

Claus went on to order his men to deal with the guards, after which he drove Conrad Calhoun to the city.

"Mr. Johnston, Conrad has been found. We are on our way back,"

Claus reported back to Jared over the phone.

"Arrange them a place across from where the doctor is," Jared said.

"That way it'll be easier to take care of them."

"Yes, sir."

Jared did not wish to show up in person this time round, because Conrad would recognize him. If he were to perform the interrogation himself, Conrad would most likely resist.

At this point, he would have to leave it to someone that Conrad was not familiar with.

"Claus, I need all hands on deck to guard all the routes entering the city," $\text{и} \text{σ} \text{ν} \text{ε} \text{λ} \text{ε} \text{ν} \text{σ} \text{κ} \text{.} \phi \text{σ} \text{μ}$ Jared instructed, having waited for several days to capture the goon.

"If you come across a man with a pentagram tattoo, round him up at once. We might be close to close the case soon enough."

As this was happening, the tattooed man was making a call to Henry Johnston.

"Mr. Johnston, the person has been transferred. You can rest easy, knowing this."

"Okay, come back right away, and let's deal with the old man," Henry said.

"Yes, I'm on my way back now," the tattooed man replied.

"I'll be here in the evening."

"Alright, keep an eye out and see if there is anyone following you," Henry warned.

"Very well."

The tattooed guy hung up and looked outside, where he saw nothing unusual.

"Hurry up and try to return to the city at night. I don't want to stay overnight in the wilderness."

"Okay."

Meanwhile, Kelly, who was looking at Nicole, asked, "Miss Riddle, where are we going?"

"I'll send you home first," Nicole replied.

"Don't worry about me," Kelly smiled.

"If there's nothing else going on, I can always take the cab home myself. You can drop me off here."

How can I ever let Nicole send me home?' Kelly thought.

"It's fine."

Nicole shot her a glance.

"I can send you home. We're heading in the same direction anyway."

"Okay, why don't you let me know the list of things you need me to prepare later?" Kelly asked.

"List? I think you've misunderstood. It's not a list for me, but a list for you. There are supplies and equipment that you'd need to prepare for yourself."

Nicole stated, amused by what Kelly had just said.

"Oh, I misunderstood,"

Kelly fumbled.

"How many days are we going to be there again?"

"Tentatively, a week."

"Alright."

"This is where my home is. Would you like to come in and have a seat, Miss Riddle?" Kelly invited.

"No, I'll pass, but I'll be sure to come in next time,"

Nicole declined.

"Bye now."

Nicole floored her pedal after Kelly had left, and made her way to the Sea View Villa. She had not returned for several days now, and she missed her grandmother very much.

"I'm back!"

Nicole walked into the villa and called out.

At that instant, Tia Rose ran out upon hearing that voice and gave Nicole a big hug.

"I've missed you so much, Nicole. Where have you been these days?"

"I came back, didn't I? Where's grandma?"

Nicole looked around, with Mrs. Wallace Sr. nowhere to be seen

"Grandma and our brother-in-law are having a chat on the rooftop. He really has a lot of patience," Nicole said. Tia praised.

"What has he done for you? You seem to be fan-girling him."

Nicole eyed Tia with a look of suspicion.

"No, I Am not.All I am saying is, he is a kind and loving person." Tia said, looking very smitten.

"You little sleaze! Have you been fooled by his looks? This is the first time I've heard someone praising him for being loving."

Nicole exclaimed, feeling that Tia was utterly helpless in his presence.

"I'm not a sleaze! He is handsome, because if he is not, how could he be worthy of our little sister, Nicole?" Tia asked, clearly captivated by her brother-in-law.

"I didn't even know that you'd be so adept in the art of flattery," Nicole teased her with a smile.

"Miss Riddle, you are so annoying!" Tia defended.

"I guess what they said about you is true, huh? Anyway, I'm not going to argue with you.I'll lose either way.You better head up to see him and grandma."

Tia then pushed Nicole up the stairs.

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Chapter 1127

"Ah crap..."

Nicole muttered as Tia pushed her to the rooftop.

When Jared Johnston heard the voice and looked over, he locked eyes with Nicole.

Sparks flew the instant their eyes met.

Nicole quickly averted her gaze and directed it at her grandmother.

"Grandma, I'm back."

Nicole walked up to Mrs.Wallace Sr.with a smile and sat down.

"Tia has returned," Mrs.Wallace Sr.said.

"I was just asking Jared here about you, saying that you haven't seen anyone for several days now."

"I've been busy with work these days, so I didn't come back," Nicole explained with a smile.

"Oh, but then, you must pay attention to your health.You could be earning a lot, but what good would that do to you if you fall ill?"
и σνελεβσσκ.φσmMrs.Wallace Sr.advised.

"Yes, what grandma said was right,"

Nicole concurred.

"Anyway, I'll be going abroad on a business trip in a few days.I'll be sure to come back and visit you after that."

"You have to be off again?" her grandmother enquired.

"And to such a place that is so far from home?"

"Yeah, there is something over there that requires my attention.I've been urged by the ones working on the project for a while now."

Nicole looked at Mrs.Wallace Sr.and explained.

"You're going abroad?" Jared asked with his brows raised.

'Why was I not aware of this at all?' he thought.

"Well." Nicole glanced at him.

"When are you leaving?" he asked.

"What can you even do?" she asked back.

"I'll send you off," Jared replied.

"There is no need for that, because someone else will do so," Nicole stated.

When Jared heard that, he grimaced, and he shot her a bold guess, "Is it Harvey Ellison?"

Nicole looked at Jared in surprise, "What makes you think that it's him?"

"You..."

Jared stopped, wanting to point out that she had been living with Harvey Ellison these days, but with Mrs. Wallace Sr. beside him, he swallowed the rest of the sentence.

"Aren't you two always together these days?"

Jared looked into Nicole's eyes.

Nicole sneered and rolled her eyes at Jared.

"What did you even see, that you've arrived to this conclusion?"

"Now, that's funny."

He looked at Mrs. Wallace Sr. and hesitated for a moment before proceeding.

"Weren't you having lunch with him the other day and well, as of late too?"

"I wasn't expecting you to have one hell of an imagination. You can really connect the dots when there is none, can't you? How amazing." Nicole said while giving him a scoff.

"I am not even going to rise to that," he responded.

"Grandma, would you like to go downstairs and eat some fruits?" Nicole asked after looking away from Jared.

"Sure."

Mrs.Wallace Sr.uttered, after which Nicole helped her up.Jared stared at Nicole's back as she left.

Confused and upset, his face took on a sour expression.

"What was that all about?' he thought.

In order to make himself clear, Jared got up and joined them in the living room, and when the three of them had been seated on the couch, Jared's kept his eyes fixed on Nicole, an act which made her feel uncomfortable.

"Don't you have to work to do?"

Nicole asked, implying that he should get back to work.

"It is a Sunday."

Jared looked at Nicole, rendering her speechless.

"Then you can just take a seat and chill out."

Nicole gave him a sideways glance, and proceeded to turn her gaze on the television.

"Grandma, what kind of shows do you like to watch?"

Nicole turned to talk to Mrs.Wallace Sr., ignoring Jared.It was then that Tia came over with a platter of fruits in hand.

"Hey Jared, have some fruits."

"Okay," he replied.

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Chapter 1128

"So, you have been staying over at the Riddle's residence these days?"

Jared looked at Nicole, still feeling scathed by her questions and responses earlier.

Instead of giving him a forthcoming reply, Nicole rolled her eyes at him without saying a word.

Entering the intersection of the city, an off-road vehicle gradually drove near, "Mr.Graham, the target has been spotted."

"Find a window of opportunity and stop that car! Do not let anyone off the hook without my orders!" Max ordered.

"Yes, sir," the other man ordered.

The tattooed man and his partner continued driving for a while, before the latter noticed that there was a car following him from his hind.

"Sir, someone appears to be tailing us," his partner said.

The tattooed guy glanced back at once, "So it's true.We need to lose them!"

He stepped on the accelerator, propelling his car forward in breakneck speed, and made his way to the fork at the end of the route.

"Crap, we have been found."

"Hurry up and pursue them!"

Jared's man yelled.

"Contact the others and request backup!"

A chase then ensued between the two cars, resulting in both speeding and overtaking one another.

"They're too close on our six!" the goon's partner said.

"We won't be able to outrun them!"

"I believe that their cars will not be able to catch up on rocky terrain," the tattooed guy said while glancing back at the car behind him with a leer.

"They are heading for the mountainous route!" Jared's man reported.

"Regardless of which route they take, we can't let them get away!" Max bellowed.

"Car Number One, the target has entered the mountains in the suburbs of the city. Hurry up and stop him in his tracks!"

"Yes, sir," the driver of Car Number One said.

Now in the mountainous route, the off-road vehicle careened forward with a sedan following in hot pursuit, its driver disregarding the dangers and damages that such a terrain could cause just to capture Henry's henchman.

"These people are really persistent," one of Henry's men said.

"I can't believe that they would come after us like this in sedans!"

"Step on it and shake them off at the intersection ahead!" the pentagram tattooed guy ordered.

"Got it," his partner said.

"We are spreading ourselves too thin!" one of Jared's men said.

"We can't see them anymore."

"Stop!" the leading vehicle ordered, halting to survey the intersection.

"They should be headed this way. Move out!"

Then, the lead vehicle sped off toward where Henry's men had vanished into.

After covering several miles in distance with nobody on his tail, the man with the pentagram tattoo breathed a sigh of relief.

"We've lost them. Let's get back to the city."

"We've lost them. You, I need you to return to the end of the fork and prepare for an ambush at once!"

The leader in the car instructed Car Number One.

Car Number One spun around, and its occupants proceeded to set their traps, waiting for their target to re-enter the route.

After ten minutes, they heard the roaring of an engine in the distance, whereupon they scattered as they allowed the steel wire that they had set up at the intersection to do its bit.

The off-road vehicle drove straight ahead, not noticing that a trap had been set.

Due to the speed at which they were traveling, the vehicle flipped over, injuring everyone who was in it.

At this point, they could not help but be stunned by the sudden turn of tables.

Jared's men quickly surrounded them and restrained them one by one, as the man with the pentagram tattoo and his associates kicked and wriggled.

He could not believe the fact that he had been caught.

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Chapter 1129

Jared Johnston was still in the living room, out of sight and out of mind, when his phone rang.

Then, he picked his phone up and strode over to the other side of the room to answer the call.

"Mr. Johnston, we have captured them all."

"Okay, I'll come over right away."

After hanging up, Jared approached Nicole and said, "I have something I need to take care of, so I'll be heading off now."

Nicole turned to look at him, but maintained her silence anyway.

Seeing that, Jared turned to Mrs. Wallace Sr. again.

"Grandma, I'll be leaving first. I'll pay you a visit some other day."

Mrs. Wallace Sr. nodded and said, "Okay, be careful when you're driving."

"Will do."

Jared took another look at Nicole before leaving, and as she saw him hurrying off into the car, she was taken aback.

'Why did he leave in such a hurry?' she thought.

'Did something major happen? Wait, what am I doing? Why should I worry about him?' Nicole then shook her head and continued watching TV.

Jared entered the hallway of the hotel as Claus approached him.

"Mr. Johnston, everyone we've captured are in these rooms."

"Has he started talking?" Jared asked Claus.

"He squealed, but the doctor said that the clues are pointing to the man with a pentagram tattoo."

"Bring the doctor and Conrad to the room of the guy with the pentagram tattoo. I'd like to interrogate them together." Jared said, and marched into the room where Henry's henchman was held hostage.

With the door pushed open, Jared saw that the man with the tattoo was tied to a chair with his head covered in a sack.

Upon hearing the creaking of the door, he bellowed, "Who are you? How dare you kidnap me?"

Jared looked at him and there it was; the pentagram tattoo on his hand, matching with the height as he was described.

At present, Jared could not see his face.

Then, he sat on a chair beside the man, maintaining his silence.

After a while, Claus brought the sham doctor along with Conrad into the room, where they both saw the Henry's henchman.

The both of them were startled, as if they were deer caught in the headlights.

When Conrad saw Jared's face, his legs buckled, and he collapsed.

With Jared shooting Claus a glance, Claus turned to both Conrad and the sham doctor, and said, "Step forward and have a look. Is this the person you were talking about?"

The sham doctor did as he was asked, and scrutinized the man with the tattoo.

When he saw the pentagram tattoo on his arm, his eyes widened, and he looked back at Claus.

"Who are you?!"

Henry's henchman bellowed, still struggling in a chair.

Claus waved his hand, signaling that he could come back later, after which he ordered Conrad to step forward and identify the man, which he did.

Now trembling, Conrad looked at Claus and nodded.

"Bring them out,"

Claus instructed the bodyguards beside him.

After the sham doctor and Conrad had identified the man, they were escorted out of the room, leaving Jared, Claus, and a few other bodyguards with the perpetrators.

Claus stepped forward and removed the blindfold from the tattooed henchman.

The dazzling light made it hard for him to open his eyes.

"Mr. Johnston?!"

The pentagram tattooed guy looked at Jared in fear, trembling as his will to resist dissipated.

"You know me?"

Jared looked at him with a blank stare and asked.

"Who doesn't know Jared Johnston?!"

The tattooed henchman complimented with a look of fear.

"As you know who I am, why don't you start by telling me why you did what you did, as well as the person who ordered you to do this? Go ahead, and spare yourself from the suffering you are about to endure."

Jared looked at him calmly, but with the cold light in his eyes, it was difficult for the henchman to stare into them for too long.

"I didn't do anything. What do you want me to say?" the tattooed man blabbered.

"Drop the act! Those two people have already told us everything you've ordered them to do. What's the point of hiding anything now!?"

Claus bellowed.

The pentagram tattooed guy frowned.

'Did they capture Conrad and the doctor too? So, the two men who had walked up to me. Were they the ones?'

"Traitor! I knew it was a bad idea, keeping you all alive! You should have been dealt with in the first place!" the man with the tattoo cursed.

He had persuaded Henry Johnston to get rid of them before, but as Henry wouldn't listen to him, they had landed themselves in dire straits. It was over for them.

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Chapter 1130

"You don't have to waste any time on me. You can use whatever you see fit, and I'll not spill!"

Henry's henchman glared at them.

"You know, Mr. Johnston is being pretty merciful here." Claus glared back.

"Don't squander it."

"Save your pity and your mercy, and just do your worst!" the tattooed henchman bellowed, like a man who had nothing else to lose.

"Okay, if you're going to be a shmuck, I guess I'll have to give you a taste of your own medicine." Claus looked at the bodyguard beside him with a smirk.

The two walked over and held the henchman's head back.

Claus slowly leaned into him, and his face took a sinister turn.

Holding two pens in his hand, he strode up, inserted the barrel of the pen directly into the man's nostril, and jostled it back and forth, prompting him to let out a wail.

"Speak up or I'll continue," Claus said.

"Ha, I won't say anything!" the tattooed man cried.

"Ahahaha!"

Claus's jammed the pens further in and exerted even more force as he jostled, and the henchman burst into tears at once. However, even as he could no longer breathe, a wry smile

crossed his face.

Claus stopped and looked at him, "Are you ready to talk now?"

"Hahaha, no..."

Realizing that his method is not working, Claus glanced at Jared who was standing behind him, prompting Jared to turn to the security detail beside him. The bodyguard immediately produced a syringe that was used to deal with the sham doctor, and walked up to Claus.

"Inject him," Jared ordered, his voice icy and low.

The tattooed man stared at the liquid that was being injected into his body, whereupon he shot Jared a glare and asked, "What did you give me?"

"That liquid will make your arm fester," Jared said in the calmest of tones.

"You're despicable!" the tattooed man cursed.

"You brought this upon yourself. If you're willing to, spill now, or else, the injection will take effect in a few minutes, and by the time that happens, and I'm afraid it'll be too late for you to say anything then,"

Jared threatened, eliciting a sense of fear in the mind of the perpetrator.

"You're just lying to me. What harm can a tiny bottle of liquid do to me? Do I look like a three year old to you?" the tattooed guy mocked.

He was not afraid of the concoction the way he was afraid of blood.

What Jared had said was simply too far-fetched.

"That's what the sham doctor said before, but in the end, he squealed," Jared said.

"Well, it doesn't matter. You can always choose not to believe, but the next time I see you, your arm would have rotted away."

The tattooed henchman began to sing a different tune. His eyes were fixed on the tip of the needle that he had been injected with seconds ago.

As time passed, the area on his arm where the needle had pricked began to fester and rot. A burning sensation radiated from the inside out.

He gritted his back molars and barely endured the pain, after which he yelled out.

"You're not as tough as the fake doctor. Claus, how long do you think he'll last?"

Jared looked at Claus and asked.

Claus glanced at the tattooed man with a sneer, and mocked, "I think he will last for about 20 minutes, and it won't be record breaking as compared to the sham doctor."

"I think you're overestimating him. From what I can tell, he'll last for fifteen minutes at most."

Jared and Claus teased in front of the pentagram tattooed guy's face.

The pentagram tattooed guy felt humiliated, glared at the both of them, and panted.

"I won't say a word even if my entire arm rots away."

"It's a shame that your integrity is being wasted on all the wrong places, and for all the wrong reasons," Jared mocked him and shook his head.

"Jared Johnston, if you are able to, you can find a quicker way to dispose of me. After all, what kind of man are you to use such despicable methods! ?"

The man with the pentagram tattoo glared at him with bloodshot eyes.