.

"Why would I lie to you? Even Eric Lawson, the person who is running The Tenth Writers Association, came to Woodsbury University to escort her. It already proves that she's Rose. Also, she's now at The Tenth Writers Association running for chairperson!" Hazel seethed.

Emily kept clenching her fists tighter at every word Hazel said. Eventually, both her hands were tightly clenched and a look of disbelief appeared on her face. Eric Lawson went to Woodsbury University himself to escort Janet to the Writers Association? And she's even running for chairperson? She scoffed. That can't be true! Shaking her head, she smirked. Her originally fiery gaze turned hollow and weak.

"Are you still there?" Hazel massaged her hand. It was so sore that it was hard for her to hold the phone properly. "If there's nothing else, I'll contact you later—"

Before she finished speaking, the line got cut off.

Clearly, Emily had hung up the phone already.

Gritting her teeth, Hazel went back to the classroom while massaging her hand. I have to tell Sheldon about this. I can't stand Janet anymore!

Meanwhile, after Emily hung up the phone, she opened Twitter with her stiff hands and followed the prompts to enter The Tenth Writers Association Meeting's live broadcast.

At the same time, the voting at The Tenth Writers Association Meeting had ended. Staff members were currently counting the final votes backstage.

Eric looked confident. "You should be going on stage in a bit."

Janet smirked unenthusiastically. "Are you that sure it's going to be me?"

He covered his mouth as he chuckled. "If it isn't you, then someone must have meddled with the votes."

"Alright." She crossed her legs and pushed her hair back. "Go on stage in my place later. I don't want to be in the limelight!"

He smiled without saying anything; he did not want to agree.

Among the staff members backstage, one of them joked, "Do we still need to keep counting? Rose is surely going to win!"

Someone chimed in, "Exactly. Since she's in the running, it's a no-brainer that she would have the most votes."

"Hahaha! Many of the authors here are fans of Rose as well!"

"If she doesn't win, everyone will surely think the votes have been messed with."

They talked as they counted the votes.

After counting precisely for several minutes, they handed the figures to the host who passed them on to Eric to make the announcement.

Before Eric went on stage, he said, "Rose, you should go on stage later."

She shook her head reluctantly with a smile.

Once on stage, he took the draft from the host's hands. The moment he looked at the vote count, his narrowed eyes widened faintly.

Slowly, his face turned white, and he struggled to breathe.

His facial expression showed his bewilderment. This is impossible!

When the audience saw him, they started to whisper among themselves. "Why does Secretary Lawson have that look on his face?"

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"Don't tell me he's upset?"

"Did Rose lose?"

“Judging by the look on his face, that seems highly likely!”

“No way. Who could beat Rose in this election?”

While Eric was holding the draft, his hands shook uncontrollably. It left everyone in the audience and those who were watching the live broadcast dumbfounded.

He only recovered from his shock after some time. Squinting his black eyes under his glasses, he started to move his lips to speak. In a trembling voice, he said, “The chairperson of The Tenth Writers Association Meeting is here! Let us congratulate Rose for winning the election with ninety-five percent of the votes. She has received the most votes as chairperson of the Writers Association in history!”

Soon after it was revealed, the audience broke into an uproar.

“What? Ninety-five percent of the votes?”

“Did I hear that right? Among ten people, she got ninety-five percent of all the votes?”

“Sh*t. How is that possible?”

“The highest record in the past is fifteen, but she got ninety-five?”

That meant that among a hundred people, ninety-five of them supported Rose.

Megan, who was currently watching the live broadcast, did not know the significance of the Writer Association’s chairperson position, but she was still shocked when she heard about the ninety-five percent win.

This Rose person is quite extraordinary! Even though Janet is a top scholar in the college entrance exams and has attained a perfect score in languages before, Rose is an artist; it’s not uncommon for her work to get plagiarized. Was everything Emily said true then? Her face fell slightly as she kept her attention on the live broadcast that was playing on her phone.

All the way in Yobril, Emily had witnessed everything. Despite having a slight smirk on her face, her expression was grim. The look on her face showed that she was feeling conflicted. This person who won ninety-five percent of the vote is Janet? She chuckled. How far is Hazel planning to take this joke?

They were all getting fooled. How could someone like Janet be Rose? How could she be the chairperson of The Tenth Writers Association? It was a joke!

As she watched the live broadcast on her screen, she told herself repeatedly that Janet could not be Rose, and that Rose could not be Janet either.

At the moment, the Writers Association was in an uproar. It was a lively scene that had never been seen before in history.

Standing on stage, Eric held the microphone and said, "Now, I would like to invite Rose on stage."

Another deafening round of applause followed.

Below the stage, Janet opened her eyes lazily and looked at the old man on stage with a helpless expression.

Because no one knew who Rose was, they could only look around at each other's reactions.

Janet slowly stood up with her cap on. In an instant, the camera focused on her and so did everyone else.

Due to her youthful appearance, they all looked at her in astonishment.

"Why did this girl stand up?"

"Could she be Rose?"

"That's not possible. Rose can't even write anymore. How can she be so young?"

"Yes, Rose is already in her seventies. This girl looks like she's around twenty at most."

Turning a deaf ear to them, Janet walked away from her seat and went up the stage.

Hundreds of cameras pointed toward her at the same time.

Once she made it to Eric's side, she accepted the microphone that he had handed to her.

Holding the microphone in her hand, she stood in a lazy stance with her cap still on. The audience could not see her face clearly, but they were able to see a pair of pink lips. "Hello, everyone. I'm Rose."

Her chilly and indifferent voice flew straight into the ears of the audience below the stage and those watching the live broadcast. It was easily recognizable and sounded incredibly young.

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"How can this be? Rose can't possibly be this young. Did you come here in her stead?"

"Sh*t. Why aren't you saying anything, Secretary Lawson, is that really her?"

"But if she's only a young woman in her twenties, how can her writing be so refined?"

"Could it be that Rose has passed away and now they've just found some random person to take her place?"

Eric smirked. Taking the microphone from the girl's hand, he said in a stern and serious voice, "She is indeed Rose, but she doesn't want to reveal her face today. We ask for your understanding.

At the Jackson Residence, Megan felt her hands and feet go cold as she watched the girl who called herself Rose walk up the stage.

The silhouette, dainty mouth, and voice all showed that there was a high chance it was Janet.

They look too alike! If this really is Janet, does that mean that Janet did not plagiarize Rose? Because she is Rose! Aside from feeling nervous at this moment, Megan also felt a strange sense of excitement.

She only wished she had a pair of x-ray glasses that could allow her to see the girl's face underneath the cap.

In Yobril, Emily was glaring at the girl on stage with the cap on and a microphone in her hand. Her nails were digging into her palm as she clenched her fists, but she could no longer feel the pain.

All she could feel now was unease. That can't be Janet. That can't be her.

Even though they had a very similar silhouette and voice, it could be a mere coincidence.

If Janet really was Rose, how else could Emily contend with her?

No! This must not be true!

Her eyelids were twitching uncontrollably. For some reason, she had a bad feeling.

The audience at the scene was also on the edge of their seats.

If Rose was not going to reveal her face, then was there still a need for them to be there?

"This is pointless then. Why doesn't she want to reveal her face? We came here for nothing!"

"Is she really the rumored old lady in her seventies? Why on earth was there such a rumor?"

"Could she be so ugly that she's afraid she might lose fans?"

"That's nonsense. We're all fans because of her talent, not her appearance! Even if she looks like an ugly creature, I'll still support her!"

Seeing the situation getting more and more out of hand, Eric walked up and said, "I don't think you can hide from this anymore, Rose."

Even if she didn't reveal her identity today, she would have to make an appearance at The Eleventh Writers Association Meeting next year as the previous chairperson.

She let out a reluctant sigh.

Reaching up, she slowly took off the black cap she was wearing and revealed a clean and fair face.

All eyes slowly shifted toward her face.

Suddenly, they all became stunned.

Rose!

This is how she looks.

Not only was she not the elderly person she was rumored to be, but she was also very attractive.

The people at the scene were going crazy; looks of shock and wonder filled their faces.

At one point, they all thought they were hallucinating, but the scene before them was very much real.

One of the committee members stood up abruptly and pointed at Janet with a startled expression. "Isn't she Janet Jackson?"

Janet Jackson?

Below the stage, cries of alarm sounded at once.

"Janet Jackson? The artist? The one that's also the top scholar?"

"Rose is Janet?"

"Holy sh*t. How does Janet have so many identities?"

Everyone was finding it hard to believe. Wasn't it said that the long-lost daughter of the Jackson Family was inferior to their adopted daughter?

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The daughter they brought home from the countryside turned out to be the famous author, Rose.

She was also the chairperson of the Writers Association with the most votes!

“Holy sh*t! No wonder she kept her identity hidden. She’s already well-known!”

“Oh my God. Who knew Rose was this beautiful? Her beauty is magnificent!”

“Tsk, tsk, tsk. I’ve fallen for her. I went from being a fan of her work to being a fan of her looks!”

“This is surely going to make headlines in the news tomorrow!”

“What an odd woman. She’s so versatile!”

Everyone was extremely thrilled. No one could have imagined that the mysterious artist was also known for so many other things and excelled in everything that she did.

Aside from the committee members and authors at the scene who were going frantic, the online live broadcast was also being covered with shocked reactions like, ‘she’s so beautiful’, ‘how talented’, and ‘holy f*ck’.

Hundreds of camera shutters went off as people captured one of the possibly most shocking moments in history.

Countless camera flashes were all aimed in Janet’s direction.

At the Jackson Residence, Megan immediately jumped up when the girl took off her cap.

Her hand in which she held the phone was shaking violently. Janet really is Rose! That means Janet did not plagiarize anyone! The Jackson Family won’t be dragged down because of her either! For the first time in a long time, she had a look of excitement and eagerness on her face. How did I not know how talented Janet was?

Despite not knowing the significance of being the chairperson of the Writers Association, she figured it was quite amazing based on the responses of netizens. No one will talk about Janet being inferior to Emily anymore. After all, I did give birth to her; she wouldn’t disappoint. Where else could she have gotten her skills from?

At the moment, she was excited but also baffled.

Quickly pulling up her phone, she sent Emily a text: 'Your sister didn't plagiarize anyone. She is Rose herself. Now, our family won't get dragged down either. This is amazing!'

After sending out the text, she gripped the phone tightly in her hands with an elated expression on her face.

In Yobril, Emily had also watched the moment the girl took off her cap and froze on the spot right away.

She kept rubbing her eyes and repeated, "No. No. This can't be right. There must be something wrong with my eyes. How can Rose be Janet?"

Rose is definitely not Janet. There must be something wrong with my eyes!

She scoffed. If Janet really was Rose, she would have flaunted that in front of me a long time ago. How could she have kept it hidden for this long? Yes, that's it. I know Janet too well! There must be something wrong with my eyes now since I'm always thinking about that wench.

"Go for an eye checkup at the hospital immediately," she mumbled to herself, but her legs were rooted in place and completely immovable.

Suddenly, a notification popped up. Tapping it with her shaky hands, she saw Megan's text on the screen. 'Your sister didn't plagiarize in her paper. She is Rose herself. Now, our family won't get dragged down either. This is amazing!'

As soon as Emily saw the text, she lost her grip on her phone. It fell to the ground, causing the screen to shatter to pieces.

Even though the screen was destroyed, Janet's voice from the live broadcast still came through.

Emily collapsed with a crash; both of her legs were quivering violently.

She lay on the ground with her eyes closed, but her eyes continued to twitch.

A while later, she finally got up from the ground, opened her eyes, and exhaled. "I knew it. It was a hallucination."