

# Sir, You Don't Know Your Wife Chapter 1070

Emily did not expect such a drastic turn of events.

Have I been exposed within a few minutes? She was on the verge of breaking down when she saw the horrible private messages and comments!!

“This can't be happening. This isn't true. Janet, the b\*tch, is truly having an affair with Mason. Everyone needs to believe me. You have to believe me,” Emily kept muttering while tapping frantically on her keyboard.

However, before she could send her post, her account was forcefully logged out.

Her hands trembled and the next things she knew, her account was banned!

What is happening? Emily's eyes widened in shock and she stared in disbelief at her laptop screen.

The screen showed that her account had been reported many times, so it had been banned.

“F\*ck!” she cursed viciously.

It looks like those horrid fans of Janet have reported me!

“Janet, you b\*tch! I hate you.” Emily's eyes were bloodshot when she hissed vehemently.

Simultaneously, somewhere else in the city, a black luxurious car was parked at the entrance of a five-star hotel.

Janet opened her eyes slowly and she chuckled softly when she saw the view outside. “What is this? Are you taking me here for a meal?”

Mason did not answer her; instead, he carried her out of the car.

Janet naturally rested her arms around his shoulders and pressed her ears against his chest.

She heard the steady thumping of the man's heartbeat against his chest.

For some reason, she noticed that his heart was racing abnormally quick.

However, Mason's strong heartbeat grounded her and she felt at peace.

"Babe, close your eyes first," he spoke to her in a gentle and calm tone.

Janet automatically closed her eyes while allowing him to carry her.

Soon, she heard the noise of a door opening.

After a few seconds, Mason placed her on a soft sofa.

Soon, she heard some footsteps followed by the sound of the door closing.

"Mason," she called out for him tentatively while keeping her eyes shut.

Unfortunately, there was dead silence and nobody answered her.

Janet opened her eyes gradually, but nobody was around. The room was pitch-black.

It was eerily quiet in the room as well.

“Mason, are you there?” she asked again.

However, nobody answered her.

Janet blindly reached out in the dark to search for the light switches.

However, she caught sight of a ray of light from her left side at that moment.

A black curtain was slowly being drawn and there was a piano on the left side of the huge room.

On the stage, the man, who had an almost ethereal elegance, reached out with his prominent fingers to start playing on the piano keys. The dim yellow light accentuated the scene, as if it was a dream.

Mason was playing a French song—Lifelong Love.

It was a song that men often sang to women when they wanted to illustrate their love and loyalty.

There were three parts to this song, but he was playing the chorus.

Iloveyou

notonlyforwhatyouare,

butforwhatlamwhenlamwithyou.

I love you, not only for what

you have made of yourself,

but for what you are making of me.

“I love you

Not only for what you are,

But for what I am when I am with you.

I love you, not only for what

You have made of yourself,

But for what you are making of me.”

Mason looked down while he wore an extremely gentle and tender expression. It felt as if the song was written just for him.

At the end of the song, the lights in the room were turned on again.

The vast area of the room seemed almost like heaven.

Presents covered the floor, the couch and the bed.

“Babe, look up,” His deep voice reverberated around the room.

Numerous balloons were floating across the ceiling of the room.

When the balloons had been blown away, bright and twinkling objects gradually showed up—they were stars.

Janet’s heart skipped a beat and she reached out slowly. The stars were reflected on her hand.

She felt as if she could catch the stars.

“Babe...” Mason, who was standing beside the piano, suddenly broke the silence. “I have something to tell you.”