

My Dreamy Old Husband Chapter 730

The butler left submissively.

Michael stroked the cat in his arms every once in a while. His hair had turned grey as his world descended thoroughly into the boundless darkness. He would spend the rest of his life year after year in endless suffering that he couldn't free himself from... until a silvery voice spoke.

"Daddy, can you pat my head?"

He raised his eyes to see a cute little girl standing in front of him; she placed her hands on his knees while staring hopefully at him.

Only then did he feel that he was alive.

...

Meanwhile, a nameless town in Africa sat in the middle of a desert. It was very much out of the way; there weren't any resources available, nor was it a place of strategic military importance. Miraculously, the war hadn't spread to this town, so it remained peaceful and harmonious for the time being.

However, the violent atmosphere of its surroundings still affected this land with each passing day. The situation in this town became increasingly tense; drugs were rampant, and violence kept increasing day by day.

The owner of the only bookstore in town was a Caucasian lady.

Businesses that made the most money in such circumstances would always be hospitals, funeral homes, and shops that sold firearms. The bookstore barely had any customers, but it had been operating for many years; meanwhile, the beautiful Caucasian lady had been here for two years.

The light from the setting sun shone into the bookstore through its French windows, warming up several bookshelves that seemed to have existed for decades. The atmosphere was so comfortable that it made people sleepy.

The young lady was reading a book with great concentration in front of the French window. Wearing a white dress, she looked like a white butterfly that was about to spread its wings and fly away under the setting sun. Her soft, jet-black hair was as fluffy as the clouds, and it was so long that it touched the polished floor.

After reading the book for a while, she closed it. Staring blankly at her reflection in the French window, she pondered over a question. *Who am I?*

She knew that her name was Sophia and her husband was called Quinton, but she knew nothing else.

Based on what other people had told her, she and Quinton were a married couple from Cethos who came here because of a job transfer. However, they hadn't expected to run into conflicts in a small country. Both of them had been injured; Quinton was rendered impotent, whereas she suffered a brain injury and could no longer remember who she was.

Leaning against a bookshelf, she took out the pendant she wore around her neck and stared blankly at it. This was the only thing that was linked to her past.

The pendant was a Goddess of Mercy figurine made of obsidian. It seemed to be an amulet with some alphabets engraved on it, but the alphabets were blurred using some unknown material. However, if one touched the engraving carefully, he or she could still make out the words carved on it—Cooper Mitchell.

One could see the whole town from a glance out of the French window, which looked peaceful and harmonious. Just then, several cars arrived and parked into the parking spaces in front of the small three-story building.

Sophia knew that Quinton had come home; he worked somewhere else and could only come back once every fortnight. She hastily went downstairs to greet him.

It's strange; he is my husband, but I don't seem to have any feelings for him. Perhaps it's because of my brain injury, she thought to herself.

Quinton got out of the car. He was quite worn out by his journey, but he looked happy from head to toe when he saw the lady walking out of the bookstore.

She looked so beautiful in the white dress; her beauty stirred his heart and made him unable to avert his eyes.

At long last, she's completely mine, he thought to himself.

"You're back, Quinton." Sophia walked up to him and grabbed her husband's arm with a smile. Quinton held her hand and said, "I'm back."

With that, they walked hand-in-hand into the bookstore. Dressed in a black suit, Quinton exuded the air of a noble intellectual. He often wore a pair of gold-rimmed glasses that made him seem out of place in this town. However, he and Sophia looked ideally suited as they stood together.

The bookstore barely had customers, so all their family expenses depended on the income Quinton received by working away from town. Sophia had nothing to do at home, so she spent most of her time reading. Quinton would bring many books back for her whenever he came home.

She didn't know what Quinton's job was, but he seemed to have many subordinates; he even left a few of them in the bookstore to protect Sophia.

That evening, Sophia prepared a tableful of delicious dishes. Quinton came out in a bathrobe after taking a bath. When he saw the mouth-watering spread on the table, his deep and tender eyes had a look of pleasant surprise.

"My wife's cooking skills are so good."

Sophia smiled shyly. "Stop talking—hurry up and come here to eat dinner."

With that, they had dinner in a cozy mood. Quinton had a very good appetite that day, so he had two bowls of rice.

Since there were only a few ingredients available locally, Sophia planted most of their food herself. She had transformed the garden behind the bookstore into a vegetable plot by planting towel gourds, tomatoes, and other vegetables. *How fortunate it is to have a bite of*

Cethosian dishes at this very moment! What's more, my wife planted these vegetables herself.

Quinton stared at her beautiful and ruddy face with his eyes full of happiness and satisfaction. After having dinner, he said, "The situation in Africa is unstable right now, so I'm preparing to move out."

"Where are we moving to?" asked Sophia as she cleared the dining table.

Quinton responded, "My job in Meyes is about to be confirmed soon, so we'll be moving there."

Sophia was overjoyed upon hearing that they would be moving to Meyes. "That sounds great! I've wanted to go to Meyes for a long time!" She had almost zero memory of her past. However, she disliked this town and had wanted to move away for the longest time!

After having dinner, they sat on the rooftop to look at the stars. The starry sky was always beautiful in this small town that was far away from industrial pollution.

Quinton wrapped his arm around her shoulders and let her rest in his arms as they stared at the starry sky, imagining what their future would be like.

"I'll come back to pick you up after a few days. We'll fly there directly, but we'll travel to Europe for a few days before going to Meyes. That's where we'll be living in the future."

He had been hiding Sophia away in this nameless town for two years to prevent Michael from finding her. This place was so desolate and backward, and its soil was infertile. *I have really done her an injustice over the last two years. She won't have to suffer that much when we move to Meyes, and we'll be able to be together forever.*

Sophia was also very excited as she listened to Quinton talking about how prosperous and bustling Meyes was, as well as the wonderful life they would be enjoying in the future.

He said that their house was located in the suburbs with a vast expanse of fertile land next to it. It was a detached double-story, classical-style villa built next to a garden where one could plant many flowers. In other words, there'd be enough vegetable plots at her disposal. Moreover, they would keep a pet dog. He would work in the town, and it would only take him an hour to commute between the town and their home.

He would also look for the best doctor in Meyes to have his injuries healed as soon as possible. They would have many, many kids in the future...

Resting in Quinton's arms while listening to his deep and attractive voice, Sophia soon fell asleep before realizing it. Although she was asleep, she could feel him planting a kiss on her forehead; his lips were tender and wet.

She remembered Quinton putting her to bed afterward. Since he had been rendered impotent, he couldn't have sex for the time being. Hence, he didn't have to disturb her while she was having a sweet dream.

Sophia dreamed that she was leading a big dog while running on the beach. There seemed to be a man chasing her from behind and talking to her happily in her dream.

However, the man's face was blurry; even the dog's face was so blurry that she couldn't remember the dog's breed and who the man was when she woke up.

For some reason, she always dreamed of a faceless man. Quinton told her that this was normal because she suffered from a brain injury.

She had no idea when Quinton left. He always came and left in such a hurry, but she was already used to it. After the other half of the double bed was emptied, Sophia turned over and spread out her arms and legs before she continued to sleep soundly.

In the midst of her sleep, she heard an earth-shattering sound; her house seemed to have collapsed with a loud *bang!* Sophia woke up with a start before everything went black before her eyes, and she passed out instantly...