

MY WIFE IS A HACKER CHAPTER 1081

Chapter 1081

“No.”

“Sorry, I’m afraid you can’t enter without a reservation.”

“What’s the deal with this place? It looks really good, but with that many rules, dining here is going to be a problem,” Carl said, not looking too happy.

Nicole produced a gold card from her pocket.

“Do you think we’ll be able to enter with this?”

The service staff took the gold card and examined it.

Then, her eyes widened, and her attitude shifted as she looked at Nicole with what seemed to be newfound humility and respect.

“Okay,” the staff said.

Nicole turned Carl.

“We may enter now.”

Carl smiled, happier and satisfied with the outcome.

Following the service staff, Nicole and Carl entered the clubhouse, and as they walked, Carl exclaimed in amazement, “It is bigger than it looks on the outside.”

In front of them was a spacious and brightly lit hall.

The walls, which were draped in gold, made the whole place look splendid, and there were four passages, one on each side, with each leading to different areas.

“What do you have on the menu?” Carl asked the service staff who was leading the way.

“We have a ton of dishes. You’ll see when you look at the menu,” the staff said, unable to introduce them all, as there were just too many to name.

“Get us a room,” Nicole ordered.

“One that is nice and comfortable.”

“Sure, this way, please.”

The service staff gestured, inviting them both to enter the one closest to them.

“I hope this room has what you’re looking for.”

Nicole walked in and looked around, before asking Carl, “What do you think?”

Carl scanned the place, not looking too satisfied.

“It could’ve been better.”

In response, Nicole turned to the service staff.

“Are there any other rooms?”

“Yes, right this way, please,” the staff replied.

The service staff then led them to another private lounge.

“Does this room better suit your needs?”

Nicole looked at Carl, who subsequently walked in to examine the place.

“It is not bad at all.”

“Then here it is,” Nicole said and turned to the service staff.

“Serve us the very best you have on the menu.”

“Okay, I will get right on it. If you need anything else, you may ring the little bell on the table and one of our staffs will come right over,” the staff said, and sauntered off to prepare their meals.

Carl plonked himself on the couch, and switched the television on with a remote, while Nicole took a seat beside him.

“Pick a sci-fi blockbuster,” Nicole said.

“I’m not a fan of sci-fi. At this moment, I’m in the mood for some fantasy adventure,” Carl said, fiddling with the remote.

“I don’t see the appeal. Hand me the remote.”

Nicole reached out for the remote, who slapped her hand away, refusing to give it to her.

Nicole glared at him.

“Think you’re a tough guy, aren’t you?”

Carl reluctantly handed her the remote control.

“We’re just watching a movie. Why do you always have to be so forceful?”

“Do I look like I give a damn?” she replied.

Carl rose to his feet and strutted off to the other side of the room, seemingly bored out of his mind.

A moment later, Nicole heard singing. *ισνελεβσοκ.φσμ* Frowning, she looked over and murmured, “What the hell? Is he singing, like for real?”

She placed the remote and walked over to Carl, who was crooning away with a microphone in hand and his back turned to her.

Nicole picked the other one up and joined him in a duet, and soon, the duo began resuming with the fun that they had left off the night before, filling the entire room with their voices.

Once they had concluded the final verse, Carl eyed Nicole. “Aren’t you supposed to be watching a movie? Why did you come over?”

“What’s it to you? I’ll do as I wish,” Nicole replied and proceeded with the next number on the list.

As the music cued in, Carl sang the first line before Nicole could even utter a word.

Nicole looked at him with her brows raised and her lips pursed.

Then, she took a deep breath, ready to seize the moment the second he paused to catch his breath, and when he did, Nicole belted, drowning his voice out with hers.

Seeing this, Carl resigned himself to the notion that he would have no choice but to sit back and wait for her to finish.

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Chapter 1082

By the time they were done with the second number, the two of them were left parched and famished.

Both went back to the table, on the verge of drooling as they fixed their eyes on the dishes which were already being served.

The service staff politely went out after serving them their meal, and once the entrance door had closed, the both of them tucked in as if they had not eaten for a week.

“Wow, this is good,” Carl said after taking a bite.

Nicole nodded in agreement and gestured at another one of the dishes to Carl.

“Try this one.”

Carl took a piece and tasted it.

“Wow, that’s lovely. Looks like you’ve found us a gem of a place.”

“Of course I did,” she replied with a smile.

“I had to take you somewhere ritzy to make sure you’re well-fed and entertained.”

Due to the sheer amount of food on the table, both Nicole and Carl were quickly gorged, whereupon Carl laid his cutlery down.

“Nicole, I don’t think I can take another bite. If I keep going, I’m not going to be able to buckle my belt.”

Nicole’s eyes narrowed as she laughed.

“Well, look at you. So much for being a tough guy, huh. Come on, let’s head to the entertainment section. It’s going to help with the digestion.” *ισνελεβσοκ.φσm* Nicole got up, took the lead, and sauntered off toward the entertainment area.

There was a galore of games in the entertainment area, and as Nicole walked, her eyes ranged over the entire room, eventually spotting a shooting game.

“Carl, check this out. We’ve got something fun over here.”

Carl was still slumped at the table when he heard Nicole calling out to him. Curious, he rose to his feet and lumbered over to her.

“What is that?”

“A shooting game. Fancy a round?” she asked.

In response, he eyed her with his brow raised.

"The loser foots the bill." Nicole smiled.

"Yeah, let's get started."

Without further delay, the duo inserted their tokens, and the game began.

A horde of zombies soon appeared before them and hobbled over.

Carl took care of them with a few well-placed shots and turned to Nicole with a grin.

"See? It is a piece of cake."

Nicole smiled without uttering a word, as she knew that the best was yet to come.

As soon as the subsequent round began, the horde grew in size, and the game grew even more intense in terms of speed and difficulty.

Carl took the gun and proceeded with the onslaught, leaving little room and reason for Nicole to intervene. She stood idly by for the first three levels, as Carl had easily blitzed his way through.

After catching a glimpse of Nicole's score, which was still capped at zero, on the right side of the screen, Carl smirked.

"You didn't hit any of them, did you? Come on. These zombies are lame as hell."

"Go ahead and have your fun, but you'll be singing a different tune soon enough."

Nicole shot him a piercing stare and picked her gun up.

As soon as the fourth stage began, Carl noticed that there were far fewer zombies on the screen and quipped, "Why are there so few of them? Is that all this game has to offer?"

Out of the blue, a bunch of zombies appeared from above and ambushed them.

Carl jumped, took aim at once, and began shooting while a second horde lurched out and charged at him from the front.

Struggling to keep them at bay, he asked, "Nicole, what are you doing? Why are you not shooting?"

Noticing that Carl was getting anxious, Nicole took aim and began firing away.

The two of them teamed up, and with Nicole's aid, they got past the stage with relative ease.

“Nicole, we’re supposed to be a team. Why did you just sit back and watch? Are you waiting for me to get my butt kicked?” Carl complained.

“Aren’t you a badass? I thought you didn’t need me,”

Nicole mocked.

Carl could not think of a response to the jibe, and thus, decided to play it cool.

“Of course I am, but with that many zombies, I don’t think I’ll be able to stop your ass from being handed back to you.”

In actuality, he was insinuating that Nicole had fired the shots to protect herself while he was the one leading the charge.

“Oh, alright then. You won’t have to worry about me in the next stage. I’ll just get myself killed,” she replied.

“You... come on. The match has already started, so you might as well just keep going,” Carl pleaded.

This time, the number of zombies multiplied and flanked from both the left and right.

“Carl, do you need my help now?”

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Chapter 1083

Carl felt helpless upon realizing that Nicole could assert her dominance over him, even in a game such as this.

“Yes, please.”

This prompted Nicole to grab her gun and clear the zombies on the right.

The two of them worked together and soon, they eliminated their undead enemies, after which they gave each other a high-five.

“Yeah!”

This sense of teamwork and synergy carried onto the next few games, and they managed to clear every stage in one go.

“Well, that was fun!” Carl said.

"I don't think it was as fun as you think it was," Nicole said and strutted off to the other side of the entertainment section.

"What do you mean?"

Carl hurried after her to the billiard table.

"Carl, do you fancy having a friendly match?" Nicole looked at him with raised eyebrows.

"Sure, you may go ahead and tee off."

Meanwhile, Jared was back at the office when Max sauntered in with a contract for an international project.

"Mr. Johnston, this is the contract. Please take a look."

"Okay. By the way, I need you to check on something with the finance department. You see, the company has recently made a few payments. I want you to find out where the funds have gone," ησνελεβσσκ.φσμ Jared instructed.

"Okay, I will get right on with it now."

"There's no need to rush," Jared replied.

"You just came back, so I'd like you to take a day off and catch some rest."

"Thank you, Mr. Johnston," Max replied, and left the office, having informed his employer of all that was supposed to.

Later that day, Jared was still in his office, sifting through and perusing from the pile of papers on his desk when he registered the clacking of high heels from a distance.

As expected, a knock came not long after.

"Come on in," he said.

"Hello, Jared. It has been a long time."

Fiorella's voice echoed.

"What brought you here, Miss Fisher?" Jared said, and peered at her with his face still behind the document.

"The beautiful weather here, I guess."

Fiorella laughed and sat down from across Jared.

“What have you been up to?”

“Nothing too important, really. Anyway, are you here because you wanted to discuss with me about something?”

Jared placed his pen down and looked at her.

“So, I wouldn’t be allowed to come over if I’ve got nothing important to talk to you about?” Fiorella snickered.

“I won’t complain if you do.” Jared smiled, looking more charming.

“Having you around would be a pleasure.”

“It’d be hard for me to leave if you’re going to be this charming,” she replied with a smile.

“Listen, here’s the thing. I’ve got a hundred billion dollar project lined up, and I’m looking for a partner. You are the only one who has the motivation and the ability to see it through, so I am here asking you to consider a partnership with me.”

“Thank you, Miss Fisher,” he said.

“Unfortunately, the call is not mine to make. I’m sure you’re informed that the Johnston Group has appointed an interim chairman. Any major decision involving the company has to receive his approval before it can proceed. I am afraid that you’d have to liaise with the interim chairman and ask him if he is willing to work with you.” Jared said, using Henry as an excuse with which to decline Fiorella’s proposal.

The collaboration with Martin had just started, and though it was not a big project, Jared did not want to commit himself to anything else just yet.

Furthermore, his plate was already full, thanks to the major project that Nicole was involved in.

“You mean Henry? I didn’t expect him to be chairman. Is he at the office now? I will go talk to him,” Fiorella said, the smile on her face fading.

Her tone and her expression grew cold. She wanted to take this opportunity to meet Jared more often, not anticipating the notion that she had to go through Henry, and acquire the old man’s approval.

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Chapter 1084

"I'm sure he is in the office. You'll need to speak to him directly anyway, so just head to the thirty-fourth floor and see if he is there."

Jared opened the door and ushered her out. To him, the longer she sat here, the more time he would waste talking to her.

"Okay, I'll see you some other time, then. I must make my way up there and meet Henry now."

Fiorella rose and headed out the door.

"Okay, bye."

Fiorella strutted out of Jared's office, took the elevator, and headed straight to the floor where Henry's office was, and when she had arrived at the reception counter, she asked, "Is Henry in?"

The secretary who saw her did not recognize her, and she also felt that it was rude and inappropriate for the woman to call Henry by his first name.

"May I ask who you are and if you have an appointment?"

"What? Now that Henry is the chairman, he needs an appointment made before anyone is allowed to meet him?"

Fiorella eyed the assistant with her lips pursed and her brow raised.

"Tell him that Fiorella Fisher has something that would interest him."

The assistant picked the phone up and said, "Mr. Johnston, a person by the name of Fiorella Fisher wishes to see you."

"Send her in," Henry said.

"Mr. Johnston said you're welcome to enter."

The assistant stared at Fiorella with an expression of puzzlement, thinking, 'Who is this woman? Who is she to demand entry and raise her voice in front of Mr. Johnston's office?! Fiorella pushed the door open and walked in.

Henry looked at her with a blank stare, and without even bothering to stand up.

If it were in the past, he would have hurried out of the office to greet her.

He gestured.

“Miss Fisher, please take a seat.”

“Mr. Johnston, you’ve gotten yourself a rather opulent office, I must say,” she commented.

Though Fiorella might have called him Mr. Johnston on purpose, she did not like Henry, even in the slightest. She looked around and found that the place was even more spacious and decadent as compared to Jared’s office.

Henry did not in the least care what she called him, and he took that as a compliment.

“It is alright. The decorations are the work of my employees. I specifically instructed them to keep things modest, but it seems that this was what they had in mind. Either way, I thought it looked amazing, and embraced it anyway.”

“Mr. Johnston, you’re truly a modest man, indeed,” Fiorella said, her tone icy and her face blank.

“You rarely visit, so I must ask, what brought you here today?”

Henry frowned as he began to size her up.

“Mr. Johnston, it seems that you have taken on an entirely new appearance and demeanor ever since you became the chairman.”

Fiorella took a seat, and looked at him from the couch.

Henry left his chair and joined her on the couch as well.

“Oh, that’s fine.”

“To cut to the chase, I have a hundred billion dollar project in my lineup, Mr. Johnston. I was wondering if you’d be interested in a partnership,” Fiorella said as she scrutinized his expression.

“Oh? I’m all ears.” Henry beamed.

“It is a new energy project with enormous future prospects, a lucrative business, I should say...”

Fiorella said, and proceeded to pitch her idea with the eloquence typical of a businessperson for the next few hours.

Then, she stopped.

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Chapter 1085

Henry, upon hearing what Fiorella had to say about the coffee, took his cup and took a sip as well.

“It tastes good indeed.”

Fiorella darted him a glance and turned away with a sneer, knowing that Henry had echoed her sentiment without knowing what she had meant when she said what she had said.

“Mr. Johnston, are you interested in the collaboration that I had just proposed?” Fiorella asked, steering the conversation back to the topic.

“It seems to be an excellent project on paper, but it’ll take three years for us to get any meaningful returns, which I think is a long wait,” Henry replied.

Although he was not as savvy as Jared when it comes to business, he was still able to call the shots thanks to his vast amounts of experience in the industry.

“That is expected of a project of such scale and quality,” she said, attempting to persuade Henry so that she could work with Jared.

“Breaking even in a matter of three years isn’t slow by any measure. To get ourselves the highest amount of returns, we must hedge our bets on these quality projects. Minor projects may offer quick returns, but the tradeoff is, the yields will be low, which ultimately, results in a waste of time and resources. For us, time is money, and I believe that our precious time should be spent investing in high-yield projects.”

“Thank you, Miss Fisher, for considering us for such an excellent project idea. But this is a hundred billion dollar project, so you must give me some time to think about it.” $\eta\sigma\nu\epsilon\lambda\epsilon\nu\sigma\kappa.\phi\sigma\mu$ Henry replied, neither accepting nor declining the offer, as he wished to keep the option.

“Okay, then I shall excuse myself and await your good news.” Fiorella said, not wanting to stay for another minute, as she had made herself clear.

“Allow me to send you off.”

“It is alright.”

Fiorella declined, and left the office by herself.

Back in the establishment, the duo had already played two games.

Both Nicole and Carl had each won a set, and now on the third, Nicole had pocketed every ball except for two, while Carl had scored none.

Seeing that Nicole was going to win again, he said, "Hey, take it easy on me this time."

Nicole pocketed another ball with a thud.

Then, she looked up at the scoreboard and saw that Carl had missed every shot he had attempted.

Nicole looked playfully at Carl.

"All right," she said, and intentionally misplaced her shot, giving Carl a chance to score.

Carl took his cue to the pool table and eyed the billiards, murmuring, "I'm going to be humiliated if I don't pocket this in a single try."

Unfortunately for him, Nicole had overheard what he had said.

"Do you really need to maintain your pride in front of me?"

"Hearing you say that really saddens me. I'm a man, and I can't allow myself to be embarrassed any further, alright?"

Carl gave Nicole a sideways glance, and proceeded to take aim.

"Well, alright."

Carl's cue ball struck the billiard, and it entered the pocket with a thud. But as he was cheering and patting himself in the back, Nicole appeared indifferent.

'What is there to be happy about when you have just scored once?' Carl took aim at the ball that was slightly further away, struck the cue ball, and pocketed his second billiard before turning to Nicole.

"See? That's not even once anymore now, is it?"

"Come on, where did that come from? Are you sure you're not overcompensating for something?" Nicole looked at him and shook her head.

Nicole's scathing remark might have shattered his sense of satisfaction in himself, but it had also aroused his fighting spirit. He had to make a clean shot, so that she would not laugh at him anymore.

With his game face on, he proceeded to land a couple of shots in a row, leaving all but one billiard on the table.

“I’m about to win, so be ready to eat your words and pay for the meal!” he exclaimed.

“It is not over yet. We do not know who is going to win.” Nicole said, remaining as calm and collected as ever.

“Fine, consider this a graceful defeat on your part.” Carl smiled.

With the strike of a cue, he launched the last ball into the pocket.

As of now, all that was left were the cue ball and Nicole’s eight-ball on the left side of the table.

If he could pocket the black billiard, he would be victor of the match.

Nicole, who was hovering at the sidelines, did not panic even when she saw that Carl had pocked all of his balls. Instead, she took a sip of her drink.

Carl then stopped playing, went up to Nicole, and said, “If you’re willing to throw in the towel, I will sit this one out and spare you the embarrassment.”

MY WIFE IS A HACKER CHAPTER 1085

Chapter 1085

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the assistant, grabbed her cup of coffee, and took a sip.

“The coffee is not bad.”

Though she seemed to mean well, she was insinuating that brewing coffee was the only thing the secretary was capable of doing.

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Chapter 1086

“Why don’t you start by getting the last ball in?”

Nicole sneered and rolled her eyes at him.

Carl narrowed his eyes and gave her a thumbs up.

“Alright, I’ve got to admit that your confidence is admirable.”

Then, he went back to the table, took aim, and prepared himself for the winning shot, but before he went on to strike the cue ball, he glanced over his shoulder back at Nicole.

“Are you sure you are not going to concede defeat?”

Nicole waved her hand as if to dismiss him, and Carl proceeded to pocket the eight – ball. He walked over to Nicole with a look of smug satisfaction on his face.

“You refused to concede even after I’ve given you the chance, but I’ve won anyway.”

“What’s so humiliating about that? It is just a game. Now that we have eaten and had our fun, let’s get out of here.”

Nicole walked out with a confident gait, as if she had not lost the game at all.

“You know, there is something about your composure that tells me that it is not genuine,” Nicole said. Carl ran after her.

Soon after, Nicole arrived at the reception desk and met the service staff.

“May I have the tab, please?”

The service staff looked at her, and in a respectful tone, said, “Miss Riddle, as someone who possesses a gold card, you aren’t required to pay.”

Before Nicole could utter a word in response, Carl turned to the staff member in shock.

“Wait, we aren’t required to pay because she has a gold card?”

“Sir, let me explain it to you,” the staff member said.

“Miss Riddle is a gold card holder, and one of the privileges afforded to her, but not our regular patrons, is that she isn’t required to pay a dime when dining in our establishment.”

Carl stared at her, flabbergasted at what he just heard.

“I didn’t know that you were held in such high esteem.”

“Well, since none of us are required to foot the bill, let’s just go.”

Nicole walked out with a look of indifference, devoid of even a single ounce of pride.

Along the way, as she drove him to Martin’s factory, Carl darted her a look.

“Where are we headed to now?”

“To the factory.”

“The factory? What are we even going there in the first place?”

Carl asked in a state of puzzlement, wondering if she did own a factory.

“What’s on your mind?” she replied.

“You’re probably thinking to yourself that I don’t own such a place, aren’t you?”

“Wait, how do you know what I’m thinking?” Carl eyed her with incredulity.

“Are you reading my mind?”

“I can’t read your mind. It is written all over your face.”

Nicole rolled her eyes at him.

“Really?” Carl said, refusing to believe so.

Soon after, the duo arrived at Martin’s factory.

Nicole got out of the car and walked in, noticing an entire crowd of employees bustling about in an orderly fashion.

Among them was the engineer who had underestimated her earlier.

When he spotted her, he ran up to them and greeted her with a smile on his face.

“Hi, Miss Riddle.”

Nicole stared him down.

Recognizing him as the engineer with whom she had a scuffle, she remained tight-lipped, nodded, and walked on.

After a few steps forward, she halted, and found that the engineer was still behind her, tailing the both of them.

“Why are you following me? Aren’t you supposed to be working?”

Realizing the issue, the engineer smiled, backed up, and left.

“Nicole, who’s that guy and what’s his deal? Why is he acting like a dog when it sees its master?”

Carl glanced at the engineer, and back at Nicole.

“You know the engineer to whom I’ve taught a lesson? He’s the one.”

Carl nodded in understanding and directed his gaze at the equipment.

“What are these machines producing?”

She looked at him and beckoned him to come along.

“Follow me.”

Arriving at the assembly of completed product parts, Nicole grabbed one of the samples that had passed the Quality Control inspection and handed it to Carl.

“This is it.”

“What is this?”

Carl took The Beacon and examined it.

“This is a new medical device developed by Martin. It can speed up the recovery process for those who are suffering medical conditions,” Nicole introduced.

“Is it really that good?”

Carl scrutinized the tiny Beacon in disbelief.

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Carl asked in a state of puzzlement, wondering if she did own a factory.

"What's on your mind?" she replied.

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When he spotted her, he ran up to them and greeted her with a smile on his face.

"Hi, Miss Riddle."

Nicole stared him down.

Recognizing him as the engineer with whom she had a scuffle, she remained tight-lipped, nodded, and walked on.

After a few steps forward, she halted, and found that the engineer was still behind her, tailing the both of them.

"Why are you following me? Aren't you supposed to be working?"

Realizing the issue, the engineer smiled, backed up, and left.

“Nicole, who’s that guy and what’s his deal? Why is he acting like a dog when it sees its master?”

Carl glanced at the engineer, and back at Nicole.

“You know the engineer to whom I’ve taught a lesson? He’s the one.”

Carl nodded in understanding and directed his gaze at the equipment.

“What are these machines producing?”

She looked at him and beckoned him to come along.

“Follow me.”

Arriving at the assembly of completed product parts, Nicole grabbed one of the samples that had passed the Quality Control inspection and handed it to Carl.

“This is it.”

“What is this?”

Carl took The Beacon and examined it.

“This is a new medical device developed by Martin. It can speed up the recovery process for those who are suffering medical conditions,” Nicole introduced.

“Is it really that good?”

Carl scrutinized the tiny Beacon in disbelief.

MY WIFE IS A HACKER CHAPTER 1088

Then, he went back to the table, took aim, and prepared himself for the winning shot, but before he went on to strike the cue ball, he glanced over his shoulder back at Nicole.

“Are you sure you are not going to concede defeat?”

Nicole waved her hand as if to dismiss him, and Carl proceeded to pocket the eight – ball. He walked over to Nicole with a look of smug satisfaction on his face.

“You refused to concede even after I’ve given you the chance, but I’ve won anyway.”

“What’s so humiliating about that? It is just a game. Now that we have eaten and had our fun, let’s get out of here.”

Nicole walked out with a confident gait, as if she had not lost the game at all.

“You know, there is something about your composure that tells me that it is not genuine,” Carl ran after her.

Soon after, Nicole arrived at the reception desk and met the service staff.

“May I have the tab, please?”

The service staff looked at her, and in a respectful tone, said, “Miss Riddle, as someone who possesses a gold card, you aren’t required to pay.”

Before Nicole could utter a word in response, Carl turned to the staff member in shock.

“Wait, we aren’t required to pay because she has a gold card?”

“Sir, let me explain it to you,” the staff member said.

“Miss Riddle is a gold card holder, and one of the privileges afforded to her, but not our regular patrons, is that she isn’t required to pay a dime when dining in our establishment.”

Carl stared at her, flabbergasted at what he just heard.

“I didn’t know that you were held in such high esteem.”

“Well, since none of us are required to foot the bill, let’s just go.”

Nicole walked out with a look of indifference, devoid of even a single ounce of pride.

Along the way, as she drove him to Martin’s factory, Carl darted her a look.

“Where are we headed to now?”

“To the factory.”

“The factory? What are we even going there in the first place?”

Carl asked in a state of puzzlement, wondering if she did own a factory.

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MY WIFE IS A HACKER CHAPTER 1089

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MY WIFE IS A HACKER CHAPTER 1090

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