My Dreamy Old Husband Chapter 712

As Irene spoke, she grabbed Michael's hand and held it in front of Sophia. Even so, Michael did not evade her advances. Thus, the two of them spoke of the past while holding hands. Sobbing quietly, she reminisced about the years that had gone by like the flowing waters of a river. At the same time, she treated Sophia as if she were invisible.

He humored her and went along with the conversation. As the memories from back then slowly surfaced, their talks became more and more intimate. It felt like they had gone back in time—back to the time when they burned with a passionate love for each other.

I knew he would never be able to forget me, she thought to herself, secretly feeling triumphant. To her surprise, he frowned after they finished talking and said, "Irene, the past is in the past. Even if we reminisce about it, it changes nothing. In the end, we need to face forward." Then, he turned to Sophia and said, "Sophia, bring some tissues."

Sophia looked no different from usual. It was as if the man holding hands with his ex-girlfriend and reminiscing about their past was not her husband. She handed the tissues over, then Michael pulled his hand away from Irene to retrieve several tissues and hand them over to Irene. "You cried so much that you've become ugly, just like how you were when we were kids. Here; wipe your snot before you talk."

Irene looked slightly unsettled before she came to a sudden realization—she had cried so hard that her face was covered in snot and tears. *I must look horrible right now. No wonder I can't move his heart!* Thus, she hurriedly turned around and wiped away her snot. By the time she turned around again, her pretty smile had returned to her face. Like an edelweiss flower blooming determinedly despite the wind and the rain beating down on it, she looked so strong that it made one's heart break for her. Any man would want to pick her up and protect her to the best of their ability.

Before she could say anything, Michael spoke up first with a bitter look of regret. His words were as sharp and merciless as knives. "Irene, we are not young anymore. We're adults now and we have to be reasonable. Therefore, the past should stay in the past. You're already in your mid-thirties. So, you should understand that we're long past the age of living for the sake of love. Look at you; you cried so much that your wrinkles are showing!"

Those words stabbed into her heart, that beat only for the sake of love, like blades. Subconsciously, she touched the corner of her eyes. Sure enough; she could feel roughness against her once smooth skin. Knowing that he was coming today, she had secretly put on some light makeup in advance to sway his heart. However, her crying just now had washed away her makeup, causing her wrinkles to appear.

Michael's cruel words had revealed a truth she did not wish to admit—she was in her mid-thirties. She was around the same age as him. Moreover, she had been hospitalized for several reasons recently. Hence, her facial care had been neglected, and her skin was in poor condition—so much so that her wrinkles had appeared.

On the other hand, Sophia, who had been sitting by the side without saying anything, was radiant—her face was supple and full of youthful vigor.

No matter how much Irene tried to prepare in advance, she was a hospitalized patient. Moreover, her makeup had smeared. It was comparable to using the front camera of a phone to take a picture—it was natural and without any post-editing. Meanwhile, Sophia looked like a photo that had undergone extensive beautification to smoothen the skin. The two of them were incomparable, to say the least.

Even while Michael had been talking to her, he constantly glanced over at Sophia. At that moment, Irene knew—she had made a mistake. She had wanted to show him her most pitiful and helpless side so that he would pity her and return to her side. Meanwhile, Sophia had used her prettiest and most considerate side to capture his heart and firmly keep him by her side.

Still, Irene couldn't accept her loss. *Michael is mine! He has always been mine! What right does Sophia have to come in between us?!*

For the sake of making him look at her, she had not hesitated to put on a show by throwing herself down the stairs and hospitalizing herself. For the sake of getting the most realistic effect, her wounds were mostly real. She had truly harmed herself just to become hospitalized. Therefore, she looked unusually haggard and old. However, Michael, who was sitting opposite

her, retained the same youthful looks he used to have. Sitting next to Sophia, they looked like a well-matched couple.

Irene could not accept it, but she knew that she had no means to sway his heart anymore. He had completely fallen for Sophia's youth and beauty! Hence, she no longer insisted on making them stay and claimed that she was tired instead. Thus, Michael and Sophia took the opportunity to leave.

When they left the hospital, Sophia was in a good mood. *Michael is so wicked! She was crying so hard and he asked her to wipe her snot! She was trying to make him pity her, yet he asked her to pay attention to her wrinkles. Every word he said was heartbreaking!* Hence, she held onto Michael's arm and returned home in high spirits.

In the meantime, Michael called the Old Master. "Yeah, I talked to Irene. I think it worked; she's eating. So, don't worry so much."

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After that, the press release came out quickly. Naturally, everything that was written there was the truth. Following that, the criticism online finally stopped. It turned out that they had reconciled a long time ago! All that nonsense about love and hate was made up by the fans themselves. Besides, Irene was such a pretentious b*tch! The married couple was so in love with each other. Why did she create so much drama over it?!

That day, Irene made a phone call after Michael and Sophia left. "Hey… Taylor is caught firmly in that girl's palm. What should I do?"

The person on the other end of the phone swiftly replied, "Don't push too hard. He still has feelings for you. So, you will have more chances in the future. Lay low for a few days; I'll let you know once we set the next plan in motion."

Hearing those words annoyed her. *I worked so hard for so long; I even had help too! So, why can't I drive Sophia away from Michael?! I can't afford to wait any longer! I need to get him back!* Then, she coldly said to the mysterious person on the other end of the phone, "I can't wait any longer. What is the next step in the plan? I'm going to implement it immediately."

Wait? Do I have the luxury to wait? Sophia could get pregnant at any moment. If she becomes pregnant, I will never stand a chance! Besides, I'm already in my mid-thirties! I can't afford to wait anymore!

The other person sounded irritated. "The time isn't right. Making a move right now won't benefit us."

However, she had lost her trust in the other party. She did not know the identity of the other party—that person had called her out of the blue and proposed that they cooperate. She wanted Michael while the other party wanted Sophia—their goals aligned, so they worked together in tacit understanding. She thought he would be exceptional. Truth be told, he did have the means to create a huge impact. Unfortunately, that seemed to be all he had.

"Go ahead and wait on your own then." After saying that, she fiercely ended the call. *If that person won't help me, then I'll just have to do it myself.*

Afterward, Irene quickly contacted several internet advocates and asked them to create a sensation on the internet. She wanted them to claim that Sophia was the cause of her injuries, that Sophia pushed her down the stairs, that Sophia forced her to commit suicide, and that Sophia forced her to hold a press conference to lie about the facts! She planned to spark public outrage against Sophia! *I can't tell Michael about these matters myself. Right now, my character is supposed to be a weak, fragile lady bottling up all her grievances. Michael has to learn about all these grievances from other people. Compared to telling him myself, this method is far more effective!*