

Sir, You Don't Know Your Wife Chapter 856

"Yes. These diamonds are especially marvelous under the lights."

"Tsk. Tsk. Looks like the Jackson Family really bled themselves dry!"

"Her skin also looks flawless at such a close distance."

"I agree. Didn't Young Master Mason's girlfriend, J'Adore, come here today? She's definitely not as beautiful as Emily!"

"You're right. J'Adore looks quite ordinary. It's only her temperament that is extraordinary."

"Yeah. She might not be as beautiful as Emily, but her temperament is very alluring. It's the kind that makes people want to take a second look at her."

Emily felt a burst of happiness when she heard that J'Adore was not as beautiful as her. Snickering to herself, she thought, There are only a few people in Sandfort City who can beat me in terms of appearance. I'm confident about that! With such an ugly face, it serves J'Adore right!

Emily chuckled and continued talking with the microphone in her hand. "I will be playing a piano piece for all of you shortly. I hope Master Ford and Master Powell who are here today will be able to judge my performance."

As soon as she spoke with her sweet and melodic voice, murmurs started to rise from every direction.

"Oh my god. Is Emily really going to play right now? This is such an honor."

"I'm so excited. We get to hear the champion of the World Piano Competition play at this moment, and it's for free."

"Exactly. I'm going crazy!"

“Hurry; hurry. Take out your phones to record this.”

If Emily had been the champion of the World Piano Competition, the tickets for each of her performances were going to be at least a few tens of thousands.

Although a few tens of thousands was not much to them, it was still exciting to be able to come in contact with a big celebrity at such a close distance and at no cost.

When she heard the sounds of their cheers, a graceful smile grew on her face.

“You can start now, Emily,” Brian reminded from below the stage as a signal for her to get started soon.

She was still immersed in her blissful imagination when she heard his urges and quickly snapped out of it. I must get the attention of Master Ford, Master Powell, and the men from the three major families. With that thought in mind, she forced a smile on her face and slowly walked toward the piano with the hems of her dress lifted.

She couldn't help but shudder when she reached out to touch the grand piano that Wesley had given her.

The cold metal edge of the piano instantly brought to life the musical notes in her mind.

At that moment, all eyes were drawn to the girl who was in a white gown.

With a smile on her face, Emily pulled the piano stool out and sat down.

After taking a deep breath, her eyes drifted toward the men in the VIP section and accidentally stumbled upon Henry looking in her direction.

He looked like he was extremely interested.

In turn, his gaze only made her nervous. Even if I can't have Mason Lowry, Young Master Moss is still not a bad option.

Her heart was pounding in her chest.

She smiled and spoke in a respectful and professional manner. “The song I will be playing is an original called ‘Relentless Glimmer’.”

After she spoke, an enthusiastic round of applause rose from below the stage.

"I didn't know Emily was this talented. She even has her own original piece!"

"That goes without saying. A student under Mr. Hilbert is surely exceptional!"

"Tsk, tsk. Not to mention, the title of the song is just as great."

"She looks too beautiful sitting up there!"

"Quiet. Let's listen to her play."

In the VIP section, Janet began to laugh the moment she heard 'Relentless Glimmer' being played.

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"'Relentless Glimmer'..." Janet's pink lips curled up slightly. "'Glimmer of Dawn'. This is rather interesting."

When Henry heard Janet murmuring to herself, he was prompted to ask. "What is it, Janet? What 'Glimmer of Dawn'?"

She looked up and saw him gazing at her. Shaking her head, she replied, "It's nothing."

He scratched his head at her response then returned his gaze to the stage.

When he saw Emily's back, it somehow reminded him of Sweet Tune.

Even though he knew that Sweet Tune was Sweet Tune, and Emily was Emily, he still felt a sense of excitement.

Suddenly, a melodious musical note slowly sounded under Emily's fingertips.

The huge banquet hall fell silent except for the sound of Emily's piano.

The grand piano from Wesley and the sound system from Antonio naturally went well together. The delivery of the music was so commendable that it was even comparable to an actual dance hall.

Everyone held their breaths as they watched and waited for Emily to bring to them the work of the century.

The moment her fair and slender fingers fell on the black and white keys, they also felt their hearts quiver.

Each note in the tune simply mesmerized them.

Once the song came to an end, the guests in the audience began cheering for her. "Holy sh*t! That sounded incredible."

"Emily was capable enough to be able to hold this celebration banquet in advance!"

"Yes, this is rather unbelievable. In any case, it was amazing."

Hearing the round of applause around her, Emily let out a sigh of relief and slowly got up from the stool to bow. "This is the end of my song. I would like to ask Master Ford and Master Powell to provide some feedback for my performance," she said in a modest and respectful manner. Even if she made a mistake, people would not have the heart to criticize her too harshly for it.

Moreover, her performance tonight deserved a perfect score.

Especially the last verse; it showcased her strong style and each note sounded unique.

There was only one word to describe her performance—perfect!

Even though Wesley and Antonio already saw her as the champion of the upcoming World Piano Competition, the standard she exhibited tonight still took them by surprise.

When she did not get any affirmation, however, she slowly went from being full of confidence to a little flustered. Did I get caught out? No, that can't be. If I get caught at a celebration banquet, I'll turn into a laughing stock!

Her heart was pounding in her chest from the nerves.

With her hands clenched into fists, she was slowly losing color in her face as she stammered, "Master Ford, Master Powell, what did you think of my performance tonight?"

They glanced at each other then exclaimed, "It was excellent!"

Excellent? She blinked. Did they really use the word excellent to describe my performance? It was something that even she, herself, did not expect.

Did she really receive such high praise for her 'original work'?

In that case, who else would be deserving of the title as champion in the World Piano Competition if not her?

At that moment, the thrill and shock she felt could no longer be described with words.

After working hard for three to four months, she was finally being repaid for her efforts.

It was a truly touching moment.

Both Wesley and Antonio were in awe of her. "Miss Emily, can you please tell us how you came to compose this piece? Without any special circumstances, it's impossible to create a song of this level."

Upon hearing their question, she hesitated and eventually fell out of her excitement.

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How did I compose this piece? What does that mean? Composing music isn't that complicated! There isn't a need for any special circumstances. That's too dramatic. Emily shook her head rather lightly. "I don't believe composing music requires any special conditions. It is professionalism that a professional artist should already have." It isn't that difficult!

As soon as she spoke those words, the audience exploded with admiration.

“Wow. Is she gifted? How can she create such a magnificent work without putting much effort into it?”

“Oh my god. This is just unbelievable. As a student who got trained under Hilbert, aren’t her capabilities just too strong?”

“Tsk, tsk, tsk. I can bet that Emily’s skills are on par with Gordon’s and Walter’s. Who knows? She might even overshadow those two as time goes on.”

“I agree. Don’t forget Sweet Tune. Emily should be at the same level as Sweet Tune now.”

“Tsk, tsk, tsk. Sweet Tune hasn’t been active for a long time now. She’s probably been replaced by Emily.”

“That’s right. Back then, Sweet Tune was also the idol in our hearts!”

“I wonder if Sweet Tune will participate in the competition. I want to see her and Emily have a showdown with each other.”

Wesley and Antonio sighed. “Out with the old, in with the new.”

As Emily fiddled with her hair, a look of disdain flashed across her eyes.

Sweet Tune? She snickered. Sweet Tune might not be able to beat me anymore!

Moreover, Wesley and Antonio were implying that the title of champion was a hundred percent hers now.

At one corner, Henry effused, “Janet, your sister is quite good at playing the piano. For a moment there, I almost saw her as Sweet Tune.” He gazed at her in admiration.

Janet did not know what to say.

“What do you think, Babe?” Mason asked as he lowered his eyes to look at her.

"I think..." she pondered carefully. "If that really is her original work, then she has a chance of being the champion."

Henry was slightly astonished. "Janet, what do you mean by that? Emily just said she composed this song herself!"

Beside them, Lee suddenly laughed. "Aren't her implications clear enough? It's not original."

Henry was dumbfounded as if he could only think of one possibility. "Are you saying she drew inspiration from someone else's work?"

"Drew inspiration?" Janet chuckled and seemed indifferent. "Don't make plagiarism sound so refreshing."

Henry was lost in the middle of their conversation as though he was an outsider who did not know anything. "Emily plagiarized someone? Who?"

Lee touched his nose casually and teased, "Young Master Moss, do you care that much about what Emily does? Don't tell me you fell in love just after one song?"

Henry grew slightly upset from being teased. He snapped, "Nonsense! I will always flaunt my feathers for Sweet Tune."

Emily and Sweet Tune did not only differ slightly.

Janet rolled her eyes in her mind. Flaunt his feathers? Does he think he's a peacock now? He's just impossible!

Just then, a sweet voice suddenly rang from beside them. "Young Master Sanders. Young Master Moss. Young Master Mason. What did you think of my original piece?"

Lee turned to look at her. He smiled reluctantly and gave a remark that was both superficial and hypocritical. "Your song, 'Glimmer of Dawn', was quite spectacular, Miss Emily."

The moment she heard his critique, her heart skipped a beat. Don't tell me he caught on?

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After Emily let out a short gasp, she laughed stiffly and said, "Young Master Sanders, it's called 'Relentless Glimmer'."

"Oh, right, 'Relentless Glimmer'. My bad, Miss Emily. I was mistaken."

Upon hearing that, she let out a sigh of relief. He didn't catch on. Pursing her lips, she said empathetically, "It's not your fault, Young Master Sanders. I am to blame for not giving a better explanation of my work and making it hard for you to remember."

He smiled with his lips pressed together and did not respond any further.

Shifting her gaze toward Henry, she lowered her head bashfully and asked, "Is there something on my face, Young Master Moss?"

Henry knitted his brows together and blurted, "What?"

"If not, why were you staring at me earlier? I actually thought I had something on my face."

When she was on stage earlier, she did not dare to see whether he was looking at her or not, but now that she was off the stage, she realized that he was still staring at her.

What else could it mean other than that he had caught feelings for her?

When he heard her question, he touched his chin awkwardly and explained, "You're mistaken, Miss Emily. I just wanted to ask you about your original—"

As soon as she heard the word 'original', she became alarmed and looked right at him.

"What is that, Young Master Moss? Did you want to ask about the originality of this piece? I wrote it during my time at the Royal Academy of Music in Yobril. Do you have any other questions?"

When he saw how frantic she was, he immediately lost interest and did not pry any further.

Janet looked up calmly and smiled. "Miss Emily, did you rearrange the latter part of the piece? It sounds quite different from the first part."

Emily was taken aback. "Don't tell me you know about piano too, Miss J'Adore?"

She was already aware of that. J'Adore had played a piano piece at Mason's twenty-sixth birthday banquet before, and her performance was even more spectacular than Rebecca's.

Emily just did not know how J'Adore would compare to herself.

Nonetheless, J'Adore was just an amateur at the very most while she was a professional pianist.

In response to Emily's inquiry, Janet chuckled and answered leisurely, "I know a little bit, but I still lack tremendously compared to you, Miss Emily."

Emily gave a modest reply. "You're being too kind, Miss J'Adore. After all, this is my expertise. If you're able to get a few lessons from Hilbert, you will definitely be better than me." Even though she was saying that, she thought, But you're not fortunate enough to be noticed by Hilbert.

Still, she did not dare to voice her thoughts.

When Henry heard that, he teased, "Why don't you go up and play a piece, Mrs. Lowry?"

His deep and attractive voice slowly seeped into their hearts.

Janet simply laughed when she heard him. "Forget it. This is Miss Emily's home ground. Don't break the rules."

"What are you saying? I've heard a lot about how skilled you are at playing the piano, Miss J'Adore! If you can play a piece here today, it would be my honor." Emily smiled as she left a hypocritical remark. She sneered to herself, You're just making up excuses because you're too scared to go on stage. But I can see why; if you go on stage, it will create such a big distinction between us. Apart from humiliating yourself, you will also dishonor the entire Lowry Family. It would be hilarious!

Mason smirked and said in an icy voice, "Darling." Reaching out to stroke her cheek, he coddled, "You're being too modest!"

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Mason's evil and demonic voice gradually entered Emily's ears.

Emily's facial expression did not look too good. "Even Young Master Mason is saying you're being modest, J'Adore. You must be very skilled."

Janet did not answer her and only kept her lips pressed together. A wave of emotions flickered across her eyes as if she was suppressing a smile.

Nodding, Mason did not hold back on complimenting her. "Of course, she's the best pianist in my eyes."

They all turned to look at J'Adore to see her reaction, but she did not say anything and was simply standing there leisurely with a relaxed expression.

The similarities in her mannerism to Janet's made Emily quite uncomfortable. Smiling, Emily leaned to one side and looked up. "Since Young Master Mason said it himself, I think you should still give us a performance, Miss J'Adore. Otherwise, it would be a bit of a waste." She scoffed. They've gone overboard. If J'Adore doesn't give us a performance, it will only show that she's a coward. If she does go on stage now, though, she will only humiliate herself. "It's fine if you don't want to perform today, Miss J'Adore. Once I return to Yobril, I'll introduce you to Hilbert and let him give you a few pointers," she offered kindly.

As soon as she said that, the people at the scene looked at each other quizzically.

"Didn't J'Adore play the piano at Young Master Mason's twenty-sixth birthday banquet? Why won't she perform now?"

"Exactly. I find this strange too. Perhaps J'Adore doesn't want to bring too much attention to herself."

“That makes sense. After all, Emily just finished playing. If J’Adore goes up there now and doesn’t perform as well as Emily, it would be so embarrassing!”

“Yes. Emily has way better skills than Rebecca. If J’Adore goes on stage, her skills would definitely fall short.”

“Oh, now that you mentioned it, it does sound reasonable.”

Lee let out a dry cough. He felt an urge to speak up but was held back by J’Adore.

J’Adore looked at Wesley and Antonio with a vague expression then said, “I will go and perform one piece then. If you find that I lack in some areas, please point them out to me, Master Ford, Master Powell.”

The two shared a glance then smiled. “Of course.” They were more than eager to give pointers to Mrs. Lowry.

Their conversation made the corners of Lee’s mouth curl up. Pointers? Does a golden composer really need pointers from others? Janet is taking her act of playing dumb to the fullest!

Her words stirred up chatter among the other guests at the scene.

“No way. Is J’Adore really going to perform?”

“Isn’t she afraid of being compared to Emily?”

“Tsk, tsk, tsk. Her courage is commendable!”

“I agree. Even if she plays the piano well, she can’t beat the champion of the World Piano Competition, who is also Hilbert’s student.”

“Exactly. I’m nervous for her!”

Listening to the voices in the crowd, Emily flicked her hair and straightened her back subconsciously. A look of ridicule and contempt flashed across her eyes. J’Adore really agreed to it. She sneered. She’s so thoughtless!

Janet turned a deaf ear to them and walked straight to the piano. Stroking it, she thought, A grand piano is certainly different. The feel and texture are all top-notch.

That single touch brought out her passion for piano in an instant.

In the VIP section, Henry fiddled with his nose nervously. "Young Master Mason, are you sure Mrs. Lowry's piano skills are better than Emily's?"

It would be humiliating if Janet lost to Emily!