

# My Dreamy Old Husband

## Chapter 1

“Mr. Edwards, your daughter is tan and thin. She even had an abortion in high school, and the whole school knew about it! It caused such a commotion that parents signed a petition to get her expelled from the school! With her terrible track record... Tsk, I can't go above 50,000!”

“Those are fake information! It's just rumors! Master Levine, please have a look at the affidavit! She just turned 18 years old, and so she's definitely worth 200,000!”

“60,000!”

“At least 80,000!”

“Fine. 80,000, if you insist. I'll transfer the amount to you via Venmo.”

With that, Sophia Edwards' biological father, Joe Edwards, sold her to Daniel Levine for 80,000. Despite never meeting her biological father from birth, Daniel reckoned that Joe's business was on the verge of bankruptcy because Sophia had a challenging birth chart that overpowered the Edwards Family's fate. It so happened that Daniel knew an old bachelor who could most probably overcome her bad luck, and so Daniel decided to be the matchmaker.

Daniel looked like a young gentleman, but among the high society of Bayside City, he had an outstanding status and prestige. In fact, he was known as Bayside City's Grandmaster of Metaphysics. Therefore, no one would question him even if he were to make an absurd claim.

Sophia was holding onto an old suitcase, and she had on some old, shabby dress while standing in a corner with her head bowed. The expression on her tanned and thin face appeared as if she was in a daze. Her lackluster eyes seemed empty; they reflected desolation in them. She held tightly onto an affidavit, which proved her virginity, but she was just an empty and numb vessel at that moment.

It took me so much hard work to procure a seat in Riverdale High School by taking the exam. Not only would I not have to pay for my living expenses and accommodation, I could have received a full scholarship. If I managed to procure a seat in the country's best university, Bayside University, I would completely change my fate. However, an unfounded rumor of my pregnancy and abortion cost me everything, including my education, my future, and my relationship...

Joe left in a hurry without even sparing Sophia a backward glance. He treated her like the plague, wanting to distance himself as far away from her as possible to prevent her from causing further damage toward his assets. After he left, Sophia kept her head bowed as she carried an old bag while dragging her suitcase to follow Daniel out of the café's glass doors.

Just when she was so poor that she could hardly feed herself and was living on the streets, her father arrived like an angel descending from the heavens. He took her to the hospital for an examination and an affidavit. After that, he sent her to a hotel to wash up and have a change of clothes before sending her to Daniel. She hadn't had anything to eat for the whole day, and so her stomach started growling in hunger.

It was an afternoon in the end of September, and the sun was shining brightly. Sophia stood under the scorching sun with her head bowed, and her skin was extremely tanned from the blistering sun. Daniel, in his smart suit and leather shoes, formed a stark contrast compared to Sophia's appearance. He opened up a finicky black umbrella to shade himself while making a phone call.

"Hello? Old man, are you still on the way? I have your missus with me. I am giving you another ten minutes before sending your missus to another family if you can't make it in time."

Sophia, who had not spoken a word thus far, pricked up her ears when she heard that. Is he on the phone with my future husband? I heard that my husband has a tough birth chart, and so he caused the deaths of his family members. Anyone who gets involved with him would end up with bad fortune. It so happens that he compliments me, since I caused the death of my mother right after giving birth to me; I caused the death of my grandma when I was 10 years old, and I even caused my biological father to almost go bankrupt when I'm 18 years old despite never meeting him. Our union would result in us hurting each other, bringing harmony to society.

Sophia tried imagining her future husband's appearance while feeling helpless. I suppose he is already balding, and has a flat nose and a pair of large protruding ears. He might even have the signature beer belly. Judging by his tone, he seems much older; my guess is 40 years old. Well, that's too young; I think he is at least 50 years old.

After chatting for a short while, Daniel hung up on the phone call. Finally, he seemed to have recalled that Sophia was a living human being, and the first sentence he finally spoke to her was, "Although your husband is slightly older, he is blessed with good looks. Furthermore, he's a virgin." He paused. "Bear in mind to be obedient later. Take the initiative and address him as 'hubby'."

Sophia's large but hollow eyes locked onto Daniel innocently. She had a bad feeling about this. My hubby might not merely have a beer belly. There's the possibility that he is disabled and sexually impotent... I'd be fine as long as I am fed, but it's best if I get to continue attending school. It doesn't matter if he has a beer belly; in fact, it would be even better if he is impotent. Nevertheless, it'd be horrible if he turned out to be a psychopath due to his impotence!

Sophia was drenched in sweat due to the heat, but that thought sent a chill down her spine, and so she shuddered involuntarily. Right after she trembled at the thought, a sleek and shiny Maybach came speeding toward them at 200 miles per hour. Then, it came to a screeching halt at the parking lot right in front of them.

Daniel took a step forward while holding onto the umbrella. Sophia guessed that it must be her future hubby's car, and so she held her chin up while approaching the car to have a look.

The sunlight felt like a golden halo descending from the sky while brightening up the world. The black Maybach had dark, tinted windows. She tried balancing on tiptoes, but she just couldn't see the person in the car. The driver's car door opened first, and a long and strong leg stretched out of the car. A pair of black and polished leather shoes stepped on the ground steadily, and a man clad in a suit got out of the car.

Sophia looked up along the long legs, and she saw a man in his early thirties. He had light-bronze skin and prominent facial features. There seemed to be a vague scar across his left eyebrow, but it accentuated his masculine appearance. Is this my... slightly older hubby? From where I stand, he simply looks amazing, handsome, and cool!

She couldn't help but feel terrified upon looking at her hubby, who was almost perfect. He doesn't have a beer belly, nor is he balding. In that case, there must be some particular reason for him not to be married; for example, he might be a psychopath, and an extremely abnormal one at that! The more handsome he is, the crazier he probably is!

Sophia was so terrified that her knees buckled underneath her. She felt like she had to be more obedient and proactive so as to not suffer in her hubby's home. Hence, she plucked up her courage and took a couple of steps forward while taking the initiative to break the silence. "Hub—"

Before she could complete her greeting, her 'hubby' turned around coldly while opening the Maybach's back passenger door respectfully. A leg, which was even longer and slender than her 'hubby's', stepped out of the car in a pantsuit.

A man in a white shirt got out of the car. The thin material of the shirt couldn't hide his perfectly-proportioned and sculpted body. He stood there, as though welcoming the breeze, and he had a model-like figure. His short hair seemed messy, but it was very stylish. He had several strands of stray hair on his

forehead, which reflected the sunlight slightly. His handsome and prominent features appeared especially handsome, and even his sunglasses couldn't conceal his good looks.

His back was against the sunlight, and so he appeared almost like a deity with a halo. Sophia was so in awe that she forgot to greet him; instead, she merely stared at the man unblinkingly. The man took his sunglasses off gradually, and his deep-set eyes stared into Sophia's.

The man's eyes scanned Sophia thoroughly while giving her several once-overs. He seemed slightly disgusted the first time he looked her up and down because he frowned slightly. When he glanced at her the second time, he looked as if he was trying to convince himself while suppressing his disgust forcefully. After that, he finally relaxed his scowl when he checked her out for the third time, and a trace of fondness flashed across his eyes. He strode toward Sophia, and he brought about a gust of chilly wind. His gaze was fixed on her, but his hand shot out suddenly to snatch Daniel's black umbrella. The man held the umbrella over Sophia's head to shade her from the sun, and she felt cool under the shade.

The man glanced coldly at Daniel, and he finally broke the silence. "You are exposing my missus under the hot sun!"