

My Dreamy Old Husband Chapter 729

While Michael stared blankly at the bloody clothes, Hale placed a ring into his hand gently—it was Sophia and Michael’s wedding ring. The small ring lay helplessly in his palm, its diamond shining the same dreamy luster as when it was once worn quietly on Sophia’s delicate fingers. However, it was stained with blood right now and had been picked up from a pile of minced flesh.

Michael had previously prepared a grand wedding for Sophia; they had already ordered her wedding dress, but Sophia wanted to start her own business and was too busy to attend the wedding. After that, they agreed to wait until she graduated before they held the wedding...

Michael clutched the ring tightly in his hand, but he could feel his entire being breaking into a million pieces.

His wife and his child had turned into a pot of meat, so how could he possibly accept it?

Is this a nightmare? Why does it feel so real and so painful? Why is it such a long dream?

If he could, he would give anything in this world to end this endless dream.

He felt like his head was splitting apart as he ruthlessly banged his head against the wall; it seemed like it was the only way he could end this nightmare. When he could finally wake up, he’d be at his home in Bayside City with Sophia sleeping soundly by his side, just like how they used to be...

“You crazy b*stard—what are you doing?!” Harry rushed over and pulled him back with the help of several other people.

As Harry looked at Michael crying with a kind of desperation he had never seen before, he didn’t know if tears or blood would be running down from the latter’s bloodshot eyes the next moment.

It was the belief of finding Sophia and the child that kept Michael going for the last 100 days and nights. Now that Sophia and his child were both dead, all of the courage and faith within Michael collapsed within a single night; nothing else could support him anymore.

All of a sudden, a baby's loud cry pierced through the dead silence of the room. Michael felt like a pair of invisible hands had suddenly grabbed hold of his heart, and his heart started to pump blood throughout his veins as he felt some warmth returning to his body again.

He jerked his head up as he saw Joel rushing toward him. Then, Joel placed the tiny moving mass of flesh into his arms.

When that tiny weight fell into his embrace, Michael's eyes widened in shock as he realized that it was a tiny baby girl!

The sleeping baby in swaddling clothes had been born not long ago. With her wrinkly little face, her tiny limbs and body fell into Michael's arms. Seemingly through some divine command, she stopped crying at once.

She opened her eyes and looked at Michael curiously.

This was a small town in Africa full of black people, yet there was actually a fair-skinned child right here!

His whole body shuddered when he came in contact with the tiny mass of flesh.

He knew that this was his child! *This is my child! She's not actually dead!*

Michael held the child for a long time before he suddenly let out a hoarse cry, but nobody knew whether he was happy or sad about it.

This scene brought on a sense of déjà vu; many years ago, Michael had also cried desperately as he held onto a small ball of flesh, but who would have thought that history would repeat itself after so many years?

It seemed like Michael was running around in circles and eventually returned to the original point of pain and suffering.

The black woman trailing behind Joel explained that a group of people had arrived a few days ago. There was a pregnant lady among them, but she died after delivering her child smoothly. After she died...

She didn't mention where the woman had gone, but her eyes glanced toward the pot of soup unconsciously.

After that, Joel retrieved a laptop from the black woman's room. As soon as he switched it on, he caught sight of a video file on the desktop. Quinton's detestable face appeared again when he clicked on it.

"Hi, my dear brother. Do you like the present I left you? You're welcome! It must have been a long and tiring journey for you, so please enjoy the soup that I've prepared for you. After all, it's made out of your wife's flesh. Are you surprised? Are you shocked? Your child is not actually dead! It's my principle as the Phantom Wolf not to lay a hand on a child."

In the video, Phantom Wolf commented on each incident in a very relaxed manner. It seemed like a mere joke to him, but their hearts were chilled to the bone.

On the other hand, Michael had gradually calmed down as he watched the video.

His bloodshot eyes were filled with pure hatred.

Quinton!

All of a sudden, Stanley rushed over and started to pack up his equipment as he gritted his teeth and bellowed, "I'm going to get my revenge on Phantom Wolf! I want to cut him into a thousand pieces!"

With that, everyone else started to yell about seeking revenge on Phantom Wolf.

If they did not avenge her death, they would have no right to be part of the Fletcher Family!

"Come back, Stan."

Michael spoke up as he slowly rose from the ground. At that moment, his disheveled appearance seemed incredibly strong and resilient.

The desperate cries of the baby in his arms sounded soft and weak as it tugged at everyone's heartstrings.

Stanley paused and turned back. As Michael's daughter cried in his arms, he lowered his head to look at her and said, "Let's go home first, go home..."

The baby had just been born, and the conditions out here weren't sanitary at all. Moreover, the town wouldn't have any milk supply since it was so chaotic. The baby's cries were getting fainter, so they had to leave this place first.

Stanley was very reluctant upon hearing this, but they had to go back home first since a child had come into the picture. With that, the group left the run-down town by car and went to the nearest airport, getting themselves back to Cethos as quickly as possible.

Michael realized that it was already winter by the time they arrived back in Bayside City.

Time flies...

Michael ended up burying Sophia's bones next to Elizabeth's grave without a funeral. After all, her bones had been stewed for so long that only a few recognizable pieces were left.

Justin went back to the Fletcher Family and visited Celine while the rest of the Fletcher's men resumed their duties; even Old Master Fletcher personally came over to visit that tiny bundle of life while he cried and laughed.

Right then, Michael sat in the living room of Villa No. 8 and felt that his house was surprisingly big and empty without her.

Meanwhile, Nathan found his new sister and squatted next to the cradle as he watched over her intently.

When Bubbles realized that Michael had come back, it wagged its tail excitedly and ran to the door in anticipation for its owner, but it was all in vain. Bubbles ran back and placed its paw on Michael's knees, looking at him silently with a questioned look.

Michael reached out his hand and rubbed its head automatically.

The house was incredibly quiet. Judge, who was usually quite playful, sprawled out on the floor without a sound.

The butler brought over several kittens in a bag and said, "Boss, we've already found foster families for the kittens you ordered me to put up for adoption, so I'm going to send them over now."

Glassy-eyed, Michael's face looked shades darker; scruff was growing out of his chin, and his hair had turned white.

Unshed tears stung the butler's eyes as he turned away from Michael's snow white hair; he couldn't bear to see his master in such a state.

After a while, Michael responded dully as he looked into the cat bag prepared by the butler and saw the three kittens inside. He had complained about having too many cats in the house, and when he realized the cats were about to have more kittens, he initially planned on giving them up for adoption. Michael had completely forgotten about the cats while he was busy traveling, so the butler took it upon himself to make the arrangements. Otherwise, the matter would continue to drag on.

The three chubby little kittens meowed at him as Michael held them in his arms. He looked at them with his soft, warm eyes and smiled bitterly. It was unclear whether he was talking to the butler or himself.

"Let's... keep the cats. They belong to her; if she comes back, she'll be mad at me when she sees that they're missing."

How does someone without an intact body find their way home, though?