

## My Wife is a Hacker Chapter 131

### Chapter 131

Ms. Thompson wanted to stop Mr. Kennedy, but it was too late, so she could only try to smoothen things out as she said, "It's okay. Nicole, you continue your chat with Ms. Emerson, We'll leave first!"

As she said that, she dragged Mr. Kennedy away.

Mr. Kennedy did not understand what was going on and wanted to speak. He was immediately told to shut up by Ms. Thompson.

He was stunned. When he noticed Ms. Thompson's expression, he recalled the matter with Jessy that he had sought Ms. Thompson's aid. He quickly said, "Ms. Thompson, Jessy was injured by Nicole, and now Nicole is acting like this. Is it because she is nursing a grudge over the penalty you gave her?"

Mr. Kennedy played a scene out in his head, and the more he thought about it, the more possible it sounded.

Although Ms. Thompson did not tell him what had happened this morning, her non-response was the best response. 'Ms. Thompson must've settled the matter already. Since it was just a small matter, maybe she thinks there's no need to update me,' he thought. 'Otherwise, why would she suddenly call me this afternoon to stop Ms. Emerson?'

Ms. Thompson looked at his greasy, stupid face as she took a deep breath.

'If it weren't for you being Mr. Anderson's relative, why would I even bother with you!' When she recalled what she went through because of Nicole, a glint of cold light appeared in her eyes. "Mike, can you contact your uncle and ask what relationship Nicole has with Mr. Ellison?"

If Mr. Ellison were to keep helping Nicole, and if Nicole were to stand by Ms. Emerson like today, then it would be difficult for them to do anything.

After all, the teaching funds approved by the school every year were controlled by her. She was always stingy toward her subordinates. It was only because Mr. Kennedy was her right-hand man and had helped her a lot, plus he was also a relative of the school director, that she recommended him every year for the outstanding teacher award. When he got the award, she would get a substantial amount in kickbacks too.

But now, seeing that Nicole was only cheering Ms. Emerson on, Ms. Thompson felt a tinge of uneasiness in her heart,

Mr. Kennedy did not understand why Ms. Thompson was so fearful of Mr. Ellison's relationship with Nicole. However, when he recalled Mr. Ellison deliberately allowed Nicole to pick between him and Ms. Emerson when she started school here, it did shock him!

"I'll ask my uncle in a bit. But he's a busy man, and I have no idea if I can get him on the line," said Mr. Kennedy with an astonished tone as he wiped the sweat from his forehead.

Ms. Thompson nodded. She knew that it was not easy for Mr. Kennedy to get in touch with Mr. Anderson, but this was something she needed to make sure for her to be able to rest assured.

She secretly prayed that Nicole had nothing to do with Mr. Ellison, or else her life in this

school would not be as rosy as it was now.

As she thought of that, Ms. Thompson gave Mr. Kennedy a glance. "You better pray that Nicole is not related to Mr. Ellison, or our lives in this school will be hell!"

After saying her piece, Ms. Thompson left, leaving only Mr. Kennedy alone. He immediately took his phone out and quickly called a number,

It rang a dozen times before an impatient voice came from the other side. "Didn't I tell you not to call for no reason? Mr. Anderson is busy!"

Mr. Kennedy smiled as he said, "Yes, yes, Mr. Wyatt, I understand. I just want to ask my uncle something. It won't take too long."

A rather dissatisfied response came from the other side. "I'll help you pass on the call, but whether Mr. Anderson answers or not is not my call."

Mr. Kennedy thanked Mr. Wyatt, and a moment later, the phone was passed onto someone else, and a much more cordial voice came from the other side of the line. "Ah, Mike, what's the matter?"

When Mr. Kennedy heard the voice, he was excited beyond words. "Uncle, you answered!" But he dared not waste too much time and immediately queried the matter Ms. Thompson had asked.

When he heard that Mike Kennedy called him for some inane questions, the cordialness in Mr. Anderson's voice disappeared as he said somewhat coldly, "Who is this Nicole Riddle? I've never heard of her. Why would Mr. Ellison get involved with such a nobody?"

Mr. Kennedy immediately said, "Don't be angry, uncle. It was just that Nicole claimed that she had quite a relationship with Mr. Ellison. Since that is the case, I won't bother you any longer. Thank you, Uncle!"

When Mr. Anderson heard that, he directly hung up the call.

Mr. Kennedy did not dare to voice any complaints. On the contrary, he could finally be at ease.

"This Nicole is nothing but a country bumpkin with no background. She must have used some underhanded means to get Mr. Ellison's contact details then.' When he thought of this, he happily told Ms. Thompson about it.

Ms. Thompson was in the office of the junior high school and was handing over the personal details of Austin and the others to Mr. Louis. When she heard the news, she was overjoyed. 'It

seems like Nicole has nothing but bluster and hot air, and she only has a normal relationship with Mr. Ellison. I have no need to worry about her at all.'

Ms. Thompson then whispered a few words to Mr. Kennedy again and then hung up the phone. Her gaze at Mr. Louis was full of disdain. "Mr. Louis, I'll leave these 'good students' to you. I hope you can use that set of questions of yours and get them into the top twenty, from the bottom!"

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After Ms. Thompson said that, without waiting for Mr. Louis to even respond, she left with her heels clacking against the floor. The sound was rather annoying.

Mr. Louis popped his head out from the sea of questions. He smiled as he looked at her

back. Even after she had walked away, his expression remained the same; he smiled as he lowered his head.

Meanwhile, Mr. Anderson was attending a banquet. The Anderson family could only be regarded as a bottom-ranking family in San Joto. They could only get into a banquet of such level using the name of the director of the Royal Creek Institute. Even so, after coming in, no one would pay them much attention.

So, Mr. Anderson was in a very embarrassing situation and took the call to prop himself up.

He pretended to put down the phone solemnly and then immediately regretted it. He had nothing to do anyway, and chatting with Mr. Kennedy would have made him look a little busier.

To his surprise, as soon as he put his phone down, a thick, attractive voice rang from behind him. "Did you mention 'Nicole Riddle' in the call just now?" 1

Mr. Anderson turned around and saw an elegant, handsome middle-aged man standing behind him. There was a reserved demeanor about that man. He curled his lips slightly at Mr. Anderson, somehow giving out an imposing aura.

Mr. Anderson knew that all guests in this banquet were no ordinary people and were not someone that a minor family like his could afford to offend. Even if he did not know who they were, he still needed to treat them carefully.

"Did you say 'Nicole Riddle,' sir?"

The middle-aged man nodded at him. His voice was extremely crisp, his volume moderate. It was enough to be audible yet not too loud. "Yes, Nicole Riddle. You seemed to have mentioned her?"

Mr. Anderson nodded, "Yes, it seems like she's a student at the Royal Creek Institute. However, I don't know her. It was my distant relative who asked some private matter about her."

A student at the Royal Creek Institute? The middle-aged man's eyes lit up.

'She has come to San Joto?' As the middle-aged man thought of it, he was no longer in the mood to stay in the banquet anymore. He gave Mr. Anderson a respectful nod and then walked away quickly

Mr. Anderson looked at the man's back in a daze. Soon, four to five people appeared around

him to clear the way. Those people must have been hidden in the crowd. Seeing this, Mr. Anderson was surprised, and then someone gently patted him on the shoulder.

When Mr. Anderson turned around, he realized they were those dignitaries who had disdainfully ignored him earlier. All of them brought their wine glasses before him with smiles on their faces.

Mr. Anderson was somewhat flattered. He had never experienced such treatment before. Earlier on, he had been literally sidelined, and these people had not even deigned to spare him a glance.

After exchanging some platitudes, one of the dignitaries pretended to be casually interested as he asked, "Mr. Anderson, how did you get to know Mr. Wyance?"

'Mr. Wyance?' Mr. Anderson looked at the person before him and was stunned. When the few saw his reaction, they reminded him. "Mr. Wyance was the person who spoke to you earlier and then left in a hurry."

Mr. Anderson recalled the middle-aged man earlier. No wonder he felt that the man

looked a little familiar. The man turned out to be the relative of Sebastian Wyance, who was the province governor!

Although San Joto was now promoted to direct governance, there was no mayor. Instead, everything fell under the jurisdiction of the governor, and that meant that that man had a relationship with the chief executive of San Joto!

When Mr. Anderson thought of that person suddenly speaking to him, he was a little confused.

And when he recalled that the man asked him about Nicole, Mr. Anderson gulped. 'Could it be that Mr. Wyance holds this Nicole Riddle in high esteem that he came over to ask him about her?' 1

Mr. Anderson then felt that it was impossible, thinking that someone with high status like Mr. Wyance would not be interested in a student.

Looking at the great figures who could squash him with a flick of a finger now being so respectful toward him, Mr. Anderson felt a little smug. He then simply replied, "By some chance."

He did not make things clear, so those people dared not look down on him. As a result, Mr. Anderson participated in one of the happiest and most comfortable banquets of his life.

At this moment, Nicole was still speaking to Ms. Emerson. She did not ask Ms. Emerson why Ms. Thompson and Mr. Kennedy were looking for Ms. Emerson. Instead, she asked, "Ms. Emerson, do you still have another copy of the workbook you gave me for the final push? I accidentally dirtied it."

Ms. Emerson herself had expended much effort to get that book and shook her head as she

heard that. "I don't have any more with me, but I think Mr. Louis might still have one.

You can ask him for it."

Seeing Nicole was about to leave, Ms. Emerson smiled. "What are you doing? It's almost class already. Just go after class!"

Nicole did not stop. Instead, she walked in a different direction, heading to her class.

After class, Nicole ran straight toward Mr. Louis's office. When she arrived, Mr. Louis, who had also just finished his class, was stunned when he saw her. He quickly recovered as he smiled at her. "Ah, Nicole, is there anything I can help with?"

Nicole told him her purpose in meeting him. Without any hesitation, he pulled out a set of exercises from a drawer. "Take it. But be careful not to dirty it. I don't have another new set with me."

Nicole nodded. She would be more careful this time.

As she took the set of exercises and was about to leave, Nicole suddenly recalled something as she asked Mr. Louis. "Mr. Louis, are Austin and the others under you?"

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Mr. Louis nodded and waved his hand. "Don't worry about it too much. My class is not after grades. As long as the students are happy, that's fine by me. I've interacted with

Austin and the boys before. They are not bad boys, just slightly led astray because of lack of supervision. I have no issues with them under me.”

When Nicole heard this, a thoughtful look flashed across her eyes. She had been a little worried that Mr. Louis would discriminate against Austin and the others and did not expect Mr. Louis to say that at all.

“Then let me thank you on behalf of Austin.”

Mr. Louis smiled as he looked at Nicole. This proud and cold girl was well-behaved and polite. Coupled with that paper he had studied for several days now, Mr. Louis looked at Nicole with a sense of admiration that was difficult to put into words.

“Work hard, Nicole. I will always look after you.”

Nicole did not say anything else as she closed the office door on her way out.

She looked at the set of exercises in her hand, the glint in her eyes indiscernible.

Glancing over at her watch, Nicole realized it was already past four in the afternoon.

She carried her light schoolbag, planning to go to the café to brush up.

Inside the café, Jared and Max were seated in the guest room on the second floor. It was at the end of all the private rooms, on the second floor, which was very secretive and had excellent sound insulation.

Max served the two sitting opposite Jared tea. Mr. Bond wiped the sweat off his head and did not dare to take the drink. He instead stood up and spoke to Jared, “Mr. Johnston, the billion dollars from this transaction have been transferred and received, and not a penny short. Please have a look.”

Max took the phone and confirmed the account details before nodding toward Jared.

Jared leaned against the rattan chair as he slothfully said, “What, you didn’t take a cut?”

Mr. Bond had always been cunning in his cooperation with the Johnston Group.

However, this time around, after Jared had returned to Hustuaburg, he did something that made Mr. Bond behave,

Hearing that, Mr. Bond said with a serious look, “How would I dare? From now on, Mr.

Johnston, I will personally check through every transaction between us. Since there’s no problem, we’ll take our leave then,”

Jared did not stop him while Max looked on as Mr. Bond scampered away like a mouse seeing a cat.

After confirming that those people had left the cafe, Max returned to Jared as he asked, “Mr. Johnston, we’ve subdued the Bonds who should we target next?”

Although Jarut had returned home as the heir to the Johnston Group, the various companies under the group were all over the place now. Part of it was still with his second uncle. Some others had been gobbled up by other family members. If he wanted to take them back, he needed to take them down one by one.

Janxi’s head ched a little as he thought of it. As he massaged his temple, he said, “Set this matter aside first. Have you managed to investigate the matter with Lucifer?”

Max’s expression became serious. “No... but last time, you got Claus to follow Miss Nicole, and a few days later, it seemed like someone from Squadron was investigating us.”

“The Squadron” Jared’s gaze dimmed a little

The world’s most powerful mercenary organization, the Squadron. They were both righteous and evil, delving into both sides of the scale. Anything that a normal

organization could not complete, they would be the ones sought after. Plus, this group did not even have a base and was hidden among the populace. They were just simply too mysterious.

'But I never have any involvement with Squadron before. Why are they investigating me? Could it be.' A flash of light appeared in Jared's eyes, yet he was not totally convinced.

Jared looked at the Royal Creek Institute outside the window as a thin mist gradually appeared in his eyes. It was extremely cold yet also extremely elusive.

A moment later, his gaze seemingly caught something, and the chill in his eyes immediately faded away as an almost imperceptible warm smile appeared in its place. Max did not miss the change in his expression and looked on quizzically as he saw nothing at

Jared gave him a cold glare. "Tidy up the place."

He then went downstairs.

The moment Nicole stepped into the café, she saw Jared walking down. His posture was refined and elegant, his hands tucked casually into his pockets. Even just by walking down the stairs, he looked like he was walking down the catwalk. So much so that Nicole stopped and admired the sight for a while,

When Jared saw her holding her arms. As she looked intently at him, he felt like he was wrapped inside that scorching gaze and became a little heated,

Seeing that he wanted to walk over, Nicole deftly walked to her seat, and Jared followed suit behind her

There were many who were discussing Jared in secret. Words about the handsome face of the cafe had already spread across the school forum, and many had come to catch a glimpse of his

face. Yet, Jared rarely appeared before them.

Even when they ran into him occasionally, he would be seated by the entrance waiting for someone. If they chose to get close to him at this time, his face would turn ice cold and scare away whoever wanted to strike up a conversation with him. It seemed like he only treated Nicole special

"We have a new product today. Want to give it a try?" He asked like usual.

Nicole nodded without any hesitation. She really liked the coffee in his café, so she did not hold back

Soon, Claus brought the coffee over.

When Nicole saw that the insides of the cup were white, she frowned. "Is this new product ... not coffee?"

She raised her eyes and glanced at him. Her cold, pretty face wore no expression on it, yet he could see her disappointment.

He found more and more, that Nicole had cute moments at times. Her mind was so simple that food could affect her mood.

When he thought of this, the smile at the corner of his lips deepened.

He motioned to Claus for him to place the dessert before Nicole. "Bon Appetit."

Nicole rarely had desserts. However, it was rare to see a dessert made so exquisite, so she did not refuse. Instead, she slowly cut it, selected a corner of the square, and then put it into her mouth to carefully taste it.

The moment the dessert entered her mouth, Nicole's eyes lit up.

This is the most traditional and classic Opera cake!  
“This Opera cake has layers as thin as paper, and the coffee taste is much more neutral. It is the best combination.”  
It had to be said, the things made by Jared’s café were delicious.  
She did not say anything else as she took a few more bites.  
When Jared saw her revealing an elation that matched her age, the smile in his eyes was as gentle as starlight. “You like it?”  
Nicole looked at him without hesitation. “Of course.”  
She would not hide her preference when it comes to food and drinks.  
Jared looked at her shining eyes, and the elation in his heart surged. He then smiled as he said, “As long as you like it.”

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Looking at the watch, he got up and spoke to Nicole, “I have something to attend to, so I’ll leave first. If you need anything, just call Claus.”

He pointed to the little brother at the counter, and only then did Nicole know that he was called Claus.

She nodded. “Okay.”

She then took out the exercise Mr. Louis gave her and started to twirl her pen as she worked on it.

Seeing that she was already into her groove, Jared did not linger and immediately left with Max.

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Max drove the car and took a glance at Jared, who was resting in the backseat with his eyes closed.

The man’s face was half-hidden under the dim light, faintly revealing a cold and sharp outline.

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The expression on his face became colder and colder, and the whole person looked like a lifeless ice sculpture.

Every time when he was about to meet those familiar high houses, Jared would always be like this.

As Max thought about it, he could only sigh softly.

He only hoped that those people stop provoking Jared, or else they would pay a horrible price for it.

As the black car sped across the wide roads of San Joto, the body line of the car became extremely smooth, as if it was a charging angry lion.

This location was already close to the city center, and many noticed the car as an incredulous look appeared in their eyes.

‘Isn’t this the car of that person? He’s already back in San Joto?’ they wondered.

Thinking of what he had done before, all of them shuddered.

It seemed like an upheaval was about to take place in San Joto.

The Rogers family mansion.

“Have the invitations been sent out on time!”

A sixty-odd-year-old old man was standing in the middle of the manor as he asked a middle aged man coldly

“Yes, all of them have been sent out. Even Mr. Johnston, who had just only returned to San Joto, is not left out. Don’t worry, Father.”

When he mentioned Jared, a look of disdain appeared in the middle-aged man’s eyes.

That did not escape Mr. Rogers Sr.’s notice as his somewhat muddled eyes lit up as he took up his walking stick and slammed it against the middle-aged man’s leg.

With that hit, Jallen grunted as his legs felt weak, and knelt on the ground.

He dared not fight back against the punishment his father had meted out but instead only looked at the latter in confusion as he secretly clenched his fist.

“Father, why are you punishing me?”

He had done everything the old man had asked him to. “This old coot is damn difficult to please,” he thought.

A gloom then swept across Jallen’s eyes.

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### Chapter 135

Mr. Rogers Sr. looked at his seemingly well-behaved son and said coldly, “How many times have I told you, never underestimate anyone! If you dare to show that sort of look at Mr. Johnston again before me, you can forget about those legs of yours!”

Jallen bowed his head and said respectfully, “Yes, Father.”

It was only then that Mr. Rogers Sr. nodded with satisfaction. He still needed his son of his to preside over the banquet later, and that was why he held back. “Get up. By the way, have you managed to contact the famous doctor that I asked you to? Have you sent him an invitation yet?”

When Jallen heard that, he frowned. “Father, I’ve asked our technicians to investigate that famous doctor you mentioned. There’s no such person across Hustuaburg. Were there any mistakes with the information you had?”

When Mr. Rogers Sr. heard that, he exploded into anger. “You’re useless! How dare you

question me? Do you think that now I’ve delegated some authority to you, you can afford to not listen to me? You probably didn’t even conduct a proper search! I don’t believe the hackers you hired are all that useless! Let me tell you this: since I gave you the authority, I can also take it back at any time. Don’t you dare rest on your laurels!”

When Jallen heard that, he was so terrified that his soul temporarily fled his body. He immediately fell to his knees. “Father, I’ve really tried my best to search for him! But that person’s information seemingly just vanished into thin air, as if he had never appeared in Hustuaburg before. None of my men could find any tracks at all, and all those top-level hackers say that there’s no such person!”

When Mr. Rogers Sr. heard that, his expression not only did not improve, but he became even more gloomy. He touched his ring finger as his voice trembled a little. “No

more delays. No matter where he is, you must find him for me! Or else I'll get Christopher's help instead. You hear me?"

Jallen immediately responded, "Yes, Father! I'll get them to search day and night. I'll give you an answer within a week's time!"

Mr. Rogers Sr. waved his hand. "Go then. Go and check how our guests are doing."

Jallen nodded quickly as he got up and went to the front hall to entertain the guests. Seeing Jallen leaving, Mr. Rogers Sr. stood there as his frail and pale body trembled uncontrollably as if he was a piece of withered leaf in the wind.

All the servants looked at one another, not knowing if they should step forward or not. Suddenly, a person came out from the crowd and steadied Mr. Rogers Sr. as he patted the latter on the back. "Father, what's wrong?"

Mr. Rogers Sr. grabbed his hand. After some difficulties, he managed to steady his breathing." Shawn, I'm fine"

The anxious expression on Shawn's face did not seem to be fake as he held onto Mr. Rogers Sr. His tone became a little heavier. "Father, you're this sick, and you're telling me you're fine? What did our doctor say? I know a very famous doctor; I'll get him to check up on you tomorrow..."

Before Shawn could even complete his words, Mr. Rogers Sr. interrupted him. "Shawn, the banquet is about to start. Help me over." Shawn looked somewhat disapprovingly at him, "Father, your body is already like that. There's no need for you to personally appear in this banquet!"

Mr. Roger Sr. looked at his youngest son, whom he doted on the most, and then said slowly." All of the leading families are here. This is the best opportunity for me to introduce you to them. Shawn, let's not delay."

It only then did Shawn reluctantly help Mr. Rogers Sr. to the front hall. In a corner that the latter could not see, a hidden smile appeared on the corner of Shawn's lips. Shawn was Mr. Rogers Sr.'s illegitimate son, who was only eighteen years old this year. He was only recently recognized and returned to the family. Yet he had two elder brothers and one sister above him, and they were not shy about making their opinions known to him.

Fortunately for him, Mr. Rogers Sr. placed great importance on him. The latter knew his time was running out, so he was doing his best to pave the way for Shawn. Although he could never be the master of the Rogers family, what Mr. Rogers Sr. prepared for him was enough for him to live without any worries for the rest of his life.

But he had been suffering from his mother for ten odd years now, and when he finally came to the Rogers household, he could only get a small portion of their massive wealth. How could Shawn take that standing?

He had secretly instigated his father against his two elder brothers. His sister was already married and so was already separated from her father long ago. Now in the Rogers family, Mr. Rogers Sr. only trusted him alone.

As he held Mr. Rogers Sr. by his side, he took the latter's hand as Mr. Rogers Sr. delivered the speech, thanking everyone for attending the banquet. He then heard the latter introduce him to the guests, and as the dignitaries raised a glass for him with a respectful look, Shawn felt good

'He should be the center of everyone's attention, being looked at in envy and awe!'

'These were what the Rogers family owed him!'

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The two arrived at the front hall, and the people around them walked over to toast them. Barely a few came in Mr. Rogers Sr. was already a little tipsy. Shawn looked on coldly at his trembling hand, yet he did not say anything, nor did he stop him. Mr. Rogers Sr., however, noticed that and quickly brought Shawn over to Jared as he said, "Mr. Johnston, this is my youngest son, Shawn. Shawn, say hi to Mr. Johnston!" Shawn had noticed this man a long time ago. Since the beginning, there were more people on that person's side than those around the birthday star, Mr. Roger Sr., and he did not know who that person was. 2

When he heard Mr. Rogers Sr. introduced the man like this, Shawn immediately responded, "Hello, Mr. Johnston. Thank you for taking the time to attend our humble banquet. It is an honor!"

Jared looked at that well-rehearsed yet still distant platitudes with not many emotions in his eyes. "Mr. Rogers Sr., It's about time now. If there's nothing else, I'll take my leave first."

The Johnstons were sitting opposite him, and Murphy was eyeing Jared all this while. Seeing how popular the latter was, Murphy was close to crushing the glass in his hand. He then pretended to act like he had just seen Jared as he got up. "Jared, long time no see. I never thought that you're still as uncouth as usual."

They were both members of the Johnston family, and he was the elder cousin, yet he was nowhere as popular as Jared was, and that was a tough pill to swallow.

Max frowned as he looked at Murphy. He then turned toward Jared, and sure enough, a layer of frost seemed to have formed on Jared's face. The chill emanating from him was terrifying.

His pair of crystal-clear eyes had a totally indifferent look in them. As he looked at Murphy before him, his eyes were like the endless night, his thoughts indiscernible.

"Murphy, I really did not expect you to show your face in front of me."

As he said that, Jared's lips suddenly raised as his entire expression changed, with a faint tinge of puzzlement in it.

"Does your right hand not hurt anymore?"

When Murphy heard that, his eyes shrank by reflex as his hand holding the wine glass convulsed, causing it to shatter against the ground. Each piece of the glass fragments reflected the horror in his eyes,

'It was him!'

Murphy trembled as he pointed at Jared. "It... it was you!"

Jared stood up gracefully, a layer of frost seemingly formed in his eyes. He had the most

handsome of faces, yet he was nothing but a demon in Murphy's eyes, causing the latter to stagger backward and wish that he could just flee.

"Jared, just you wait! My brother is coming back to San Joto soon, and he'll teach you a lesson then!"

As if not even hearing the threats, Jared picked up his coat as he did not even deign to cast a glance at Murphy. He then turned to Mr. Rogers Sr. and nodded slightly. "I wish

you a long and prosperous life. I'll take my leave now."

When Shawn saw that Jared did not seem to even look at him, he clenched his fist as a dark current formed in his eyes.

Mr. Rogers Sr. looked at Jared. He wanted to say something but stopped.

Suddenly a familiar voice came from behind. "Mr. Johnston, you are sure in a hurry."

Shawn looked over and was taken aback.

The person who appeared was extremely handsome and gentle, and who could it be but Harvey. Beside him was Mr. Wyance, and at this moment, he was nodding and greeting people who recognized him.

Mr. Rogers Sr. let out a smile. "Master Harvey, Mr. Wyance. Both of you have come."

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### Chapter 137

Harvey gave Mr. Roger Sr. a respectful handshake, and like performing a magic trick, he pulled out an intricate-looking box. "Mr. Roger Sr., the elders in my family, are busy, so they've gotten me to pass on this small gift to you. If you would."

Mr. Rogers Sr. was not feeling well, and as he heard that, he nodded, asking Shawn to receive the gift in his stead.

After Harvey greeted Mr. Rogers Sr., he turned his gaze toward Jared, his smile was like a spring breeze, and one could not sense any hostility in it.

"Mr. Johnston, today's Mr. Johnston's jubilee. Leaving just like this isn't good optics."

Jared had initially just ignored him. Seeing that Harvey spoke, he stopped as he gave the latter a glance. "These are words that should be said by the Rogers. What do you mean by that?"

Noticing that the two young men were at each other's throats, Mr. Rogers Sr. felt like even his soul got a violent jolt. Upon hearing what Jared said, he immediately interceded. "Mr. Johnston, please treat this place like your home. You can come and go as you please. You don't have to worry too much."

When Shawn heard him say that, the look in his eyes changed as he looked at Jared.

Mr. Rogers Sr. was a difficult person to talk with, even with him around. After all, the Rogers family was one of the top wealthy families in San Joto, and Mr. Rogers Sr. was also the actual steward of the Rogers family. Everyone had always paid reverence to him, and Shawn had never seen the latter treat someone with such caution before.

As he looked at both Harvey and Jared, he silently swallowed his saliva.

'Who are these two exactly? And what sort of background they have?'

Just as Mr. Rogers Sr. was about to speak, another crisp and beautiful voice suddenly came from upstairs.

"Grandpa, Mr. Johnston had only just arrived. How can you chase him away?"

Everyone's eyes fell upon the girl who walked down from the second floor. She was wearing a yellow dress, and one could tell that she was dolled up for the occasion.

Although she was beautiful, the makeup was heavy and did not look all that natural.

Even Murphy, who was about to slink away, also stopped as he could not help to be enchanted.

Mr. Rogers Sr. looked at the girl upstairs, and the look in his eyes mellowed.

“Lyana, lassie. I’m not chasing Mr. Johnston away. How can you say that?” Mr. Wyance was speaking with Mr. Rogers Sr. at that moment. When he noticed the latter’s gaze shifted toward the girl who had spoken earlier with a proud look in his eyes, he could not help but let out a dry cough. “Mr. Rogers Sr, this is?”

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Jallen immediately reacted and called Lyana over. “Mr. Wyance, this is my daughter, Lyana. Lyana, come and greet.”

Lyana walked over and gently nodded at Mr. Wyance. “Hello, Mr. Wyance.” Immediately after, she exchanged a few words with Jallen and walked toward Jared’s direction.

As they watched, the Rogers family tried to appease Jared, Damien, and Miley, who had come to attend the banquet and had a bitter look on their face. Although they could throw their weight around within the Riddle household, they were nothing before outsiders.

They were not even comparable to a junior like Jared. When they recalled that he was also Nicole’s fiancé, they felt extremely displeased. But there was no other way as Miley was only a daughter of a Rogers branch family, and the branch family was not on good terms with Mr. Rogers Sr. It took a lot of effort for them to get an invitation from the Rogers family, yet they could not even exchange more than a few words with Christopher.

Damien could not hold on any longer as he walked toward Jared and handed the latter his name card. “Hello, Mr. Johnston. I’m Damien Riddle of the Riddle family. You must’ve heard of my name before.”

## My Wife is a Hacker Chapter 138

### Chapter 138

Upon seeing a Riddle, there was a tinge of color in Jared’s eyes, but he still did not show much enthusiasm

After all, he had heard from Nicole that her uncles had quite a turbulent relationship with her family

Damien had been in this circle for so long now and knew very well what the latter’s indifference meant. Since Jared had already received his name card, he had no need to keep bothering him.

Although the Riddle family was an established family in Northon, as time passed, it seemed like it was very difficult for them to get into such top societal circles and gatherings. They could not afford to coil around Jared so shamelessly anymore.

But Miley was a little anxious. When she found out that Jared was engaged to Nicole, she was extremely shocked.

Now that she had seen Jared, with his money and status, even the Rogers family had to pay respect to him. ‘If my daughter can supplant Nicole’s place and marry Jared. Who will dare to look down on me ever again?’

It was a pity that her daughter was still busy with her drafts. She had no idea whether the latter had the time or not. But after some thought, she still secretly sent a message

to Chloe, hoping that she could come.

At this moment, standing by Jared's side, Lyana looked like she was accompanying her grandfather, but only Jared was in her eyes.

Mr. Rogers Sr. smiled as he looked at his most beloved granddaughter as he said gently, "Lyana, this is Harvey Ellison, the young master of the Ellison family. He is also the heir appointed by Ole' Ellison. As for this man."

He turned around and looked at Jared, "I suppose you already know him, am I right?"

A look of slight embarrassment appeared on Lyana's face as more emotions appeared in her eyes as she went, "Grandpa, what are you talking about?"

When the people at the table saw this scene, they all tacitly laughed.

It was said that the young lady of the Rogers family returned to Hustuaburg for this young man of the Johnston family. It seemed like the rumors were true.

Everyone was speculating hard, yet Jared's still had an impassive look on his face. It was as if Lyana did not exist in his eyes as he looked at his watch with some disinterest.

There was no one here that piqued his interest. Boring

Harvey noticed Jared's rather impatient look. The smile in Harvey's eyes deepened.

"Mr. Johnston, since Ms. Rogers is already here, shouldn't you accompany her for a while? Even if you have something on, it shouldn't be that much of a hurry."

'No matter how close Jared and Nicole were, their backgrounds were totally different, and Lyana was the best choice for him...!

'And if he gets together with Lyana, then Nicole is as good as mine!' He thought.

Harvey's words made everyone look at Jared, and the eyes of many men were full of envy.

One needed to know that if a person obtained the favor of the young lady of the Rogers family, then that meant that the person got the backing of the entire Rogers family. This

Mr. Johnston sure was blessed.

Murphy, who originally wanted to slip away, too looked at Jared. The look of reluctance and

disgust in his eyes was almost overwhelming.

He had liked Lyana for a long time now, but she had never even deigned to look at him since she was a child!

When he looked at Jared, who was totally nonchalant about it, a surge of hatred rose in his heart.

'Why did Grandpa like this mongrel more than me? Why does my goddess like him more than me!' He seethed.

Murphy was both fearful and angry at the same time, yet the pressure Jared cast on him overshadowed his resentment of the woman he liked being taken away from him. So, he just sat there and dared not create trouble.

Max was also keeping an eye on Murphy on the opposite side and only looked away after seeing that the latter did not do anything funny.

Harvey waited for Jared to respond, yet the latter did not even react at all. The only reason he did not leave was because of him giving face to Mr. Rogers Sr., and it had nothing to do with Lyana at all.

Lyana, on the other hand, was already used to his indifference. She sat down beside him and looked gently at Jared as she said, "Mr. Johnston, do you still remember me? We've met once at Mecrounia before, and you had just become the

representative of Mecrounia's conglomerate to give a speech at my school. I've even asked you three questions."

Jared frowned a little. He only remembered that the speech at Loch Penn University in Mecrounia was only held because a professor friend had insisted his going, and there was someone there who asked three extremely stupid questions there.

When he recalled that, he raised his eyes slightly to look at Lyana.

"Ah, so it was you."

Max also remembered the scene at that time. After all, he did not expect anyone to ask something so basic and foolish in such an event. However, they just thought that the girl was just stupid, but they did not expect her to be premeditatedly stupid.

When he thought of this, Max could not help but look at Lyana with a trace of disdain.

Lyana mistakenly took that for Jared having some impression of herself and was extremely happy. "I knew that you must've remembered me!"

Mr. Rogers Sr. also said happily, "I never thought that the two of you have already met. If that's the case, the two of you can have a chat. I'll go see to other guests."

Just as he was about to turn around, Jared slothfully said, "No need, I don't really know Ms. Lyana here."

He gave Harvey a faint look, a very shallow glance, but Harvey could feel the danger hidden within that gaze.

Mr. Roger Sr was taken aback for a bit, and just as he was about to say something, his phone softly rang.

This was a notification for certain special people. He took out the squarish black phone, and his expression changed immediately when he saw the content.

"Enjoy yourselves, everyone. I'll head out for a bit."

Seeing the expression on the old man's face, Shawn knew that Mr. Roger Sr. was in a hurry, so he quickly said, "Father, let me help you."

Seeing that Mr. Rogers Sr. leaving in such a hurry, everyone left behind had a thoughtful look on their faces. 'Who could that person be for Mr. Rogers Sr. to show such an expression?'

Outside the Rogers manor, Nicole stood outside with an impassive look on her face.

Next to her were two bodyguards who were stopping her from entering.

She had received a late-minute message on her phone, asking her to take something to the Rogers manor to extend well wishes to Mr. Rogers Sr. on his birthday.

They were not in San Joto, and while they had received the invitation, they were unable to immediately deliver it to Nicole.

Seeing that she was unable to produce the invitation, the two bodyguards looked contemptuously at her dress. It was neither branded nor did she look like a daughter of any high houses. So, they were sure that she was here to try to garner favors.

A bodyguard said disdainfully, "Look over there. Those people are here to curry favor. How about you form a group with them?"

The other bodyguard added, "Better not. Those are also figures in San Joto, but they are not worthy enough to receive an invitation from the Rogers family, so they can only gather outside to listen. She is just a person hoping to latch herself onto the rich, and she's not even aware where she stands."

## **My Wife is a Hacker Chapter 139**

## Chapter 139

The two looked on at Nicole as they started laughing sarcastically.

Nicole had an indifferent look as she looked on impassively at the two bodyguards.

In her eyes, the two of them were nothing but clowns.

Seeing her reaction, the two bodyguards looked at each other, and the one on the right laughed first, "Girl, seeing that you are quite pretty, how about you follow me. I cannot guarantee you much, but I can at least guarantee you a position at the gate of the Rogers' manor. How about that?"

Hearing that, Nicole looked at him, a cold glint flashing past her eyes. Yet, the bodyguard felt a chill down his spine and thought it was just an illusion.

He did not want to admit that he was scared by a little girl, and so his embarrassment turned into fury. "Know your place, girl! Don't you know who the master of this place is? If you dare cross me, I'll make you crawl for the rest of your life!"

It only then did Nicole take a proper measure of him. Her face was still frosty cold, her tone soft. "You?"

Seeing that a girl looked down on him, the bodyguard was so furious he held his hand out to hit Nicole. "You asked for this!"

A cold look appeared in Nicole's eyes as she stretched her left hand out and easily swept the bodyguard's fist aside, and a crisp crack later, the bodyguard's face suddenly turned pale.

Nicole had straight-up dislocated his right hand!

At this moment, Mr. Rogers Sr., who had gotten the message, came over, and he saw Nicole had already broken his bodyguard's arm and was stunned!

'Are those people on that side all like this?' he wondered.

'Are they all young, beautiful girls?'

Seeing Mr. Rogers Sr. walking over, the bodyguard was overjoyed as he shouted at the former, "Mr. Rogers Sr., you are here. This girl tried to force her way in without an invitation, and when I tried to stop her, she dislocated my arm".

As he said that, he looked on triumphantly at Nicole as if he could already see the scene of Mr. Rogers Sr. admonishing her.

Yet, Mr. Rogers Sr. stepped forward and gave that bodyguard a brutal slap on the face!

"You imbecile! Who asked you to stop her?"

He then looked at Nicole with a very gentle smile, as if he was a very gentle senior.

"Miss..."

Come on in. The banquet has already started."

When the two bodyguards saw this scene, both were terrified out of their wits.

This Nicole girl was a person that Mr. Rogers Sr had to welcome in person!

Shawn, who was by Mr. Rogers Sr.'s side, looked at Nicole in surprise, seemingly did not expect her to be so important in his father's eyes.

'But by her looks, she was clearly just an ordinary person!' he thought.

Nicole frowned a little. She was here just to deliver the item and did not intend to join the banquet.

But as she looked at Mr. Rogers Sr.'s face, her gaze sharpened a little.

"Have you come into contact with any special plants recently?"

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Mr. Rogers Sr.'s hand paused for a moment, seemingly confused as to why she would ask such a question. However, he still answered, "No, I've been ill of late, and I've not left the house for a long time now."

When Shawn heard Nicole asking that, a look of astonishment flashed across his eyes. Nicole nodded as she followed Mr. Rogers Sr. inside. Her eyes were locked onto his face and the back of his ears. And seemingly as if she noticed something, her gaze deepened somewhat.

She also noticed Shawn was looking at her from time to time, and that brought some thoughts to mind.

Mr. Rogers Sr. brought Nicole to the front hall with a genial attitude, like a senior performing his expected responsibilities, and just as they were about to enter the door, he asked Nicole, "Miss, what is your name?"

Nicole looked at him and saw the querying intent in his eyes. "Nicole Riddle."

She did not have anything to hide. After seeing her face, with these people's movements, they will find out who she was soon enough.

Mr. Rogers Sr. tried to recall if there was such a family in Northon and could not think of any. Only then did he smile somewhat regretfully. "A good name indeed."

Shawn pushed the door open, and the eyes of everyone inside the room looked over.

When Nicole was just about to step in, she had already caught several gazes. She paused for a moment but still walked in very calmly.

'Since I'm already here, I cannot falter.' She thought to herself.

Inside the hall, Harvey was the first to notice Nicole and was quite surprised.

'Nicole actually came to attend Mr. Roger Sr.'s banquet?' He wondered to himself.

'What was going on? This is a banquet that ordinary celebrities cannot even attend.'

'Yet, Nicole is just some girl. Not only did she come alone, Mr. Rogers Sr. even went to personally receive her?'

He looked on at Nicole's impassive face in astonishment as the smile in his eyes slowly disappeared.

'This Nicole, she sure knows how to surprise me.'

He could never figure out where will she suddenly appear.

This made him quite irritable, as he was someone who had always been able to control and master the situation.

Damien's eyes widened as he could not believe the sight of Nicole standing behind Mr. Rogers Sr. He almost wanted to yell. "Miley, look! Isn't that Nicole?"

Miley looked up and immediately saw Nicole. At this moment, Nicole was led by Mr. Rogers Sr. toward the center of the circle of prominent people.

Everyone looked at her in shock, but Nicole herself was calm, as if this was something ordinary

When she saw this, Miley was so shocked her phone fell to the ground.

'Why is Nicole behind Mr. Rogers Sr.?'

Both Damien and Miley had to kneel and beg to finally receive an invitation to the Rogers banquet.

'For them to expand so much effort to be invited to this banquet, only for them to see that Nicole walked in just like that. She was not only late, but she even got Mr. Rogers Sr. to personally receive her!' 'What the hell is going on?'

## My Wife is a Hacker Chapter 140

### Chapter 140

Both Damien and Miley looked at Nicole as they watched her sit down at the table filled with prominent people. However, their status meant that they could not go there at all. Otherwise, they would have gone over to question Nicole!

'Why did she not tell us that she knew Christo Rogers?'

Yet the two of them never thought that they were the ones who looked at her with disdain when she first returned. Now that even the master of the Rogers master was treating Nicole so respectfully. What was going on?

Could it be that everyone already knew that she was Jared's fiancé?

'Must be that!' Otherwise, they cannot figure out how a person like Nicole could get involved with such an elite circle.

Nicole did not know that Damien was here. After all, the two were seated very far back. Seeing that Mr. Rogers Sr. got her to sit at this place, and then seeing a few familiar faces before her, she impassively chose a position away from them and stood for a while, showing no intention to sit.

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Jared was watching Nicole the moment she came in, and the light in his eyes was indiscernible. One could not tell what he was thinking, and when he saw her pretending to not know him, his eyes dimmed as he said, "Come here."

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Yet, another voice called out to her at the same time. "Nicole, over here."

It was Harvey.

Jared did not even look at him, but his gaze was frighteningly chilly. :

Everyone saw that the two spoke at the same time, and the person they were speaking to be the girl Mr. Rogers Sr. had brought in. All of them then cast an astonished look at her.

'Who the hell is this girl?' They wondered.

Lyana, too noticed the strangeness in Jared. After Mr. Rogers Sr. left, Jared had not spoken a word with her at all. Neither did he give her a glance. This was the first time she felt that she had fallen into an ice cavern.

When she looked at the beautiful girl her grandfather brought in, a look of jealousy slowly spread across her eyes.

She had never seen Jared treat a lady in such a domineering manner.

For Jared, she must be a very special person.

Nicole did not respond. The thing she wanted to confirm on the way was almost confirmed, so she took out a gift box from her pocket and handed it to Mr. Rogers Sr.

“This is the gift I was entrusted to give you. Please accept it.”

Everyone here were all celebrities and dignitaries, and all their presents were as large as they could be.

Looking at the simple gift box, all of them cast a disdainful look.

Mr. Rogers Sr., on the other hand, took in with surprise. “Thank you!”

“Mr. Rogers Sr. actually thanked a girl like that so solemnly?”

Everyone else was stunned as they looked at Nicole with complicated looks in their eyes.

They felt that they needed to investigate who this girl was.

Nicole ignored all of that as she casually fixed her hair and said as she looked at Mr. Rogers Sr. “Since I’ve delivered the item, I’ll take my leave.”

“Oh... oh... Alright...” He would stop any other person who tried to leave, but for the girl before him, he dared not say anything else.

“Oh right.” Nicole seemed to have thought of something as she pulled out a black sealed packet from her pocket, seemingly looking like some medicinal powder.

After that, she gently patted him on the shoulder. “I’ll give you this. It should help you with your recovery. I wish you a long, happy life.”

“Really?” Mr. Rogers Sr. had a look of surprise. He never expected this seemingly teenage girl to give him a packet of medicine!

And... the packaging method... was seemingly similar to that famous doctor he was looking for!

Ignoring Mr. Rogers Sr.'s shock, she handed the package to him and said casually, "Just give it a try, and you'll find out. Remember to take in more sunlight."

A complicated look appeared in his eyes as he looked at Nicole, and once again, he solemnly thanked her. "Thank you."

Everyone fell silent, and even Damien and Miley in the distance were dumbstruck. "The patriarch of the Rogers family has always been high and mighty, and here he allowed Nicole to pat him on his shoulder and even thanked her?!"

'Even if it was due to her being Jared's fiancé... That was a little too outrageous!'

Nicole smiled. "You're welcome. I'll go back and work on my exercise questions. Goodbye."

In fact, she just could not be bothered to participate in the dispute between Harvey and Jared. She did not want to draw attention in public and wanted to go back early to rest.

Seeing that she was really leaving, a smile appeared in his eyes,

"Let's go together." He had already planned to leave, and she came just in time.

Lyana looked at Jared beside her and said, "Mr. Johnston..."

Jared pretended like he did not hear her. He had been giving face to Mr. Rogers Sr. when he did not straight up ask her to get lost. Seeing this scene, Mr. Rogers Sr. understood what was up and gave a warning look to his granddaughter.

Everyone looked in shock as Jared wanted to leave with this girl, and they were even more curious about her identity.

But they could only watch as the two just walked out of the main door like that.

Nicole had ignored Harvey since the beginning, and that caused a deep frustration within the latter.

As he stared at their departing silhouette, the warm smile on his face slowly disappeared as he said. "Mr. Wyance, Mr. Rogers Sr., I'll take my leave first."

Looking at Harvey, Mr. Rogers Sr. asked softly, "You know that Ms. Riddle too, Master Harvey?"