

# My Dreamy Old Husband

## Chapter 16

“Sophia is suffering from an acute menstrual disorder due to excessive mental stress, which has caused her endocrine to be imbalanced. This is the reason behind her sudden menstruation and the huge volume,” the doctor said.

In short, Michael gave her such a fright that her menstruation came earlier! After listening to the doctor’s explanation, the corners of Michael’s lips twitched.

On the other hand, Hale was so embarrassed that he wanted to stick his head under the ground. It’s really tiring to have a drama king as a boss. Due to this embarrassment, the return journey home became more awkward as no one in the car spoke during the whole trip.

Hale focused on driving the car and Gary was dozing off on the passenger seat while Maria was also sleepy. Michael was too embarrassed to face Hale, so he simply closed his eyes and pretended to be asleep. In the meantime, Sophia leaned her head against the back cushion, thinking about her path forward.

I’m having my period tonight, so I’ve probably escaped him this time, but I’m afraid that this pervert won’t let me off the hook even during my period. The consummation of our marriage is inevitable, but I’m not prepared for that at all and I don’t want to die either.

I’ve tried so hard to keep myself alive, so how can I die like this? However, I’ve gotten my marriage certificate with him and I’ve even spent his money, so I’ll feel bad for not sleeping with him, but I don’t intend to die! There’s only one plan—I’ll drag this for as long as I can! We’ll see what happens if that doesn’t work!

It was already late into the night when they arrived at Villa No. 8 at The Imperial, so everyone went to sleep. Hale hurriedly parked the car and left The Imperial as he needed a night to calm himself down.

Meanwhile, Sophia returned to her room and drank a bowl of hot brown sugar water that Maria served before taking some medicine.

After washing herself, she changed her clothes and wore an oversized tampon before going to bed. Michael was already waiting for her on the bed and he even kept that box of scary tools.

I won't be using these tonight anyway, so it's better to put them all away to prevent me from becoming upset just by looking at them.

It was late at night and the two of them merely lay on the bed in silence. Sophia didn't know what to say to her hubby whom she was with for only a day and Michael was in the same situation too. Today had been a weirdly tiresome day for Sophia.

First, she had been prepared to appear in court, which led to a thrilling and exciting experience. Then, she was frightened for a whole night before being admitted into the hospital. Right now, her mind was a complete mess as she slowly lowered her eyelids.

Suddenly, a huge hand grabbed her waist, which frightened her so much that her drowsiness faded away—followed by a deep voice from behind her. “Chica!”

She answered instinctively, “Yes!”

Michael remained quiet for a second before replying, “Come and chat with me.”

She was rendered speechless. “Alright.”

Then, another long silence followed... Sophia was starting to get goosebumps as her whole body froze and she didn't dare to sleep. This atmosphere is so terrifying! Didn't he want to chat with me? Why isn't he talking?

She thought about her words carefully before coming up with a safe opening. "Hubby, what is your zodiac sign?" This is such a pointless topic. I guess he won't be interested to talk about it.

However, after a mere five seconds, he answered, "I'm a Scorpio." He actually answered her.

After a moment of silence, Sophia braced herself again to ask a second question. "How old are you?"

"I'm 32," Michael replied.

Then, another awkward silence came. This atmosphere is too scary. She felt her soul being drained out of her body, but she still boldly asked him, "What do you like to eat?"

"Game meat," he answered.

"What color do you like?"

"Army green."

"What work do you do?"

"I work as an extra in crews."

Just like that, both of them had a "chat" for the whole night until Sophia could no longer take it and ended the awkward conversation.

She thought that she could escape Michael due to her menses, but she never expected him to interpret it in a different way. He thought to himself, Sophia is still young and doesn't know me well, so she must have felt pressured to have sex after just meeting me.

We won't be doing anything tonight anyway, so maybe I can try to have a chat with her and improve our relationship. However, this conversation isn't going as well as I thought because my chica is still defensive toward me. Why is this so? I'm obviously trying really hard to be more amiable.

Sophia had a nightmare in the middle of the night—she dreamed that Michael turned into an eel and chased her around fiercely. When she woke up on the second day, her stomach was in an immense pain that she couldn't breathe and her face looked exhausted with two dark circles under her eyes. Her appearance made her look unnaturally old.

When she woke up from bed, Michael was already running in the gym next door. With half-closed eyes, she went into the bathroom to wash herself before sitting in front of the dressing table and used her dusting powder to hide the dark circles around her eyes.

I can't allow Michael to see my haggard appearance. Otherwise, he will be disgusted and kick me out afterward. However, her heart also wished that he would really kick her out of the house so that she would have her freedom, but she wasn't strong enough to be on her own yet. She had a dispute with the Harpers and would be destroyed by them in no time without Michael's protection.

Under all of her pain and struggles, she still cautiously applied her makeup. My priority is to hold onto Michael, so I must be pretty at all times! In the past year, she showed an extreme love toward things that she once despised, such as stocks, real estate, and makeup. She had a closet and makeup room all to herself and it did not matter whether she liked it or not.

Mr. Morgan would stock up the room every month with new boxes of makeup. If it was a new shade of makeup that an international brand was launching, she would receive the entire collection the next day. If it was clothes that were worn

by the models from Paris Fashion Week the day before, she would also receive a set of it the next day.

At that moment, Michael had already exited the gym and went into the bathroom while being topless. After three minutes of being under the hot water, he came out while rubbing his wet hair with a towel, but Sophia still wasn't done with her makeup.

While she was still applying eyeshadow, he swung his wet hair aside and was still topless when he walked toward the messy bed. Without uttering a single word, he leaned over to grab the quilt on all corners before giving it a shake to ensure that the blanket was spread evenly.

After he smoothed the blanket, he folded and corrected its position a couple of times before it was folded into a dimensional cube shape in the end. Once that was done, he tidied the bed. The bed had no wrinkles afterward—and it was so tidy that even a fly would slip on it.

Michael exited the door with satisfaction before he turned his head. “Chica, I’ll give you ten minutes to come down and have your breakfast. I’ll send you to school afterward.”

Sophia quickly nodded. “Okay.” As soon as she was done with her makeup, she chose a skirt from the closet to change into, but the room was gigantic for her.

She usually never went into the room because she had always asked Maria to keep the clothes that she usually wore in the master bedroom’s wardrobe. Now that Michael was back, she no longer had the same type of freedom as before, so she wore a lady’s skirt properly. There isn’t really any freedom in this!

Before she exited the room, she glanced at the tidy bed. Why does Michael fold the blanket like a soldier? Could it be that he was a soldier before?

In the past year, she had done her research on the high society of Bayside City. The city was filled with the rich and powerful, but among these groups, there

were four great families that dominated them—the Edwards, the Winstons, the Fletchers, and the Mitchells.

Among them, the Fletchers were the number one military family in Bayside City as they had produced countless military officers and many generals. Is Michael one of the Fletchers then? But I've never heard Hale mentioning it before.