

Sir, You Don't Know Your Wife Chapter 884

As soon as Emily heard those words, she froze in place. What does Mr. Hilbert mean by that? Did he notice something? How did he know? I thought I successfully arranged it beyond recognition...

Everybody in the audience was also taken aback by those words. They glanced at Hilbert, who was sitting in the front row, with a puzzled expression. Is Hilbert praising Emily? Or... is there something else? After all, it's not a good thing, whether in the piano circles or the music circles, for somebody to be much too similar to another and fail to gain recognition as a result. Yet, here he was, grandiosely standing there and declaring that Emily is similar to Sweet Tune...

"Um..." For a moment, Emily was rendered speechless. She didn't know what to say in response. Thus, she simply stood in place, clenching her fists so tightly that her fingertips turned white. Biting her lips, she said in a trembling voice, "I once heard that it's normal for extraordinary works to sound similar to each other, Mr. Hilbert."

Those were the very words Janet had said to her during the banquet. She didn't know if Hilbert would agree with the idea behind those words. However, she had no choice but to use those words to try and gloss things over. This competition is broadcasted live across the world. I cannot let Hilbert discover that something is amiss. Otherwise, the rest of my life will be ruined!

In the past, she had 'borrowed' a little bit of Janet's artwork ideas only to be accused of plagiarism. At the time, she had been severely reprimanded by Megan. Moreover, she was warned that she would be disowned from the family if it were to happen again. Therefore, I cannot let Hilbert discover the truth, no matter what!

The silence that followed Emily's statement stretched out. She was panicking inside, feeling as if an entire lifetime had gone by. It wasn't until Hilbert opened his mouth to speak again that her anxious heart finally calmed down.

On the other hand, the corners of Hilbert's mouth curved into a smile. "That's true." Although this song was performed beautifully, he wished for her to find her own style. Otherwise, she would simply be drowned out among the various talents in the world of piano—amounting to nothing more than an ordinary person learning the piano—even if she won the competition today. Still, it was normal for a person to be unable to determine their playing style in the beginning. It was enough as long as this song was an original she wrote herself.

When the judges saw that, they began scoring her performance in turn. There were five judges in the preliminary round with each person capable of giving a total of 100 points. The average score derived from all five judges would be the final score of the contestant.

Emily felt her heart pounding wildly in her chest. It felt as if her heart was going to jump out of her chest. Thus, she closed her eyes and prayed, I must enter the advancement round! At that moment, the host's voice suddenly wormed its way into her ear. "The first contestant, Emily Jackson, obtained a score of 99.8."

Everybody on-site gasped in surprise when they heard those words. Then, the audience exploded in excitement.

"Oh, my God! 99.8 points?!"

"What's with those results?! Isn't that the highest score ever in history?!"

"F*ck. Isn't this akin to announcing that Emily is the winner of this year's competition?"

"That's right; that's right. They might as well announce it immediately."

"Wow. The student Mr. Hilbert brought is extraordinary indeed. It's so shocking!"

"Yeah; yeah! Who cares if her style is similar to Sweet Tune? Even if Sweet Tune herself performed this song, she might not have gotten a score of 99.8 points!"

"I agree! I agree wholeheartedly!"

Emily listened to the crowd's cheering while reeling from the shock. What?! I got 99.8 points?! I got the highest ever scores in history?! Oh, my God! Even Walter and Gordon have never gotten such high scores before! A smile bloomed on her face as she grinned from ear to ear.