

# My Dreamy Old Husband

## Chapter 103

She stared at him with wide eyes, feeling wronged. “Are you scolding me, Richard? How dare you scold me? She was the one who hit me first!”

With her swollen face, no matter how beautifully she wept, Richard could not drum up the slightest pity. Snorting, he said, “Please use your brain to think; if you had not offered yourself to her, she would not have hit you! I hope that you remember today’s incident, because I don’t want the same thing to happen again!”

Xyla stared at Richard, tears rolling down her face. It was the first time in her life that she was quarreling with him. “If you did not have an affair with her, I would not have sought her out!”

Here we go again!

Livid, Richard retorted, “I’m saying it for the last time: I didn’t have an affair with her, let alone get back together! Spending the night together in the infirmary was nonsense! Don’t always twist my words into something else!”

“You have, you have!”

Xyla was almost screaming, and her body was trembling. “Don’t think I don’t know that you added her on Messenger. You have always been in contact with her! I have already turned a blind eye to all that; what else do you want me to do? Can you tolerate your woman having some other man in her heart?”

Richard snorted coldly. “I can’t help it if you want to think in this way.”

Xyla fell weakly onto the bed and cried in despair, "Why are you still lying to me? How am I lacking? I've been trying so hard, yet why do you still think of her?"

Richard did not even spare her a glance and muttered, "You're being unreasonable."

Then, he got up and knocked on the door. Speaking to the officer on duty, he requested a change of rooms.

He couldn't wait to get out of there, and get out of the barracks right away!

Later on, Richard went to another confinement room, where there was one less person to crowd him. He suddenly felt that the air was much fresher; even the musty smell was more tolerable.

In the confinement room, Richard mulled things over. Xyla's pure and adorable image had been completely destroyed in his eyes. Turned out that she was also an unreasonable woman.

Making a comparison, he suddenly realized that Sophia was leagues better. Though she occasionally quarreled with him, she was very rational, and not unreasonable in the slightest.

But he also knew that he had wronged Sophia. Xyla and him had also been unreasonable at one point in time. Looking back, Sophia was not unreasonable; she was only trying to win him back.

But at that time, Richard was indeed tired of Sophia. He wanted to break up, but couldn't find a good reason, not until the whole pregnancy situation came about. Richard couldn't help but rejoice as he finally found a reason to break up with her.

Although he was very tired, Richard couldn't sleep at all. The confinement room made it difficult for him to fall asleep, and his thoughts kept going back to Sophia.

In the other room, Xyla was on the bed sobbing sadly and desperately.

She had lost this round completely!

Sophia really had some skills, being able to turn the tables and break us up!

Ugh! In her dreams!

Since Xyla managed to bag Richard, she would hold on to him no matter what!

Sophia, on the other hand, was fast asleep. It had been so long since she slept so soundly and comfortably.

In fact, she slept like a log. In the middle of the night, she rolled over, and her hand seemed to touch a hot blanket.

Sophia thought she was dreaming, and reached out to touch the warm blanket casually. It felt very comfortable, and she buried herself into said blanket.

The blanket was soft and hard, yet slippery at the same time. She ran her hands over it and noticed that not only was it slippery, it was also hot to the touch!

Also, why are there two grapes on the blanket?

Sophia pulled at the grapes hard, and suddenly found herself itching for a bite. She wanted a taste of the grapes, so she moved her mouth forward and licked them twice. She tasted something sweet on her tongue so she continued to lick, then gently bit down.

Instantly, the grapes 'hissed' in pain.

Hey, since when did grapes start to speak?

But Sophia was too deep in her sleep, her eyelids shut tight. She touched the grapes once more, then leaned into the blanket and continued to sleep comfortably...

The blanket was really too comfortable, and Sophia clutched at it tightly, almost like she feared it might run away.

It turned out to be a good night's sleep indeed.

Early the next morning, Nathan heard a soft noise. He rubbed his sleepy eyes and sat up, hazily seeing a man getting out of bed. The man's back was to Nathan as he pulled on his pants and buckled his belt.

The sound of the belt being buckled was very soft, as if the man was afraid to wake those who were still sleeping on the bed.

Nathan looked up at the tall man, his chubby little face cold yet curious.

As the man dressed himself, he turned back and ruffled Nathan's hair and whispered, "Good boy, don't disturb your mother."

Nathan nodded, eyes still blurry with sleep. He thought he saw a bright red imprint on the man's chest, but he scratched his little head and went back to bed.

No wonder the bed got crowded all of a sudden last night...

The man got dressed and looked at a sleeping Sophia before turning and leaving, a swagger in his step.

Later on, Sophia woke up to find light streaming through the small window. Looking at the wall clock, she saw that it was nine o'clock.

I am already late for training!

But then, she suddenly remembered that she was still in solitary confinement, and had to be locked up for twelve hours. She did some calculation, and concluded that she would be locked up until noon—just in time for lunch.

Hence, she went back to sleep, ready to catch up on her slumber. Closing her eyes, she remembered the sweet grapes from last night and licked her lips before falling back asleep.

Unfortunately, there were no sweet grapes in the dream this time.

At half past twelve in the afternoon, the three who had been locked up for twelve hours were finally released. Everyone had just finished their lunch, and they rushed over to watch them leave the prison.

Three figures appeared in front of their curious gazes.

Xyla's face was dull, and she looked haggard beyond words. The swollenness of her face had gone down a little due to the medicine, but it still looked deformed. When she came out, she pulled her military cap as low as it would go, trying to cover her blueish black face.

Richard was not much better than Xyla. His face was not as swollen as before, but there were still dark circles under his eyes. Coupled with him not sleeping well last night, his whole being looked haggard.

Compared to the two haggard people, Sophia's complexion was rosy, and she looked just like a fairy, dressed clean and neat. From her military cap down to her shoes, nothing was out of place. She looked energetic, and her face seemed to glow.

Unbeknownst to her, she had become famous overnight, and everyone looked at her with awe and fear in their eyes.

Simultaneously, Joel stood outside the center and looked at them coldly.

The three lined up in front of him smartly; even Nathan tried to make himself stand straight.

Without any expression, Joel looked at the three of them and said, “Let this be the last time. Train well and perform well; the final exam is in a few days.”

Sophia felt that when Joel said that, he was staring straight at her, almost like he was talking to her directly.