

# My Wife is a Hacker by Summer

Chapter 833

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Nicole quickly tapped the keyboard . Lines of code with clearly visible logs appeared on the screen. It was useless for Warbler to argue anymore.

"Impossible. I've obviously cleaned it up." Warbler blurted out the moment she saw the log and then quickly shut up when she realized she had been exposed.

"You only erased the superficial data, but not hidden data in the system. How dare you do such a thing when you don't even know this? You're too daring but have no brain." Nicole sneered.

"Preston, Edwin, listen to me." Warbler turned around and wanted to convince Preston otherwise.

"You had the opportunity to explain yourself just now, but you didn't take it. Now the facts have been laid bare in front of us.

There is no need to explain further." Preston looked at her coldly, disappointed in her. Edwin shook his head.

"We have been treating you so well. How can you betray us?"

"I really didn't. Someone must have framed me."

Warbler glanced at Nicole. Preston could not stand a double-dealing twister like her.

"Get out of my sight. I need some quiet time." Seeing that Preston was annoyed with her, she had no choice but to leave with an upset look.

"Is the vulnerability easy to fix, Nicole? Will it affect the client's side?" Preston was worried that the client's drawings would be leaked.

"You go out and take a break. Give me a little more time here." Nicole continued to type on the keyboard. Preston and Edwin quickly went out so as not to disturb her.

After some tinkering, the vulnerability that Warbler had left behind deliberately was successfully fixed. But Nicole did not stop there; she went on to investigate the arms dealer's background.

'It turns out this person is connected to Rowan.' Nicole looked at the information on the computer.

"Why did White attack an arms dealer like him?"

Nicole could not wrap her brain around this. She saved the information and

walked out. "I have fixed the vulnerability and upgraded the firewall. If there is anything else, call me immediately."

"Nicole, we can't thank you enough for your help." Preston felt like he owed Nicole. But he could not help it; he could trust no one else other than Nicole.

"It's okay. You owe me one. But who knows, I will need your help someday?" Nicole already had a rough idea in mind.

"No problem. You just need to say it, and the two of us will be there for you."

Two people were echoing each other, funny but sincere.

"I'm leaving." Nicole was amused. As she went, she felt things were a little strange. She just could not wrap her brain around

why White would suddenly attack the arms dealer's intranet, and this time, his style was a little different.

Back at school, Nicole

was surprised to see her classmates training in the sports field on their own.

"The sun must be rising from the west," she thought.

"Hello, Nicole." Someone greeted her. Nicole nodded and joined the training team. In the evening, Nicole was alone, checking on

the arms dealer in the dormitory. She figured that the only way to know her opponent's next move was to find out the opponent's motive. So she started to stand in the shoes of her opponent.

'What would I get if I were White and attacked the arms dealer's intranet? It makes little sense.' Suddenly, Nicole thought of something terrible.

"Hacking the intranet may be just the first step. If he finds the database through the intranet, that's where the real trouble starts."

The database was the most important confidential document of the arms dealer, which contains all the information of the arms dealer.

These materials not only contained weapons data but also recorded the communication history between arms dealers. Racking the database was equivalent to getting the information of all arms dealers.

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