

My Wife is a Hacker Chapter 451

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She quickly grabbed her sister's hand and echoed it, saying, "Yes, I can't live without Gary, either. I can't live without him."

Only then did Snow realize she had grabbed Raine's hair too hard and quickly let go.

"I'm sorry, Raine. I was too emotional. Are you hurt?" she said softly.

Raine dared not tell her she was in pain. She looked at Snow and started to find her strange, even though they grew up together and were very close. She had fear in her eyes when she looked at Snow.

"So, what have you done to Nicole?" Raine asked.

Snow gently covered her mouth and snickered as if thinking of something happy.

"What have I done to her? What can I do to her? At best, she will feel a bit of pain and learn a lesson."

Snow became impatient at this point, but she did not forget to tell her sister one last thing.

"We know nothing about what happened after Nicole went upstairs. Did we hear me? When Grandpa and Uncle Daniel come home and ask about Nicole, remember not to say anything." Raine nodded hurriedly.

She held her sister's emaciated fingers and said with determination, "Don't you believe me? I hate Nicole as much as you do. How could I possibly slip up?"

Snow was pleased and smiled.

She then patted Raine's hand and said with a meaningful tone of voice, "Yeah, you and I are in the same boat. You won't slip up, right?"

Raine nodded, looked at her sister, and swore.

"Don't worry. I won't do anything stupid."

The black vehicle with the unknown emblem was speeding down the road, heading toward San Joto city center.

Jared's face turned unusually cold as he looked at the increasingly familiar scenery outside.

In front of a beautiful building with carved beams and an antique gate stood two doormen dressed in blue classical costumes.

When they saw Jared's car arrive, they hurriedly came out to receive him respectfully.

Jared did not follow them.

Instead, after he got out of the car and walked into the house, he went along a windy hallway toward the innermost room.

Servants who saw him along the way all greeted him with respect.

Jared ignored them.

When he came in front of the room and without him knocking on the door, a voice came from inside.

"Come in."

He pushed open the door and continued to walk in.

The room was brightly lit with sunlight shining on a tall man who was in his senior age.

The man slowly turned around and looked at the handsome man who had just entered and had his own mind.

"I thought you wouldn't come home at all," the man said with an extremely frosty tone of voice.

Jared looked at the man, whose sideburns had turned gray, but his falcon-like eyes still commanded respect.

He gently pulled up a gentle smile.

"I haven't seen you in a long time, Grandpa. You look as strong as ever."

Maximillian Johnston knew Jared had seen through his intention to intimidate him, but because of ego, he still snorted coldly and knocked the crutch in his hand.

"Stop the crap. Tell me; what did you really think when you returned without telling me, and upon returning, you didn't come home? Do you still treat me as your grandpa?"

My Wife is a Hacker Chapter 452

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My Wife is a Hacker Chapter 453

Chapter 453 It had been over a month since he received the news that Jared had returned to San Joto, yet this unfilial grandson had not even come to see him.

Jared knew very well what his grandfather was angry about. He casually took a few steps forward to come in front of his grandfather, looked at the crutch in his hand, and raised an eyebrow.

"I didn't know that you had started using crutches." Mr. Johnston Sr. used to be a soldier and had always been tough. Jared had never gotten word that his grandfather's health had declined, even to the point of having to walk on crutches.

Hearing Jared's evasive reply, Mr. Johnston Sr.'s face turned grave. He wielded the crutch in his hand, wanting to spank Jared. When Jared did not dodge, he reduced the force of his hand and shifted the direction of his crutch to avoid hitting his waist. So Jared was unharmed.

Jared seemed to have expected what would happen. He looked at Mr. Johnston Sr. as usual and answered his last question.

"It was boring abroad. I came back to help you." He looked at Mr. Johnston Sr.'s startled expression and then continued. "You will allow me, will you?"

Mr. Johnston Sr. did not expect Jared to say such a thing.

"You help me?" He repeated Jared's words with a look of surprise on his face.

As Jared nodded, Mr. Johnston Sr.'s expression immediately eased up. He coughed softly and studied Jared. "Just tell me; you have a favor to ask from me, don't you? Whatever I can give you, I will give you."

He knew Jared would not have come back to help him had he not had something to ask from him.

Jared shook his head and glanced at his grandfather, then walked aside to pick up the still steaming cup of tea and took a sip.

His grandfather did not say it out but was still very happy to hear the news that he had come to see him. Otherwise, his grandfather would not have prepared two teacups filled with freshly brewed tea.

A smile spread across Jared's face, and he looked back at his grandfather.

"I don't need any help from you; you just need to enjoy your tea and take a good rest," he said faintly, which meant he would handle and clean up all threats for his grandfather.

Mr. Johnston Sr. looked at him and felt pleased. But he still could not help asking, "Is there really nothing you need help with?"

The more Jared said he did not need his grandfather's help, the more his grandfather felt he needed to compensate his grandson for something.

Mr. Johnston Sr. really thought he owed it to Jared, who had given up his freedom and future

abroad and returned to this old mansion of his for an old man like him. He could not help but pity this grandson of his. Jared seemed to have seen through Mr. Johnston Sr. He rubbed the cup made of porcelain in his hand with part of his face in the sunlight, making his skin look even fairer. "I just hope that you can accept someone," he said faintly. Just as Mr. Johnston Sr. wanted to ask something, Jared's phone suddenly rang. Jared stood up and made an apologetic gesture to Mr. Johnston Sr., then walked aside to answer the call.

Mr. Johnston Sr. looked at Jared with a startled expression and started to recall what Jared had just said. He seemed to have overheard the voice on the other side of the phone.

Could it be Before Mr. Johnston Sr. could figure things out, Jared had hung up the phone and walked over to him, and looked at his grandfather with a frosty face. And there was no longer a hint of ridicule in his voice but a swift wind and rain. "Now, I really need your help with something." His voice no longer sounded nonchalant but urgent.

My Wife is a Hacker Chapter 454

Chapter 454 Shawn took off the black blindfold on Nicole and watched her eyelashes tremble gently. She had not woken up because of the effect of the drug. Her snow-like face made her an indescribably fragile beauty. He could not control himself, wanting to touch her eyelashes gently. But just a second before his hand reached her eyelashes,

Nicole suddenly opened her eyes, which stared at him emotionlessly. Shawn took several steps back as if he had been startled.

There was no expression on her face. Nicole eased her wrists tied behind her. Feeling her blood circulation blocked, she looked down at herself and found herself tied to a chair, across from which many pairs of eyes of men in black were staring at her. Those black outfits were exclusive to the Rogers family's bodyguards. There was a hint of disgust on Nicole's face at the thought of this.

This place seemed to be a secret factory in which a small number of white particles were suspended in the air. The place was not too terrible, and the lighting was good.

Nicole deftly looked around at her surroundings before shifting her attention back to Shawn. She said nothing, just sat there quietly, as if she were not abducted. Shawn was speechless as he was being looked at by Nicole's pair of clear, lustrous, upturned eyes. He somehow felt that he had seen her before. He remembered her file, which clearly stated that her hometown was Great Oak, so he wondered if he had seen her there.

The two had faced each other silently for a long while before Shawn snapped back, and the polite smile returned on his face.

"I'm going to cut to the chase; I think you should know why my father gives you so much attention. He has a viral infection of polio, and the pain from the cerebral cortex keeps him in extreme rage and may even threaten his life." Shawn paused for a while as if he was observing her expression. "The disease has been tormenting for nearly a year. He is almost desperate when, after a year of searching, he still could not find a doctor who could cure him. But it was you, on his sixtieth birthday, who brought him a glimmer of hope."

He frowned as he looked at Nicole's unchanged face and continued.

"You have to know how terrible a man who was fighting for his life could do. For my father, it is likely that the lives of all of you in the Riddle family aren't as good as the white pills you gave him. So I warn you to think clearly about what to say and how to do it."

Nicole looked at Shawn, her gaze shallow, almost glassy, which sparkled and looked beautiful in the light.

But she said nothing.

Shawn looked at her nonreaction, and an irrepressible impatience rose within him. "I know very well that the medicine cannot be your own. Tell me honestly who gave it to you, whether it was from someone in your organization, and I will let you go."

He said he would let Nicole go, but he did not mention what would happen to the other members of the Riddle family.

There was a faint look of a sneer in Nicole's eyes as she scorned his inducing confession method.

My Wife is a Hacker Chapter 455

Chapter 455 While she was already an expert playing with this trick, Shawn was probably still a rookie.

She was still looking at Shawn without saying a word, seemingly hesitating. Shawn looked at her expression, thinking she had started to give in, and hastened to continue. "My dad didn't tell me what kind of organization you're working for, but I knew very well the organization must be a behemoth. If you tell me which one of them is the doctor who gave you the medicine, I promise not to harm you. How about that?" Nicole looked at Shawn with a faint look of internal struggle in her eyes.

Shawn was overjoyed, but he did not show it on his face. He continued to ask, "Well, as long as you tell me, all the punishments that my father asked me to prepare will not fall on you, and I can guarantee that you will go unharmed." Nicole didn't expect that just taking a few A-grade pills from the medicine box freshly out of the research would land her in a fine mess with the Rogers guy. She had no expensive things with her at that time, and if she sent some random things over, it would only embarrass Zane. Just that she did not expect such a casual decision would cause her such big trouble and even put her family in danger.

Thinking of this, a tinge of frosty look appeared in Nicole's eyes. But her face still looked as if she had been persuaded by Shawn, hesitating to say something. Shawn saw he had achieved his purpose and was in no rush to force her to speak. He sat down in the comfort of the chair and quietly waited for her to end her internal struggle.

He thought he was at the pinnacle of his interrogation skills, and now Mr. Rogers Sr. had almost entrusted this kind of job to him.

Not only that, Nicole had just inhaled a high dose of psychedelic drugs, and for a moment, she would still be groggy. He thought if he wanted to extract any information from her now, it would be a piece of cake.

'I really didn't want things to get to this point, but things had dragged on long enough. Even if I could get the information of the doctor's whereabouts and get my hands on the wonder drug now, Grandpa would not necessarily survive.'

The corners of his lips curled up in a subtle smile at the thought of this. Nicole looked at Shawn's expression. The acting that he thought was perfect was full of loopholes was not the slightest possibility that he was believable.

'I know Mr. Rogers Sr.'s condition very well, and I have given him the drug. As long as he takes it on time and in the right amount, it would at least make a big difference. But now, judging by how desperate he is, he must be worried that I would harm him and so have halved the dosage of the drug and not finished it within a week, as prescribed until now. It is he who forces himself into a dead end. Now he has the nerve to send Shawn to abduct and force me to divulge the source of the drug. He is unbelievably stupid.'

Nicole gently closed her eyes and silently counted the time in her mind.

Five minutes had passed, and Shawn frowned. He looked at Nicole, who was keeping her head down, and remained silent and controlled himself. But he instructed his men to take a step forward, quietly picking up the torture devices. He did not like to see blood, and his favorite thing was to create psychological pressure. Ten minutes had passed, and Nicole still said nothing but sat in the chair in the same posture. Her long hair was slightly disheveled, and she stayed motionless.

My Wife is a Hacker Chapter 456

Chapter 456 Shawn's patience had run out. He stood up to look at Nicole, who had been keeping silent all along, with a slight impatience on his face.

He was just about to open his mouth when the door behind him slammed open, and Nicole soon heard the shrill of a woman.

"What makes you so long?" _

Lyana strode in. Those bodyguards in front looked back at her in unison, startling her for a moment. Shawn squinted when he saw her.

She quickly calmed down and recognized that those people were from the Rogers family. Lyana glanced at them and then swaggered up to Shawn and looked at this brother-in-law of hers with disdain.

"Do you need to bring so many men just to deal with one girl?" she asked coldly.

Not sparing a second glance at Shawn, she picked up a bradawl the thickness of an index finger and sneered at Nicole, who was keeping her head low.

"Has she told you where the diamond is?" A look of disdain flashed in Shawn's eyes, but he still replied, "Not yet." Lyana looked at him disapprovingly. "What the hell are you doing here? I sent you to interrogate her, and you were sitting here waiting? Torture her and wake her up if she remains tight-lipped." She walked toward Nicole with the bradawl, the smile on her face changing from graceful to sinister.

"I'll see how stubborn you can still get when I cut your face and smash your hands so that you won't be able to seduce my man and steal things again."

Then she walked around Nicole and was about to wield the bradawl at Nicole's hand, which was tied behind the chair.

Shawn watched Lyana's action but did not stop her. Just a second before Lyana could hurt Nicole, a loud noise suddenly came behind her. As if something had blown up, the powerful explosion almost shattered the eardrums of the black clad bodyguards at the scene. They all covered their ears in pain. Lyana was so frightened that her hand trembled while Shawn frowned and looked back. Nicole, who had been sitting quietly, saw the opportunity. She took action while they were distracted.

Nicole broke free from the handcuffs, gently threw her hair away, and picked up the sharp blade that had fallen out with one hand.

The blade, made of an unknown material, was glinting with silverish flashes. With just a flick of her hand, the blade cut the rope that was made of a special material in half, and they

dropped to the floor at once. Now that Nicole had broken free, she turned around and grabbed Lyana's wrist. Lyana, who grew up like a spoiled child, was no match for Nicole's strength. She screamed in pain, and the bradawl dropped from her hand. Nicole caught the bradawl mid-air and pointed it at Lyana's temple.

She looked coldly at the men from the Rogers family and said, "Don't you all move."

The table had been turned. Shawn looked at what had happened and was exasperated. He knew that nothing good would happen when Lyana came.

He motioned for everyone behind him to put their weapons down. Nicole cocked an eyebrow, and Shawn shot a glare at her, slowly pulled out a pistol from his waist, and laid it on the floor while his eyes were on Nicole.

Nicole looked at Shawn and did not believe him. So she still stood where she was, motionless.

Her hand was steady, and the bradawl poking at Lyana's temple did not move an inch. Lyana was frightened that she pleaded incessantly, saying that she would repay her kindness, hoping that Nicole would let her go.

Shawn looked grave, as he knew the explosion was not an accident. Their location had most likely been exposed.

Thinking of this, he suddenly made up his mind and beckoned his men behind him to fall back

My Wife is a Hacker Chapter 457

Chapter 457 “Let go of Lyana.” Shawn looked at Nicole and said coldly, “I lost this round. You let her go, I promise not to harm you, and you can just leave.”

Nicole looked at the eagerness in his eyes, in contrast to the pretense of composure on his face, and sneered.

“Oh, really?” She looked at the man who was coming from the other side with his back to the light. He was quick, almost completely losing the usual calm composure, but also seemed to be completely welcome in her eyes. “But you’re too late.” Meanwhile, Mr. Riddle Sr. looked at Mr. Rogers Sr. They were flattered at first when they were invited to the Rogers Mansion, but when he excused himself for the third time and was refused, everyone realized that something was wrong.

“Are we invited to be guests here? This is obviously a trap!”

Mr. Riddle Sr.’s face changed subtly, and he said again, “I think we have been bothering you for long enough and need to make a move, Christo.”

He got up and wanted to leave, but Mr. Rogers Sr. did not look at him but took a sip of tea. “Sit back down, Benjamin,” Mr. Rogers Sr. said flatly.

Mr. Riddle Sr. looked at him with a somewhat grave face. “What do you mean by that?” Daniel and Gloria looked to Mr. Rogers Sr.; they might not know what was going on, but it was clear that something was not quite normal. Damien and Miley were sitting alongside. Miley was unaware of what was happening. Instead, she was delighted to be invited to the Rogers Mansion again and echoed Mr. Rogers Sr.’s words.

“Yeah, Dad. Why don’t you stay a little longer?” Damien shot a glare at his wife. He felt unease at seeing Mr. Rogers Sr.’s half-smile. At first, he was still thinking of getting in good with Mr. Rogers Sr., but now that thought had vanished. He was now sitting there fidgeting with fear in his eyes.

‘What’s happening exactly? Did we offend Mr. Rogers Sr. or something? Why does he want us to be subject to this torment in silence?’

Dexter looked on and took a deep breath, then looked at Emma, who sat quietly beside him. Emma returned a reassuring look.

“Don’t worry. Fortunately, the kids are still at school, and nothing has happened,” she said. Dexter sighed softly upon hearing what Emma said. ‘Yeah, that’s the only thing to be thankful for.’

Mr. Riddle Sr. looked at Mr. Rogers Sr., got up, and walked toward the door, not heeding Mr.

Chapter 457

Rogers Sr.'s warning. But soon, he found himself surrounded by bodyguards. Mr. Rogers Sr. then blew away the floating tea leaves in the teacup and slowly said, "Sit down, Benjamin. I'm not going to say it for the third time."

God knows how many times he was more anxious than Mr. Riddle Sr. He still heard no news from his youngest son and the progress they were making.

My Wife is a Hacker Chapter 458

Chapter 458 But the Riddle family basically had Mr. Riddle Sr. As capable as Nicole was, he would never escape his grasp

Thinking of this, Mr. Rogers Sr. breathed a sigh of relief, leaned back haughtily in his chair, and sneered at Mr. Riddle Sr, who was still standing there.

"Aren't you conceding?" he asked.

Daniel and Gloria had also stood up and walked up to Mr. Riddle Sr.'s side to stand with him.

Meanwhile, the look in Damien's and Dexter's eyes showed they were struggling internally.

Mr. Rogers Sr. looked pleased with seeing the dilemmatic look of those people in front of him. "What are you all going to do? Standing here in protest?"

No way he would let them out of the manor before he had achieved his goal.

Miley also seemed to have been aware of some sort of anomaly. She looked at Mr. Rogers Sr. with a hint of fear in her eyes.

"Uncle Rogers, what do you mean by not allowing us to leave?"

Mr. Rogers Sr. guffawed and turned to look at Miley with contempt.

"You don't deserve to call me your uncle," he said.

Miley's face turned pale instantly, her lips trembling. She could not accept that her self esteem was trampled upon. Damien saw her expression and stood up angrily. "What do you mean?"

Dexter walked slowly to Mr. Riddle Sr. with his wife to stand together with the others and looked at Mr. Rogers Sr., who had turned from a gentleman to a nasty, bossy man. Mr. Rogers Sr. kept a straight face as he methodically took a sip of tea and then forced the cup down on the table.

“What do I mean? You all are to stay and die if necessary. That’s what I mean. It’s your honor to die for me.”

Mr. Riddle Sr. looked at Mr. Rogers Sr., who was now showing his true colors. There was some emotion trembling in his eyes, which were filled with disbelief.

“H-How can you do this?” he asked.

Mr. Rogers Sr. looked at him with a sneer. “You’d better come back and sit down so we can still pretend to be friends and brothers. Don’t say that I didn’t warn you.”

As he finished speaking, his bodyguards immediately drew their weapons and looked menacingly at the Riddles.

Mr. Riddle Sr. looked at the vicious-looking Mr. Rogers Sr. and spelled out his words. “What goes around comes around. Aren’t you afraid of karma?”

Mr. Rogers Sr. burst into laughter as if he had heard some ridiculous joke. “I’m curious to know who in San Joto can hand down karma on me. Oh, Benjamin, you’re still as naïve as ever. No wonder the Riddle family has slumped so much now. It’s all because of your stupidity.” Mr. Riddle Sr. looked nonchalant despite the insult. He looked silently at the triumphant Mr. Rogers Sr. and shook his head slowly.

Mr. Rogers Sr. thought that Mr. Riddle Sr. was afraid, and he said arrogantly, “Even God can’t save you all today. Benjamin, just admit your fate.”

With that, he sneered and ordered all of them to be locked up.

“Really?”

My Wife is a Hacker Chapter 459

Chapter 459 As the bell-like voice sounded, the door to the Rogers Mansion vestibule slammed open. Everyone was drawn to the sound, and all of them looked out in unison. Mr. Rogers Sr. also looked out the door with anger, wanting to know who was so daring to defy his order and storm into the house.

His face changed abruptly upon seeing who the person was.

“Maximillian?”

‘Isn’t the old man in a gray-blue business suit with a thick eyebrow Maximillian, the patriarch of the Johnston family? What is he doing here?’ Mr. Rogers Sr. looked abruptly over at Mr. Riddle Sr in disbelief. He glanced up and down at Mr. Riddle Sr. several times before he could barely withdraw his gaze.

'Is he coming for the Riddles? Impossible. The Johnstons have always thought they are above everyone else. Even if Maximilian and Benjamin had a close relationship with each other before, the Johnston family isn't what it used to be; it is impossible for them to come here for the sake of the family. He must be here for something else.'

He forced himself to calm down. Just when he was to say hello, Mr. Johnston Sr. preempted Mr. Rogers Sr.'s response by looking at him with an expression as if he were looking at a greedy hyena. "What did you just say? Even God can't save the Riddle family from you?" Mr. Johnston Sr. gently gestured to Karlo, who was beside him, and Karlo whistled aloud.

Soon, two rows of well-built men entered the vestibule, each looking ferocious. The bodyguards of the Rogers family almost went weak at the knees to see this.

Mr. Johnston Sr. put his hands behind his back and looked coldly at Mr. Rogers Sr.

"Since God won't do, what about me? Am I qualified enough to take the Riddles away?"

Mr. Rogers Sr. was flustered, as he did not expect Mr. Johnston Sr. would come for the Riddles. Looking at the team of men that surrounded his house, he knew that this was not an empty threat, as Mr. Johnston Sr. never did things by verbal threats but with his fists. The Riddle family did not expect things would take such a dramatic shift. He looked at Mr. Johnston Sr. with his mouth agape. 'I can't believe that it's the Johnston family!'

He had thought he would be done for here today, not expecting there was still a way out, and Mr. Johnston Sr. would come here and even say that he would take him away.

Damien and Dexter exchanged a glance. Both of whom had heard about Mr. Johnston Sr. They knew that the Johnston and the Riddle families once had some connection, but after the Johnston family rose to become the top dog in San Joto, the interaction between the Riddle and the Johnston families had basically stopped. So they had never seen Mr. Johnston Sr. in person. But since Mr. Rogers Sr. had just called out his name, everyone surely knew who was here to save them.

Just that the Johnstons had become the most powerful family and had nothing to do with the Riddle family except for the engagement contract that could never be materialized. 'So why would Mr. Johnston Sr. want to come to help us?' Everyone looked at Mr. Johnston Sr. with a mixture of gratitude and a faint sense of puzzlement.

Mr. Rogers Sr. was sweating profusely and was so frightened that he was out of his senses. He even nearly stumbled upon hearing that Mr. Johnston Sr. had come to the Riddle family's rescue

He could not believe that the Riddle family still had such a good relationship with Mr. Johnston Sr. that he wanted to come for them. He suddenly slapped a bodyguard

beside him with the back of his hand. "What's the matter with you? Ask your men to step aside now!"

My Wife is a Hacker Chapter 460

Chapter 460 The poor bodyguard did not know why he was hit, but he quickly reacted and ordered those men in black surrounding the Riddle family to step aside. Mr. Rogers Sr. looked flatteringly at Mr. Johnston Sr. and asked in a pleading voice, "Would you calm down now? Of course, you can take them away, and I won't stop them from going." The Rogers family had always survived by attaching themselves to the Johnston family. But after his ignorant third brother offended one of the Johnston family members, his father expelled him from the family. Now, it seemed that he was going to follow in the footsteps of his third brother. Mr. Johnston Sr. looked at Mr. Rogers Sr., hissed and ignored him, then went straight to Mr. Riddle Sr.

"Are you all hurt?" He had a kind look on his face as if afraid that he would scare them.

Mr. Riddle Sr. was flattered and shook his head hastily. Mr. Johnston Sr. walked up to him with a gentle face. "Glad to know you're all okay. Let's go. I'll send you back and leave someone to protect you."

The Riddle family, even Mr. Rogers Sr., was shocked upon hearing that.

'What is the relationship between the Riddle and the Johnston families that Mr. Johnston Sr. would say such a thing? It isn't what I've heard. I thought they only had casual ties between them? But it seems not to be the case by the looks of things. He will even leave behind his men to protect them; isn't that mean placing them in his own sphere of influence? Not even the Rogers family can get this privilege.' Mr. Rogers Sr. opened his mouth with a resentful look in his eyes, but he said nothing at last. He watched with animosity as Mr. Johnston Sr. and Mr. Riddle Sr. walked out with a smile on their faces.

'Is Maximillian thinking of ruining my chances of surviving?' Just as he was cursing Mr. Johnston Sr. viciously in his mind, an extremely tall figure overshadowed him. He looked up and saw Karlo's frosty face.

"Mr. Johnston Sr. has mercy on you and simply asks me to teach you a lesson."

Karlo made his move, punching every single bodyguard of Mr. Rogers Sr. to the ground, and then came in front of Mr. Rogers Sr. with his hand extended.

"Choose how you want to be taught," he said.

Meanwhile, Sebastian was in a meeting when his phone rang.

Seeing the caller ID on the phone screen, he frowned, hung up the phone silently, and put it back in his bag.

But the phone kept ringing five to six times. Sebastian thought it must be something urgent and finally picked it up.

He heard a woman cry over the phone, so loud that it nearly broke his eardrum. "Please come and take a look, Sebastian! These guys are bullying Solomon! Don't you care about Solomon the most? You have to help him. Those people are ruthless!"