

Sir, You Don't Know Your Wife Chapter 989

I need to develop a virus through research within a month to kill Mason. Judging by the current progress, I might not be able to choose any researcher.

At the same time, Melissa had left the airport in Markovia. Following the given address that was given to her, she rushed to the scheduled venue.

There were a few people guarding the entrance of a five-star hotel.

They surrounded her the moment she entered the hotel. "Miss, are you here to meet Mr. Hills too?" they asked.

She was astonished, but she nodded. "That's right. May I know whether Mr. Hills has left?"

"No, he hasn't. This way, please."

"Sure, thank you." Melissa smoothed her clothes and she removed her glasses before looking forward.

Mr. Hills hasn't left—it means that he hasn't found a suitable candidate. Melissa let out a sigh of relief after she arrived at that conclusion.

The man, who was leading the way, turned to reassure her that they were arriving soon, but his eyes shone brightly when he saw her.

However, she was so focused on staring ahead that she did not notice what happened.

Soon enough, they arrived outside the VIP room.

The man came to a sudden halt and he announced in a respectful tone, "Miss, this way, please."

Melissa glanced up and she bobbed her head with a smile. "Thank you."

Then, she entered the VIP room while the man followed her from behind.

She saw a middle-aged man seated on the couch once she entered the room. He was blond with blue eyes and he wore a pair of gold-rimmed glasses too.

The President had a few interviews earlier, so he was obviously running out of patience by that point. He barked as she entered the room, "Have a seat."

Melissa inhaled deeply before she sat opposite the President.

He massaged his brows while he looked at her. Just when he was about to ask her, his subordinate approached him.

The subordinate bent down to whisper in his ear, "Mr, President, if my guess is right, the person in front of you is Melissa Rocher from the Rocher Family."

The Rocher Family? Melissa Rocher? The President frowned slightly and he gave the woman in front of him a once-over. Then, he spoke to his subordinate, "Go on."

"The Rocher Family is a reputable family in the medical community. Not only are they skilled in medicine, they are also extremely reputable in the medical community. Melissa Rocher is the 5th generation of the Rocher Family. In addition to that, she has just participated in an International Medical Competition a few days ago."

After listening to his explanation, the President finally understood what was happening. "Well, what were the results of the competition?" he asked.

The subordinate continued, "Melissa lost in the International Medical Competition to Miss Janet."

The President's pupils constricted when he heard that. "Janet?" Am I mistaken? Did Janet take part in that kind of competition too? Did she actually win? I can't believe Janet is well-versed in medicine too.

The subordinate whispered when he was just about to ask, "Mr. President, have you forgotten? Miss Janet studied medicine at Sandfort City's Woodsbury University. It is only natural that she is well-versed in medicine."

The President bobbed his head when he suddenly recalled. Well, that's true. "You may leave now."

"Yes."

Melissa tightly gripped the corners of her clothes in anxiety.

She was not even sure what the two of them were discussing.

After the man left, the President and Melissa were the only ones left in the large VIP room.

She smiled faintly before she greeted the President politely, “Mr. Hills, I am—”

However, before she could complete her sentence, the President suddenly interrupted, “You are Miss Rocher, am I right?” He chuckled.

Melissa’s dark brown pupils were slightly constricted because she was astounded. “Mr. Hills, do you know me?”

“My subordinate recognized you and he was just informing me about you. Excuse me for letting you wait for such a long time.”

Melissa was delighted because she did not expect someone in Markovia to recognize her.

She softly chuckled out of courtesy. Then, she answered casually, “No worries, Mr. Hills.”

He squinted at her before he blatantly stated, “I will get to the point and I hope that you won’t be offended, Miss Rocher.”

“I won’t. I prefer a direct approach anyway.”

The President nodded in satisfaction when he heard that. “I heard that you lost to a candidate named Janet just a few days ago in the International Medical Competition. Is that true?”

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He was direct and harsh at the same time.

Melissa inhaled sharply because she was caught by surprise. After a long pause, she finally nodded in response. “That is right.”

The President laughed heartily. "Of course I know about that. After all, even my subordinate recognizes you, Miss Rocher. That means you can't be too bad yourself. However, I heard that Lady Luck hasn't been on your side, Miss Rocher. I wonder what you are planning to do about that."

Melissa dug her nails into her palms. The pain gave her a clear mind and she answered him calmly, "I hope that you will give me a chance to prove myself, Mr. Hills. You can hand me the research project without any worry this time." Money doesn't mean much to the Rocher Family because our long-standing reputation is the priority.

Nevertheless, the President did not agree to it. Instead, he pushed the folder on the desk toward her. "In that case, please have a look at the project this time, Miss Rocher."

Melissa's eyes glinted in excitement when she heard that and she immediately picked up the folder.

The folder was neither light nor heavy because it merely had a few pages in it.

She opened the folder to start perusing the pages.

However, as the seconds ticked by, the excitement in Melissa's gaze gradually ebbed away.

Her delight was soon replaced by shock. She slowly looked up while she placed the folder on the table. "Mr. Hills, I can't join the project," she answered calmly. To be frank, there are many uncertainties in human viruses and it is disadvantageous to develop them naturally. If the virus is used in human experiments, it would be extremely inhumane and immoral because it is very inhuman and lacks ethics. In fact, the medical community has always prohibited such experiments. So far, nobody has succeeded in a research like this. Even if such a rare opportunity presents itself in front of me, I just can't do it.

The President did not expect Melissa to decisively reject him, so his expression darkened straight away while his anger steadily rose.

In any case, I can't force Melissa if she is unwilling to do it. Hence, the President collected himself while he maintained a faint smile. Then, he deliberately asked Melissa, "Miss Rocher, although the experiment is inhumane, you'd be the first to achieve it in the medical community if you were to succeed in this experiment. By that time, not just you alone, but even the Rocher Family would be revered. Are you giving up such a great opportunity? Besides, are you at peace after having been defeated by Janet?"

Melissa's body stiffened at the mention of Janet's name. Her determined expression slowly morphed into a confused look.

He squinted because he could tell that she was hesitating. "Think about it—if you become the pioneer in the medical community, everybody would only see your success. How could they possibly care about an experiment?" he added.

His words were destroying her last shred of rationality. She kept quiet for a long time, but she just could not get over her principles. "I am not interested in obtaining recognition through such means." I want a dignified and legitimate approval.

The President did not expect Melissa to be strong-willed. After weighing his options, he chuckled softly. "However, Miss Rocher, you shouldn't forget that you are the 5th generation of the Rocher Family. Right now, the public is spreading rumors that you will ruin the Rocher Family. The consequences of not accepting my mission..."

The consequences? The consequence is that the Rocher Family would no longer be able to stand tall in the medical community. The Rocher Family is my point. I don't have to care about my reputation, but I have to think for the sake of the entire family.

The President adjusted his glasses while he started a game of cat and mouse. "Forget it, since you are unwilling to do so, Miss Rocher. That is all for today."

With that, he rose from the couch to prepare to leave.

Melissa looked up to glance at him. When she stared at his back view as he left, something gave way in her heart and her lips parted. "Mr. Hills..." Even she was caught by surprise when she called for him. I can't believe I actually called out for him.

The President turned to smile when he heard her. "Miss Rocher, have you changed your mind?" he asked.