

# My Dreamy Old Husband

## Chapter 11

Sophia had guessed it correctly—the people in the Lincoln Limousine were big shots whom one could not afford to offend. Her attempt to divert the attacks to them were successful.

The people in the limousine started retaliating.

There were two more Range Rovers yet to be taken down. They were both on Sophia's flanks and were about to turn their steering wheels to crash into her, who was in between them. At such a critical moment, Sophia immediately slowed down as the tyres screeched on the road.

Both the Range Rovers knocked into each other in a loud bang. The collision sent sparks flying around. However, they soon separated and slowed down in an attempt to surround Sophia again.

She quickly slowed down to be at the same pace as the Lincoln Limousine.

The blondie stretched his head through the open window to greet Sophia. "Hey, hottie!"

She glanced at him through the corner of her eyes and deliberately lifted one hand off the handle and sent him a flying kiss, making him fall for her even more.

No one will care who this blond guy is after tonight, and my car plate is fake anyway, so he can't find out who I am. Undaunted, Sophia had no idea that her legal husband was also in the car.

Sitting in the co-driver's seat, Michael was so angry that his facial features were contorted. I'm the one who is putting in the effort to save her. Why is the idiot sitting behind receiving her kiss? Feeling dissatisfied, he also prepared to stick his head out of the window to get a flying kiss from her. Although he was already married, he felt righteous to get what others got too.

At this moment, the two Range Rovers caught up to them. As the Yamaha bike and the Lincoln Limousine were driving together, the attackers thought that they were close to Sophia, so the limousine had become their target as well.

Bang!

The Range Rover had overestimated itself as it knocked into the Lincoln Limousine. The limousine vibrated, and Michael had a stern look in his face. He held the steering wheel personally and crashed into the Range Rover on his left.

Bang! Bang!

After a few collisions that produced some sparks, Daniel was trembling in fright in the limousine. "Mr. Fletcher, my good sir, I was wrong. I admit that I was wrong—I only spent 80,000 to buy your wife. Please stop the car—I'm about to throw up!"

The blond man was as excited as before. "Yes! Go ahead and knock them over!"

The limousine attacked again, knocking the Range Rover into a flowerbed nearby.

Daniel finally retched and threw up in the car.

After that, he looked slightly green as he covered his eyes. "Why on earth did I meet both of you?"

There was only one Range Rover left. Sophia looked in front of her while glancing at her sides occasionally as her dangerous situation was getting better.

The Lincoln Limousine was on her left, with the blond man sticking his head out. To her right was the Range Rover, with a fierce man sitting in the backseat. He even had a knife with him. He swung the knife forward, almost slashing Sophia.

She looked in her rearview mirror and glanced at both the vehicles next to her. Suddenly, she decreased her speed and disappeared between them.

“Where is she?” The man in the Range Rover had a golden necklace around his neck with tattoos on his arms. He looked behind and saw the traffic easing up. Sophia was already around a hundred meters behind them. She turned around and drove into a green belt area, directly sneaking into the opposite traffic like an eel. Then, she disappeared in no time.

The blond man pulled his head back into the limousine and slapped his thigh. “Damn, I didn’t expect that I would meet such a hot girl once I returned to this country. Michael, forget the fact that you are already married, you should keep in mind that I laid my eyes on her first. Don’t you think of competing with me!”

Michael was unhappy to hear that. In fact, he didn’t care about the hot girl. He was annoyed by the fact that he was the one who had put in the effort, yet Harry, the blondie, was the one who received the flying kiss.

Seeing that the Range Rover was still driving on the road not far away, Michael pulled the steering wheels angrily and knocked into it until it overturned.

Even though the opponent’s car had already overturned, there was not much damage on the Lincoln Limousine. Full of scratches on its body, it drove past the Range Rover quickly.

Michael, who was sitting in the co-driver’s seat, thought the woman just now looked rather familiar, but he couldn’t pinpoint exactly where he had seen her before, so he asked Daniel, “Does the girl just now look familiar to you?”

Daniel, whose face had turned green, was still having serious bouts of motion sickness. “Familiar, your ass! Stop the car and let me out now!”

Harry chimed in, "She's my girl! Of course you'll feel that she looks familiar!"

Michael trusted his instinct. He was sure that he knew her, but he couldn't recall at that moment.

"Gary, remember her number plate and look it up after we're back."

Gary passed the instructions to Hale and asked him to look it up.

Hale was on the way to look for Sophia when he received Gary's call. Upon knowing that Michael wanted to look up the number plate, he asked incredulously, "Are you sure this is the license plate?"

Gary replied confidently, "It's a Yamaha bike driven by a woman wearing a crop top. She was quite good-looking. I suppose Mr. Winston has eyes for her."

Hale's lips twitched as he thought, Isn't that Sophia's number plate? I was the one who put it up for her! I wonder why Michael suddenly wanted to look up the Yamaha bike. And how did Sophia get marked by Harry Winston, that horny man?

At this moment, Sophia called him, so Hale hung up the call with Gary and picked up her call.

Sophia had completely shaken off the four Range Rovers, and the Lincoln Limousine didn't chase after her. After finally finding a safe spot to stop, she called Hale. As soon as the call was connected, she spoke eagerly, "Hale, look up a car plate for me—XXX88888."

Hale was speechless upon hearing this.

So both of them ran into each other already? Why are they looking into each other's backgrounds at the same time?

“What happened?” Hale asked in a serious tone.

Sophia recounted the incidents that had just happened.

After listening to that, Hale’s expression became even more solemn.

The victim that Sophia had simply found to block the attacks for her was actually Michael. Right after he had landed at the airport, he ran into her immediately.

There were billions of people in Cethos, yet both of them, who had just gotten married without knowing each other, were able to meet under such circumstances. This was definitely their fate, not pure coincidence.

Upon hearing silence from the other end, Sophia’s heart sank. She asked him timidly after a pause, “Who were the people in the Lincoln Limousine? Are they very powerful?”

Hale sighed. “They definitely are not ordinary people.”

Of course he is not ordinary—he is my boss!

After hearing the seriousness in Hale’s voice, a chill ran down Sophia’s spine.

If there was one thing that Bayside City was not lacking in, it was the wealthy and powerful. Sophia had not expected that she would get into trouble after simply finding a scapegoat on the streets, so she lamented her bad luck.

If Michael knew that she had offended someone he could not afford to offend, he would definitely chase her away.

She didn’t want to go back to Ducksburg to search for food in the trash again.

Hence, she plucked up her courage and asked Hale, “What should I do now? Are they someone even your Boss can’t even afford to offend?”

Hale decided not to scare her any further. "I have no idea, but Boss is going to be back soon. Why don't you ask him yourself? If you manage to appease him and make him happy, perhaps he would settle this for you."

Hearing Hale's tone, she figured it might be difficult for Michael to settle this.

Michael Fletcher, the man who disappeared for an entire year half a day after marrying me. Is he really back now?

In the past year, they did not keep in touch with each other. She did not even know any of his contact numbers, and she had never heard him calling back home to ask about her. Now that he suddenly came back, Sophia was taken aback.

Thinking of Michael, Sophia's muscles tensed as a chill ran down her spine. She had a feeling that she would be eaten alive tonight. No, I'm probably going to lose my virginity tonight.

Forget it. Since I've already gotten into trouble, and Hale can't settle this, I have no other choice but to beg for Michael to help me.

When Sophia returned home on the bike, Maria was waiting for her obediently at the entrance.

After she parked the bike near the garden, Maria walked to her to take her bag and reminded her, "Madam, Boss is back."

"I know."

Sophia took a deep breath and opened the door. She had always been staying in Villa No. 8, but she would sometimes take a holiday in Villa No. 1, which was right next door. It was decorated in the styles of Western palaces. Next to the French windows were ruffle-edged lace curtains, and there wasn't a speck of dust to be found on the thick carpet on the floor. All the furniture was made of

Sapele wood. The entire villa looked like a place the royals would live in, with a spiral staircase connecting to the second floor in the main hall.

There was no one in the living room, but someone was moving on the second floor. It must be Michael.

Maria pointed upstairs, telling Sophia that Michael was there.

Sophia couldn't do anything else except meeting him. While she was making her way upstairs, she thought about the phrases and words she would use later. After all, she had gotten into trouble, and she needed his help.

The time to test their love had arrived. But they had only known each other for half a day. It seemed that they were not true lovers.

She walked to the master bedroom that she usually slept in. Before she could knock, the door opened by itself. Light leaked from the room, but it was blocked by a tall figure.

# My Dreamy Old Husband

## Chapter 12

Michael opened the door and leaned on the door frame as he appraised the woman in front of him with interest.

She seemed like a completely different person from who she was during the day. The knot on her waist had disappeared as she wore her shirt obediently, hiding her slender waist. Meanwhile, the thigh-hugging jeans outlined her leg beautifully.

After she took off her sunglasses, her black, wavy hair landed on her shoulders casually. At this moment, she lowered her head obediently, not daring to speak. It was a completely different sight from the astounding impression she had made during the day where she resembled a wild cat.

“You’re back?”

Michael’s voice was melodious as usual. Apart from that, he even deliberately leaned closer to her and breathed on her face, making her blush.

She had completely given up as no matter what she did, she would have to sleep with him anyway. It was better to just give herself to him obediently.

Sophia nodded and spoke in a small voice, “I’m back.”

Michael continued to appraise her with interest. He noticed a great deal of difference in her compared to how she looked before. A year ago, she was like a sun-dried chick. However, she had finally developed a good figure, looking like an energetic wild cat.



And now, this wild cat had held her paws back as she stood in front of him obediently. She was almost at the verge of letting him stroke her belly.

He deliberately teased her, “Chica, why are you lowering your head? Have you done something wrong?”

Sophia smiled sheepishly. “I wouldn’t dare.”

Her smile was extremely forced.

Michael pinched her waist and was surprised to find that she had well-trained abs. After taking advantage of her, he stood aside to let her in. “Come in first.”

He had just taken a shower, and he only had a towel wrapped around his waist. His strong figure was like the perfect marble sculptures one would see in museums—it was simply perfect. There were some water beads glistening on his chest, making him look alluring.

Once she entered the room, Sophia noticed that the bedroom had undergone a complete makeover. The blanket that she usually slept on had become a flowery blanket that was bright red, and the hue of the entire room was changed to a creepy crimson. On the wall, the word ‘congratulations’ were printed out in quite a big font and painted in red. Apart from that, an intoxicating fragrance emitted from a lit candle, seemingly creating a pinkish fog in the room.

On the bed, the flowery blanket was decorated with rose petals, and two bottles of red wine were standing on top of a small table next to the bed.

This scene was blood-curdling.

While observing this creepy room, Sophia averted her gaze to the shelves on top of the bed.

She was dumbfounded to find an unopened box of condoms sitting there.

Did he order these in bulks? An entire box of condoms! How many times do we have to have sex to finish using them?

Michael deliberately sprawled his long figure horizontally on the bed and took a sip of the wine as he patted the box of condoms while wearing a mysterious smile. "Quick, take a shower now. Remember to clean yourself properly so that I can have a better taste of you later."

Sophia's vision turned black as she almost passed out. She supported herself into the bathroom while feeling shocked.

She took a shower slowly while thinking about how she should phrase the trouble she got herself into this afternoon. After all, she would have to tell him as this probably couldn't be settled without his help.

She took a full hour to take a shower, and Michael did not ask her to be quicker as he knew that she could not escape this time around.

Finally, she dried her hair slowly and walked out of the bathroom wearing a bathrobe. Her neck was as fair as a swan's as it shimmered when she walked into the room. Michael had already switched the lights off and lit two candles.

The atmosphere was romantic yet creepy at the same time.

Michael had already laid out the colorful boxes of condoms on the bed in an organized manner. He waved at her. "Come here, chica. Which color do you like?"

With a grim look on her face, Sophia simply chose a color.

Having no other options, she lay on the bed, looking enticing like a delicious dumpling. Michael rubbed his hands enthusiastically as he arranged the condoms into a straight line on bed.

He was actually quite eager to sleep with her, but he thought that since this was the first night they spent together after they got married, it was better to be ceremonial. Hence, he pretended to be decent as he poured two glasses of wine.

“Come, chica. Let’s drink this wine with our arms crossed.”

Sophia obliged and did that with him. Once the delicious wine slipped down her throat, a blush was quickly formed on her cheeks.

After taking a sip of the wine, Michael held it in his mouth and kissed Sophia’s lips as he slowly passed the wine into her mouth. After this, everytime she recalled her first kiss, Sophia would always remember the richness of the 1982 Lafite wine.

After the kiss, Sophia blushed and plucked up enough courage to tell him about the incident that happened today. Unexpectedly, after Michael finished listening to it, he merely smiled mysteriously. “It’s not a big deal after all. Call me ‘hubby’, and I’ll immediately settle it for you.”

Delighted to hear that, Sophia was abnormally obedient. “Hubby!”

“Once more?”

“Hubby!”

Michael kissed her in a drunken fashion and pushed her to the bed. Right when the highlight of the day was about to happen, unexpectedly...

“Boss, er... Mr. Winston and Master Levine are here. When are you meeting them?” Maria announced anxiously outside the door.

At this moment, Michael was putting on a condom, and he pulled a long face. “Ask them to wait for a while!”

Maria ran downstairs right after hearing that. However, in no time, she ran back upstairs with heavy footsteps. Right now, the pair of newly-weds in the room were at their most important juncture. Michael was teasing her as he was about to enter, and Sophia was prepared to shed some blood as she held his shoulders nervously.

“Boss, Mr. Winston said that it’s urgent! Very urgent! If you don’t go downstairs right now, they are coming up!” Maria knocked on the door relentlessly.

“Damn it!” Michael cursed and looked at Sophia in front of him. A few rose petals even fell on her fair figure, making her look extremely alluring. He suppressed his desire and put on a robe before going downstairs.

Laying on the bed, Sophia resembled a dead fish on the cutting board, looking like she had accepted her fate to be devoured by him.

Wrapping herself in the blanket, she rolled on the bed and saw the shocking box of condoms.

I have to move to the university dorm. I can’t stay here anymore. Once Michael is back, my parts would definitely be worn out by him quickly.

After rolling on the bed for a while, Maria ran upstairs again, with her heavy footsteps announcing her arrival. “Madam, Boss asked you to meet the guests downstairs.”

Sophia got up reluctantly and went to the wardrobe to choose her outfit. Most of her summer outfits were crop tops; she had no idea why she liked that style. However, when she opened her wardrobe today, all of her crop tops were gone. Everything was changed to proper one-piece dresses.

“Where have all my clothes gone?”

Maria replied weakly, “Right after he came back, Boss said that such outfits don’t suit a girl, so they are now used as kitchen cloth. The clothes in the wardrobe are new dresses that he bought you.”

Sophia rolled her eyes, knowing that her carefree days had come to an end.

However, she still consoled herself. No matter what, this is better than living in Ducksburg!

She simply chose a proper dress and put it on. Actually, she didn’t like dresses because she couldn’t walk in large strides when wearing them.

At this moment, there were three people in the living room—Michael Fletcher, Daniel Levine, and Harry Winston.

The blondie, Harry, laughed out loud in an exaggerated manner. “Hahaha! This is the first time in history that you’ve broken the curse of causing the demise of the women you love, Michael! Let me have a look at the amazing prehistoric dragoness who is able to tame you. Mind you, you are even capable of making a female dog go bald for being near you!”

Michael lit a cigarette and blew puffs of smoke with a cold, murderous intent in his eyes. Their so-called urgent matters are just to see my chica, whom I missed so much?

Michael glanced at Harry jubilantly. “I’ll show her to you later. Don’t get too jealous of me.”

Harry scoffed. “Hmph! I have no interest in your girl. I just want to know who the hot girl from yesterday is! She is wild and beautiful enough. I like women like her!”

Daniel still looked slightly ill at this moment as he had not recovered from his motion sickness. “Come on. She probably doesn’t even fancy you!”

Harry was unhappy upon hearing that. “How so? She even blew a flying kiss to me! A flying kiss, you know! Did you get any kisses from her?”

Upon hearing the mention of flying kisses, the veins on Michael’s forehead throbbed as he instructed Hale, who was next to him, “Order another box of condoms just in case.”

Hale nodded and silently prayed for Sophia’s fate later...

# My Dreamy Old Husband

## Chapter 13

Sophia, who had just walked out of her door, heard his words immediately. She was so shocked that her vision blacked out for a moment as she almost tripped and rolled down the stairs.

Fortunately, her psyche was strong enough to stabilize her weak body, so she walked down the stairs slowly. With each step, her heart seemed to jolt once.

Michael is a psychopath after all! How long would a box of condoms last? If he bulk orders a few boxes more, my body would be completely drained by him.

After Sophia walked down the stairs, her beige-colored sandals gently stepped on the ground, revealing her fair feet. She wore the dress Michael had bought for her—a graceful and elegant satin dress that was a limited-edition.

In fact, Michael did not simply choose the dresses for her—everything was well-calculated, so it fitted her waist very well, making her look slender. The dress with ruffle edges ended just underneath her fair knees, revealing a section of her smooth calves. With the contrast of the white dress, she looked even more exquisite and as fair as snow.

In fact, her skin was already quite fair. After taking good care of herself for a year, her skin looked as flawless as a cooked egg.

Indeed, her appearance had attracted the three men in the living room. Undeniably, they were all stunned by her. Based on their prestigious position in the city, they were already used to beautiful women in various business scenes, so they had a high eye for women. However, after seeing Sophia appearing in such an attire, they were still blown away by her beauty.

Daniel thought his eyes were playing tricks on him. A year ago, when he first brought Sophia here, she was so thin that her face looked gaunt, and she was very tanned and malnourished. In just a year, she seemed to have completely changed into a different person.

Harry's jaws also dropped. "This is your chica back home?"

But they said she looked haggard, malnourished, and underweight! In fact, she doesn't look like a chick at all!

Looking at the stunning Sophia, Michael was beaming with pride. He patted his thigh as he said, "Chica, come sit here."

Harry ruffled his blond hair with an incredulous look on his face. "She looks so different from the picture in your marriage certificate! How many plastic surgeries has she had?"

Obviously, he did not recognize Sophia as she looked completely different from her outfit in the day. At that moment, she was fearless and brave, like a nimble leopard. However, in front of Michael, the domineering tiger, a leopard would seem like a kitten no matter how fierce it was.

Even though Harry and Daniel did not recognize Sophia, she recognized them.

Harry's blond hair, especially, left a deep impression in her. Just in the afternoon, she even blew a kiss at him.

She seemed to vaguely remember seeing Daniel, who was next to Harry, in the Lincoln Limousine.

There were four people in the car back then—their driver, Daniel, Harry, and another man. She tried to remember what the man looked like, and the more she recalled, the more she felt that man resembled Michael...



Sophia's eyes met Michael's, who was half-smiling as he looked at her. A sudden realization hit her as her mind turned blank. Then, goosebumps appeared on her arm.

I actually sent a flying kiss to another man in front of my husband!

It seems like Harry doesn't know about this yet, but Michael already knows everything.

No wonder the atmosphere is so creepy tonight. That was the reason!

Sophia was so shocked that her legs felt weak.

Oh, no. The tiger is going to eat me alive tonight!

Seeing that she was still standing still without moving, Michael patted his thighs again, this time with a slightly more serious tone. "Come here."

Sophia trembled and walked to him, feeling resigned. Her body fell into Michael's arms stiffly as she pretended to be shy. In fact, she was actually scared to look at Daniel and Harry for fear that they would recognize her. The atmosphere would be awkward if that were to happen.

Michael looked at his 'chica' in satisfaction and placed his arms around her waist as he spoke in a gentler tone, "This blond man is Harry. He is a f\*ckboy, so you'd better avoid him in the future."

Sophia's heart jolted upon hearing that. Just a second ago, Michael was quite cold to her, yet a second later, he suddenly became so gentle. His unpredictable mood swings proved to Sophia that he was definitely a crazy psychopath.

He's a 31-year-old man who is still a virgin, even though he has good looks and lots of money. There are no other explanations apart from him being a psycho!

Sophia buried her head in Michael's embrace and nodded obediently like a kitten. "Okay."

Harry was still indignant. "Your chica is too soft and gentle. I don't like girls like her. I just like my hot girl—the girl we met at Derenham Road during the day. She's mine, and none of you can take her away from me!"

Upon hearing the words 'hot girl' and 'Derenham Road', Sophia trembled again. She knew she had gotten herself into trouble, but she wasn't aware that the trouble was so huge.

She had flirted with her psychopathic husband's best friend!

She still had not recovered from the great shock of this realization.

Sophia had long heard of Harry and Daniel's names—they were important people to Michael, and they had helped him out a lot. Their importance to him definitely surpassed Sophia, whom Michael had only spent half a day with. There was a proverb which said women were like clothes one could easily dispose of, while friends were like limbs one could never abandon—she flirted with his best friend; she was sure he would throw her away.

Sophia's entire body was trembling right now as she didn't dare to look at any of them.

Hugging his wife, Michael looked at Harry as if he was looking at an idiot. Your hot girl has already slept in my bed! Surprise!

Seeing Sophia's shocked look, Michael wanted to teach her a good lesson this time so she would not simply flirt with any men from now onward. Hence, he deliberately told Harry loudly, "You fiend! She might already have a husband. She was probably just playing around with you by sending you a kiss. Stop your wild imaginations!"

Yes, that's right! Sophia nodded.

She just wanted to play around with him, and she definitely didn't have other intentions. I'm an obedient and dutiful wife!

Dear husband, you should have a big heart to forgive me!

However, Harry did not get Michael's hidden intentions at all and continued to scoff loudly, "Hmph! There aren't any women whom I can't lay my hands on. Even if she's married—even if she has kids—I can even be their stepfather!"

Sophia hugged her husband tightly to prove her loyalty to him.

I have no intentions to cheat on Michael! Although he is a psycho, since he sorted out my high school education and successfully enrolled me in Bayside University, I swear that I will never cheat on him! I was really joking with Harry!

Hugging Sophia, who was sitting on his lap, Michael snorted coldly. "Hmph! Maybe her husband is more powerful than you."

Harry replied confidently, "In the entire Bayside City, apart from you, no one else deserves my respect!"

A chill ran down Sophia's heart.

A morose look slightly clouded Michael's face as he looked at Harry with an enigmatic sneer. "What if that man is me?"

Perhaps they were too close to each other, so they could crack such jokes often. Without a second thought, Harry laughed out loud. "If that's really the case, any woman who lands in your hands is doomed. I'll have to save the damsel in distress! Hahaha!"

Sophia was shocked to hear that again.

It seems that my husband isn't simply a psychopath!

# My Dreamy Old Husband

## Chapter 14

Harry, Daniel, and Michael had been best of friends for a long time. They were so close that they wouldn't think twice when they spoke to each other.

Right after spurning nonsense, Harry suddenly realized that Michael was married, and even though his wife was very young, it was a formal marriage. Hence, he quickly explained, "Mrs. Fletcher, please don't be mistaken. Michael is sometimes slightly psycho, but in general, he is a decent man."

Sophia was so surprised that she was about to burst into tears. She was now absolutely sure that Michael was a psychopath. He is absolutely a super crazy psychopath!

Whoever stays with him is extremely unlucky!

Michael felt that this was enough to give Sophia a proper scare, and she wouldn't simply flirt with other guys anymore. He felt she had finally seen his powerful side, so he stroked her silky hair and chased the rest out of the house. "It's getting late. I have some business to attend to. Those of you who are not involved, get lost. Go, go, go!"

Daniel knew that Michael, the old virgin, was about to finally get lucky, so he got up and held his office bag. "I'm leaving so that I won't interrupt your 'business'."

Harry, however, didn't want to leave. "I'm not leaving. You are finally waving goodbye to your virginity after so long. We should celebrate such a historical moment. I've even prepared fireworks—"

"Get lost!"

Michael put Sophia down and chased them away personally. In fact, he was just sending them off.

Before Harry was chased out of the house, he managed to say loudly, “Mrs. Fletcher, you have to hang in there tonight! Don’t be like the previous two of them—”

“Shut up!”

Michael had a special background. It seemed like someone didn’t want him to become even more powerful by marrying someone of equal background—both of his ex-fiancées had met unfortunate accidents. One accidentally sustained an injury to her head and lost her memories after she woke up and forgot Michael.

The other was involved in an accident right after getting engaged to him, and she almost lost her life.

Because of these incidents, there were rumors that Michael was cursed with ill fate, and that whoever married him would suffer bad luck. Since then, he was notorious for being a wife-jinxer, so he only married when he was 31.

Harry had never believed in such superstitious rumors, so it became a joke among the three of them. Whenever Michael spoke to a woman, Harry would be waiting to see how long it would take for the bad luck to land on her.

Even if she was not unlucky, Harry would deliberately do something to them to fortify the rumor. It had become a joke for them, just like how K-pop groups would disband according to the 7-year jinx.

Without this joke, Harry felt his life would have lost a great deal of fun.

When he was joking about this, he had forgotten that Sophia had no idea how they would usually joke around. She only heard a few keywords—‘hang in there’, and ‘the previous two’.

Michael has played around with two women until they almost died.

Perhaps even more! Maybe 'two' is a rough value. Perhaps 'two' doesn't just mean two, but a dozen women!

Sophia sat on the couch with a dead look on her face as a chill ran down her spine. She seemed to feel an eerie cloud of darkness engulfing this well-decorated villa. Perhaps they were ghosts of the women who felt aggrieved.

Oh, no. My good days have come to an end!

Sophia's speculations run wild as she imagined a thousand ways she would die, each more devastating than the other. She was quite poor, so she did not know how the rich entertained themselves, and she had no idea about the psycho stuff that the elite circle would do in Bayside City. However, she knew that the richer one was, the more psychotic they would become, because ordinary stimulations couldn't fulfil their needs anymore.

I haven't taken revenge on the jerk; I still haven't finished spending the 80 million in my bank card, and I just got into Bayside University. I don't want to die yet!

Michael quickly sent Daniel and Harry away and returned to the living room to find Sophia still sitting on the couch. The wine just now had taken its effect as she looked quite cute with her flushed cheeks. She was still in a daze, looking like she was still repenting her mistakes.

After Michael knew that the woman who sent the flying kiss to Harry was his wife, he was furious. However, according to Hale's report, Sophia was usually obedient, and she had never cheated on him. For the past year, she had been studying hard. On top of that, she worked out and learned etiquettes, makeup, and boxing. Nevertheless, that was an important incident. Since his wife was so beautiful, she would attract many men, so he had to do everything to avoid being cheated on.

First, he had to teach Sophia a good lesson to show her that he was furious with how she simply sent a flying kiss to other men.

Hence, Michael retracted his smile and pulled a long face deliberately. “Why are you still sitting here? Quickly go upstairs to wait for me!”

With a dead look on her face, Sophia dragged her feet upstairs.

Walking behind her, Michael suddenly remembered that it was a day fit for a celebration, so he would like to have his favorite dish, grilled eels.

In the past year that he had been abroad, he couldn't taste the flavor of the food even though the raw materials were shipped from Cethos and made by proper Cethos chefs. It still tasted slightly off to him. No matter what, food back at Cethos was the best, especially his favorite—grilled eels.

Every time he returned from countries abroad, he would eat some exotic animals to satisfy his cravings, but eels would have to be kept in a tank for a few days first prior to cooking. Although the butler, Mr. Peter Morgan, was very familiar with Michael's habits, Michael still asked him, “Peter, have you bought the eels?”

Mr. Morgan replied brightly, “Of course. I've already prepared them a few days in advance, knowing that you love them. They are in the pond, and they have grown to be very long and thick!”

Michael nodded in satisfaction, but he was still worried; he had to see them with his own eyes. “Let me have a look and choose the thickest ones...”

Sophia, who was still on the spiral staircase, heard the keywords—‘eels’, ‘thick’, ‘long’.

She almost couldn't catch her breath and fainted.

She knew that Michael was a psycho, but she didn't think that it would be until this extent.

He even wants to use eels! The rich guys in the elite circle in Bayside City actually practice such sick ways of love-making!

If he uses that on me, I would die!

Michael was probably off choosing the eels, so he took quite a while. While waiting, Sophia lay on the bed covered in rose petals, looking as if her soul had left her body.

Suddenly, she felt that everything in this room had morphed into some sort of sex toy.

The candles that haven't finished burning, the candle holder... They can all become toys.

The wine glass looks like it can be a sex toy too...

The tables, the chairs, the photo frames, the feather duster...

She suddenly realized that this wedding room of theirs was a torture arena Michael had prepared for her.

After living a good life for a year, everything had finally come to an end.

Sophia closed her eyes resentfully as she fervently hoped that there were no psychos in heaven.

Finally, Michael returned with a fish tank with two eels in it. The eels were tender, thick, and long—just the way he liked them.

To him, the best food in the entire world was eels. If he could not eat eels, there would be no meaning to life anymore. Michael loved to keep eels around, as if they were goldfish. After taking care of them for a few days until he had taken a



liking to them, he would eat them, and the taste would be so exquisite that he would feel as if he had died and gone to heaven...

Sophia, who was on the bed, heard Michael's approaching footsteps. She seemed like a criminal who was about to be beheaded as she heard the footsteps of her executioner. Her heart tightened, but she didn't even have the courage to open her eyes.

Nevertheless, she still opened them and immediately saw Michael and two of his eels, which were quite thick and long indeed. Sophia jolted and felt a warm fluid gushing out between her thighs, wetting her dress immediately.

I'm so nervous that I've lost control of my bladder...

Sophia thought that she was so frightened that she wetted herself. She was at the verge of tears as she thought, I can't believe that I'm going to die in this manner.

However, Michael, who had a sharp nose, immediately smelled something weird. He quickly held Sophia's dress up and saw a huge patch of blood underneath her.

# My Dreamy Old Husband

## Chapter 15

Her blood dyed the sheets that were already red, leaving a stain mark of dark red color.

“Why are you bleeding so much?” Michael was beyond shocked. He put down his fish tank and flipped Sophia’s dress before removing her lace panties. However, blood was still gushing out of her.

Sophia also raised her head to look at him. She knew that she was lying on a puddle of blood. Apart from that, warm fluid continued to gush out of her body uncontrollably.

She had no idea what was going on right now as well. Is it possible that the gears of my fate have started moving? Is the wife-jinxer, Michael Fletcher, using his power to jinx me to death?

Michael’s eyes also turned round as he widened them. However, his face suddenly darkened and turned morose. Without another word, he brought Sophia downstairs in his arms and asked Hale to prepare the car to go to the hospital.

Hale also had no idea what was going on, but he immediately got the car ready. Then, he saw Michael hugging a pale Sophia as they got into the car hastily, leaving a familiar smell of blood behind them. Hale was very sensitive to the smell of blood.

As soon he detected that, he frowned as he looked at Sophia’s pale face and silently wished her luck. Tsk, it’s only been a while, yet she is already bleeding. I didn’t expect Michael to really be a psycho!

A trail of bright-red blood was left from the floor of the master bedroom, spiral staircase, all the way to the hall. Mr. Morgan and a few other maids were also looking at Sophia pitifully. Alas, God's will can't be defied. Michael should just stay single for his entire life!

Meanwhile, Sophia was suffering from an even greater shock; she thought she had suffered a chronic disease, and that she was about to die. Michael—this psycho—has such a strong life force. It's just the first day, yet I'm already jinxed. It appears that my life force is not as strong as his. I'm afraid I can't live a long and happy life anymore.

For the past year, she had been trying hard to live a good life and use the resources Michael left her to strengthen her skills. Apart from studying to get through the university entrance exam, she continued to improve herself by learning about stocks and real estate so she would be more well-equipped. Apart from that, she even went to the gym everyday, and she learned boxing and etiquettes. She had been giving her all to live a splendid life. However, her efforts were all defeated by the first night they spent together.

Goodbye, my lovely life! Goodbye, Bayside University! Sophia just wanted to die silently as she hoped that there were no psychos in heaven, and that she would be born into an ordinary family in her next life.

The black Cayenne sped past the roads in Bayside City like a spirit at night. In the car, Michael hugged Sophia without saying anything. Maria also joined them to take care of Sophia and managed to stop her bleeding with a towel between her legs.

Maria's eyes were red as she had already gotten close to Sophia after spending time with her for a year. After all, Sophia was easy to get along with. However, she did not expect that Michael would jinx her to death on the first night he was back. In between sobs, Maria held her handkerchief to her face. "Madam, please don't die!"

Lying in Michael's arms, Sophia was waiting for her death, but she didn't feel it coming after a long time. Instead, she felt as if her insides were grinding together,

as if there was a hand mixing her internal organs together. After she groaned slightly, another wave of blood gushed out. Just let me die... Everything will be better then... With such thought in her mind, Sophia slowly closed her eyes while Michael's heavy, flustered breathings and Maria's sobs lingered by her ears.

Hale was behind the wheels as he skilfully overtook other cars and took shortcuts on the road. His hands that were maneuvering the steering wheel were damp with sweat while he constantly looked in the rearview mirror at Sophia, who was in Michael's arms. He had never felt that the hospital was so far away.

They quickly arrived at the nearest hospital. Sophia had already fainted, so Maria and Gary carried her into the hospital, leaving the towel behind in the backseat of the car. The striking red color made Michael's expression even more sullen. He didn't follow them to the hospital. Instead, he smoked in the car, cigarette after cigarette. He asked Hale to stay behind, so both of them were in the black car. On top of that, he did not allow him to switch the lights on. The atmosphere was so tense that Hale thought Michael was about to make an important announcement.

Hale thought, Is he going to blame Sophia's death on me? How is this my fault? He had no idea whether 30 or 40 minutes had passed, when Michael finally stubbed his cigarette out and looked at Hale morosely as he said coldly, "Hale, I've treated you well, haven't I?"

Hale was shocked upon hearing this familiar line in a familiar atmosphere. Why do I feel like I'm in big trouble? He recalled the past thirty years of his life. When he was six, he was chosen among a group of orphans to be the disciple of a skilled master because of his strong build. When he was 15, he joined Michael's bodyguard team as the latter's 8th bodyguard.

Over the years, he had been living precariously, building Michael's business empire with him while facing dangerous situations. He had always been the first to help him and take the blame for him. Apart from that, he also served him well and followed every order. He had always been the one to take the initiative in everything. Although Michael was quite psychotic at times, he treated people

who worked for him very well. They had never lacked anything, be it money, properties, or women.

In a millisecond, Hale had recapped the past thirty years of his life, all the way back to the big bang and the origin of life. In the end, he replied in a low voice, “You’ve indeed treated me very well for the past decade, sir.”

Michael lit up another cigarette again, and the smoke spread around the entire car. After another long ten minutes, when Hale almost broke out in sweat, Michael finally asked solemnly, “You are the father of chica’s unborn baby, right?”

Hale looked at him in shock. What the hell?

Michael was feeling heavy and morose. After a pause, he said, “You’ve already been working for me for more than a decade now. It’s time for you to start your own family. Although I like chica very much, since you guys have reached this point, I can only give her to you even though I’d hate to make this decision...” At this moment, pain seemed to be leaking out of Michael’s soul.

I should have known that this would happen. Sophia and Hale were always together, and he has reached the appropriate age to marry. It would only be a matter of time until they fall in love with each other. But I didn’t expect that I would cause Sophia to suffer a miscarriage right after I came back. Michael trusted Hale’s character. After all, he had been working for him for more than a decade, and he had never stepped out of line even once. Now that he had done this, it proved that this was true love.

In the years Hale had spent with him, they lived under constant possibility of being attacked, but Hale had never fallen in love with anyone even though there was no shortage of women around them—it was clear that Hale wanted to be with Sophia since he had knocked her up this time. However, right on the first night of his return, Sophia had already suffered a miscarriage. Seems like I’m really a wife-jinxer. If Sophia stays by my side, she would die anyway. It’s better if I give her to Hale.

Hale seemed to have guessed Michael's thoughts. Dumbfounded, he quickly tried to explain, "Boss, I'm innocent—"

Michael interrupted, "You don't have to say anything else. I'll divorce her tomorrow. If the child survives, she can go ahead and give birth to it. If not, I'll give you a sum of money, and you can live a good life with her..."

At this moment, Gary and Maria returned with a sleepy Sophia. Michael was shocked to see that. "You guys are back so soon?" Didn't she faint just now after losing too much blood due to her miscarriage? How can she walk now?

Maria smiled, looking as if she had escaped an ordeal. "Boss, it turns out that Madam's period has started earlier because she suffered too much shock. She will be better after drinking some warm water."

Michael paused before asking, "Didn't she faint just now?"

Maria replied, "Madam was too tired, so she fell asleep."

Both Michael and Hale were rendered speechless upon hearing that.