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Chapter 1411

With his eyes trained on Luke and his men as they left, restoring the corridor to silence once more, Harvey turned to the bodyguard by the door and said, "Tell Max to beef up the security in this floor, and do not allow anyone else other than the doctor and the nurses to enter."

"Got it," the bodyguard said.

After he had given the orders, Harvey pushed the door open and entered the ward.

Looking at him, Nicole asked, "What happened out there?"

"Nothing much. Are you hungry? Would you like something to eat?" Harvey asked, trying to shift her attention away from the topic.

Nicole could see that he was hiding something, but instead of questioning him further, she replied, "I'm not hungry. Have you had breakfast yet?"

Seeing that Nicole was suddenly so concerned about him, a faint smile appeared on the corners of his lips. "I've eaten already. Don't worry about me."

He was very elated with the fact that Nicole had still found it in herself to be concerned about him, even during a time like this.

"Harvey, please bring me my laptop," Nicole said as she looked at him.

Harvey walked over to the table and picked the laptop up, before handing it over to Nicole. He looked at her as she turned it on, thinking that she was bored and wanted to watch a movie.

"It's good that you are watching some movies to keep your mind occupied. Otherwise, I'll need to think of something to keep you entertained." Harvey smiled and said to her.

Nicole shot him a glance and remained silent as her slender fingers began darting all over the keyboard, producing clacks with every press of a key.

Zeke had not contacted her for a few days now, and she was a little worried for his safety.

After locking onto Zeke's position, she sent him a message. [Are you alright?]

A moment later, Nicole received a reply from Zeke. [I'm fine for now. Almost got caught by those guys last night. Thankfully I've managed to evade them after pulling a few clever tricks.]

[However, I don't think I'll be that lucky next time. Nicole, I'm pretty certain I won't have the chance to work on that mission already. If you have the time, can you help me out and get the badge?]

Zeke had a strange feeling that he had made the wrong decision this time around, and that he would never have a chance to see or acquire that badge again.

Nicole looked at the message that Zeke had sent her and began to ponder, as this was not the first-time he had requested her aid for this mission. 'Should I take on this mission?'

Thinking of Zeke's current situation, she realized that he had ended up the way he did because of this mission. 'Why didn't you listen to me when I spoke to you about it?'

However, Zeke was not in a particularly precarious situation. It was just that he had no way to continue doing this mission. After some thought, Nicole made up her mind.

[Alright. I'll do my best, but you must promise me one thing.]

[Forget one. As long as you can help me procure the badge, I'll promise you a hundred things!]

[Come and collect the badge yourself.]

Zeke looked at the message Nicole had sent him, and his eyes reddened, for he knew what Nicole had meant. [Of course. That's my badge, and I won't be handing it to you like that. Alright, I'll cut things short. I need to get something to eat.]

After sending her that message, Zeke went offline. Nicole then found Zeke's mission details and began to peruse it carefully, so much so that she did not bother to respond to Harvey when he spoke to her.

Seeing that Nicole was so engrossed in what she was doing, Harvey thought that she was watching a very interesting movie, so he got up and went over, trying to have a peek.

However, before he could do so, Nicole shot him a frown and asked, "What are you doing?"

Being stared at so sternly and suddenly by Nicole caught Harvey off guard, and he swallowed before saying, "I'm just wondering what movie you're watching."

"I'm not watching a movie. You've been here for a while now. It'd be better if you go home and do what you need to do," Nicole said, not wanting anyone to get in the way of her rest, as well as Jared's.

Judging from Nicole's tone, Harvey knew that she really wanted him to leave, so he could only flash her an awkward smile."

Alright, I won't disturb you anymore. I'll come back to visit you again another day."

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After he had finished his sentence, Harvey walked out of the ward.

Nicole, sensing that she had upset Harvey with her curt remarks, immediately called out to him.

"Harvey."

Harvey whirled around and looked at Nicole. "What's the matter?"

"Can you bring me a bowl of soup from the Blue Whale Cafe the next time you visit us?" Nicole said in a somewhat bashful way.

A surge of warmth kindled Harvey's heart, and a smile crossed his face as he agreed. "No problem."

And after he had said that, he left the ward.

Once Harvey had left, Nicole looked at Jared, who was still lying quietly in his bed without displaying any signs that he would be waking up.

Nicole began to pray silently. She could forget about the issue of the lipstick mark on his face. In fact, she would not be mad, let alone stay mad at him, as long as he regained consciousness.

She then center he gaze back on the screen of her laptop. Right now, she wished to help Zeke out by completing his mission. This was something he had always wanted to do, and so, she had to see to it that it was done.

Tuning out all distractions, Nicole began to focus on the mission. Barring the beeping of the vital signs monitor, the only sound that could be heard was the clacking on her keyboard as she typed away.

In another part of the world, Carl was sitting in the central command room, monitoring the various key areas in the production base. The secret organization that had been laying low thus far would not be giving up just like that. Carl thought that they would strike again at any given moment, due to the fact that an advanced droid such as Brave was just all too valuable to them.

Just as Carl was taking a sip of water, the alarm suddenly rang. He immediately looked over. "Situation report!"

"Our base is under attack by an enemy team," his subordinate reported.

"Send our reinforcement to guard the key entry points!" Carl ordered.

"Roger that, Wilco!"

It was then that three more alarms went off.

"We have three separate enemy squads attacking the three other gates!" his subordinate reported.

Carl eyed the surveillance monitor before him and analyzed the situation before giving his combat orders to his subordinates.

It was then that the factory manager, Olaf, rushed to the central command room before asking Carl in an anxious tone of voice, "K, how about we let the Braves engage them on the field if the situation requires it?"

Carl immediately turned around and pondered for a bit. "Yeah, just in case things go south. Take my men and equip the Braves with ordnances."

"Right on it." After getting Carl's agreement, Olaf led the men toward the warehouse.

Carl did not leave the central command. Instead he stayed behind and continued monitoring the combat situation at the various gates.

Through the surveillance monitor, he could see intense fighting transpiring across all four gates, with flashes from the gunfire from both sides illuminating the entire gate area.

Even after engaging Carl's men for about half an hour, the secret organization's blitz did not wane. Though both sides had suffered casualties, the numbers were higher on the enemy team.

Just as Carl was about to deploy the special strike force to snipe them from the various vantage points, the attacks suddenly abated.

'What's going on? Why are they retreating, all of a sudden? Could they be backing off to regroup after failing to capture the points?' Carl thought to himself.

Then, he brushed the thought off and ordered, "Send the wounded to the lounge area and patch them up."

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"Rotate the squads manning all the four gates. Let our comrades who've just engaged in battle recover."

"Roger that." The operator in the central command said, broadcasting Carl's orders as ordered.

After a few minutes, new squads moved in, replacing each and every single one of the men who were involved in the defense effort. In the lounge, the mercenaries who had been involved in the siege were also being treated by the medical team, resting after they had been patched up.

Thankfully, all of them had a Beacon device on their persons, and with them, their wounds quickly recovered. Carl then came over to check on their wounds, and upon seeing that everyone was alright, he became relieved, thanking Nicole in his mind.

Carl then brought the guards around the base for another inspection. As he patrolled, he suddenly spotted a small door that had been left unguarded. Carl immediately walked over to examine it, and just as he was a foot away from the door, he heard footfalls outside. Based on his many years of experience, he knew what to do, and proceeded to make a call at once.

"Get something to barricade this door with." Carl ordered.

His men went on to grab all of the heavy objects that they could find in their vicinity, and placed them against the door, blocking it.

Carl then summoned another man of his, and ordered, "Get a technician here and have the door welded shut"

"Roger that."

Just as the man had taken his tenth step, a loud bang thundered across the room, and the enemy troops stormed in, spraying volleys of lead rounds everywhere. As it turned out, they had blown the door up. Carl responded by leading his men in the retaliation effort, but it was also then that all four gates were under attack once again.

No one had anticipated that their enemies had found an unguarded passage, allowing them to launch another attack on both fronts.

Carl and the goons of the secret organization then engaged in a fierce battle at the small entranceway.

“Enemy contact at the northern entrance on the first floor. We need those on standby to reinforce it at the double,” Carl ordered through the walkie-talkie.

Witnessing the organized assault being launched by the enemy, Carl realized that the siege effort was planned, and that the previous assaults on the four main gates were just a diversion. The main attack had just begun.

He led his men in the counterattack to prevent the secret organization from advancing further, but at this juncture, they were being outgunned and outmatched, forcing Carl and his men to fall back time and again. As Carl retreated, the enemy troops advanced, slowly occupying the factory in an almost mechanical pace.

Suddenly, the news of the main gate being lost blared out from Carl’s walkie-talkie, rendering him helpless and furious.

“Olaf, are you done yet?!” Carl called out.

“Not yet. I still need a bit more time. Hold on for a while longer.” Olaf’s replied, his voice emanating from the walkie-talkie.

“Alright. I’ll give you five more minutes. After that, you’ll have to send in the reinforcements no matter how many units you have equipped!” Carl said, before grabbing his weapon and firing a volley of bullets at the hostiles.

“K, we are on the verge of being overwhelmed here,” Carl’s subordinate reported.

“Hold on for another five minutes. Reinforcements are inbound soon!”

Even after those on standby had joined the battle, they had only managed to push the enemy forces back a little.

Carl did not expect that the secret organization’s attack would be so ferocious this time. Based on his understanding of them, they should not have been able to mount such a potent offense.

Yet, there was no time for him to ponder, for a grenade suddenly came hurtling in before falling to the ground with a clank. Quick on his feet, Carl grabbed it and hurled it away. Thanks to his quick reflexes, he was spared from a gruesome fate.

Just as the enemy troops were about to force Carl into a corner, four Braves suddenly emerged from another direction, their armaments blazing as they methodically surrounded the hostile troops and attacked. With the Braves' intervention, the tables were turned, and Carl led the Braves in the effort to suppress the attackers and push them back. Without any recourse, the troops of the secret organization could only fall back to the door and retreat through it.

After pushing them back, Carl got his men to reinforce and seal the door at once, leaving them to guard it before leading the Braves to the main gates.

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The main gate that had initially been lost to the enemy squad was slowly recaptured following Carl's arrival with the Braves. As the enemy retreated, Carl, who spared no time dawdling, redeployed the defenses at once, with the Braves now manning the gates as well.

After he had made the necessary arrangements, Carl went on to perform a body count. The casualties were much heavier this time, with eight suffering serious injuries and ten being slightly wounded.

Carl immediately ordered his men to deliver the wounded to the lounge to receive medical attention while he and Olaf made their way toward the warehouse where the Braves were stored.

"How many Braves are yet to be equipped?" Carl asked as he walked over with Olaf.

"There are still many more. We need to remove the equipment that were installed with before arming them with weaponry. That is why it is taking us so long," Olaf explained.

"Get more men to help out. I fear that the hostiles will mount another offensive soon again." Carl looked at the Braves as he stepped into the warehouse.

"Understood," Olaf said, before calling more of his staff members into the warehouse.

Back at the ward, Nicole had successfully breached the first layer of defense for the mission, with two more left to crack into. She had initially wanted take a break before continuing, but it was then that a nurse strolled in with a medical cart, and upon seeing that Nicole was on her laptop, she surmised that Nicole was working, and walked over to advise her.

"Miss Riddle, you should be resting up, not working."

Worried that the nurse would see what she was doing, she closed her laptop.

The nurse went on to change Nicole's IV solution before approaching Jared's bed. Along the way, Nicole was observing her every single move. She was always on guard as she had seen too many dirty tricks like this.

Very quickly, the nurse examined Jared, who remained the same as before; he was still showing no signs of consciousness. The nurse then gave Nicole a few more instructions before leaving with the cart.

After the nurse had left, Nicole got down from her bed and went up to Jared's side.

Looking at the unresponsive Jared, she said, "Jared, why aren't you up already? How long do you plan to sleep? Are you trying to slack off here? Are you avoiding work, or are just avoiding me?"

As she stared at the unresponsive Jared, Nicole began a long monologue with him, caressing his hand using both of hers.

Suddenly, when Nicole was not looking, Jared's finger twitched, though this escaped her notice.

Concurrently, the door to the ward swung open, and Martin came walking in. Seeing that Nicole was once again seated by Jared's bedside, talking to the latter, Martin did not bother to interrupt her. He walked in and sat down quietly.

Nicole sensed that Martin was here and immediately turned around to ask, "How long do you think it'll take for him to wake up?"

Martin looked at Jared, who was still lying unconscious on the bed, and pondered for a bit before answering, "Don't worry, he'll regain his consciousness soon enough."

Nicole looked Martin in the eyes, knowing that he was just trying to comfort her. She then looked back at Jared, her hands stroking his.

It was then that Nicole's phone suddenly burred. She picked it up and saw that she had received a message from Carl.

[Nicole. I need a refill for the Beacon. Can you ship them over right away?]

Seeing Carl's message, Nicole knew that he had been attacked, and so, she turned to Martin and asked, "Martin, can you prepare another batch of medical solutions for the Beacon?"

Martin took a glance at her phone and asked. "How much do you need?"

"As much as possible. Send it to this address. ASAP," she ordered.

She had no way to accomplish this herself now and had to hand it over to Martin.

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Noticing that Nicole looked rather anxious, Martin said. "Sure.

Don't worry about it. I'll see to it right now. Just rest up here and wait for my update."

"I'll leave it to you then," Nicole said, giving Martin a look of appreciation

"Yeah," Martin said. "Don't you just sit there all the time. Take care of yourself. He still needs your care."

This was the most he had spoken to her in the past few days.

"I know," she replied. "I'll get back to bed in a bit."

"Alright, I'll go settle that matter then," Martin said, after which he got up and left the ward.

Nicole saw him off, and after talking to Jared for a little while longer, she got back onto her bed. However, instead of resting, she turned her laptop on and continued to crack the codes as required by the mission.

Hours passed, and with her attention all focused on the computer, she did not even realize that it was already dark outside.

It was then that Max pushed the door open and saw Nicole on the computer, prompting him to say, "Good evening, Miss Riddle.

How about catching a break and having some dinner first?"

Max brought her dinner over to her and placed it on the table.

It was only then that Nicole looked at him. "When did you come?"

Max was taken aback for a moment. 'Did she not hear me just now? Seems like Miss Riddle gets too engrossed when she works.'

"I just came in. I've bought you dinner. Here, have a bite." Max replied as she looked her in the eye.

"Oh, okay. Just leave it there first," she said, and continued her task of breaching the cyber defenses.

Max, who did not bother her, went up to Jared's bedside and took a seat to observe the latter. Nicole gave Jared a glance before she centered her eyes on the screen once again.

This time, however, the process of hacking was not as easy as before and took time. She had to proceed very carefully, or else she would trigger an alarm and mess it up for Zeke.

Max stayed in the room for a while, and when it was time for him to leave, he stood up, wishing to bid her goodbye. However, upon seeing that she was as engrossed in her work as ever, he killed the thought, gently opened the door, and left, as he did not wish to disturb her.

When she had managed to crack the second key, she raised her head and looked at Jared's direction, just to realize that Max had already left. It took her aback to think that she did not even realize that at all. Thankfully, Max was someone familiar and trustworthy.

After she had worked for another few hours, she closed her laptop and called it a night. Then, she laid down and fell asleep.

During the night, Nicole heard the sound of a nurse pushing the door open. She took a glance and did not pay too much mind as she then closed her eyes and continued to sleep.

Seeing that Nicole had not woken up, the nurse quietly walked up to Jared and took a look. When she saw that he was not displaying any signs of regaining consciousness anytime soon, she quietly unplugged the power cord of one of the equipment before cautiously making her way to Nicole's side.

When she saw that Nicole was still fast asleep, she took a new bottle of IV drip and exchanged it for her. She took a deep look at Nicole thereafter, before whirling around and making a beeline for the exit.

Just as she was about to open the door, Martin walked in, and the two met at the door.

Martin, who did not recognize the nurse, asked, "Which department are you from? Why have I never seen you before?"

"I'm from the medical department, but I was not in charge of Mr. Jared's room. The nurse-in-charge has fallen ill today, so I stepped in to take over," the nurse said, not daring to look at Martin.

Martin furrowed his brows. 'Why was I not informed that Lilian was sick?'

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“Dr. Wyance, if there’s nothing else, I’ll proceed to the other wards now.”

After she had said that, the nurse walked around Martin and left the room.

Martin turned around and looked at the nurse’s back with some lingering questions in his mind.

“What’s the matter, Martin?” Nicole asked, as she got up to look at the door from which the noises had emanated.

“It’s nothing. You’ve eaten already, right? I’ve only brought you something light.” Martin said, as he brought some food over to Nicole.

Nicole sat up and looked at Martin as she said, “I’ve had dinner already. So, a light meal will just nice.”

After she had spoken, she unconsciously darted her eyes at Jared, and noticed that a red light was emanating from the life support machine. She got out of bed at once, intending to hurry over to where the equipment were installed.

“What are you doing? Your IV is still attached!” Martin reminded upon seeing her springing to her feet like that.

Nicole pulled the IV needle out without saying anything and walked over to Jared. When she was close, she saw that he was pale as sheet, and so, she proceeded to check the equipment. Next to her, and right beside the life support machine was a cord that had been left unplugged and strewn on the floor. With no time to think, she immediately plugged it in again.

She then observed Jared’s condition.

Concurrently, Martin walked over and asked, “What’s the matter?”

“The life support cord fell off.” Nicole looked at Martin with a frown.

“Fell off?” Martin asked, taken aback when he heard that.

“How did the plug fall off? How’s Jared?” Martin at Jared anxiously.

Nicole did not answer him, and went on to observe Jared quietly. After a while, Jared’s complexion returned to normal and it was only then that was she relieved.

“He’s back to normal.” Nicole said.

Martin heaved a sigh of relief. "That's good then."

"Did someone come in earlier?" Nicole asked.

"Earlier?" Martin narrowed his eyes, trying to recall.

"I don't know about earlier but I did run into a nurse just as I came in."

Nicole too recalled that she had seen a nurse walking in while she was in a daze, and the aforementioned nurse was walking toward Jared before coming up to her. After that, she had paid the nurse no mind.

Just as Nicole was recalling that, she suddenly felt dizzy and staggered, almost falling on Jared. Thankfully, Martin was there to grab her before she could.

"What's the matter?" Martin looked at her with a look of worry on his face.

"I don't know. I feel like I am blacking out." Nicole frowned slightly as she shook her head.

"Why would you feel dizzy all of a sudden? Did you overexert yourself today?" Martin asked, knowing that she was using the laptop today, and that she must have been working in secret.

Just as he was asking her, Nicole slouched against him, and after calling her few times without garnering any response, Martin instinctively felt that something was wrong with Nicole. He immediately picked her up and placed her back on her sick bed before examining her.

And the results shocked Martin. "How is she poisoned?!"

Immediately after, he took the Beacon out to detoxify Nicole, before calling the other medical staff members to bring the emergency rescue equipment in.

In the hallway, the doctors and nurses, who got Martin's message, rushed into Jared's ward with medical equipment in tow one after another.

"Hurry, get the equipment ready for emergency rescue! Nicole's poisoned!" Martin ordered without dallying.

Everyone in the room was shocked when they heard that Nicole was poisoned. Under Martin's lead, they fought tooth and nail to save Nicole.

At the same time, Jared's finger twitched again, but no one saw it.

After a long process of expelling the poison from her system, Nicole was finally pulled from the brink of death, and seeing that her vital signs were returning to normal, Martin heaved a sigh of relief.

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He dismissed the rest of the staff, allowing them to rest while he stayed behind to monitor Nicole's condition.

Martin had fortunately brought the Beacon with him, or else the fate that could befallen Nicole would have been unimaginable.

Sitting at Nicole's bedside, he slowly observed her. Time slowly passed and when it was close to midnight, Nicole finally woke up.

"You're awake?" When Martin saw that Nicole finally awake, he became very excited as that meant that Nicole was fine now.

She opened her eyes and saw that Martin was seated by her bed side. To her, his look of excitement seemed a little strange. She wanted to speak but she felt that her throat and mouth were severely dehydrated.

Noticing that, Martin poured her a glass of water and carefully placed a straw in there.

Nicole's thirst was sated after she had taken a huge gulp, and after she had handed the glass back to Martin, she realized it was really dark outside. "How long have I been asleep? And why are you here at this hour?"

"How do you feel?" Martin asked with concern.

"For some reason, I feel lightheaded." Nicole held her head.

"Lie down and rest up then." Martin advised.

Nicole looked at Martin and with her brows raised, she asked, "Wasn't I with you moments ago? I suddenly felt dizzy when I got up, and I don't remember anything that has happened after that.

"Why am I in bed now?"

"You were poisoned earlier. Thankfully I noticed it, or else... Well, what did you eat moments ago?" Martin asked her with a similar look.

“Poisoned?!” When she heard from Martin that she was poisoned, Nicole was in utter disbelief.

“How was I poisoned?” Nicole frowned and started to ponder, unwilling to believe that she had been dosed.

“You were indeed poisoned. Otherwise, I wouldn’t be here until this late.”

“You almost scared me to death when you suddenly stopped breathing moments ago,” Martin said, still fearful when he recalled everything that had happened just now.

“I didn’t eat anything aside from the stuff Max had brought over.” Nicole recalled.

“This one?” Martin walked over to the dining table as he asked.

“Yep.”

Martin took the Beacon to test the food out and found that there were no traces of poison.

He then turned around and said, “There’s no poison in the food.”

“Of course. Why would Max lace the food with poison?” Nicole said with certainty.

“It’s not the food, and you didn’t seem to have come into contact with anything else...” Martin lowered his gaze as he pondered.

“Just lie down first. Try to recall what you’ve come into contact with today or in the past few days that could’ve caused a poisoning.

” Martin said, looking at her.

Nicole leaned herself against the headboard as she tried to recall. Everything she had eaten recently were either brought over by Harvey or Max. The food brought over by the two of them would definitely not be problematic, so the possibility of food poisoning could be disregarded for the time being.

“Martin, I don’t think it’s food poisoning,” Nicole told him with a look of certainty on her face.

Martin then asked in return. “If it’s not food poisoning, what do you think caused the poisoning then?”

“Could I have been poisoned by drugs?” A thought suddenly occurred in Nicole’s mind and she blurted it out.

Martin locked eyes with her. “Drugs? You’ve been using the same IV drip for the past few days and it’s my own prescription, so there shouldn’t be a problem.”

Martin was dead serious. How could he ever hurt Nicole?

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“You misunderstood me. I’m not suspecting you. Perhaps there were things that we might’ve overlooked.” Nicole continued her attempts to recall as she spoke.

“Right, when I came in, there was a nurse who was about to leave your room. I’ve never seen the nurse before, and she said she was standing in for Lilian.” Martin suddenly remembered.

“A nurse?”

“Yes. Did you know what she was doing inside your room?” Martin asked as he looked at Nicole.

Nicole tried her best to recall and after a while, she said, “I remember that the nurse came in to have a look at Jared before changing my IV drip. The procedures were as usual. I don’t remember seeing anything particularly suspicious.”

“That’s strange. What could it be then...?” Martin began to ponder.

“Wait, no!” Nicole cried out, having suddenly recalled something.

“What’s the matter?” Martin looked up at Nicole.

“After the nurse left, you came in, and I found that the plug on Jared’s life support machine had fallen off. Normally, a plug that has been secured would not fall out like that if no one had touched it!”

“And then the nurse changed my drip...”

Thinking of this, Nicole’s eyes narrowed as she looked up at the IV drip stand.

“Where’s the previous drip bag?”

“Over there. I changed it when I was performing emergency rescue.” Martin quickly brought the IV bag over to Nicole.

Nicole looked at the drip bag and could not see anything unusual from the surface.

Handing the bag over to Martin, she ordered, "Send it for a toxicology test. Perhaps we'll find out what's going on once the results are out."

Martin looked at Nicole and instantly understood what she meant. "Alright, I'll send it to the lab right now."

Martin turned around and left with the drip bag. After he had left, Nicole got down from her bed and walked toward Jared's, as she was feeling much better now.

She sat down beside him and inspected the instruments. Once she saw that nothing was amiss, she then turned toward Jared.

"Aren't you going to wake up already? Did you know that something almost happened to you today? Thank goodness I noticed it first, or else you'd have..."

"Anyway, just open your eyes soon, okay?"

"Nicole! There's something wrong with this drip bag!" Martin rushed over with the toxicology report and saw her sitting beside Jared's bed.

"Wait, why are you out of bed?" Martin asked with concern.

"I feel much better now. What were you saying about the IV drip?" Nicole asked.

"After we have tested the contents of the bag, we discovered that there was a slow-acting, lethal poison in it!" Martin said with a grim look on his face.

"As expected!" she cried out.

Even though she had expected that this would be the case, it was still quite harrowing to hear it for herself.

"It looks like it can only be the nurse's doing." Nicole narrowed her eyes.

"It must be her then," Martin concurred.

"I'll go look for her right now!" Martin said as he got up, wishing to look for that nurse.

"She would've fled long ago, so forget it," Nicole said. "Martin, I didn't see how she looked like. You ran into her. Do you remember her face?"

"She was wearing a mask at that time, so I could only see her eyes. Her eyes were deep with double-eyelids... She also looked like she was wearing a pearl earring." Martin said, attempting to recall.

"A pearl earring?" Nicole asked.

“Right. I felt that something was weird back then. How could a nurse be wearing such a big earring? Now that I think of it, she’s no nurse at all. Gosh, I’m such an idiot!” Martin sighed while blaming himself.

After all, the culprit was right there, standing before him, and yet he could not tell at that time.

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“You’re not at fault. No one expected this to happen,” Nicole said, comforting him.

“Thank god you were alright,” Martin said. “Or else, what do I even tell Jared later?”

“Alright, alright. Go to the security room. Check and see how the nurse left the hospital. She’d definitely have revealed herself after leaving this place,” Nicole told Martin.

“I’ll go look into it right away,’ he said.

“Okay.”

At noon, during the very next day, Harvey bought a meal from the Blue Whale Cafe and visited Nicole. As he opened the door with the meal in hand, he saw Nicole and Martin talking about something.

When the two saw him walking in, they stopped.

Nicole looked at Harvey and asked, “Uh, why are you here?”

Harvey lifted the food and flashed it before her. “Didn’t you say you wanted to eat something from the Blue Whale Cafe? I went there to get some takeout before I came here. Want to give it a try now?”

“Thankyou. Just leave it there first,” Nicole said.

“Alright.” Harvey placed the lunch box on the small table by Nicole’s bed before looking at the two.

“With this footage, leave the rest to me. You still have other things to see to.” Nicole told Martin.

“But you’re really weak now. How are you going to deal with it?” Martin asked with a look of disapproval.

“What are you two talking about?” Harvey walked over and asked.

“Nothing. Let’s have lunch.” Nicole glanced at Martin before walking over to the small table.

Martin looked at Harvey and said, “Nicole, how about we let Mr. Ellison handle this? He’s no stranger to us, and I’m not really keen on letting you handle this.”

“What needs her handling? She’s a patient now.” Harvey looked at Martin with his brows raised.

He did not approve of Nicole needing to handle anything at this moment.

Martin did not tell him about it directly. Instead, he looked at Nicole, as though he was asking her if she wanted to tell Harvey or not.

Nicole then contemplated for a moment, ‘Harvey had been involved previously, and so, there is no need to hide this from him.’

“Here’s the deal. Someone pretended to be a nurse, got into the ward, unplugged the instrument monitoring Jared’s vital signs, and poisoned my IV drip. We…”

Before Nicole could finish, Harvey interrupted her. “Poisoned?! How could that happened with so many bodyguards outside?”

“Are you alright, Nicole?” Harvey, who was shocked, walked over to check on Nicole.

“I’m fine. Thankfully, Martin was around at that time.” Nicole darted Martin a glance.

Harvey also gave Martin a glance before asking Nicole, “Who did this!? The audacity of him!”

“It must be someone that hates me to the bone.” Nicole blurted out.

“Yes, you’re right.” Martin looked at Nicole, having thought of someone from what she had said.

“You mean…” Nicole then thought of someone and could not help but to meet Martin’s gaze.

“What are you two talking about? I’m quite lost.” Harvey said, totally confused.

The two ignored him as they continued, “Seems like there’s no longer any need to investigate. We just need to grab hold of the person to get to the bottom of this.”

A cold glint appeared in Martin’s eyes. It was fine if he was the one who got hurt, but hurting Nicole was something he could never abide.

"I've yet to fully recover, so I'll not able to get that perpetrator myself."

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Chapter 1420

"We can't make use of Jared's men either..." Nicole said as both she and Martin looked at Harvey in unison.

"Why are you looking at me?" Harvey asked, crept out by their gaze.

"You're the only one who can help us with this." Martin looked into Harvey's eyes.

"Help you? With capturing people?" Harvey looked at them with his brows raised.

"Actually, what are you talking about? Can you explain to me?" Harvey asked.

"Harvey, someone attempting to poison Nicole. Do you understand now?" Martin explained.

"I've heard that part, but who are you planning to capture?" Harvey asked, puzzled.

"Him." Martin looked for a picture on his phone and sent it to Harvey's.

"Isn't this..."

"Are you saying that he's the one who poisoned Nicole?" Harvey looked at Nicole with curious eyes.

"He's the only one who has the motive now, and that's why I need you to bring him to us," Nicole said coldly.

"Are you going to interrogate him here?" Harvey asked.

"Of course not. Find an empty room in the suburbs and take him there; I'll interrogate him there. And please, remember not to expose yourself," Nicole reminded him.

"Sure, I'm on it." Harvey then walked out.

When he reached the door, he suddenly stopped and turned to Nicole. "Remember to eat the lunch I brought you."

"Okay."

"Nicole, if Harvey manages to bring him to us, do you really want to perform the interrogation yourself?" Martin asked.

“Of course,” Nicole affirmed.

“All right then,” he said. “I’ll be coming with you.”

Martin knew Nicole’s character. Once she had made up her mind, there was no going back.

“It’s fine. When I’m not around, please take care of Jared.” Nicole looked at him with a stern expression.

Martin obviously understood what Nicole was trying to say, so he nodded in agreement. “Very well then, but you can’t go there alone, either. You should take Kelly with you. It’s best if someone is around if anything happens.”

“It’s fine. Harvey will be there, so you don’t have to worry,” she said.

Then, she looked at Jared. “It’s all set, then. Anyway, we’ve been talking for hours. You should check up on Jared’s condition now.”

“Sure.” Martin walked up to Jared’s bed and proceeded to examine his condition.

“So?” Nicole asked when she saw him putting his stethoscope away.

He shook his head. “Everything’s still the same.”

“Why? Is it because the medicine is not effective?” Nicole looked at the medicine, doubtful of it.

She then took a seat and checked Jared’s pulse.

After some time, she asked, “Martin, can you lend me a pen?”

She took the pen and wrote a prescription on a piece of paper before passing it to Martin. “Can you please follow the instructions and bring me the medication.”

“Are you sure, Nicole? He won’t be able to drink it by himself now.” Martin looked at Nicole with his brows raised.

“Yeah, just do what I say. I have a plan,” she said.

“Fine, I’m on it now. You shouldn’t sit on the floor for too long. Take a rest on the bed.” Martin then left with the prescription in his hand.

Nicole sat next to Jared and began talking to him. Before she knew it, the entire afternoon had passed.

