

My Dreamy Old Husband

Chapter 402

Finally, Michael was talking to Stanley. Michael's question startled him as he replied excitedly, "Sean is fine. His condition is not critical anymore now."

A hush descended upon the corridor again.

After pondering for a long time about how to explain himself, Stanley said, "Uncle Michael, I was wrong. I shouldn't have acted rashly and fired that shot."

Michael didn't respond to him after a long pause. Thus, Stanley could only stare at the back of his proud and firm figure, the thoughts of the man unfathomable. Michael had gone through too much hardship, so he already learned how to conceal all his feelings deep within him, preventing others from knowing what he was truly thinking.

After a long pause, Michael turned around. His feet that seemed to have been stuck to the ground were finally moved as he walked toward Stanley and sat down beside him.

"Stanley, you did very well. I don't blame you at all."

The situation was very dangerous back then. If it weren't for Stanley, who fired the two shots, Michael couldn't even be sure whether he could bring Sophia back safely, even though the last shot he fired was very risky. If Phantom Wolf's leader lost control and detonated the bomb, everyone would die with him.

Despite the fact that Phantom Wolf's leader's level of sadism was beyond an ordinary person's imagination, Michael could still see he treasured his own life dearly.

Furthermore, Stanley did something he always wanted to do either, which was to emasculate the leader of Phantom Wolf!

Michael never doubted Stanley's extraordinary gift in sniping. Since it was him who fired that shot, Michael was pretty certain that the leader of Phantom Wolf had become sterile by now.

When it was almost dawn, Harry, who had been on the phone all night long, came over suddenly and whispered something into Michael's ear.

Michael frowned, seeming a bit uncertain. "Really?"

Harry replied seriously, "Yes."

A serious and complicated expression crossed Michael's face. No one knew what he was feeling, but he then patted Harry on the shoulder. "Let's keep this a secret first."

Harry nodded.

Then, Stanley came over quickly and asked, "Uncle Michael, what happened?"

However, Michael didn't say anything. This time, he was determined to keep it a secret; he would not simply let the cat out of the bag again.

The operation continued until early in the morning the next day. Finally, the light above the door to the operating theater was switched off. The doctor, who was covered in blood, came out and told Michael about Sophia's condition. He was relieved after hearing the doctor.

Luckily, she suffered only flesh wounds. The most serious injuries sustained were perhaps those caused by the wooden splinters that pierced into her body.

Although she seemed to be in a critical state when she was rushed to the hospital earlier, the medical checkup showed that Sophia just had some broken bones and suffered a slight concussion in the brain. Soon, she was transferred into a normal ward for her to rest there.

Michael had been staying in the ward by Sophia's bedside, but he was still very busy. Since the incident caused so many deaths among the Mitchells this time, they were busy investigating the incident too. Besides, the explosion caused terror among the residents living nearby the place.

Thus, they had to keep an eye on the police too. Moreover, he needed to pay attention to the new finding Harry told him just now. So, he was busy settling all these stuff while sitting by Sophia's bedside.

Stanley went next door to visit Sean after he noticed that Sophia was fine, leaving Michael and Sophia alone in the ward now.

While working on the matter, Michael would raise his head once in a while to glance at Sophia on the bed. She was still being treated with intravenous infusion, her face as white as a sheet. The traces of blood on her hair had dried out and hardened. Having both of her eyes shut tightly, her brows were heavily furrowed, making her seem to be really uncomfortable even in her sleep.

Gazing at her pale and delicate face, Michael suddenly felt like all his tiredness had disappeared completely. He felt very content just by gazing at her like that.

Back then, when he first set eyes on Sophia, he thought she looked very familiar, as though he had seen her before somewhere. He chose her not just because Nathan liked her, but because he liked her too.

In the morning, the door of the ward sprung open and a little figure dashed into the room, giving those in the room the illusion of a gust of wind that had blown past them. The little figure first took a look at Sophia on the bed.

Michael put down the work in his hands and caressed Nathan's head as he reminded the kid, "Keep it down. Your mommy is still asleep."

Although Nathan wasn't aware of what happened the previous day, he was very worried when Sophia and Michael hadn't come home for the whole night. So, he rushed here as soon as morning arrived.

Nathan was furious after he took a glance at Sophia. Glaring at Michael, he said angrily, "This is the second time already."

This was the second time that Sophia didn't come home for the whole night and when Nathan next saw her, she was in a hospital ward on the next day.

Michael didn't reply to him. Indeed, it was his fault for failing to do his job properly. He held out his hands and massaged his temple, his eyes turning red with all the broken veins.

It had really been a long night. If he had made a single mistake, he would probably regret it for the rest of his life.

He took a sip of coffee, its bitter taste stimulating him and making him feel wide awake all of a sudden.

"Alright. Daddy was wrong. I promise that this won't happen again next time, okay?"

He wasn't afraid of the enemy's attack. In contrast, it was this constant fear about the probability that his enemy might strike back anytime which worried him the most.

Stanley's shot this time was enough to make the leader of Phantom Wolf lose his mind. Since it wouldn't do to restrict Sophia's freedom, it would be really difficult for him to protect her from any harm, especially when they had such a demented enemy around!

Nathan was still very upset. Refusing to listen to Michael, he ran out of the ward to dial a number in secret.

Sophia only woke up around noon. Meanwhile, Michael, who had been working on his stuff seriously, heard groans coming from the ward. When he got in, he saw the girl on the bed squirming about a little. Then, the girl moved her arms that were still heavily bandaged to stop the bleeding.

“Water...”

Michael poured her some isotonic drink immediately. Since Sophia had lost too much blood, it was natural that she felt very thirsty. She held the glass and drank from it in a hurried manner. Soon, she finished the whole glass of water.

After finishing the water, she raised her head and looked at Michael.

She had nightmares right after she was carried into the hospital last night. For a moment, she dreamed of that abandoned classroom with lights flickering in it.

The next moment, she saw Michael disappear in the blazing fire as a huge explosion blew him up into pieces within a split second. Right at that moment, she felt as if she had fallen into an endless pit of darkness, surrounding her with icy despair, freezing her bones and blood.

Now, when she actually saw Michael standing in front of her, alive and kicking, she felt as if she was living in a beautiful and unrealistic world that was the result of her hallucinations. If it weren't for the wounds on her body, which still hurt now, she wouldn't have believed that all of these were real.

After she was certain that Michael was still alive, she wailed and threw herself into his arms, wrapping her arms around his waist tightly. She could really feel the warmth on his body and his pounding heart. It felt as if they had not seen each other for such a long time.

Even though it had been just one night, she felt as if a century had passed, and within that short eternity, she had been wandering at the border of life and death for a long time, hovering between heaven and hell; with just the slightest mistake, death would do them apart forever.

Michael comforted her immediately. "It's okay, it's okay. Everything's fine now. It's all in the past now."

Sophia only managed to stop her crying after some time. Tears kept rolling down her cheeks when she looked at Michael's tired face. She grasped his hand tightly, fearing that once she let go of his hand, he would turn into an apparition and disappear right in front of her.

She sobbed and asked, "How did you escape? He said you died!"

Since the leader of Phantom Wolf was confident enough to say that, he must have watched Michael go into the place clearly. He would detonate the bomb and blow up the school only after confirming that it was Michael.

Michael kissed her on the forehead. Currently, Sophia looked really miserable with all the bruises on her face. Furthermore, she even had some bones broken and a concussion, but he still smiled mysteriously as he replied, "You have been idolizing movie stars for such a long time now, so haven't you heard of silicone masks in the entertainment industry before?"

Silicone masks?