

# Sir, You Don't Know Your Wife Chapter 1002

However, since this is Doctor Sandra's request, we can't reject her as well.

It certainly doesn't feel good to be trapped in the middle.

"Mr. Goldstein, when I arranged for Janet to join this surgery training, the year three students were already displeased about it. If Sharon joins this training as well, I'm afraid the students aren't going to agree with our decision. Can you talk to Doctor Sandra so that she could change her request?" Dylan asked with great difficulty.

Change her request?

"No!" Robert rejected immediately with a solemn expression on his face as he spoke in a serious tone. "We've gone through such a great deal of trouble before Doctor Sandra finally agreed to our request. What if she refuses to come after we ask her to change her request? All these changes might annoy her and she might ignore us at that point."

Upon hearing that, Dylan heaved a sigh.

Sure enough, he had also heard that Doctor Sandra did not have a good temper. If they did this, she would definitely be annoyed.

Robert then laughed awkwardly. "I'm afraid you have to inform the year three students, then."

Since Robert had already said so, Dylan had no other choice but to do so.

He heaved another sigh before he walked out of the office.

In the first year's medical school, Janet was explaining a few SSSSS-level questions to Sharon.

Since it was not too difficult, Sharon quickly understood the concept.

At this moment, a low voice suddenly rang from outside the door.

“Miss Nathan, please come out for a moment.”

Upon hearing that, Janet and Sharon both turned around to look at the source of the voice, only to find Dylan waving his hand at them as he stood outside the classroom.

Sharon blinked a few times and looked at Janet in confusion. “Why is Professor Fontaine looking for me?”

Janet curved her lips but she only muttered nonchalantly, “How would I know?”

Makes sense. Sharon took a deep breath before walking outside, while Janet smiled as she looked at her leaving figure.

Mr. Goldstein is quite efficient indeed.

Outside the classroom, Sharon grabbed the hem of her dress nervously as she asked tentatively, “Professor Fontaine, is there anything I can help you with?”

Dylan merely pushed his glasses up the bridge of his nose, a serious expression on his face as he spoke solemnly. “Both Mr. Goldstein and I agreed that you should join the surgery training for the year three students this time around.”

Join the surgery training for year three students?

In an instant, Sharon thought she was hallucinating.

Her results were not outstanding and the surgery training would be focused on year three syllabus.

Hence, it was quite impossible for her to have an opportunity to join the training, no matter how she looked at it.

She blinked her big round eyes as she mumbled, “Professor Fontaine, have you got the wrong person? How could someone with my caliber have an opportunity to join the surgery training?”

Dylan covered his mouth and cleared his throat awkwardly. “We’ve got the right person. It’s you, Sharon.”

“Impossible!” Sharon shook her head. “Janet has the opportunity because she won the International Medicine Competition, but I didn’t even finish the competition.”

I won’t be so lucky to have such an opportunity.

Seeing her doubtful expression, Dylan looked to make sure that nobody was around before he whispered, “It’s actually Doctor Sandra’s request for you to join the surgery training.”

Hearing that, Sharon’s eyes narrowed and a shocked expression overtook her face.

Doctor Sandra’s request?

Does she know me?

She also requests for me to join the training?

How could she possibly know who I am?

I don't even know her!

Also, how does she know that I want to join the surgery training this time?

Sharon opened her mouth but just as she was about to say something, Dylan interrupted her immediately, "By the way, I have to let the year three students know that you are joining the training as well. Follow me to the lab now."

Sharon was so shocked that she was utterly speechless.

For a long time, her mind was completely blank.

After what seemed like eternity, she finally recovered from the shock.

She nodded and murmured, "Alright."

And so, at the laboratory of Woodsbury University, Dylan gathered a group of third year students who were meticulously chosen.