

Sir, You Don't Know Your Wife Chapter 947

The moment Janet's words came out of her mouth, Mason's brows slowly relaxed as he answered calmly, "Fine, whatever my darling says."

Not only can I help Black Python leave the world of singletons, I can also protect Babe at the same time—it's worth it!

On the other side, at the Lowry Family's training base in Markovia, Black Python had received the news at 7:00PM that he could return to Sandfort City.

After returning to the base dormitory, he picked up his phone and glanced at the official email from the Lowry Family.

As his eyes landed on the phone screen after he opened the email, his expression darkened.

Suddenly, a hint of joy flashed through his eyes.

While drops of sweat rolled down his forehead, he lifted his shirt to wipe it off. His action of doing so revealed the firm abs underneath.

There was an extreme sense of unruliness to him.

After a few seconds, he quirked up the corners of his lips to reveal a rare expression.

Upon seeing him motionless, White Python went up and asked, "What is it?"

In the meantime, his eyes instinctively landed on his phone screen. As soon as he read the news on the email, a sense of jealousy slowly enveloped him.

'Black Python, I need you to return to Sandfort City tomorrow. I'm giving you a week off so that you can take Mrs. Lowry to a competition in Yobril.'

White Python murmured in jealousy, "Good for you. Mrs. Lowry has specifically chosen you." I can't believe he is given such a good opportunity to slack off.

Black Python smiled. "I can see that you are jealous." When I return to Sandfort City, I'll get the chance to meet her, but I wonder why Mrs. Lowry has named me specifically.

At 8:00 PM, Melissa arrived at the Fuller Residence in Yobril as scheduled.

Sheldon had informed all the house servants in advance, so they were polite when she arrived. "Welcome, Miss Rocher."

The sound of her arrival reverberated around the living room and it reached the ears of Old Master Fuller.

He knew about her visit from Sheldon, so he was not that reluctant to let her set foot in the house. Moreover, she had a deep knowledge of medicine.

Then, Melissa came into the living room with a suitcase and she greeted him when she saw the old man sitting on the couch. "Hello, Old Master Fuller."

He nodded and returned the smile. "Miss Rocher, please take a seat."

Without saying anything, she immediately sat on the couch.

A while later, the servants served some tea and snacks to her, so she smiled again and nodded. "Thank you."

Old Master Fuller took the initiative to speak first. "Why are you here today, Miss Rocher?"

Melissa cut to the chase and responded, “It’s like this, Old Master Fuller—I heard that you were seriously ill a while back, but the so-called ‘Doctor Sandra’ helped to cure you. Am I right?”

As soon as Sandra’s name was mentioned, Old Master Fuller seemed to speak with more respect in his heart. “That’s true. Now, I’ve almost made a full recovery.”

While listening to him, Melissa furrowed her brows. “Rumors had it that you were diagnosed with ALS. Is this true?”

Currently, amyotrophic lateral sclerosis was an incurable condition, so she did not believe that a divine doctor could cure it. A person with great medical skills can be touted as a divine doctor if their skills reach a certain level, but it’s still impossible to go against nature. If she actually cured the so-called ALS, it can only be pure nonsense.

However, the moment she mentioned the disease, he was immediately enraged!

As his face darkened, his tone also grew colder. “It’s not ALS. It was misdiagnosed by those bunch of quack doctors!”

“Then, what is it?” Melissa’s face froze slightly as she was a little nervous.

Old Master Fuller furrowed his brows as he thought about it for a while before answering, “It’s the demyelinating disease.”

Demyelinating disease?

As soon as Melissa heard those words, she instantly let out a sigh of relief.

I knew it. If it really was ALS, how could Old Master Fuller still be sitting here—alive and healthy? Also, it's only a demyelinating disease, which means it's not even that serious! It's pretty laughable that Sandra is touted as a divine doctor just because she was able to cure this disease, which isn't even a complicated one.