

My Dreamy Old Husband

Chapter 595

Joel stared at the Phantom Wolf coldly. It was also his first time hearing that the Phantom Wolf was Theo's descendant, but Joel was still as calm as ever. "Release the hostages, and I will guarantee that you'll have a safe passage out of the country."

Quinton tilted his head as he gazed back at Joel. A cold light emanated from his dark eyes, seeming as though he was a venomous snake. "My apologies, dear brothers; it's a pity that we have to meet under such circumstances." The Phantom Wolf gave a polite bow to them. "My birth father is Theo, while my biological mother is Tanya. I was initially born as Hope, but I changed my name to Quinton after my mother remarried."

Michael pointed somewhere, and Hale brought Tanya over with a gun held to her head.

"Your mother is with me. I want to exchange her for one of the hostages."

Even though Michael would love nothing better than to kill Tanya with his own hands to avenge his mother, Tanya was the only hostage he had.

Quinton took a look at the woman in Hale's hold and waved at her from a distance.

Tanya's face was blank. One had to wonder if it was because her facial nerves had been damaged from all the excessive plastic surgery, or if she simply didn't care. After greeting her, Quinton said to the two men, "Do as you wish with her. I have no love for her anyway."

He was just three years old when Tanya sent him to the Phantom Wolf's organization. At the age of 14, he crawled out of there to see her for the first time in years, but she sent him for plastic surgery because he looked too much like Theo.

It was well within Michael's expectations that Quinton had very little connection to his biological mother. He took a few steps forward and said, "Since you don't want your birth mother, I'll offer myself up in exchange for two hostages. I am a celebrity, and I am known all over the world. You'll have more sway if you have me instead, don't you think so?"

Sophia's heart was lurching, her tears continuing to fall as she screamed internally.

No, don't do this! Please don't!

She would rather stay in the Phantom Wolf's clutches if it meant that Michael would not offer himself in exchange.

Negotiations had hit a critical turn, but both parties knew that they were just buying time; the Phantom Wolf was waiting for Linus to fix the plane, while Joel and Michael were waiting for a chance to strike.

Apart from Mark and Sophia, all the other hostages had been moved onto the plane. Most of the Phantom Wolf members had boarded the plane as well, leaving only a few people out on the airfield itself. Everyone had their eyes on the two Fletchers and the Phantom Wolf. The gunmen remained at their positions outside, but no one noticed that some strange thing had slithered in.

Michael was still negotiating with the Phantom Wolf as he said, "You took my sister in hopes of molding her into the perfect killing machine. It's a pity that she isn't able to match your expectations. You can take me to see for yourself."

Mark was so frustrated that he yelled. "Don't do anything rash, Mikey! I've already lived a fulfilling life at a hundred, but you still have many years ahead of you!"

Sophia wanted to call out to Michael and advise him as well, but her tongue was numb. She couldn't make a sound.

All of a sudden, she felt something jab into her arms dangling weakly by her sides.

That jab had a massive effect on her. In just a few seconds, her body felt as though a fire had just blazed through it; Sophia's mind soon let her know about her control over her limbs. She wiggled them discreetly, and a sense of joy surged up in her.

She could move again!

She didn't alert the Phantom Wolf of this. Sophia sneakily moved her eyes to survey her surroundings; she was figuring out a way to stay alive and rescue Mark while saving herself in the process. However, her survey yielded nothing. She had no idea why she was able to move either.

The Phantom Wolf currently had his back to her. Some of his subordinates had formed a circle, keeping an eye on the hostages warily. Two of them had their eyes on Sophia and Mark, keeping their hands on the detonator. If these two died and the detonators fell to the ground, no one else would be getting out alive.

The light here was weak, and the member with Sophia's detonator had his back to her as he gripped her foot. His large, hulking frame blocked off the dim yellow of the evening sun. Sophia was engulfed with darkness while everyone's attention was on the Phantom Wolf and the two Fletchers. No one else was looking at her, nor did anyone notice the cold vapor that was spreading from the bomb strapped to Sophia. Sophia fell into extreme nervousness; she watched as the cold vapor soon enveloped the bomb and felt her chest go cold. Despite the thick coat separating her bare skin from her vapor, the chill still got to her.

A barely audible voice suddenly spoke up from inside the bomb.

"The low temperature is destroying the bomb's internals..."

As this went on, a tiny mechanical arm silently reached out and gently snipped the wires on the bomb under the cover of the night.

The soft sound of those wires snapping sounded horribly loud in Sophia's mind. She felt her scalp crawl at that, and she didn't dare to breathe as her eyes widened. At last, she could see what it was—it was a robot!

Linus had mentioned before that the Michels were researching some type of material for military use that could be truly invisible. He never mentioned the specifics, but the material could confuse human eyes and radars by repeatedly reflecting the environment around it, thus achieving true invisibility. However, that material hadn't been fully developed yet and was still under testing.

There was no mistake about it; the robot in front of her eyes was made with that material. It silently neared her, mimicking its surroundings and confusing her eyes by reflecting the actual environment back.

Since no one was actually watching Sophia, no one caught sight of this. To top it off, the light here was dim.

Her arm suddenly brushed against something. She seized this opportunity to grab it and picked up a cold, sharp object.

Linus finally lifted the locks on the plane's systems and walked out of the cargo hold. A Phantom Wolf member followed from behind with a gun pressed to Linus's lower back. As the plane revved up successfully, the roar of its engines could be heard even from a distance.

"It's running now. You can leave whenever you want," said Linus.

Quinton smiled and said to Michael, "Your offer is very enticing, but I have no interest in you." He took another look at Michael's unsightly expression and laughed sinisterly. "Your wife's the only one I'm interested in."

Michael gritted his teeth as he watched Quinton approach Sophia with a gun in his hand. They were about to watch Sophia and Mark be taken away with no means of stopping it.

Linus suddenly said, "I forgot to mention this, but you've got too much cargo. My plane is only a medium-sized one; there's no way it can carry that many personnel and cars."

Quinton took a look. Linus was right; the plane's cargo limit had been exceeded. There was no way for it to fly.

The food and weapons couldn't be disposed of, so he removed some of the cars instead. Nonetheless, it was still too heavy to fly. He then ordered for all the other hostages to be booted out, and those hostages immediately scrambled away. After all, none of them were as useful as Sophia or Mark.

Woody followed the rest of the hostages, but he laughed when he saw Linus. "Coop... Oh, there are two Coops..."

Now that the Phantom Wolf had removed much of the original cargo, the plane could finally take off. He gave another warning to Michael and Joel as he made his retreat. As the airplane roared, it could take to the skies at any time. Michael and Joel could only watch as Sophia and Mark were about to be taken away on the plane.

