

My Wife is a Hacker by Summer

Chapter 841

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"Nicole, do you think Mom will like it?" Spencer looked at Nicole.

"Why are you asking me?"

Nicole looked at Spencer in puzzlement.

"You are all women, so you should like similar things and have the same thinking."

"No, no, no. I still think differently from Mom, but I think she will like this piano."

"Let's not mention that it is a customized model. Mom will like it just because of your love."

Nicole did not exaggerate the value of the things but highlighted Spencer's filial piety to his mother.

"Yes, that's right."

Spencer agreed with Nicole. Samuel could not listen anymore and interrupted. "Nicole, we've both bought our gifts. What have you chosen for Mom?"

"My gift is not here. I'll take you all there when you're done here." Nicole deliberately did not tell them, leaving them anxious.

"Don't create suspense. Take us with you." Samuel could not wait to find out.

"Okay, let's go." Nicole took the lead and walked outside.

"The piano is good. Deliver to the Riddle family on time tomorrow morning." Spencer told the service staff before catching up with Nicole.

"Where is your gift, Nicole?"

After driving through a few streets, Nicole still did not tell him but just asked him to continue to drive.

"We are almost there."

A moment later, she said, "Stop right here."

She opened the car door and went down.

Samuel and Spencer stood next to Nicole and asked curiously, "Why are you bringing us to the antique market? Are you going to

buy an antique here, aren't you? "Nicole, most of them here are scammers. Let's go somewhere else."

Spencer tried to dissuade her.

But Nicole did not listen to them at all and went straight inside.

"Hey beautiful, I have the best painting here. Come, take a look."

Just a few steps inside, a vendor called out to Nicole.

Nicole did not bother to stop but walked straight ahead.

Another antique

seller shouted, "Hello, handsome man, pretty girl.

Come, take a look at my Picasso paintings."

"Oh, yeah, Picasso paintings. You wouldn't have been here if you had Picasso paintings," Samuel taunted him mercilessly.

The two continued to follow Nicole until she stopped before a vendor and looked at the mercantile on the table.

"Little girl, can I help you?"

An old man twisting his beard with his hand was sitting in a rocking chair and drinking beer leisurely.

Nicole did not respond to

him but intently studied what was on the table.

"Nicole, can you tell what it is?" Spencer stood behind Nicole and asked in a whisper. She did not answer him, either.

Looking at the few rough stones, her eyes lit up. She did not pick up the stone she saw but deliberately took another larger one and casually looked at it.

"How much is this rough stone?"

"You have got good taste, Little Girl. This rough stone is full of emeralds. I will let it go at five hundred thousand dollars if you like."

The old man was hopeful, thinking that today must be his lucky day, as this girl looked as if she knew nothing about gemstones.

"A freaking stone costs half a million? That's like daylight robbery." Samuel sneered.

"What freaking stone? Don't open your freaking mouth if you know nothing about gemstones. Otherwise, I will make you taste what it is like to ruin the business of others."

As if Nicole had not heard them arguing, she put down the stone in a predicament.

"This stone is nice, but it is too expensive." Spencer and Samuel were relieved to see Nicole put down the stone. Nicole deliberately picked stones other than the one she was interested in, and the old man thought he would be lucky.

But now, he was annoyed by her questions.

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