

Sir, You Don't Know Your Wife Chapter 1001

Melissa took a deep breath to remain calm. "Nothing. It's just something related to the nervous system."

Seeing her natural expression, Sheldon believed that she had no reason to lie to him so he replied, "Alright. If you need any resources, just let me know."

"No problem." Melissa pressed her lips together into a smile.

With that, he walked away.

Seeing his leaving figure, Melissa immediately heaved a sigh of relief and loosened her clenched fists.

If Sheldon knows that I'm researching viruses, he will definitely try to stop me.

I can only hide this from everyone else now.

In the corridor, some bystanders, who did not understand the actual truth, said admiringly, "Wow! The fifth-generation descendant of the Rocher Family is impressive indeed—she doesn't even need an assistant."

"Yeah; she accomplished everything alone! I guess Melissa is the only person in Yobril who has the skills to do so. Who else can accomplish the same feat as her?"

"That's right. Let alone in Yobril, I think you can hardly find another person like her in the entire world."

In the principal's office of Woodsbury University, Robert was rubbing his temples with a worried expression on his face.

I guess you really can't take back what you've said.

Yesterday, I just promised Professor Fontaine confidently that I'm going to invite Doctor Sandra to help the medical interns, but she rejected me even after I offered her such a high price of five million!

She rejected me just like that!

This means that my reputation will be lost now.

Sure enough, you can't be too confident about your promises. Now I have no idea what to say to those kids in year three.

More importantly, I don't even know what to tell Professor Fontaine.

At this moment, Robert's phone, which was on the table, suddenly lit up and rang.

The call was from an unfamiliar number.

He picked it up in confusion and murmured, "Hello?"

After a few seconds, the caller said from the other end of the line, "Doctor Sandra changed her mind. She agreed to appear but she has a request."

Upon hearing that, Robert froze for a few seconds before he quickly replied respectfully, "Oh—so you are working for Doctor Sandra. Has she really agreed? What's her request?"

In an instant, Robert was so overwhelmed by the information that he asked a few questions all at once.

"She wants the first year student, Sharon Nathan, to join the surgery training this time as well." The man's low voice slowly echoed down the line.

Robert thought his ears were playing tricks on him.

Hence, he asked again, "Doctor Sandra's request is to ask Sharon to join the training?"

"Yes."

Robert blinked a few times and agreed before he even had the time to think about it. "Of course; that's not a problem. I'll let Professor Fontaine know immediately. You just have to make sure that Doctor Sandra comes to Woodsbury University."

"Understood."

With that, Lee hung up the phone.

When he heard the beeping sound, Robert slapped his face because he felt that everything that had just happened seemed like a dream.

I thought Doctor Sandra already rejected me?

Why did she suddenly change her mind? Not only that, she also added another request.

Did she agree to this because of Sharon?

What is the relationship between Sharon and Doctor Sandra?

At that instant, Robert, who was not too bright, was very confused by such questions.

He did not have much time to think about it, so he called Dylan to inform him about this first.

“What?” Dylan could not believe what he had just heard.

Doctor Sandra has already rejected it, but why did she agree again?

Before this, she also requested for Sharon to participate in the competition.

Sharon’s results are not that stellar. At most, she’s slightly above average.

Why did Doctor Sandra take a liking to her?

Could Sharon possibly know Doctor Sandra?

That’s not quite right, though—if they knew each other, why didn’t Sharon say anything during the International Medicine Competition last time?

At this moment, Dylan was even more confused than Robert.

When I arranged for Janet—the winner for the International Medical Competition for Novice—to join the surgery training, the year three students were already quite unhappy about it. If another first year student whose skills are only average joined the training, won’t those year three students make a scene?

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However, since this is Doctor Sandra's request, we can't reject her as well.

It certainly doesn't feel good to be trapped in the middle.

"Mr. Goldstein, when I arranged for Janet to join this surgery training, the year three students were already displeased about it. If Sharon joins this training as well, I'm afraid the students aren't going to agree with our decision. Can you talk to Doctor Sandra so that she could change her request?" Dylan asked with great difficulty.

Change her request?

"No!" Robert rejected immediately with a solemn expression on his face as he spoke in a serious tone. "We've gone through such a great deal of trouble before Doctor Sandra finally agreed to our request. What if she refuses to come after we ask her to change her request? All these changes might annoy her and she might ignore us at that point."

Upon hearing that, Dylan heaved a sigh.

Sure enough, he had also heard that Doctor Sandra did not have a good temper. If they did this, she would definitely be annoyed.

Robert then laughed awkwardly. "I'm afraid you have to inform the year three students, then."

Since Robert had already said so, Dylan had no other choice but to do so.

He heaved another sigh before he walked out of the office.

In the first year's medical school, Janet was explaining a few SSSSS-level questions to Sharon.

Since it was not too difficult, Sharon quickly understood the concept.

At this moment, a low voice suddenly rang from outside the door.

“Miss Nathan, please come out for a moment.”

Upon hearing that, Janet and Sharon both turned around to look at the source of the voice, only to find Dylan waving his hand at them as he stood outside the classroom.

Sharon blinked a few times and looked at Janet in confusion. “Why is Professor Fontaine looking for me?”

Janet curved her lips but she only muttered nonchalantly, “How would I know?”

Makes sense. Sharon took a deep breath before walking outside, while Janet smiled as she looked at her leaving figure.

Mr. Goldstein is quite efficient indeed.

Outside the classroom, Sharon grabbed the hem of her dress nervously as she asked tentatively, “Professor Fontaine, is there anything I can help you with?”

Dylan merely pushed his glasses up the bridge of his nose, a serious expression on his face as he spoke solemnly. “Both Mr. Goldstein and I agreed that you should join the surgery training for the year three students this time around.”

Join the surgery training for year three students?

In an instant, Sharon thought she was hallucinating.

Her results were not outstanding and the surgery training would be focused on year three syllabus.

Hence, it was quite impossible for her to have an opportunity to join the training, no matter how she looked at it.

She blinked her big round eyes as she mumbled, “Professor Fontaine, have you got the wrong person? How could someone with my caliber have an opportunity to join the surgery training?”

Dylan covered his mouth and cleared his throat awkwardly. “We’ve got the right person. It’s you, Sharon.”

“Impossible!” Sharon shook her head. “Janet has the opportunity because she won the International Medicine Competition, but I didn’t even finish the competition.”

I won’t be so lucky to have such an opportunity.

Seeing her doubtful expression, Dylan looked to make sure that nobody was around before he whispered, “It’s actually Doctor Sandra’s request for you to join the surgery training.”

Hearing that, Sharon’s eyes narrowed and a shocked expression overtook her face.

Doctor Sandra’s request?

Does she know me?

She also requests for me to join the training?

How could she possibly know who I am?

I don’t even know her!

Also, how does she know that I want to join the surgery training this time?

Sharon opened her mouth but just as she was about to say something, Dylan interrupted her immediately, “By the way, I have to let the year three students know that you are joining the training as well. Follow me to the lab now.”

Sharon was so shocked that she was utterly speechless.

For a long time, her mind was completely blank.

After what seemed like eternity, she finally recovered from the shock.

She nodded and murmured, “Alright.”

And so, at the laboratory of Woodsbury University, Dylan gathered a group of third year students who were meticulously chosen.

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Their group consisted of male and female students, and there were around eight of them in total.

Sharon followed nervously behind Dylan, her hands gripping her skirts tightly.

Seeing that there was another person behind Dylan, everyone suddenly became vigilant.

He pulled her aside so that she was standing right next to him before he announced with a solemn expression, "This is another first year student from the medical department. Along with Janet, she will join your surgery training this time."

With that, the few people exchanged condescending looks with one another, and the busy laboratory suddenly sank into a deadly silence because of that announcement.

After a few seconds, they asked incredulously, "Professor Fontaine, is this a joke?"

Isn't Janet enough?

As third year students, why do we have to take care of two first-years?

This is simply outrageous!

"That's right! Janet is already a burden to us. Now that you are adding another person in, why don't we just cancel the surgery training? I guess there's no need to continue it."

"Precisely. If I remember correctly, this girl is Sharon Nathan, right? She didn't even complete the International Medicine Competition because of some emergency matters, no?"

"Ha! I guess that's her. She did join the test in the first round but her results are just average. Why does she have the right to join us in the surgery training this time around?"

"Yeah! We are already busy enough; if we add her in, we don't even have time to revise. Teaching her will be all we do!"

"If even she can join the surgery training this time around, I bet half of the students in the medicine department can join as well."

"Precisely. Even if you want to play favoritism, do it more discreetly!"

Sure enough, everyone was against Sharon.

This was already within Dylan's expectations.

However, since they already promised Doctor Sandra, it was not easy to make any changes. "This is an order from the university. Anyone who has further objections, please cancel your participation in this surgery."

This was only Dylan's second time in losing his temper. During the first time, he was angered because he could not find a substitute in the last International Medicine Competition.

Sharon took a deep breath while her hands still held her skirts tightly. At this moment, her heart was beating so quickly that she felt it was about to jump out of her throat.

Even though I want this opportunity, if the year three seniors object so vehemently, I probably should not be so thick-skinned and insist on joining.

The year three students, who had never seen Dylan lose his temper, clenched their fists tightly.

They wondered what Sharon's background was to make him speak up for her.

Ha! Sure enough, she has the same tactics as Janet.

"Tina, why don't you say something?"

At this moment, someone suddenly pulled Tina out, hoping that she would be able to stop Dylan from doing this.

Truth be told, Tina was not too happy about this too.

Janet is more than enough for us to handle, yet now he's adding Sharon as well, who is even more incompetent.

People like her don't deserve to be in the same surgery room as Doctor Sandra!

Once Tina thought about being in the same surgery room as the first years, she felt incredibly humiliated.

She clenched her fists tightly until her pink fingernails dug into her palms deeply. She then bit on her cherry lips until they turned pale before she commented firmly, "Professor Fontaine, I don't agree with this."

Dylan understood her meaning but he had no other choice himself. "This is an order from the university. You have no say in this."

"I—" Tina's expression darkened immediately as emotions flashed across her face, making her look rather miserable.

Before Janet, Dylan's favorite student was Tina so he would usually give a thought to what she said. However, at this moment, he rejected her without even thinking about it.

Everyone else also did not expect such a result.

Suppressing the anger within them, they asked in annoyance, "Professor Fontaine, can't you discuss with Mr. Goldstein?"

"Yeah! What are you and Mr. Goldstein afraid of? Blink if you guys are threatened."

"Hmph! I guess someone's background is so strong that Mr. Goldstein can't do anything about it."

"It's better to rely on your skills rather than on your background. I can't understand how she can be so confident with such an average result."

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Sharon knew that they were referring to her.

They're right—if someone of my standard goes into the surgery room, I'm afraid that I might just be a burden to them.

After biting her lips, Sharon muttered arduously, "Forget it, Professor Fontaine. It's better if I don't join this training."

Everyone did not expect that she would say this. Seeing that she was on the verge of tears, they merely thought it was an act for Dylan to sympathize with her.

"Ha! If she doesn't want to join, don't rely on her background then!"

"Precisely. Initially, she threatened Mr. Goldstein and Professor Fontaine, yet she's acting all pitiful now. What a b*tch!"

"Hmph! Doesn't she know her own capabilities?"

"Professor Fontaine, you saw it yourself—she rejected this opportunity. You just have to tell Mr. Goldstein this."

"That's right. It's more than enough for Tina to guide Janet. She has no more energy to guide another person."

With that, an indifferent female voice suddenly rang from outside the door of the laboratory.

"Who said that I need guidance?"

Everyone raised their heads to look at the source of the voice.

The girl merely leaned against the door lazily, a mocking smile on her face as she arched her eyebrows slightly.

She walked in and stood in the center of the room, her countenance lazy and arrogant. "I don't need any guidance. Plus, Sharon is my coursemate, so I'll guide her."

Just a few sentences from her made everyone freeze.

She's so rebellious and arrogant, but she looks so cool at the same time!

Sharon pressed her lips into a tight line as she looked at Janet. "You're here?"

"Don't worry. Just join the surgery. I have your back if anything happens."

Janet patted Sharon's shoulders and shot her a look that said 'don't worry'.

Seeing that Janet stood out to support Sharon, Tina snorted out laughing.

She can barely take care of herself, yet she brags about guiding another inexperienced person.

Who gave her so much confidence?

"If I remember correctly, you don't even take notes." Tina deliberately spoke about this in front of Dylan.

Upon hearing that, Janet merely chuckled lightly. "Ah... Only a fool will pay attention to something like notes."

In an instant, Tina blanched.

What does Janet mean?

Is she implying that I'm a fool?

"Janet Jackson!" Tina's eyes widened in fury. "Since you've said so, I shall be watching your performance in the surgery room."

Someone who doesn't even know how to take notes has no right to mock me.

Apart from that, if I didn't have another pressing issue that didn't allow me to join the competition, it would be impossible for Janet to join the same surgery training as me!

"Sure." Janet merely curled her lips into a smile.

From their conversation, the atmosphere in the laboratory sounded rather provocative.

Dylan was put in a tough spot, so he took neither sides. Instead, he cleared his throat and said amicably, "Alright. Sharon and Janet, if you don't understand anything, feel free to ask me. Don't disturb your seniors."

Sharon lowered her head and hummed softly in agreement.

Janet did not say anything and she directly walked out of the room with her arm wrapped around Sharon's waist.

Her leaving figure looked rebellious and lazy, and she exuded the vibe of a king.

After both the girls went back, Dylan also walked away.

Meanwhile, Tina merely clenched her fists as she bit her lower lip harshly.

Her initial black pupils turned slightly red out of anger.

I can't believe that Professor Fontaine is so protective of Janet!

He actually offered to help her if she doesn't understand anything; even I didn't have such a treatment!

The dark atmosphere in the laboratory made everyone feel uncomfortable. In fact, it was rare for them to see Tina in such a foul mood.

Seems like she's really angry this time.

"Calm down, Tina. Even though Janet says so, it's impossible for her to know our year three syllabus."

"Precisely. So what if she's the winner for the International Medical Competition for Novice? That's just because you didn't participate and Melissa's wasn't in the perfect state of mind. That's how Janet took advantage of the situation."

"That's right. Apart from that, it doesn't matter if Sharon has a powerful background. Based on their levels, they will only be despised by Doctor Sandra in the surgery room later."

"That's right. Doctor Sandra probably won't even spare Janet a second glance."

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"She's right. Perhaps Doctor Sandra won't even want her to enter the surgery room."

"That's right. Let's just let her be cocky for a few more days. She'll know what a humiliation it is shortly."

"Exactly! Rather than being angry, it's better to do some revision."

After the group of students tried to calm her down, Tina's mood became much better.

Janet merely dares to speak to me like that because she's a rising star.

Once the glamor of her newfound reputation has faded, I bet she doesn't even dare to lift her head when she speaks to me.

Once Tina imagined the mistakes that Janet would make in the surgery room, her mood immediately became better.

On the way back to the classroom, Sharon pouted and looked at Janet with wide eyes. "Janet, you didn't have to quarrel with Tina and the rest... After all, it's true that I don't have the skills."

Upon hearing that, Janet lips curved into a smile and she said nonchalantly, "If you don't have the skills, why would Mr. Goldstein and Professor Fontaine allow this?" She then ruffled Sharon's hair. "Don't overthink things."

"I..." Sharon took a deep breath as she tried to organize her thoughts. After a while, she finally mumbled, "It's because of Doctor Sandra that I'm able to join the surgery training this time."

Sharon wondered if Janet would believe her.

After all, she did not believe it herself.

Sharon thought Janet would be shocked, but the latter merely said flatly, "Oh... I see."

Sharon blinked and asked in confusion, “Janet, aren’t you curious as to why Doctor Sandra knows me?”

Janet did not expect Sharon to ask her this question, so she quickly thought about it and came up with a simple excuse. “I’m guessing you know her from the International Medicine Competition last time. Anyway, how you became acquainted with her is not important.”

After hearing her reply, even though Sharon still thought that this was very unlikely to happen, it was exactly as Janet had said—it did not matter how she knew Doctor Sandra.

More importantly, she had to brush up her knowledge on everything that was related to the surgery, so that she would not be a burden to her year three seniors and to Doctor Sandra.

“Thank you, Janet.”

Janet froze for a few seconds before she lifted her face and smiled at Sharon. “For what?”

“For defending me in front of everyone just now.”

Janet merely smiled and said simply, “You don’t have to thank me, you silly girl!”

After all, we are bound to become a family sooner or later.

Meanwhile on the other side in Markovia, even though Melissa agreed to study viruses that would affect a human’s body, if it could not control Prime Minister Welch, the virus would be useless.

Even though the virus was not created yet, a month had passed quickly. Corey, too, knew that he had to quickly control Prime Minister Welch.

In the underground basement, he rubbed his temples with a worried expression on his face.

The last time I asked Shadow 1 to kill him, she was almost killed by him.

Obviously, Shadow 1 can’t use the same tactics again.

Suddenly, something flashed across Corey’s dark eyes and his gaze lit up.

There was an underground black market in Markovia—Ebony Town—that was controlled by him. As long as he installed military bombs and military neurotoxin there, he would be able to detonate the bombs and activate the neurotoxin if Prime Minister Welch did not obey his orders

Needless to say, the military bomb was ten times more deadly than an average bomb.

Apart from that, the military neurotoxin could control one's central nervous system. Once one was poisoned, they would lose the ability to move within five minutes and they would die in ten.

As the neurotoxin had violent and cruel effects, it was banned for many years. If it was not necessary, he would not use it either.

But what should I use to lure Prime Minister Welch to Ebony Town?

Corey felt as though his brain was about to explode.

Right—I can use Shadow 1!

Since Prime Minister Welch and Shadow 1 have fought each other before, if he knows that she is showing up in Ebony Town, he will definitely appear.

Once he steps into the black market, he can only obey my orders or die.

If he's dead, I don't even need to ask Melissa to research the virus that could control a person.