

MY WIFE IS A HACKER

MY WIFE IS A HACKER CHAPTER 2890

MY WIFE IS A HACKER CHAPTER 2890-Helpless and moved, Patricia massaged her temples and said, “Ellar, you really don’t need to waste your time on me. With your qualities, getting yourself a girlfriend should be a piece of cake.”

“But you’re the only person I want to be with. If I can’t be with you, I’d rather remain single forever!” Ellar stated firmly, his eyes burning with passion and unyielding persistence.

Unable to meet Ellar’s gaze, Patricia blinked and looked away from him.

She had taken care of him at BayCorp for some time now, connoting that she was not completely indifferent to Ellar. However, she also understood that certain things in life were destined to be impossible, with the prospect of getting together with Ellar being one of them, so she dared not lead him on and give him any hope.

Gritting her teeth, Patricia continued to feign indifference.” That’s your business.

It has nothing to do with me.”

After saying that, she picked another file up and ignored Ellar.

Ellar looked at Patricia, his eyes wet and heavy in disappointment.

At this rate, he could only grit his teeth and say, “Alright then. I won’t get in the way of your work. I’ll come over to see you again after six.”

Patricia’s lips began twitching fiercely, but as she was determined not to dignify his words with a response of her own, she remained silent and continued to ignore him.

‘Can’t he see that I’m deliberately keeping my distance from him? Yet, he still had the gall to say he will come over to pick me up after work. What a pain in the rear!’ she fumed.

Ellar walked away, turning back every time he took a step, and once he was out of the door, Patricia finally breathed a sigh of relief. ‘Whatever the case is, at least he is gone for now.’ Shaking her head, Patricia returned to the tasks at hand..

As dusk fell, Nicole and Jared returned to the Riddle residence.

A look of puzzlement crossed Nicole’s face the moment she saw a bunch of construction workers leaving, prompting her to ask, “Mom, what are they doing?”

“The renovation is in order. We’re preparing Stanley’s room so that it’ll be fit for two.” Gloria replied, telling Nicole that everything that had been happening was a matter of course.

Taken aback by what her mother just said, Nicole asked, “Are they getting married already?”

“Didn’t they say they wanted to wait for some time, and that there was no rush for them to get married?” she wondered.

“We’re preparing in advance,” Gloria replied. “They’ll get to decide when they wish to get married.”

Nicole sighed in confusion. “Well, where will Stanley be sleeping, then?”

“In Samuel and Spencer’s old room. He can choose whichever room he wants to spend his nights in. Anyway, his current room will be renovated. He won’t be going back there until he gets married,” Gloria explained with a tinge of amusement in her voice.

“Mom, we are your married sons. Are we kicked out of the house already?”

Samuel, who just so happened to walk in, joked.

Shaking her head, Gloria glanced over at him and retorted, “You have your own place, don’t you?”

“Alright, I get it. I mean, you urged us to get married, but once we did, you just refused to give us the same amount of attention. This hasn’t escaped my notice.

If I had known this, we would have delayed our marriage.” Samuel shrugged, pretending to be hurt.

“If you had delayed your marriage, I wouldn’t have been pressured into getting married either,” Stanley, who had just come in, retorted.

“Hey now. That’s your problem. Don’t pin the blame on me,” Samuel barked back.

Glaring at the bickering siblings, Gloria scolded them, “Why are you all back today? And what’s with all the fighting the moment you entered the house?”

“We heard there’s good news at home, so we came over to have a look.”

Samuel smiled.

The others arrived one after another, and once they were all here, they exchanged glances.

“Where’s Tia?”

“She’s at the back,” Stanley replied.

“Wait, you were the one who took them home, so where are the two little ones?”

Lulu asked in confusion.

Even if Tia had returned to the house at the back where Mrs. Wallace Sr.

resided, Nolan and Lana should have returned by now.

MY WIFE IS A HACKER CHAPTER 2891-“They’re there with her too. Said they wanted to play for a while.” Stanley shrugged.

“Oh.” Lulu turned to look at Nicole. “I suppose Nolan and Lana prefer hanging out with their Aunt Tia.”

“Are you jealous right now?” June smirked and teased her.

Trying to appear as if she was unaffected by June’s remark, Lulu smiled.

“Jealous? Nope. Not to that extent.”

“You’re all our aunts. Of course we like all of you.” Nolan and Lana interrupted while pushing Mrs. Wallace Sr. in.

“Hey, Mrs. Wallace Sr.,” everyone greeted in unison.

“You’re all back,” Mrs. Wallace Sr. replied, and gave everyone present a loving smile.

Once the little ones had positioned Mrs. Wallace Sr. next to one of the couches in the living room, Lulu smiled and looked at them. “You cheeky little ones. You went out there to invite someone over, huh?”

Raising her head proudly and unapologetically, Lana replied, “Yeah, I knew you’re all here the moment I saw your cars.”

“I figured that you all came back here to pay Aunt Tia a visit, so we went to the back to invite great-grandma over,” Nolan echoed.

In Nolan’s understanding, their Aunt Tia could only come over if Mrs. Wallace Sr.

was invited.

“You are really clever.” Lulu nodded, before giving them an affectionate smile.

“I see that everyone is here, so let’s have dinner.” Gloria invited.

Then, the entire family gathered around the dining table and sat down, after which they began eating.

Gales of hearty laughter and joyful chatter filled the room, and before long, the topic of conversation shifted to the new couple of Stanley and Tia, as well as the renovation of the former's room. Feeling a little embarrassed and not knowing what to say, Tia blushed and kept her head down.

Upon noticing how uncomfortable she was, Stanley scooped her some mashed potatoes, and in an effort to calm her down, he whispered, "Don't be nervous."

Though the renovation is happening soon, we're the ones who get to decide when we're both ready to get married."

"Okay." Tia nodded gently, her nerves easing up by a little.

"It's nice that the both of you have chosen to stay at home. You can keep Mom, Dad, and Mrs. Wallace Sr. company, and we can all be at ease." June nodded in approval of their decision.

"Yeah. Besides, Tia isn't totally on board with the idea of leaving Mrs. Wallace Sr. in the care of someone else. Not to mention, I prefer staying here with my parents too." Stanley nodded, having carefully considered this decision.

All of a sudden, the housekeeper came in, her face scrunched up in worry. "Mr. and Mrs. Riddle? Someone sent you a package."

"Who do you think sent it?" Daniel tilted his head in puzzlement. "Who would send a package to us at this time?" "I didn't see anyone. They left right after ringing the doorbell. The moment I opened the door, the only thing I saw was this..." The housekeeper lifted the package up, giving everyone a clear view of it.

"Open it and take a look, then." Daniel motioned, feeling that opening the package delivered to them was the best way to find out what it was.

"Okay." The housekeeper nodded, and marched out of the dining room with the item in hand.

When she walked past Nicole, however, the latter glanced over at her and stood up. "No. Wait a minute."

"Can I help you, Ms. Riddle?" The housekeeper stopped in her tracks and asked.

"Give it to me."

Without further elaboration, Nicole approached the housekeeper, grabbed the package, and pressed her right ear against the box, listening for any sounds that might emanate from within.

All of a sudden, the frown on her face vanished, her eyes widened, and she sprinted out of the house with the package held firmly in her arms.

“What’s going on?” Lulu immediately stood up, about to chase after Nicole.

Her gut feeling told her that Nicole was panicked by what she had just heard, and her strange behavior only served to confirm it. ‘Why did she look like she was in danger or something?’ “Stay back.” Jared flashed his palm to her, stopping her from going after Nicole.

“But…”

Seeing this, Lulu realized that she was right. Something was indeed amiss.

MY WIFE IS A HACKER CHAPTER 2892-“Take care of everyone and make sure they’re safe.” Jared sped off, leaving the words hanging in the air.

Lulu bit her lip as she looked out the window with worry written all over her face.

She had to force herself to calm down, as acting out in a panic would do her no good.

She figured that Jared had ordered her to stay behind because there was nothing she could do to help, and since that was the case, she decided that it would be in everyone’s best interest for her to stay put and ensure that the rest of the family were safe. In all likelihood, there was grave danger involved, or else Jared would not have dashed off while telling her to take care of everyone without further elaboration.

“Lulu? Do you know what’s going on?” Gloria asked, her forehead creased in concern.

The sudden escalation had made everyone realize that something was amiss, giving them an oppressive and lingering feeling of anxiety.

“Oh, since the package was delivered by an unknown sender, Nicole was worried that there might be something harmful in there. Look, I don’t know what’s going on, so let’s ask her when she comes back.” Lulu replied in an attempt to calm everyone, as she had no idea what just happened.

“Why would someone send something harmful to our home?”

” June asked, sensing that something was wrong.

In response, Lulu shot June a look of disapproval and shook her head. ‘Now is not the time to show everyone how smart you are.’ Noticing how grim Lulu’s expression was, June finally realized her mistake. “I mean, why do you think it’s something that’ll hurt us?”

“I’m just saying. It could also be a surprise gift from someone,” Lulu hypothesized, praying that they were overthinking it.

Above anything, she hoped that Nicole would walk out of this unscathed.

Meanwhile, Nicole was still sprinting away from the courtyard with the package in hand.

“Where are you going?” Jared asked, catching up to her.

“Let’s find a large, open space. I don’t know how powerful this thing is.” Nicole swept her glance across the area, hoping to find an open field about at least an acre wide.

Jared narrowed her eyes. “What do you mean?”

Powerful, open space, so this box has a...’ “It could be a homemade bomb,” Nicole replied as she locked her eyes on a patch of empty grassland about a hundred yards down the road.

If the blast radius of this object was just as what she had estimated, it would not reach the Riddle residence or any of the neighboring houses.

Jared nodded, knowing what was going on at an instant. Then, he snatched the package from her and hurried off to the field, panting and huffing.

“Hey...” she stared at her empty hands and ran after him.

“Don’t come over!” Jared flashed his palm at Nicole, not wanting her to follow him.

However, Nicole was adamant on not letting him run off on his own, so she hurried after him, “Let me see the thing first.”

When they finally reached the center of the field, Jared laid the package down and looked at Nicole. “I’ll handle it. Go over there and wait for me.”

“Let’s do it together.” She grabbed his hand, intent on staying with him.

At this juncture, nobody would leave.

Jared issued a sigh of defeat and looked at her. “If it’s a dangerous object, please remember to get out of here right away.”

“Maybe there won’t be any danger,” Nicole said, reaching out to open the package.

As they unwrapped the package, the ticking became even louder and more pronounced, causing her eyes to widen. She had every reason to believe that there was something wrong with the package, chief among them the ticking, which would never be heard in a regular gift.

And after opening the package and getting a peek of its contents, her suspicions were confirmed. It was indeed a homemade bomb.

“We don’t have much time left.” Nicole narrowed her eyes as she watched the countdown.

They had less than three minutes to defuse it.

“Are you going to dismantle it?” Jared asked.

Nodding, Nicole bit her lip. “I’d certainly like to try. If I can dismantle it silently, it will spare everyone from worrying.”

MY WIFE IS A HACKER CHAPTER 2893-Deep down, Nicole knew that letting the bomb go off would be much more ideal than defusing it. This would trick Damien into thinking that his plan had succeeded. The flip side to allowing the blast to occur, however, was that Nicole’s family would be in for a shock of their lives.

And since she did not want her family to think that the blast had affected her, she decided to defuse it.

“I trust that you know what you’re doing, but we don’t have any tools to work with. Can you do it?” Jared asked.

After all, Nicole was once the Turmann family’s chief weapons designer. Thus, defusing a simple bomb would be a piece of cake for her. However, Nicole did not have the tools she needed at the moment, prompting Jared to wonder how it would be possible.

Resourceful as always, Nicole smirked at the look of doubt on him. Then, she pulled a bobby pin out of her hair, and with a slight twist, the pin transformed into a long needle, one end with a sharp, jagged tip.

Pleasantly surprised by what she just did, Jared smiled, shook his head, and asked, “When did you design that?”

“Quite some time ago. Originally, it was meant for selfdefense. I didn’t expect that I can finally put it to good use today,” Nicole answered.

Then, she lowered her head to examine the bomb structure, during which she began thinking about how to defuse it safely and properly. She had less than a minute left on the clock, and so, she had to hurry up. And as expected, with her brain on overdrive, she discovered what she needed to do less than fifteen seconds later.

Smirking, Nicole gave Jared a nod of confidence. “So that’s how it is.”

On the surface, the bomb structure seemed complicated, but it was all just a cover-up. The bomb was constructed with the most basic wiring principles. The wires in question were primed to a charge which would set off once the countdown ended, detonating the block of C4 at the base. Therefore, the solution was simple: sever the wire.

After carefully inspecting the wiring structure of the bomb, Nicole positioned the blade of her makeshift knife near the green wire and severed it.

Tick!

Following a distinct, signature beep, the timer stopped, and the green light on top of the contraption faded into nothing.

“Phew!” Nicole sighed in relief, wiping away the beads of sweat on her forehead.

Thankfully, Nicole’s plan worked as intended. If she failed to defuse the bomb, this could very well be Nicole’s and Jared’s undoing should they not be able to sprint away in time.

Sighing in relief, Jared patted Nicole on the shoulder. “It’s over now. Let’s go home.”

Nodding with a smile, Nicole proceeded to repackage the bomb and followed Jared back to the Riddle residence.

In the dining room, everyone began bombarding the couple with questions the instant they saw them walking in. “What on earth happened?”

“Nothing, really. It was sent to the wrong person.” Nicole casually brushed their concerns off, not wanting to disclose the truth to her family.

“I see,” Lulu played along, understanding that it was just an excuse. “Since you’re fine, let’s have dinner.”

“Yeah, sure,” Nicole replied, and sat down beside Jared.

Nobody else in the family had noticed anything wrong with the couple, so they continued their meal without so much as a mention of the incident. Meanwhile, Nicole and Lulu exchanged glances, knowing what each other were thinking.

Lulu was relieved to know that Nicole had dealt with the problem. As this was neither the time nor place to discuss it, Lulu maintained her silence. However, Nicole and Lulu’s gestures did not escape June’s notice. She, too, had noticed that there was something odd about the situation, but she opted to keep her mouth shut, for she did not want the dinner to devolve into a panicky mess.

After dinner was over, Stanley and Tia proceeded to wheel Mrs. Wallace Sr.

home. Following Spencer and Samuel’s crafty words of persuasion, Daniel and Gloria returned to their rooms too.

“I’ll go check on the kids,” Jared notified her, not wanting to be a part of their conversation.

Then, he went to the second floor.

With only five of them left in the living room, Nicole looked at the other four who were waiting in anticipation. “Yeap. You’ve guessed it already, so I won’t lie to you. In that package was a homemade, improvised explosive. I bet that Damien was the one who sent it to us.”

“Is he out of his mind?!” the others exclaimed, furious and in disbelief.

Their entire family would have lost their lives if Nicole had not discovered the bomb on time. It was clear that Damien was trying to kill them all by sending an explosive to their doorstep.

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Indeed, Damien wanted to take them all down before fleeing the country.

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Indeed, Damien wanted to take them all down before fleeing the country.

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MY WIFE IS A HACKER CHAPTER 2894-June sighed. "He really is off his rocker, isn't he?"

"How did you find out?" Spencer shuddered with horror.

This incident might have escaped their notice entirely had they been totally clueless about Damien's little scheme.

After issuing another sigh, Lulu went on to narrate the entire story of Damien's escape, and Patricia's efforts at tracking him down.

"Thankfully, you're here." June nodded, knowing full well that everyone would have been in grave danger if Nicole was not here today.

"What are you planning to do next?" Spencer asked.

At present, Damien was still on the loose. In addition, he had the backing of someone who wielded great power, so there was still much danger lurking in the dark.

"It's time to wrap things up." Nicole looked up, her eyes burning bright with crimson fury.

"Huh?" the others asked in confusion.

"We're going to seize Damien, or else, he'll be gone before we know it," Nicole declared, her voice dark and deep. 'We will capture both Damien and the man who is backing him up. Getting to the other guy will not be a walk in the park, but it'll be worth our efforts. Perhaps we could acquire intel about the Eastern Falcon from him.' "Strike fast if you're sure about it. We're really worried about you constantly being out of the house."

The very idea of a psychopath like Damien roaming around freely to do as he pleased was nothing short of frightening to the family.

"Okay," Nicole nodded in agreement, knowing that there would be results awaiting her tomorrow.

If they did not seize Damien, there was no telling what else he would do to them. Not only would Nicole's life be at stake; her family's lives would be too, as Damien was determined to obliterate them to satisfy his unbridled, burning vengeance.

After Spencer and Samuel had acquired a complete understanding of the situation, they lowered their heads and sighed. "I have no idea so much has happened."

“I didn’t want you to worry, so I didn’t inform you guys about this,” Nicole explained, her heart heavy with guilt.

For Damien to pull something as heinous and sinister as this was something she did not anticipate.

“Alright then. Let’s bring him to justice!” Samuel fumed.

“Nicole, there’s nothing wrong with the people Charlie has tasked to take care of this operation, right?” Lulu asked.

Being one of the first to be privy to Nicole’s plan, she figured that there was no room for even the slightest of mistakes since they were about to wrap things up.

“It’s fine. There won’t be a problem,” Nicole answered calmly.

By now, Charlie’s operation should be in full swing.

“Glad to hear that.” Everyone sighed in relief and stood up. “Now that we’ve heard it all, we’ll get going first. We’ll wait for your news tomorrow.”

Nicole nodded and gave them a half smile. “Right. Move along. You guys should get some sleep.”

After seeing them off, Nicole went up to the second floor where her room was.

Upon opening the door, she found Jared sitting at the desk with his laptop before him. “Are the kids asleep?”

“Yes,” Jared answered, whereupon he stood up, approached her, and caressed her hair. “You should get some sleep.”

“Yeah, I do feel a little tired,” Nicole sighed.

She had figured that Damien would make a move, but for him to make an attempt at her family’s life was something she did not see coming. It was clear to her now that he was intending to remove everyone and everything that would constitute an obstacle to Everett’s ascent to the top of the Riddle family, paving the way for him to take his place as the head of the family and the inheritor of all of its fortunes.

A glint of irony flashed in Nicole's eyes as she thought about Damien's last ditch sacrifice for his kids. For a man as wicked as he was, he still had it in him to think about those he cared about, as uncharacteristic of him as it was.

Not wanting to stress over the events of the evening, Jared held Nicole's hands and whispered, "Get some good sleep. There will be results tomorrow."

"Okay," Nicole nodded in agreement.

The couple then laid down on their bed, and fell asleep in each other's embrace.

All they could do was wait for their intel to reach them so that they could be one step closer to putting an end to this issue.

MY WIFE IS A HACKER CHAPTER 2895-Dawn arrived eight hours later, with the sun showing its first blossom at seven.

After breakfast, Nicole and Jared got into their car and made their way to Riddle Corporation.

However, Lulu was not the only one waiting for Nicole today, as Spencer, Samuel, and June were there as well.

"Have you heard from your men?" they anxiously asked upon spotting the couple.

"Charlie and Patricia are not back yet," Nicole replied. "Let's wait for them in my office."

"Alright." They nodded in agreement, after which they entered Nicole's office together.

After sitting down, Lulu gritted her teeth and asked, "Why have we not received any news from them? Are they in trouble?"

"No way," Nicole shook her head.

If something had occurred while they were on their mission, they would have gotten wind of it by now.

"Let's wait a moment," June advised in an attempt to calm Lulu down.

Though everyone was worried sick, there was little they could do but wait for word to return to them. The ones whose lives were at stake here were Charlie and Patricia, who were still out there, leading the fight. All they could do now was put their faith in the duo and trust that they would return bearing news.

All of a sudden, a series of knocks were heard at the door.

The instant she heard them, Nicole ordered. "Come in."

The door swung open, revealing Max, who walked in and greeted them. "Mr. and Mrs. Johnston. I hope all is well."

"You're back," Jared said. "Was the operation smooth?"

Nicole was a little shocked by Max's sudden appearance, but judging by the look on Jared's face, he had already known about his return.

"Yes, it was. Everything has been settled," Max said, approaching the couch before handing a file to Nicole. "This is for you, Mrs. Johnston. Zane asked me to send this to you."

IV Surprised, Nicole grabbed the file, and upon reading its contents, she looked up, gritted her teeth, and sighed.

"I knew it," Nicole said, handing the file to Jared.

Jared took the file from her, looked at her, and asked, "Is it about the Water Crest?"

"Yes." Nicole nodded. "You called it."

"The Eastern Falcon had withdrawn from society for years following the failure of their last mission. For them to take on a new mission requires more than a simple monetary reward. Everett must have ignited their ambitions with a grand promise of some sort," Jared theorized.

In that same line of thought, the Water Crest was undoubtedly something that could do the job, as it represented guaranteed prospects of extreme wealth and unchallenged power.

“Let’s not forget about Lawrence. They have contacted Lawrence too. Perhaps they were looking for confirmation,” Nicole said, her gaze icy and dark.

However, the question as to whether Lawrence and the Eastern Falcon had arrived at some kind of agreement was still something they could not answer.

“Mr. Johnston. Are there still no updates from Charlie and Patricia?” Max asked.

At present, Johnston Group’s project abroad had been secured, and Zane’s investigation had yielded solid evidence regarding their enemies’ motives. The only thing left for them to do was capture Damien and the men that the Eastern Falcon had deployed in San Joto.

It was obvious that the individual who had escorted Damien away was an important contact attached to the Eastern Falcon in their San Joto chapter.

Thus, it was possible that capturing him would eliminate what little influence the Eastern Falcon had left in San Joto.

“They’re not back yet, and we’ve not received any sort of news from them thus far,” Nicole replied. ‘Why aren’t there any updates yet?’ Meanwhile, Patricia was carrying a bloodied Charlie on her shoulder as they hurried down the mountain pass.

“Head in there!” Patricia yelled in a panic.

Concurrently, there were also a group of people at the base of the mountain screaming up at them. “Come on, Cap!

Hurry up and get into the car!”

Patricia looked down, and that was when she spotted one of her men inserting his key into the ignition box. Gritting her teeth, she hastened her advance and hoisted Charlie into the car.

“Step on it!” Patricia urged.

Then, the engine roared to life, the rear wheels of the car kicking up bits of mud as they sped off into the distance.

MY WIFE IS A HACKER CHAPTER 2896-Soon, a group of bloodied and battered operatives descended from the ridge, carrying with them a bunch of men whose hands and feet were bound with iron leashes. The latter were none other than Damien and his contacts.

“Cap, will they be fine?” someone asked in concern.

“They will be,” another replied firmly, though his words sounded as if they were said in an effort to reassure oneself.

It was an accident, one that they could never have anticipated. They, too, were praying that an ill-fate did not await them.

Nicole and Jared soon received the news, causing the air in the office to become even gloomier and more suffocating.

“You can relax a little now that we’ve captured them. You guys should leave and get on with your day,” Nicole said to the others.

“Okay, but you should check on them in the hospital.” The others nodded, knowing that there was much to be done without them getting in the way.

“I’m coming with you,” Lulu said, standing up.

Nicole turned to Lulu and nodded. After leaving some reminders to the staff members, Nicole, Jared, and Lulu got into the car and made their way to the hospital.

Upon arriving at the hospital, the group of four got out of the car, and that was when Max said, “Mr. Johnston, I’ll go check them out.”

Knowing that Max would be handling everything for Charlie, Jared nodded and brought Nicole into the hospital building with Lulu in tow.

Max proceeded to visit several of the wards housing groups of bedridden men, and once he was done, he walked out of the building, his eyes gleaming with determination.

Meanwhile, Jared and the others had just arrived at the doorstep of the operating theater. The hallway was unusually quiet and empty, save for Patricia who was standing there alone, motionless and wide eyed as if her

soul had been drained. The second the group saw her, their chests began to tighten.

There was just something heartbreaking about the way she looked.

Hearing a series of footfalls, Patricia spun around, and the instant she saw Nicole, her eyes instantly welled up with tears.

“Mr. Johnston. Ms. Riddle. It’s all my fault,” Patricia choked with tears.

Her heart was crumbling in remorse, for Charlie would not have sustained critical injuries if he had not attempted to save her.

Looking at Patricia, whose clothes were soaked in dried blood, Nicole patted her back in an effort to comfort her. “Don’t worry. He’ll be fine.”

“He was terribly hurt. He lost a lot of blood, and he’s even unconscious now,”

Patricia sniffled.

Combat-hardened men and women such as Patricia were not strangers to deaths and gruesome injuries, but this particular experience was the straw that broke the camel’s back. This one had reduced Patricia into a sobbing mess.

“The doctors are trying their best to save him. He will be fine, ” Nicole consoled, resorting to comforting Patricia as she had no idea what the situation was.

“Patricia, why don’t you get yourself treated first? By the time you’re done, the operation should be too. Charlie will be fine,” Lulu advised.

The sight of Patricia being covered in mottled patches of dried blood made Lulu very distressed and uncomfortable. Amid the stains and tears in her clothes were visible gashes and puncture wounds which were still fresh and raw, prompting Lulu to deduce that Patricia was injured as well.

“No. No! I must wait for him,” Patricia shook her head vigorously, not wanting to leave.

Assuming a stern look, Nicole stood tall and ordered, “No. You’re to make your way to the nearest ward. Come back only once your wounds have been treated.

Is that understood?”

Patricia gritted her teeth and reluctantly nodded. “Yes, Ms. Riddle.”

“I’ll come with you,” Lulu said, accompanying Patricia to the nearest ward so that she could tend to her wounds.

After the two had rounded the corner and gotten out of the hallway, Nicole frowned and remarked, “Patricia seems to be extremely concerned for Charlie.”

Now, Nicole was as far from a cold-hearted person as everyone knew, but she could not comprehend why someone like Patricia, who was no stranger to life and-death situations, would not be so emotionally distressed over a fellow operative. Even though Charlie had indeed risked his life to save Patricia, Nicole could not shake the feeling that there was a special bond between the two.

“They are siblings,” Jared whispered upon noticing Nicole’s doubt.

Nicole widened her eyes in shock, and she gasped, “They’re siblings’?”

As it turned out, Patricia had reacted the way she did because she and Charlie were siblings. However, this only confused Nicole as Patricia had never displayed any signs of familial affection to him.

“There’s only a handful of people who know this,” Jared explained, holding Nicole’s hand.

“Oh.” Nicole nodded.

After all, the brother-sister duo were always deployed on high-risk missions. If their relationship was exposed, their enemies would just exploit their weakness, adding another variable to their perilous tasks.

MY WIFE IS A HACKER CHAPTER 2897-After gaining a complete grasp of the dynamic between the two operatives, Nicole raised her brows and asked, “So you’ve decided to let Patricia go because of Charlie?”

Looking at Nicole, Jared said meaningfully, “Charlie was the one who relieved Patricia of her duties, but he didn’t do it because of Ellar.”

Nicole bit her lips and tilted her head. “So Charlie doesn’t approve of Ellar?”

“That’s a possibility,” Jared said, indifferent to the personal lives of others as always.

Whatever the case was, Charlie was not the sort of person who would approve of anyone dating his sister.

Looking at the door to the operating theater, Nicole mumbled, “I hope Charlie will get through this.”

If Charlie ended up crippled or worse, dead, it would be a double whammy for Patricia. Even after a long wait, during which Patricia was done treating her wounds, Charlie’s rescue was still ongoing.

“Is he not out yet?” Lulu asked, after which she turned to look at Patricia, who was pale and disheveled. “Why don’t you get some rest in the ward first? I’ll inform you once there’s news of Charlie.”

“No, I’ll wait here,” Patricia firmly refused.

“But you just got your wounds treated. You need to get some rest too,” Lulu said in concern.

Lulu had seen Patricia’s injuries and found that they were much more serious than they looked.

“Let her stay,” Nicole said solemnly, knowing how Patricia must be feeling.

Patricia instinctively turned to Nicole, having figured out that Nicole understood what she was going through.

“Thank you,” she whispered.

Patricia figured that Nicole had agreed to her request because the latter had already discovered her relationship with Charlie. Otherwise, Nicole would have ordered her to enter the ward to get some rest.

“I’ll hold on to you.” Lulu relented, agreeing that Patricia should stay if that was what she wanted.

Another hour passed, after which the door to the operation theater swung open.

At that point, Patricia staggered, unable to maintain her balance any longer.

As soon as the doctor emerged, they asked, "How's the patient?"

The dagger had punctured the patient's abdomen, causing a deep wound.

Fortunately, his vital organs were not damaged. Though the patient passed out from excessive blood loss, he is not in a critical state. With some proper rest for a few weeks, he should be able to recover," the doctor explained, and strode off.

Then, a nurse emerged wheeling Charlie out on a gurney. He was still unconscious and pale, but the fact that he had survived this ordeal was reassuring enough for everyone in the group.

"Patricia, he's fine. He's going to be out cold for a while, but he'll come through.

Why don't you take a nap while I tend to him?" Lulu advised, noticing how weak and shaky Patricia was.

"I'm fine, I'll wait for him to wake up." Patricia shook her head in refusal.

"Don't be stubborn. He'll be heartbroken to see you stay up all night when he wakes," Lulu said helplessly.

Although Lulu did not understand the reason for Patricia's unusual behavior, she could tell that Patricia was genuinely worried about Charlie.

"I'm really alright," Patricia insisted.

She was determined not to go anywhere until Charlie regained his consciousness. She would not be at peace until he did.

"Emm." Lulu sighed and turned to Nicole. "Aren't you going to say something?"

Nicole looked at Patricia and said, "Listen. He wouldn't want to see you like this.

Besides, he really needs someone to take care of him."

If Patricia wanted to take care of Charlie, she had to take care of herself first.

Gritting her teeth, Patricia reluctantly agreed, "Alright, fine. I'll get some sleep."

“Don’t worry. I’ll stick around to take care of him. I’ll wake you up once he’s conscious,” Lulu promised.

MY WIFE IS A HACKER CHAPTER 2898-“Thank you,” Patricia nodded.

She knew Nicole was now privy to their relationship, while Lulu was not. In fact, Lulu had promised her that she would take care of Charlie because she wanted Patricia to rest easy.

“Oh, don’t mention it. Now, go ahead and get some rest,” Lulu urged.

Once Patricia had walked off and disappeared into her ward, Lulu sighed. “She’s pretty damn stubborn, isn’t she?”

“Lulu, are you sure you can stay back? We still have a few loose ends to tie up,”

Nicole asked.

“Oh, yeah, sure.” Lulu promised. “Go ahead. I’ll be here. You don’t need to worry about me.”

Nicole and Jared nodded and left the building, not in the least worried about Lulu being there with Charlie and Patricia. She was more than capable of taking care of herself anyway.

After the couple had stepped out of the foyer, they noticed that Max had already arrived, so they got into the car right away.

“Mr. and Mrs. Johnston?” Max called out. “Things turned out exactly like what Zane had discovered. They are after the Water Crest.”

The results were as Nicole had expected.

“What about Damien?” she asked.

“Damien doesn’t know much, and we’ve already handed him to the cops. About the homemade explosive, our enemies have shifted all the blame to Damien as well. He’s likely in dire straits this time,” Max informed, sounding as though he was delighting in Damien’s suffering.

For all the evils Damien had perpetrated, he deserved every bit of what was coming to him.

“What about the Eastern Falcon operatives who were captured?” Jared asked.

“Zane got the documents. Those men would soon be extradited. We’ve gathered enough information on our side. Vaio and Scorpio, who we’ve just captured, were deployed by the Eastern Falcon for reconnaissance purposes.

Damien was their informant,” Max reported.

“Just get the information we need and leave the rest to Zane, ” Nicole said.

For a case of such scale, the Interpol would likely be out scouring for information. However, Nicole had no intention of getting involved with them, at least not anymore. All they needed to do was cooperate with Interpol as necessary.

“Understood.” Max nodded.

All of a sudden, Jared asked, “What about the remnants of the Eastern Falcon’s chapter in San Joto?”

“They’ve talked about it, but only briefly. Well, I don’t think they’ve told us the entire story,” Max said solemnly.

Nicole sighed and nodded in understanding. “That’s expected. Once their flame of ambition has been ignited, they will likely not let us know what they are capable of.”

“Now that Scorpio has been captured, I don’t know who else they’ll deploy,” Max said, his voice tinged with concern.

They would likely encounter more problems down the line if the Eastern Falcon decided to send one of their more capable, higher-ranked operatives to deal with Nicole.

As that realization dawned upon Nicole, her eyes widened.” Let Scorpio escape.”

“You mean...” Max trailed off, before he came to understand what Nicole was up to.

By letting Scorpio escape, they could continue to watch his every move. This would be more ideal keeping him detained, causing the Eastern Falcon to deploy one of their more formidable agents after them.

“Yes,” Nicole nodded, knowing Max had understood her intentions.

“Contact Zane. Ask him to assign someone trustworthy to tail Scorpio,” Jared ordered.

“I got it,” Max replied.

Jared’s intention was to have Zane plant a spy in the Eastern Falcon to infiltrate their ranks, which would make it easier for them to gather intel on what their enemies were up to.

As for Vaio, Zane would extradite him, so there was no need for Nicole or Jared to worry about him.

“Their target is none other than Water Crest, after all,” Nicole said, her voice heavy and cold.

With Damien’s capture ensured, Everett would not be able to do anything now, even if he had intentions of furthering his plan. Moreover, the more heated the situation became, the less likely it would be for him to reveal himself.

As Nicole’s eyes narrowed in contemplation, a sudden, fleeting thought occurred to her.

Then, she looked at Max and ordered, “Get someone to keep an eye on Lawrence.

MY WIFE IS A HACKER CHAPTER 2899-Max paused for a moment before hazarding a guess. “By that, you mean they might continue contacting Lawrence?”

“Even if they are not doing so, we must still keep an eye on Lawrence,” Nicole said, though her attention was more focused on the Water Crest itself rather than Lawrence.

“Yes, I will.” Max nodded in acknowledgment.

Time passed, and in a blink of an eye, dusk arrived. The good news of the day had finally arrived too: Charlie had finally regained his consciousness in the hospital.

Lulu proceeded to call Patricia, who rushed over and knelt before Charlie, her eyes wet with tears. "You shouldn't have saved me! What should I do if something happens to you?" "Oh you silly girl," Charlie forced a smile, not regretting what he had done, for he was ready to give his life to ensure her safety.

"Erm, I-I'll go buy you guys dinner," Lulu informed and left the room in a hurry, as she could not stomach the awkwardness there.

Once outside, Lulu began to frown in confusion. She could not shake the thought that the both of them shared a rather unusual dynamic in their relationship. The two of them seemed visibly concerned about each other, yet there was nothing to indicate that they were in a romantic relationship of any sort. However, having the courage to sacrifice oneself for another person was not something any ordinary friend could do.

"Could Ellar have fallen in love with the wrong person?" Lulu muttered, thinking that Charlie and Patricia could very well be a pair of lovers.

"What are you thinking about?" Nicole's voice blared out, causing Lulu to jump in bewilderment.

"Why are you here?" she asked Nicole.

"I'm here to pick you up," Nicole said, gently grabbing Lulu by the arm.

In response, Lulu glanced over at the direction of Charlie's ward and said, "I'll get them dinner first before I leave."

"I'll walk with you," Nicole said, following Lulu out to buy Charlie and Patricia some dinner.

Back in the ward, Charlie was frowning as he spotted the bandage Patricia had wrapped around her arm. "You're injured too. Why aren't you getting some much needed rest?"

"I did. Lulu called me up once you were awake," Patricia explained.

After issuing a long sigh, Charlie said, "I don't need you here. Off you go. Get some proper rest, please."

"I'm fine." Patricia shook her head in refusal, feeling that her injuries were nothing compared to Charlie's.

Unable to persuade Patricia to leave him there, Charlie insisted, "Okay. But you must return to your ward once you're done eating dinner."

"Yeah, yeah," Patricia replied, brushing him off.

Charlie rolled his eyes, and in a bid to ensure he had gotten his point across, he warned, "Well, you better leave later."

While Patricia seemed to have agreed to his request, she seemed to have done so half-heartedly. And with Patricia remaining silent, Charlie knew what his gut feelings had told him was right: Patricia had no intention of leaving.

"Don't worry about me. This is nothing," Charlie said, knowing he was going to get better in a few days.

Patricia bit her lips, her concern for him in full display.

Just as the both of them were stuck in a lockstep, with neither of them being able to have their way, Lulu and Nicole came in with two boxes of takeout.

"We've arranged a caretaker to look after you. After dinner, you should get more rest. Try to get well soon. I don't think you like the idea of being stuck here in the hospital." Nicole advised as she placed the two meals on the table near the foot of the bed.

"Thank you," Patricia and Charlie said in unison.

"That's especially true for you, Patricia. Don't stay here. You must get some proper rest too."

"I will. Don't worry." Patricia smiled, grateful for Lulu's help.

After the two were gone, Patricia unpacked their dinner and brought the cutlery out of the bag. "Don't move. I'll feed you." Charlie could only look at her and nod. "Alright."

He knew it would be difficult for him to eat on his own. Any movements on his part would cause his wound to throb in searing pain. Not wanting to strain his already damaged abdominal muscles in fear that it would affect his recovery, Charlie allowed Patricia to feed him.

Patricia then fed Charlie his dinner, taking care to give him small spoonful so that he would not choke. It was only after Charlie was done with his meal that Patricia began eating hers.

As the two were talking and eating, they did not notice the person standing in front of the ward, peering in through the glass window.

MY WIFE IS A HACKER CHAPTER 2900-It was Ellar, who had witnessed everything that had happened in the ward.

With his heart crumbling in his chest, he asked himself. 'Why is Patricia so hard up about taking care of Charlie? Are they just colleagues? Or...?' A maelstrom of emotions began engulfing Ellar's heart, but he could not bear to leave. He had gotten wind of Patricia's injuries, which she had sustained while she was out on her mission, and that was he had come over.

With that, Ellar continued to stay there, waiting for her until she got up to leave the ward Charlie was in.

The moment she stepped out of the ward, her eyes widened in shock. "Why are you here?"

"I heard you got injured, so I'm here to pay you a visit," Ellar said, trying to maintain his composure.

He did not want to talk to her about what he had just witnessed, no matter how strong and intrusive his impulses were. In fact, he was trying to hold it all in as his heart was withering from within.

Biting her lips, Patricia barked, "I'm fine. You should go home."

"Don't say you're fine, especially when you look like this. Go back to your ward and get some rest," Ellar insisted, his attitude unusually firm this time around.

After he had spoken, he grabbed Patricia by the arm and brought her to her ward.

Although Ellar was holding Patricia with a firm grasp, he still took care to be gentle, not using as much force as he should, as he was afraid of hurting her again. And so, they sauntered on, with Patricia resisting him every now and again.

Despite his gentleness, Ellar was able to maintain his grasp over Patricia, preventing her from breaking free. She was, in fact, the most helpless she had ever been as he brought her back to where she should spend the night.

Charlie frowned as soon as he heard the commotion from outside the ward, but before long, a sense of relief washed over him. He was not opposed to the idea of Ellar being here to check on Patricia; under Ellar's supervision, Patricia would be able to get the rest she needed.

All of a sudden, Charlie heard a series of raps on the door.

As soon as the nurse stepped in, Charlie instructed, "You can just keep the things here and leave. I need some rest. You don't have to worry about me. If anything happens, I'll call for you."

"Sure." The nurse nodded and left after tidying up the ward for him.

Feeling exhausted, Charlie laid his head on the pillow and fell asleep thereafter.

Meanwhile, Patricia was left with no choice but to rest under Ellar's command.

"You may leave now," Patricia said, rolling her eyes at Ellar.

She was annoyed that Ellar had the temerity to threaten her.

In a calm voice and with a blank stare, Ellar replied, "Who said I was leaving?"

"Why aren't you?" Patricia asked, wondering if Ellar was going to stay here with her.

"You need someone to take care of you. How can I possibly leave?" Ellar shot back, standing his ground.

His insistence led her to roll her eyes again as she argued. "I don't need anyone to take care of me. I'm fine on my own."

"Don't be a hero. You're hurt too, you need rest," Ellar finished, his tone solemn and stern.

Ellar was unwilling to believe that Patricia would be able to take care of herself in the state she was in. What bothered him even more was that she had even

gone out of her way to take care of others while her body was riddled with injuries.

Thinking back at how caring Patricia was to Charlie, Ellar's jealousy began to engulf him. 'She herself needs someone to take care of her. Why the hell was she taking care of Charlie?! Is Charlie really so important to her?!' The more Ellar thought about it, the more bitter he became. Still, he had to keep it together. He had to maintain his composure. Patricia still needed to be taken care of, and now was not the time to dwell on these things.

"What are you mumbling about?" Patricia asked with a frown.

It was only then that Ellar realized he had accidentally wondered aloud.

Fortunately, his mumble had been rather muffled. Otherwise, she would have heard everything, making her furious.

"Nothing, I was just saying that you don't know how to take care of yourself,"

Ellar quickly replied, trying to brush it off.

He could not let Patricia know what he was thinking. Otherwise, the consequences would be unimaginable.