

## MY WIFE IS A HACKER

MY WIFE IS A HACKER CHAPTER 3001-As the day wound down, Nicole hopped into the car, ready to head home with Jared.

Once the engine revved to life, Max chimed in with a serious tone, “Mr.

Johnston, just as you suspected, there seems to be a situation with the Eastern Falcon.”

“Hmm,” Jared mused, acknowledging that it was the only plausible explanation for now.

“I’ve got folks keeping watch. If anyone shows up in San Joto, we’ll catch it right away and launch an investigation,” Max shared.

Jared instructed, “Contact Zane. Have him send people to assist in the investigation.”

“Got it,” Max acknowledged.

Nicole sighed, feeling things getting more complicated, doubting if peace would return to San Joto.

“How’s Charlie doing?” she asked, hoping that with Max handling so much, Charlie’s recovery could help ease the situation.

“He’s doing much better. Had a follow-up today. If he keeps improving, he can handle some tasks,” Max replied, understanding Nicole’s concern.

“That’s good,” Nicole nodded, then asked again, “And Patricia?”

She hadn’t seen Patricia since her return and was curious about how she was doing.

“She’s also doing well. Plus, Dr. Wyance is working on a new drug. It might not be long before we see results,” Max said with hope in his voice.

“A new drug?” Nicole raised her eyebrows, caught off guard. She hadn’t heard about any recent breakthroughs from Martin.

"I don't have all the details, but Charlie said Dr. Wyance's new research could help Patricia," Max said.

Nicole's brow furrowed more, sensing something might be off.

'If Martin made a breakthrough, he'd have told me. Now he's neck-deep in research, and I'm in the dark. What about Ellar, who sees Martin every day after work? Does he know about this?' Then it hit Nicole. Ellar's recent sickly appearance. 'His pale face-it seemed like...' "Max, go to Martin's place, now," Nicole urgently told Max, feeling a cold sweat on her palms.

"Yes, Mrs. Johnston." Max quickly changed the car's direction, heading to Martin's lab.

Not fully aware of the details, Max picked up on Nicole's serious expression and tone. Involuntarily, he pressed the accelerator a bit more, speeding up the car.

In Martin's lab, it was quiet since the staff had already left for the day. Faint sounds drifted from the laboratory.

"In there," Jared said, gently holding Nicole's hand as he led her inside.

"How are you feeling? Need a break?" Martin's voice came through.

"It's okay," Ellar replied, his voice strained, clearly enduring some pain.

Nicole's eyebrows furrowed even more deeply, realizing her suspicions were right – Ellar was testing a poison.

Before, she had overlooked the signs of poisoning in Ellar's symptoms, not giving it much thought.

Nicole stepped forward, opened the door, and her expression turned grave.

Inside, Ellar weakly leaned on a chair, his face pale, sweat on his forehead. The pain he was enduring was clear, but he gritted his teeth and endured.

"What do you think you are doing?" Nicole's voice carried a hint of anger

MY WIFE IS A HACKER CHAPTER 3002-Chapter 3002 Martin and Ellar were startled by Nicole's sudden appearance. Cindy, holding a tray, was so surprised that she dropped it, the noise echoing in the room.

Collecting himself, Ellar quickly covered his arm with a sleeve and attempted to sound composed, "Nicole, what's up?"

Nicole looked straight at Ellar's arm. "What happened to your arm?" she asked.

"I got a little hurt. Martin's helping me out," Ellar said, trying to play down the pain, though his teeth were clenched.

Nicole raised an eyebrow skeptically, glancing at Ellar. "Why does Martin need to personally handle a minor injury of yours?"

Trying to change the subject, Ellar said, "Oh, it's just a small thing... I was also checking on Patricia's condition. Are you here to talk about treatment options with Martin? I won't bother you then; I'll go."

Without saying anything, Nicole observed Ellar as he walked away. When Ellar approached, Nicole suddenly reached out and grabbed his wrist, pulling up his sleeve to reveal the injury.

"Anything else you want to share?" Nicole's voice now carried an unsettling calmness.

She had been angry, but seeing the wound on Ellar's arm, she understood his intention and felt a pang of sympathy.

Realizing he couldn't hide it any longer, Ellar hung his head and said softly, "Nicole, I just wanted to help Patricia recover faster."

"We all want her to get better, but this method... What if something happens to you? How would we cope, and what about Patricia?" Nicole expressed her frustration and concern.

"It won't come to that. You've saved Martin from poisoning before, and we've been using your methods for detoxification. Look, I'm fine, apart from some pain," Ellar said, attempting to reassure her, but deep down, he knew Patricia's well-being was the top priority, and he was willing to overlook everything else for her sake.

Martin joined the conversation, his voice tinged with guilt. "This isn't solely his fault; I agreed to it as well."

Ellar quickly intervened, "No, it was me who pushed him to help. Don't blame him. He's been taking care of me. I'm really okay." He didn't want Martin to be scolded because of his actions.

Nicole sighed, a hint of frustration in her voice, "Why keep it a secret from me?"

She thought to herself that they could have consulted her, maybe finding a better solution.

Ellar shook his head, "You would have never let me do this if I told you. I had to keep it a secret."

Nicole, clearly upset, wanted to lash out. Both Patricia and Ellar meant a lot to her.

Ellar closed his eyes and said, 'Hit me if you want, just don't be angry.' Nicole glared at him, "Sit down now."

Once Ellar sat, Nicole turned to Martin. "Explain the situation to me in detail."

"Sure," Martin said. "At first, his symptoms matched mine, but they got better with some tweaks. The poison hasn't entirely gone away, though..."

Nicole's face turned serious as she listened to Martin. "Did you write down everything?"

Cindy gave Nicole a notebook. "Got it right here."

"I'll go through this later," Nicole said, taking the notebook. She turned to Ellar, "Need a lift home?"

Ellar declined, shaking his head, "No need, I'll rest here a bit longer."

Recognizing Ellar's worry about his parents noticing his condition, Nicole assented, "Alright then."

"I'll swing by tomorrow," Nicole informed Martin, heading out with Jared.

Wiping the sweat off his forehead, Ellar sighed in relief, "That was scary."

Martin, equally relieved, shook his head, “Not just you, I was scared too.”

MY WIFE IS A HACKER CHAPTER 3003-“How did Nicole find out?” Cindy mused, still rattled by what had just happened.

Even though they didn’t mean any harm, there was a lingering sense of guilt for keeping it from Nicole.

Martin shrugged, uncertain. “I don’t know, but even though she’s mad, it seems like she’s okay with how things are going. Otherwise, she would’ve told us to quit.”

Ellar replied, “As long as we can keep going, that’s fine.”

Martin glanced at Ellar. “There’s more pain ahead.”

“It doesn’t matter. I’m not afraid.” He was ready to face anything for Patricia’s sake.

“Let’s take a break and head home. We could all use some rest,” Martin suggested, shaking his head as weariness suddenly hit him.

Cindy teased Martin while observing him, “I bet it’s just guilt from seeing Nicole.”

Martin stumbled a bit, firing back at Cindy, “And what about you? You even dropped the tray.”

Cindy struggled to argue, saying, “I... you...” She then got annoyed and added, “I’m going to rest.”

Ellar, realizing it was time to leave, said, “I should go as well. If Today’s events had indeed been shocking for everyone, but fortunately, the outcome wasn’t bad.

After tidying up, Martin left the lab.

Meanwhile, Nicole and Jared made their way to the Riddle residence.

Leaning in her seat, Nicole reviewed Ellar’s treatment data. She thought, ‘I never knew Ellar had the courage to do this. I should have realized earlier.

Luckily, Martin's experience came in handy, preventing Ellar from facing serious problems.' As she examined the recorded data, Nicole noticed that Ellar's symptoms seemed to be improving. Perhaps sticking with these trials could bring positive results.

Observing Nicole's expression, Jared guessed her thoughts," How confident are you?"

Considering the data, Nicole responded, "Right now, about sixty percent."

After additional analysis and revising the plan with Martin, she believed they could achieve eighty percent confidence. That would be enough to treat Patricia.

"Don't worry too much; it will be alright," Jared comforted Nicole.

Nicole nodded in agreement, intending to study the data closely upon returning home, hoping to find a better way to help Patricia.

After a while, the two arrived home.

Everyone was waiting for them to have dinner. Seeing them enter, Gloria asked with concern, "You said you'd be late. Did something happen?"

"Just a few small things to handle, but it's all sorted now," Nicole replied.

"That's great. Let's grab some dinner," Daniel suggested, motioning towards the table with a smile.

Noticing that everyone had patiently waited for them, Nicole asked, "You all waited for us?"

"Yeah, we figured you'd be back soon, so we thought we'd eat together," the family explained as they made their way to the dining room.

Seated at the table, Stanley inquired, "What kept you?"

There's a hint of disinfectant in the air, like you've been to a hospital. Is someone unwell?"

"We just stopped by Martin's lab, nothing serious," Nicole replied, skillfully dodging the specifics.

“Ah, got it,” Stanley didn’t press, understanding that the scent of disinfectant was typical after a visit to Martin’s.

“Alright, now that everyone’s here, let’s eat. We’ve all had a long day,” Gloria suggested, steering away from further discussion.

“Sure, no more questions,” Stanley shrugged and started digging into his meal.

Nicole smiled, opting not to share Ellar’s situation with everyone, and began enjoying her dinner.

After the meal, everyone headed to their rooms to rest.

MY WIFE IS A HACKER CHAPTER 3004-Nicole sat at her desk, carefully reviewing the treatment data Martin had provided. She focused on it, determined to understand every detail.

At some point, a glass of milk appeared next to her.

“It’s late; you can continue tomorrow,” Jared’s voice came from nearby.

Nicole looked up and smiled. “Alright.”

After she finished the milk, Nicole quickly cleaned up and prepared to rest.

Later, as Jared finished his shower, he noticed Nicole gazing outside, captivated by the night sky.

“What are you looking at?” Jared asked quietly.

“Nothing, just daydreaming,” Nicole replied, turning toward Jared with a smile.

Jared gently ruffled her hair, speaking softly, “Get some rest.”

“Mhm,” she responded, feeling a sense of calm. She pulled the covers over herself to lie down and thought to herself, <sup>1</sup> Things need to be done step by step, no rush. <sup>1</sup> Jared hugged Nicole, giving her a kiss on her forehead, and softly patted her back. “Time to rest.”

Nicole cozily nestled in Jared’s embrace, shutting her eyes.

The following day, clouds covered the sky, suggesting rain. The somber weather appeared to dampen everyone's spirits.

Nicole got to the office ahead of time, and just as she stepped in, Lulu entered with a lack of energy. "Feels like heavy rain's on its way."

"Most likely," Nicole replied, glancing at the sky.

"A dull day brings down the mood," Lulu said with a sigh and a shrug.

"If it gets too tough, feel free to head back and relax," Nicole suggested, half-jokingly, as she glanced at Lulu. With no urgent tasks waiting, Nicole felt Lulu's presence wasn't necessary.

Lulu shook her head. "No, there's still work to be done." She patted the documents on Nicole's desk and added, "These are yours; mine are already on my desk."

"If you don't want to go back, then get busy. When you're weary, just head home and relax," Nicole suggested with a smile.

"Alright!" Lulu turned cheerfully and exited.

Time passed swiftly in the midst of their work, and before they knew it, it was noon.

Lulu knocked on the door and peeked in, asking, "Want to grab some lunch?"

Nicole glanced out the window and remarked, "Looks like rain. Maybe we should stay in."

"Yeah, good call. I'll just order some food," Lulu suggested, pulling out her phone to place a food delivery order.

A knock on the door interrupted their conversation.

"Who's there?" Lulu opened the door, surprised to find Patricia. "Hey, Patricia!

What brings you here?"

"I need to talk to Ms. Riddle," Patricia explained with a tinge of sadness.

"Sure, come on in," Lulu stepped aside to let Patricia enter.

Sensing Patricia's somber mood, Lulu felt a bit uneasy. 'What could be bothering her?' Once inside, Patricia approached Nicole, getting straight to the point. "Is it true about Ellar?"

"What happened to Ellar?" Lulu asked, puzzled.

Ignoring Lulu's question, Patricia, her eyes reddened, turned to Nicole, waiting for an answer.

"How did you find out?" Nicole inquired, aware of what Patricia meant but unsure about the source of the information.

MY WIFE IS A HACKER CHAPTER 3005-Nicole knew Martin and Ellar couldn't be the ones who spilled the secret to Patricia.

"So, it's true," Patricia took a step back, her voice heavy with emotion. She had suspected it but had been reluctant to accept it until now.

"I only found out last night," Nicole reassured Patricia with a sigh. "Ellar's doing well, and Martin and I are working on a solution that could help you."

Perplexed, Lulu looked at them, unable to grasp the conversation. "What happened to Ellar? And why is Martin involved?"

"What happened to Ellar? And what does it have to do with Martin?" she wondered.

Nicole glanced at Lulu and clarified, "Ellar is testing a drug. If it works, it could treat Patricia."

Lulu's eyes widened. "So, Ellar is risking himself for Patricia? But if it goes wrong..."

Lulu grasped the situation, and her alarm surfaced. "So, Ellar could be poisoned! Just like what happened to Martin.

Nicole had to help him detoxify," Lulu said, clearly shocked. "Ellar must care a lot about Patricia to take such a risk."

Understanding the depth of Ellar's sacrifice, Lulu couldn't help but be amazed at his devotion.

Patricia's face paled at Lulu's words. She spoke firmly, "Ms. Riddle, let's stop this. I won't pursue treatment anymore."

Having said that, Patricia quickly exited the room.

"Wait, Patricia, calm down!" Lulu called out, attempting to follow, but she couldn't catch up and watched helplessly as Patricia walked away.

After a moment, Lulu returned and inquired, "What do we do now?"

"Give her some time," Nicole sighed, acknowledging that the matter couldn't be halted despite Patricia's reaction.

Martin and Ellar's efforts were not in vain. There had been real progress, and if things continued this way, there was genuine hope.

Lulu nodded and then asked Nicole, "How did you find out about it?" She had no idea and was surprised by the depth of his concealment.

"I just felt something was off and found out when I went to the lab," Nicole replied, deliberately keeping it light and not going into details with Lulu.

Curious, Lulu pressed on, "So, how are they doing now? Did they succeed?"

"There has been progress, but it's not a complete success yet," said Nicole. She pondered for a moment and added, "I'm planning to go there after work."

"I'll come with you; maybe I can help," Lulu offered enthusiastically.

"You can come if you want," Nicole agreed, knowing that even if Lulu couldn't help, understanding the situation would be beneficial.

"Okay," Lulu happily agreed.

Just then, Lulu's stomach growled, and she sheepishly scratched her head, "Forgot to order food, let's do it now."

After ordering their meal, Lulu sat down with Nicole, waiting for the food, and asked more about Ellar's condition.

After work, the two headed to the lab.

Cindy handed them two cups of tea, “The rain’s getting heavier. Drink something hot to avoid catching a cold.”

“Has Ellar not arrived yet?” Lulu looked around, asking.

“He’s here,” Ellar responded just as she asked.

Watching Ellar come in with his hair soaked, Cindy handed him a towel, “Dry yourself off first.”