

Sir, You Don't Know Your Wife Chapter 941 - 945

"Yes?"

It was only after he had raised his voice that Janet noticed him.

"Janet, I'm hungry," he whined, looking piteous and somewhat forlorn as he stood behind her.

"Then, go and take your dinner," she answered without much emotion.

The reason why she came out to the backyard in the first place was with the hope that the evening breeze could distract her from the frustration that had been building up in her since the ride home. If she were to join Mason now, she was almost certain that dinner would not happen.

When Mason saw that she did not appear to want to entertain him, he marched over to her in haste.

He reached out and grabbed her free hand, sounding resentful as he said, "I can't have dinner without you, Janet."

Janet was about to say something when he pulled her into his arms and held her tight against himself.

Meanwhile, the wolf pup began to howl in protest after she stopped scratching the spot behind its ears.

Its howls were joined by those of the older wolves and soon, the whole backyard erupted into a chorus of distressed howls.

Mason's lips twitched. It was supposed to be a tender moment that he shared with Janet, but their evening embrace was ruined by a bunch of attention-seeking wolf pups.

Janet, on the other hand, wanted nothing more than to jump into a cold shower. Her heart was racing and she flushed as she pushed feebly against his chest. "You're a grown man, for goodness' sake. Do you need me to spoon feed you?" What does he mean by he can't have dinner without me? It's more likely that I can't have dinner with him!

He huffed. When he spoke again, his tone was snide with jealousy. "Am I more important than that wolf pup over there?"

She stared at him in disbelief, wondering whether he truly was becoming jealous of a wolf cub. Her lips curled upward as she mused, "Are you seriously going to be this childish?"

With that, she pushed his chest once more before she turned to leave.

As he watched her slender figure saunter away from him, his lips pursed into a grim line.

He turned to glare at the pup in the cage. Then, he snapped harshly, "We're having you for dinner tomorrow!"

However, the wolf pup did not take kindly to such a threat. It began to yap before breaking into a howl of retaliation. Once again, the backyard was drowned in a chorus of howls.

Back at the dining room, Janet had no choice but to have dinner with Mason.

"I'm done!" She announced hastily as soon as she swallowed the last bite of her food. Then, she rushed up the stairs before he could say anything.

Upon returning to her bedroom, she was about to head into the bathroom for a shower when her phone vibrated against the table.

She checked her Messenger and saw that there was a new message from Lara, which read, 'The hyper-realistic face mask for Shadow 1 is ready!'

However, before Janet could answer, Lara added, 'I can bring it over to you if you want me to.'

There was a rule of thumb among assassins when it came to top secret operations like this one— the less people who knew about it, the better... and it included one's lover.

Seeing that the President was anxious for her to accept the task, Hawke Kingdom may have a formidable force to be reckoned with. If Mason were to learn about it, it would only make him worry incessantly.

As such, Janet's slim fingers typed out her reply. 'You don't have to. I'll get it from you after my recovery.'

Lara's reply was almost instantaneous. 'When do we move out?'

Janet was grim as she answered, 'Peter Welch isn't someone whom we can deal with easily. We can only move out after my arm has completely recovered.'

'Did you manage to look into his messages?'

She paused before typing, 'No, I haven't looked into them, but... I think Corey may be hiding something from me.'

Lara's reply was dismissive. 'That's highly unlikely.' After all, the President had always been on the same side as the MX.

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Janet frowned before she typed, 'It's hard to say. He can't be the President of Markovia without keeping a couple of secrets.'

'In that case, you should be careful. Worse comes to worst, Desire and I will watch out for you if you run into difficulties.'

As Janet read the message, she paused for a moment before she answered, 'Alright. That's all for tonight. Don't worry about me.'

When the last text was sent, she switched off her phone and rose to her full height to head to the bathroom.

Meanwhile, in Yobril, the Fuller Corporation had gathered the medical team for a meeting to introduce Melissa.

Midway through the meeting, the doors to the conference room were pushed open and Sheldon walked into the room. He looked solemn in his black suit with his shirt and buttons in place while he carried himself with an air of unwavering confidence.

Melissa, on the other hand, was dressed in office attire. She looked professional and there was a sense of maturity that extended far beyond her years.

Everyone in the conference room cast their eyes on both of them as soon as they entered.

She was the fifth-generation successor to the Rocher Family—and a woman, to boot. Everyone could not help but gawk at her in awe.

Sheldon currently took his seat at the table and she settled into the chair next to his. “This is Melissa Rocher, the fifth-generation successor to the Rocher family,” he introduced on his own accord.

With that, she smiled politely at the others in the room.

Everyone nodded in approval. When the room fell silent once more, someone asked, “Is it true that you will be participating in the International Medical Competition this year, Miss Rocher?”

The girl nodded; her voice sounded pleasant as she answered, “That’s right.”

“It’s amazing how you’ve become the fifth-generation successor to the Rocher Family at such a young age. You must be talented, indeed!”

She did not respond to the compliment, but she gave a modest smile.

Sheldon interjected, “The International Medicinal Competition this year is of great importance to both the Rocher Family and Fuller Corporation. As such, I hope to see good cooperation between all the departments to make sure the event goes without a hitch.”

“Yes, sir!”

“As for the resources, try to comply with whatever requests that Miss Rocher might have.”

“Got it.”

The entire meeting went smoothly and the executives of Fuller Corporation were clearly pleased with Melissa and her humble disposition.

When the meeting came to an end, the company executives and the medical team spilled out of the room, leaving only Sheldon and Melissa behind.

She was about to leave when he said, "A couple of bigshots in the medical field may turn up at the International Medical Competition this year. You should prepare yourself to face them."

Upon hearing that, she frowned and asked in bewilderment, "Why would the bigshots be there in the first place? Isn't this a competition for amateurs?"

Most of the bigshots in medicine were at least in their forties to late fifties—she would hardly call them amateurs.

Sheldon's brows were glued together as he gazed at her. "I'm assuming that you don't know this, but the doctor who cured my father is a divine doctor."

A divine doctor? Melissa pursed her lips thoughtfully as she had heard of such a title.

However, he was not finished with his words and he added, "She's around your age too, and seeing that she's an amateur, it's likely that she may take part in the competition."

A divine doctor who's around my age? That would make her a divine doctor at the age of nineteen! Melissa was taken aback. She was the fifth-generation successor to the Rocher Family, but she could never be that courageous to address herself as a divine doctor. How is it possible that another nineteen-year-old girl has such a title?

She was still in disbelief as she asked, "There has to be a mistake. Besides, there's no need for her to participate in competitions like this if she really is a divine doctor."

Sheldon replied thoughtfully, "There's no mistake, but we'll only know whether she has signed up for the competition once we have perused the entry list."

Appearing to be in a daze, Melissa nodded feebly and answered, "Well, do let me know if she's joining the competition, Mr. Fuller."

"I will."

The next day, the training course offered by the Woodsbury University for the International Medical Competition was open for registration.

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Thankfully, Sharon was familiar with competitions like this and she did well enough in her curriculum to participate in the competition.

As the school paid extra attention to the competition this year, they elected Dylan to return to train the entrants.

The training was being held in the school conference room.

Upon checking the name list, he noticed that there was a student missing. He then turned to Sharon, whom he knew was close to Janet. "Miss Nathan, is Miss Jackson really not joining the competition this year?"

Sharon sighed at his question. She also knew that it was a shame for Janet to miss out on the event. "We have tried to talk her into it, but she has said no each single time. We can't change her mind about this."

"Well then, I suppose we should get started." Dylan sounded helpless and his shoulders sagged ever so slightly in defeat. He did not have much hope for the competition this year if the top scholar was going to give it a miss. If the rumors were true that someone from the Rocher Family in Yobril would be participating in the competition, he despaired even more at that thought.

He pressed his lips into a grim line. What in the world is Janet so scared of?

After an hour's worth of training, Sharon emerged from the conference room with an exhausted expression.

She had to admit that the training was tougher than she had expected.

Sharon dragged her feet on her way back to the medical school.

When Janet saw Sharon walking toward them with her head bowed in defeat, she could not help but ask, "What's wrong?"

Sharon placed her notes on the table and wearily sighed. "I don't even know where to begin. If I can't even make it through the training, how in the world am I going to survive the competition?"

Upon hearing that, Abby immediately patted her chest in relief. "Thank goodness I didn't sign up for it." She was certain that if she did, she would emerge as last in the competition.

Janet, on the other hand, took up the notes on the table and perused them. There was a pause before her lips curved upward with the beginnings of a smile and she said in an amused tone, "It's not as hard as it looks."

"It isn't?" Sharon frowned. "Janet, Professor Fontaine is the one who came up with these questions and all of them are at the SSS-level."

In medicine, the papers were always divided into three levels—S-level, SS-level and SSS-level.

If one did not have a deep knowledge of medicine, there was no way for them to solve even a single question on an advanced paper.

On the contrary, Janet has breezily claimed that the questions are not as hard as they looked. Sharon wondered whether she was hallucinating.

Janet's gaze was fixed on the notes and the smile was still fixed on her lips when she spoke, "The questions are more or less the same. I can answer the first one for you and you should be able to handle the rest."

As soon as the words left her mouth, the three other girls gaped at her in astonishment. After what felt like a long while, Sharon recovered from her initial shock and she slid the notes over to Janet. Then, she responded, "Go ahead then."

Janet nodded. Without another word, she took her pen and began working on the first question.

There was something entrancing about her serious disposition as she wrote with her head down; her delicate jawline was further accentuated with her hair pulled back into a ponytail.

After a while, Janet looked up and handed the notes back to Sharon. She plainly said, "Take a look."

Sharon chewed on her pen. If I can't even figure out the answers on my own, how am I able to know whether Janet's answers are the right ones?

"I'm waiting."

Abby laughed at that and took out her phone. "I'll check the answers for you."

After keying in the question and reading the answer on Wikipedia, she froze. She blinked and compared it to what Janet wrote. She did so several times to confirm that her mind was not making things up.

No longer able to suppress her curiosity, Summer edged forward and demanded urgently, "Well?"

Abby stiffened. A few seconds later, she exclaimed in a daze, "The answers are correct."

"What the hell? Let me take a look!" Sharon snatched Abby's phone and read the words on the screen. Her eyes widened in surprise. "How do you know all of this, Janet?"

It was a SSS-level question penned by Professor Fontaine himself—how could Janet solve it without even breaking a sweat?

However, she appeared unfazed as she answered flatly, "I've studied something like this before. It's simple, really."

"Simple?!" The three girls looked at her incredulously.

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"The structure is similar for all the other questions. Give it a shot," Janet encouraged before she breezily added. "You can always ask me for help."

She could tell that Sharon was determined to practice medicine. As a result, she did not mind providing Sharon with pointers along the way.

If all turned out well, Sharon could even be a member of the Lowry Family, but all that depended on Black Python's efforts.

Sharon, Abby and Summer were rendered speechless; they looked incredulous as they gaped at Janet.

After analyzing the structure for the rest of the questions, Sharon hesitantly reached for her pen and began working on them. She followed the steps that Janet included in her answer.

"I heard that someone in the Rocher Family from Yobril will be taking part in this year's International Medical Competition as well! On top of that, she is supposedly representing the Rocher Family as well as the Fuller Corporation!" Abby chimed in, recalling what she had read on Twitter earlier that morning.

Upon hearing the Fuller Corporation's name being mentioned, Janet's index finger stiffened and it hovered above her phone. Does this mean that the Rocher Family is collaborating with the Fuller Corporation?

Sharon was practically buzzing with excitement as she asked, "Did you say the Rocher Family? Does this mean that Melissa Rocher will be entering the competition?"

Summer raised a brow at her and teased, "Contain yourself, Sharon. Is she not someone you admire?"

The other girl nodded with a gleam in her eyes. "She is!"

It was true—her admiration for Melissa only came second since she had great acclaim for the legendary divine doctor.

It went without saying that a newbie like Melissa would not be able to compare herself to the divine doctor's reputation in the medical world. However, the divine doctor still remained a legend and no one could be sure whether she even existed.

It was far more practical for Sharon to place her aspirations on Melissa than on someone who may or may not exist.

"I thought you admired Doctor Sandra the most."

Sharon flapped her hand dismissively at that before she sighed. "I don't even know whether she exists."

Upon hearing that, Janet looked up with a glint of amusement in her eyes as she interjected, "I heard that she's going to be on the panel of judges this year."

Once again, the other three girls were at a loss for words as they exchanged bewildered looks. Is that even true? Could the divine doctor be a real person instead of a myth? Will she really be on the panel of judges for the competition this time?

The three of them were suspicious, but seeing that Janet was the one who broke the news, it did not take long for them to be convinced.

After all, she was well-connected and her sources of information were by far the most reliable.

Sharon was feeling overwhelmed. "Okay, I shouldn't dawdle anymore. I have to get these questions out of the way so that the divine doctor would notice me!"

When she heard that, Janet smiled to herself and said nothing; she lowered her gaze as she scrolled through her phone.

Time seemed to fly past and in the blink of an eye, it was the start of a new week. Driven by the thought of gaining Doctor Sandra's attention, Sharon had managed to secure a spot in the competition.

The entry list for the competition was made public in the medical world so that the participants knew the forces they were going against.

Meanwhile, it was 9:00AM in Yobril when Sheldon received news from several schools about the entrants for the competition. There were not many institutions in Sandfort City who signed up for the competition. In fact, there were only two—one of which was Woodsbury University.

When Sheldon saw Woodsbury University in the list, he raised a brow and clicked into the link. Then, he frowned as he perused the entry list.

While it was somewhat expected, he was still surprised to see that Janet's name was not in the list.

He felt a wave of disappointment and frustration wash over him after that.

If Janet sat the competition out, it would mean that Melissa had a better chance of winning. On the other hand, if the opposite was true, a tie may be called between her and Melissa.

More importantly, Sheldon would not be able to meet her if she gave the competition a miss. He wondered whether she had recovered from the injury she sustained in Yobril the last time.

He lowered his gaze, feeling dejected all of a sudden.

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Just as Sheldon was about to turn the page, he caught a glimpse of the list of judges who would be on the panel this time.

The name 'Sandra' stood out from among the rest.

By the time he snapped out of his reverie, he felt as though the wind had been knocked out of him.

He tried to reason with himself—it was not surprising at all that she would make the panel since she was one of the top doctors in the medical world.

However, he could only watch her from afar.

It was not long before he picked up his phone and made a call to Melissa. When the line was connected, he said, "Miss Rocher, the entry list is out."

On the other end, Melissa grew uneasy. "Well? Is the divine doctor that you mentioned turning up for the competition?"

"Yes."

Upon hearing that, she felt her breath hitch. She was anxious, but there was a gleam of anticipation in her eyes. She wanted to know how it felt to go against the so-called divine doctor and see for herself whether the latter was truly as brilliant as the legends had made her out to be.

However, before Melissa could respond, Sheldon continued. "She'll be one of the judges on the panel, though."

"What?" She faltered and her brows knitted. "Is there some kind of misunderstanding? You told me that she's only nineteen!" A university student showing up as one of the panel judges? How ridiculous! Could she really be a divine doctor?

"I don't think there's a misunderstanding. The list came from an international source and it's likely that she was recommended as a panel judge by the head of Markovia's Traditional Medical Research Institute," he answered solemnly.

Even as he said that, Melissa could not help but feel that the situation was becoming more absurd by the second.

She would not be quite as bewildered if the divine doctor was someone in their forties or fifties, but now, the legendary figure was a girl who had barely reached the age of twenty. The most important factor was that the girl in question would be one of the panel judges. None of the facts made any logical sense!

When all he heard was silence on the other line, Sheldon went on to say, "Now that we know she's not competing, the award will be yours for sure, Miss Rocher. You should start preparing your appreciation speech."

He had said it himself: she would win not because she was skilled in medicine, but because the only person who could possibly defeat her was not a participant.

Even he thinks I'm not as good as the divine doctor. Melissa wanted to scoff at his words. She was the fifth-generation successor of the renowned Rocher Family! How dare he jump to such shallow conclusions before he has even seen my potential?

She took a deep breath to compose herself. Then, she politely answered, "Mr. Fuller, if I'm not mistaken, you told me that she was the divine doctor who cured your father's condition?"

After being taken aback by her question, Sheldon nodded slowly. "That's right."

"If it's not too much to ask, may I take a look at your father?"

Sheldon was quiet for a moment. After that, he answered, "Of course. I'll make arrangements with my father and you can drop by the Fuller Residence tonight."

Given that the Rocher Family was already working together with the Fuller Corporation, he did not see any reason to turn down her request.

Meanwhile, in Sandfort City, Sharon had also received a copy of the entry list as well as the one for the panel of judges since she was a representative of Woodsbury University in the International Medical Competition.

Upon seeing the names on the list, she could not help but gasp in shock.

Two of her favorite medical practitioners would be involved in the competition.

Holy crap! Are they kidding me with this? She stared at the names in disbelief—Melissa was the participant whereas Sandra would be on the panel of judges!

She hurriedly texted both lists to the girls in their group chat. Then, she forwarded the same to the group text, which she shared with other medical students.

The moment the students in the medical school received the lists, they burst into an uproar.

"What the hell? Sandra really is going to be on the panel of judges!"

Someone else shrieked, "This means that Doctor Sandra exists! The divine doctor is not just a myth!"

"Oh, my! I wonder when I will ever see what Doctor Sandra looks like! Imagine meeting a real-life divine doctor!"