

# My Dreamy Old Husband

## Chapter 197

Curse it all! Even I had never gotten to kiss Sophia. How dare this loser touch my girl! Richard thought.

Much to his surprise, Xyla stopped him in the middle of his charge. “Richard, don’t! Don’t do it! Sophia is now dating Stanley. It’s not the time for us to tear her apart!”

Richard did his best to clamp down on the rage boiling inside. He felt as though his life was crumbling apart. He never expected his own woman would kiss another man in front of him! He felt absolutely betrayed in that instant.

Xyla eyed the furious Richard and Sophia, who had been ‘caught in the act’. Schadenfreude danced in her eyes.

Sophia, let’s just see how you’re going to seduce Richard in the future!

Sophia’s heart jumped in surprise when she caught sight of Richard glaring mutinously at her as she was kissing Michael passionately.

Oh, that look in his eyes! While she didn’t mind it, she had no interest in acting out a kiss in front of her ex-boyfriend. Besides, she was kissing Michael; it was better for this to be done at home behind closed doors.

She pushed Michael lightly. “Hubby, I’m hungry. Let’s go home.”

Michael pecked her on her lips lovingly. “Sure.”

That moment he lowered his head was practically a moment when he oozed pure handsomeness with nothing else; such perfectly defined lines with an extraordinary beauty and mysteriousness!

Sophia's face burned. She then took Nathan's hand and headed outside with Michael.

Richard followed them in displeasure. He watched on helplessly as Sophia and that loser 'Stanley' smiled and chatted before leaving right from his sight. 'Stanley' even had an arm wrapped around Sophia's shoulders. The two of them were no different from any couple on campus. The only thing that differed was the little third wheel walking next to them.

Richard's face turned purple from anger as he watched this 'family of three'. The sense of betrayal he felt grew even more.

Xyla was revelling in all of this. She pulled on Richard's arm and consoled him. "Richard, don't be mad. Let's all get along now. It's lucky that you found out about her tendency to shift targets in time. It would have been a disaster if she had gotten into the Harper Family otherwise!"

"Heh." Richard chuckled coldly and retracted his bone-chilling gaze. "I won't tear her to pieces for now. Once we've made some inroads into the Fletchers..."

He would kick her ruthlessly to the side by then!

Sophia and Michael got into their car and returned home. She couldn't resist pulling out her phone to see if her ex had sent some weird message to her again, for example, 'Sophia, I never thought that you're that kind of person.' Or maybe it could be something like, 'You've betrayed our love for each other!'

Unfortunately, there was nothing. On the contrary, Richard had sent this instead. 'Sophia, I had miscalculated during today's match. I hadn't expected Stanley to be able to find some substitutes from outside his school. I won't let you down next time.'

Huh? He actually isn't interrogating me or ripping into me? Sophia had a vague idea of Richard's scheming. They were probably waiting for her, 'Joel's mistress', to whisper in Joel's ear and figure out a way to marry Kayla Harper into the Fletchers.

When that happened, the Harpers and the Fletchers would be united. The Harpers would probably be sharpening their knives to slaughter the goose then.

It wasn't like Richard hadn't done anything like that before. In the past, she had stayed up overnight helping him with the homework that he hadn't gotten right. She had then sacrificed her rest to help tutor him, but he ended up hooking up with Xyla the moment he got into university.

She knew exactly what her ex had in mind when he sent that!

She tossed her phone to the side and began to focus on Michael's dashing good looks. Sometimes, the difference between people was even greater than the difference between a person and a piece of crap.

When they returned, Sophia hastily logged into the Bayside University forums. Just as she thought, others had posted pictures from the basketball match earlier. Michael had been the subject in all of the shots. There were a good number of high quality shots on the forums, which Sophia hastily saved.

Tch, just how did Michael maintain his good looks all these years? He was already in his thirties, yet that skin of his was exactly the same as a young lad in his late teens. It was so dewy that one could practically squeeze the moisture right out of it!

If only she could be like him when she got to her thirties; that would be great!

Sophia put on her glasses and drooled all over her husband's otherworldly looks through her computer screen. Michael deliberately walked in front of her, clad in just a pair of boxers. She then immediately switched off her computer and pretended to study seriously. Her eyes followed that sturdy body for a long while

until the bathroom door interrupted her line of sight. It was only then that she retracted her gaze, but her mind kept conjuring up weird thoughts, such as musings about what her future child with Michael would be named, and which kindergarten would the kid go to.

But at the thought that Michael had many gay friends, she felt that her existence was quite insignificant. She was a little deflated.

She was just a regular person. She wasn't exactly rich, and it wasn't like her face was absurdly beautiful or anything. There were many more ladies who were prettier and wealthier than she was, and Michael had been showbiz for years. The number of gorgeous women he had met had to outnumber all the meals she had eaten throughout her life. He was the crush of millions of girls worldwide, and the number of beautiful women throwing themselves at Michael could probably form a line that wrapped around the world several times over. What advantage did Sophia have to come up on top of all these millions of girls?

Perhaps Michael had married her for some other reason. At any rate, he hadn't done it because he loved her.

She continued to be all wrapped up in her head. One moment she would be thinking of which kindergarten that their child would be sent to, and the next moment she would be wondering the type of men that Michael liked. All of this was done as she browsed the threads on the forums of course.

Many people were asking about Michael's origins.

Hmph, if even I can't get my hands on him, you guys can forget about it!

Sophia kept pasting the same reply on the posts. 'This is my boyfriend. We've been in a steady relationship for five years. We'll be marrying once I graduate.'

Meanwhile, Michael was bathing with Nathan in the bathroom. There were three bathtubs in there, with each person getting their own tub. Nathan's tub was green, with two little toy frogs floating in the water in it.

Michael luxuriated in the bathwater; taking a bath after a basketball match was a great feeling. As he soaked in the bath, he said, "Son, you're already five. Once it's the new year, you'll be six. If you round that up, you'll be ten this coming year. Ten years old is already old enough to be a man. Don't sleep with my wife from now on."

"Find me a wife then. I'll let you sleep with my wife," Nathan said dully in his bath.

Michael laughed. "Son, you'll have to sleep by yourself next year. Mom will be sleeping with me."

Nathan didn't speak up again. His dad must be thinking of taking the opportunity to shove a little sister into Sophia's belly.

If Sophia really gave birth to a little sister, then he wouldn't be the only baby of the family anymore. Nathan was a little saddened by the thought.

Sophia went to campus again the next day. Her school still had one more basketball match to go.

It had stopped snowing at last. The sun was finally out too. However, snow was still piled by the sides of the road. Sophia stepped into campus with her pink coat, a pink Santa hat perched on her head as well. When paired with her pink cheeks, she looked strikingly beautiful.

Nathan was also dressed in a pink coat with a pink hat on his side. He looked like a girl in his outfit. His face was freezing, and he didn't know why Sophia thought that he would like this eye-watering pink; he was clearly a boy!

Still, he put up with it for the time being since Sophia liked the outfit. He'd embarrass himself with her for now. He was a little kid at any rate; the others wouldn't make fun of a little kid.