My Wife is a Hacker by Summer

Chapter 909

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Carl cursed for a long while but still did not see the hoodie man, so he asked the restaurant's owner, "Hey, is there anyone here
who knows about computers? I need to repair this broken computer."
The restaurant's owner shook his head and said there was nothing he could do.
Carl stood up in anger and yelled, "I can't believe no one can help me."
He then looked at the restaurant's owner again.
"Can I put an ad in your place?"
"Sure." Carl picked up a pen and wrote, (If someone can help me repair my computer, I'm willing to pay double the normal
price.)
He then left with the computer.
After Carl left, the hoodie man had also finished his meal.
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He glanced at the ad when he went to the counter to check out, and then left.
For days on end, Carl waited with his computer in the restaurant for the hoodie man to come forward to him.

Today, Carl walked into the restaurant, unexpectedly the hoodie man arrived earlier than him today and had already finished his
meal.

An imperceptible surprise flashed in Carl's eyes.

Carl sat down at the table, ordered food, and then ate while chatting casually with the person next to him.

Halfway through the meal, the hoodie man walked past him and came to the counter to check out.

Just when Carl thought it was a fruitless day again, a familiar figure walked up to Carl and stood next to him.

Carl chewed his mouthful of food as he looked at the person who turned out to be the hooded man.

"What do you want?" The hoodie man glanced at his computer and asked, "May I take a look?"

"Sure." Carl handed him the computer.

The hoodie man turned on the computer, which was indeed unbootable , as Carl had said, and then looked at Carl.

"You will really pay double?" Carl nodded.

"You can fix computers?" The hoodie man said nothing more and lowered his head to tinker with his computer. It seemed the
hoodie man really had run out of money.

Through the past few days of observation, Carl found that the hoodie man ordered less and less food each time, thus he
speculated that the hoodie man should be short of funds.

So he came up with the bright idea of using money to lure him into his trap.

Carl quietly observed the hoodie man's repair techniques, and soon, under the hooded man's hands, the computer returned to
normal.

Looking at the computer that was back to normal, Carl acted like he was surprised and happy.

He then hurriedly took out the money and handed it to the hoodie man, who took the money and left without a word.

After a quick check of the computer, Carl could conclude this time that the hoodie man was indeed White.

He gave the computer to the restaurant's owner and walked out to follow the hoodie man.

The hoodie man was about to walk to the door when he sensed that someone was following him.

He hurriedly picked up his pace and walked into an alley that he had never entered before , hiding and observing the person
following him.

Carl knew the hoodie man was hiding in the alley and slowed down at the mouth of the alley to let the hoodie man see who he
was.
When the hoodie man saw it was the man whom he had just helped repair his computer, he was relieved and came out of the
alley.
Meanwhile, Carl timed it so perfectly that as he looked back, he was just in time to meet the hoodie man's eyes.
"What a coincidence to run into you again." Carl approached and greeted the hoodie man.
But the hoodie man remained alert, nodded his head, and continued walking.
Carl saw he had no intention of talking to himself and could only say something to lower the hoodie man's guard.
"My house is over there. Is yours too?" The hoodie man ignored him and quickened his pace.
Making sure Carl was not following him, he unlocked the door and just as he was about to close it behind him, a hand took hold
of the handle. He looked up the arm and found that it was Carl.
So he said impatiently, "Let go of your hand."
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