

Sir, You Don't Know Your Wife Chapter 56

The few pieces of paintings were tightly gripped in her hand when she silently left the room.

“What are you doing?” Megan suddenly called Emily.

Emily turned and saw Megan heading toward her. “I... Mom, Janet's room is messy. I saw a few pieces of waste paper on the floor, so I picked it up. I'll help her to throw it away later.”

Megan nodded. “Emily, you are such a good girl! Now, quickly go and practice your painting. Your competition is on Wednesday, which is two days later.”

Emily was flustered. “Mom, I'm going now.”

As Janet hadn't boarded the Jackson Family's SUV to return home, she arrived later than Emily.

The moment Janet entered her room, she noticed a different scent in her room and immediately asked Emily and Megan, “Who entered my room?”

“Ah, it was Emily. We wanted to give you the dress that your father bought, but we realized that you weren't at home, so—”

Janet interrupted Megan, “Thank you, but please don't enter my room without my permission after this.”

Megan was a little mad. “What treasure are you keeping inside? You don't even allow the maids to clean your room and Emily has even helped you to pick up a few pieces of paper on the floor.”

Upon hearing that, Janet's heart throbbed. She instantly went into her room to check whether anything was missing and noticed that the cabinet was not closed in her usual manner—she usually left a little gap, but it was now completely closed.

She checked the paintings in the cabinet and a sudden smile appeared on her face.

When they were having dinner on the dining table, Emily noticed that Janet had a nonchalant face—it wasn't anything abnormal, which made her feel relieved.

When Emily saw Janet furiously entering her room, she thought that the latter discovered that she had stolen her paintings.

Megan was delighted, looking at Emily and asked, "Are you confident for the painting competition on Wednesday?"

"I'm confident!" Emily honestly replied.

Upon seeing her response, Megan and Brian had a smile of satisfaction on their faces. "Emily is really becoming more outstanding!"

"That's true. Her paintings are really beautiful!" Megan proudly remarked, completely forgetting about the incident where Emily had falsely accused Janet.

Emily looked at Janet and replied, "Mom, Janet's painting is actually really beautiful too."

Megan and Brian responded almost simultaneously. "Really?"

Janet remained silent.

Upon seeing her indifferent response, they felt awkward and stopped the conversation.

After dinner, she returned to her room as she kept reflecting on the incident where Emily entered her room earlier today. Why did she take my paintings away? Could it be that she took my paintings to use them in the competition? However, she immediately shrugged the thought off because the competition usually required the participants to perform impromptu.

Fine, that few paintings are not valuable, anyway. If she likes it, I can just give it to her. Nevertheless, Emily's scent in my room really makes me feel uncomfortable. Looks like I'll need to clean my room again.

Once she did her nighttime routine and returned to her room, she found Mason, who came uninvited, waiting for her. Her voice was cold as she frowned. "You are here again?"

It was rare for the man's deep eyes to be gentle. "Do you want to come over to my house? I've prepared your favorite braised eggplant."

Janet raised her brows while her phoenix eyes were slightly narrowed. "Why did you say that I like braised eggplant?"

“The last time you were at my house, you took that dish three times more than other dishes!”

She had no idea on how to reply and used a towel to wipe her wet hair. “I’ll skip it for today.”

“Well, truth be told, the old madam misses you.” A hint of dejection flashed across his eyes, which were lowered. Not only does the old madam miss her, but I miss this young lady a lot too.

The man was good at masking his real thoughts; even Janet found it difficult to reject him. “Has she finished the medicine that I prescribed her?”

“Yeah, more or less.”

She nodded. “I’ll come over after class tomorrow.”