

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?