

# Sir, You Don't Know Your Wife Chapter 1076

Janet must be so pleased with herself. Why isn't she afraid that J'Adore might find out about her? Is she truly so shameless? I have been a wreck by living such a horrible life these days. I have lost all the photos and video clips of Mason having an affair with Janet. I don't know how else to prove that they are having an affair. Besides, only nobles and those associated with the Lowry Family are allowed to attend Mason and J'Adore's engagement party. With my status, I can't possibly gain entry.

This is the worst possible situation and it is entirely Janet's fault. If it weren't for her, I would have been a famous pianist by now and the Lowry Family would have invited me for such an occasion. I hate Janet with all my heart. In fact, I hate her so much that I wish I could turn her into mince meat. Emily clenched her fists tightly; she viciously bit her lips until she tasted the metallic scent of her blood... No way, I can't let things be without doing anything. Janet ruined my life, so I must make sure that everybody hates her too. At least I'll feel better about it.

The day was getting darker and she had dressed up nicely. She chose a floral dress Megan bought for her. As a result of Emily worrying about Janet lately, she had lost a lot of weight. Hence, she looked especially delicate and slim.

Emily then chose the brightest red lipstick before she sprayed some perfume. She looked like a young lady from a wealthy family, but her appearance was a stark contrast in comparison with her shabby and horrible-looking rented room. I do not have a choice. I have to make use of the rope I have to climb up the cliff. Emily inhaled deeply before leaving the house.

In TT98 Pub.

"Young Master Gerry." Emily warmly greeted the man seated at the head of the table in the private room.

Gerry turned toward the source of the voice when he heard her. His gaze flashed in awe when he saw her, but he collected himself almost instantly. I was wondering who that beauty is. It turns out to be the Jackson Family's disgrace of a daughter. Oh, no, it should be the Wallace Family. Previously, I have pursued Emily, but she didn't even bother to look my way. Now that she's lost everything, she's here throwing herself at me. I wonder what her ulterior motive is.

Emily noticed Gerry's reaction and she became upset right away. Didn't he pursue me before? Why isn't he surprised to see that I'm here? She inhaled deeply to calm herself. Then, she sashayed toward him naturally.

"Young Master Gerry, who is that?" Somebody pointed at Emily.

Gerry took a deep breath while wrapping an arm around the bargirl. "Well, I do not know her."

The color drained from Emily's face immediately when she heard that. However, she did not slow down; instead, she continued to make her way forward. "Young Master Gerry, don't you recognize me? I am Emily," she spoke in a girlish tone. I know that Gerry is claiming that he doesn't recognize me on purpose, but with my unforgettable beauty, it is impossible for him not to remember me.

Gerry crossed his legs while inhaling deeply before he gave her a casual once-over. "Emily Jackson, right? But, I somehow recall that your last name isn't Jackson, am I right?"

Emily was extremely reluctant for others to mention her last name, but he chose to bring it up anyway. However, she could not possibly lose her temper with Gerry right now because she had to rely on him to attend Mason and J'Adore's engagement party. That was her only way to approach J'Adore.

"Oh, you are indeed Emily Jackson!"

"The rumors are true—you really are a beauty!"

"Well, that is true. I heard that Young Miss Jackson is even more beautiful."

The rich playboys started to leer at Emily.

Before she came over, she was already mentally prepared to be stared at. In the past, I would have hated it with all my heart, but right now, if I do not sell myself, I wouldn't be able to destroy Janet.

Emily flashed her pearly whites at Gerry as she spoke in a sensual and seductive tone, “Young Master Gerry, my identity is not important. The important thing is that I am your woman.”

“Eh? Young Master Gerry, it seems like the great beauty is presenting herself to you on a silver platter.”  
The men started to joke around.