

Sir, You Don't Know Your Wife Chapter 861

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?