

MY WIFE IS A HACKER CHAPTER 1091

Chapter 1091

Nicole rubbed her aching shoulders and yelled at Harvey.

“What do you think you were doing?! You were standing far back, and yet you rushed over!”

Harvey felt he was not to blame, and proceeded to explain, “I thought you wouldn’t be able to catch it in time. That’s why I had to come over.”

“Jeez!”

Nicole glared at him and issued a sigh.

As the game continued, Carl began showing them all the extent of his athletic prowess by winning one round after another.

Once they were nearing the end, he and Nicole were the only ones left playing; Harvey and Tia had both decided to spectate at the sidelines as they were exhausted.

“I’m done playing.”

Harvey drank some water and waved at Nicole and Carl.

“I’m just going to sit this one out, as I’m beat.”

Meanwhile, Tia, who had left the game earlier on, was now sitting beside Mrs. Riddle Sr. Seeing this, Nicole turned to Carl and asked, “Want to take a break?”

“Sure,” he answered.

Following this, the quarter joined Mrs. Riddle Sr. and gazed off into the horizon.

A few days later, after dusk had fallen and the lights had been lit, the Johnston Group’s annual ball commenced as scheduled.

The venue was bright and lively, and every attendee was dressed to the nines for the occasion.

All of them had their wine glasses in hand as they engaged one another with in good spirits, while several of the company seniors were sitting around, holding discussions pertaining to any future collaborations and development plans.

Meanwhile, at the entrance, a luxury car had rolled up and stopped.

A tall and slender figure soon stepped out of the car with a gorgeous woman in his arm.

The duo was, of course, Jared and Nicole, and they had turned every single pair of eyes on them as they made their entrance.

“Wow, Mr. Johnston looks spiffy today!” someone in the crowd said.

“Yeah, Miss Riddle is stunning too!” the other commented.

Everyone at the ball was lost in admiration for Jared and Nicole.

With eyes on them, they made their way to the center of the hall.

Then, a group of people began to surround and greet the both of them.

“Jared, it has been ages since I’ve last seen you,” a man said.

“Indeed, it has been a while, Mr. Campbell,” Jared replied.

“Miss Riddle is pretty striking today. I think you ought to keep an eye on her,” Mr. Campbell teased.

Jared flashed a smile as he looked at Nicole.

To him, these people were just envious.

In response, Nicole simpered and said, “Carry on, guys. I’ll head over there to check a few things out.”

Nicole seized the opportunity to elude the group of middle-aged men who had made her feel uncomfortable.

At that exact moment, the crowd at the entrance erupted with cheers and applause again, for Henry had walked in with Chloe.

Hearing the cacophony, Jared looked over.

‘It’s the Johnston Group’s annual ball. Why did he bring Chloe instead of his wife?’

With every eye in the room set on them, the pair sauntered up to Jared, with Henry saying, “Jared, you look pretty darn good, you know that?”

Henry’s compliment was delivered with a grin, but Jared did not buy into his fake compliment, “Yeah, I’m fine, I guess.”

“Jared.”

Chloe eyed Jared, having tried to seduce him every now and then.

“Nicole isn’t here with us today, is she?” Henry asked, as she was nowhere to be seen.

“She is on the other side, having a chat with her friends,” Jared replied.

Henry turned to Chloe, signaling her to join the others over there.

Then, she shot Jared a glance and said, “Alright, I’m heading over there. I’ll leave you guys to it, then.”

“Henry, you’ve finally arrived. We’ve been waiting for you.”

Mr. Campbell approached Henry with a grin.

“My apologies, Mr. Campbell. I see that the evening has just started, and you can’t keep all that charm to yourself already,” Henry said, implying that Mr. Campbell was trying was already hitting on the women at the ball.

“That’s hilarious! What can I say? I’m not as swooning as you are, Henry. Look at your plus one. She’s an international star!”

Mr. Campbell laughed, all while his eyes were fixed on Chloe.

“If you’re interested, I can always set you up for dinner.”

Henry us guffawed.

“I guess I’ll have to thank you in advance.”

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Jared felt nothing but disdain for the two men and the nature of the conversation they were engaging in, and strode off without excusing himself.

When Henry turned around to speak to him, he was already gone.

“Jared, how is your grandfather holding up?” Daniel asked, as the two men had huddled themselves at a quiet corner of the hall.

“I was informed that he has regained consciousness.”

“Yeah, he is recovering. As of recent, he has begun to sit up.”

Jared looked at Daniel, thankful for his concern.

“That’s great!”

Daniel beamed.

“Your grandfather has always been a strong and healthy person, so I do not doubt that he is having a speedy recovery.”

“Yeah.”

“Dad, what are you guys talking about?”

Nicole walked over as she noticed Jared and Daniel together.

“Ah, we were just talking about Jared’s grandpa,” Daniel replied, before turning his attention back to Jared again.

“Jared, please, do come over for a visit whenever you’re free.”

It had been sometime since Daniel had a meal with Jared and the family. He had little to no clue about how the rest of them were doing in life.

“Sure. I’ll come over when I have time,” Jared said.

“Nicole, is your mom over there?” Daniel asked.

“Yeah, right behind that pillar.” Nicole pointed.

“Alright. I’ll go over and check on her.”

He stood up and made his way to Gloria.

“The both of you can carry on.”

“Jared, what are you doing here?”

Henry walked up to the pair with a glass of wine in hand.

“I was looking for you. Ah, you’re here too, Nicole.”

“Henry,” Nicole replied with a nod and a smile.

Henry then looked at his nephew.

“Jared, I’ve never had the chance to ask you about Martin’s project, which you have been investing in. How is it going? Now that we’re here, we can talk about it for a bit.”

“It has been running without a hitch. The products were all mass-produced and the sales were pretty good,” Jared informed.

“Oh. But I was told that their products are not well-received in the market. According to the data, a lot of people are still not able to afford the product,” Henry argued.

Henry kept his eyes on Jared after he had said his piece. He was awaiting Jared’s response.

If his nephew couldn’t offer him a satisfactory explanation, Henry would do what he deemed was necessary.

“The price is definitely on the higher end of the spectrum as of now. This is because the cost of raw materials have been skyrocketing. When the cost returns to its previous market value in the foreseeable future, the price of our products shall be re-adjusted to be more economical. When that happens, more orders will be coming in, one after another,” Jared said, confident in his projections.

“What you said makes sense. I’ll be looking forward to seeing the good news in the next quarterly report,” Henry replied, implying that if sales did not improve by the next quarter of the year, he would have to withdraw from the project.

Jared could only put up with his antics, as he was dealing with a person who was short-sighted and utterly incapable of thinking past short-term gains.

If Jared was now still the person he was years ago, he would have foregone the conversation and shooed Henry away. It was then that music began to fill the room.

Henry brought Chloe to the middle of the hall, bobbing and weaving to the rhythm.

Soon, the pair began to dance with everyone in the hall watching them.

Chloe swayed and twirled in a surprising display of grace in Henry’s arms, but she would dart her eyes at Jared from time to time.

After the first song had ended, members of the crowd brought their partners to the floor, joining Henry and Chloe.

Jared followed by leading Nicole to the dance floor, on which they proceeded to cut a rug like a pair of professional terpsichorean.

With dapper suits and silken gowns paired with songs and dances, the event went into full swing, as the hall erupted into a dazzling display of glamour and beauty.

Everyone present became even more appealing, as they danced the night away.

After a few sessions, Nicole pulled Jared off to the side.

“Let’s catch a break for a while and watch them.”

Indeed, Nicole did not wish to embarrass herself in front of others any longer. She felt that, while the people in the crowd were envied by many, they were also clowns in the eyes of many others.

Out of the blue, a person walked up to Henry and whispered something into his ear.

Soon after, he hurried out and left Chloe in the room all by herself.

“Wait, what just happened? What made him skedaddle?”

Nicole queried as she watched Henry hightailing it from the premise.

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Concurrently, Max approached Jared and said, “Sir, the hospital just called. Mr. Johnston Sr. is in danger.”

“WHAT!?” Jared yelled.

“Something just occurred in the hospital. I’ll have to rush over and check it out.”

“I’m coming with you,” Nicole said, whereupon they hurried out of the place.

The duo sped over to the hospital, and when they threw the door to the ward open, they saw that the doctor was already there, attempting to save Mr. Johnston Sr.

“What happened?” Jared asked the nurses in a grim tone of voice.

“I’m not sure either! I rushed over to check on him the moment I heard the bell. When I came in, I noticed that he was not in a stable condition like he used to be, so I called the doctor over! The doctor said that he is suffering food poisoning and here we are, trying to save him!” the nurse cried, for if anything were to happen to Mr. Johnston Sr., she wouldn’t be able to compensate them.

After gaining a brief understanding of the situation, he anxiously stared at the doctor who was trying to rescue Mr. Johnston Sr. “Don’t worry. As they’ve managed to identify the cause, they will be able to save him,” Nicole said in a gentle tone of voice. She was attempting to comfort and assure Jared, knowing that he was in a state of anxiety.

The doctor was panting and sweating profusely.

Yet, Mr. Johnston Sr's condition had not improved.

Fortunately, it was then that Nicole remembered that she had one of the Beacons in her possession.

She strode up to the hospital bed and injected Mr. Johnston Sr. in the arm with the concoction at once.

With the doctor's efforts to revive him, and the medicine taking effect, Mr. Johnston Sr. was jolted awake with a loud gasp.

"Grandpa, what happened?"

Jared hurried over to check on him.

"He's fine now."

Nicole looked at Mr. Johnston Sr's expression, knowing that the poison had been expunged from his body.

The doctor panted and checked the vital sign monitor beside him.

Seeing that all of the indicators were where they ought to be, he breathed a sigh of relief and turned toward Jared, "Sir, the patient has been saved."

"Thank you."

The doctor waved his hand.

"No. We have Miss Riddle to thank for that. Her injection worked."

"Thank you so much, Nicole."

Jared turned to Nicole with gratitude swelling deep within.

Whenever Mr. Johnston Sr. was in danger, she would always be there to whisk him away from the light at the end of the tunnel. She truly was his guardian angel.

"We should keep a look out for Mr. Johnston Sr. first," Nicole said, keeping her eyes on Mr. Johnston Sr. who was lying in bed, restless and exhausted.

"Grandpa, you're alright now. Nicole saved you,"

Jared murmured to his grandfather.

Mr. Johnston Sr. looked at Nicole and blinked as a way of expressing his gratitude, to which Nicole responded by smiling back.

“It’s okay, as long as you’re fine.”

Seeing that Mr. Johnston Sr.’s situation was now stable, Max walked over to Jared and whispered, “Sir, I happen to notice something strange outside the ball. I believe that the person who opened the car door for Henry had a pentagram tattoo on his hand. Jared spun around and stared at Max with a look of concern.

“Are you sure about that?”

“Yes. Although there was some distance between us, I managed to get a good look thanks to the headlights of a passing car,” Max replied, staring back at Jared with a solemn look on his face.

“Could Henry have sent that man with the pentagram tattoo after my grandpa? But why would he hurt grandpa? What is going on?”

“Sir, should I look into this matter?”

“Yeah. I need you to find out if that man with the pentagram tattoo is one of Henry’s goons,”

Jared ordered in a serious tone.

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“Understood. I’ll get right on with it at once.”

Meanwhile, Henry and the man with the pentagram tattoo were headed to the suburbs.

Located there was an abandoned factory where Conrad and his family were huddled up in a dark corner.

On the other side of the factory, Jared’s man could be seen, gagged, and bound to his chair.

Henry put a mask on and walked in. He glanced around at his surroundings while Conrad ignored him.

Then, he walked over to look at Jared’s man and gestured at his goon, giving him an order to interrogate them.

“Who ordered you to go after Conrad!?” the tattooed man said.

“Spill!”

“No one sent us,” Jared’s man replied.

“He owed me money and I was there to reclaim what’s mine.”

“Conrad, do you know him?” the tattooed man asked Conrad.

Conrad shook his head in fear.

“I don’t know him at all.”

“Did you hear that?”

The tattooed man punched him in the gut, creating a loud thud.

“Now spill and tell me the truth!”

“I’m telling you nothing but the truth!” Jared’s man said, coughing.

“You have nothing to gain from beating me to death.”

“Let’s see how long you’re able to keep up the charade.”

The tattooed man proceeded to pummel Jared’s personnel in the gut, causing him to retch and vomit blood.

“Are you going to tell us the truth or not?!” the goon bellowed.

Noticing that the detainee was still tight-lipped, the tattooed man turned to Henry,
“Looks like he won’t be squealing.”

“In that case, cut his tongue out and release him.” Henry said.

Henry always had a hunch that it was Jared who had hired him, but he wanted to confirm his suspicions.

Therefore, he would release this person so that he could send a message to Jared. He wanted to see how his nephew would react upon seeing the man removed of his tongue.

After releasing the man, Henry removed his mask and threw it on the floor.

“Conrad, if you dare snitch, I’ll see to it that you’ll suffer the same fate.”

"I did not see or hear anything today, sir."

Conrad trembled, for he was frightened to his very core.

Henry turned around and looked at the tattooed guy, "I think someone has been tailing Conrad. Find a remote location in the mountains and keep him in the hideout. I'll let you know when the coast is clear."

"Understood."

"Follow me," the tattooed man said, and led Conrad and his family into an off-road vehicle before driving off.

With that done, Henry pretended as though nothing had happened and went home.

During the next day, Nicole brought Carl out on a ride to Ronnie's estate.

"Carl, what do you think about this place? It's pretty large, eh?" Nicole asked, having been in a good mood.

"The air is so much fresher here. It's as if I'm surrounded by nature."

Carl rolled the window down and breathed in some of the crisp air from the surroundings.

"Nicole, don't tell me you've brought me here to so that we could go into hiding." Carl teased.

"Hiding?" Nicole said.

"You've got one hell of an imagination. Do you think I'd be able to afford a plot of land of this scale?"

"Nothing is impossible," Carl said, smiling.

"If the landlord is willing to sell it, I'll take it off his hands whenever I want and give it to you."

"Yeah, granted he is willing to sell it to you, that is." Nicole jabbed.

After driving for a while longer, Nicole halted and parked her vehicle at the entrance of a racecourse, prompting Carl to give her a look of puzzlement.

"Why have you brought me here?"

“I’m going to introduce you to my baby,” Nicole said, her eyes brimming with joy as if she truly had a baby to show Carl.

“Nicole, what have you been up to for the past few years? First, came the gold cards and the factories, and now, you’re telling me that you have a baby? What is going on?”

Carl asked, shocked by these revelations about her, and wondering how she had amassed these fortunes for herself.

“Allow me to explain. The factory isn’t mine, but the baby you’re about to meet is indeed mine.”

Nicole flashed him a sly smile and made her way to the entrance.

Ronnie was feeding the horses, but as soon as he heard footsteps, he turned his gaze toward the entrance.

Upon noticing that it was Nicole, a grin crossed his face.

“Why didn’t you give me a call before coming over? I could’ve prepared something for you.”

“No worries, I’m no stranger to this place,”

Nicole said, as both she and Carl walked up to Ronnie.

“Uncle Ronnie, allow me to introduce. This is my best friend, Carl. I’ve brought him here today so that he can meet that horse which you’ve gifted me.”

“Hi, Carl,” Ronnie said.

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“Hi, Uncle Ronnie.”

“Are you feeding hay to the horses?” Nicole asked.

“Yeah. These horses need to be fed with quality hay each day, or else, they’d get cranky.”

Ronnie laughed.

“Have you fed Pinto?” Nicole asked.

"I haven't," Ronnie replied.

"But you can go ahead and feed him if you want."

"Alright, I'll pamper him with some treats. Carl, carry this for me," Nicole said, passing a heavy bag of treats to Carl.

"Uncle Ronnie, we'll be on our way now."

Nicole waved at Ronnie.

"Go ahead."

Ronnie looked at the both of them with a smile.

"Nicole, the baby you've been referring to is a horse?" Carl asked, surmising that it must have been.

"That's right, it's a horse!"

Nicole mused, seemingly proud of the fact that she had a horse as compared to a gold card.

Carl looked at Nicole with a brow raised, "You weren't this proud when you had a gold card. It is just a horse. Do you have to be this proud about it?"

"You don't understand," she said.

"This particular horse is Uncle Ronnie's favorite horse. It has been with Uncle Ronnie since it was just a fawn. During our last visit, when I came over with Jared, Uncle Ronnie generously gifted me this favorite horse of his, and that is why it is so precious to me."

After a while of chatting, they reached Pinto's stable.

Carl was stunned when he saw Pinto. It looked to be the most intelligent horse he had ever seen. Its eyes were bright and full of life.

As soon as Pinto noticed Nicole walking over, it trotted over and greeted her at once.

Pinto was humanlike in demeanor.

"Pinto, I'm here to pay you a visit," Nicole said while feeding it.

"Did you miss me?"

Almost as though Pinto could understand what Nicole was saying, it neighed in response to her questions.

“Carl, did you see that? Pinto pretty much acts like a human, don’t you think?”

Nicole glanced at Carl.

Carl nodded.

“Can I pet him?”

“Well, you can try.”

Nicole was not sure either, as she did not know how Pinto would react to strangers touching him.

As expected, just as Carl extended his hand, Pinto shook his head and evaded the gesture.

Carl laughed.

“I guess he’s afraid of strangers.”

Nicole shrugged.

“There’s nothing I can do about it.”

As they watched Pinto munching on the hay in large quantities at a time, Nicole grabbed a brush and began to straighten the horse’s hair.

“Are we volunteering in a stable or what?” Carl asked, expressing his disinterest in helping out.

“After Pinto is done eating, we’ll take a walk,” Nicole replied.

“You drove all the way here for Pinto,” Carl argued.

“Why do I feel as though you didn’t bring me here to chill out?”

“You can look around and find yourself a horse that you like. After you’ve both gotten comfortable with one another, we can go out for a few rounds of riding together,” Nicole said, attempting to shoo him away before he could piss her off.

“Okay, I’ll wait for you outside,” Carl said, and walked off.

“Uncle Ronnie, how long have you been a horse breeder?” Carl approached Ronnie and struck up a conversation.

“More than a decade,” Ronnie replied.

“In which case, you should be very knowledgeable when it comes to horses. Could you perhaps do me a favor and pick one for me? I am thinking of beating Nicole in a race later on.”

Carl smiled and looked at Ronnie.

Having heard Carl’s request, Ronnie burst into a gale of hearty laughter.

“You wish to defeat Pinto in a race? That’s just impossible!”

Carl eyed Ronnie with his brows raised, “Why?”

“In this entire racecourse, none of the horses are as athletic as Pinto. I suggest you just pick one from the stables, because it wouldn’t matter what you do anyway,” Ronnie advised.

“I don’t believe that. There are so many horses out here and none of them can outrace Pinto?”

“Well, you can certainly try.” Ronnie laughed.

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Fiorella’s previous attempt at forming a partnership with Jared in his office was met with failure.

With this in mind, she scheduled another appointment with him, and this time, they met each other in a golf course.

Nicole was not there either, and as soon as Fiorella noticed this, she seemed a little happier.

“Mr. Johnston, this way, please.”

Fiorella flashed her palms upward in a gesture of invitation.

“Did you bring me here so that we could talk about the collaboration?”

Jared sat down and looked at Fiorella.

“Henry is still reviewing the proposal,” she replied.

“I’m not sure how long he is going to take. Anyway, I asked you out today so that I could learn a thing or two from you.”

Fiorella beamed at Jared.

To her, he was irresistible, even when he was just sitting idly.

“Oh, I see,” he replied.

“Fortunately for you, I do have some time to spare today.”

“That’s great!” Fiorella said, happy with the fact that Jared had not declined her again.

Fiorella was dressed in a form-fitting outfit, which accentuated the curves on her body as they both walked over to the course. She was hoping that this could catch Jared’s attention.

But right after Jared had struck the first ball, he walked over to the next stop.

Fiorella was worried that he did not notice her, and so, she went forward and spoke to him.

“Mr. Johnston, you did well for your first shot,” she said, complimenting his skills.

“Your technique isn’t that bad either.”

Jared glanced at her for a moment and turned away.

“Not really. I mean, I don’t really know much. I was just swinging around without knowing how it is done. Well, since you’re so good at it, perhaps you can teach me, Mr. Johnston.”

Fiorella stared at Jared’s visage and her lips gradually curved to form a smile.

“Do you want to hire a coach?”

Jared shot her a side stare.

Fiorella beamed, her eyes brimming with hope.

Thinking that Jared was about to make her a promise, she uttered, “Yeah.”

“Well, I happen to know a few good coaches around here,” he said with a smile.

“I’ll introduce them to you later.”

Fiorella's smile vanished upon hearing Jared's response, after which she decided to change subject by asking, "Mr. Johnston, why isn't Miss Riddle here with us today?"

"She is out with her friends."

When they had reached the spot where the ball had landed, the caddy passed one of the clubs to Jared.

After gauging the distance between him and the cup, Jared took a heavy swing.

The golf ball flew up, casting onto itself a perfectly round silhouette as it flew up, and landed on a patch of turf.

When he turned around, he noticed Fiorella standing behind him, watching him intently.

Curious, Jared looked at Fiorella and asked, "Why aren't you playing?"

"I'm not good at this. Besides, it's much more entertaining, you know, watching you play instead," Fiorella said with a smile.

Initially, they had agreed that the both of them would be playing, but in the end, Jared was left to play on his own.

Bored and unamused, Jared turned to Fiorella with his brows creased, and said, "Because you don't really know how to play, I guess I am done for the day. I have other matters to attend to, so I'll make a move. Let's meet each other some other time."

Jared seized the opportunity to rid himself of Fiorella.

"But, Mr. Johnston, you were here for barely an hour." Fiorella eyed Jared with her brows furrowed.

"Don't you think it's a little disrespectful?"

"Let's just call it a day, Miss Fisher," he said.

"I'll be sure to set another day aside for you."

As Jared had already put it in such a way, Fiorella decided that it would not be wise to keep him around.

"Okay then, but be sure to keep your promise, alright?"

Fiorella looked at Jared with deep-set eyes. It was then that two horses galloped out, streaking across the field.

Startled by the horses' neighs, Jared looked up.

One of the figures riding atop her mount looked familiar to him, and so, he fixed his gaze on her.

Fiorella, upon noticing this, did the same, and when she too had caught sight of the figure, she asked, 'The person who's riding the horse, she kind of looks like Miss Riddle, doesn't she? But as she thought that Jared had not heard her, she went up to him and repeated, "Mr. Johnston, is that Ms. Riddle?"

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"Let me check it out."

Jared threw his club on the ground, after which he climbed into a cart and made a beeline for Nicole.

Meanwhile, at the other side of the field, Nicole and Carl were already racing one other.

"Carl, is your horse running out of stamina?"

Nicole turned back and gave Carl a smirk as if to mock him for not being able to keep up.

"Don't get ahead of yourself just yet." Carl grinned.

"Just watch. I'll be the one you'll have to race after soon enough."

He knocked his horse on its flank, urging it to speed up.

The two of them rode on and galloped across the field.

Soon after, Jared arrived, having sped over and parked his cart on a spot in close proximity to them.

When he got down, he directed his gaze at Nicole, who was still dashing across the course atop her stallion. He could not help but smile at the sight; it seemed that Nicole and Pinto had developed a much stronger bond.

Nicole was still cantering down the field when she looked over her shoulder.

It was then that she saw a cart parked in close proximity, with a familiar figure standing beside it.

Seeing this, she turned the horse around and made a beeline for Jared.

Carl was in hot pursue, but when he saw Nicole turning around, his brows creased.

“Jared, when did you arrive?”

Nicole approached Jared with a grin on her face.

“I’ve been here for some time now. I saw you on horseback having fun after I’ve taken care of my business, so I decided to come over, “

Jared said, happy to see Nicole, especially after witnessing the style in which she rode.

At that instant, Carl rode, and when he called out to Jared, his brows were furrowed.

“Jared?”

“Hey, how is it going?”

Jared greeted in response.

“Do any of the horses here suit you?”

“Well, they’re not bad at all,” Carl replied.

“Miss Riddle, you looked really cool on horseback!”

Fiorella butted in when nobody saw her coming.

“Fiorella, what are you doing here?” Nicole asked with a brow raised.

“Didn’t Jared tell you? I invited him for a game of golf today. We saw you after a few games,” Fiorella said, placing a particular emphasis on the fact that she was the one who asked Jared out.

Naturally, Nicole understood what Fiorella was up to.

Nicole darted her eyes at her, and then at Jared, after which she replied, “Jared told me about the game, and he said that it was such a coincidence that we were out here at the same time.” Nicole deliberately said that so that Fiorella would not get a chance to brag.

“Do you guys want to ride around for a while longer?” Jared quickly seized the opportunity to ask Nicole, as he was already feeling awkward.

“Of course. Carl and I just made a bet. He’ll be buying us dinner if he loses the race,” Nicole said while narrowing her eyes on Carl.

But Carl only responded by creasing his brows.

When did he even make such a bet?

“Okay, I’ll join you guys, then.”

Jared smiled.

“I feel like riding too. Why don’t we all go together as a group?”

Fiorella said, forcing herself into the picture without bothering to ask anyone if they were willing to include her.

Then, she shot Jared a glance.

Jared did not have the heart to say no, so he replied, “Follow me then.”

Fiorella got onto Jared’s cart with a beam, and together, they headed for the stables.

Nicole maintained her stare at the buggy, and it was then that Carl approached Nicole, tracking her gaze.

“This Fiorella- something. How could she be so casual around Jared? How did she pull that off?”

Carl was stating his thoughts in a half-joking manner, as he was attempting to lessen the awkwardness which was a result of the interaction.

“Who knows if…”

“If you can’t beat me, you’ll have to buy me a round of dinner.”

Nicole eyed Carl at an instant.

Then, she whirled around and sped off into the distance.

“Hey, when did I even agree to this?” Carl asked as he raced after her.

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Nicole did not give him a forthcoming answer and rode off into the distance on her horse.

Galloping her way forward, she drifted into cloud nine and her troubles just seemed to vanish, as she basked in the wondrous scenery with its vast swathes of greenery all around.

“Hey, wait up!”

Carl shouted and attempted to catch up, but to no avail. He could only watch as Nicole’s silhouette shrunk into the horizon.

As Jared came out of the stable atop his mount, Sirocco, he noticed that Nicole and Carl had vanished.

He took out his phone out and attempted to call them, but each time he did, he was met with a voice asking him to send them a voicemail instead.

“They must be so busy riding that they couldn’t hear their phones ringing” he thought to himself.

Seeing this, he decided that he would ride off to the direction that the duo had taken earlier, but just as he was about to do so, he heard a scream; it was Fiorella, who was having trouble maintaining her balance atop her horse.

“Mr. Johnston! I’m scared!”

Jared turned around and looked at her, “Why did you come here all by yourself? Where’s your instructor?”

“My instructor was busy!”

Fiorella yelled and rode toward Jared.

“Please, wait for me!”

Jared was anxious, as he had little to no clue of Nicole’s whereabouts, but with Fiorella already behind him, he could not turn a blind eye to her, or else, there would be nobody around to aid her if something catastrophic occurs.

“Grasp the reins,” he instructed.

“Keep your feet on the stirrups. Don’t pull on the reins too tightly, or the horse will stop.”

Jared was forced to accompany Fiorella and teach her some basics.

It took her a while to get the hang of it. She was riding her horse at a snail’s pace and would often scream from time to time, evoking Jared’s attention and concern.

“Mr. Johnston, why is my horse spinning around in circles?!” she cried out while feeling dizzy.

“Please, come and help me out!”

“Loosen the reins on the left side. Make sure you balance your grip on both sides so that your horse won’t trot around in circles.” Jared said as he stifled his urge to laugh at her.

“How far have they gone that it is taking them so long to make their way back here?”

Jared murmured while gazing off into the distance.

Fiorella caught up to Jared and beamed at him.

“Mr. Johnston, what are you looking at? By the way, where is Miss Riddle and that friend of hers? Didn’t you say that we were going to ride horses together? Where did the both of them go?”

“Have you gotten the hang of it?” Jared asked, his eyes still fixed at the yonder where Nicole and Carl had wandered off to.

Realizing that Jared was after Nicole, she screamed and was about to fall off the horse’s back when Jared whirled around and grabbed her.

“Are you alright?”

“I’m fine. I think I’m starting to get the hang of it now. If you wish to go ahead and search for Miss Riddle, I’ll come along,” Fiorella said, knowing that Jared would neither leave her here, nor allow her to come along with him.

Jared looked at her and said, “No. Forget it. I’ll stay here and watch over you as you practice. Judging by your skills, you are definitely not ready to gallop off at full speed.”

Then, he sighed and gazed off into the distance once more.

“Thank you for coaching me, Mr. Johnston.” She beamed.

“I really appreciate it.”

‘It was Fiorella Fisher’ he thought.

‘If it was anyone else, I would not have given a damn’

“Come, I’ll teach you how to trot forward slowly,” he offered.

Although she would not be able to perform a full speed gallop, he could gradually teach her along the way.

Perhaps, they would even be able to catch a glimpse of Nicole by then.

Jared then took Fiorella out on a ride.

It did not matter how far they went, as Fiorella only cared about the fact that he was by her side. Her eyes were fixed on him the entire time.

“What are you looking at?”

Jared whirled around just in time to catch sight of the amorous look on her face, which startled him

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When it dawned upon her that the look on her face was becoming lewder by the second, she turned and looked away at once.

“Mr. Johnston, the scenery over there seems amazing. Shall we head over there and take a closer look?” she suggested.

“Nah, I’d say it is not that lovely. I’ll take you to another location up ahead. We can get a better view there,” he said, as all he wanted was to head off to the direction that Nicole had wandered off to earlier.

“Really?” she asked.

“Well then, let’s go. I can’t wait!”

Although Fiorella had been here before, she had never explored the golf course. This only fueled her curiosity.

“Slow down, Nicole!”

Carl shouted, gradually closing the distance between them.

“Why are you riding so fast? We’re just heading out for a meal! Jeez, I think my back is about to snap. No, ugh, forget it. I’m just going to get down and walk,” Carl said, and dismounted.

Nicole turned around and trotted over to him, as she stared him down in dismay, “We’ve only ridden for a short while and you’re already whining about back aches. Don’t you think you’re becoming a wimp?”

“What are you talking about? Who’s the wimp here! ? Turn around and see how far we’ve traveled,” Carl said while glancing over his shoulder.

It was then that he turned to Nicole in confusion, unable to remember the way they came, and consequently, the way back.

“Nicole, do you remember the way back?”

Nicole stared at him, her face flushed due to embarrassment.

“I think I do, but not exactly. Oh well, it’s not that important anyway.

“Excuse me? This place is vast, and if we were to get lost here, how will we find our way back?!” Carl yelled, having lost his cool. He was not prepared for a scenario like this when he came out here for the horse riding session.

“A place of this scale scares you? I have never seen you so cowardly before, and I didn’t think I would, even if you were facing a hail of bullets.”

Nicole retorted. She was already unhappy, and Carl’s incessant whining only served to further enrage her.

“Anyway, there’s a river up ahead. Let’s go over there and let our horses drink some water,” Nicole said as she caught a glimpse of what looked to be a stream in the distance.

Carl concurred.

“Sure. After such a long period of galloping, it’s about time we give them some water to quench their thirst.”

Jared had brought Fiorella with him in his search for Nicole and Carl.

He whispered, “It’s getting late. Where are the both of them?”

Looking around, he realized that he should not proceed any further as it would be easy for them to get lost.

Besides, he did not know for sure which direction the duo had traveled and would return from.

With this in mind, he decided that it would be wise to send Fiorella back and return on his own to search for them.

“This place is very vast indeed,” she said.

“You can’t even see where the boundaries are. Mr. Johnston, you were right. The scenery here is much better than where we were before.”

Fiorella had no idea what was going through Jared’s mind at the moment.

While she was heaping praises upon him, Jared did not hear a word she had said.

“Let’s turn back,” Jared glanced at Fiorella briefly before turning around.

“Alright!” she said.

“Anyway, it’s beautiful here. I think I’ll come back here as often as I can in the future!”

Fiorella couldn’t help but admire the beauty of the scenery. She had become a completely different person when she was next to Jared.

As a matter of fact, she no longer felt like she was a high-ranking businesswoman at all.

When they had returned to the racecourse, Jared requested for the instructor to help Fiorella dismount, but he himself did not.

After she had gotten off the horse, she noticed that Jared had not.

Looking at him, she said, “Mr. Johnston, why aren’t you getting off your horse?”

“I’m thinking of going off for another round of riding,” he responded.

“I don’t think it is a good idea for you to exert yourself too much in a short span of time. You should head back and catch some rest.”

Fiorella understood the connotation of Jared’s words very clearly.

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Chapter 1100

“Alright. I really had a lot of fun today,” she said.

“Take care, Mr. Johnston. I’ll excuse myself now.”

Fiorella opened the door to her car, and stopped to look at Jared with a sweet smile on her face.

“By the way, don’t forget to schedule an appointment with me, Mr. Johnston.” Jared nodded his head, and watched as Fiorella drove away.

“Alright, bring the dogs out,”

Jared turned to the others and instructed.

“We need to search for someone.”

“Okay, let’s get ready now,” aman said.

Jared brought a group of people with him as he rode across the grassland, but he still couldn’t catch a single glimpse of Nicole and Car].

Stopping midway, he flagged down an employee who was familiar with this place and asked, “Is there a swamp in these parts?”

“Yes, there’s a swamp in the southeast.If you do not know how to navigate your way through that place, it’ll be easy to get lost.”

Upon hearing the employee’s words, Jared gasped.

“Alright.You should lead the way.Let’s head over there and search.”

“Okay,” he replied, after which the group galloped off southeast.

After Nicole and Carl had given their horses their drink, they felt at ease with themselves.

Turning to Carl, Nicole said, “Right.Let’s head back”

“Okay,” he uttered, whereupon the duo rode out from the river and arrived at the side of a hill.

Carl looked around, confused as to where he was, and asked Nicole, “Do you remember which direction would lead us back?”

Nicole frowned, as she was galloping fast, and was not paying any attention to her surroundings.

“No, I don’t remember either.”

“What are we going to do?”

“I mean, I can vaguely remember that the sun was our right when we came,” she explained.

“Now, I think we should follow the path with the sun on our left.We should also pay attention and look out for the hoof prints on the path.I think those will lead us back to where we came.”

Nicole surmised that she could trust her ability to survive in the wild, and as long as she remained calm, she would be able to find her way back.

“Let’s go.We must return to the racecourse before it gets dark.”

Nicole tapped the horse at its flank with her feet, prompting Pinto to gallop forward. Carl followed at once, and this time, he was not far behind.

“Mr. Johnston, there’s a swamp right up ahead.” The employee pointed to the grass in the distance to Jared.

“We’ll stop over there for a bit.”

“No, stop,” Jared said with his voice raised, after which he turned to those around him.

“Everyone, let’s call out for Nicole “One, two, three, Nicole...!”

After yelling out for a long time, there still was not a response.

At this moment, the sky had grown dark, and the sun that had been looming over them was already setting at the western horizon.

“They’re definitely not here, so let’s just move and head back,”

Jared instructed as he glanced at the setting sun.

“Okay.”

On the way back, Jared kept looking around, hoping to catch a glimpse of Nicole, to whom he would rush over in a heartbeat once he could see her.

“Nicole, how long have we been riding, already?” Carl asked, becoming a little anxious as the twilight began to descend upon them.

“Why haven’t we even reached the racecourse?”

“We may really have lost our way,”

Nicole said with a solemn look on her face.

“How about this. We take the reins off the horses, and let them find their way back to the stables. That way we can follow them back,” Carl suggested.

“It’s getting darker by the minute,” Nicole replied, analyzing the situation at hand.

“There’s no way we’d know if there are any wild beasts roaming around. If we are still moving about once dusk falls, it may be even more dangerous for us all”