

My Wife is a Hacker Chapter 151

Chapter 151

Nicole shook her head gently and said, "Take everything out and let me check your homework."

They looked at her and breathed a sigh of relief as she seemed to have returned to normal. Taking out their homework and textbooks, they waited for Nicole to start the lesson.

Honestly, what they were most looking forward to every day was this period of learning time with their boss, as they could learn a lot of new things every day. Now that they had done a revision on the textbook, Nicole started to prepare them for comprehensive exercises.

They stared expectantly at Nicole as they began class, but Nicole was looking at their homework and seemed to have spaced out again. Austin and others exchanged glances. They were all sure that their boss was not quite right today.

Nicole had been very focused on normal days, but today she was strange. What Jared said to her in the car that day and the scene of him seeing the woman with wavy hair kept appearing in her mind. She felt chest pain, especially recalling the scene of him leaving just now as if something was pressing against her.

Claus knocked on the door. He was puzzled because something was amiss today, there was no sound of their discussion coming from the box; it was strangely quiet.

"Come in." Nicole's calm voice sounded from the inside.

Claus pushed the door in and found that everyone was sitting in their seats, while Nicole also sat in hers, not going to the front.

He raised an eyebrow with interest. "Your iced Americano."

Nicole nodded to him. "Thank you."

After Claus left, Nicole stood up. It took her twice as long to check their homework today. Before starting

the lesson, she gently picked up the cup of coffee and took a sip. She found the coffee tasted a bit odd, but it did not show on her face. Nicole almost forgot that it had always been Jared who made her coffee.

Thanks to this sip of coffee, Nicole had come out of her daze completely. She cleared her throat and started to give Austin their lessons.

It was dinner time by the time they finished.

Nicole was slowly packing up her things, as there was nothing important to do now. She could empty

her thoughts and not think too much.

Austin and others looked at Nicole, all with a worried look. "Boss, are you really alright?"

Nicole glanced at them, and just as she was about to say something, the phone in her pocket rang. She gave Austin an I-will-go-first gesture and then walked out of the café to the open space outside

before answering the phone.

A very kind voice sounded at the other end of the phone. "Nicole? Do you have time to pay a visit to the principal's office?"

Mr. Ellison had called instead of messaging her this time. Nicole heard his gentle voice and found it hard to say no. Since she had nothing to do now, she agreed.

Mr. Ellison said with delight, "Okay, I will wait for you. Haven't you had dinner yet, have you? I will ask someone to prepare, and we will have dinner together." He then hung up at once as if afraid that Nicole would say no.

Nicole looked at the phone helplessly. Since she had agreed, she was not going to walk back on her words.

She quickened her pace and soon came in front of the principal's office. As she knocked on the door, a gentle voice invited her to enter. Nicole stepped inside and saw that three sets of tableware had been laid out on the table, and Mr. Ellison was sitting there, beckoning her to come over with a smile.

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Nicole sat down opposite Mr. Ellison. She did not pick up the cutlery but looked at him and asked,

"What can I do for you?"

She sounded very casual as if she were just talking to an ordinary person. If outsiders were to see Nicole's attitude toward Ellison, they would have been shocked with their mouths agape.

Most people in San Joto knew Mr. Ellison's influence in politics and academia, in which he was almost a figurehead personality. Everyone respected him.

But Ellison did not show displeasure despite Nicole's attitude. He smiled and said, "I just want to invite you for a meal. Harvey will be a bit late, as he was still outside."

Mr. Ellison, whose full name was Thomas Ellison, was not such a nonsense person. Nicole frowned and was a bit impatient. "Tell me what it is about, or I will leave."

Mr. Ellison heard she was leaving and hurriedly said, "I saw the video of Harvey and you on the Internet. I can tell that he is fond of you, and he has asked you to be his girlfriend. Is that true?"

Nicole had already guessed what Mr. Ellison was going to say when she saw the three sets of tableware on the table. After her suspicion was confirmed, she was calm. Looking at a table full of her favorite food, she knew Mr. Ellison had always been treating her well.

She looked down as if thinking about something before saying slowly, "It is true, but Harvey didn't

say that because he liked me, did he?"

Not because Harvey liked her, but because Mr. Ellison wanted him to like her. When Nicole looked up again, her upturned eyes appeared clear and stern, and she exuded an extremely assertive persona.

"You know what kind of person I am. I don't want this kind of transactional relationship."

Mr. Ellison looked at Nicole in front of him and sighed softly. Not that he did not know Nicole. But his selfish desire wanted him to set up his most good-looking grandson and Nicole romantically. Harvey was his grandson. He could tell what Harvey was thinking. If Harvey was not into Nicole, no amount of coercion could make Harvey say such a thing.

Mr. Ellison had only briefly explained on behalf of Harvey, only to get Nicole's somewhat puzzled look.

"So what?"

What could he do even though he did like her a bit?

Something had gone wrong with the initial approach, and she was not his only choice.

"I don't like Harvey."

Mr. Ellison looked into her lustrous eyes and suddenly lost his words.

The person's hand froze in mid-air just as he was about to knock on the door outside as if he was

afraid that he would not be able to hear it clearly if he made a sound. He looked at the wrinkled corner of his clothes, lowered his hand, and tried to smoothen the wrinkled fabric. He did it with so much force that it seemed he was about to tear it.

Meanwhile, Nicole continued, "Harvey probably doesn't have any feelings for me either, so don't waste your time." She then stood up and said, "I don't think I can have dinner with you this time. I still need to see someone and have to take care of a few things."

Nicole said goodbye to Mr. Ellison and walked toward the door. The moment she pulled open the door, Harvey panickily took his hand off the corner of his shirt. He did not look up, and his eyelashes trembled. Nicole was not surprised to see him, and she just went straight outside. Only then did Harvey look up at her as she left. She was walking with her back straight as if it were a sword that would never bend. Harvey suddenly reached out to grab her, but Nicole had learned her lesson and dodged in a flash as if her back had grown a pair of

eyes. She looked back at Harvey with displeasure

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Mr. Ellison was inside the office, so she did not want to make a scene here with him. Harvey looked at Nicole, who looked at him with a fiery gaze. She gently pressed her

lips together with slightly upturned lips. It looked as if she was crying and laughing at the same time.

“No,” he said as if muttering to himself. “It’s not like that.”

Nicole looked on as he suddenly looked up at her. There were no emotions in her eyes as she gazed at the person who looked flawless from the inside out in front of her.

But no one was truly perfect.

Harvey looked her in the eyes. “It’s not true that I don’t have feelings for you.” He seemed to have taken a lot of effort to say that. The first time he saw her, he felt his heart beating out of rhythm, but he mistakenly thought it was a sign of disgust. So, he hypnotized himself and refused to feel his inner thoughts.

Nicole looked at him as if not expecting him to say this. She watched Harvey’s face gradually calm down, and then he looked at her and broke out in a gentle smile. “I will just pretend that I have never heard what you just said. Okay?”

Nicole frowned as she looked at Harvey’s smiling face and said, “Stop that smile.” He wanted to fool himself, but she had no interest in playing along. She turned around and went downstairs without looking back. There was no hesitation.

Harvey knew she was on guard, and no way he could get hold of her. When he thought about the last words Nicole had said to him, his smile faded gradually, and he now looked like an expressionless puppet. Just then, Mr. Ellison’s voice came from inside the office. “Harvey, are you back?”

Harvey did not adjust his expression as he strode into the principal’s office.

Mr. Ellison frowned when he saw Harvey’s face. “What’s wrong with you? Why do you look like a mess?”

Harvey had only a slight wrinkle at the corner of his clothes, yet it became synonymous with a mess in his grandfather’s eyes. Harvey closed his eyes self-deprecatingly.

When Mr. Ellison saw his expression, he knew Harvey must have been badly upset. So, he softened his voice and asked, “Harvey, you heard it all?” Harvey nodded, silently looking at the untouched meal on the table, his fingers unconsciously smoothening the cuff on his right hand. Seeing Harvey’s dejected look, Mr. Ellison could not bear to agitate him. He sighed and said, “Nicole is a good girl, but she doesn’t like you. I’m not going to force it. Do you like Snow? Ask her to come over so I can take a look.”

Harvey looked at Mr. Ellison, not expecting him to give up so easily. It was Mr. Ellison who wanted him to approach Nicole, but when he was stuck in the mud and could no longer

extricate himself, Mr. Ellison nonchalantly told him he would not force him anymore.

Harvey did not refute it but looked at his grandfather with a gentle smile. “Okay.”

Seeing Harvey so amiable, Mr. Ellison nodded with satisfaction. “Take a seat. The dishes are getting cold.”

The two of them sat down to eat, but the meal seemed to be tasteless now.

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Nicole left the principal’s office and headed straight toward the café.

The sky had turned dark, and it started to drizzle. People were going off the streets in a

hurry, and Nicole was the only person who seemed not to care. They all cast a strange look at Nicole, thinking that she must be out of her mind still by still rambling on the street when the sky was about to open up.

Nicole ignored the gaze of these people and took her time. She just liked the cool breeze because it made her more awake. She only favored Jared's coffee and would only allow Jared to come near and accompany her. What was this? As the cold wind grew more intense, the smile on Nicole's lips got broader. She picked up her pace and finally ran as forks of lightning lit up the sky with thunder rumbling in the background. By the time she reached the café, Claus was seen standing in a daze behind the coffee bar. As he admired the wind outside bringing down a willow, he suddenly saw a girl dash toward the café from afar. It was pouring outside, but she seemed to run faster than the rain.

When the girl got close, Claus finally saw who she was and was a bit startled. He narrowed his eyes. "Nicole? No way. It is really Nicole!"

Jared would skin him alive if Jared knew he was letting Nicole run in the rain.

By the time Claus grabbed an umbrella and was about to rush out, Nicole had come outside the café. Claus hurriedly pulled open the door. She stood wet in the doorway; her face was a little pale, but her beauty still made everything around her look pale in comparison. Claus looked at her and was a little stunned.

Nicole casually removed her soaked coat. Afraid of wetting the floor of the café, she did not walk in but asked, "Claus, where is your boss?" Claus was delighted that Nicole had remembered his name. It took him a while before he reacted to Nicole's question.

Unfortunately, Jared did not come back after going out in the afternoon. No one knew where he went. Just when he felt melancholy, wanting to shake his head, Max's voice came from behind him "The boss has gone to Nottingbrook State and will come back the day after tomorrow."

Nicole looked slightly disappointed, but she quickly recovered and said, "Alright, thank you." She then opened the door and ran out despite it still raining heavily outside.

Max looked surprised and hurriedly took a few steps forward, trying to stop Nicole. But he did not dare to touch her but said casually, "Why don't you wait after the rain stops?" Nicole shook her head. The rain was not a deterrence for her at all, as it would only make her more awake. She looked back at Max and said in a gentle but firm voice, "Ask him to come to see me when he is back."

Max looked at her and nodded gently.

Nicole said nothing more She walked out into the rain toward the dormitory building Max took out his phone and called Jared after Nicole had gone out of sigh. "Boss, Nicole would like to see you."

Jared was talking to the blond man across from him. When he picked up the phone and heard what Max said, he was startled for a second before giving a hand gesture to the person in front of him, telling him to wait, and he walked aside. "What else did she say?".

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Max shook his head, then realized that Jared could not see him. So, he said, "Nicole said nothing else. She just left in the rain." It was sunny in Nottingbrook State, and it was early in the morning, but Jared's mind seemed to be gloomy, his voice cold. "You let her go just like that?" Max did not respond. He knew how important Nicole was to Jared, but it probably was not Jared's greatest concern.

But in the next moment, Jared's stern voice came. "You two, go outside and stand until the rain stops."

Max gave Claus a look. The two of them had no objections and immediately went outside to stand in the rain. As cold rain slid down his expressionless face, only then did Max think of something—running so fast in such a cold and heavy rain, Nicole was indeed like his boss, an invincible wonder. In the Riddle family home—Damien was standing in front of Mr. Riddle Sr. with his head lowered as he was debriefed.

Mr. Riddle Sr. asked him about something from time to time, and Damien answered every question. After finishing talking about business, their conversation shifted to the fight for a piece of land between Riddle Corporation and the rapidly rising McCarthy Corporation in San Joto,

Damien looked a little worried at the mention of this land. "I saw the McCarthys and Mr. Wyance seeing eye to eye at the birthday party of the Rogers family. I am worried -"

Mr. Riddle Sr. shot a glance at his eldest son, and Damien immediately shut up. Damien was excellent in every way except that he was too much of an alarmist and indecisive. But it did not mean that they would let down their guard. If Mr. Wyance really favored McCarthy Corporation, they might likely lose the bid for the land. The Riddle Corporation was betting big and had spent a lot of money and effort on this piece of land that would be earmarked for development.

"What else have you heard and seen at the birthday party of the Rogers family?" Mr. Riddle Sr. asked inquisitively. It was an invitation he had literally begged for and gotten because of Miley's relationship with the Rogers family. Dillon could not be more envious of them. There was a trace of hesitation in Damien's eyes when he heard Mr. Riddle Sr.'s question. He wondered if the girl he saw yesterday was Nicole. After all, she had no background, and her relationship with the Riddle family was not made public. How could she get such a courteous reception from Mr. Rogers Sr.? But Damien still said, "Dad, I saw Nicole at the Rogers family's birthday party yesterday."

Mr. Riddle Sr. was stunned. "Nicole? How could she have gone there?"

Damien was also confused. "Dad, she didn't just go, but it was Mr. Rogers Sr. who invited her personally. She sat with the top families, but she didn't seize the opportunity. She just stayed for one minute and left."

There was a look of sour grapes in Damien's eyes. He did not expect Nicole to be able to sit with those big shots.

Mr. Riddle Sr. looked surprised upon hearing what Damien said. This granddaughter of his, whom he had just reunited with, knew not only Thomas Ellison but also the Rogerses. This was really something unexpected. But when Nicole's score of zero points came to mind, his face became a little disappointed. 'Instead of studying hard, Nicole's been buttering up the bigwigs. But come to think of it, if even Mr. Rogers Sr. has accorded Nicole such courteous treatment. Could it be that I had been thinking too badly of Nicole?'

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Mr. Riddle Sr. sighed and decided to give Nicole some more time when he thought of how hard Nicole had been trying to learn lately.

He took a deep breath, his tiredness apparent. "Ask Nicole if she returns to the old house this weekend."

Damien nodded respectfully. As Mr. Riddle Sr. wearily waved his hand, Damien left the room and gently closed the door.

"What's going on, Damien? What did Dad say to you?" Dillon asked. He was standing outside the door when Damien came out. His father used to talk to Damien alone, but it had never been this long.

Dillon was incompetent and greedy, and Damien had always been looking down on him." Nothing, but the Riddle Corporation seems in need of change."

Damien lamented and had to admit that he had misjudged. He, at first, thought Sean was the only capable child coming out of his father's fourth wife, not expecting that Nicole, who had just returned, had also gotten a foothold in the family. When Dillon heard that, he was delighted, thinking that his father was finally going to get the company's CEO replaced.

Dillon looked at Damien from behind with contempt, but he did not dare to go in and disturb his father. So, he went back to his room and said to Karen, "Our daughter, Snow, has been doing well. Damien has just told me that there will be a change of CEO in Riddle Corporation. I guess Father will probably recommend me for the position. After all, if we got that piece of land, it would be because of Nicole's relationship with Jared."

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"Have we gotten that land?" Karen was overjoyed.

Dillon shook his head. "Not yet, but we will know in about a week. Ask Snow to work harder. I have got to get credit for this. After I become the company's CEO, I will immediately buy you that sapphire necklace that you have been eyeing for a long time."

Karen was jumping for joy. She grabbed her mobile phone and called Snow, exhorting her not to slacken off but work harder on Jared. 1

Snow felt puzzled on the other end of the phone, wondering if Harvey had put in a good word for her family. But the last time she was in the principal's office, Harvey clearly did not give a damn. Maybe Harvey felt sorry for her and had talked with Mr. Ellison after he got the news. After all, Mr. Ellison and Mr. Wyance knew each other.

After hanging up, Snow could not hold back her excitement. She wanted to see Harvey but was a little hesitant. At last, she gritted her teeth and called Yvana, using a pearl bracelet to buy Yvana's favor to help sound out Mr. Wyance. Yvana quickly replied that Mr. Wyance was indeed more biased toward the Riddle Corporation.

Snow could almost be certain that it was definitely Harvey who secretly helped them.

After all, who else but he could have such a significant influence?

Snow would never know that Mr. Wyance was just angry with the McCarthy family because they caused the delay for him in seeing Nicole.

She sat on her bed and started fantasizing that Harvey must have been too tired lately, and that was why he was cold to her. She figured she had to show him more concern.

To show her thoughtfulness, she planned to cook something and bring it to Harvey for lunch tomorrow. Snow had not been so relaxed for a long time. She smiled and called Karen back to reassure her, saying confidently that Mr. Wyance was fonder of the Riddle family.

Karen was elated, turned around, and told Dillon, "It was really Harvey who helped us. I have also heard that Mr. Wyance favors the Riddle family more. That piece of land will be ours."

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Dillon was euphoric. "Is what you say true? Snow has really done it; she has won over Harvey to help us!" He knew it-Damien had been behaving so strangely because he was jealous.

"Harvey isn't an ordinary guy, but Mr. Ellison's designated heir. If Snow can really win him over, we will find favor with Mr. Ellison." Karen was excited.

Dillon jumped for joy when he heard the news as if he had seen a bright future at Riddle Corporation beckoning to him. He was indescribably excited.

"Karen, you have given birth to a wonderful daughter! You have got to treat Snow better from now on."

Karen rolled her eyes and said, "I don't need you to remind me. I have given her a diamond necklace just so Harvey will take a liking to Snow, and she could marry into the Ellison family."

Dillon gave Karen a peck on her cheek. "It is so thoughtful of you." Karen blushed.

"What are you doing, old man? Let me go to get a shower first." Watching Karen enter the bathroom, Dillon lay down on the comfortable large bed as if he saw Mr. Riddle Sr.'s expression of approval and the envious look of Damien and Sean. He wanted to get to that top position as soon as possible and feel what it was like to give orders.

Dillon could not help but guffaw at the thought of it. His lack of competence caused him to be suppressed for the first half of his life, and now he could finally be emancipated.

He could not wait any longer. Because of the big mouths of Dillon and Karen, soon the entire Riddle family knew that it was Snow who got Harvey's help to win the tender.

Mr. Riddle Sr. raised his eyebrows in doubt as he listened to his servant recounting what Dillon had said. They sounded so confident and convincing, making Mr. Riddle Sr. wonder if it was really Snow who helped the Riddle family. But thinking that Snow grew up and excelled in both academics and conduct, and her relationship between Snow and Harvey at school, Mr. Riddle Sr. felt pleased. It would be wonderful if it were indeed because of Snow, as it meant that Snow and Harvey had a steady relationship, from which the Riddle family had everything to gain.

With this in mind, Mr. Riddle Sr. closed his eyes. His servants left him, and the entire house became quiet.

As soon as Shawn returned to the Rogers family, he was summoned by Mr. Rogers Sr.

"Where have you been?"

"I was hanging out with old friends," Shawn replied with his head low.

As Shawn grew up in a run-down small town, Mr. Rogers Sr. did not like Shawn to keep

in contact with his old friends. Besides, he did not know any of Shawn's old friends. So, he just briefly reproached Shawn.

"Don't mingle with those people next time. Didn't I already introduce you to many VIPs yesterday? Why don't you go out with them?"

Shawn looked a little dejected. "They don't really like hanging out with me."

Mr. Rogers Sr.'s expression softened at hearing what Shawn had said. He patted Shawn on the hand and said softly, "I don't blame you. It is okay to go out with your old friends, but you always have to remember that you are my son and absolutely must not do those things that are disreputable, understand?"

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When Shawn nodded obediently, only did Mr. Roger Sr. smile as he said, "That's my son."

Shawn lowered his head, but there was a hint of disdain in his eyes. "This old man had no idea I existed until I was fifteen. When my ailing mother finally brought me to him, he insulted her. He only reluctantly acknowledged me as his son after receiving the DNA results.

'At the beginning, when he was still healthy, he had treated me offhandedly, as if I was nobody to him.

'Only when his health has deteriorated, and my elder brothers have gotten more and more out of his hand did I manage to earn a spot by playing the role of an obedient and well-behaved son and become his most trusted person among the Rogerses,' Shawn thought as he lowered his eyes, the eyes that flashed with a stern look.

'The power of the Rogers family is my only goal. With it, I will have the right to discard others in the future, and no one will be able to do so to me!' With that in mind, Shawn helped Mr. Roger Sr. walk and said gently, "Father, are you feeling better today?"

Usually, with Mr. Roger Sr.'s stamina, he would not stay up past eight o'clock at night waiting for Shawn's return. Instead, he would go to bed early and fall asleep while gasping for breath.

Nevertheless, although his health was on the verge of collapse, it had yet to reach the critical point. In other words, Mr. Roger Sr. might be able to live longer if his condition improved. And if he had only found out about his health a month later, he would only have had six months to live at most.

Apparently, Mr. Roger Sr. felt more energetic than usual today. "I took Ms. Riddle's advice. After basking in the sun outside our manor in the afternoon, I feel much better," he exclaimed joyfully.

However, when he thought of how hard Shawn had persuaded him to take more naps by telling him its benefits, he squinted his eyes slightly as he looked at Shawn with suspicions.

Shawn raised his head immediately, his eyes full of admiration and warmth. "That's great. I'll accompany Father to bask in the sun every day from now on!" The sight of his youthful face had lightened up Mr. Roger Sr. mentally and physically.

'How could my youngest son, who has longed for fatherly love, possibly harm me?

Perhaps he really thought that taking more breaks and naps would do good for me,' Mr. Roger Sr. convinced himself. He smiled at Shawn. "Don't you have to hang out with your friends?"

Shawn looked at him with his slightly curved eyes. "They aren't as important as you, Father."

Mr. Roger Sr.'s gaze remained at Shawn as his satisfaction toward him grew greater. With Shawn's help, he stood up and said with a generous tone, "I won't stop you from having fun with those friends in the future. But remember to come home early. Don't make me wait till late."

Shawn could sense some displeasure in Mr. Roger Sr.'s words. He quickly nodded and said yes. Mr. Roger Sr. let Shawn help him to the door of his room and then said, "Okay. It's getting late. You should return to your room early to rest." After speaking, he quickly opened the door and went in. The wooden door was then heavily shut in front of Shawn, sending up a layer of fine dust.

Shawn's face was hidden in the shadows. No one could tell what he was thinking. Before he turned away, he let out a smirk.

In his bedroom, Mr. Roger Sr. opened the black packet from Nicole and carefully took out something from it. After looking at it thoughtfully for a while, he picked the pill and swallowed it. Actually, the sunlight was not effective enough to make him energetic. The main contributor was that small packet of medicine from Nicole.

He had reason to suspect that Nicole had some connection with the famous doctor he was looking for. There was only a simple serial number instead of a special anti-counterfeiting tag found on the pills. In other words, it was not a product manufactured by any pharmaceutical companies at present.

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Mr. Roger Sr. happened to have seen the pills made by that famous doctor. The characteristics of these pills were very similar to the ones made by that doctor. However, compared with the slightly rough finished products before, these pills were much finer, and they seemed to be made by the same person in different periods. Hence, Mr. Roger Sr. suspected that that famous doctor must be in Hustuaburg, and the person was making rapid progress. At the thought of Jallen claiming he could not find that doctor yesterday, Mr. Roger Sr. smashed the glass angrily. 'B*stard! Forget about the perfunctory response he gave me. Is he planning to kill me now?'

The more Mr. Roger Sr. thought about it, the angrier he became. A hint of brutal look appeared in his cloudy eyes as he dialed his phone with trembling fingers.

'He has the audacity to try to harm me. Even though he's my son, I won't let this go.' With that in mind, he spoke to his lawyer on the phone, "Hi, Dean. It's me, Christo Rogers. I want to change my will."

A nonchalant and indifferent voice came from the other end of the phone. "Mr. Rogers Sr., your eldest son and second son requested to get notified whenever you file a bid to

change your will. But of course, it's up to you. Do you want me to inform them?" Mr. Roger Sr. was so furious upon hearing that. He said "no need" coldly before he told the lawyer about his request.

Meanwhile, Lulu and June were startled by the sight of Nicole's state when she returned to the dormitory. She was drenched from head to toe; every part of her was soaking wet. Without delay, Lulu and June wiped her with a towel. Nicole's face was expressionless. She took the towel and put it aside before heading to the bathroom. June and Lulu exchanged looks. They seemed to have sensed that something was wrong with Nicole's mood.

Nicole took a hot shower. When she came out, her cheeks were pinkish from the steam. She landed her gaze on June and Lulu, who were looking at her worriedly, and said softly, "I'm fine. Don't worry."

'It was just rain.'

Only then did the two reluctantly retract their eyes.

Nicole sat on her bed. She took out the exercises instead of her laptop and planned to take a look again. Suddenly, her phone lit up. It was an anonymous message. (What did you give Christo Rogers?)

After receiving a few words from Nicole, the sender understood it and texted again. (He transferred a million dollars to us and asked for specific information on that medicine.) Nicole paused for a second, thinking she should have known that those wielding power in the prominent families in Northon were perceptive. She replied, (Reject the request and refund the money.) The person texting her agreed without hesitation.

After a brief pondering, Nicole asked, [Are there any assignments recently?] The person seemed a little surprised. (There are always jobs coming in with most of them specifically asking for you. But I've turned them down since you want to take a break.)

After a few seconds of silence, she typed a few words. (When can I see Carl?)

The person took a while to reply to her. (I couldn't find out the one tracking you. Please wait for a little longer. I don't want to take risks by letting you meet.)

Nicole knew that it was his decision. She would not risk Carl and her safety no matter what, so she gave an affirmative reply without hesitation.

There was no more incoming text, so Nicole put away her phone and continued to go through the exercises. However, the coldness in her eyes became even frosty.

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The next morning, Nicole got up early for her morning training routine and found that Harvey was not there. His absence did not bother her. She had made it clear to him yesterday, so it was normal for him to stop approaching her.

Nicole went to class nonchalantly. Due to some reasons, everyone in Class B today looked at her with weird looks.

Nicole ignored their gazes. Wayne whispered, "Nicole, how did you make Cain yield to you like that?"

'Forget about Austin. Even the notorious Cain from the Northon Institute treats Nicole that way?!'

Not only did Cain have a decent family background, but he was also Celia Rowe's

boyfriend. Most people feared him for his notoriety. He did not bother to give face almost to anyone except Gary.

Nobody had seen Cain grovel like that. | Nicole glanced at Wayne. She did not feel hostile toward him. "Perhaps he's afraid of getting beaten again," said Nicole flatly. Only then did Wayne recall how Nicole had defeated a dozen thugs on her own. He flinched at the thought of that and stopped talking.

Gary, at the row behind, squeezed the pen in his hand, frowning at Nicole's back. He had beaten Cain countless times, but it was never enough to stop Cain, who had no shame. Therefore, Gary was not convinced when Nicole had claimed that all it took was giving Cain a beating to make him submissive. He felt that there must be some other reason. Nicole leaned against her chair's back, spinning her pen. No one knew what was on her mind. Seeing that Gary's attention was on Nicole again, Vivian broke the ruler in her hand. Her eyes were glum, and her pretty face was a little contorted with anger when she looked at Nicole. As if she had finally made up her mind on something, she suddenly threw the ruler in her hand away and left the classroom.

Vivian went directly to Ms. Emerson's office. As the class monitor, she was very familiar with that place. She stood in front of Ms. Emerson's desk and said calmly, "Ms. Emerson, I personally think we should not allow Nicole to stay in Class B. She's a troublemaker, and her presence has affected our learning. Everyone has been talking about her instead of focusing on their monthly exam. It will affect the mentality of good students like us." Her last sentence sounded like a threat as she looked at Ms. Emerson with a sense of pride.

Vivian Collins was one of the top students in Class B, so to Ms. Emerson, her words carried some weight. She was even appointed as the class monitor.

Vivian was confident that once she voiced her opinion, not to mention Nicole's poor grades, Ms. Emerson would feel worried that Nicole could affect the overall class's performance in the monthly test. "Therefore, it's very likely that my words can get Nicole expelled from Class B!" Vivian thought with a hidden smile on her face.

Upon hearing Vivian's words, Ms. Emerson, who was reviewing today's assignments, looked

at Vivian, the student she had always been proud of. Vivian lowered her eyes, and Ms. Emerson could not tell what she was thinking.

However, that did not stop Ms. Emerson from voicing her thought.

She put down the assignment she was reviewing and said, "Vivian, I've always been lenient to students who perform well academically like you, but I can't tolerate you slandering your classmates.

"You mentioned that Nicole has affected others in their study. But I think she has a very good learning attitude. She even asked for new exercises a few days ago.

"You should calm down. Stop minding about what others have said. If you get swayed that easily, you should be responsible for your own exam results." Although Ms. Emerson's tone was gentle, her words were imposing.