

## My Wife is a Hacker Chapter 251

### Chapter 251

Luka went to pick up the luggage dejectedly as a trace of resentment appeared on his face. 'If it weren't for Chloe, I would not have ended up like this.' However, none of these mattered anymore. Both of them were on the same boat now, and their interests tightly bound together. It was far too late to leave now.

A sliver of resentment toward Nicole then appeared in his eyes. 'It's all that damned Nicole's fault that I end up like this. If I ever run into you in this country again, just see how I do you in!

Chloe walked out of the hotel door and hailed a taxi as she headed straight to the airport. Sitting at the boarding gate, she angrily gave Miley a call. Upon receiving the call, Miley was surprised as she asked, "Chloe, aren't you filming now? Why do you have time to call mommy?

Chloe's voice was chilly. "Mom, where's Uncle Daniel's daughter, Nicole, now?"

Miley asked her quizzically, "Nicole? Why are you asking for her? She isn't even a member of the Riddle family. You are a million times better than her, being cast for Nachele Holder's show at just twenty. You can surely inherit your mother's mantle and become the most excellent actress..."

Chloe always loved to listen to Miley blowing her trumpet, but now every single word of hers was pricking her right in the heart, causing bursts of embarrassing pain.

Chloe could not help but interrupt her, "Mom, stop. Just tell me where Nicole is."

Miley was surprised by her daughter's attitude but thinking that she might be too tired from the filming, she comforted the latter. "Chloe, don't be like that. You'll look very rude. If you're tired from filming, you can just tell mommy..."

Chloe could not stand it any longer and hung up. After a moment's hesitation, she gave a call to Damien instead.

As soon as the call connected, Damien's cold voice came from the other side. "Chloe, what are you looking for me for?"

Chloe gritted her teeth and told him the matter of her losing her place in Nachele Holder's production and also the ambassadorship of JJ Johnston Group. She also added on to the story of Nicole sending her to the police station without even mentioning that she was the instigating party

Stie thought Damien would be extremely angry hearing that and help her deal with Nicole. After all, her father was really after her ambassadorship for JJ Johnston Group and had always asked her about the progress through Miley. Now that the ambassadorship was good as gone, he must be furious

She was hoping for her father to stand up for her, yet what came from the other side was unexpected short silence

As Damien listened to his daughter complaining, he heard her hatred toward Nicole in her voice. He held his aching head as his eyes glinting as he ran scenarios in his head Based on what Chloe said, she might never be able to have anything to do with ] Johnston

Group any longer, but Nicole had a firm relationship with the Rogers family. Moreover, until now, he did not know how Nicole got to know Mr. Ellison or those special forces

and felt that her identity was unusually mysterious.

If he could not get to the bottom of this, he would not act rashly against Nicole. In contrast, it would be better if he could put Nicole to good use instead.

About a dozen seconds later, he thought through everything and said to Chloe on the other side of the phone, "Chloe, as the elder cousin, you need to get along with her. Since Nicole is still immature, just be more tolerant to her."

'Once I've climbed my way to a high enough position, my daughter will no longer need to be so aggrieved anymore.' He thought.

Chloe totally did not expect her father to give her such a reply. She was so apoplectic she shuddered, and her voice turned shrill. "Dad, what is this? I'm the one being bullied by Nicole!"

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When Damien heard Chloe, he frowned. His daughter was competitive by nature, and no matter what she did, she would strive for the best. It was because of this she got the recognition of the Rogers branch family, but it was since then that she began to lose patience and refuse to bow her head in everything.

'How can she achieve grander things like this?'

Damien shook his head, and his voice bore a tinge of resoluteness. "It's decided. Open your eyes, don't be fooled by the illusions before you."

'Wasn't she always clear on what she wanted?'

'For those things, she needs to ignore the rest.'

When Chloe heard Damien's words, she slowly calmed down as she carefully pondered her father's words. A moment later, seemingly realizing something, she responded softly. "Alright."

Seeing that Chloe knew what he meant, he told her a few more things with great satisfaction before hanging up.

He looked at his watch and was about to leave the office. He then saw Everett standing by the door with his head down, thinking.

Seeing Damien walking over, Everett raised his head, with obedience radiating from his handsome face. "Dad, is it a call from Chloe?"

Damien looked at Everett and nodded. "Why are you here?"

Everett looked at Damien and smiled. "Isn't it lunchtime now? I just want to have lunch with you, Dad."

Damien frowned a little. This son of his was not bad in business, but he was just average. Here he was not putting his back into his work and instead had the time to ask him out for lunch?

He said somewhat happily. "I have something to attend to, so I'll pass on that. Also, how many times do I need to tell you what should you call me in the office?"

Everett's eyes dimmed. "Mr. Riddle," he addressed Damien respectfully.

Damien then nodded with a trace of satisfaction in his eyes.

Although this son was useless, he still had one good point.

And that he was obedient.

He did not waste any time with the latter anymore but hurriedly went downstairs as he picked up his car and left Riddle Corporation, Everett lowered his head after his father left, feeling extremely dejected.

In this family of his, his parents only valued his sister, while he was treated like nothing... No one knew how many hours had passed, but Mr. Riddle Sr.'s operation was finally over. The operation was very successful, and Nicole handed the suture over to Rowan. She then

walked out of the operating room and took out her mask and gloves, her eyes red from exhaustion.

She washed her face with cold water and pulled out her phone to inform Ms. Emerson she was taking two days off. After some thought, she clearly wrote down the reason as well.

"To look after a sick relative.' Normally, seven days after surgery would be a high-risk period, but inside Rowan's lab, this time can be shortened to just two days.

She then sent Austin and the rest, asking them to hand over the homework she gave them online for her to check, not allowing them to miss a day.

She was almost done going through the textbook with them. What remained was for them to consolidate what they had learned and revise.

Nicole sat on the chair as she fiddled with her phone.

Soon, Rowan pushed Mr. Riddle Sr., who had been stitched up, out of the operation room. Nicole stood up and went downstairs. She ignored the gaze of others as she started matching something on the desk in B Section on the left side of the first floor.

She then brought a small packet of medicine and stuffed it into Rowan's hands.

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"B0-2, Three times a day."

Rowan pulled the medicine into his chest pocket, and just as he was about to ask something, Nicole had already turned around and walked to Mr. Riddle Sr.'s ward.

Rowan was taken aback and asked, "The operation is complete. Why don't you take a break?"

Nicole waved him off. She wanted to check and ensure nothing was wrong.

Rowan knew her nature, and when she was responsible for something, she would be terrifyingly serious. Now that Mr. Riddle Sr. was her responsibility, how could she take a break just like that?

He shook his head and said somewhat oddly. "I'll go make the medicine then."

Nicole did not look back at him as a smile appeared on her lips.

By the time Rowan was done mixing the infusion and returned to the ward, he noticed a medium-sized book in front of Nicole. He deftly did the infusion and hung the drip bag, and walked over to her side to see what she was up to.

When he saw what was before her, Rowan's eyes widened.

"Eh, Nicole, what's with these Math Olympiad questions?" "Didn't Nicole already get the Woods Award long ago? Why is she looking at the stuff that should be child's play for her?" Nicole looked faintly at him. She had not slept at all last night, yet she did not feel anything at all. She crossed her arms as she sat there, ignoring Rowan's question, and

simply asked, "Do you have a pen?"

Nicole just was not used to answering questions without a pen to twirl.

Rowan rolled his eyes somewhat speechlessly. "Answer me first."

"I made a bet with someone," Nicole responded without any emotions.

Rowan shrugged and reluctantly accepted that excuse. He then mumbled as he went out, "What age is it now? Still using pen, you're as old-fashioned as ever..."

Everyone in the medical laboratory was already using laser pens that directly connected with the optical cortex. Not only that would achieve perfect accuracy, but it also ensured the safety and confidentiality of the records,

Rowan searched all over the entire lab to only find a gel pen from an intern.

His eyes lit up and rushed toward that person like a hungry wolf. The intern was so shocked he took a step back, "Boss, I know there was a small mistake in my test data, but I've fixed that already. Also, I promise I'll be loyal to the lab. If you order it, I'll do anything... Wait, what are you doing?"

Rowan did not pay any attention to what the intern was mumbling as he rushed over and grabbed at the latter's chest. The poor intern thought he was going to encounter unspoken workplace rules and closed his eyes with a herote expression,

Rowan took away the pen sitting in his coat pocket with a look of contempt on his face before turning around and going back to the second floor.

Seeing that Rowan had left, the intern patted himself on the chest, heaving a sigh of relief as he looked at Rowan's back. He thought he was a goner just now.

Very quickly, Rowan handed the pen to Nicole, and that sat beside her as he watched her answer the questions with interest.

Nicole noticed him getting close and frowned. "Get out."

Rowan felt a little wronged as he said, "You clearly have no need to look at those questions, We haven't seen each other for so long, and not only you wouldn't catch up with me, you want to chase me out?"

If the lab workers heard that demon of a mixed-blooded doctor would say something so soft, their jaws would have fallen off in shock.

Nicole only turned to look at him. There was a glint in her eyes, carrying with it a subconscious coldness and pride. 'Any problems with that?'

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Rowan immediately shrank back as he laughed. "Let's talk like civilized people. I'll leave myself."

He remembered the one time he interrupted Nicole's experiment, and she gave him the same kind of gaze. The next second, she tossed him out of the lab.

He was not exaggerating. She really did toss him out.

Rowan fell outside the door, his entire person in a daze. He pinched his muscles in disbelief, and when he looked at Nicole's slender arm, he started to doubt himself.

However, he had the awareness to never challenge Nicole's patience.

A long separation somewhat dulled that pain as Rowan walked out of the ward with an impassive look on his face.

He had not slept for a whole day and night. He was not a monster like Nicole. He still needed his sleep.

Nicole ignored Rowan as she slowly twirled her pen and quickly went through the exercise. She did not have much time left and needed to learn the cumbersome algorithms used by the common folk to calculate these things. After all, the International Math's Olympiad questions were different from the ones in Hustuaburg. Nicole flipped through this upgraded exercise book with a faint look of interest in her eyes.

Two hours later, she was almost done with the exercise. She stretched back and relaxed her brain, yet she did not feel tired at all.

She only wanted coffee. She looked at Mr. Riddle Sr. before her. His heart rate had gradually stabilized, calm and powerful as if it had returned to normal.

But Nicole knew very well that even with specialized medicines, it would take until at least tomorrow to ensure nothing was wrong.

She put her legs on the table before her as her thoughts floated far away. A person would die of age or sickness sooner or later, and doctors were just trying to lengthen the whole process before that time arrived.

'If this kind of incident could happen to grandpa, whose life is well – provided for, then what about Grandma, who is not much different from him in age?' Thinking that she had not seen Mrs. Wallace Sr. for almost a month now, she let out a soft sigh. 'Let's find one day to go back to Great Oak'

Rowan had taken his nap and stretched as he walked out. Upon seeing Nicole's expressionless face, he was surprised. "It can't be right. You're not on a mission, so why aren't you resting?" He walked over to inspect Mr. Riddle Sr.'s condition and patted Nicole on the shoulder. "Don't worry, the operation was very successful, and the medicine is also working now. You don't have to stay here. I'll take over, go and get some rest."

Before his words even trailed off, he saw Nicole looking at him, her voice rather soft.

"Do you have coffee here?" Rowan raised his eyebrow. "Of course, Americano with no sugar, right?"

Nicole nodded as she looked at Rowan with an inexplicable gaze.

Rowan saw the contempt in her glance as he roared at her. "Was? Ich füge gerne Zucker und Milch mit meinen Schwarzkaffee, gibt es ein problem?" (What? I like to add sugar and milk to my black coffee, is there a problem?)

He was so anxious that he spurted out a sentence directly in Almagnian. Nicole raised her eyebrow, and as she looked at Rowan's face, she did not respond to his temper but instead replied in Almagnian too, "Weiß dein Vater Du bist hier?" (Does your father know you are here?) Rowan shook his head irritably as he heard that. The braid on his head too shook as well. He pushed his hand into the pocket of his coat, and a look of rejection of broaching this topic appeared on his face.

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"Do not mention him. He is not my father." Nicole knew that the relationship between this father and son pair was tense, but she did not expect it to be like this.

She did not say much but instead patted him on the shoulder. "Go, remember my coffee."

Rowan nodded as he walked out of the room. A faint look of bewilderment appeared in his eyes as he muttered to himself.

"He is not my father. I don't have a father like him!"

The hands inside his coat pocket silently clenched as well.

Rowan calmed himself down, and when he recalled that person's cold pair of eyes on him, his entire person shuddered.

Someone walked past him, and seeing him standing there unmoving, the person hurriedly greeted him, "Boss, why are you here?"

Rowan snapped back and simply replied that he was okay. He then looked at the person. "Aren't you supposed to extract copper thiol ATP enzyme at Sector D for me? Why are you here asking me what I'm doing here?"

The person choked at the words. He did not expect that his boss would know which section he belonged to and what he was studying from the one-two hundred people in this lab, so he could only laugh it off and say, "Everyone is curious about that beauty that came in yesterday, I'm representing everyone from Section D to have a gander at her."

Everyone was surprised when Nicole glanced down for a moment yesterday and could not get a proper look at what she looked like.

One had to understand that working day and night in the underground lab, the guys had not seen even a female mosquito for a good while now.

And, as the lucky winner of the scissors, paper, stone game of the nine people left in Team D, he was sent up by everyone enviously on a glorious mission to see the beauty. Yet, none of them expected things to go badly, and not only did he not see the beauty, but he also ran into the demon-like Rowan instead.

Rowan sneered as soon as he heard that, "She isn't someone the likes of you can see. Get back now!"

Rowan did it out of kindness. After all, Nicole hated the most being watched by others. If she were to be watched by these bunch of fools like a monkey, he was afraid that she might beat them senseless.

When that time comes, who will be doing the work? What he did not know was that after her time at the Royal Creek Institute, Nicole was almost immune to all sorts of stares. After all, she already knew how weak these people were and could snap their bones with just a touch.

The man would have been normally scared to death if Rowan were to bark at him like that, but to see the beauty today, he appeared somewhat more courageous as he said, "Boss, the beauty is for everyone to see. How can you keep her for yourself?"

Seeing how brazen he was, Rowan squinted and laughed instead, an arc forming in his deeply contoured face. The man had never seen such a brilliant smile from Rowan before and immediately had goosebumps.

"You want to see? Fine, she's in the third room from the back. Go and have a look then."

'You really can't stop someone who has a death wish.' That thought appeared in his mind as Rowan stirred the coffee in his hand.

He originally thought that by the time he got back to the ward, he would see Nicole beat

the crap out of his subordinate. Yet, when he got there, Nicole was just sitting there while his subordinate was asking her questions with a feverish expression. After getting her answer, he immediately used the pen Rowan had taken from him to jot down something. When Rowan saw this, his hand that was about to knock on the door paused.

It was Nicole who caught a whiff of the faint coffee aroma. She looked at Rowan. The coldness in her eyes was abated, seemingly questioning him why he had not brought the coffee in yet.

Rowan shuddered, and when he walked in, he looked at the light in his subordinate's eyes with a puzzled look.

"This is the look of seeing a pretty woman, a look of taking in all of the beauty!"

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Seeing Rowan coming in, the subordinate respectfully returned the pen to Nicole as he held his blackened hand like it was a treasure while his eyes looked like he had found treasure as he looked at Nicole.

"This lysozyme transmission method is really wonderful! Ma'am, can I get your name? Also, if I have any questions in the future, can I come to you?"

Nicole nodded indifferently as she said, "the Peptide bond of acetyl-CoA transacylase is very difficult to analyze. If you are not sure, you better use this method to conduct two more experiments."

The subordinate nodded as he heard that. His eyes were filled with admiration as he looked at Nicole.

He had originally only wanted to come in to see Nicole's beauty, yet Nicole could instead instantly tell that he was someone from Section D and had a very clear understanding of the research progress of his team.

Her casual replies had allowed him to benefit a lot. He had thought that she was merely a vase his boss had brought over and did not expect her to be that strong!

'For Rowan to recruit such a person, he is just too awesome!'

The subordinate looked a little oddly at Rowan, and seeing that expression, he smiled coldly. "Don't look at me. She is just here to borrow a room for an operation."

No wonder there was an old man lying in the ward. Normally, aside from the heads of states of various countries, no one else could come into this place.

'However, this should be a privilege for a genius like her.'

He then bade farewell to Nicole. As he walked out, his footsteps were fluttering.

He will soon be able to solve a problem that has been plaguing him for half a month now. How can he not be excited?

When the others saw him come out, his face red like he was drunk, they gathered around him as they asked one after another. "How is it? Is she very beautiful?"

"I only saw the side of her face yesterday, and that totally stunned me already. I've never seen such a beautiful woman in my life!"

"You said that she and boss became in together and they look quite close. Could it be..."

Seeing the topic was gradually straying away, the subordinate who had met Nicole

frowned as his voice turned a little cold. "Hush you, That lady could resolve the problem of the research topic my team is working on! You guys have no idea how far away we are when compared to her!

The laboratory is arrayed from A to Z, and Team D's research tople was regarded by far the most difficult subject. For her to so easily resolve the problem, everyone present looked at each other and had nothing else to say, They originally did not bear much respect for Nicole After all, from their point of view, she was just a woman with a pretty face. They had thought she was here on a sightseeing internship using her relationship. A moment later, someone asked, "So, she's really a new hire here. Which team is she assigned to?"

"No, Boss said she's just here to borrow the operating room." Everyone looked at each other. Only the most elite of people can have surgery performed in this best medical laboratory in San Joto, and that is to Rowan's begrudging approval as he felt like his time was being wasted. Yet, he would actually allow this woman to borrow a spot for an operation.

Moreover, Rowan himself followed her in, so he must have performed the operation himself, right?

'Who could deserve such an honor?'

"What operation is that? Until our boss needs to get involved?"

Everyone hurriedly looked at Victor Hasseldorf, the only person with the information, with a curious look in their eyes.

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He recalled what he saw in the ward and slowly uttered a response.

"Judging from the equipment in the ward, I suppose it's cardiac surgery. However, our boss said..."

He paused and looked at everyone present before dropping a bomb.

"Our boss won't be the one performing the surgery; he's merely acting as the lady's assistant."

'What?!' they thought.

Everyone was stunned. They were the best laboratory in San Joto; none of the commercial hospitals could compare to them. Having Rowan as a part of their higherups meant that they were indestructible. Even so, someone like him still had to be an assistant to that lady!

'Who is this lady?' they could not help but wonder. A number of them voiced their doubts, "You're bluffing! Cardiac surgeries are Level B operations. Whether or not the



lady can perform this surgery is a different story. How dare you say that our boss is an assistant to that lady for such a surgery?"

Many of them turned to look at Team B after hearing his words. Since they were practically the best team at their laboratory, it goes without saying that they were remarkably talented. While their team only consisted of four members, all of them were exceptionally skilled at cardiology.

'Here at our laboratory, only the people in Team A and our boss can boss us around!' they thought.

The four of them had condescending looks as they stared at the crowd, "Just because she can solve a problem from Team D doesn't mean that she can perform a Level B surgery!"

The subordinate stared at them as he pictured Nicole's calm and collected face. Suddenly, he felt confident to stand his ground, "It's undeniable that Level B surgeries are of great difficulty. However, I'm certain that she can do it!"

'She's good; everything she says is unimaginably insightful. She even explained the perplexing questions in my research succinctly and thoroughly. Someone like her can't possibly be unable to perform a Level B surgery,' he thought.

On top of that, the way Rowan treated her made him almost certain that she was a world-class talent in the medical field.

The members of Team B gazed at his confident expression and sneered. They then said mockingly, "In that case, she must be a renowned talent in San Joto, or maybe even internationally. Why don't you tell us her name so that we can revere this person?"

"This..." he thought.

The subordinate's mind went blank. He recalled asking for her name, but she dodged his question.

Cold beads of sweat started forming on his head.

Many gave him sardonic gazes. Everyone knew what his expression meant. They shook their

heads and dispersed; no one wanted to listen to his nonsense.

However, the members of Team B stayed. They were looking at him disdainfully, "Well? Did this skilled person not dare to reveal their name? Talk about being in Team D. Why don't you go home and clean that brain of yours? Otherwise, how are you going to continue doing research."

They said before returning to their team's designated location arrogantly.

Nicole was upstairs, so she did not hear their conversation. She was currently having a cup of joe that Rowan made. Suddenly, she froze.

Rowan's coffee brewing skills have deteriorated,' she thought. She remembered clearly that he made great coffee back when they were at Elendora. What Nicole was not aware of was that Rowan's coffee brewing skills did not deteriorate , but her standards in coffee had been unknowingly raised by a certain someone.

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Rowan looked at her disapprovingly as she set her coffee aside. Just as he was about to speak, the phone in his pocket rang. Rowan glanced at the caller ID and signaled at Nicole to hold for a moment. Nicole raised her eyebrows as she watched Rowan's retreating figure. Nevertheless, no emotions could be seen in her eyes. Rowan ended his call very quickly and returned. He had a slight frown; it was as if he was thinking about something. "Nicole, I've got some errands to run. I don't think I can make it back to bid you goodbye. I'll get someone to watch over your patient later." ; Nicole did not have any objections, so she nodded understandingly. Rowan stared at Nicole; a hint of unusual emotion could be seen in his eyes. He sighed, "Who knows when I'll be seeing you again?"

Nicole met his somewhat gloomy eyes when she heard him speak. Her voice was calm, "I'm currently in San Joto. If you wish to see me, you can hit me up any time." Rowan widened his eyes, "Why didn't you say so! Bye!" Without any hesitation, he walked out the door. He strode toward the Cuckoo and gave Nicole

a backhanded wave.

Nicole smiled as she watched his back.

Shawn was currently busy investigating something. He looked at the information in front of him with confusion.

As per Harvey's request, he was investigating Nicole's records from when she was in Great Oak. He gazed deeply at the ordinary-looking records. The more ordinary something looks, the darker the secrets they hide. He skimmed through the information. Initially, he truly believed that Nicole was not someone out of the ordinary. However, now that he was presented with such information, he felt like something was amiss.

From the way Christo treated Nicole to the way Harvey unbridledly made such a request, all of these incidents befuddled Shawn.

He grabbed his phone and gave Harvey a call. When the line connected, a cold voice sounded from the other end.

“What’s the matter?”

Shawn frowned. He immediately sensed that Harvey was not in a good mood. Regardless, he still had to inform him of the findings from his investigation.

“I’ve seen all of Nicole’s records in Great Oak. I didn’t miss anything, but…”

Harvey squinted slightly. He was sitting in the middle of a worn-out ward. He stared at the pale yellow wallpaper; it used to look cozy but was now tattered and had light mildew stains.

Across Harvey was a frail middle-aged man with lifeless eyes. The man was curled at the end of his bed and did not look at Harvey, who was sitting beside him. He was but looking at the sky outside his window.

Harvey stared at him and asked softly, “But what?”

Shawn gritted his teeth before continuing, “It seems a little too ordinary; I’ve got a hunch that it isn’t authentic.”

‘Someone must have modified Nicole’s records,’ he thought.

Harvey lifted his eyes to meet Shawn’s as if he were aware of it. He chuckled, “Is that so? Who do you think did it?”

‘Since Shawn is bringing this up in front of me, he must have some suspicions.’ he thought.

As expected, Shawn paused for a moment after hearing his question. He then said with some struggle, “Harvey, all of these clues are pointing to—”.

“The Ellison family.”

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This piece of information shocked Harvey. His body turned stiff though it was unnoticeable. It took Harvey a whole minute to somewhat stop his racing thoughts. He shut his eyes for a moment. When he opened them once more, they were tinged with a hint of indescribable emotions.

“Shawn, stop investigating for now.” Harvey stared at the middle-aged man in front of him; the man’s tranquil expression seemed as though he were laughing at his outburst. Harvey’s grip on his cellphone tightened. However, he continued speaking with a gentle tone. “All you have to do is keep watch on the Rogers, family. Put the rest of the matters on hold.”

Shawn understood the meaning behind his words. He was silent for a moment.

“But Harvey, I also want to know...” This was one of the rare occasions where he refuted Harvey.

“That’s enough!”

Harvey could not suppress the bloodthirstiness that appeared in his eyes. It was as if there were an uncontrollable beast locked in his body, and that beast was starting to get agitated by something it had heard.

“Shawn Rogers, do not test my patience.”

He helped him return to the Rogers family and gain Christo Rogers’ trust. Naturally, he could also turn him back into a lowly illegitimate child and make him live in shame for the rest of his life!

For a while, Shawn was silent on the other end of the line. His fingers had turned white from gripping the phone. No one knew the kind of emotional conflict he was going through.

He looked at the lavish and comfortable room and the many servants. In the end, he answered with difficulty as if he had made up his mind.

“I’ll go with what you said, Harvey.”

Once again, he was bowing to the devil.

Cold beeping sounds sounded from the other end, indicating the end of the call. Shawn set down the phone in his hand and looked at the pieces of paper laid in front of him. He then swept the papers into the trashcan emotionlessly.

However, his fists had become tightly clenched.

Harvey hung up the phone. There was a cold glint in his eyes as he stared at the middle-aged man in front of him.

He stood up with a smirk. Then, he slowly walked toward the man while unconsciously rubbing the cufflink on his right sleeve. His face looked like an icy piece of jade, skillfully carved yet completely absent of life.

The fear in the middle-aged man's eyes grew as he got closer. He kept backing away, but he

had a clean, white wall behind him. He had nowhere to hide.

Harvey walked up to him and stared at him condescendingly. He had a formal – looking smile playing on his lips; it looked terrifying to the man.

He opened his mouth, revealing what little teeth he had left, and let out sharp whimpers.

It was as if he was telling Harvey to stay away.

Harvey gazed at him. The smile on his face deepened. "Sir, you're probably unaware of this, but Shawn will be uncovering some information soon."

"However, I don't want to let him in on the information."

"Why don't you tell me about it? Just me, alright?"

The middle-aged man's sharp whimpers had stopped some time ago. He looked at Harvey, who was sitting in front of him. Suddenly, a devious glint flashed in his eyes. He widened his mouth at Harvey as if he wanted to speak. His drool started trickling down uncontrollably while he moved; he looked silly and disgusting. Regardless, Harvey did not look disgusted at all. He bent down slightly and inched himself closer. He had a bewitching smile playing on his face, "Tell me, sir. Tell me, and I'll set you free."

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dimly glistened eyes.

The man coughed hard at his stiff vocal cords. He seemed to have not spoken in a long time. He looked directly at Harvey; this was something that rarely happened. He then stuck out his hand and motioned him to come closer.

Three fingernails were missing from the fingers of his outstretched right hand. The blood on his fingers had dried up, which looked eerie and terrifying.

Harvey was unmoved. He gazed at the man, who seemed like he had finally come to his senses. He slowly moved closer to the man in front of him.

A devious glint grew in the man's eyes as he watched Harvey's face inch closer. He widened his mouth and bit down hard at his handsome face. On the other hand, Harvey seemed as if he

He looked at the man in front of him. What he just did seemed to have exhausted all of his strength. The man fell onto the bed and was now panting heavily. He gazed at Harvey as if he wanted to rip his entire being to shreds.

Harvey no longer had a smile on his face. He looked at the man in front of him with a stoic expression. Suddenly, he stuck out his right hand and grabbed the man's neck, lifting him up entirely.

"I dared to come close because I'm certain that you don't pose me any threat." "Sir, how many times has this happened? Why are you so forgetful?" Harvey's tone sounded regretful and seemed like he truly cared about the man. In spite of that, his gaze was as dark as night.

He watched as the man in front of him suffered from suffocation. There was an indescribable pleasure in his eyes, "Won't you tell me? Are you not tired of days like these? Don't you want to be set free?"

The man widened his eyes and glared at Harvey fiercely. He wanted to yell at him, but he could not speak. He merely managed to make aspirated sounds as he continuously pried Harvey's hand with his two disfigured arms. Meanwhile, not a single vein bulged on Harvey's hand; it remained smooth despite exerting such strong force.

A hint of despair could be seen in the man's eyes.

'I don't want to die. Even though things have gotten to such a point, I don't want the freedom he speaks of. Over the years, I've come to understand Harvey's character all too well. If he finds out that ... I need to find a safe way.' he thought.

He started to taste blood. Just as his eyes were about to roll back, the hand that was gripping him loosened. His body felt right onto the bed.

He was far too light; the metal bed frame did not even creak.

The man coughed loudly. His lungs were constricting from the sudden intake of fresh air. He was coughing so violently that it was as if he were about to cough up his internal organs. In

the end, his coughs turned into heart-wrenching laughs.

At first, Harvey was indifferent. After seeing how the man acted, his eyes gradually grew cold. He stuck out two fingers and held the man's trembling jaw.

He spoke with a voice that sounded like it came from the depths of hell.

“Tell me if you don’t want to die.” The man looked at Harvey maliciously. His long-unused vocal cords produced piercing sounds of friction. Soon after, he made a hoarse and unpleasant sound.

“I’ll tell you.”

His gaze toward Harvey instantly sharpened. Then, he coughed and hacked before adding, “I won’t tell you; I don’t trust you.”

“I’ll tell you nothing.”

His constantly -moving eyes were filled with glee. He gazed at Harvey with what appeared to be a provocation. 1