

Sir, You Don't Know Your Wife Chapter 1011 - 1015

With that, the students were so shocked that they were questioning everything they knew.

"This is insane! Even Mr. Goldstein said so, which means she must really be Doctor Sandra!"

"My goodness—this is so terrifying!"

"At most, Doctor Sandra is probably in her early twenties, but she was already famous three years ago. Does this mean that she was already a doctor before she even turned 18?"

"Gosh! She's a genius in the medicine field!"

Apart from the shock felt by everyone else, the third year students could not even move an inch.

"F*ck! This means Doctor Sandra is almost the same age as us!"

"I can't believe it! She's so young yet she's already so capable in medicine! She's a rare treasure indeed!"

"I know, right? Previously, I thought Melissa from Yobril was already quite impressive. After all, she's not even 20. Unexpectedly, Doctor Sandra is in the same age group as her!"

"That's right! This is too unbelievable! I'm so excited to be in the same surgery as her later."

"Oh my God, my hands are still trembling! I'm afraid I can't even hold the scalpel steady later!"

While speaking among themselves, the students walked behind Dylan, Robert, and Doctor Sandra.

At this moment, someone suddenly asked, "Tina, are you nervous?"

However, there was no reply for a long time because Tina was still frozen on the spot with her hands tightly clutching her clothes, her lips pressed into a firm line. An unknown expression flitted past her eyes.

She did not expect Doctor Sandra to be of the same age as her.

At this age, she's already a divine doctor, yet I'm just a year three student!

How great would it be if I'm also a divine doctor?

Tina pursed her lips resentfully.

"What's wrong, Tina?" the person asked as he turned around.

Upon hearing her name, she raised her head slowly and replied, "Nothing."

With that, she started walking arduously.

Once they reached the laboratory, the surgery was about to begin.

This time around, there were seven assistants to help out.

Five of them were third year students, while two of them were first year students.

The main surgeon was Doctor Sandra.

Hence, there should be eight people in the surgery room, but only seven were present.

After looking around, Dylan realized that all five of the third year students were present, but for the first years, only Sharon showed up.

Where's Janet?

She's not here?

"That's weird... Why didn't the first year Miss Jackson come?" Dylan looked at Sharon in confusion.

With that, everyone inhaled sharply.

It was only now they realized that Janet was not here.

Sharon fisted her hands and lowered her head as she stammered, “M-Maybe something came up. Can you wait for her, Professor Fontaine?”

From morning until now, Sharon had not seen Janet at all and she had called the latter numerous times, but the call did not go through at all.

Dylan pushed his glasses up the bridge of his nose and said solemnly, “Janet doesn’t seem like someone who would be late. What’s going on?”

Upon hearing that, the third year students started mocking her immediately.

“Goodness—is Janet running away at the last minute?”

“Ha! So she knows how shameless she is after all!”

“A few days ago, she still looked confident, yet now she’s just a coward who ran away. How ludicrous of her!”

“And she even said that Sharon is hers and that she would guide Sharon herself. However, she did not even arrive today!”

“Ha! I bet she knows nothing and she’s worried that everything will be revealed today!”

“It’s not that.” Standing beside them, Sharon bit her lips and muttered, “Professor Fontaine, it’s all my fault. Last night, I asked her to explain many questions to me. I bet she’s so tired that she overslept today.”

When Sharon explained this to them, she sounded like she was blaming herself.

However, as soon as she finished her sentence, the third year students started mocking her.

“Tsk! I’ve already told you that since you don’t have the capabilities, you shouldn’t be here. Now, you’re even dragging your friend down!”

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"Overslept? I'm sure she's not that tired. She clearly knows that we have such an important surgery today, yet she's late? This is not acceptable."

"That's right. Are you sure this isn't just Janet's excuse?"

"It seems like Sharon has become her scapegoat now."

"Ha! Let her be! Birds of the same feather flock together; I'll be happier if both of them can't make it."

"That's right. We don't need them anyway."

"Precisely. We already have the best assistant among the third year students already."

With that, everyone's gazes fell on Tina, whose lips had curled up slightly when she received affirmative glances from the crowd.

She stood up straighter and lifted her head arrogantly, her chest puffing out.

"Alright. That's enough." Dylan's low voice rang out.

"Change into your scrubs, everyone, and remember to sanitize. We'll follow all the standard operating procedures, got it?"

When they saw his seriousness, they immediately stopped talking and perked up as they looked forward to the surgery.

"Doctor Sandra, this way please."

"Alright."

With that, Dylan brought Doctor Sandra to the sanitization room to make the necessary preparations before the surgery.

It was a coincidence that Sharon and Doctor Sandra shared the same room.

When Doctor Sandra arrived, Sharon was already well prepared.

“Doctor Sandra,” Sharon murmured as she stood there, feeling slightly nervous.

As per procedures, Doctor Sandra changed into scrubs expertly and wore the gloves that had just been disinfected. Then, she hummed in reply.

Seeing her nonchalant expression, Sharon swallowed the question that she wanted to ask just now.

Through the mirror, Doctor Sandra chuckled lightly. “Are you going to ask me why I’ve appointed you to join the surgery this time?”

With that, Sharon’s eyes narrowed slightly and she stood rooted to the spot.

Then, she nodded honestly. “Yes. Up till now, I still have no idea why you insisted for me to attend this surgery.”

However, Doctor Sandra merely chuckled. “There’s no specific reason. I’ve taken a liking to you, is all.”

Taken a liking to me?

Sharon blinked. Has Doctor Sandra really seen me at the International Medicine Competition?

What does she see in me?

Sharon was slightly confused upon hearing Sandra’s reply.

“Stop zoning out. After you’re done with the preparation, come on out.”

Looking at her chic silhouette, Sharon suddenly felt that Sandra looked familiar, but she just could not put her finger on it.

The surgery training was about to begin.

The patient had cirrhosis, so he needed a liver transplant.

Even though it was surgery training for the third year students, the person was indeed a real patient.

Simply put, because all the medical fees were footed by Woodsbury University, the patient was willing to come to the university for the operation as part of the surgery training for the third year students.

Even so, all the patients had been treated successfully by Woodsbury University every year, because the main surgeon would be Dylan. As his assistants, the third year students were just spectators.

In the individual surgery room in Woodsbury University, everyone had already donned their sanitized scrubs and gloves. Then, they straightened their white coats.

Sandra shot a serious look at the patient who had been anesthetized before she said coldly, "The surgery starts now."

"Understood," they replied unanimously.

As this was their first time working with Doctor Sandra, they were very much looking forward to it.

"One person will have to insert the IV deep into his veins to establish venous access. Then, connect another tube to his urinary tract."

Sandra's calm and cool voice echoed in the room.

Even though she was quite young, the powerful aura that she gave off made them willing to obey her orders.

"Another person will have to draw the surgery lines."

Her voice rang out once again.

Upon hearing this, Tina quickly shoved Sharon away and stood out to volunteer. "Doctor Sandra, I can do that."

Being pushed aside, Sharon merely lowered her head without speaking as she prepared herself to pass the tools to Tina.

However, Doctor Sandra paused for a moment and said without even lifting her head, "Sharon, could you do that instead?"

Tina, who was already prepared to draw the surgery lines, froze.

What does she mean?

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Doctor Sandra actually let Sharon draw the surgery lines?

Is she pulling my leg?

Sharon frowned slightly and spoke in a serious tone. "Doctor Sandra, I think it's better if Tina does it instead."

Upon hearing that, Doctor Sandra suddenly raised her head and stared into Sharon's eyes.

"You can't do it or you don't want to?" she questioned.

"I—" Sharon had a complicated expression on her face.

Standing beside them, Tina finally could not hold back anymore. "Doctor Sandra, it's better if I do it. Sharon is just a first year student who does not know anything."

"That's right, Doctor Sandra. Let's leave the surgery lines to Tina."

"Yeah, Sharon is just a first year student who doesn't even have basic skills in surgery. How will she know this?"

Sharon closed her eyes and bit her lips as she remained silent for a few seconds.

A few moments later, she opened her eyes and looked at Sandra firmly. "Doctor Sandra, I can do it. I know what to do."

Sandra lifted her eyebrows subconsciously and said gently, "Alright. Go ahead."

With that, Tina froze immediately.

Doctor Sandra is ignoring me just like that?

She would rather have a newbie as her assistant instead of giving an experienced third year student like me a chance?

Is she an idiot?

Tina bit her lip harshly as her breathing became uneven. "Doctor Sandra, Sharon is just a first year student. How could she know what to do? What if she draws the wrong lines? Is the patient going to die in her hands?"

With that, the rest of the third year students agreed with Tina immediately.

"Exactly! Tina is right. Sharon is just a first year student, so she can't possibly know about this."

"Precisely. Doctor Sandra, don't listen to Sharon's nonsense. She's not treating the patient's life seriously at all!"

"How responsible of you, Sharon! You'd better get out!"

"That's right; get out of here! You're blocking Tina."

Tina did not expect everyone to stand up for her, so she added fuel to the fire. "Doctor Sandra, aren't you going to chase someone like this out of the operating theatre?"

The entire operating theatre became silent as everyone waited for Sandra to chase Sharon out of there.

Even though the medical masks blocked most of Tina's face, one could tell that she was quite vindictive by just looking at her eyes.

"Tina." A cool voice slowly rang out.

"Yes," she replied gleefully.

Sandra raised her eyes to look at her as she spoke coldly. "Please leave the operating theatre."

With that, a deadly silence fell upon them all once again.

Tina's gleeful expression slowly turned to one of confusion and resentment.

"Why?" She frowned in dissatisfaction. "Doctor Sandra, Sharon should be the one to leave the room. Why me? Did you get us mixed up?"

The rest of the students had conflicted expressions on their faces as well, but they stopped speaking up for Tina.

Looking slightly furious, Tina bit her lip. Just as she was about to open her mouth to ask another question, Sandra interrupted, "Tina Favre, get your *ss out of here."

What?

Everyone else exchanged shocked glances, their faces pale.

Even though 'please leave the operating theatre' and 'get your *ss out of here' had the same meaning, the tone and the words had very different meanings.

Doctor Sandra is really furious now!

"Why are you still here?"

With that, Tina seemed to be struck by lightning as she stood frozen to the spot, and it was as if her blood froze in her veins.

A chill ran down her spine and she felt like she had entered an ice cave. Tina raised her head and asked angrily, "Why me and not Sharon?"

After all, my practical techniques and theoretical knowledge are stronger than Sharon's.

Why did Doctor Sandra take Sharon's side? She can't see my strong points at all!

"Whoever I ask to leave will have to leave. It's my call." Sandra's voice somehow became colder and more displeased, making the rest feel fearful.

Upon hearing this, Tina blanched immediately.

She bit her lip and looked at Doctor Sandra incredulously. "Everyone knows that Sharon knows nothing at all. She should leave, not me! Why is it me?"

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When have I ever been treated like this?

This cannot be happening!

However, Sandra merely continued coldly, "We are in an operating theatre now. This is not the place for you to throw your tantrum and compare yourself to others. You have no right to be my assistant, so if you don't leave on the count of three, I will leave."

She said it calmly and indifferently, her voice carrying a tinge of ruthlessness and displeasure, as if she would not change her mind anymore.

Tina's hands trembled and she bit her lip until she could taste blood before she let it go slowly.

If Sandra left the operating theatre today, the patient's surgery would not be carried out.

If that happened, Robert and Dylan would be mad, and it would be difficult to explain this to the patient later on as well.

After weighing the pros and cons, Tina clenched her fists tightly and said angrily, "Fine! I'll leave! I simply don't care anymore!"

Based on my technical skills, I bet many hospitals are waiting to hire me to be their surgeon!

I don't care about this little surgery training!

I will never beg her shamelessly. It will make me look as though I can't wait to take part in this menial surgery.

She's just a woman in her twenties; how much can she have achieved in the medical field?

We don't even know how she got the title 'divine doctor'.

Who does she think she is?

After Tina left the operating theatre, Sandra's cold voice rang out again. "Sharon, draw the surgery lines."

Upon hearing that, Sharon took a deep breath and adjusted her breathing before she replied, "Got it."

After the incident involving Tina just now, no one else dared to slack off.

Finally, the surgery was completed successfully after two whole hours.

With her cold voice, Sandra took charge of the entire surgery and gave out instructions to the students.

Two hours later, the door of the operating theatre finally opened.

After pushing open the door, Dylan quickly asked, "How did it go?"

The third year students stretched and yawned in exhaustion. "It's so tiring."

Dylan then paused before asking, "I'm asking about the surgery. How did it go?"

At this moment, Sandra walked out of the operating theatre and replied, 'It went well.'

With that, Dylan heaved a sigh of relief. "That's good. Alright everyone, you've all done a good job. You can change into your clothes now."

"Yes, Professor Fontaine."

After the third year students left, he quickly walked over to Sandra. "Doctor Sandra, thanks for all your hard work."

Sandra merely took off her gloves and threw them into the trash can as she said impassively, "It's my duty."

After a moment's hesitation, Dylan opened his mouth arduously. "I saw another third year student coming out of the room earlier than intended. Did she do anything wrong?"

Tina walked out of the room with tears in her eyes just now but she refused to answer the questions he asked, so he was unclear about what actually happened.

"Oh—that girl." Sandra merely curled her lips and snorted. Then, she went to the locker to take out her phone as she explained indifferently, "I don't like chaotic people."

She was already in a bad mood, yet Tina continued to chatter in front of her ignorantly.

After hearing this, I bet Tina has offended Doctor Sandra.

Dylan's heart sank but he quickly smiled at her warmly. "I hope you don't take it seriously. I'll talk to her later."

He knew that if Tina offended Sandra, the former would be ruined in the medical field.

After all, Sandra was famous for her foul temper.

Sandra paused for a beat. Just as she was about to say something, the phone in her hands suddenly rang.

She lowered her eyes to look at the caller—it was Corey.

"Please excuse me, Professor Fontaine. I have to take this call."

Feeling rather awkward, Dylan mumbled, "Alright then, Doctor Sandra. I'll take my leave first so that I won't interrupt you."

After seeing him leave, Sandra finally answered the call and took off her mask.

"What's up?" she asked calmly.

The voice on the other end was as low as usual but he seemed anxious. "J'Adore, come to Ebony City in Markovia."

“Ebony City? Isn’t that your turf?” Janet asked lazily.

“Yes, but I heard that Prime Minister Welch is coming here today. You are the only person who can deal with him, so please come here as soon as possible. It’s urgent!”

Post navigation

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Janet frowned. “Him again?”

I can’t be sure that I can deal with him, and I don’t really want to be involved in this mess.

Apart from that, Mason left just like that, so I’m in no mood to do anything else.

Corey seemed to notice her hesitation from the other end of the line, so he retreated slightly. “Come here this time and I won’t ask you to do so anymore.”

“Are you sure?” Janet arched her eyebrows, a cold look in her eyes.

“Yes. Please come immediately, J’Adore.”

Janet could not ignore his request after all, so she nodded. “Got it. I’ll be there. See you in Ebony City in six hours.”

She rubbed her temples and heaved a sigh.

After hanging up, she put the phone down and walked to the changing room to change her clothes.

Meanwhile, on the other end, Corey slowly flashed a cold, cunning smile after he heard the beeping sound from the other end of the phone.

Then, his thin lips parted as he murmured, “I hope the plan today will be successful.”

In Woodsbury University, Sharon could have gone home after completing the surgery training, but she did not.

Instead, she went back to the classroom that belonged to year one medical students.

After scanning the room, she still did not see Janet anywhere.

“Abby, Summer, have you seen Janet?”

Both of them shook their heads and looked at her blankly. “Nope. Didn’t you guys just have surgery training together?”

Sharon frowned. “No. I haven’t seen her since this morning.”

Initially, she thought Janet might have overslept. However, now that it was already afternoon, she should have woken up.

If she had woken up, Janet would reply to her missed calls. However, Janet did not do anything of that sort, which was why Sharon felt that something was off.

“No way.” Abby blinked. “Janet has never been late!” “Exactly! What’s going on? Have you called her?” Summer asked as she glanced at Sharon, who muttered, “Yes, but the call didn’t go through.”

While they were speaking, Janet’s figure flashed in Sharon’s eyes and she suddenly had a familiar feeling.

The way they speak and walk is similar.

For some reason, I think that Janet looks like Doctor Sandra.

After brooding on this for a moment, she asked, “Abby, Summer, did you see Doctor Sandra this morning?”

They nodded. “Yes, but just for a few seconds and we watched her from a distance.”

There was a huge crowd in the morning that almost blocked the entire campus.

Abby blinked, her doe-like eyes full of confusion. “Why do you ask, Sharon? What does this have to do with Janet?”

“The reason that I’m able to join the surgery training for third years is because of Doctor Sandra’s recommendation. Technically speaking, I have no relation to her at all, but how would she know about my existence? On top of that, during the International Medical

Competition for Novice, my performance was just mediocre. She wouldn't have noticed me at all. Apart from that, Janet did not plan to go to the competition but she suddenly appeared. More importantly, in the surgery room just now, Doctor Sandra feels like Janet to me."

With a frown on her face, Sharon told them her suspicions.

As soon as they heard that, both Abby and Summer lifted their heads immediately.

Their eyes flickered as they said unanimously, "Do you think that Janet is Doctor Sandra?"

Sharon nodded. "There is a possibility."

Abby blinked and frowned. "But if Janet really is Doctor Sandra, why didn't she tell us? Not to mention, she doesn't have to study medicine at all!"

After all, with Doctor Sandra's capabilities, she could be a professor teaching them medicine.

Upon hearing that, Sharon nodded again, thinking that Abby's words made sense as well. "No matter what, I feel that this entire thing isn't that simple."

"Forget it. Let's ask Janet when she comes back to university," Summer said.

Abby and Sharon hummed in agreement before they fell silent.

On the other hand, after Janet arrived at Ebony City in Markovia, it was already 6 PM.