

Sir, You Don't Know Your Wife Chapter 1

The July sun was like a blazing fire, scorching the entire village and crop fields.

"Janet, someone is looking for you."

When the neighbor, Mr. Wallace, found Janet Jackson, she was busy planting watermelon seedlings. The girl looked up and stared wide-eyed at the man. She had a cool temperament, and her skin was exceptionally fair. Despite doing farm work at her home all year long, her skin appeared so good that it was enviable.

Mr. Wallace spoke, "That person is in your house. They are from a large family, and they came in a car." Janet nodded, and she followed him.

At that moment, a group of people was gathered in the Wallace residence. Ms. Cook looked at the girl with a cool temperament walking toward them. She was wearing a linen top and a pair of black trousers, which were splattered with mud and dirt. Even though she did not smell funny, she had an unapproachable and distant aura around her.

Ms. Cook did not bother to hide the disdain in her gaze when she asked her, "Are you Janet?"

Janet nodded while looking indifferent.

Ms. Cook added, "My name is Maya Cook, and I am the housekeeper of the Jackson family. I handle complicated and miscellaneous affairs within the Jackson Family."

Coincidentally, Madam Wallace—Poppy Wallace—snorted in disdain. Ms. Cook burst out laughing because she knew what Poppy meant when she snorted. It's just about money, isn't it? After that, she took out a bankcard from her bag to slam it on the table. "There's 5 million in here. You will never earn this amount even if you planted crops for the rest of your lives."

The two middle-aged elderly villagers had their legs crossed while they stared unblinkingly at the bankcard. Hmph, I can't believe this damned girl is worth so much money!

Poppy persisted, "Are you trying to get rid of us with only 5 million? We've raised her for eighteen years!"

"Poppy Wallace, you should take it. Don't be too greedy!" advised Janet lazily.

The woman named Poppy glared at Janet viciously. "This is none of your business, you damned girl. You stink! Get lost and have a shower; don't get involved in something unrelated to you!" I've never fancied this daughter since she was young. Her results were bad, and she has always been a loner; there is honestly nothing likable about her. Initially, I was hoping to receive some dowry after she got married, but that damned girl ran away after junior high. During that time, I heard from the village's gossipmonger that a man from another province took the stupid girl away. Therefore, the villagers mocked me throughout the three years. Even if I were to take this money, should I ignore the grievances I've experienced throughout the years when the villagers mocked me?

The weather was hot, but there was no air-conditioning in the Wallace residence. Ms. Cook was already feeling annoyed and impatient, and so she threw the card firmly on the table. "It's for you to decide whether you want the money, but I'm taking her away, without question." After saying that, she turned around to face Janet. "Change your clothes! You're filthy!"

Janet looked up at her slightly while giving her a cold and distant stare, but she did not comment further. After that, she walked into her room. All the while, Ms. Cook had a contemptuous look on her face.

In no time, Janet had a fresh change of clothes, and she was carrying a small bag. After she walked to the front of the car, Ms. Cook stated quietly, "Hop in!"

Janet did not reply to her; instead, she got into the car straight away, as if the place had no sentimental value to her. I've lived here for eighteen years, but it's not where I belong after all. I'd like to know what my actual home looks like.

In the village, the villagers stared at that luxurious car as it sped off and started discussing in hushed tones, "Look, that girl is like a phoenix rising from the ashes!"

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In the car, Janet leaned against her seat lazily while knocking the car window rhythmically. Suddenly, her phone rang, and she took her time to fish her phone out of her bag. Ms. Cook, who was in the front seat, noticed Janet's large and brick-like phone, and a look of disgust flashed through her eyes. What era are we in now? Why is she still using such an ancient phone?

Janet pressed a button to answer the call, only to be greeted with an anxious voice over the phone. "What happened?" She had a youthful girlish voice, but her tone was indifferent and distant.

Nevertheless, her response did not dampen the man's spirits and excitement. "Janet, there's something huge in the UN Auction tomorrow. Are you coming?" The man's tone was careful but filled with anticipation. His respectful tone sounded as if he was speaking to a senior.

The person on the phone call was Janet's close friend, Lee Sanders. He would always be first to inform her about the best event across the country. The auction this time was no exception. After all, Janet was a famous big player within the auction network.

Janet frowned when she heard that. "I'm not going; I'm busy." She hung up on him after saying that.

"Miss Jackson, did you receive a scam phone call? The swindlers in Sandfort City adopted high technologies, and so someone like you, who has been living in the village, must have never encountered such circumstances," Ms. Cook commented.

Janet closed her eyes without responding to her. Many swindlers around? Is she proud that the swindlers are skillful?

Infuriated by Janet for giving her the cold shoulder, Ms. Cook thus commented contemptuously, "The Jacksons are rich and powerful people. If you were to join the Jackson Family, you'll have to change your phone, Miss Janet. You wouldn't want to embarrass the Jacksons." With that, Ms. Cook rolled her eyes at Janet in disdain. She noted that Janet's eyelids were half-closed, almost as if she was fast asleep.

Upon realizing that her speech had fallen on deaf ears, Ms. Cook raised her voice straight away. "I heard that you dropped out of school during junior high, Miss Janet. In that case, I'm sure you're not familiar with the rules in the Jackson Family."

Initially, Janet appeared to be asleep, but her eyelids suddenly fluttered, and her lips curled into a smirk. "Oh?"

Immediately, Ms. Cook's tone took an icy turn, and she sounded as if she was reprimanding an ill-behaved wild girl. "Oh? Don't you have any manners? Is this how you speak with an elderly?"

Janet chuckled quietly, but she did not comment further. Is the housekeeper reprimanding me, Young Miss Jackson?

Ms. Cook was upset when she heard Janet's laughter, because it almost felt as if she wasn't listening to her at all. Nevertheless, she inhaled deeply to calm herself down. She seemed to have noticed that she had gone overboard, and so she stopped speaking.

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In the Jackson residence, the family was having lunch in the two-story villa. Her father, Brian Jackson, had managed Jackson Enterprise in good order over the years, whereas her mother, Megan Davis, was a retired well-known model. Their daughter, Emily Jackson, had good grades in school. She could play the piano and draw, and she was always a favorite among teachers and the school principal. To outsiders, the Jacksons looked like the perfect family.

If it weren't for the physical examination for Emily's school's military training, they would have been none the wiser. The physical examination report revealed that Emily was Blood Type O, but Megan and Brian were both Blood Type AB. Therefore, it was impossible for them to have given birth to a child with Blood Type O. If it weren't for the report, the entire Jackson Family might not have realized that Emily wasn't their biological daughter. After a series of investigations, it turned out that the trainee nurse in the hospital at that time made a blunder and labeled their names wrongly.

At that moment, everyone seemed affected and looked sad. There were an array of emotions, and everyone had different thoughts going through their minds. They weren't in the mood to eat at all. No one touched the delicious spread on the dining table.

As Emily was biting on her chopsticks, she burst into tears all of a sudden. Then, she put her chopsticks down as she prepared to leave the dining table.

"Emily, where are you going?" Megan stood up to stop her.

Emily could hardly catch her breath between her sobs. "Daddy, Mommy, soon, I won't be your daughter anymore."

Brian joined in to stop her from leaving. "Emily, what nonsense is that? You will always be our daughter!"