

# My Dreamy Old Husband

## Chapter 594

Quinton took a look at Mark and tilted his head. A mocking smile came onto his face as he said, “Old man—no, I should be calling you Grandfather instead.”

“Pfft, who’s your grandfather?” Mark glared at him.

“Whether you admit it or not, you are my grandfather. My biological father is your son, Theo,” Quinton said patiently.

With his eyes focused on Quinton, the old man went rigid. He wasn’t able to return to his senses for a long time.

Quinton continued with a sneer. “How do you think your son managed to take down that major drug trafficking family within a few months back then? In case you didn’t know, they had been reigning in Southeast Asia’s Golden Triangle for close to a hundred years. He married into that family, intending to take down the entire clan from the inside!”

“You...”

It was Mark’s first time hearing about this. His eyes were widened with rage, but unfortunately, he couldn’t move.

Quinton continued to say, “However, your son made a terrible mistake back then. He shouldn’t have let that poor woman whom he lied to walk free, even if he felt a sense of duty! He thought the poor lady was different from her father, thinking that she would turn over a new leaf and lead the life of a regular civilian. He never knew that the woman would birth his child and turn that same child into a killing machine while she happily watched his descendants kill each other...”

“You...”

Mark was shaking in fury right now, his wizened face having turned ruddy. He recalled the Fletchers who had died at the Phantom Wolf's hands; Celine, Justin, and even the murderous Phantom Wolf himself were all his own descendants!

"Ugh!"

Mark coughed up a glob of blood. In an instant, he seemed to have aged several years.

Mark and Sophia had bombs bound to them. With the detonators strapped to their ankles, the explosives would go off as soon as they touched the ground. Not a single blade of grass grew here; the Phantom Wolf's men held onto Sophia's ankle, making sure that the detonator was a few meters above the ground. It was as though she could fall any moment and cause the whole place to go up in smoke.

Sophia noticed that the bombs had the Michel Group's logo on them.

*The Michels don't just make electronics, they make military weapons too...*

People streamed out of the cars surrounding the airfield. Joel stepped out of his vehicle, the expression on his face sharp and harsh. When he saw Mark all tied up, he gritted his teeth. The cannons were already primed and ready. Whether the plane would be able to take flight all depended on Mark, but Mark had ended up being taken hostage.

Michael got out of his black Porsche Cayenne. The black jacket on him made it look as though he had the actual night sky draped over his shoulders. From a distance, he could see Sophia and Mark with the bombs strapped to them. Fury took over him, nearly destroying all his sense of reason.

Still, he took a few deep breaths and forced himself to calm down.

The foreign guards protecting Linus walked over, and the Mitchells were here as well.

The airfield was well and completely surrounded.

With this kind of manpower, it would be difficult for the Phantom Wolf members to escape.

However, Quinton was as unfazed as ever, for he had sufficient trump cards at his disposal!

The Phantom Wolf took off his mask and called out loudly to the crowd. "I know you're here, Linus. You're the one who jammed the plane's systems."

Linus didn't dare to make a false move. He could make the Phantom Wolf drop dead with the press of a button, but he didn't dare to gamble on Sophia's life. He moved toward Michael.

Michael was already standing next to Joel, ready to fight side by side. It felt as though they had returned to those times when they were in the Special Operations Squadron. Even though they had always been competitive and tried to outrank one another, they miraculously fell into step with each other when they had to fight against a mutual enemy.

"Do you have any plans?" Joel's voice was even, but he was panicking on the inside.

"Let's negotiate first," Michael replied coldly.

They couldn't kill the Phantom Wolf. Everyone here would be done for the minute he died, never mind the hostages. Despite that, they couldn't let the Phantom Wolf go either, because it would be difficult to capture him if he escaped.

Sean rushed over. "They took our patriarch as well!" he said anxiously.

The Phantom Wolf probably thought that Woody wasn't enough incentive for them, for he simply instructed his members to bundle Woody and the other hostages into the plane. The moment Linus unjammed the plane's systems, they would be able to escape without a trace along with the hostages.

Linus walked over. An unfriendly light gleamed in Joel and Michael's eyes when they caught sight of him. Obviously, they hadn't forgotten the reason why the Phantom Wolf was able to capture Mark and Sophia in the first place.

"I've already neutralized the bomb in his body permanently. It won't pose a threat to you anymore."

The moment Linus said that, everyone understood instantly that he was the one who had planted the bomb inside the Phantom Wolf's body. Now that they had come to this critical point, they didn't care that much about that. They had to find a way to rescue the hostages!

Everyone put their heads together and began to discuss different strategies. Quinton paced on the spot like he was a patient but ferocious beast. He said once again, “Do you hear me, Linus? Get the plane started!”

Right then, there was a sound of a gunshot; one of the hostages had been shot in the leg. He cried out loud as he cradled his leg from where he was on the plane.

After that gunshot, the previously silent airfield was filled with that person’s horrific screams. The air was even more tense now as sweat beaded Joel and Michael’s foreheads.

They had no time left; all they could do now was to secure Quinton.

“My plane has its own automatic anti-theft system. If your men attempt to start the engines without my say-so and trigger the anti-theft system, the rest of the plane’s systems will automatically lock down. I will have to lift it manually,” Linus called out.

Quinton had a pistol in his hand as he pointed toward the plane. “In that case, go up there and do it.”

Linus didn’t speak. He took a glance at Michael before he lifted his arms high into the air and slowly walked toward Quinton. He had no weapons on him.

Sophia watched as Linus made his way over alone. She slumped weakly against her wheelchair, tears flowing from her eyes.

Linus didn’t dare to look at her. Quinton’s men had a gun to his waist as they shoved him toward the plane. Linus stepped closer and closer to the plane’s cargo hold. With his back to the others, and he finally entered the hold.

The cargo hold was filled with vehicles belonging to the Phantom Wolf. There were over a dozen men here guarding eight hostages. There was a mix of elderly and young, male and female among the hostages. From the looks of it, they were villagers from the settlements nearby. They were all still wearing their pajamas, and a silly old man smiled stupidly at him.

“Coop—come here, boy. Come to me.”

Linus never stopped once. He walked to the passenger cabin from the cargo hold before making his way to the cockpit. He saw two pilots already sitting there, but they were unable to do anything about the locked systems.

Linus was pressed into the pilot's seat. Soon, he began to lift the anti-theft system.

Everyone watched as Linus stepped into the plane, feeling a myriad of emotions that instant. Regardless of Linus's motives, he had walked into danger on his own accord.

As this went on, the Phantom Wolf members got on the plane and drove their cars into the hold.

Michael and Joel approached Quinton while he stood there and welcomed them. The three of them stood where they were. It was the first time these three Fletchers, all with different backgrounds, faced each other head-on.

Their fathers were all part of the Fletcher Family. One had been born directly into the family and was a proper Fletcher through and through; one of them yearned to be accepted by the Fletchers but was constantly rejected by them; and another never even got the chance to be accepted by the Fletcher Family.