

# Sir, You Don't Know Your Wife Chapter 989

I need to develop a virus through research within a month to kill Mason. Judging by the current progress, I might not be able to choose any researcher.

At the same time, Melissa had left the airport in Markovia. Following the given address that was given to her, she rushed to the scheduled venue.

There were a few people guarding the entrance of a five-star hotel.

They surrounded her the moment she entered the hotel. "Miss, are you here to meet Mr. Hills too?" they asked.

She was astonished, but she nodded. "That's right. May I know whether Mr. Hills has left?"

"No, he hasn't. This way, please."

"Sure, thank you." Melissa smoothed her clothes and she removed her glasses before looking forward.

Mr. Hills hasn't left—it means that he hasn't found a suitable candidate. Melissa let out a sigh of relief after she arrived at that conclusion.

The man, who was leading the way, turned to reassure her that they were arriving soon, but his eyes shone brightly when he saw her.

However, she was so focused on staring ahead that she did not notice what happened.

Soon enough, they arrived outside the VIP room.

The man came to a sudden halt and he announced in a respectful tone, "Miss, this way, please."

Melissa glanced up and she bobbed her head with a smile. "Thank you."

Then, she entered the VIP room while the man followed her from behind.

She saw a middle-aged man seated on the couch once she entered the room. He was blond with blue eyes and he wore a pair of gold-rimmed glasses too.

The President had a few interviews earlier, so he was obviously running out of patience by that point. He barked as she entered the room, "Have a seat."

Melissa inhaled deeply before she sat opposite the President.

He massaged his brows while he looked at her. Just when he was about to ask her, his subordinate approached him.

The subordinate bent down to whisper in his ear, "Mr, President, if my guess is right, the person in front of you is Melissa Rocher from the Rocher Family."

The Rocher Family? Melissa Rocher? The President frowned slightly and he gave the woman in front of him a once-over. Then, he spoke to his subordinate, "Go on."

"The Rocher Family is a reputable family in the medical community. Not only are they skilled in medicine, they are also extremely reputable in the medical community. Melissa Rocher is the 5th generation of the Rocher Family. In addition to that, she has just participated in an International Medical Competition a few days ago."

After listening to his explanation, the President finally understood what was happening. "Well, what were the results of the competition?" he asked.

The subordinate continued, "Melissa lost in the International Medical Competition to Miss Janet."

The President's pupils constricted when he heard that. "Janet?" Am I mistaken? Did Janet take part in that kind of competition too? Did she actually win? I can't believe Janet is well-versed in medicine too.

The subordinate whispered when he was just about to ask, "Mr. President, have you forgotten? Miss Janet studied medicine at Sandfort City's Woodsbury University. It is only natural that she is well-versed in medicine."

The President bobbed his head when he suddenly recalled. Well, that's true. "You may leave now."

"Yes."

Melissa tightly gripped the corners of her clothes in anxiety.

She was not even sure what the two of them were discussing.

After the man left, the President and Melissa were the only ones left in the large VIP room.

She smiled faintly before she greeted the President politely, "Mr. Hills, I am—"

However, before she could complete her sentence, the President suddenly interrupted, "You are Miss Rocher, am I right?" He chuckled.

Melissa's dark brown pupils were slightly constricted because she was astounded. "Mr. Hills, do you know me?"

“My subordinate recognized you and he was just informing me about you. Excuse me for letting you wait for such a long time.”

Melissa was delighted because she did not expect someone in Markovia to recognize her.

She softly chuckled out of courtesy. Then, she answered casually, “No worries, Mr. Hills.”

He squinted at her before he blatantly stated, “I will get to the point and I hope that you won’t be offended, Miss Rocher.”

“I won’t. I prefer a direct approach anyway.”

The President nodded in satisfaction when he heard that. “I heard that you lost to a candidate named Janet just a few days ago in the International Medical Competition. Is that true?”