

Sir, You Don't Know Your Wife Chapter 861 - 865

It was not just about Janet's reputation but that of the entire Lowry Family.

Henry was already regretting how he instigated her to go on stage a minute ago.

Mason pursed his lips and did not respond. His dark eyes remained fixed on the outstretched hands of the woman who was on stage.

When Emily heard Henry's words, a look of ridicule and contempt flickered across her eyes. She snickered to herself. It doesn't matter that J'Adore has never been taught by Hilbert before because even if she has, she won't necessarily be better than me.

With that thought in mind, however, she still looked intently at the stage.

Janet drew in a deep breath. With a relaxed expression, she pulled out the piano stool and sat down.

Her fair and slender fingers landed on the black and white keys.

Each tone she played was extremely moving.

Her eyes were slightly closed as her lively fingers danced endlessly along with the black and white keys.

When she reached the climax, her body also moved along to the music.

Each note was so precise that there was no indication of a missed beat.

Henry gasped as he watched her from the back. That silhouette... Isn't this the person I've longed for all day and night?

Soon after, his breathing became rushed. He tugged at Mason's hand and stressed, "Young Master Mason, Janet looks so similar to the person in my heart."

Mason furrowed his brows slightly. His cold voice carried some dissatisfaction as he asked, "What did you say?"

Henry was so fascinated that he was not thinking straight. He explained, "I'm talking about Sweet Tune; the person in my heart."

"Say that one more time."

Mason's voice grew even colder and made Henry pause for a few seconds. When he finally came around again, he quickly shut his mouth.

Am I not allowed to say that Janet looks like the person in my heart? What the h*ll? Just drown in a pool of jealousy.

Once the song came to an end, Janet slowly stood up.

Then, thunderous applause from the audience followed.

That round of applause was even more intense than the one Emily received.

As for the reason behind it, Emily was well aware herself.

Standing at the bottom of the stage, she had her fists clenched tightly together and was biting down hard on her lip. Her facial expression showed that she was extremely embarrassed.

Even though she had never heard of the piece that J'Adore played before, the entire piano piece was filled with emotions, and her technique was exemplary.

Compared to Emily, J'Adore looked more like a professional pianist.

Moreover, the reactions of the guests depicted that very well.

"F*ck. I've never heard of this piece before."

"Don't tell me it's an original?"

"That can't be. Does J'Adore know how to compose music as well?"

“Hmm. Could she have received formal guidance in piano before?”

“Emily does seem a bit inferior to J’Adore now.”

“Who would win if J’Adore also took part in the upcoming World Piano Competition?”

“Who knows?”

“Tsk, tsk, tsk. This is nerve-racking!”

The moment Emily heard that she was inferior to J’Adore, she almost burst with anger. How can J’Adore’s skills be better than mine? Could she have plagiarized someone else’s work too?

While she had those thoughts in mind, a clear and calm voice suddenly came from the stage. “Master Ford, Master Powell, what did you think of my performance?”

Her question hung in the air for a while, but she did not get an answer in return.

At that, Emily felt a surge of joy and immediately turned around to look at Wesley and Antonio.

When she did, however, she quickly became flustered to find that they were gaping at J’Adore in shock.

They didn’t look this moved when I played my piano piece. Why do they look so moved by J’Adore’s piano piece? Why? Do they also think that J’Adore is more skilled than I am?

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That can’t happen!

Both Wesley and Antonio were at a loss for better words to compliment J’Adore with, but alas, they could only clap for her and shower her with praises. “Miss J’Adore, the piano piece you played was just wonderful! Simply wonderful!”

"Are you sure?" Janet raised her brows and sought further evaluation. "Isn't there something I can improve on?"

What more did she have to improve?

She was already at the highest standard, but she wanted to improve even further?

Wesley and Antonio could not lie through their teeth, so they said blatantly, "Miss J'Adore, if someone tells you to give up on playing the piano, you must not believe them; that person definitely has animosity toward you."

Both of them were amazed.

It had been a long time since they last saw someone so gifted at the piano.

The more they spoke, the more Emily's fists tightened. She even grew numb to the pain of her nails digging into her skin. Are they complimenting her? Why? Why is she getting better compliments than me?

Noticing Emily's small pale face, Janet smiled and asked, "What about you, Miss Emily? What did you think of my performance?"

Emily clenched her hands tightly and bit down hard on her lip. Is she trying to humiliate me in front of everyone? Did she really ask me to evaluate her? Does she want to watch me lose?

When the audience saw that Emily was quiet for a long time, they started to tease.

"Look at that. Even Emily is shocked by J'Adore's performance."

"Of course. Someone with Emily's level can definitely tell how good J'Adore was."

"Yes. After all, only a strong candidate can evaluate her performance."

All their remarks went back to Emily. Since everyone had already acknowledged J'Adore's skills, Emily could not talk bad about her now. Thus, she bit the bullet, clenched her fists, and said, "Miss J'Adore's performance was excellent. It put me to shame!" Even though she had spoken the truth, she said it very reluctantly.

She did not want to admit that she had lost to an amateur.

Still, those were thoughts that she could only keep hidden within her.

Upon receiving a response, Janet smirked and started to get down from the stage. All of a sudden, Wesley spoke again. "Miss J'Adore, may I know who you learned the piano from?"

He was really eager to find out who had nurtured such a talent!

On the other hand, Janet hesitated for a few seconds and remained silent.

"Is it the golden composer, Sweet Tune?" Antonio blinked. He was just as curious.

The thought occurred to him when he got the impression that her music style was very similar to Sweet Tune's while she was performing on stage earlier.

He heard of a student called Roxy whom Sweet Tune had mentored, but he did not know whether J'Adore was also her student.

Hearing the name 'Sweet Tune', Janet shook her head with a smile. "No."

"I see." Feeling slightly disheartened, Wesley and Antonio both lowered their gazes.

What is this piece called? Can you tell us?" Wesley asked again.

Janet fell into a bit of a bind when she was confronted with that question. She chuckled awkwardly and said, "Because I improvised that piece, it doesn't have a name yet."

Everyone was stunned by what they heard.

"What? She improvised this performance?"

"That's not possible. How could she have played this well in an improvised performance?"

"Where did this piano prodigy come from? I'm falling in love."

"If she's that brilliant, she should just participate in the World Piano Competition and settle this with Emily once and for all!"

“Yes. Emily is the representative of Yobril, so J’Adore should represent Sandfort City in the competition!”

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“F*ck. Then who do you guys think will be the champion this time?”

“Are you a fool? How can you still ask a question like that? An improvised performance is definitely better than one that was rehearsed.”

“Exactly! An improvised performance only shows how much more capable that person is!”

The guests’ comments fell into Emily’s ears and buzzed in her mind ceaselessly.

Her face had grown pale and lost the arrogance it carried earlier.

It was only when she sensed the strong taste of blood in her mouth that she slowly released her lip. How... How did this happen? Didn’t J’Adore claim that her piano skills were ordinary? Didn’t she say she couldn’t beat me? But why do Master Ford, Master Powell, and a majority of the guests think that she’s better than me? They’re even urging her to join the upcoming World Piano Competition! How did this happen?

Aside from feeling uneasy, she was also instilled with deep regret. She was the one who personally put J’Adore in the spotlight on stage.

Not only did people think that J’Adore was more skilled than her, but they were also predicting that she had a higher chance of being the champion than Emily did.

I can’t let her win. I can’t! If J’Adore becomes the champion, then I’ll become the biggest laughing stock in Sandfort City! Furthermore, she had to win this competition if she wanted to contend with Janet. Who knows? Janet might be waiting to laugh at me during the live television broadcast right now. She could not just watch the title of champion slip through her fingers when it was already in her hands! I won’t allow something like that to happen! I will never allow it!

Emily glared at the woman on stage as if she was about to pierce right through her. She mulled, J’Adore, how can you be so low to try to snatch the title of champion away from me?

Meanwhile, Wesley and Antonio seemed to be in complete shock from witnessing J'Adore's talent.

Wesley inquired excitedly, "Miss J'Adore, would you consider joining the upcoming World Piano Competition?"

If I join the competition, even ten clones of Emily could not beat me. Nonetheless, Janet could not say that aloud at Emily's celebration banquet. It would be too undermining otherwise!

Antonio also agreed, "Yes. If you're unsure of the registration process, I will ask the people at the Music Association to recommend you."

"Me?" Janet blinked at them nonchalantly.

Wesley and Antonio nodded. "Yes, even though being a mere champion is nothing to a big figure like you, the value of being the World Piano Competition's champion is really high. You will be recognized on the international platform all around the world. There's no harm to it."

Janet raised her brows as she listened. Her eyes wandered off to the side where she found Emily with clenched fists and a pale face. She was biting her lips as if she was extremely nervous to hear her answer.

Emily's nervous expression, however, sparked Janet's interest. In a careless manner, she said, "I don't know. I'll think about it again when the time comes."

Below the stage, Emily almost blew up with rage when she heard Janet's answer.

When the time comes? What does that even mean? It's a yes or no question. What is with this ambiguous answer? Is she trying to keep me in suspense on purpose? J'Adore, you wench! You're pure evil!

Emily felt remorseful now more than ever for urging J'Adore to go on stage earlier.

If she hadn't done so, everyone's attention would still be on her now.

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But now, it seemed like no one could be bothered to look at Emily. She had fully grasped the situation. This is all part of that wench, J'Adore's, plan. She even wanted to seek the limelight at such an exclusive banquet. She and Janet are truly part of the same breed!

"Okay. If you want to join the competition, Miss J'Adore, please feel free to contact me anytime." As Wesley spoke, he handed her his name card.

Lowering her eyes to look at it, Janet accepted the card politely and murmured, "Okay."

Emily clenched her fists tightly and glared at that name card. During the remainder of the banquet, Emily felt unsettled. She wanted to muster up her courage and confront J'Adore. But if she were to act hastily now, J'Adore would think she was being a coward. It seemed like she could not do anything right at this moment. Thus, it put her in a state of agony. Pinching herself harshly, she thought, It's all my fault for making that wench perform!

With the name card in her hand, Janet returned to her seat. "Babe, your piano skills are even better than I imagined," Mason remarked unhappily when he saw the name card in her hand.

She smiled. "You flatter me, Mr. Lowry." After she said that, she wanted to put the name card away, but before it even reached her purse, he suddenly grabbed her hand.

Taken aback, she looked up and chuckled at him. "What are you doing?" She shot him a sidelong glance and finished opening her purse to put the card inside. "I can't throw away Master Ford's name card in front of everyone now, can I? That's so disrespectful!"

His brows were still furrowed together as he muttered, "Are you really going to join the competition, babe?" She had to go to Yobril for the competition. If she really went there, he wouldn't be able to see her for a long time.

"Take a guess!" She winked at him playfully and removed his naughty hand from her waist. "What are you doing?"

He laughed at the absurdity of the situation. At the moment, he wanted to press her down and spank her buttocks ruthlessly.

During the banquet, Henry and Lee looked like they were discussing something. Several wealthy families also approached Mason to try to strike up a conversation with him, but he maintained a cold and hostile demeanor.

While Janet was sitting in the VIP section, she felt rather helpless from having Emily's fierce glare pinned on her. Emily was supposed to be in the limelight tonight, but the attention shifted onto Janet since she appeared. It was no wonder Emily was looking at her that way.

Janet scoffed. I guess she has nothing better to do. Letting out a sigh, she said, "I'm going to the restroom. I'll be back in a bit."

Mason nodded. Before she left, he even slapped her on her bottom and gave a vague smile. "Go quickly. Don't hold it in for too long."

At that, she was speechless. Pervert!

Watching Janet go out, Emily also followed along discreetly. She wanted a definite answer on whether J'Adore was going to join the competition or not. If this wench is actually going to join the competition, it's over for me!

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Emily stood and waited quietly by the sink.

When Janet came out of the stall, Emily stole a peek at her.

Janet noticed her sneaky behavior right away and got straight to the point. "Tell me. What is it?"

Her clear and calm voice slowly entered Emily's ears, giving rise to a tidal wave in her chest.

Emily grasped her skirt tightly. A strange emotion flickered across her eyes before she asked, "J'Adore, are you going to... Yobril to take part in the upcoming World Piano Competition?"

Hmm?" Janet intentionally acted ignorant.

Emily was put in a tight spot. After all, asking Janet if she was going to be her rival was just humiliating.

Nonetheless, for the sake of her future, she still pressed on. "Am I not making myself clear enough? I asked if you were going to take part in the upcoming World Piano Competition!"

By the time Emily finished speaking, Janet was amused. "Why? Are you afraid that I'll take part in it, Miss Emily? Skills like mine won't create much of a problem for you, would it?" Wasn't she confident that she could be the champion with plagiarized work before? Why is she being so cowardly now? She scoffed. She is too brazen. How dare she perform my work at this large banquet and even claim it as her own? If she is able to play a plagiarized piano piece here, is she going to play my music during the competition too?

"Miss J'Adore, you're mistaken! I wanted to tell you that if you were going to join, we could go together. Besides, I've lived in Yobril for three to four months now, so I am familiar with the place. We'll have each other if we go together." Emily smiled. The corners of her mouth were extremely rigid.

Janet chuckled and said carelessly, "I think you're worrying too much, Miss Emily. If I really participate in this competition, I will take my own private jet there. I also have people in Yobril, so you don't have to worry about me."

With that, she turned around to leave.

Emily's small delicate face turned pale.

She tightened her grasp on her skirt and steadied herself as she called out to Janet's back, "Okay. I got it."

When Janet did not even look back at her, she felt like she had just been severely humiliated.

As the second Young Miss of the Jackson Family and Hilbert's only recognized student, did she have to endure being treated this way?

J'Adore only dares to treat me this way because she has a big family, a big business, and Mason's affection. Isn't that right?

Who would have thought that Emily's lofty dignity would be trampled on by a Janet?

With her fists clenched tightly, she stomped her foot in anger.

After she returned to the banquet hall, she remained absent-minded for most of the time. After being overjoyed during the first half of the evening, she could not even force herself to feel excited about the latter half.

Megan and Brian seemed to have noticed and asked, "Emily, why do you look so distracted tonight? Do you feel unwell?"

"Is it because of J'Adore's performance earlier?"

Emily bit her lip out of embarrassment. "Mommy, what if J'Adore really joins the competition?"

Megan and Brian looked baffled for a moment.

It was hard to say because Wesley and Antonio gave her a high evaluation after her performance. It was praise that even Emily did not receive. Therefore, if J'Adore really joined the World Piano Competition, the title of champion might not fall into Emily's hands.

When Emily saw the hesitation on her parents' faces, her small face immediately crinkled and looked even worse than a pickled cucumber.