

Sir, You Don't Know Your Wife Chapter 1119

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Corey shook his head while a sly look crept up his face. "There's a better way to put it—mutualism."

"As soon as J'Adore is eliminated, I'll be able to return to Markovia. In return, I'll give you everything you want."

Hearing that, Emily painstakingly closed her eyes before saying, "I don't mind not having anything as long as Janet is gone."

Her hands were ruined, so she felt that playing the piano and drawing were no longer realistic dreams to her. Now, all she hoped for was to have Janet die right before her eyes.

Corey then squinted his eyes while keeping the smirk on his lips. "Are you willing to do anything in order to get rid of J'Adore?"

"Yes," Emily answered without any expression on her face.

"Okay. As long as you cooperate with me, I will ensure that your wish comes true."

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Meanwhile, on the other side. The 'Jason' and 'Madore' couples' wedding was broadcast live globally. In the Fuller's office, Sheldon's gaze was locked on the woman displayed on the screen. With his fists clenched tight, he put on a stiff expression.

Janet Jackson is the famous J'Adore? And she already has a boyfriend? No—to be exact, a fiance! No wonder she had been so cold toward him.

At that moment, it wasn't easy for him to accept the truth. As his eyes were trained on her person on the screen, he got lost in a trance. He was lost to the point that he didn't even hear the string of knocks on his door that came from outside.

Just then, Melissa slowly pushed the door open. Hearing the sound from inside, she was stunned for a split second. It's the video broadcast of 'Jason' and 'Madore'. Melissa was well aware of the video as she had already seen it.

Seeing how the man before her was stumped, she could roughly tell what was going on. Then, she tentatively said, "Mr. Fuller."

However, no reply was obtained. Hence, she decided to call him again, but in a louder and firmer tone. "Mr. Fuller."

Only then, a reaction was obtained from the person in the office chair. As soon as he looked up to see Melissa, he quickly turned this computer's display off. He then asked, "Miss Rocher, what can I help you with?"

Pursing her lips, she walked closer and stopped when she was standing directly opposite him. "What video were you watching that got you so immersed in it?"

Sheldon was quick to conceal his expression as he wanted to avoid that question. "My apologies. I didn't hear you knocking on my door earlier. May I know what it is that I can help you with?"

"I've completed the task given by Mr. Hills."

As soon as he heard that, his upsetness from before vanished into thin air. In fact, he even got a little excited as he asked, "Miss Rocher, do you mean you've completed the billion dollar order?"

Nodding her head, she replied, "Correct."

"Excellent." He truly didn't expect that she would be able to complete an order worth a billion in under a month's time. That piqued his curiosity as to what the order was about. Thus, he asked, "Right, the project has ended but you have yet to tell me what it was about."

At this moment, her fingers trembled slightly as she pursed her lips. "I'm not just here to update you on the progress of the order, but to also fill you in on its content."

"Sure, go ahead." He sat upright as he said that, showing interest in what she was about to tell him.

"Mr. Fuller, this project holds the reputation of the Rocher Family and the Fuller Corporation." She paused briefly before continuing, "Thus, I hope that you can keep it a secret. Aside from me and you, nobody else can know about it."

Seeing her serious expression made him feel that this might be more complicated than he thought. At this point, his expression was a little stiff and his demeanor turned cold. "Go on."

Squinting her eyes slightly, she said in a serious tone, "This order's project is a virus experiment."

"Isn't that normal?" He questioned.

"No." Shaking her head, she explained, "The subject of the virus experiment is humans."

Upon hearing that, he stood up almost immediately. In a rage, the green veins on his forehead became eminent as he slammed his palms on the table. He growled, "Melissa Rocher, are you mad?"