

# My Dreamy Old Husband

## Chapter 599

Michael had done his research beforehand—Tanya remarried to the head of the Clark Family and assumed the identity of an expat who had just returned to the country. Quinton had been 16 years old when that happened.

The Clarks didn't know about the relationship between the two of them, and Hope changed his name to Quinton, turning himself into a son of the Clark Family after Tanya married the family head. Until today, the Clarks were still unaware of Tanya and Quinton's actual identities. When the two of them disappeared together, the Clarks assumed that they had been kidnapped by Phantom Wolf. Yet, they received only a single urn of ashes when two people had gone missing.

Quinton's funeral was hosted on a warm, sunny day in the middle of spring. A good number of students and lecturers from Bayside University attended the funeral. In their eyes, Quinton was nothing more than a typical man and an outstanding teacher; he was a noble soldier who had sacrificed himself for the sake of his own students. The last status he had posted on his social media was: 'The world is huge; I just want to step out and take a look.' He wanted to travel the world, yet he decided to settle as a supporting teacher in the mountains.

He once said, "Humans are the highest form of animals; we often seek for greater pleasures once our stomachs are full. Some of us crave for physical pleasures while others seek for spiritual awakenings; to each its own dream." For the sake of saving his own student, Quinton volunteered to be held hostage and eventually sacrificed his own life. Naturally, Jackson mourned the death of his stepson whom he had treated like his own child.

“Although Quinton isn’t my own child, I’ve always treated him as mine. He once told me to make sure that his funeral was done on a sunny day if he passed away. He said that those who attended the funeral were all people who cared about him, and he wanted these people to feel a little better with the sun shining on them.”

Standing in the middle of a weeping crowd, Sophia was oddly calm as she found herself zoning out while glancing at a photo of Quinton. When the funeral had ended and everyone was leaving, she came back to her senses and realized that her entire face was soaked with tears. Perhaps this man, the one who insisted on having his funeral on a sunny day, was the actual Quinton Clark. Perhaps there was a hint of beauty hidden within his dark, evil spirit.

He wasn’t born with much of a choice but to taint his soul with darkness for the sake of keeping himself alive, but deep down, there seemed to be a part of him who hadn’t given up on the tiny ray of light that he had tried his best to protect. After the funeral ended, only Quinton’s clothes were buried at the tombstone. His young face, as seen on the tombstone at the newly dug grave in the cemetery, carried a mix of desolation and helplessness. Jackson gave it a long, thoughtful stare before he left quietly.

Right then, Sophia turned around to see Linus. Standing by a nearby tree, he was dressed in a full black suit. She hadn’t seen him ever since the incident. He stood there for a long time, looking as though he had been waiting for her intentionally. Sophia subconsciously threw a glance toward a car that was parked nearby to see Michael seated inside.

He had been at the funeral the whole time; he just didn’t get out of the car. It was hard to see the expression on Michael’s face as the sunglasses he wore were big enough to cover half of his face, but since he didn’t seem to show any objections to it, Sophia began walking toward Linus.

As the two of them took a walk in the chilly, spring breeze, several cars tagged along some distance behind them. ‘I’m leaving’ was the first thing that Linus said. Sophia didn’t seem too surprised by this and merely grunted. She hadn’t expected Linus to stay in the country for long after all that had happened.

Although he had a large team of lawyers and other connections that could help him sever all ties with Phantom Wolf, it didn't change the fact that he had been someone who colluded with them. The Fletcher Family was kind enough not to launch an attack against him, but he simply couldn't stay in Bayside City for much longer.

"I'm sorry for everything that I've done." Linus didn't try to defend himself. Sophia understood that each individual had their own struggles, but regardless of what his reason was, it was a known fact that he had been an accomplice to Phantom Wolf's deeds and had nearly caused a huge tragedy. It was tough for an adopted son like Linus to survive in a family as powerful, cruel and preoccupied by the importance of blood relations as the Michel Family; he needed something more than just Fass's support and his own hard work.

He needed to use more bloody and vicious methods in order to maintain his own position in the Michel Family, to make sure that he had a stable base in the family, and to improve his own quality of life. It made sense that he'd pay a group of lunatics to risk their lives for him. After all, to live was to suffer; everyone understood their own sufferings more than anyone else.

Sophia finally decided to say something. "You should come back for a holiday someday," she suggested.

"Yeah," he said quietly. Then, he handed Sophia the keys to Villa No. 2 as he continued, "I'm taking the next flight out after the funeral is over. These are the keys to my house; you can clean it up whenever you're free, and you can be the substitute landlord if anyone wishes to rent the place. Just deduct whatever is needed and transfer the remaining balance over to my account."

She took the keys from him as she uttered, "We should keep in touch. I'll contact you if I ever get myself into trouble." However, both of them could tell that this was probably the last time they'd be saying goodbye to one another before embarking on two separate journeys.

Understanding this, Linus chuckled as he replied, “Yeah. You can always call me if you need money. After all, that’s the one thing I don’t lack.” Sophia giggled at his words, and the two of them laughed for a bit longer before a wave of loneliness drowned their voices. Linus then took a look at his watch before he said, “It’s getting late. I need to catch my flight.”

“Your plane got bombed, didn’t it? I can lend you one of mine!” she quickly offered. Linus had already walked toward the car that his driver parked next to him, and his bodyguard had already opened the car door for him. Half of his body was already in the car when he turned around and gave Sophia a casual wave as he rejected her offer.

“It’s fine—I got a new plane. I have always wanted to get rid of the old one, but I never found the right time to do it.” He turned to face his back toward Sophia and paused before muttering, “Help me bid goodbye to Stanley and the rest.” He got into the car with his face still turned away from her, looking as if he was afraid that she would see how desolated and lonely he felt.

By the time Linus’s car left, Michael’s car had already come to a halt beside Sophia. She got in feeling more dejected and alone than ever. She knew that she shouldn’t be putting on such a dispirited look in front of her own husband when she had just bid goodbye to another man, but she couldn’t bring herself to put a smile on her own face.

She couldn’t forget the man who had climbed walls to find her in hiding when Sophia was at her lowest; he was also the man who had taken his shirt off and placed it over her while he shivered in the cold. She felt a deep connection to Linus, but she loved him like a brother rather than a romantic partner.

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Soon enough, Linus arrived at his own private airport. He didn’t receive any compensation after his private plane had been bombed previously. Of course, he wasn’t expecting to receive any; Phantom Wolf wouldn’t have managed to capture Mark so easily if it hadn’t been for the intel and devices Linus provided them with.

Although Mark himself said that he wouldn't hold this against Linus, Linus thought that he'd just leave as he knew that things didn't look good for him here. The Michel Group would proceed with their plans of opening more branches in Cethos, and they had already transferred other workers to handle the place. Linus's purpose of visitation had been completed, and it was about time he left.

The plane made a move soon after he got in. His pet cats and dogs drifted off to sleep beside him while he pulled his laptop out to do some work. Every now and then, he would look up to see the endless clouds spreading before his eyes. He gazed at the blue skies for a while before he seemed to realize something.

He then unlocked his luggage and pulled two photo frames out of it. One of the frames held a group picture of all the friends he had met at Cethos. This included him, Sophia, Stanley, Sean and Sarah; the five of them often went loitering after class, and they'd usually hang out at a cafe, mall or park.

It was a shame that the rest of them—apart from Sophia—had blocked him on all social media platforms after they discovered that he had ties with Phantom Wolf. They no longer contacted him at all. They used to be a tight-knit group of five friends who shared the same interests; even with such differences in their identities, they still wasted their youth together.

They looked forward to the future while lying on the grass outside Bayside University, glancing up at the starry skies as they exchanged their ambitions and hobbies. Right now, Linus was only left with some photos and a bunch of good memories. The other frame was a shot of just him and Sophia.