

Sir, You Don't Know Your Wife Chapter 942

Janet frowned before she typed, 'It's hard to say. He can't be the President of Markovia without keeping a couple of secrets.'

'In that case, you should be careful. Worse comes to worst, Desire and I will watch out for you if you run into difficulties.'

As Janet read the message, she paused for a moment before she answered, 'Alright. That's all for tonight. Don't worry about me.'

When the last text was sent, she switched off her phone and rose to her full height to head to the bathroom.

Meanwhile, in Yobril, the Fuller Corporation had gathered the medical team for a meeting to introduce Melissa.

Midway through the meeting, the doors to the conference room were pushed open and Sheldon walked into the room. He looked solemn in his black suit with his shirt and buttons in place while he carried himself with an air of unwavering confidence.

Melissa, on the other hand, was dressed in office attire. She looked professional and there was a sense of maturity that extended far beyond her years.

Everyone in the conference room cast their eyes on both of them as soon as they entered.

She was the fifth-generation successor to the Rocher Family—and a woman, to boot. Everyone could not help but gawk at her in awe.

Sheldon currently took his seat at the table and she settled into the chair next to his. "This is Melissa Rocher, the fifth-generation successor to the Rocher family," he introduced on his own accord.

With that, she smiled politely at the others in the room.

Everyone nodded in approval. When the room fell silent once more, someone asked, "Is it true that you will be participating in the International Medical Competition this year, Miss Rocher?"

The girl nodded; her voice sounded pleasant as she answered, "That's right."

"It's amazing how you've become the fifth-generation successor to the Rocher Family at such a young age. You must be talented, indeed!"

She did not respond to the compliment, but she gave a modest smile.

Sheldon interjected, "The International Medicinal Competition this year is of great importance to both the Rocher Family and Fuller Corporation. As such, I hope to see good cooperation between all the departments to make sure the event goes without a hitch."

"Yes, sir!"

"As for the resources, try to comply with whatever requests that Miss Rocher might have."

"Got it."

The entire meeting went smoothly and the executives of Fuller Corporation were clearly pleased with Melissa and her humble disposition.

When the meeting came to an end, the company executives and the medical team spilled out of the room, leaving only Sheldon and Melissa behind.

She was about to leave when he said, “A couple of bigshots in the medical field may turn up at the International Medical Competition this year. You should prepare yourself to face them.”

Upon hearing that, she frowned and asked in bewilderment, “Why would the bigshots be there in the first place? Isn’t this a competition for amateurs?”

Most of the bigshots in medicine were at least in their forties to late fifties—she would hardly call them amateurs.

Sheldon’s brows were glued together as he gazed at her. “I’m assuming that you don’t know this, but the doctor who cured my father is a divine doctor.”

A divine doctor? Melissa pursed her lips thoughtfully as she had heard of such a title.

However, he was not finished with his words and he added, “She’s around your age too, and seeing that she’s an amateur, it’s likely that she may take part in the competition.”

A divine doctor who’s around my age? That would make her a divine doctor at the age of nineteen! Melissa was taken aback. She was the fifth-generation successor to the Rocher Family, but she could never be that courageous to address herself as a divine doctor. How is it possible that another nineteen-year-old girl has such a title?

She was still in disbelief as she asked, “There has to be a mistake. Besides, there’s no need for her to participate in competitions like this if she really is a divine doctor.”

Sheldon replied thoughtfully, “There’s no mistake, but we’ll only know whether she has signed up for the competition once we have perused the entry list.”

Appearing to be in a daze, Melissa nodded feebly and answered, “Well, do let me know if she’s joining the competition, Mr. Fuller.”

“I will.”

The next day, the training course offered by the Woodsbury University for the International Medical Competition was open for registration.