

## My Wife is a Hacker Chapter 351

### Chapter 351

That Pagani started from the third spot and since the very beginning, overtook the first and second spot cars and claimed pole. Aside from the car's superior performance, it was also a clear indicator the driver's excellent skill.

He had a 200-meter lead over the second place, and that lead would grow with every acceleration and corner as the gap with the others slowly increased.

That meant that if nothing went wrong, this car will definitely be the winner.

When many newcomers saw that, they looked enviously at those who had bet on the veteran No.3 winning.

The main screen followed No.3 for a good while and one could clearly see how skillful each bend was taken with nary any mistakes.

Five minutes later, No.3 had pulled a distance of 500-600 meters away from the second placing car. As the mountain road wound and wend, the second placing car could no longer see his shadow.

It was because of that, No.2 seemed to have lost the confidence to fight as he no longer wanted to overtake No.3, but instead keep a steady pace and ensure that he does not slow down and be overtaken.

Aside from No.3 having a commanding lead, all other cars were closely tailing one another. It was difficult for anyone to even pull a hundred meters away from another. Even a fifty-meter gap itself was considered very good already.

The screen shifted to the rows of cars in the middle. As the camera moved to the back, Nicole, as expected, was at last place. Yet surprisingly she was still within fifty members from the car in front of her.

And there were no signs of her falling far behind!

Everyone thought that since the race time was short, and Nicole's car was one of the best on the track, or perhaps even the strongest, that allowed her to maintain her position at the end of the line.

"A few minutes later No.16 will no longer be able to see the car in front of her, probably can't even find the way back!"

Many were laughing as they mocked the car. It was such a shame to have such a driver.

The camera then moved away from Nicole. It needed exhilarating scenes to excite the viewers and cannot let them feel like they have wasted their time coming here.

Moreover, they thought that Nicole could not make any waves.

Twenty minutes later, No.3 sped all the way to the top of the mountain. He then drifted beautifully as he swiped along the return route down the mountain.

The route up and down the mountain was practically the same and Gary thought that he could get first place even if he drove with his eyes closed.

Ten minutes more minutes had passed, and Nicole was still about a quarter of the distance away from the peak. Her dynamic vision was good and saw the first car was already on the

return leg

Nicole's eyes squinted as she unhurriedly stepped on the accelerator, and the car, known for its speed, finally began to bare its fangs.

She overtook three cars in a row, and just as she was about to overtake the fourth, the car suddenly changed lanes maliciously, as it kept on moving into the lane Nicole was trying to overtake.

It was literally shameless.

There were no changes on her expression, and finally, when she changed into the outer lane for the fifth time, the car suddenly moved into the inner lane, showing no intention to stop her from overtaking.

Nicole was suspicious but she was not afraid of any ploys by the other party as she was already prepared.

The Koenigsegg darted straight ahead like a thunderbolt. However, No.14 saw the timing of the next turning as it swept its rear pushing her car into a very narrow space and even blocked off vision of her blind spot.

Just went Nicole could not see the other side, the returning No.3 car was speeding downwards, and its speed was at least 700 kmph, even the slightest collision was enough to spark an inferno!

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Nicole had already expected this to happen, and she did not panic as she turned the steering wheel to the left with both hands. She then shifted gears as she slammed on the accelerator. Without even hitting the brake paddle, she swerved beautifully and cut into the inner lane up ahead.

From an outsider's perspective, the Koenigsegg seemingly passed through the gap between the two cars almost sideways, like a thin razor. On both sides of the car, even the dust and the thin mountain air were sliced in half.

The purple body line gently landed and without losing speed sped ahead. It was as if it was driven by an extremely reckless gambler who refused to slow down for even a second. Gary looked at the scene unfolding before him in shock and nearly slowed down. In that almost 45-degree curve, the opposite side of the road was his blind spot. He only saw the front of No.14 but due to the distance between the inner and outer lane, he did not see No. 16 for a brief period of time.

Yet, when he saw the car, it was already too late. His car was already roaring as it charged down the slope. Slamming the brakes while at a corner of a mountain road was tantamount to signing your death warrant, and he could already see an inferno about to happen.

However, before he could even react, No. 16 had already reacted and performed a maneuver that he had failed at least eighty percent of the time whenever he tried it.

The car was already lifted on its side and moving on two wheels!

This was a technique that only a true expert could pull off, and that caused some consternation within Gary.

He did not take a good look when car No.16 entered the track as he was engrossed in his own world. He only knew that this was a person that did not know much about racing,

The reason for that was he heard the jeering and ridicule from all over and they went straight into his ears.

But was reality really like what they proclaimed?

Gary suddenly wanted to meet the racer, but he could no longer see the car through his rearview mirror. He slowly heaved a sigh of relief, only to feel lost.

The No.2 car behind him was catching up just as he was distracted. Gary's eyes turned solemn as he focused intently on the road ahead.

It was just a blink of an eye, yet the purple-gray Koenigsegg's stunt-like movement was forever engraved in his heart.

Solomon, in car No.14 was even more shocked that Gary was, because he knew who was on the driver's seat of car No.16!

He had originally wanted to use Gary's return route to push the car off the mountain. Yet she not only matched his speed and was just five meters behind him.

'Oh my god, my heart almost burst through my ribcage there.'

At this distance, if the two cars were to collide, he would not be able to escape at all!

He was so scared that his soul almost left his body. He had almost closed his eyes while driving at high speed. Fortunately, he managed to hold on and did not just give up, yet he saw that wild scene earlier.

'Is that something that could be pulled off by an amateur racer?'

Seeing the purple-gray car whizzing past him, cold sweat covered Solomon's face.

He finally realized something.

'Did he just piss off someone he shouldn't have?'

At that moment, the screen switched from car No.3 to car No.2, and everyone only managed to see a purple front whizzing past car No.3 and then car No.2 had already reached the stage of the return lap. Yet they could not care less about car No.2 as they asked the control to quickly change back to the scene earlier.

However, in less than two seconds, everything was over.

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### **Chapter 353 Many looked at each other in astonishment.**

If they were not seeing things, there were three cars passing through that very narrow bend just now, and one of them was facing car No.3.

Normally, it would have been a tragedy, but now...

When they looked at the screen, the car did not even scratch car No.3, and when they thought of the strange thing that had flown over, everyone fell into deep silence.

There was only one car with a purple front, and that was the No.16 Koenigsegg.

It was the soul of sports car they had so mercilessly mocked earlier. Thinking of this, sullen expressions befell many. Nicole did not slow down as she went and quickly overtook another five to six cars as she rushed to the top of the mountain in just tens of seconds.

She quickly swept her car around and the Koenigsegg let out an excited roar, as if it had been waiting for this very moment.

The corners of Nicole's lips curled as she looked at the road she had come from, the embers of excitement were finally lit within her eyes. "Good boy! Let's go!"

She said softly in Esperian and then slammed the accelerator as a powerful, violent roar erupted. Nicole looked at the ever-increasing numbers on the dashboard before her as a look of surprised appeared in her eyes.

The limits of this car had far exceeded the international standard specifications, it could reach 1,200 brake horsepower!

It was almost comparable to her own Dodge Tomahawk.

This car must have been modified by an expert. Nicole could feel the thrill the extreme speed brought. She leaned back onto her seat as a scene beyond the ability of human cognition appeared before her.

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Too much speed was a double-edged sword. On one hand, it would allow a person to break the limits and win the race, yet extreme speed also meant that it was extremely difficult to control. The scene outside was a blur, far beyond the ability of human vision to perceive. The lightness of the car gave it a risk of spinning out of control. Moreover, taking corners at high speed were susceptible to uncontrollable factors, and these were all disadvantages caused by too much speed.

Yet, Nicole could handle it with ease.

Her speed crushed all other cars, and after six corners, Nicole was already biting at car No.2's tail.

Car No.2's driver was a veteran racer; his eyesight was naturally better than most people. Yet even his dynamic vision only saw a blur of purple, and before he saw any details clearly, he was already overtaken. Four corners later, the Koenigsegg was closing in on the Pagani, and Nicole could see that the latter had just turned the next corner. Everyone looking at car No.3 on the screen were glad that car No.3 was already closing in on the finishing line. They at least had a forty percent chance of not losing money, and as for that sixty percent... They did not think that the driver of car No.16 could pull off such a precise and difficult move, yet it was impossible for everyone to be seeing things. All of the old timers nervously looked at car No.3 as they prayed in secret.

'Rush to the finish line!'

They saw car No.3 had already turned the last corner. It seemed to have conserved its power as it dashed towards the finishing line!

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Gary was seated in his car and slammed the accelerator as he rushed towards the finishing line.

When he saw the line was getting cl

loser and closer, he finally breathed a sigh of relief.

No matter how skilled his opponent was, falling behind midway was no joke.

And he would be the eventual champion!

100 meters, 80 meters, 50 meters... Close, so close! A smile appeared on Gary's face. He was still the champion after all! Yet, before his smile could fully unfold, it froze in

place. Beside him, a purple shadow darted past him at almost twice the speed towards the finishing line, shattering all of his dreams. The very thing he had worried about just now had turned out to be reality. The Pagani's iron-gray body seemed to have dulled in color as Gary won second place in the end. When everyone saw what happened, all of them fell into an awkward silence. They had looked down on this car No.16 and had been mocking it for so long. Almost eighty percent of the people here betted on her losing, and they even made fun of the driver being unable to make use of such a good car.

Now... the most foolish of the lot, was them! Everyone looked on with wide-opened eyes and the moment Nicole crossed the line, the big screen immediately showed car No.16's placing — Champion!

That mean she was the only winner today!

Oh, no, there was another winner at the back. Jared did not change the live feed onto another cars, so he naturally watched the entirety of Nicole's performance.

Mack had at first whined about Nicole's turtle pace, and secretly mocked her for wasting Jared's car. Yet, when he witnessed Nicole passing one supercar after another, he was watching the entire thing with his mouth gawking wide.

The moment Nicole got the car running sideways on two wheels, he was so shocked he almost jumped. Later on, Nicole's inhuman speed made him dizzy and was close to making him puke.

'He is one of the first-class racers in the country! That really put his face to shame!

Mack then turned towards Jared, wanting to get some comfort from the latter. Yet he only found Jared staring unblinkingly at the screen, a faint look of satisfaction appearing in his eyes.

Mack looked away without any expression as his dry retching had turned into a look of agony!

"There's no need for another monster! How could I forget? I have to address Jared Johnston subserviently because I was trounced by him back then!' Mack was so miserable as he closed his eyes to wait until Nicole pass through the finishing line before stopping the feed.

He did not want to experience this sort of motion sickness ever again! Mack was already somewhat numb to Nicole's win as he indifferently turned on the betting interface and saw the amount Jared had won. He only felt that his eyes were about to explode. Jared not only was the banker, he also placed a bet, a bet on the unpopular car No.16 winning. Jared had literally just won three times the amount of money he had put in. Mack could no longer shut his mouth as he started to stammer as he pointed at the number.

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"This... this..." Jared was however not interested in the number. He was looking at car No.16, and the person inside the car was about to open the door and get out. It was only then a genuine smile appeared in his eyes.

He stood up, picked his coat up casually as he walked out. Everyone looked on silently at car No.16, yet the main screen still did not give Nicole much screen time. They had no idea how she rushed towards the finish line. Some were even questioning that since Nicole was driving so slowly initially and was trailing behind, could it be that the race club was cheating? Thinking of this, the crowd started to clamor, saying that the club must have done something, and they deserved an answer! The club was not about to let itself being pushed over as they replaced the footage of when Nicole was still a quarter of the way to the peak. When they saw how agilely the purple-gray car darting between the cars, and even pulled off a highly difficult two-wheel ski at the most critical juncture, everyone's expression instantly changed. 'It was really that Koenigsegg!' However, that was nothing. It was until car No.16 reaching the top of the mountain when the real fun began.

When that top-of-the-line car let out its excited roar, it blasted off like a launched crossbow bolt, and not unlike a roaring beast, it rushed towards the bottom of the mountain.

This speed was literally beyond the limits of normal human beings. Everyone looked on dumbstruck at the scene before them. They seemed to be seeing the car flying at every corner taken, yet it still rushed over unscathed and continued to speed forward without even losing speed. 'What sort of control and reaction ability is this?!'

Until the very end, when the purple-gray soul of sports car finally overtook to the Pagani, a burst of cheers broke out inside the hearts of everyone.

Now that the proof was in the pudding, she was deserving of being the champion. Many of those who had questions all shut their mouths, leaving only a few unheard whispered about.

"Why did she drive so slowly at the start if she is this good? Is she just toying with us?!" The person was furious from embarrassment. He had mocked Nicole earlier out of bias against girls racing and did not believe that Nicole could really win.

Many people glanced at him. 'You were the one saying that she did not know how to race, and now you're saying that she's just toying with us?'

'Wow, you sure have a say in everything.' However, there were still a few that were influenced by him as they whispered among themselves, suspecting that the dealer was fixing the race. But soon, someone ripped their dirty fantasies apart as a knowledgeable person spoke up. "Keep your mouth shut if you're ignorant. This is the rules for professional drivers from Mecrounia. Understanding the track and getting a grip on the map for the first part of the leg, and then going full speed on the second. This is how you get the best results. Didn't you guys notice that No.16 was so close to the rest all this while? I guess the accelerator was not even halfway down." When they heard this, everyone looked at this extremely beautiful car in a daze. After seeing that reversal earlier, all of them could believe that the driver was not even using half of the horsepower at the start! The Pagani behind too had come to a stop. Gary slowly lowered the window as he looked at the car with a complicated gaze.

He had thought that he was one of the best racers in Hustuaburg, yet he was somehow taught a lesson in humility today.

Car performance aside, the speed of his Pagani was already at the limit of a normal person. 700 brake horsepower was already the limits of his dynamic vision. Even if he

had that Koenigsegg, he could not make use of the maximum horsepower available to the car.

There was always someone better and Gary admitted that his skill was not as good as that driver.

However, why he had not heard of such a person in San Joto before?

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With that suspicion in mind, he looked at the person in the car before him. It happened that the driver door's slowly rose as the long legs of the person inside stepped out and pulled off the helmet with her left hand before gently shaking her long hair free.

Under the twilight sun, her posture was graceful, and brought with it a bit of mysterious allure.

'It's a woman!

'Wait... this back...' Gary's eyes widened. He looked at the familiar slender figure before him as the scene of Nicole defeating Cain and over a dozen other people appeared in his mind.

She was like a goddess of war, heroic yet beautiful at the same time.

Gary found it difficult to believe his own eyes.

So, the person whose racing technique that was beyond him, and the owner of car No.16, was actually Nicole?

He did not have time to think as he immediately hit the door lever and got out from the car.

Gary tossed the helmet into the car as he walked straight toward the woman.

He wanted to see for himself whether the person was Nicole or not!

However, before he could get there, another man was standing by her side.

Jared looked at Nicole, a combative look still lingered in her eyes as if a proud charm was emanating from her body.

He gently bent over and pushed her stray hair strands to the back of her ear, caressing her gently as he smiled and asked.

"Was it fun?"

Nicole's originally irritable mood was long gone in that race just now. She looked at the man before her and let out a faint smile.

"Yeah."

Her eyes glimmered and seemed to be in a good mood.

The smile in Jared's eyes deepened as he got up and raised his eyebrows at her. "Let's go?"

Nicole nodded and took a step forward as the two-left side by side. Gary, who was a step behind, watched the two seemingly intimate figures before him and clenched his fists tightly. .

Jared Johnston was standing right before him, and how can he not recognize the former?

Yet, even when Jared saw him, he did not even look over.

It was not done out of contempt, rather, Jared did not even deign to look at him.



Gary lowered his gaze as he stopped moving. He looked on as the two walked into the distance, yet he could not even utter a single word.

It seemed like he had underestimated Nicole a little too much.

When Jared got up, he seemingly remembered something as he lazily put his coat on his shoulder and whispered to Mack, who was behind him.

“Give me all of the details of car No.14.”

‘How dare you touch my woman?’ ‘You have death wish.’ How could Mack not see that what happened earlier was no accident, but car No.14 had deliberately wanted to do harm Nicole. Upon hearing that, he nodded and said, “Mr. Jared, I’ll be investigating even if you did not give the word. I’ll definitely put this guy’s name on to the racing clubs’ blacklist. His racing days are as good as over.”

Yet Jared was not moved by his words at all. His eyes narrowed a little, and no one could clearly see the emotions in his eyes. “That’s no where near enough.” “WHAT?! Mack did not immediately react to what that meant, but someone in the club quickly sent the information of the owner of car No.14 over.

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Mack did not have the time to think about it as he respectfully handed the information to Jared.

“Have a look, Mr. Jared.” Jared casually took the pad and have a look. As his gaze felt onto the screen, he let out a light smirk.

‘He’s just a person who’s relying on relations and he dares to act like he owns San Joto?’ He did not linger as he turned and walked out, and chilliness beyond words appearing on his back. As Mack looked on, he shuddered hard after a good while. He finally understood what Jared meant when he said it was nowhere near enough. That Solomon Freeman almost killed Mr. Jared’s girl. How can he be done with him by just putting the former in a blacklist, losing a career that was totally dispensable? Now that he had crossed Jared, that Solomon Freeman was as good as dead. He shook his head. There was no pity in his eyes as he felt that this sort of miscreants deserved whatever pain that came their way. Mack raised his hand and deleted Solomon’s personal details from the database. He then returned to the registration booth as he sat down chewing on a leaf. When he looked at Jared and Nicole walking out of the site, the smile on his face became much more sincere, as he looked at Nicole and said, “Ma’am, your driving skills are top notch! I was really blind then!”

When Nicole heard him calling her that, the corner of her eyes raised a little with a look of confusion.

Mack was a very perceptive person and he immediately caught what she was thinking and explained, “It’s like that, when I was younger, I challenged Mr. Jared here, that I’d be his underling if I lose... So... you know what happened next. So, calling him boss doesn’t sound right, so I called him Mr. Jared. Going by the relationship between the

two of you, calling you Ma'am is right! Ahahaha..." Nicole was somewhat speechless when she heard that. She looked at Jared and he simply just nodded. Nicole then turned toward Mack and said with a very calm voice. "Just call me Nicole." Mack nodded in a daze and then said.

"Yes, Ma'am." Nicole could not be bothered to correct him anymore, so she asked. "I saw that someone was betting on me winning?"

When Mack heard about that, he silently glanced at Jared and then scratched his head and said, "Ugh, Ma'am, it's because there's still people with good eye among us. Some of them were awed by your presence when you stepped forward, so..." He did not even believe that himself.

Nicole noticed the interaction between him and Jared as she glanced at Jared with a smile, with no dissatisfaction in her voice. "How much did you win?" Hers was an upset victory, so the odds were maxed out. Jared looked at her sharp eyes as he raised the corner of his lips and said, "Not much, just three hundred million."

He had put in a 100 million dollar bet earlier, alongside the earnings from being the dealer, and the doubled odds, his earnings tripled. Mack thought that Nicole would be surprised when she heard that. After all, three hundred million was still a big number even for a pro racer. Yet, Nicole simply just nodded, with a tinge of vexation in her eyes. 'It's not much, indeed. When Nicole looked at the two, the corners of his mouth twitched. He was the famous Mack Orwell, and even he would tremble at three hundred million. The two of them, however, were unfazed at all. 'If it was Mr. Jared, so be it, the amount of money he earns a day was many times this number, but isn't Nicole being a bit pretentious here?' Another thought soon followed, and Mack understood why. 'She's after all Mr. Jared's woman,' Little wonder, little wonder.

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Jared and Nicole could not be bothered about the thoughts swirling in his mind as they slowly walked out of the place. Seeing that they were not even looking back, Mack immediately said. "Bye, Mr. Jared, Ma'am!" 'Let's get him to be the dealer again next time and earn another haul!' However, the starting pot itself was already well worth it this time, and Mack totally felt that it was well worth it! 'Mr. Jared is really my Plutus!' The two ignored him as Nicole turned to the man in front of her and asked, "You came here often?"

It seemed like he was very familiar with Mack Yet, Jared simply just shook his head. His beautiful eyes squinted a little, as if he was recalling some distant memories. "I've come here a few times when I was thirteen. After I came back, I did come to have a look a few times, but have never raced again." 'Thirteen years old?' Nicole looked at him thoughtfully. 'Isn't that almost ten years ago?' 'What sort of kid would be called Mister at thirteen years old?' Jared seemingly saw through a confusion as a cold smile appeared on the corners of his lips. Unlike Gary's style, it was a whole different ballgame. What

Jared signed up for, was a race between life or death. He was a daredevil racer here, the kind where they earned money using their lives. When he recalled that scene again, his eyes turned red, and he felt slightly suffocated. Fortunately, he was very talented, so he survived.

When Nicole looked at his eyes, the empty look in his iris was slowly filled with darkness, and they were terrifying. She did not think much as she immediately tugged his hand. "Let's not come here again." Nicole could roughly tell what had happened. After all, from what Jared had disclosed thus far, his childhood was probably not a happy one. Jared snapped back from his memories and when he heard Nicole's cold voice ringing by his ear, a little more warmth appeared in his hands. He smiled and grabbed Nicole's hand, a tinge more genuine emotions appearing in his eyes.

"Alright."

In fact, for him, his lamentable past no longer mattered. Yet, when he saw her looking at him with such a concerned look on her face, and he could not say that he did not care about it.

If he really did not mind it, he would not have driven all the way here, right?

Just as the two were looking at each other, a few voices rang out from behind them.

"Miss, can... can you do us a favor?"

"Hm?"

Nicole and Jared turned around and looked at the few. Nicole's memory was good and immediately recognized the few familiar faces she had seen earlier.

It was those audiences, and a few racers as well! Nicole did not speak and assuming that she was unwilling, the few immediately added, "We have no other meaning, we just wanted an autograph!"

She did not her trip here this time would garner her fans.

Looking at the nervous few, she smiled and did not refuse them as she said, "Where should I sign?"

The few were true racing fans and were very excited as they said. "You can just sign on my shirt!"

After all, they had only managed to get a marker pen from the organizer, and not a single piece of paper.

Nicole nodded as she deftly signed her autograph on their clothes as Jared raised an eyebrow.

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At the end of her name, Nicole would habitually carve her signature, as if she was writing an S.

Alongside Nicole's rigid handwriting, it was strangely beautiful. Gary, who had just walked out, too saw that scene. When he saw the S left behind at each signature, a look of surprise appeared in his eyes. After completing the signing, Nicole returned to Jared's side. Seeing the two were about to leave, one of the fans asked with a whisper.

"Will you be coming back here to race again?"

Nicole did not turn back, her voice was faint, and quickly faded with the wind.

“No.”

Gary heard the answer from afar, and inexplicably felt lost for a moment. ‘She won’t be coming back?’

Without stepping forward, Gary simply just watched as Nicole left with Jared, feeling as if something had been hollowed out in his heart.

The two got into the car and Jared was still smiling. He started the car as his fingers tapped gently on the steering wheel, looking very slothful. Nicole noticed that he seemed to be very happy, and a smile appeared in her eyes. She felt the cool early autumn wind slowly blowing in her face as she took in the familiar scent of cedar and subconsciously closed her eyes. When she woke up again, it was already dark as she nonchalantly took off the coat on her. After falling asleep beside Jared for a few times, it did not seem all too awkward for Nicole now.

Her expression was impassive, but she still felt chagrined deep down. Her usual caution and alertness were seemingly gone beside him. Nicole then looked up as she met the man’s deep, black eyes. When Jared saw her wake up, the light in his eyes slowly gleamed like a star in the night, bright yet warm. “You’re awake.”

Nicole nodded as she handed him his coat, her voice still hoarse from waking up.

“What’s the time now?”

Jared casually looked at the watch and said faintly. “It’s still early, not past closing time yet.” ‘It’s already ten o’clock?’ Nicole did not think she would be able to sleep for so long as a rare hint of surprise appeared in her eyes.

When Jared looked at her like that, the smile in his eyes radiated even more. As he looked at

her beautiful eyes, his voice subconsciously became so much gentler.

“I was just pulling your leg. It’s only eight o’clock.” Nicole looked at him. There was no anger in her eyes, but instead there was a hint of helplessness.

She was worried that he was waiting here for too long. Jared seemingly could tell what she was thinking and sighed a little, as he looked at Nicole very seriously in the eyes.

“You don’t have to be so considerate.”

Nicole looked at him with some confusion and the look in his eyes could not help but to become gentler.

“I do not wish to be a burden to you.” She should be carefree before him and did not need to think about other people and things, rather than be so concerned about his feelings all the time. Nicole did not agree with that point of view as she gently grabbed his hand and shook it a little. “Do you think our feelings aren’t the same? You need to think both ways.”

What she meant was that she was unable to not think about his feelings.

Understanding what she meant, Jared looked at her left hand holding onto his right as he silently held her hand tightly.

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### **Chapter 360 A long silence fell inside the carriage.**

In the end, it was Nicole who broke the silence. She looked at the cherry blossom tree in front of the car as she let go and got down from the car.

"I should be going." If she were to wait anything, it will be too late to get back. Jared too got down as he looked at the girl's dormitory with a tinge of regret.

If possible, he wanted to escort her upstairs. Nicole seemingly saw through his thoughts as she glanced at him and smiled, waving her hands at him as she headed upstairs.

Jared looked on as she disappeared from his sight. It was only then did he took out his phone and gave Max a call.

The earlier gentleness in his voice toward Nicole was nowhere to be found, and instead, a frost had taken over it.

"Take care of someone for me."

Max was at JJ Johnston Group dealing with some documents. The indifferent look on his face disappeared as soon as he put down the phone as a tinge of brutality appeared between his eyes.

'Anyone who dares to cross Jared is done for in this lifetime!'

Nicole returned to her dormitory and found June and Lulu were doing their revisions.

The monthly exams were drawing close with only three days left, and they were still somewhat nervous.

When they saw Nicole came back, they gave her the best courtesy treatment they had as they

greeted Nicole enthusiastically.

And just as quickly, they returned to their revision. Seeing how hardworking they are, Nicole raised her eyebrows as she took out a book a sat beside them.

Lulu, who was in the midst of her revision, was a little curious. Would Nicole actually revise things properly like them?

She stretched her head over and took a careful glance.

'Damn... I didn't understand at word at all.'

Lulu then silently pulled her little head away.

When June saw her reaction, she too was a little curious as she glanced at Nicole and asked, ". Nicole, what are you looking at?"

Nicole waved the book in her hand, her voice somewhat impassive. "The Hippocratic Papers."

'The what?'

Seeing that Lulu and June were staring blankly at her, Nicole explained plainly. "The first medical journal in history, the many simple yet primitive theories inside it are actually quite interesting."

Lulu looked at the doodle-like Graecian alphabets and she had no idea how Nicole could say this with such a straight face.

June nodded thoughtfully. Modern medicine was obsessed with all sorts of complicated and high-end medical techniques, yet at times it was not as profound as the straightforward understanding of medicine by the ancient people.

Seeing both of them were interested, Nicole raised her eyebrows as she asked, "Want to hear more about it?"

Both Lulu and June immediately turned back as they wordlessly indicated that they were not free at the moment. Seeing this, a smile appeared in Nicole's eyes. The three of them sat there quietly doing their own things. When It was about half past ten, June paused and softly said. "Lights off."

Both Nicole and Lulu packed up their books as the three was done washing up, June

turned off the lights.

In the darkness, only their shallow breathing could be heard.

A minute later, June's soft voice rang out. "Nicole, what's the deal with that diamond today?"

Lulu too was wondering about it, and when she heard June asking the same thing, her ears immediately perked up.