

Sir, You Don't Know Your Wife Chapter 44

The oriental jasper that Janet showed her last night was clear, bright and natural in color, making it valuable. It wasn't that kind of gemstone where one could simply collect from the streets.

The current piece of oriental jasper had an exorbitant price—the value of a higher quality version could reach a figure of up to 10,000 per gram. The one that she had looked like it weighed about 2 catties—an equivalent of about 1000 grams and worth more than tens of millions.

She thought that such a thing was impossible yet it occurred. "This could only have happened, thanks to you coming to Sandfort City."

Sarah was puzzled. "Why is it thanks to my coming?"

Janet glanced at Sarah. "Let's order first. We can talk while we eat."

Although Sarah was a picky eater, fortunately for her, the restaurant in Leaping Dragon Hotel could cater to any and every kind of request. She ordered some Kobe steak, king crab, black truffles, and even foie gras.

All of the ingredients for those dishes were flown in from abroad on a daily basis, ensuring that it always tasted fresh and lovely.

She couldn't help but nod her head, completely forgetting about the oriental jasper. "Janet, this tastes so good."

Janet picked up her fork, cut a piece of foie gras, and placed it in her mouth.

The food melted in her mouth—the ingredients were fresh with a light taste. It was so good that she closed her eyes.

The two of them ate their meal for nearly an hour.

After Sarah finished eating, she lay on the sofa and rubbed her belly.

It was a while before she remembered the matter at hand. “Right, Janet, why is collecting the oriental jasper thanks to me?”

Janet rose from the sofa, picked up her bag, and unzipped it. She took out the bracelet and dangled it in front of her. “Look, when I discovered you were coming to Sandfort City yesterday, I bought this for you. Then, along the way, I managed to pick up the bloodstone from a stall.”

Sarah took the bracelet from Janet’s hands and habitually sniffed it—it had a faint pine fragrance. “This has a pine scent... Is this amber?”

Items like amber, which had evolved over the last tens of thousands of years, had their value rise steadily. There was also a discussion within the medical community that amber could treat headaches, tinnitus, insomnia, forgetfulness, rheumatism, stomach pains, backaches, and more.

Janet shook her head before continuing to speak, “You’re only half correct. It’s an amber fossil. Can you see what’s inside?”

Sarah blew on it and wiped the item. She could faintly see minute things inside, but she couldn’t tell what the little animals were and was a little shocked. “Janet, did you buy this from the antique market?”

Antique markets generally sold high-quality goods, like amber fossils, that would usually be bought and sold through auctions.

Janet gently smiled. “I bought it for 10,000 from an old man. He didn’t know his stuff.”

Upon saying this, she couldn’t help but laugh.

The fact that the other stall owners had even called her silly...

If the old man ever learned that he had sold such an item for such a low price, even his intestines would be green with regret.

Sarah listened, feeling a little helpless. 10,000? Only 10,000? Based on the current market value of amber fossils, the old man may have sustained a loss of over 100 times. She stared at the stones in her hand.

Janet watched her and her red lips moved. "It's a gift for you. Take it back and study it."

She knew that Sarah loved those sorts of items—the girl could study antiques and precious stones for over half a month without ever wanting to leave her house. It looked like Sarah would be busy again with the oriental jasper.

"Thank you, Janet." Her cheeks flushed, for she liked it as much as she liked Janet.

After the meal, Janet bid Sarah adieu and wandered around the Leaping Dragon Hotel. The paintings on the wall were detailed in their line art; they were soothing to the eye. She came across a painting that looked vaguely familiar and when she looked at the artist's signature, that was familiar to her as well. Upon further reflection, she remembered that the signature belonged to a friend whom she knew many years ago.

At the same time, in a storage room in the corner of the Leaping Dragon Hotel, Emily looked at the shattered blue and white porcelain in front of her with a pale face.

What am I to do now? What should I do? Megan had earlier reminded her to carefully watch over the item as Brandon wanted to use it in his negotiations with other guests.

When the big bosses arrived, Emily had volunteered to fetch it from the storage room. However, she did not firmly hold onto it and it slipped from her grasp, instantly shattering on the floor.

Brandon and the big bosses were still outside, waiting for the blue and white porcelain.

She had messed up. Would Megan kick me out of the Jackson Family? She didn't want that; no, she didn't want that at all. She didn't want to become a village girl who herded cattle and sheep. When she thought of how the mud would dirty her legs, she felt as though her whole body itched.

Just as she looked out the window with flustered eyes, she saw a familiar figure looking at a painting in the corridor. Janet?

Emily's eyes gleamed as a perfect plan formed in her mind.