

My Dreamy Old Husband

Chapter 218

“Mr. Harper, I am the commissioner of the National Security Bureau. Here is proof of my identity,” the leader cut him off frostily as he pulled out multiple documents under his arms. “Here is a search warrant for the Harper Residence and an arrest warrant.

Your sister has been tied to a terrorist attack, endangering our national security. We will be taking her away. Please bring your lawyer along if you have any questions, Mr. Harper.”

With that, the group of people filed out.

Richard watched as the line of cars disappeared from his sight; it took forever for him to snap out of it.

How could this be? Richard knew how his sister’s mind worked, so how could she possibly endanger national security?!

Xyla, who had been silent all this time while standing next to him, knew exactly why.

It seemed that Kayla’s hiring of the Phantom Wolf had been exposed. She hadn’t thought that the wretched Sophia would be this blessed; even the Phantom Wolf was unable to kill her off!

Sophia lolled around at home for two days after her attack before returning to her daily studies at Bayside University. After the attack, Michael began drowning himself in work; he was out of the country not even two days later.

Men were always inundated with a never-ending stream of things to do.

Nonetheless, Michael couldn't bear to be separated from his dainty wife. He was beyond uneasy leaving Sophia at home; apart from the Phantom Wolf, Stanley also had his eyes on her. Evidently, there were many things that he had to personally see to it.

All major authorities were keeping an eye on Phantom Wolf after such an attack. Hence, they were sure to not show themselves again—not until things had calmed down at least. Sophia would be safe during this time.

Meanwhile, dozens of people with different builds and backgrounds gathered in a nondescript farmyard on the outskirts of Bayside City. One might think that this was just a normal farm, but they had no idea it was actually Phantom Wolf's base.

After causing waves in other countries all this while, they finally decided to touchdown here at last. Much to their surprise, their first hit in this nation ended with the loss of two assassins.

Phantom Wolf was filled with unflinching killers who did not blink an eye as they slaughtered their mark. In fact, fresh blood intensified their lust for killing. The members were currently talking about how they should execute a larger scale attack that would spread Phantom Wolf's name across the nation and make the citizens talk about them in a different light!

The farmyard was a hub of activity when silence fell upon it all of a sudden; the killers who had been talking so loudly and animatedly before this shut their mouths. They lowered their heads, looking as though they were common peasants paying their respects to their king.

The leader of Phantom Wolf—its namesake—had arrived!

The Phantom Wolf was a name that stimulated fear in over half of the world's nations. He had already caused countless tragedies in the US and Europe that

shook the world. No one knew where he came from and what his motives were; his only goal was to kill without any logic and reason behind it.

It was a name that had so much blood behind it—a name that was filled with violence and the stench of killing.

The Phantom Wolf himself strode in. With each step he took, it was as though his subordinates could see death itself walking beside him. His name symbolized death; he was the killer among killers and the leader of them all.

His appearance made many of the assassins present shiver in fear.

The Phantom Wolf had never shown his true face to anyone; even when he made an appearance before his own subordinates like today, he would wear a stiff mask made of actual human skin to obscure his actual appearance.

The Phantom Wolf walked in and sat on a ratty, old couch. He looked at the crowd like he was a king, and the voice changer he had transformed his voice into one that was rough yet booming deep as he said, “Who was the one who took the request for Time Square?”

A curvaceous woman clad in a mini dress stepped out of the crowd of assassins. Her brightly colored red lips parted as she slowly announced herself and said, “It was me.”

She was one of the Phantom Wolf’s women, which also meant that she was one of the very few people who had seen his actual face. She held an extremely important position within the organization, and she was also the one who had personally arranged the hit on Sophia when she took the request.

The Phantom Wolf eyed the woman, his cold eyes devoid of any visible emotion.

The woman made her way over to the Phantom Wolf, her hips swaying as she did so. “What’s wrong? Alright, this was my mistake. I won’t accept this kind of request in the future,” she said in a sultry tone.

“We’ll just write off Quill and Lacey’s deaths this time. I’ll admit that I wasn’t thorough enough when gathering information for the kill; I didn’t expect that girl to have quite the background. Next time...”

Before she could even finish her sentence, the woman fell over all of a sudden; a small dagger had pierced her forehead at some point. As she fell to the floor, blood sprayed everywhere.

The assassins stepped back in fear. That was the Phantom Wolf’s doing without a doubt, but no one had seen how he had killed her, nor did they know where the dagger had come from; his speed was simply beyond anyone’s knowledge.

Only the Phantom Wolf would be able to follow up on his words and kill a woman that he had been in a relationship with for years.

However, the silence that enveloped the place was an unnatural one; no one dared to say so much as a word for the dead woman. That woman had simply toppled over in front of everyone’s eyes just like that.

The Phantom Wolf surveyed the place quietly before he spoke in a soft voice, “A mistake is no different from your life. You only have a single chance.”

With that, he got up and exited the farmyard, leaving his subordinates with one last word. “Do not make a stir for the time being, and do not go knocking on that girl’s door.”

No one dared to disobey the Phantom Wolf at all.

As for the woman who had just been killed, no one spared her the smallest bit of pity; she acted like the organization’s boss when she was still alive. When she first took on Kayla’s request, no one had dared to voice out their opinion despite their reservations.

The world’s number one assassin organization killing a university student? Even the Phantom Wolf members would think it was disgraceful.

Needless to say, Phantom Wolf wanted to cause a wave in this nation; the bigger the splash, the better. Accepting Kayla Harper's request was against Phantom Wolf's code of ethics, yet that woman was eager to spread the organization's name across the country.

Not only did she accept the request, she even chose the hit to be done at Time Square. Carrying out an assassination in such a busy place would stir up the news, announcing to the world that Phantom Wolf had arrived here!

Unexpectedly, the request had been a flop. Not only had they failed to spread their name, Phantom Wolf also lost two of their top assassins.

It was no wonder that the Phantom Wolf himself was furious!

On the other hand, Sophia began classes again. Gemma transferred into her class as a student, beginning her duties as a full-time bodyguard.

Sophia only got to know about the Harpers when she returned to campus. Kayla had been arrested by the police for some crime that no one knew, and it was said to be a serious one. Even when the Harpers tried to bail her out, they weren't able to do so.

Naturally, Sophia knew exactly why Kayla had been arrested; she smiled at the thought of it.

Quinton had also called in sick and was absent from class.

One afternoon, the class representative approached Sophia and said, "Sophia, Mr. Clark is ill. We're going to visit him tomorrow. Are you coming?"

The incident at Time Square was covered up; in order to protect the victims from being hunted down again, their identities had been kept under close wraps. Everyone thought that Mr. Clark was merely on sick leave, and all the girls from Sophia's school had been going to his home to pay him a visit.

Quinton taught many classes, so everyone agreed to take turns visiting him. If all the students squeezed themselves in his home at the same time, Quinton's house would implode from the number of people there.

Sophia knew that Quinton wasn't sick; he had actually been injured when he fought with the terrorists to save her life. As such, she should visit him.