

My Dreamy Old Husband

Chapter 285

Surprisingly, Michael chuckled on the other side of the phone. “Mind your own business.”

Beep!

The call then ended.

Stanley thought that Michael didn't believe him, so he left while cursing.

In the computer room, Sophia switched off the computer and had a look at the time. I'm already late for class. The teacher never takes attendance for this elective course anyway. I think I'll just miss this one. How nice it is to go home and see my idol!

The floor was almost empty since it was school time, so there were only a few people left in the computer room.

After she exited the computer room, she went into the restroom while carrying her bag. She wanted to head to the toilet before going home.

As she was in the School of Computer Science's building, there were very few girls. There was almost no one in the women's toilet and the lights inside were broken, but no one had repaired them, leaving them to continuously flicker.

The moment she entered, there was no one inside, making it an eerily silent place. The weather was dark and there was a tree outside the toilet window. She furrowed her brows while using her cellphone as a flashlight.

Once she was done, she came out of the cubicle to wash her hands. She saw that the door to the restroom was closed through the mirror as the lights flickered, intermittently revealing a slender figure in the corner.

The person remained standing motionlessly in the corner, as if his body blended with the darkness.

Sophia's whole body instantly froze as she looked at the man who suddenly appeared in the mirror.

The man had a gloomy aura surrounding him, as if it came from hell. His profound eyes that were hidden in the dark radiated an extremely dangerous light.

It was usually bad news if a man suddenly appeared in the women's toilet, so she instinctively pressed her wristwatch since it had a device that could signal an alarm. As soon as she pressed it, Hale would immediately receive the signal and rush to her.

However, just when she pressed the alarm, the man suddenly spoke. "There isn't any signal here. You won't be able to send out your alarm."

He had a deep and husky voice. She was unable to tell his age through his voice—only his vicissitudes on life.

She remained motionless as she continued to press her wristwatch many times. Then, she took her phone out with her other hand and sure enough, there was no signal at all. All of her electronic devices had malfunctioned as the man probably had a device on him that blocked all the signals.

Just when she lowered her head to check on her phone, the man silently reached a meter behind her. She instinctively fished out the pepper spray from her bag and immediately turned to spray it at the man.

However, the moment she did so, a hand rapidly grabbed hold of her wrist before she even had the chance to press on the pepper spray. The five fingers were as cold and hard as a machine and bursting with a strong force while his nails dug deep into her wrist. She felt as if her wrist would be crushed at any second.

Under immense pain, the pepper spray in her hand fell, but it was caught by the man's other hand.

“Aaaah—”

She opened her mouth and tried to yell for help. Even though there weren't many people around, there would still be someone who could hear her scream. However, the moment she opened her mouth, a hand instantly covered it, shoving her screams back down her throat and turning it into a grunting sound.

The man grabbed her from the back, covering her mouth with one hand to prevent her from screaming while the other hand began to open her collar. The ice cold hand gently tore off her shirt and revealed her snowy white shoulders.

During the struggle, Sophia had used all of her strength as her nails sunk deep into his wrist. She then realized that he wore a special one-piece suit that covered his whole body from head to toe. There was also a rubbery material covering his fingers, which prevented him from leaving any fingerprints behind.

Her fingers powerlessly scratched his suit, but they couldn't even leave a mark.

The man behind her was like a cold machine with an infinite strength, save for a human's warmth. It reminded her of a bone-chilling and terrifying person—Phantom Wolf!

The moment the thought surfaced in her mind, her whole body froze and her eyes suddenly widened as they were filled with fear. He finally came!

In that moment, a cold thing fell on her shoulder—as if something tightened around her skin. After a crisp sound was heard, the scent of flesh was smelled.

Phantom Wolf had another small item in his hand, which he used to clutch onto Sophia's shoulder for a few seconds. After he removed it, a wolf tattoo appeared on her shoulder.

Then, a heart-wrenching pain started to spread through her body; it was so intense that the veins on her forehead bulged as cold sweat rolled down her head as she struggled to cope with his clamp on her arm.

The hand covering her mouth had an insanely huge strength that her teeth were almost crushed.

The man looked at his exclusive mark on her shoulder with satisfaction—her snowy white skin was covered with a thin layer of sweat due to the excruciating pain, so he buried his lips on her neck while greedily smelling the unique and seductive fragrance of her body.

A warm tongue gently brushed her fair shoulder. When it went past the wolf tattoo that he imprinted on her earlier, the pain caused her entire body to shiver as she started to shed tears.

The two rows of warm, wet tears fell on the man's arms. Her head was forced to lean against the man's chest, so his messy breathing and voice were clearly heard.

“Remember, you are Phantom Wolf's woman.”

He is really Phantom Wolf.

Suddenly, memories from that night resurfaced in Sophia's mind again.

At that time, her nostrils were filled with the cold river water as she slowly lost her consciousness. She remembered the helplessness and desperation that she felt upon facing death along with the man who saved her.

She stopped struggling, knowing that the man in front of her had the ability to break a person's spine with his bare hands. It's pointless to struggle. Besides, he will eventually find me.

The man's thick fingers slid across her shoulder where a clear tattoo had been formed.

When his fingers stroked the tattoo, the pain tore her heart apart and her body couldn't help but shiver while her back was covered with sweat.

Her skin was fairer, compared to most other girls and her shoulder had been flawless without any acne or mole. Therefore, Phantom Wolf's sudden tattoo was even more conspicuous.

Sophia's whole body froze while tears continued to pour due to the rain. It's so painful. When Phantom Wolf inked that print on my skin earlier, there was a thing that seemed to have quickly carved something on my flesh. Then, he used a high temperature to sterilize the wound, leaving a mark.

Now that he had imprinted a mark, it had caused the pain to maximize, as if he tore off her skin alive.

After that, Phantom Wolf's voice rang beside her ears again. "Now is not the time. When the time is right, I will come to look for you. I want to bring you away from here forever."

"No—"

Sophia's words had been blocked by his hand—the one covering her mouth to prevent her from making any sound. She could only look at the seductive yet dark wolf tattoo imprinted on her shoulder.

The feeling of slowly dying that she returned when she climbed ashore after almost drowning two years ago returned. The desperation and powerlessness

that she felt caused two helpless tears to fall from her eyes onto Phantom Wolf's gloves.

He then greedily kissed the side of her face as his cold voice approached her ear. "Don't think of escaping me. Two years ago, I saved you. From that moment on, you belong to me. Do you understand? Nobody including Michael can protect you."