

My Dreamy Old Husband Chapter 728

Quinton was holding a small baby girl who had just been born; she looked absolutely filthy, and her umbilical cord was still intact.

Quinton pinched the baby girl as though she was a toy and said smugly into the camera, "I have good news and bad news to tell you, Michael."

Still in a daze, Michael watched the video and stared blankly at the baby girl who was still attached to the umbilical cord.

Is that my daughter?! Sophia has given birth to a daughter for me!

Unfortunately, the baby's eyes were closed; she didn't even cry or move as Quinton rocked her around like a hairless little monkey.

Quinton continued, "The good news is that your wife gave birth at 5.23PM tonight. Congratulations, it's a girl."

Shortly after that, he teased in a ghastly voice and said, "Unfortunately, she was not breathing when she was born. Your wife also died of amniotic fluid embolism. I'm currently at a hospital in the small town of Mustka; if you rush over now, you might still be able to see their remains for the last time."

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At that moment, the core of Michael's heart ached so much that it closed off all his senses; he didn't even know how he managed to get into the car. In his mind, the words 'She was not breathing when she was born' and 'Your wife also died of amniotic fluid embolism' played again and again.

Sophia is dead. My child is dead. They're dead, all dead...

Joel roared in anger and hatred as they watched Phantom Wolf's video. They got into the car with bloodshot eyes and drove as fast as they could, ignoring the feeling of exhaustion from their previous days and rushed to Mustka Town.

It was as though a part of Michael had died; he was oblivious to everything that was going on around him. While his entire body froze, he could only hear Stanley yelling at him as he cried, "Pull yourself together, Uncle!"

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When Sam received the news, they had already rendezvoused at Mustka Town just after dawn. Meanwhile, Michael finally came back to his senses and followed the troops as they rushed over there.

The little town had been through so many rounds of war that there were no longer people walking on the streets; there were also more empty rooms than people. The group quickly discovered the hospital where Quinton had sent the video from and pushed open the barely held-together gate that had been bombarded by gunfire as the two-storey hospital stood in front of them.

During the war, many of the wounded had been treated and buried hastily at the entrance of the hospital; the air emitted a sickening smell of blood and even a strange meat aroma.

The hospital seemed deserted. As everyone walked cautiously inside, the smell of meat grew stronger as they went further into the hospital. In a place where food and clothing were a rare necessity, it was quite uncanny to smell the strong smell of meat!

Michael's heart was numb from all the hurt, but at that moment, he held on to a faint glimmer of hope as he slowly walked inside the building. He knew what he was about to see as his palms turned sweaty. He even thought about turning around and leaving the place to avoid catching sight of it, but he had to go and see with his own eyes!

The strange aroma tempted everyone; like a trail of breadcrumbs, it led everyone the way to it.

Another team rushed to check on the other rooms of the hospital as they investigated the situation, while others followed the aroma into a small kitchen.

Instead of using gas tanks, the kitchen used coal to cook food. There was an iron pot on the stove. It was covered with a lid as the aroma of meat wafted through the edges, but no one knew what was cooking inside of it.

The coal was about to burn out, and only a small fire was left burning.

The kitchen looked like it had just experienced a massive massacre with blood all over the floor; there were still some bone scraps mixed in the blood, and there were pieces of bloody clothing with long, black hairs spread messily across the ground. Everything seemed to have been trampled on.

When Michael saw the bloody clothes, his breath choked as his eyes stared dully on the ground. At that moment, his mind had gone completely blank.

Those clothes... He remembered that Sophia was wearing it in one of Quinton's videos.

Staring at the clothes stained with fresh blood, Michael froze in place as if there was some strange magic affecting him; an invisible force clutched onto his attention so that he couldn't avert his eyes anywhere else.

With a *thud*, Michael fell to his knees as his hands dropped weakly to his sides; he couldn't even hold his gun anymore.

When the rest of the men charged in, Hale noticed a bloody ring on the kitchen counter as the large diamond was glittering under the light.

At that moment, he knew that the wedding ring was from 'The One'—Sophia had one exactly like this. It had been custom-made, and Sophia was the only one who owned this particular design. Now, the lone ring had been found sitting on a pile of minced flesh.

Joel was hesitant to step forward as he stared at the small pot of soup stewing slowly over the fire. Cold-blooded as he was, it was the first time he realized that he was capable of crying too.

"Go and take a look, Gary," said Joel to a young man beside him.

Gary silently moved forward and stood in front of the pot. He fidgeted for a while before finally uncovering the lid of the pot.

Within the next few seconds, he slammed down the lid as he turned around and retched violently.

In that pot was human flesh—a pot of woman flesh. It was unclear how long the flesh had been stewing into a pot of thick soup, but the tiny skeleton frame inside could be vaguely identified as a woman. A long, empty silence filled the room as everyone looked at the pot of meat and sobbed uncontrollably. All the hot-blooded men in the room were found in tears.

The Phantom Wolf was incredibly cruel.

Justin looked at Michael, who was sitting on the ground and staring dazedly at the pot. Meanwhile, Sam had turned around to wipe away his tears. Justin quietly went forward and took the pot from the stove, pouring away the soup as he began to slowly pick out the bones from the pot.

We've finally found her. Even if she's just a pot of soup, we should still bring her back home, right...

Suddenly, Stanley hurried over to the kitchen.

"Uncle Michael, Uncle Joel! Quick—come and take a look at this!"

As Stanley rushed in, he realized that everyone had gone silent and were wiping away tears from their faces. Michael was gawking at the bloody clothes and did not respond to anyone, whereas Joel stood in a corner and wiped his tears away. As the commander of this task force, he quickly wiped his tears and asked Stanley, "What happened?"

Stanley was mortified when he noticed that Justin was handling the pot and taking out several pieces of bones from it. Joel shook him several times before he answered, "S-Second... floor..."

He stammered the words out with difficulty; all he could see was that pot of disfigured human flesh that had been stewed.

Joel left in a hurry as Stanley stared at the pot of meat and slid down weakly against the wall.

Is that... Sophia?

Stanley grabbed his head as tears covered his face.

Phantom Wolf made her into a pot of stew!

On the other hand, Joel made his way to the second floor. Wanting to check on the situation, he found the other group as they gathered in front of a ward; it was as though something remarkable had happened.

As he entered the room in strides, Joel saw a black woman huddling in a corner fearfully. She seemed to be holding something in her arms...