

Sir, You Don't Know Your Wife Chapter 881

They were rushing to the scene to watch the competition while simultaneously cheering for the golden composer.

After the host finished announcing the contestants' names, many people in the venue remained confused about the situation. Even so, the competition was about to begin. They didn't have time to ponder about who Janet Jackson was anymore. In any case, she might turn out to be the biggest cannon fodder among the contestants this year!

When the host saw that it was time, he picked up the microphone, walked onto the stage, and slowly announced, "The World Piano Competition officially starts now. Please welcome the first contestant with the loudest cheers you can muster—Emily Jackson!"

With that, everybody's attention was drawn to the stage. The stage did not look like a stage. Rather, it looked more like a concert hall—it was huge, luxurious, and extravagant.

Emily slowly walked onto the stage in a coral-colored princess dress. She had a dazzling and excited smile on her face as she spoke in a warm and gentle voice. "Hello everyone, I am Emily Jackson from Sandfort City. I will be representing Yobril in this competition today. I hope the judges will be lenient on me and allow me to enter the finals!" To win first place.

A round of thunderous applause rang out following her introductory speech. Soon, several workers slowly pushed out a grand piano and a stereo set onto the stage.

The audience watched this process in bewilderment. Did Emily bring her own piano and stereo set?

At that moment, a voice sounded from among the audience. "Is that Wesley Ford's piano?"

"What?! Why would Master Ford's piano appear here?!"

"Yeah. What the hell is going on?"

The audience was incredibly puzzled by the situation. Then, Emily stepped forward to say something. Holding the microphone in her hand, she slowly explained, "My sincerest apologies for taking up your time. However, I must use the piano and stereo set I prepared

to bring out the best musical effect during my performance. As you have guessed, this piano does belong to Wesley Ford. Master Ford personally gifted this piano to me during a banquet a few days ago. Moreover, this stereo set was also specially customized and given to me by Master Powell himself!”

The entire audience fell dead silent at those words. Several moments later, they burst into excited chatter.

“Damn! I can’t believe Master Ford gave his precious piano to Emily Jackson!”

“Oh, my God! Isn’t Wesley pampering her a little too much?”

“Moreover, Master Powell himself specially customized and gave that stereo set to her!”

“Doesn’t that imply that both Wesley Ford and Antonio Powell have acknowledged her as their favored candidate in this competition?”

“That must be the case. Have you seen Wesley Ford gifting his piano to anybody else?”

“Oh, my God! What’s the point of holding this competition then? They should just announce Emily Jackson as the winner!”

“This is incredible! She is so amazing!”

Several of the judges seemed dumbfounded by the sight in front of them—they were so shocked that they didn’t ask Emily to begin her performance despite the delay. However, a man sitting in the front row wearing a black shirt began to look impatient. He beckoned to the organizer. Thus, the organizer hastily ran over to the man after receiving the signal and asked, “What’s wrong, Young Master Mason?”

Impatience was written all over the man’s face. In a low and hoarse voice, he said, “I don’t recall this competition having a segment for the contestants to show off their instruments.”

The meaning behind the man’s words was clear as day—he was warning Emily to stop bragging as it was giving him a headache. An embarrassed look flashed across the organizer’s face when he heard those words. Then, he hurriedly conveyed this information to the judges. The judges reflexively glanced in the direction of the front row and discovered that the man in the black shirt was indeed looking extremely annoyed. Therefore, they

swiftly picked up the microphone and directed their words toward Emily on the stage. "Excuse me, please start your performance now."

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Emily was basking in the praises everybody showered her with. Therefore, an ugly expression surfaced on her face when she was interrupted all of a sudden. Even so, she did her best to conceal her expression and pretentiously replied, "Okay!"

Walking over to her piano slowly, she took her seat, picked up the microphone, and said, "I will be playing an original song titled 'Fireworks'. Please enjoy."

After that, everybody in the audience stared at the stage with bated breath. Even the audiences watching the live broadcast felt nervous for her. Meanwhile, the people within the music industry glanced at the girl on the stage with high expectations. Turning around, one of them asked, "Mr. Hilbert, do you think your protégé will win?"

Hilbert frowned and shook his head—he did not know. Originally, the probability of winning was quite high. But... Leaving aside the fact that Roxy is equal to Emily in terms of skill, Roxy's teacher will surely be superior in skill! Upon receiving his response, the people within the music industry felt very strange as to why he did not have the slightest trace of delight on his face.

On the stage, Emily ran her fingers over the black and white keys of the piano under everybody's gaze. The melodious sound of a 'Do' note slowly floated into the audience's ears, then a beautiful melody soon began to play inside the huge theatre.

The song 'Fireworks' was a rather difficult song to play, especially during its climax. Only a skillful pianist could pull off that song. Moreover, the overall theme of the song was powerful and vibrant—it was wild and free—every bit of the song was perfectly balanced.

At this moment, Emily was completely immersed in her performance. Her eyes were slightly closed, and her slender and white hands were dancing across the black and white piano keys.

The other contestants waiting backstage were gripped by nervousness, except for Janet. She lazily leaned back in her chair with her eyes half-closed, listening to Emily's original song, 'Fireworks'. I have to admit that Emily's 'arranging skills' have gotten much better. Unless one was a professional or had heard the original version before, one could not tell that the song was an arranged piece. Languidly looking at the screen in front of her, she chuckled softly with a wicked look in her eyes.

Before long, the song reached its climax. Roxy, who was standing beside Janet, frowned in considerable disbelief. He glanced at Janet, "Janet, this..."

"Hmm." Janet raised her eyebrows; the meaning behind her simple reply was unclear.

Listening to the conversation between them, Hazel couldn't help turning her head to look at Janet. She saw Janet's slender and fair fingers tapping against the stool, in time to Emily's music, and couldn't help sneering at Janet's actions. Even at this point, she doesn't forget to act so pretentiously. Does she really think that she can understand Emily's music? What right does she have to comment on Emily? She should look at her own abilities first!

The song reached its climax; all the judges present at the venue couldn't help glancing at each other.

"Not bad. No wonder she's piqued to win this competition."

"Yeah. The personal touch in this song, 'Fireworks', is very obvious!"

"As expected of Hilbert's apprentice. It's incredible!"

On the other hand, Emily gracefully played the piano on the stage. She had begun preparing for this song three months ago without informing Hilbert about it during that whole period. Instead, she secretly practiced it on her own. All her efforts had been for this day. Although her eyes were closed and she couldn't see Hilbert's expression, she knew that he looked extremely shocked right now.

Time passed by, little by little, and the song neared its ending. The frown on Hilbert's face gradually eased, and he nodded in satisfaction. If Emily can maintain this level of skill throughout the competition, then she will definitely be able to get through the advancement round.

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Perhaps, Emily might even be able to compete against Sweet Tune in the finals. Although I have not heard many of Sweet Tune's songs, the flair of Emily's songs is very similar to hers. So, it is hard to tell what the final outcome will be. Hilbert narrowed his blue-green eyes and quietly watched Emily on the stage. He watched her until her hands finally stopped, the last musical note lingering in the air.

Thunderous applause instantly roared out within the theater. The audience gave her a standing ovation, completely driving the atmosphere within the venue into a frenzy. In their opinion, Emily's song was extremely stunning and shocking. Moreover, it was an original song, which added even more brownie points in their book.

Emily stood up from her stool, feeling elated. Bowing at the audience, she looked at the expressions of the judges, as well as Hilbert, sitting in the front row. Then, she sighed in relief. Sure enough; the looks in their eyes indicate that they have acknowledged me. My performance just now has stunned them. She smiled as if victory was already at hand. My skills have been recognized by Master Ford and Master Powell. Maybe Janet was so scared that she wet her pants after listening to my song. Hahahaha!

Under the stage, the judges couldn't help praising her. "Miss Emily, this song of yours, 'Fireworks', is absolutely stunning!

"That's right! I can't believe that Hilbert's apprentice is so highly skilled!"

"Tsk, tsk, tsk. No wonder Hilbert chose you as his apprentice, Miss Emily."

The judges showered praises on her. None of them had noticed that Emily's song was an arranged piece originating from a song released by the golden composer, Sweet Tune, a few years back. Perhaps, they never imagined that Hilbert's apprentice would stoop to using such underhanded methods.

Meanwhile, Hilbert smiled in satisfaction.

When Emily received such encouragement and praise, she pursed her lips in delight. She took the microphone from the host and said, "I didn't expect everybody to enjoy my performance so much. Thank you so much for your praises."

As she spoke, her eyes reddened with tears—she played an emotional card on the spot. Her fans couldn't help feeling distressed when they saw their goddess crying. Thus, they hurriedly comforted her. "Emily, you're the best!"

"Good luck, Emily!"

"Emily, you will surely win this competition! Have some confidence!"

Among the audience seats, several people looked at Megan and Brian. They couldn't help sighing in amazement. "Emily is so amazing! Her performance today was even more exciting than when she performed at the banquet the other day."

Megan nodded in agreement, a smile spontaneously lighting up her face. Despite that, she remained humble. "That's right. She is quite good." Even we did not expect Emily to have such a powerful hidden talent. She is our daughter indeed. She is wonderful!

"You're being too humble, Megan. If Emily wins this competition, don't forget about me, okay?"

The curve of her smile widened. "I heard Roxy is Sweet Tune's apprentice. So, it's not yet certain that Emily will win."

"So what if he is Sweet Tune's apprentice?" Somebody interjected. "Even if Sweet Tune herself performed today, I'm sure Emily will still win the competition!"

When she heard everybody else saying that, she suddenly felt like the probability of Emily winning the competition was becoming higher and higher. Still... I don't know how Janet will perform...

Just as Megan was mulling over things, Hilbert's voice rang out from the direction of the stage. He was holding the microphone in hand and earnestly saying, "Emily, you've really surprised me today."

Emily lowered her head and rubbed her eyes, smiling shyly. "It's because you've taught me so well, Mr. Hilbert."

Hilbert's blue-green eyes flashed. "Don't say that. If I had not taught you myself over the past few months, I would have thought that you were Sweet Tune's apprentice."

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As soon as Emily heard those words, she froze in place. What does Mr. Hilbert mean by that? Did he notice something? How did he know? I thought I successfully arranged it beyond recognition...

Everybody in the audience was also taken aback by those words. They glanced at Hilbert, who was sitting in the front row, with a puzzled expression. Is Hilbert praising Emily? Or... is there something else? After all, it's not a good thing, whether in the piano circles or the music circles, for somebody to be much too similar to another and fail to gain recognition as a result. Yet, here he was, grandiosely standing there and declaring that Emily is similar to Sweet Tune...

"Um..." For a moment, Emily was rendered speechless. She didn't know what to say in response. Thus, she simply stood in place, clenching her fists so tightly that her fingertips turned white. Biting her lips, she said in a trembling voice, "I once heard that it's normal for extraordinary works to sound similar to each other, Mr. Hilbert."

Those were the very words Janet had said to her during the banquet. She didn't know if Hilbert would agree with the idea behind those words. However, she had no choice but to use those words to try and gloss things over. This competition is broadcasted live across the world. I cannot let Hilbert discover that something is amiss. Otherwise, the rest of my life will be ruined!

In the past, she had 'borrowed' a little bit of Janet's artwork ideas only to be accused of plagiarism. At the time, she had been severely reprimanded by Megan. Moreover, she was warned that she would be disowned from the family if it were to happen again. Therefore, I cannot let Hilbert discover the truth, no matter what!

The silence that followed Emily's statement stretched out. She was panicking inside, feeling as if an entire lifetime had gone by. It wasn't until Hilbert opened his mouth to speak again that her anxious heart finally calmed down.

On the other hand, the corners of Hilbert's mouth curved into a smile. "That's true." Although this song was performed beautifully, he wished for her to find her own style. Otherwise, she would simply be drowned out among the various talents in the world of piano—amounting to nothing more than an ordinary person learning the piano—even if she won the

competition today. Still, it was normal for a person to be unable to determine their playing style in the beginning. It was enough as long as this song was an original she wrote herself.

When the judges saw that, they began scoring her performance in turn. There were five judges in the preliminary round with each person capable of giving a total of 100 points. The average score derived from all five judges would be the final score of the contestant.

Emily felt her heart pounding wildly in her chest. It felt as if her heart was going to jump out of her chest. Thus, she closed her eyes and prayed, I must enter the advancement round! At that moment, the host's voice suddenly wormed its way into her ear. "The first contestant, Emily Jackson, obtained a score of 99.8."

Everybody on-site gasped in surprise when they heard those words. Then, the audience exploded in excitement.

"Oh, my God! 99.8 points?!"

"What's with those results?! Isn't that the highest score ever in history?!"

"F*ck. Isn't this akin to announcing that Emily is the winner of this year's competition?"

"That's right; that's right. They might as well announce it immediately."

"Wow. The student Mr. Hilbert brought is extraordinary indeed. It's so shocking!"

"Yeah; yeah! Who cares if her style is similar to Sweet Tune? Even if Sweet Tune herself performed this song, she might not have gotten a score of 99.8 points!"

"I agree! I agree wholeheartedly!"

Emily listened to the crowd's cheering while reeling from the shock. What?! I got 99.8 points?! I got the highest ever scores in history?! Oh, my God! Even Walter and Gordon have never gotten such high scores before! A smile bloomed on her face as she grinned from ear to ear.

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Emily stood on the stage. She could see where Megan and Brian were sitting in the audience with a single glance. They were so emotional that they were standing and cheering her on! I'm certain Janet will be furious when she hears my results backstage! Hahahaha!

The host picked up the microphone and stood up. "Contestant Emily Jackson, please return backstage for now."

"Okay." She nodded and happily left the stage.

After that, a man's mature and calm voice rang out again. "Next, let us welcome the second contestant onto the stage! She comes from Yobril and is also one of Hilbert's protégés."

Applause broke out among the crowd following those words. Emily slowly walked off the stage while holding the hem of her dress. At the intersection between the backstage area and the stage area, she ran into Hazel.

"You were amazing, Emily! When the host announced your results, Janet was incredibly upset!" Hazel covered her mouth with her hands with a gloating look.

When Emily heard that, she felt delighted. "Really?" I had a feeling that would happen. Who knows; maybe Janet is hiding somewhere backstage and crying her heart out right now.

Hazel lifted her eyebrow while smiling. "You'll know once you head inside."

"Sure." Emily nodded. Patting Hazel on the shoulder, she smiled. "Good luck to you too!"

Hazel grunted in reply as she slowly walked onto the stage. Looking at Hazel's back disappearing into the distance, Emily finally turned around and made her way to the common lounge. She swept her glance across the entire place but did not see Janet anywhere.

"Roxy, do you know where Janet went?" she asked, softening her tone and acting sweet.

Roxy sat on the stool and glanced at her coldly without saying anything.

Although she was confused as to why he rolled his eyes at her, her good mood was not affected in the slightest bit by such trivialities. She simply lifted the hem of her dress, walked over to Janet's room, and knocked on the door.

Janet was resting inside the room when she heard the knock on the door. Thus, she immediately opened her eyes and spoke in a dispassionate voice. "Enter."

Pushing open the door, Emily's gaze landed on the girl lying on the sofa. She instantly felt a burst of joy in her heart at the sight. Her eyes are so red. She must have cried!

Meanwhile, Janet got up. Her gaze was chilly, and her voice was flat. "What are you doing here?"

Emily swept her hair back and gave a soft laugh. "Janet, I obtained a high score today. Aren't you happy for me?"

No emotions showed on Janet's face upon hearing those words. However, a mocking look flashed across her eyes.

Emily saw the flash of contempt and couldn't help clenching her fists tightly in response. "What do you mean by that? Are you looking down on me?" I got 99.8 points! I hold the highest score in history! What right does Janet have to look down on me when she knows nothing about pianos?! This is so utterly ridiculous!

Janet listened to the chattering female voice, and a sneer appeared at the corner of her mouth. She scoffed, "Emily, did you think that I couldn't tell from your song? Is it fun to plagiarize Sweet Tune's songs, again and again?"

The girl's voice was cold and indifferent. However, every word she said made the hair on Emily's body stand on end. Emily instantly suffered a meltdown when she heard the name 'Sweet Tune'. "What nonsense are you spewing?! Sweet Tune?! I don't know her. You are just jealous of me. You are jealous that I became Hilbert's apprentice; you are jealous that Brian and Megan pamper me more! Janet, let me tell you this: you will never obtain any of this!" In any case, I've already cut all friendly relations with Janet. There's no need for me to endure these feelings anymore. As long as I win this competition, Janet will never be my opponent again! She will never have the right to stand in front of me, acting all haughty, again!

