

My Dreamy Old Husband

Chapter 204

Staring wide-eyed at Michael, Sophia subconsciously licked her lips as she imagined two versions of herself fighting with each other in her head.

One of the two versions punched the other hard in the chest like a ferocious tiger before throwing itself on top of the latter. ‘Just kiss him! He is your hubby—it’s not illegal to kiss your own husband!’

However, before its words could fade, the other version of herself sprang to its feet with a kip-up and pinned it down, beating the hell out of its counterpart while cautioning her, ‘No, you must not kiss him! We’re talking about Michael, the Prince Charming of countless young men and ladies; you’ll be in trouble if you kiss him!’

Sophia, you must hang in there and not let yourself be tempted by his handsome looks and attractive body! Charming handsomeness makes women fall hard, and your Lord is still a pervert no matter how handsome he is! Have you forgotten about the two large and long Asian swamp eels in his bedroom’s fish tank?’

Nonetheless, the first version of herself popped up again and urged, ‘Kiss him, kiss him, kiss him! How often does the opportunity to enjoy a night of loving come around in your life? Now that your Lord is right in front of you, why not take this opportunity and kiss him? It’s now or never!’

Sophia’s rational self soon gained the upper hand once again. It said, ‘No, you can’t kiss him; you have to think about the consequences of you kissing him! You’ll be done for if you do so—just think about the two cases of condoms! Even though women can’t become infertile from having too much sex, it’s still exhausting to do the business for tens of times in succession!’

Her two selves were locked in an intense fight, but neither of them gained the upper hand.

Sophia downed a glass of wine all of a sudden, pretending to make her rational self drunk so that her seduced self could emerge.

Having drunk a glass of wine, she felt a powerful surge of courage that instantly filled her with energy. Then, she quietly kissed Michael when he wasn't noticing.

Since she was too nervous, she didn't manage to kiss his lips. Her lips, which were still moistened with red wine, merely touched the corner of his lips lightly.

Startled by the sudden icy kiss, Michael subconsciously responded with a 'Hmm?' before lowering his head to look at his pretty, young wife next to him. He saw a sheepish-looking Sophia, who hung her head and avoided his gaze; her face as red as a carrot, and her eyes were wandering.

"Tsk!" Michael clicked his tongue in admiration. His pretty, young wife had finally learned to take liberties with him!

Since they were going to stay up that night, it would be boring to spend the entire night watching fireworks. Why not engage in some other forms of activity instead?

Sophia was still hanging her head with butterflies in her stomach when she suddenly felt her body being lifted from the sofa. Michael carried her in his arms as he walked toward his bedroom. He then said to Nathan, "Stay up by yourself, darling. Your Mom and I are going to make a younger sister for you."

Nate looked speechless, whereas Sophia's face turned scarlet as she buried her head in Michael's shoulder with embarrassment.

Do you have to be so explicit? she thought to herself.

Once they were inside the bedroom, Michael turned off the lights, locked the door, and drew the curtains. While the fireworks were still going off one after another outside the window, he had also readied himself to get this New Year off to a good start.

With two Pikachu-themed one-piece pajamas thrown aside in a clutter, their bodies intertwined with one another in bed before a pair of slender arms wrapped themselves around Michael's waist.

Michael ran his hand along Sophia's naked body before grabbing her ankle. Her fair and tender feet were as delicate as a piece of porcelain, making him unable to tear himself away from them. Not being able to restrain himself, he caressed her foot several times again before feeling a rough spot on her soft and smooth skin.

Then, he saw something like a red birthmark on Sophia's ankle.

Just then, Hale set off a large firework in the garden. The firework went off over the roof with a loud pop, producing lights that penetrated through the thick curtains which illuminated the 'birthmark' in an instant. The blurry image of a wolf's head came into Michael's sight, jolting him out of his passions at once.

That wolf's head seemed very familiar!

Michael suddenly got out of bed and switched on the lights. Then, he raised Sophia's ankle to examine the 'birthmark' carefully.

He couldn't have been mistaken about it; the 'birthmark' looked like a wolf's head. Michael always knew that Sophia had a birthmark on the inner side of her ankle, but now that he had taken a closer look at the 'birthmark,' he realized that it seemed to be more of a burn mark instead. Moreover, the burn mark didn't seem to have been caused by an accident; instead, it was deliberately made into the shape of a wolf's head. However, the wolf's head had become a little blurry since the scar was fading.

“What’s wrong, hubby?” asked Sophia. Embarrassed, she tried to withdraw her foot, but she couldn’t do so because Michael had grabbed onto it in a vice-like grip.

Michael’s face suddenly turned serious. He then asked, “When did you get this scar?”

Looking at the scar, Sophia suddenly recalled that particular night; her rosy face turned deathly pale at once.

She said, “I got it before Joe found me.”

Michael had never looked so serious before. He suddenly tightened his grip on her ankle and asked, “Who left this scar on you?”

Sophia shook her head. “I-I don’t know. I lost consciousness back then; when I woke up the next morning, the person was already gone.”

Michael continued asking, “When and where did it happen?”

Afraid that he might have misunderstood something, Sophia hastily rephrased her words as she poured out the whole story. “It happened around March two years ago when Kayla had several hooligans attempt to bully and humiliate me. They broke my leg at the time, so I was forced to jump into the river to flee for my life. After being swept away by the river, I was washed ashore on a small island in the middle of the river. The person washed ashore too, and I begged him to save my life since I had drowned and broken my leg at the time. He put my broken leg back in place, but I passed out because it was too painful. When I woke up in the hospital the next day, the person was gone; not only was my leg back in place, but someone had also paid the medical bills for me...”

Having finished her explanation, she buried her face under her blanket, revealing only a pair of eyes that rolled about as she peered at Michael.

As the look in his brooding eyes changed, she immediately asked, “I thought the scar was made by the rocks on the island, so I didn’t care much about it. What’s wrong...”

Michael kept looking at her silently for what seemed like an eternity. In the end, his sharp gaze softened; he ruffled her hair and said, “Nothing. Just go to bed early.”

He took out his cell phone to take a photo of the scar. After that, he put on his clothes and left in a hurry.

What’s wrong? Sophia thought puzzledly.

She got dressed and got out of bed. When she opened the curtains, she saw Hale and Gary—who had been setting off fireworks downstairs a while ago—entering the villa with grave expressions on their faces. Michael had entered his study, and a constant stream of people then went in and out of his room; all of them looked straight-faced as though they were facing a formidable enemy.

She sat back on her bed and recalled that nightmarish night.

Drifting along with the river current, she washed up on a small island. Trembling all over as she lay face down on the dirty beach, Sophia coughed as hard as she could in an attempt to cough up the sand and smelly river water that she felt had filled her lungs.

With an excruciating pain in her broken leg, she struggled desperately in the mud like a wretched dog as she lay between life and death.

Just then, a man washed up on the beach as well, though it was visible that he looked much better than her. After being washed ashore, he coughed twice and sat on a rock while tearing his clothes into pieces to bandage his wounds.

The sky was covered with dark clouds that night, and the moon was nowhere to be seen. Since it was dark on the island, she couldn't see his face clearly.