

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."