

# My Dreamy Old Husband

## Chapter 609

To the crowd's disappointment, Sophia refused to make any moves. She stood in front of the hotel's entrance along with her group of men and blocked Natasha from leaving, but she didn't start a fight. Her cold gaze was fixed on the woman as she stood in the way of the adulterers.

The public's hopeful and excited gazes nearly burned a hole through Sophia's t-shirt, yet she refused to do anything even after a few minutes of standing still and staring at Natasha.

*Why isn't she doing anything?* Natasha felt a little anxious. She tried her best to infuriate the other woman by clinging onto Michael's arm and leaning into his embrace, like a timid little girl seeking attention. "Taylor, look at what Sophia is doing... How dare she stand in our way! She's even glaring at us so fiercely. I'm scared..." Her pretentious and whiny voice gave everyone in the crowd goosebumps the moment they heard it.

*What an annoying mistress! She is clearly showing off in an attempt to provoke Taylor's legal wife!* Any other regular person would've probably lost control of themselves and charged forward to beat Natasha up. But Sophia didn't; she simply glared at the woman with her hands on her hips, and her stance firm and solid. She only blocked the woman's way without starting a fight.

Everyone gazed at Natasha, then Sophia, then Taylor, who had remained silent this whole time. They watched as Taylor reached for his phone and scrolled through it arrogantly, as if all of this was none of his business. *How dare he do that! Beat him up! Hurry and beat the jerk up! Beat the mistress up too!* Everyone felt impatient on behalf of Sophia, his actual wife!

Natasha kidnapped and brought Michael over to be locked up in the hotel for the whole of last night. He probably got a good grasp of how powerful the Mitchells were in relation to himself, which explained why he was so silent the entire night. He would never dare to speak up for Sophia in the present situation. Natasha felt like she was in charge of the entire situation, so she

spat in an extremely haughty and exaggerated tone, “Since you’ve found out about it, I’ll just be straightforward with you—Taylor and I made love in the hotel yesterday night.

He loves me so much; he caressed me the entire night and was especially gentle with me as he was afraid that he’d harm the baby in my belly! The baby is ours, after all; it’s due really soon! Taylor also told me yesterday that he was going to tell you—a hen that doesn’t lay eggs—about getting a divorce today! He’ll get married to me right after getting a divorce with you, so that my child will be a legitimate child! Don’t worry; even though you were the one that came between Taylor and I before we got together previously, we will still provide you with an alimony that’ll be banked into your account each month.

You can treat it as a compensation fee for all that you’ve done for Taylor in the past two years. Don’t you even dare to ask for any other property. You have to at least have some self-awareness—you should just pack your things and leave since you’ve failed to give Taylor a child! You useless, infertile hen!”

Natasha highlighted Sophia’s infertility and her failure to get pregnant in her two years of marriage while rubbing her round, bulging tummy every now and then—any regular woman would have definitely been triggered and charged forward by then!

Her words sparked anger in the crowd, and people began to protest. The audience was extremely triggered, and many of them desperately wanted to murder the adulterers on behalf of Sophia. None of them had expected Taylor to be this kind of person! *It’s over; it’s all over. His career is utterly destroyed, and he’ll only be known as the World’s Greatest Jerk from now on!*

*Natasha’s even worse! We all feel so bad for Sophia; she came over early in the morning to catch her spouse cheating, but she probably didn’t expect to hear such hurtful words! Taylor, that jerk, is still scrolling through his phone! They should beat them up! Tear their clothes off! Destroy the b\*tch and b\*stard!*

Natasha was waiting for Sophia to lose control and launch an attack against her as well. If Sophia refused to make a move, Natasha wouldn’t be able to free herself from her responsibilities regardless of whether she got injured. Sophia was a lot calmer than Natasha had expected her to be—she remained calm even after Natasha had said a series of hurtful words that should’ve targeted her sensitive spots.

Yet Sophia simply placed both her hands on her hips and stood still before walking around her area and changing the positioning of her arms every now and then. Seeing this, Natasha

continued to act pretentiously as she leaned her head against Michael's shoulder while beaming happily. She then tugged Michael's arm over and placed it on her pregnant belly, as if they were one happy family.

With Michael's hand still pressed against her belly, Natasha provocatively glared at Sophia. "Sophia, you're going to give Taylor and I your best wishes, aren't you? You have no idea how elated he was when he first heard that I was pregnant. Well, it's a shame that you didn't manage to get pregnant even after two years of being with him, isn't it? Perhaps you have some sort of illness. I'll give you a sum of money after your divorce; you can use it to treat your infertility issues!"

The crowd lost it then. *F\*ck her best wishes! Bunch of sc\*mbags! We hope that, if it's a daughter, she'd be born with no \*sshole, and if it's a son, he'd be born with two! Beat them up, Eddie!*

Sophia finally spoke up after looking at the disgustingly happy and proud face in front of her. "What else do you have to say for yourself, Michael?" Her voice was strong, and its impact huge; it was filled with the fury and anger that any other woman should have when she was questioning her cheater of a husband.

Everyone began to get excited as the atmosphere was finally building up! *It's starting. Finally! His wife is finally going to speak up!*

But Michael remained silent in response to Sophia's question. He continued to scroll through his phone with his head lowered. Natasha tugged against his arm then. "Say something, Taylor!" She knew that Michael was afraid to speak up after he saw how determined the Mitchells were, but she was waiting for Michael and Sophia to get into a terrible fight so that they'd end things between them once and for all! From then on, she'd be the one and only Mrs. Murray!

Finally, Michael kept his phone into his shirt pocket and looked up. He was dressed in a loose-fitting, casual shirt, which made it look like he was prepared to go for a run; it didn't match the glamorous look Natasha had at all. His gaze was deep as he lifted his head, and it was equally mesmerizing regardless of how he looked at others.

A single casual and boyish glance was enough to send electric currents down any young girl's spine while melting her heart. This celebrity was a national treasure indeed; a single look was enough for anyone to turn crimson red, experience heart palpitations, and form sexual thoughts, all at the same time! If it weren't for his good looks, charisma and charm, he wouldn't have been able to have two girls fighting over him in such a manner.

He glanced at Sophia and Natasha before shifting his gaze to the public, whose eyes were all bulging as they waited for him to make a statement. “What can I say? I’m a woman, and I can’t possibly impregnate Natasha. Please don’t blame me for this,” he finally said.

*His voice sounds manly and handsome, but... he’s a woman!* Everyone’s gazes unconsciously shifted to his throat before they realized—he didn’t have an Adam’s apple!

*No Adam’s apple?* Natasha’s gaze shot up to glare at the man as he spoke, and she then realized that the ‘Taylor’ who stood before her didn’t have an Adam’s apple! ‘Taylor’ continued, “I was kidnapped and brought over to the Bayside Grand Hotel halfway through my jog yesterday. I don’t know what happened. I don’t know anything at all!”

Everyone in the crowd seemed to have turned into stone after they heard what he had to say. All of them glared at ‘Taylor’ with their huge eyes. Their focus was no longer on questioning if Taylor and Natasha actually had a thing with one another. Instead, it was... *Is Taylor Murray actually a woman?*