

My Dreamy Old Husband

Chapter 596

Mark kept ranting and raving while Sophia slumped in her wheelchair, motionless and silent.

Michael abruptly chased after them. While the Phantom Wolf members were all looking at him, Sophia suddenly whipped up from her slumped position in the wheelchair and flung a shiny item at one of the Phantom Wolf members. It quickly flew past his neck, leaving a long, red gash on it. By the time the pain hit him, he had already fallen to his knees weakly, his neck having been sliced open by Sophia.

That member had been holding Sophia's detonator when she suddenly leaped up nimbly and killed him despite being paralyzed. Now that he was dead, the detonator fell to the ground.

Everyone instinctively braced their heads for cover. They had only one thought in mind—that they were all about to die!

However, the explosion they were expecting never came. Sophia struggled and hurled the dagger that she had somehow managed to conjure out of thin air at the member that was guarding Mark.

The blade sunk into the man's chest. He reflexively reached up to touch it. Having lost his grip on the detonator, it began to fall to the ground.

Sophia charged over to grab the detonator and shoved it into Mark's hands. She then kicked Mark's wheelchair, sending it careening into the distance.

Everything was over in a blink of an eye. By the time everyone realized that the bomb hadn't blown up, two Phantom Wolf members were already down, and Mark had been sent far away from his initial position. Sophia still had her leg raised from when she kicked the wheelchair.

Joel rushed over and immediately caught hold of Mark's wheelchair, and the bomb experts nearby quickly swarmed over to defuse the bomb. Meanwhile, Michael hurried over to Sophia.

Sophia's head was empty. Her mind kept buzzing as she stared at Mark, who seemed to be yelling about something after she had kicked him away. Michael was shouting as well as he charged over. She reached out for Michael, but right that moment, a suffocating force pressed itself into her neck. Her legs suddenly left the ground; Quinton had her in his clutches.

Quinton didn't waste his breath as he dragged her back into the cargo hold, to which the door was already closing. The plane was ready for takeoff and was already taxiing while slowly gaining speed.

Michael immediately chased after them, but the door to the cargo hold was gradually being pulled up as he neared the plane. Linus didn't manage to chase after them. Instead, he turned his head to watch the bomb experts defuse the bomb strapped to Mark. He then looked at the plane that he couldn't possibly catch up to before turning around to help defuse the bomb.

His company was the one that manufactured that bomb, so he knew how to safely defuse it.

The plane had already sped up and would be leaving the ground anytime soon. Miraculously, Michael had caught up to the Phantom Wolf in the cargo hold, having managed to get in before the door could close. The Phantom Wolf shoved Sophia away and whipped out his pistol, but Michael quickly grabbed at his wrist and the two ended up wrestling each other.

The plane suddenly shook, causing everyone to fall. The members sent as backup toppled over as one before they reflexively looked for a place to steady themselves and aimed at Michael in an attempt to help the Phantom Wolf. However, both of them were balled up together like a meatball, so the others didn't dare to shoot recklessly.

As they battled, Michael whipped the helmet off the Phantom Wolf's head. Sophia came rushing over from behind, brandishing a long, thick weapon in hand and smashed it hard onto the Phantom Wolf's skull.

A loud *smack* rang out. Although the Phantom Wolf had his strength and reflexes boosted by various serums, his head was just like any other ordinary person's no matter how much extra help he got from being altered. After he was struck brutally on the head, his body stiffened. He turned back to see Sophia with a 20-centimeter metal dildo in hand.

She then leaped up and struck him in the head again with the dildo, stunning him completely. Michael took this opportunity to kick the Phantom Wolf from behind, sending him deeper into the plane. With that, Michael quickly grabbed Sophia and rolled out of it. As soon as they escaped the plane, the door to the cargo hold closed completely. The plane soon reached the speed needed for takeoff and left the ground, slowly taking to the skies.

Michael still held onto Sophia as they rolled out into the air. Considering the speed of the plane, he knew that they might not live through this. He tightened his hold on Sophia, hoping that his body would act as a meat shield for her.

If only one of us can live...

In that short moment of time, Sophia forgot about everything. She couldn't recall anything—not the Phantom Wolf, not Linus, not anyone. All she could think about was Michael. She held onto him tightly; even if they were going to die, she wanted to die together with him!

There was only a single moment left now. Michael fell to the ground with Sophia still in his embrace, but it didn't hurt like he thought it would. He was the first one to land; even if he died, she must live.

The ground seemed to be soft and as fluffy as cotton. He crashed onto the surface, sinking into the ground before springing away from the rebound. The two of them whirled through the air before falling to the ground again.

This time, it hurt...

Michael opened his eyes and realized that he was lying on the grassy lawn of the airfield. His limbs were intact, and Sophia was still clinging tightly to him, shrinking into his hold from fear.

The plane was already up in the sky when Joel, Linus, and the rest of the troops on the ground came rushing over.

In the distance, Michael caught sight of the jumping cushion which had been set up. They had fallen onto that cushion earlier and bounced off of it before falling to the ground a second time. Miraculously, they managed to spare their lives.

He lifted his head to see the jumping cushion being deflated, and it took some time before it could be put away. A figure then approached them from the darkness. As the figure neared

them, its silhouette became clearer; by the time the figure came to a stop, they could see that it was Nicholas.

“I want a pat on the head, Dad.”

It finally hit Sophia—the invisible robot earlier was actually Nicholas!

Nicholas had been altered that day and was capable of turning into any color. Sophia simply thought that Nicholas looked good, but she didn't realize that this was the high-tech invisibility material Linus was talking about. In fact, it was the kind that could automatically change to any color.

She ended up crying in happiness. Wrapping her arms around Michael, she was unable to stop herself from bursting into loud sobs.

There had been several times earlier when she thought she was about to die.

Michael pulled Sophia in close; he never thought that it would feel so sweet to be alive.

Being alive was better than anything else.

Linus had already defused the bomb as quickly as he could. Mark had now recovered somewhat from that moment of anger when he coughed up some blood. As he lowered his head, he saw this strange man.

Blond hair and blue eyes...

Still, Mark found this man quite familiar. He felt this inexplicable sense of familiarity with him.

“Coop, Coop!”

Woody suddenly came hurtling over, grabbing onto Linus while asking him, “Are you cold, Coop? Why didn't you come back to visit your dad?”

Linus lifted his head to look at the old man before him. “You've got the wrong guy. I'm not your Coop,” he said softly.

Woody had thought that he was Cooper. As soon as Linus denied it, Woody's face fell. Sean quickly led him away to see Sophia.

"Hey, you've got the wrong man. That's not Uncle Cooper; he's over there."

Woody kept turning his head back to look at Linus while mumbling, "Coop... Coop..."