

# My Dreamy Old Husband Chapter 734

Nicole's car ran over those burnt corpses, making some scalp-numbing crackling noise.

After a series of confrontations, Michel Castle opened its gate. The gate dropped on the moat, forming a bridge. Several cars drove out from the castle, and quite a number of men wearing chemical protection suits came down to clean the battlefield.

There had been outsiders coming to the castle recently. They were either desperate small forces or civilians infected by the Virs-18, asking for help with their last breath.

The people from the castle never showed mercy to those seeking help. They just left them to die. Layers and layers of rotten corpses were piling right outside of the castle, letting out a pungent smell. The bones of those who died from Virs-18 would be corroded by germs, and even stray dogs wouldn't go near them.

The people from the castle would come out from time to time to clear up the corpses. They would burn those dead and living but infected people to death.

War required ammunition supply, and they were the supplier; a plague meant a need for a cure, and they were selling it.

They had no mercy nor compassion—they would sell the cure as long as people could afford it. Unfortunately, the leaders in Africa were too reserved and refused to pay the Michel Group the price they offered.

They were waiting for the international organizations to pressure them into providing the cure for free.

Monsters would never speak of mercy, and they had no idea what kindness was.

All they cared about was the benefit they would get.

Nicole's car stopped nearby. She realized that there were many infected people who came with the same intention. They quickly went over to the people from the castle and sought help as the battlefire ceased.

Among the dozen of ulcerating infected people, Nicole was the only healthy one. Her sullen face, which was covered in blood and dirt, was full of determination. She piggybacked Sophia as she walked in between the group of zombie-like infected people. She felt as if she was walking to hell with a group of walking dead, and she was extremely afraid.

The air was filled with the nauseating stench of decay.

As expected, the infected people were blocked outside. The group of men in chemical protection suits formed a human wall to stop them and was pushing them violently. Some collapsed and never got up, while some were stepped to death by the others.

Nicole put Sophia on a rather flat ground as she whispered to her, "Wait for me."

Sophia opened her eyes slightly. Her eyes were filled with blood, and her vision was blurred. There was a small scratch on her face, but such small scratch started ulcerating at lightning speed.

She leaned against a stone and saw a little girl next to her. The girl didn't cry although she was infected just like Sophia, and they shared the same helplessness and despair.

Sophia looked at her, and her tears started falling.

There were male, female, elderly, and kids among the infected. They all dressed differently and all had different identities.

"I am a diplomatist and can speak five languages. Please save me! I will work for you for my entire life! I have been infected for two days! Please!"

"I'm a businessman. I'm rich, and you can have as much money as you want!"

"I am an Academic Award Best Actress winner. Please save my friend!"

...

However, no matter what kind of power, authority, or fame they had, they were just lumps of rotting meat in the eyes of the staff of the Michel Group. They would be cleared and turned into ashes within a day.

The people were crying and shouting in despair, but they couldn't do anything!

Nicole was squeezed among the group of infected people. She thought they would at least take a look at her since she was an Academic Award winner, but they didn't—no one cared.

At the same time, a car drove out from the castle. After it stopped, a man in a chemical protection suit came out of the car with a group of people protecting him. He was wearing a gas mask, only exposing his pair of eyes and blonde hair.

The wind blew, and the dust was flying around. The man stepped on the deadly land and stepped on the burnt corpses calmly. His ocean blue eyes showed no humanity. The desperate yell of the people didn't move his heart a bit. He was cold-blooded, as if there was a layer of ice covering him, isolating him from the world completely.

He seemed to be here to check on the battlefield. He squatted down and observed the bombed land. He seemed to be observing the aftermath of the ammunition.

Everyone could tell that the man had status, and he must have the authority to speak, so they all shouted for help, but the man ignored them.

Nicole was shouting at the top of her lungs, but it was useless nevertheless.

The man got up and walked toward the car after collecting the data. The people's screams were intensifying.

Nicole was anxious as she watched the man leaving. She stared at the man and kept shouting for help loudly.

The man took a glance in their direction before he stepped into the car. His blue eyes were cold as he scanned around mercilessly. He seemed to be used to seeing death, and there was no longer warmth or mercy in his eyes.

Nicole froze when she saw that pair of cold, heartless, blue eyes.

It was so familiar, as if she'd seen it in her dream—a dream she had several years ago, on the night she was in a film studio. He was the man she followed into darkness and to the masonry bridge.

*It's him!*

*It's actually him!*

Although it was just a short glance, Nicole still recognized him!

The man was already in the car. The door closed, and the noise of the engine starting overwhelmed the desperate calls of the infected people. Nicole was shouting something in the crowd too.

Suddenly, the man who was resting in the car opened his eyes. His blue eyes that were cold and heartless seemed to have moved.

He heard two words.

“Cooper Mitchell!”

In the crowd, among the millions of pleads in English, he heard a Cethosian voice yelling desperately.

“Cooper! Cooper!”

The man was stunned when he heard that name.

It had been twenty years, and he almost forgot that name he used to bear.

*Cooper Mitchell...*

Nicole saw the closed door open once again. The man walked out of the car and pointed toward her indifferently. She soon understood that he had heard her voice, and so she immediately burst into joyful tears.

*There's hope! There's hope!*

Someone brought Nicole to the man. Nicole rushed forward and finally confirmed that it was him!

The man named 'Cooper Mitchell'!

"Cooper!"

Nicole called out that name.

The man named 'Cooper' was still emotionless, and his ocean blue eyes were still cold. "How do you know my name?" he asked in Cethosian language.

"I have a friend who said you are her relative. She is infected and is dying. Look, I have t-this..." Nicole quickly explained.

She took out Sophia's amulet hastily and showed it to Cooper. *It has his name, so he must recognize it.*

The man reached out his hands covered in the chemical protection suit and took the amulet.

It was a small amulet of the God of Mercy carved in obsidian. It still looked so familiar even after twenty years, and he actually felt like it was just yesterday that he took it off.

He wouldn't be mistaken. It was the amulet he had worn for twenty-nine years.

The name 'Cooper Mitchell', which he had used for twenty-nine years, was carved at the back of the amulet.

Cooper didn't expect to see someone with his amulet appearing before him at such a moment.

*Is it someone from the Mitchell family?*

*Too bad I'd bid farewell to my past.*

Just as Nicole thought that Sophia would be saved, Cooper held the amulet and turned around to leave. "Leave," he uttered indifferently.