

My Dreamy Old Husband

Chapter 398

Frantically, Stanley went through the dead bodies spread out all over the floor. Seeing the bullet shells scattered around, he tried his best to suppress his urge to throw up while he tried to find someone who was still alive.

From the broken parts of the bodies, he found the emblem of the Mitchells on them and he reckoned that the people who were dead were all from the Mitchells.

Men from the Mitchells! Stanley began flipping through the dead bodies like a mad man and from the dismembered parts, he finally found one which was complete and covered in blood. When he saw that person, he felt that the sky had collapsed and was speechless for a long while from the shock.

Still dressed in the white shirt from earlier when they parted ways, Sean's shirt was now drenched red, just as his face, and his eyes were shut tightly as he lay among the pile of dead bodies, not moving an inch.

Holding his broken body in his arms, Stanley froze and stared wide-eyed at Sean who was now dead, his mind drawing a complete blank. Sean... is dead.

Frowning, Abel stepped into the sea of dismembered bodies, finding this scene to be highly familiar. Six years ago, his team of well-equipped elites were ready to attack with a comprehensive plan to capture the Phantom Wolf and get rid of the remaining forces.

Initially, they thought that they could crush them with one blow; little did they know that what awaited them was a massacre.

The craftiness and brutality of the other party was beyond their imagination. With his own eyes, he witnessed his comrades falling one after another. People who were alive just a second ago became lifeless on the ground in a blink of an eye, including his beloved wife.

Although he didn't know if the people on the ground were Natasha's or Sean's, Abel knew that they were all from the Mitchells.

They faced their savage enemy without even thinking of surrendering, using their bodies as shields in what looked like an attempt to protect someone. As he walked in the blood-soaked mud, he was fully aware that he was stepping on the blood of his family with every step he took.

Despite the fact that he had left the Mitchells by faking his death, it was undeniable that the blood of the Mitchells still flowed in his veins. In that moment, he could feel the blood in him boiling as he saw red, a brutal look in his eyes. Reaching the middle of the bodies, he saw who the men were protecting—Sean and Natasha.

Still holding Sean in his arms, Stanley could now speak as Abel lowered himself to feel Sean's pulse. Then, he patted Stanley on the shoulder and assured, "It's alright, he's still alive. Send him to the hospital quickly."

It was then that Stanley snapped out of his daze and got men to carry Sean out so they could open up his shirt to check on his wounds.

Fortunately, Sean was fine and he regained consciousness after some rescue efforts. On the other hand, Natasha seemed to have been shot and was carried away.

Opening his eyes, Sean saw the bodies strewn all over the ground. Not only the men he brought with him were dead, even Natasha's men had lost their lives. Furthermore, they all died without their bodies intact.

Just a little more than ten minutes ago, they were all alive and kicking. In order to protect himself and Natasha, they had used their bodies as shields to block the enemy's bullets so that they could buy them time to escape. Sadly...

Sean shut his eyes with immense sorrow, two streams of tears flowing from the corners of his eyes. When he opened his eyes again, they had turned bloodshot. Gripping Stanley's hand firmly, he was breathless when he spoke because he was also wounded.

However, his delicate face, which was prettier than a woman's, was filled with unprecedented heroism and resoluteness. "Stan, I'm sorry that I was not able to save Sophia."

Choking a couple of times, Stanley yelled at him, "How can you say such silly things at a time like this! It's already a miracle that you're alive!" Just a couple of minutes ago, he had thought that Sean was dead!

Sean struggled as he described what happened, "Earlier... I brought some men with me to negotiate with Natasha, so that she would release Sophia if I brought her the amulet. Originally, she had agreed that she wouldn't hurt Sophia as long as I gave up the amulet to her.

However, a group of men suddenly barged in... Their weapons were beyond our expectations and they even wanted to kill all of us after taking Sophia away... Stan, I saw that man. He was the same man in Uncle Cooper's study! It's him—Phantom Wolf!"

After hearing Sean's story, Abel hurried down to the basement and saw that Michael was already there. Upon rushing out of the car, Michael had gone straight for the basement where Sophia was held.

When he arrived, there was nobody alive and bodies were everywhere. The enemy had used machine guns and the bullet shells piled up like little mountains on the ground.

The attackers were acting like a bunch of mad men; with such strong weapons, they could easily turn everyone into mincemeat! As he stepped on the floor littered with bullet shells, blood and shredded flesh, Michael was shrouded by patches of red and the nauseating stench of blood.

Feeling as though he had seen this before, it reminded him of a scene buried deeply into the back of his mind which he didn't wish to remember.

That year, he was also walking through a massacred battlefield and was looking for his sister, Celine, within a pile of bodies. He never imagined that years later, this same situation happened again, but this time, he was looking for his woman.

The firearms carried by the enemy were simply too strong. He didn't think that they would actually use firearms with such shocking strength against these few people; even the walls in the basement were pierced through! Their aim was not only to kill, but to massacre! The modus operandi was very similar to the unforgettable person in his mind.

Scanning the room, he didn't find Sophia's clothing and he breathed a sigh of relief. At least she's still alive...

In the chaos, he saw a few bags of cat food scattered around, Sophia's cell phone, which was trampled to pieces, and her wallet. Opening the wallet, he found a picture of himself, which was soaked in blood. Looks like they were kidnapped after coming out of the supermarket, he concluded.

The scene was too tragic. Except for Gemma who escaped as he was left in a corner after being knocked out and wasn't in the enemy's shooting range, there was nobody left alive and even the dead couldn't be pieced back completely.

Rushing in, Abel scanned the bodies and saw that they were all men from the Mitchells from their clothing. "It's Phantom Wolf," he informed Michael.

Hearing that, Michael stopped wondering because he knew that only Phantom Wolf could do such a brutal thing. Only him!

He wished more than ever that he was the one who had joined the operation to wipe out Phantom Wolf and also the one who had accompanied Sophia out to buy pet food. Unfortunately, there was no way to reverse the time.

Trying to keep his composure, he said, "She's still safe for now. Gather everyone and check the major highways going in and out of Bayside City. Find her as quickly as possible."

With that said, he bent down and picked up Sophia's wallet and broken cell phone before turning to leave the basement which was stinking with blood and flesh. Abel took a long, hard look at the bodies strewn all over the place.

When he got out of the basement, Michael's cell phone vibrated suddenly. He saw that he had received an email in his private mailbox which was a video that was less than a minute.

Opening the video, the scream of a woman immediately reached his ears and he saw a poorly-lit old room filled with dusty and old furniture. A lamp hung in the air and swung with the wind as weak light danced around the room, floating in and out of the video frame.

Two women were engaged in a battle to death in that room. One of the women was dressed in black with a shaved head and had pin pricks all over her body.

She seemed really strong and made a shrilling scream which was unlike any cries a human could make. While holding a rusty sword in her hand, she kicked the other woman to the ground with one foot. Lifting her sword, she pierced it through the woman's heart ruthlessly.