

## MY WIFE IS A HACKER CHAPTER 1061

### Chapter 1061

“So, this is why he knows what sort of drug to use to sedate Mr. Johnston Sr. without killing him. He has knowledgeable when it comes to medicine. It is a pity that a single case of misdiagnosis led him down this rabbit hole.” Nicole bemoaned the man’s unlawful practice as much as she hated it.

She took her phone out and sent a message to Carl.

[Where are you?]

She soon received a reply.

[At Brave’s production facility. You miss me?]

After ensuring that Carl was not on a mission, she called him directly. “Why do you only text when you’re available? Don’t you know that I’m in a rush?”

“What’s the matter?” Carl became nervous all of a sudden.

Nicole laughed. “Now that’s more like it. I need you to do what you did previously, and find someone for me. Here are the information and coordinates of that individual. Search for him, and I hope you’ll be able to bring him back here.”

“Bring him back instead erasing him this time?” Carl asked to confirm what he had heard.

“I need you to bring him back alive. A-l-i-v-e,” Nicole said, spelling out the last word.

In truth, Carl had heard her clearly and was just teasing her on purpose. “Okay, I heard you clearly. I’ll say hello to Zane first and then, I’ll get it done for you.”

“Okay, thanks.”

“How have you and Zane been?” Nicole asked, as she had not contacted Zane in a long time.

“Things have been rather peaceful here. The Raven hasn’t returned ever since we gave them a good beating. We’ve resumed our operations now, and we’ll pull out when the fellas from Curley Corporation take over,” Carl said, telling Nicole about the actual situation on his end, so she would have no reason to worry.

“None of you got hurt, right?” Nicole asked, concerned about him.

“of course not,” Carl bragged. “Don’t you know what I’m capable of?”

“You can’t afford to be careless, even if you’re skilled in melee combat. Here is what you need to know. The target is a doctor, and he knows all there is to know about sedatives. You better watch out, or you’ll find yourself on the wrong end of his needle,” Nicole mocked.

“Don’t make me laugh. Is he as fast as I am? I would’ve taken him out before he could even dose me,” Carl said confidently.

“I haven’t seen you for a while now,” Nicole mocked. “It seems that you’ve gotten better at running your mouth.”

“You wouldn’t feel good if you’re not ridiculing someone for a day, huh? It is not like you’ve never seen what I’m capable of,” Carl retorted.

“Yeah, you’re a quick one, but I’m always a few steps ahead.” Nicole burst out into a gale of laughter.

“You’ve gotten better at goading, it seems,” Carl responded in kind. “Then we’re the same, both you and me.”

“You’re learning from the best, Carl. I’ll have to give you the attitude adjustment you need when I see you,” Nicole threatened him.

“I will just have to see you later, then,” he said.

“You dare threaten me now? Looks like someone’s getting uppity these days. I’ll have to fly over in a minute and beat you to a pulp, then,” Nicole warned.

“Yeah, I’m scared,” he said. “I’m just going to stop talking now. Someone is calling me.”

“Go. Remember to capture the target and bring him to me as soon as possible. I’m just afraid he’ll hole himself in a more isolated location. If that happens, it’ll be even harder for us to get him,” Nicole said.

“Understood. I’m hanging up.”

“Bye.”

“Mr. Wyance, our production line has been commissioned. We’re just waiting for the materials to arrive before we begin.

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“Thank you. I’ll contact the supplier right away. If everything goes well, the raw materials should arrive by today.” Martin looked at all the production equipment in the factory with relief, as he could finally begin the process of mass- producing The Beacon.

Back in his office, Martin could be seen dialing Claus’s number before holding the phone to his ear. “Mr. Junkerman, I’m all set here. May I know when the materials will arrive?”

“Mr. Wyance, they are on their way and should be delivered to you in about an hour. Get ready to receive the goods.” Claus explained.

“Okay, Mr. Junkerman. I’ll finalize the arrangements right away.”

Martin hung up and placed the phone down with a smile on his face.

“Charles, inform the folks in the warehouse that the cargo trucks will arrive in about an hour’s time,” Martin said to his assistant.

“Okay, Mr. Wyance. I’m going to arrange it.”

About an hour later, several supply trucks entered Martin’s factory.

“Mr, Wyance, the trucks have arrived,” Charles said as he strode into Martin’s office.

Martin rose to his feet and followed Charles outside to examine the materials.

Meanwhile, one of the drivers got out of his vehicle and handed the delivery note to Martin. “Mr. Wyance, you may check the goods and place your signature here if it is okay.”

“I have confidence in Mr. Johnston. Thanks a lot,” Martin said politely, as this was his first time dealing with these people.

“Charles, escort the drivers to the lounge and let them relax for a bit.”

“Thank you for your kindness, Mr. Wyance, but we should hurry up and unload the cargo,” the driver said. “That way, we can report back to the company as soon as possible.”

“Okay. Charles, tell our men to make haste and start unloading,” Martin said.

“Yes, Mr. Wyance.”

“Hurry up, everyone!”

People in the factory got busy, and soon after, several tons of materials had been unloaded.

“Mr. Wyance, we’re leaving,” one of the truck drivers said, and climbed into his vehicle.

“Goodbye!” Martin then turned around and ordered. “Charles, let’s begin right away!”

“Okay, Mr. Wyance,” Charles replied.

The entire factory was in full swing. With the raw materials entering the machine, some important parts were gradually made.

“Charles, the quality of this part is not up to snuff. I need this fixed immediately,” Martin said, having found some problems right from the start.

As time went by and the equipment were running, more and more problems became apparent. Martin called a halt to the production process at once and set about trying to discover what the issues were and what went wrong. Otherwise, they would be wasting more of their materials, which came at an exuberant cost.

“Joe, take the lead and get the quality control department to monitor the key processes. Find out what the fundamental issue is, and correct it to ensure that parts produced are up to standard,” Martin commanded.

“Okay, Mr. Wyance. I will get right on with it,” Joe said.

Martin stood on the second floor, looking at all the equipment below. “I wonder, what went wrong?”

At that exact moment, a hand tapped him on the shoulder, and

Nicole’s voice blurted out, “What are you staring at?”

“Nicole, what are you doing here?” Martin glanced at her and continued to observe the production sites downstairs.

Nicole caught sight of the sort of mood he was in, and asked, “What is with that sour look on your face?”

“Nothing,” Martin replied, as he was not the best at expressing his feelings and usually kept things to himself whenever he faced an issue.

“Nothing? It is written all over your face,” Nicole asserted, as she felt sorry having to see him in this state.

“Is it that obvious?” Martin turned around to face Nicole.

“Of course it is. What is going on? Is there something wrong with the product?”

Nicole had hit the nail on the head

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“Well, the quality of the parts being produced is substandard.” Martin sighed, still racking his brains to figure out what went wrong.

“There is just no other way to put it.”

“Substandard?”

Nicole eyed him with a puzzled look on her face.

“See this in my hand? This is The Beacon you’ve made, and it’s fine. So, I don’t get it. How could it be substandard?”

“When I made The Beacon of yours, it was produced in small quantities, and so, quality control was easy. Now that it is being mass produced, even a minor difference in any of the variables will lead to quality problems,” Martin explained.

“I get it now,” Nicole said, wanting to see what was happening on site.

“Let’s head down and see what is going on.”

“Come on. Let me show you.” Martin walked ahead with Nicole following right behind.

When they stopped in front of one of the contraptions, Martin asked the engineer and the quality control staff members, “Hey guys, how is it going? Is it ready to function as it should?”

“Not yet. We’re still examining it.”

“How long will it take?” Martin stared at the engineer.

“I’m not sure. At this rate, it may take a few minutes or an absurdly long amount of time,” the engineer stated, as he had not identified the source of the problem just yet. Martin breathed a long sigh, anxious at whatever was going on. Nicole patted him on the shoulder.

“Don’t worry. It’ll be fixed in due time.”

“Let’s take a look at the other places.”

He proceeded toward another production site with Nicole.

“Mr. Wyance.”

“What is the situation on your end?”

Martin looked at Joe.

“We have identified the problem. According to our analysis, the temperature is not high enough. Before this, we tested the materials in smaller quantities, and it was easy to control the temperature. Now that the volume is several times larger, we need to exercise a more precise control of the temperature.”

Now that they have discovered one of the issues, Martin was no longer as tensed as he was.

“Good job, Joe. According to your diagnostics, all you need to do is set the heat to a temperature proportional to the amount of materials we are using. The more accurate and consistent, the better. Let’s hope for the best this time.”

“Okay. I will get on with the calculations right away.”

With one of the chief issues taken care of, Martin appeared to be even more at ease with himself.

“Come on. Let’s head over there.”

Once the duo had made their way to the other side of the production site again, he asked, “Are there any problems on your side?”

“No, we are just waiting for the final assembly,” one of the men said.

“Mr. Wyance, will the first batch of The Beacon be out today with no further issue?”

“To be honest, I don’t know,” he replied.

“There were some problems during the first two stages, but if we can have them taken care of, we can resume production today itself. Alright, you guys should conduct further examination and make sure that nothing goes wrong.”

Martin was very cautious, taking a careful approach at every workstation.

“Don’t worry, Mr. Wyance. We will ensure that everything goes as planned.” Martin smiled.

“Right on.”

“Now, it seems that there are only two sites left unchecked. I will go to the first and take a look. Why don't you stick around in the other sites and help out with the temperature adjustments?” Nicole said, feeling that the problem in the first site was more serious, and she was ready to help.

Martin looked at Nicole and nodded, hoping that she could aid him in solving the issue as soon as possible.

“Okay.”

With Nicole back in the first site where the engineer was, she took a long, hard look at the equipment and asked, “Hello. Have you discovered what the problem is?”

The engineer looked up at Nicole.

“Not yet.”

“Let me take a look with you.” Nicole stepped forward.

The engineer glanced at Nicole, refusing to take her seriously.

“Hey kid, do you even know what you're supposed to be doing?”

Nicole recognized the engineer's disdain and said, “Yeah, a little.”

“Don't get in our way, then.”

The engineer ignored Nicole and went to continue the discussion with his colleagues.

“Hey crew, let's proceed.”

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### **Chapter 1064**

Nicole stared at the smug engineer, intending to let him falter in his attempts and step in to aid him once he was completely out of options. She pulled a chair over and sat down to watch them as they discussed.

The engineers were putting their heads together and once the tests were conducted, they followed the procedures that they had agreed upon.

**Yet, they were met with nothing but one failure after another.**

**“How can this be?”**

The engineer asked, questioning his own abilities.

“Did you mess up on one of the steps?” another engineer chimed in.

“Yeah, that’s possible,” he replied.

“Quickly now! Jot the steps of each process down and run the tests again,”

After twenty minutes of rigorous testing, the output of the machine was still poor, in spite of the fact that they had exhausted all of the sequences that they had come up with.

Not able to hold herself back for another minute, Nicole said, “You’ve been running these tests for so long. Have you found anything yet?”

The engineer, who was unable to identify the issue, was utterly frustrated. He turned around and glared at Nicole.

“Not yet. Why are you still here?”

“You’ve wasted so much time and resources trying to shed a light on what  $\mu\sigma\epsilon\lambda\epsilon\nu\sigma\kappa.\phi\sigma\mu$  went wrong, and yet, you’ve got nothing to show for it. Are you guys really engineers?” Nicole said while eyeing them with her brows raised.

“What did you just say to me?” the engineer bellowed, his face red with embarrassment and fury.

“Who gave you the right to question us!? I’ll have you know that we’re the top engineers in this field! Even Mr. Wyance watches his tone when he speaks to us! So who do you think you are, talking to us like that, kid!?”

“Are you a relative of Mr. Wyance’s?” he asked after a pause.

“Relative? I’m not his relative. I’m his friend—”

“I don’t give a damn who you are. You can’t just step in and get in the way of our work here. Scram!”  $\mu\sigma\epsilon\lambda\epsilon\nu\sigma\kappa.\phi\sigma\mu$  A middle-aged engineer interrupted Nicole and shooed her away.

“I’ve got no idea where Martin hired you stooges from,” Nicole said.

“Y’all talk a good game, but when the time comes for you to get things done, you’ve got nothing to show for it.”

“What are you on about, you little rascal?”

“I am done bickering with you guys. Step aside.”



Nicole stated in a solemn tone as her black eyes glinted.

Those engineers were taken aback the instant Nicole asserted herself in a unique display of confidence.

Although they were still doubtful of her abilities and her knowledge, they relented and stepped aside anyway.

Nicole then strode over to examine the equipment under the scrutiny of the engineers. She took a long, hard look at the machinery.

Recalling the lessons the engineers had learned moments ago, she deduced that the issue did not lie with the operating procedures, but with the quality of the materials.

With this theory in mind, Nicole proceeded by inspecting the materials.

Through the use of an instrument, she was able to determine that the raw materials were fine.

The engineer, realizing that Nicole was at a loss herself, chimed in, "I can see that you aren't able to figure it out yourself. Are you ready to eat the humble pie just yet?"

Nicole shot him another glance and continued her inspection.

' Since there are no issues with the raw materials, there must be something wrong with the hardware. But then, the machine is new.

How could it be the cause of all this?' As she began to examine the contraption more thoroughly.

Martin sauntered over and made a beeline for the engineer.

"How is it? Is it operable now?"

The engineer shook his head and gestured at Martin to look at Nicole as she was inspecting the equipment.

"Nicole, what are you doing?"

"I'm checking it," Nicole replied without looking at him.

"No, it's fine. There are engineers here," Martin said, not wishing to burden Nicole.

"It is okay," she responded.

“Aren’t you in a hurry to start the production? I’ve noticed that they couldn’t handle it, so I’ve decided to give it a shot.”

“Don’t you dare spew that hogwash in front of Mr. Wyance!”

the engineers yelled, afraid that they would lose their jobs because of what she had said.

“You can pipe down and watch, or you can get out of here,” Nicole retorted as Martin watched on.

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### Chapter 1065

The engineers felt that they were being humiliated, and proceeded to talk to Martin. But before they could get a word in, Martin turned to them and said, “Just listen to her.”

This rendered them speechless, for they were not expecting Martin to give free rein to Nicole.

“Mr. Wyance, I don’t know how close you are to this woman, she knows next to nothing about what we’re doing, but she sure as hell knows how to pretend. She even insulted us. We demand an explanation from you, and you shall give us one, or I’m afraid that we can’t continue working together in this,” the middle-aged engineer took the lead and said.

Martin was just about to speak when the equipment began functioning as it should, with parts being churned out.

In response, the engineer swallowed his pride as he watched the machine working the way it always should have. He maintained his silence when Nicole and Martin proceeded to check the quality of the parts being made.

Examining the product, Martin said, “This one is acceptable.”

Then he looked at Nicole with delight.

“Fabulous, Nicole! I knew I could count on you. Thank you so much.”

“Okay, let’s get everyone started,” Nicole said, urging him to get to work.

“Right. Is everyone in their workstations prepared to proceed?” Martin yelled.

“Yes! “

“Let the mass production begin!”

Martin announced, after which every equipment began to run, churning out a huge quantity of parts.

“Joe, make sure the quality is controlled,” Martin reminded him with much concern.

“Okay,” Joe said.

Nicole glanced at the so-called engineers and sauntered past them.

They hurriedly followed her, with one of them saying, “We’re so sorry, Miss Riddle. It was our fault. I hope you can forgive us.”

Concurrently, Martin stormed over and said, “The both of you are fired. I cannot afford to hire you any longer.”

The engineers did not expect Martin to relieve them off their duties, and so, they pleaded with him.

“Mr. Wyance, we’re sorry that we ran our mouths moments ago. Please forgive us.”

“Have you forgotten how rude you were to Miss Riddle?” Martin glared at them.

“It is all my fault,” the engineer pleaded.

“I’ll own up to it.”

“Don’t follow me around,” Martin said.

“You’ve got no idea who you’ve offended, do you?”

Hearing this, they ran up to Nicole and apologized. Nicole was annoyed, but she did not wish to make a mountain out of a molehill.

“Martin, just get these guys off my back. Let them do their jobs.”

Heeding Nicole’s words, Martin turned to them.

“You heard that? You know what to do next time. Now go!”

The engineers nodded to Nicole and Martin at once with sheepish smiles on their faces.

“Thank you, Miss Riddle, and thank you, Mr. Wyance.”

“Nicole, let’s head upstairs,” Martin said and climbed the flight of stairs.

Now, on his office chair, Martin centered his gaze at Nicole.

“By the way, I haven’t asked you this, but what brought you to the factory all of a sudden. Did Jared send you over to supervise us?”

“You’re in the mood to have another dig at me now, aren’t you?”

Nicole gave him a piercing look.

Martin flinched.

“No. I’m just happy that the production has resumed.”

Then, he got up and made a beeline for the floor-to-ceiling window where he can view the busy production sites down below.

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“I’m happy that you’re finally able to resume mass production, but I think I can make you a little happier,” Nicole said in a soft voice as she looked out of the window.

Martin turned to her in confusion.

“What do you mean?”

“I want to order a thousand pieces of The Beacon,” Nicole said, looking at Martin with a solemn expression.

“A thousand? Why do you need that many of them?” Martin asked, shocked to hear that Nicole wanted a thousand of those.

“Don’t worry about it,” she said.

“I have my own uses for them.”

“Alright.” He nodded.

“Where do I deliver them to?”

“Tell me when you’ve completed the order,” she said. “I will get someone to pick it up for me.”

“Okay, no problem.”

"I will also be asking you for the subsequent needle refills at any time, so you should always be prepared."

"Okay. I will stock up on as many injections as you want."

Nicole returned to the villa, where Jared was already waiting with a meal served for her.

"It smells so good."

Nicole caught a whiff of the tantalizing aroma as soon as she walked in.

"What is my chef up to, I wonder?"

As she approached the dining room, she saw her favorite dishes on the table.

"What is happening? These are all my favorites."

"You're back!"

Jared waltzed out of the kitchen with two more dishes in his hands.

"Chef, what's the occasion?"

Nicole walked over to help him untie his apron.

"Take a seat."

Jared poured two glasses of red wine, sat down, and looked at her with his glass raised.

"Thank you for looking after my grandfather while I was away."

"What are you talking about? I'm pretty close to Mr. Johnston Sr., am I not?" she said.

"I'm not just looking after him because of you. Jared knew that she wanted to lighten his burden for him. He looked at Nicole with a smile.

"Anyway, thank you.

"Here's a toast for you too," she said.

"You must have missed your family when you were abroad. I bet it was just as hard."

"Try some of this," he said, gesturing at the dishes.

Nicole took a piece and consumed it.

“Oh wow.If only you could cook me a favorite dish every single day.”

“Sounds like a walk in the park for me.”

Jared looked at her with a smile.

“How are you holding up in the hospital?” Nicole asked and eyed him expectantly.

“Has your grandpa regained consciousness?”

“No.I really don’t know when, or if he will regain consciousness.He hasn’t moved a finger ever since that day.Do you think it could have just been his muscles or nerves twitching involuntarily?” Jared said, seemingly in despair.

“Don’t be discouraged,” she replied.

Your grandpa will awake from his comatose for sure.Are your men guarding the hospital now?”

“Yeah.I have ordered Henry to relieve his men off their duties,” he said.

“Now, I have replaced them with people of my own.They are outside the ward and in the security room as we speak.” Nicole nodded.

“Good.Tell them to keep their wits about them.Your grandpa is still not out of the woods yet.Those who wish to harm him are likely to strike again.”

“I’ve thought about this,” Jared said.

If someone else dares to make a move, I’ll see to it that he doesn’t get away with it.By the way, have you found the sham doctor?”

“Yeah,” she replied.

“He has fled and is now holed up in another country, but I have hired someone to hunt him down and capture him.I believe we’ll be seeing him soon enough.”

“Good.I didn’t expect you to be so quick on your feet.” Jared complimented her.

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“What can I say? I’m an expert in that regard.”

The duo continued with the topic at hand throughout dinner.

After the meal, Jared brought Nicole into the living room, where she leaned her head against Jared's shoulder, catching whiff after whiff of his scent.

"It's really comfortable, you know, leaning on you."

"Comfortable? Is that all you have to say about it?"

Jared turned his head sideways and gazed into her face which was nothing short of angelic to him.

"Okay, there is also the air of positivity around you, and I like that." Jared smiled with satisfaction.

"You went to Martin's factory today. How are things going over there?"

"The first batch of The Beacon was successfully mass – produced today, and it looks really good," she explained.

"When I was there, there was a minor issue with the equipment. It just wasn't working properly. I saw Martin, and he was a nervous wreck. He wasn't in the mood to talk to me at all. All he could think about was the malfunction, and how to get it fixed."

"How did it work out?" Jared looked at her with a brow raised.

"I got it fixed in less than a minute. I was there for quite a while, watching a bunch of people standing around the hardware, not knowing what to do,"

Nicole complained, knowing that the engineers were incompetent.

"I didn't know that you are capable of fixing mechanical parts," Jared said, noticing something special about Nicole.

"I don't think so, but I know a little," she replied.

"Martin was on the verge of firing those engineers because of that."

"Firing them? I mean, it is understandable that they wouldn't know everything there is to know, but that does not warrant a firing now, does it?"

Jared said, knowing that technical staffs in the company could not possibly be proficient in everything, and that only a group of them working together can outperform an intellectual.

"Ditto," she replied.

"That was why I had to convince him to keep them around. Martin is a real workaholic."

“Isn’t that good? If you work with someone like that, you wouldn’t have to worry about him slacking off or something.”

“That is true.”

Out of the blue, Jared held Nicole in his arms and looked at her with a loving gaze.

“Did you miss me while I was gone?”

“No.” She blushed.

“You’re in over your head.”

“The look on your face begs to differ.”

Jared gazed into her eyes with a wicked smile.

Nicole attempted to pull herself away from Jared’s arms, but he had her bound.

“Where do you think you’re going?”

“I’m going upstairs to catch some rest.”

“Are you in a hurry?”

He maintained his grip on her hand and would not let go.

“What are you on about? I’m done with this conversation.”

Nicole released herself from his grip and headed upstairs.

Jared followed her to the bedroom, where Nicole plonked herself on the bed to get some sleep.

Jared walked in as well, and closed the door behind him. Then, he climbed onto the bed and laid down beside her.

With Jared’s breath hissing against her ears, Nicole could not fall asleep at all. She tossed and turned over to the other side, and before long, she felt an arm around her waist.

“I’m trying to sleep.”

“Well, I’m trying to sleep too.”

“How am I supposed to fall asleep like this?”



“You can do so with the crook of my arm around your waist.”

The night then became silent, with a bright moon looming over them in the sky.

Through the window, the beams streamed into the room.

The next day, Jared was jolted awake when the phone rang. He proceeded to answer it.

“Mr. Johnston, we’ve got ourselves a weasel outside the ward,” his correspondent said.

“Can you come and take a look?”

“Okay. First, escort him into the security room. I’m coming over right away.” Jared placed the phone down, vigilant and wide awake.

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Nicole woke up to the sound of Jared’s voice.

“Who just called?”

“The hospital did. They have gotten us a suspicious individual.”

Jared told Nicole as he got dressed.

The instant she heard that something had transpired in the hospital, her eyes widened and she quickly got herself dressed at once.

“I’m coming with you.” Jared glanced at her.

“Alright, let’s go.”

The two of them did not even have time for breakfast, as they had to race off to the hospital.

Upon arrival, Jared and Nicole made a beeline for the ward to check on Mr. Johnston Sr. When the bodyguards at the door saw Jared approaching, they greeted him.

“How is Mr. Johnston Sr.?” Jared asked, concerned about his grandfather.

“He is safe. The suspect did not manage to enter.”

“Good.” Jared pushed the door open and walked in.

Mr. Johnston Sr. was still lying serenely in his hospital bed, and all the surrounding equipment were working as they should.

“Stay here with Grandpa, while I’ll head to the security room to see who that person is,” Jared said to Nicole.

“Okay,” she said.

“Go ahead.”

Jared stormed off to the security room.

When a bodyguard saw him approaching, he opened the door and greeted Jared.

As Jared entered the room, he caught sight of an emaciated man in a white lab coat crouched on the floor with his hands tied behind his back.

The guard brought Jared a chair, which he proceeded to take a seat on. He then studied the skinny man from top to toe.

Judging by his stature, the man was probably suffering a case of chronic malnutrition.

The leather shoes on his feet were even too big for his feet.

“Mr. Johnston, this is the syringe recovered from his body,” his security detail said, handing him a syringe primed with a needle. He picked it up and looked at it.

“Send it to the lab and analyze its contents.”

“Okay.”

“What is your name?”

Jared looked at the man, and asked in a low voice. The man looked up at Jared timidly.

“The name is CC.”

“I want your real name.”

“Conrad Calhoun.”

“Who sent you?”

“I don’t get what you’re on about!” Conrad protested.

“I’m a doctor and I work here! Let me go or I’ll call the cops!”

“You want to call the cops?”

Jared stared at the man with a smirk, intending to find out if he had the guts to do so.

“Good. I would’ve forgotten if you didn’t remind me. Somebody untie him and pass him a phone!”

When the security detail placed the phone in front of him with the numbers, 911, dialed in, Conrad swallowed and wimped out. He would not dare to finger the call icon on the interface.

Jared saw this and sneered.

“I thought you said you wanted to call the cops on me. All you need to do is press that little icon over there. Why won’t you do it? What is there to be afraid of?”

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“Don’t accuse me of not giving you the chance to make that call. I’ll count down from ten. If you don’t tell me, I will put it away and you’ll never get another chance to do so.”

“Ten, nine, eight, seven, six, five, four, three, two, one.”

Jared gave his bodyguard a nod, and the latter walked over and snatched his phone back.

“If you don’t want to call the police, then at least tell me who sent you.”

Jared said, his expression so piercing that he looked as if he could singe the man with his gaze.

“I’m really a doctor. Why won’t you believe me?” *ισνελεβοσκ.φσm* Conrad sputtered, still unwilling to tell Jared the truth.

“You are still tight-lipped, eh?” Jared said.

“Alright, which department are working in?”

“I-I am a surgeon.”

Conrad fumbled after a moment of hesitation. Even if what he said was true, there would still be no legitimate reason for him to enter Mr. Johnston Sr’s ward.

“You’re lying through your teeth,” Jared retorted.

"You've never been a surgeon. You're just trying to weasel out of it. Let me remind you that the person who hired you to do this has already known that you've been caught. He's likely thinking of ways to cover the trail by killing you already. Yet, here you are, trying not to expose them. Think about yourself. Is this worth it?"

Conrad's eye twitched upon hearing Jared's words.

'Is it true, that they will kill me like he said?' At this juncture, Conrad was already having second thoughts about whether he should keep the identity of his contractors concealed.

Jared proceeded to bait him by saying, "Have you thought about your answer? If you have any concerns, just tell me. I will do my level best to ensure your safety, but first, you'll have to tell me the truth."

Conrad's eyes rolled and cold sweat began trickling down his forehead. It was a tough decision to make, but after some hesitation, he looked up at Jared. He was about to speak when the door to the security room was thrown open, and in came Henry. His eyes ranged over Conrad, who was squatting on the floor, and met Jared.

As soon as he saw the both of them, he began feigning surprise.

"I was informed that a suspicious individual was apprehended in front of the ward. Is that him?"

Henry pointed at the crouching Conrad.

"Who told you that we've caught a weasel in front of the ward? This man is just a petty thief pretending to be a doctor. He stole my wallet and I caught him red-handed. I'm surprised at how fast you got caught wind of this. It seems that you've got your fingers on your pulse."

Jared stated, exposing Henry in just a few words.

Seeing that Jared had turned the story against him, Henry resorted to using Mr. Johnston Sr. as an excuse. "I just happened to be visiting your grandpa. As I was passing the nurse's station, I heard there was a commotion and thought something had happened to your grandpa, so I rushed over."

Henry tried his best to cover his tracks. Yet, Jared was no longer interested in engaging him, as he was more focused on getting Conrad to tell the truth, and so, he left Henry alone.

"Since this is the case, why don't you go ahead and visit grandpa like you said you would. I still have matters to attend to over here."

He averted his gaze from his uncle and centered it on Conrad's face, during which Henry glanced at Conrad from behind Jared, before saying, "I will leave you to it then"

Henry took on a frosty look the second he walked out of the security room.

'Jared Johnston.I swear, I'm going to drive you out of the Johnston Group one day.You'll never meddle with our affairs anymore"

Back in the security room, Jared turned to Conrad.

"What were you going to say? Now that no one is around, speak up."

Conrad shrank, unable to look Jared in the eye.

"I was about to say that you got the wrong person.To be honest, my family is poor and none of us could afford treatment here, so I thought of sneaking in here in the guise of a doctor to get my hands on some medicine.The hospital is huge, and no one would find out if I had snuck a few bottles of pills into my jacket anyway.All was going well until I got busted by your men.So yeah, I'm not the one you're looking for."

Jared glared at Conrad, knowing that he was lying.He was about to spill the beans, but Henry's sudden appearance had rendered all progress null and void.

"Release him," Jared told his security detail.

Conrad did not expect Jared to let him go, and was perplexed at why he had gotten away with what he was trying to do.He inched his way toward the door, and upon reaching the doorway, proceeded to dash out in a flash.

"Get someone to tail him.Find out who he has been in contact with, get the evidence on film, and bring it to me," Jared instructed the bodyguard behind him.

## **MY WIFE IS A HACKER CHAPTER 1070**

### Chapter 1070

As the security detail left, Jared thought about Henry, who made his sudden and coincidental appearance just as Conrad was about to confess.

With that in mind, the young Johnston could not help but take a deep breath and consider the idea of Henry being involved in all of this.

Back in the ward, Nicole was having a conversation with the doctor when Henry pushed the door in.

"You're here, too, Nicole."

“Uncle Henry.” Nicole greeted.

Henry nodded in acknowledgment and turned to the doctor.

“Didn’t you say that the patient was about to regain consciousness? A few days have passed, so why isn’t he awake yet?”

“The catch is, everyone has a distinct physiology. Some individuals are stronger and may recover in short order, while the ones who are frail may take a much longer time to heal. Take this patient, for instance. The latter applies to him,” the doctor explained.

“I didn’t know that one’s physique has any bearing on one’s recovery. It seems that we all need to improve our health and make our bodies stronger. Has he had his injection today?”

“Not yet. A nurse will come over in a moment to give the patient his infusion.”

“Alright, get on with what you’ve been discussing, then. There are still a few things in the company that will require my attention. I’ll have to excuse myself now.”

Henry left after just asking a few questions.

Nicole eyed Henry as he left, and murmured, “What’s with him? He came and left in a hurry just like that. Seems a little strange, to be honest.”

“Miss Riddle, what did you say?” the doctor said, looking at her.

“Nothing,” she replied.

“Anyway, where were we?”

When Jared came back, the doctor had already left, and Nicole was all alone in the ward.

“Did Henry stop by?” Jared asked.

“Yes, how do you know?”

Nicole looked at him with her head tilted.

“I’ve already met him,” Jared replied.

“Has he said anything?”

“He didn’t say much, but before he left, he did ask the doctor why your grandpa isn’t already awake by now.”

Nicole was still wondering where Jared had met Henry.

“Where did you meet him?”

“In the security room.”

“How did he end up there?”

Her eyes narrowed to a frown.

“There must be a spy. Otherwise, he would not have known that there was a security room, let alone be able to make his way there in a haste. Call this a hunch, but I think there is a relation between him and the weasel we’ve apprehended. If Henry wasn’t there, he wouldn’t have changed his statement.”

“Judging by what you just said, there must be some sort of connection between the two of them,”

Nicole asserted, having deduced that which had occurred in the interrogation room based on what Jared had said.

“What are you going to do?” Nicole asked as she looked him in the eye.

“Without some solid evidence, nothing much,” he replied.

“But I’ve already ordered someone to follow that man. I believe it won’t take long before we get ourselves some clues.”

“Due to the fact that there are so many of Henry’s spies in the hospital, we need to beef up our security measures,” Nicole reminded Jared.

“Yeah, I’ve intended to do the same,” he said, and turned to his assistant.

“Claus, I need more men over here for Mr. Johnston Sr’s protection”

“Yes, Mr. Johnston,” Claus replied.

“How is Grandpa today?” Jared asked and fixed his eyes on Mr. Johnston Sr., who was still lying motionless on the hospital bed.

“He is just as he was yesterday,” Nicole answered.

“Nothing has changed.”

A look of disappointment crossed Jared’s face as he stared at his grandfather, wondering when the old man would finally awake from his comatose.

