

Sir, You Don't Know Your Wife Chapter 1048

After having received his orders, the subordinate backed away.

Four hours later, in Yobril, the graceful-looking woman was seated on the stool in the Fuller Corporation's medical laboratory. She assessed the man before her and asked, "Mr. Hills, are you here to check on the progress of the virus?"

The President pulled his cap lower and nodded. "Yes, how is it going?"

Melissa appeared nonchalant as she answered, "We're close to completing it, but it might take another half a month before the virus is fully engineered. On top of that, I'm not even sure how it will turn out. I can't promise that it will work."

Upon hearing that, the President clenched his fists and pressed his lips into a thin line before he coolly said, "It has to work. Keep in mind that I expect to see the final product after half a month."

"May I ask why are you in such a hurry, Mr. Hills?"

The President narrowed his eyes and chuckled dryly. "That's none of your concern, Miss Rocher."

Melissa pursed her lips and said icily, "In that case, I'm going to need a test subject within half a month, Mr. Hills."

After all, there was no way of knowing what the effects of the synthetic virus would be without first using it on a test subject.

Pleased to hear that, he did not hesitate to promise her. "Of course. I'll bring you a human subject within half a month."

“Human subject?” She stiffened at that and her eyes widened. “Are you saying that the virus is meant to be used on humans?”

The President nodded. “Of course I’m going to use it on humans. It’s not as if I’m spending billions for you to engineer a virus for animals.”

“No, you can’t.” There was a hard edge to Melissa’s voice as she recoiled from him. “I’m afraid I’ll have to stop all the laboratory work on this.”

She could not imagine how the human body would react to the virus. The effects were far too cruel and volatile. She did not go through medical school to risk human lives.

Upon hearing her words, the President let out a cold bark of laughter. “Are you saying you’re quitting, Miss Rocher?”

Melissa took a deep breath and answered in a clipped tone, “The effects of this virus are cruel and unpredictable. It would be unconscionable of me to use it on a human test subject.”

He slammed his open palm against the table and roared, “You’re already halfway through with the experiment! If you abandon it now, who’s going to pay for the losses?”

“I will. I’ll pay for the losses.” She eyed him steadily, her gaze stubborn and unwavering.

She would rather bear the cost of the experiment than to allow the virus to be used on humans.

Melissa rose from her seat and turned to address the President with a stony expression. “If that concludes your business here, Mr. Hills, you may leave.” With that, she gestured toward the exit.

The President glared at her menacingly in fury and gritted his teeth before sneering, "You won't just be bearing the losses if you quit the experiment. I wonder how you might fare if I were to leak the audio recording of our previous conversation."

She stiffened and turned to look at him incredulously as she demanded, "What are you talking about?"

The President closed his eyes and mused, "I happen to have recorded our previous conversation in which you agreed to conduct research on and engineer this deadly virus." Then, he opened his eyes and looked at her wickedly as he added. "Would you like to have a listen?"

The anger and panic bubbled within Melissa and her face was aghast. She clenched her jaw and cursed, "You b*stard." He actually recorded our conversation!

Her mind was racing. If he leaked the recording, everyone would know that she was a doctor who would willingly abandon her ethics to have fame and fortune. If that happened, her career in the medical world would be over.

She could not imagine how devastating the consequences would be for her.

With that in mind, she bit her lip and forced herself to regain her composure.

Meanwhile, the President continued darkly, "I don't think you'd want to end up as a disgraced and unwanted street rat, do you?"

Any amount of clarity and rationality that she may have had dwindled into nothing. Desperation seized her like an icy claw and she knew she had no choice.

Melissa closed her eyes slowly and her red lips parted before she responded, "In that case, please bring me the test subject and the antidote by the end of the month, Mr. Hills."

He nodded, taken aback by how quickly she had acceded to his demands, and replied, "That won't be a problem."

Upon having heard that, Melissa drew in a shaky breath and walked out of the laboratory.

The President watched her leave before he narrowed his eyes and let out a scoff.

After she left the laboratory, Melissa was walking down the hallway when she ran into Sheldon, who came to ask her how the research was going.

"Is something wrong?" he asked when he saw the look on her face.

She shook her head and forced out a tiny smile. "Nothing. Is there something I can help you with, Mr. Fuller?"