

My Dreamy Old Husband

Chapter 592

Phantom Wolf's hands wandered over her silky skin as he took a whiff of the faint fragrance between her neck greedily. His tongue swirled gently around her pale, snowy shoulder as he tasted all of her sweetness.

He crouched over her and exhaled his hot breath in her ear. "You're mine. I was the one who saved you on Salvador Island. You are mine, do you hear me?" he remarked.

Then, he left teeth marks on her shoulder and imprinted his own symbol like a wild beast. As he tasted her warmth and sweetness, there was a tinge of warmth that shot straight to his heart when his cold hands ran over her silky, smooth skin.

That night, the sea was cold as ice. He had escaped Abel's assassination by jumping into the sea and was washed up on Salvador Island.

He lay down on the beach and looked at the scattered stars. When he realized that there were no assassins coming after him, he knew he had barely escaped death once again.

Quinton didn't know what he was doing with his life. He obviously didn't like killing, yet he couldn't stop killing.

Later on, it dawned upon him that it was because he was born from hatred. His biological father was Theo, the honorary combat martyr who had eliminated a Southwest drug lord. Meanwhile, his biological mother was the daughter of that drug lord; his life was destined to be extraordinary!

If he could turn back time, he wished that Theo had killed Tanya along with her father back then.

Just then, the murky water washed Sophia up shore. When she begged for her life like a dog on the beach, he felt as if he saw another version of himself.

Weren't they all the same?

Weren't they living so hard just to fight for a chance of survival? Some people were born destined to be loved by all without having to strive for anything; there would always be someone who'd eventually offer the best things in this world to them.

On the other hand, some people were born with the sole purpose of surviving with all means.

Quinton—no, Hope—was one of these people.

Ever since he had been born, he was always on the run with his mother, Tanya. When she gave birth to him, she was filled with such a deep resentment that he was drenched in a sea of hatred from the moment he was born.

By the time he was three years old, Tanya had already sent him to the Phantom Wolf. His mother was known as Miss Poison, and she was a brave and skilled fighter. Meanwhile, his father was Theo, the God of War. As their son, Hope had perfectly inherited all of the merits of his parents; he had his mother's determination and his father's bravery.

If he had been born in the Fletcher Family, he would have become more outstanding than Michael or even as powerful as his biological father. Wouldn't it have been great if he entered the army, became a God of War, and fought in the name of justice?

Unfortunately, he was born in the midst of Tanya's endless hatred toward the Fletcher Family. Phantom Wolf was intrigued by the possibility of the powerful bloodline in him and wanted to raise him as the next generation of Phantom Wolf, while Tanya only wanted to use him for revenge.

Along with dozens of other gifted children, he was sent to Phantom Wolf's base. Majority of the childrens' parents were from the army and had fallen into the hands of Phantom Wolf for various reasons. There were boys and girls with different skin colors; some had been kidnapped, some had been stolen, and some were even sold by their own parents. They were from different parts of the world and spoke different languages, but the only thing they had in common was that they no longer had a home.

To simply survive and stay alive was already proven to be a difficult task.

Initially, there were about 100 of them. They were provided with three meals and a bed to sleep in every day, but there was only enough for 50 people. In order to have a meal and a bed to sleep comfortably, these children had to defeat different opponents every single day.

There was nowhere to run; it was to kill or to be killed.

As the years went by, countless bodies of children were sent out, and the numbers started to dwindle down. Those who survived became more skilled in the art of killing, and their innocent faces gradually became cold and cruel; they were no longer fearful of death.

The conditions in their living space became increasingly strict and harsh as the food and beds were gradually decreasing. They had to maintain high alert at all times to survive, and in the end, only one was left alive out of the hundred children that were in the base.

That child would become the heir of Phantom Wolf.

After the 14-year-old Hope had killed all of his comrades and eventually became the heir of the Phantom Wolf, he was the perfect killing machine to be used against the Fletcher Family.

He had thought about quitting this game of death at first, but he soon realized that there was no quitting in the rules of this game—it was only death or kill...

He wanted to visit the Fletcher Family and look for his father, but he realized that it was too late. His hands were already stained with blood, and the Fletcher Family would never have a place for him!

He remembered that fateful day; the way Sophia looked when she begged for mercy in front of him really made her seem like a washed-up dog... He saw a glimpse of his shadow in her.

He was probably in a good mood and chose to save her.

As she was begging for his help, she collapsed at his feet and slowly lost her breath.

She should have died that day, but he happened to have studied medicine. Despite outsiders only knowing him as a killer, he was also a proper medical doctor.

He held her and gave her cardiac resuscitation and CPR over and over again.

After a while, she eventually regained her breath and was shivering uncontrollably. He took her small frame in his arms; it was like hugging a skeleton wrapped in a thin layer of skin. The breeze from the sea was bone-chilling and they had nowhere to run to. He blocked the wind with his back and gave her the little warmth he had left with his embrace.

That night as they hugged each other, they kept each other warm by clinging onto one another...

Back then, he brushed away her hair and swore to remember her face. She was a good-looking but withered little girl.

In fact, he had already recognized her at the start of the new semester in Bayside University. She was no longer the withered little girl—she had blossomed into a beautiful white rose who was vibrant and confident.

Right now, the girl beneath him was crying in such despair that he felt a tinge of compassion and pity for her. But he was a bad man through and through, and this little compassion was worth nothing to him; all he wanted was to have her for himself.

Even though he knew that he had been castrated, she could only belong to him! This white rose could only blossom in his own palm!

Her unique fragrance fascinated him. The elegant and womanly scent mixed with a hint of perfume and the smell of wine was enough to intoxicate him in her beauty.

Meanwhile, Sophia's tears had not stopped from before and her makeup was soaked through.

As he gently removed the last piece of fabric from her body, he leaned down next to her ear and said gently, "I'll take you to a place where Michael's dirty hands would never touch you. You'll only belong to me. My injuries will heal, and we will have children in the future."

Suddenly, he was a little tired as he fantasized about having a child—he was even looking forward to it!

Quinton's hot breath blew against Sophia's earlobe as she heard his words clearly and closed her eyes in utter despair.

Although the Phantom Wolf had saved her back then, did her whole life belong to him as well?