

Sir, You Don't Know Your Wife Chapter 866 - 870

"Mommy, if I had known, I wouldn't have let J'Adore come here." If Emily had known, she wouldn't have let Megan invite the Lowry Family.

She was being ruined by that wench, J'Adore.

If Emily couldn't win this competition, she would rather just die.

"Um..." Megan and Brian looked at each other then said, "Emily, don't panic. J'Adore is well-known in Markovia. She is also the future Lady of the Lowry Family. She already has a lot of things on her plate. Where would she find the time to join a competition?"

"Your mom is right. If you're still worried, you can talk to Master Ford and Master Powell after the banquet."

As Megan and Brian consoled her, Emily started to calm down from her panicked state. It was true; someone as busy as J'Adore would not necessarily have the time to join a competition. She might have just said those things to scare me on purpose! She scoffed. She's so low to try to shake up my mind a few days before the competition. If I hadn't been smart enough, I would have fallen for it!

With those thoughts in mind, she finally felt at ease.

Once the banquet ended, Wesley and Antonio quickly made their way toward Janet and Mason.

"Miss J'Adore, have you come to a decision about joining the World Piano Competition?"

Wesley was also distracted throughout the evening. He really wanted to retain this talented girl in the piano industry.

Janet looked up at Mason before she said in a low voice, "Master Ford, I haven't decided yet. If I plan on joining, I will contact you. If you don't hear from me, then that means I won't be joining."

"Well..." A look of disappointment and desolation flickered across his eyes. "Okay then. If you don't want to, we won't want to force you either. But we'll still wait to hear good news from you for the time being."

Janet replied, "Okay."

After that, Mason wrapped an arm around her slim waist and slowly brought her toward the exit.

Watching the two of them leave from behind, Wesley and Antonio let out a sigh. They knew that if she wanted to join the competition, she would have agreed to it already. Judging by her current response, however, it did not seem like she was going to join.

On the other hand, they did not know why she did not give a flat rejection but left an ambiguous answer for them instead.

As Emily watched Mason and J'Adore leave, her hands naturally curled into fists.

Although Megan and Brian had consoled her earlier, she still wanted a definite answer.

Her refusal to accept the current situation showed in her eyes.

Taking a deep breath, she lifted the hem of her skirt and walked toward Wesley and Antonio. She mustered up her courage and said, "Hello, Master Ford, Master Powell."

They were taken aback by her sudden appearance.

A few seconds later, they were both smiling professionally. "What's the matter, Miss Emily?"

Her dainty hands were grasping onto her skirt, and she had an unnatural expression on her face. "Master Ford, Master Powell, I wanted to ask; did Miss J'Adore register for the World Piano Competition?"

"Um..." Wesley and Antonio looked at each other; they were unsure of how to explain. They could only repeat J'Adore's words truthfully. "Miss J'Adore says she's still unsure. If she decides to participate, she will give us a call. On the other hand, if she doesn't call us, then she won't be participating."

“Again?” Emily murmured to herself unhappily. Why is it always the same answer? Why isn’t J’Adore willing to give a definite answer? Does she have to keep me in this anxious state?

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I’m so sick of this!

Emily’s response left Wesley and Antonio confused.

Pushing up his glasses, Wesley reassured, “You don’t have to worry, Miss Emily. Just stick to what you’ve been doing.”

Antonio also consoled, “Yes. Even if Miss J’Adore joins the competition, she won’t necessarily win.”

They were only saying those words to comfort her because they were at her banquet tonight. In their minds, however, there was only one true champion.

Nevertheless, Emily remained oblivious.

Even after J’Adore had trampled all over her confidence, she was still able to bring it back to life.

Since the two masters said so themselves, I can’t be too modest either! Who knows? Maybe J’Adore’s performance on stage earlier was just a stroke of luck. The winner of the big competition is still not determined yet. She laughed. The masters can spot talent when they see it!

At the Lowry Residence, Janet had just come out of the bathroom after taking a shower.

Mason was sitting on the edge of the bed. He patted the space next to him and ordered, “Come here!”

Knowing that he had bad intentions, she did not go over and instead snapped at him, “What do you want?”

She did not stop drying her wet hair as she spoke.

Enraged, he pulled her over at once and put his big thigh over her fair, slender ones to hold her down. "I told you I was going to deal with you when we got home."

Janet laughed out of anger. In an innocent and pitiful tone, she retorted, "Deal with me? What did I do wrong?"

"I just want to deal with you." He wrapped his arms around her thin waist like a scoundrel.

She put the towel in his palms and ordered, "Dry my hair right now. If it's not dry, I'll be the one to deal with you."

After he took the towel from her, however, he did not have any intention of wiping her hair and simply pressed her down beneath him. "Tell me. Are you going to join the World Piano Competition?"

She bit her lip as if she was extremely torn. "If I go, are you going to come along?"

That expression worked quite well on him. Leaning his head to one side, he gently kissed her earlobe.

The moment his cool lips touched her hot ears, she trembled all over.

"Of course. I have to give my wife full support." His deep and attractive voice slowly entered her ears. "On one condition. When you perform on stage, you're not allowed to wear anything that exposes your chest, back, or waist."

She looked at him in bewilderment. "What do I wear then?"

Does a dress like that even exist?

While all the candidates were dressed up beautifully on the day of the competition, was it appropriate for her to go on stage with a big padded jacket?

Did he really want people to laugh at her?

Mason reached out to brush away the wispy hair on her forehead. "On the day itself, the competition will be broadcasted live across the globe. Do you understand?"

He did not want men around the world to covet his woman!

A strong possessiveness infiltrated his alluring eyes.

Moreover, his insistent tone made it hard for her to refuse.

She did not know whether to cry or to laugh, but she also felt slightly helpless. "Don't worry. Emily will definitely look like a goddess that day." Everyone's attention would be on Emily. Who would even notice me? I'd be transparent!

Mason did not answer her.

By the end of it, he still did not feel settled.

Jan is able to renew my perception each time. Sometimes he wondered how an extraordinary woman like her had fallen in love with him. Is it my looks? But, she's not that shallow of a person. Personality? I don't think there's anything special about that either.

The possessiveness he kept suppressed this whole time exploded in an instant.

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Leaning his head to one side, Mason slowly spoke into Janet's ear. "Babe, do you want me?"

A look of shock flashed across her eyes. She tilted her head and asked, "Do you know what you're saying?"

"I'm very alert, Babe. So, do you want me or not?" His voice was still low with a hint of forbearance.

"No, no. You still have a collaboration meeting tomorrow morning." She knew that he had an important collaboration meeting the next day.

Once they started, it would go on for the whole night and cause too much of a hindrance.

Hearing those words, he laughed and started to unbuckle his belt.

He told her once before that for her, he would give up a collaboration worth hundreds of millions, and even the entire Lowry Family Conglomerate as well as all his wealth and power.

He only wanted her!

Right now, he felt a need to repeat those words.

“Babe, I told you. For you, a collaboration worth hundreds of millions is nothing,” he coaxed. His voice became even more soft and gentle as his cold lips brushed across her cheek.

Any woman would have been touched by those words. Furthermore, since she liked him, it was impossible to deny the temptation.

Finally, she nodded. “I want you.”

She spoke lightly, but the weight of her words felt heavier than a ton to him.

While he was looking at the waves of emotions in her eyes and hearing the sound of her heart beating, he felt like he was being controlled by something intangible.

But, he was more than willing to yield to her control.

He wanted to keep looking at her that way.

It was the first time he had liked someone without considering the consequences.

Reaching out to cradle her cool cheek with his hot hand, he stared at her starry eyes and chuckled. “You’re such a naughty girl.” What spell did you put me under?

Deep into the night, the moonlight peeked through the sheer curtains and shone against the woman on the big black bed.

Her tranquil and sweet face looked alluring and content.

Those swollen pink lips had been ravaged by him.

At that moment, neither of them was aware that the trending searches on Twitter were all about the banquet tonight.

‘The true appearance of the future Lady of the Lowry Family.’

'Holy sh*t. No wonder she keeps a mask on all the time. Who knew she looked like this?'

'Tsk, tsk, tsk. She's just average-looking.'

'I just feel like her face does not match the presence she carries.'

'I agree. I don't know why but something feels wrong about this.'

'How did Young Master Mason fall for someone so ordinary?'

In terms of appearance, J'Adore did not look very beautiful. Moreover, compared to Mason's perfect features, she fell even further behind.

Thus, people started to become envious.

'Tsk, tsk, tsk. Based purely on looks, J'Adore is just not a good fit for Young Master Mason.'

'Exactly. I won't be supporting this couple anymore. There's no point.'

'I can't support them now either. I'd rather support the 'Jason' couple. At least, Janet is a hundred times more attractive than J'Adore!'

'Yes. Janet, my goddess, is the most beautiful woman in all of Sandfort City.'

If there were people who focused on her appearance, there were also people who focused on her talent.

The people who were in favor of her talent could not accept such criticism.

'Why isn't J'Adore a good fit for him? She might look a little ordinary, but how many people in Sandfort City have her qualities?'

'That's my point! At least J'Adore is talented in every aspect; even her piano skills are better than expected.'

'I agree. Some people are just jealous. Come and challenge us if you're unhappy!'

'No matter what, I will always support the original 'Madore' couple.'

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'Jason's antis, f*ck off!'

'That's right! They'll always be the official couple!'

'If you want to talk about talent, Janet is Master Nato, and she's Rose as well. Now that she has become the youngest chairman of the Writers Association in history, why do you think she's still no better than J'Adore?'

Alas, Jason's shippers and Madore's shippers ended up arguing online over such a trivial matter. Initially, the hashtags of both fandoms had hundreds of thousands of followers on Twitter. However, they quickly grew to more than a million followers as the argument continued.

These hot topics put the Lowry Family Conglomerate's public relations department in a difficult position.

What's going on with these Jason and Madore shippers? Aren't they both the same future lady of the Lowry Family? How are we supposed to handle this situation? If the Lowry Family Conglomerate supports Jason, the antis will be calling Young Master Mason a scumbag! But, if we support Madore, won't they go after Janet? But, she's the future lady of the family! How can we do that to her?

In the end, the public relations department decided to give up and let the argument fester.

The next day, news of the World Piano Competition tickets going on sale spread across the campus. Although the competition took place in Yobril and each ticket cost up to ten thousand, no one could resist their passion for music. Some people had taken the Saturday off in advance so that they could fly to Yobril in time to watch the competition. Nonetheless, there were still people who were waiting to buy the tickets.

Many were looking forward to the competition, especially after Emily performed the song 'Relentless Glimmer' at the banquet the night before. Fascinating the audience with her performance, Emily had managed to earn the most public support. Even though the audience only watched it through the screen, they still felt as if they were truly there in person.

"Did you guys watch the live broadcast of the Jackson Family's banquet last night? Emily was such a good pianist that even Wesley and Antonio kept praising her performance."

"I did. She's really good. But, I think she's still incomparable to J'Adore."

"What? J'Adore also performed last night?"

Most of them had turned off the live broadcast after Emily's performance. For that reason, they didn't know J'Adore also performed on stage last night.

"Of course. Wesley and Antonio said if J'Adore were to compete in the competition, the odds of her winning the competition would be very high."

"Tsk, tsk, tsk. Seriously? J'Adore is too versatile."

"How can such a young girl like her be so talented?"

"Tsk, tsk, tsk. I'm impressed. I have to watch the replay."

At that point, the one who had watched the live broadcast came forward and said, "J'Adore is pretty good too. But, she looks average."

"Average? What do you mean?"

"I felt weird seeing her standing with Young Master Mason. They don't look good together. It just doesn't feel right. Her aura and her appearance don't go well together. She looks a little off."

"That's right. I watched the live broadcast too. Young Master Mason looked better when he stood beside Janet compared to J'Adore."

"Yeah. Don't you remember how good Janet and Young Master Mason were when they stood together in military uniforms?"

"You guys are bold. How dare you talk about J'Adore like that. Just wait until you end up like Rebecca."

"Forget it. No more talking about that. We should try harder to snatch tickets."

The moment Janet stepped into the classroom, she knew something was off. Her classmates, who usually enjoyed gossip, were as quiet as a mouse as they sat with their heads ducked down. Shortly after she took her seat, some quickly gathered around her. Janet was immediately stunned by their actions.

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Excitedly, one of them took out the tickets and placed them in front of Janet. She said, "Rose, oh no! Janet, these are the tickets to the World Piano Competition. I got them for you."

Upon hearing that, Janet frowned, though she was surprised at the same time.

When the rest of the class saw that, they were jealous.

"What the hell! How did you get the tickets to the competition? Where did you buy them? I want one too!"

"It's not easy to get a ticket now. But, you have so many of them!"

"Damn it! Give me one. I'll pay you a hundred thousand."

The one who gave Janet the tickets smiled and said, "I'm not selling them. These are specially bought for my idol, Rose." She went through a lot of trouble to get those from her father, so naturally, she wanted to give them to her favorite person.

As soon as she said that, the other students were overwhelmed by disappointment. They were envious!

Right at the time when everyone was jealous of Janet, Hazel swaggered into the classroom and said disdainfully, "Is it so rare to own a ticket?" It's just a ticket. Why do they look like they've never seen the world? After she said that, she took out some tickets from her school bag and put them on the table. Upon closer inspection, there were seven to eight pieces of them there.

Immediately, the crowd was stunned. Their gazes were fixated on the tickets on Hazel's table. "Hazel, where did you get these tickets?"

Hazel let out a chuckle and was about to speak. However, someone suddenly stepped forward and said, "Don't you remember who Hazel is? She's a contestant; of course, she can have as many tickets as she wants."

"Is that true?" Some of the students were blinking in surprise. "Are these from the organizer?"

Hazel flipped her hair, and disdain was visible in her eyes. "Of course." Even if she wasn't the contestant, with her brother's connections, she could also get her hands on the tickets. Noticing the envious gazes from her classmates, she chuckled and pushed the tickets toward them. "Enough. You can take them if you want." After all, it would be better to have more people who went to watch her performance!

The students didn't expect Hazel to be so generous. One of them couldn't help but ask, "Are you serious?"

Hazel raised an eyebrow at the person. "Why not?" I'm the little princess of Yobril's National Council. Why would I lie?

At her remarks, the students happily took the tickets then tightly held on to them—afraid that Hazel would want them back. Seeing their actions, Hazel shook her head helplessly. Huh, how naïve!

At this moment, Nina walked into the class and tapped the podium. "What's going on? You guys have been flooding my mailbox with leave requests." Nina knew Hazel needed to take part in the competition held in Yobril. Yet, she didn't understand why the rest of the class was so excited. Aren't the classes going on as usual? Moreover, the World Piano Competition would be broadcasted live on TV around the world. One could catch the competition live even in Sandfort City. Don't they have something better to do other than flying all the way to Yobril? Right away, anger made a rare appearance on her face. "Except for Miss Hazel, the rest of the class must remain on campus. I'm not going to approve your leave requests."

Janet, who was sitting in her seat, was puzzled. Although she wanted to say something, she ended up swallowing back her words.

After warning the class, Nina turned around and looked at Janet. She asked, "Janet, tell me. Did you ask for leave because you want to visit Yobril too?"

Janet hesitated for a few seconds before she nodded.

“Is it because of the World Piano Competition?”

Janet nodded again.

Her reply put Nina in a difficult position. Still, she let out a cough and said, “Fine. Email me how long you want to take leave for.”