

## Sir, You Don't Know Your Wife Chapter 867

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.