

# Sir, You Don't Know Your Wife Chapter 962

With that, Janet took a few steps back. "Excuse me for a moment."

Before the three of them returned to their senses, Janet had already disappeared.

Dylan felt that he was being left in suspense and in that instant, he had the sudden urge to have a look at Janet's test paper.

After Janet left the exam hall, she went back to her lounge immediately.

After a moment of hesitation, she dialed a number.

When the call was connected, a man's voice came from the other end respectfully. "Doctor Sandra, is anything the matter?"

Janet changed her tone and she said indifferently, "Something cropped up so I can't be part of the panel this time."

"What?"

The organizer thought he had heard her wrongly, so he asked, "Could you please repeat that, Doctor Sandra?"

Janet took a sip of water before speaking slowly, "In the last round when the panel of judges give scores, I can't appear. That's all."

With that, she ended the call and she placed the glass down.

After hanging up, she got up lazily and put on her cap and mask before going outside.

At this moment, the organizer also brought a few staff with him as he rushed over to her room.

After all, apart from wanting to take a look at Melissa, half of the audience came to see what Doctor Sandra truly looked like.

If she's not coming, how will I explain it to them?

Looking at the familiar figures, Sandra pulled her cap down lower as she brushed past the organizers.

At this moment, the organizer did not bother to look at the people around him anymore. With bloodshot eyes, he opened the door to Doctor Sandra's lounge immediately.

Sure enough, it was already empty.

We're too late! Doctor Sandra already escaped!

We took so much effort to invite her, yet she bailed out at the last minute!

The organizer thumped his fist on his chest helplessly as he lamented this fact.

Now that the third round of the competition was about to begin, Dylan was looking around for Janet.

Finally, after he found her backstage, he said anxiously, "Miss Jackson, the third round of the competition, which is the clinical round, is about to begin. Please be well prepared."

Janet merely nodded slowly. "Got it."

“Come here—with the last five minutes, let me show you a video of a professional doctor’s clinical video.”

With that, he reached into his pockets to take his phone out.

However, before he even touched his phone, he was interrupted immediately.

Janet’s indifferent voice rang out. “There’s no need for that.”

No need?

For a moment, Dylan even wondered if the words were spoken by Janet.

“You didn’t undergo any training before the competition and you don’t even have the basic skills to perform clinical examinations. Are you just going to stand there blankly later?”

Since the quick answer round—which was also the second round—was all theoretical, Janet was able to take first place. Although Dylan was pleasantly shocked, truth be told it was also in line with her capabilities.

However, the third round was a clinical practice. If she had not undergone any training or if she was not a professional doctor, it was impossible for her to know the techniques.

Even if she was a genius, it was impossible for her to learn this all by herself without any guidance.

Janet pursed her lips. She opened her mouth several times but she did not say anything.

Dylan continued to advise her, “Also, do you know that Sandra is part of the panel this time?”

Even though he had not seen Sandra, he thought that she must be quite strict and hot-tempered; after all, she was crowned ‘divine doctor’ by the public.

If Sandra thinks that Janet is not serious toward her medicine career, it’s possible that Janet can’t even have a steady footing in the medical field for the rest of her life.

“Do you know Sandra? She’s the divine doctor, you know; if she thinks that you didn’t put in enough effort and dislikes you because of that, your medicine career is over!”