

My Dreamy Old Husband

Chapter 2

His voice was cold and mysterious, yet elegant and melodious. He sounded inexplicably tantalizing, and Sophia was soon reveling in his voice.

On the other side, the man in the suit, whom she initially thought was her hubby, was standing at the side respectfully now.

Does that mean that this man standing in front of me, who looks even better than a model in television shows, is actually my hubby?

So he isn't bald, nor does he have a beer belly and a flat nose? Besides, he doesn't even have large, floppy ears.

Sophia looked at the man in front of her in disbelief while flanking at Daniel in a panic.

Daniel was under the scorching sun now since he just had his umbrella snatched away. Nevertheless, he wiped his sweat away calmly while nodding at her. "Mm-hmm, this is your hubby. Quick, address him as your hubby."

Sophia was still staring at the man in fear.

She thought that, in the best-case scenario, her hubby wouldn't be handicapped or too old; she never expected him to be so perfect. He was so perfect that she felt like she was in a dream.

Sophia was tongue-tied, and she just couldn't utter that simple word to greet him.

Her hubby, who looked like a prince, did not force her either; instead, he continued shading her with the umbrella while chatting with Daniel.

Sophia did not pay attention to what they were chatting about because she only had one thought in her mind—Something isn't right! Something is utterly wrong! Why would such a perfect man not have a wife and is still a virgin?

He must have some sort of hidden disease; maybe he is impotent and psychotic. In fact, he's most probably a super crazy psychopath!

Sophia was so scared that she started trembling uncontrollably.

She heard Daniel speaking, "This is your fate; I so happened to have her in hand, whereas you needed a woman as well. She has a simple background; she is the illegitimate daughter of a small business owner."

Her prince-like hubby was still observing her when he nodded. "Mm-hmm." It's much better to marry such a non-threatening woman. At least she wouldn't end up like the previous one, who almost died for no reason. She might be tanned and thin, but her facial features are prominent. I'm sure she'll look good after some good maintenance and makeover.

Daniel was extremely pleased with himself. "Her horoscope complements yours, and that is one in a million. I'm confident she'll emerge as a beauty after you take good care of her. Purchasing her for 10 million was definitely a steal!"

Sophia stared at him while looking dumbfounded.

The two men chatted some more, and soon, Sophia followed her hubby into the Maybach nervously and left the place.

At that moment, her mind was blank because she had yet to recover from the initial shock of her 10 million net worth and the fact that her hubby was just like a prince.

She stole a glance at him in the car, just to make sure that he wasn't the balding man with a large flat nose she had imagined.

Her hubby was seated beside her, and he spoke to Daniel through the car window, "Let's have dinner at night after work."

The car started, but it did not speed off. The partition panel between the driver's and back passenger seat ascended slowly. The car windows were tinted, and so the two of them were left with a private and isolated space. The prince-like hubby, who seemed especially respectable earlier, started making a move on Sophia once he settled in the car.

His long, prominent, fair hand extended unexpectedly toward her collar. Joe had sent Sophia for a shower in the hotel before coming over, and so she had her best clothes on. The pink knee-length dress made her tanned skin appear even darker. The size did not fit her, and so it was loose around her waist. She spent 30 to purchase the used dress from her schoolmate, and it was a designer's brand!

He ripped off her pink dress in disgust and exposed her white undergarment, which was so worn it had specks of lint. He stared at it in revulsion.

"What nonsense are you wearing?!"

Sophia curled up underneath him, and her shoulders were trembling uncontrollably. Her skin was fair as snow, but her face was tanned since she had been living on the streets. She was in shock and scared simultaneously because she was afraid that the man was a psychopath. Alarm bells were ringing in her mind, and so she shoved against his body that was pinning her down.

"When are we getting our marriage certificate? I brought along my household registry and ID card..."

She felt insecure, and so she figured she'd feel better after procuring a marriage certificate.

Her 'prince' did not answer her; instead, he spoke directly to the man in a black suit who was driving the car, "Hale, head to the Civil Affairs Bureau."

The car changed its direction and sped toward the Civil Affairs Bureau.

The car ride was bumpy, but he continued his attack on Sophia by groping all over her body.

He caressed her tanned and petite face. There were dark shadows underneath her eyes, and her hair was as messy as a bird's nest. Her skin was slightly sallow and malnourished, but her facial features were delicate and pretty. She had large eyes with double eyelids, a tiny pair of lips, and a pretty nose. Sophia's eyelashes were thick and curly. Her heart-shaped face was set upon a body with fair and smooth skin; in fact, she was a natural beauty.

However, she looks like a shriveled chick right now!

I don't believe in horoscopes, but it wouldn't raise suspicions to have a girl without any background by my side. Besides, it's quite fun.

The car soon came to a halt in front of the Civil Affairs Bureau. Sophia adjusted her clothes while following her hubby from behind. She checked to make sure that it was the Civil Affairs Bureau before going in.

She held onto her ID card and household registry carefully. Her mother came to the city twenty years ago to work for two years. Then, she returned to her village looking fabulous, and rumors had it that she became a mistress of a coal business owner in the city. Furthermore, her mother gave birth to her out of wedlock, and she passed away on the operation table.

Sophia's uncle raised her until she was 15 before chasing her out of the house. Hence, her household registry was based on the address of her grandfather's house. On the household registry, both her grandfather and grandmother had passed away, and so she was the only one left.

Her hubby appeared to be someone important. Hale had already evacuated the place before they entered the Civil Affairs Bureau. There were only staff members left in the bureau's main hall, and they were ready to serve them enthusiastically.

They filled in the forms, took a photograph, and procured their marriage certificate. She obtained the marriage certificate in one go. Upon receiving the red certificate booklet, Sophia stole a glance at her hubby's name—Michael Fletcher.

Michael Fletcher, 31 years old. He isn't that old; in fact, he's only 13 years older than I am, and I think it's acceptable.

Sophia got married without a wedding ceremony or anyone's blessings, and she didn't have any friends and family around her. She held onto the red marriage certificate booklet fresh from the oven while scanning it several times. It was her name and photograph, indeed. Her hubby stood tall and elegant beside her, and he looked exceptionally handsome.

Sophia felt as if she might have had a fake marriage, and so she pinched her thigh hard. Ouch, that's slightly painful.

Michael stated, "I have to keep this private for now because it's not convenient for me to be married in my job."

Sophia nodded. It's good enough as long as I don't starve, and it's best if I can continue attending school. I don't wish for anything else.

The two of them got back into the car, and there was a fresh box of condoms available in the car.

Michael started making a move on Sophia once the car doors were closed. She never expected her first time to happen in a car. Besides, there was another person at the driver's side, and so she was stiff with tension.

It's true that Michael Fletcher is a psychotic pervert!

Michael was dressed like a gentleman. He had had two former girlfriends in the past—one of them lost her memory, whereas the other almost died in a car crash, and so he was labelled as a wife-jinxer. Furthermore, his identity as a public figure meant that everything he did would be scrutinized under a magnifying glass. When his dog lost all its fur due to a skin disease, the media stubbornly claimed that he jinxed his dog...

I'm not particularly interested in sex and women, but it would be a waste not to bed the woman I've legally married. I can't very well let this little girl live like a widow.

He slipped on the protection and held onto her slender ankle while speaking to her in a serious tone, "Chica, you should be mentally prepared because I'm not very experienced."

Sophia wasn't sure how the term 'chica' came about, but she was extremely nervous, and so her mind was blank.

Just when they were at the most critical moment, Daniel called. "Hello? Old man, I'm closing my shop now. Where are we having dinner? Is Harry coming?"

Michael, who was interrupted, cursed angrily, "I'm in the middle of doing something important! Get lost!"

Daniel burst out laughing. "I'll be waiting for you at our old spot!"

After hanging up, Michael pulled his pants up and settled back onto his seat while looking calm and collected. Sophia's stomach growled in hunger, and her body was soft and limp. I'm not even sure how long she has been starving. I can't just go on; I'd have to feed her well first. After all, she can't escape from sleeping with me.

The car drove into High Street, and they walked into a high-end gourmet chain restaurant.

In the restaurant's private room, Sophia was gobbling food non-stop, whereas Daniel and Michael were chatting intimately.

Daniel patted Michael's shoulder while commenting, "You old bachelor, I've finally married you off! I'd like to describe you with a phrase. Hmm... how about 'getting married as an old fart'? Hahaha..."

Michael ignored Daniel's teasing; instead, he continued puffing on his cigarette while caressing Sophia's messy and chopped-up hair. He looked tenderly at her.

Suddenly, there was a phone call for him, and Michael was greeted with a stern, male voice, "Old man, there are some issues in Europe..."

Michael looked gloomy after hanging up on the call. Daniel stopped smiling playfully as well. "What happened?"

Michael answered him in a grave tone, "Some issues cropped up in Europe. I need to rush over straight away. Hale, get my private plane ready."

Hale turned around to head out of the room to prepare the plane by making a phone call. However, he made a double take immediately to ask, "What about madam?"

Sophia felt nervous instantly. I should be starting my senior year soon. I wouldn't even know when I might return if I'm all the way in Europe. I'm sure I wouldn't make it to the orientation for Bayside University if so!

Michael thought that it was a pity as well. I haven't gotten a taste of this little girl. It's a pity to just leave now. However, I would be preoccupied even if I were to bring her along to Europe. Besides, it's dangerous there.

“How long does it take to get to the airport now?” Michael felt that it wasn’t too late if he made use of whatever time he had left.

After checking the route, Hale answered seriously, “Traffic is smooth throughout the highway to the airport. It’ll take 20 minutes at most from here to the airport.”

After reporting to Michael, Hale added, “Is 20 minutes enough for you...?”