

My Dreamy Old Husband

Chapter 385

In terms of skills or punches, both men were almost on the same level. One of them was always the first in the family while the other always came second, and the psychological gap between them showed. Joel had always pushed himself to his limits and his achievements were impossible for his peers to attain.

He had everything he wanted but he still felt he was still overwhelmed by Michael. He was unwilling to lose! As for Michael, he purely wanted to beat Joel up. It had nothing to do with Irene, Sophia, or what happened that day. He just didn't like him!

With a whack, Michael was punched so hard that his nose started to bleed. Then, with a bash, Joel's eye was bruised.

Sophia was so afraid that she quickly sobered up. Unfortunately, Harry held her down tightly and wouldn't allow her to interfere with their fight. All of a sudden, the door was pushed open and Irene walked in.

When she saw the two men fighting in the VIP room, she screamed in horror. "Oh my God, Joel! You..." Irene hurried over. At that exact moment, Michael pushed Joel to the ground and was about to punch him but when he saw Irene, his tightly curled fist loosened a little.

In his moment of hesitation, Joel punched Michael before kicking him away. Immediately, Irene rushed over and helped Joel up, who was beaten up really badly. She was so distressed that she was about to break into tears. "Joel, why did you do that..."

Meanwhile, Sophia slipped under Harry's arm and escaped his grip. She helped Michael up and looked at his handsome features, face swollen and nose bleeding. "We were having such a good time; why did you two have to end up fighting?"

Joel got up to his feet and wiped away the blood under his nose. Even though he looked angry, he said to Michael, "Mike, your martial art skills are as strong as back then. Thank you for going easy on me." Michael wiped his bleeding nose and replied, "Likewise."

With that, Irene propped Joel up and staggered as they left. Right before they left the room, Irene turned around and glanced at Michael meaningfully. He lowered his head, looking at the bruises on his fists before limping forward to take a seat. Meanwhile, Sophia was so shocked she was about to cry. She simply couldn't understand how they suddenly got into a fight.

Michael was beaten so badly that his eyes were swollen and there was a steady stream of blood flowing down from his nose to his chin. He quickly took his shirt and carelessly wiped the blood away. Seeing this, Sophia used a tissue, carefully wiping away the blood on his face.

Meanwhile, she was also swiping away her tears and her voice was choked. Looking at a sobbing Sophia, Michael's lips curled into a smile. "I'm fine. We often fought like this when we were younger."

Sophia sobbed as she yelled, "What if something serious happened to you? What am I supposed to do?" She was angry yet afraid. After all, she watched Joel punch Michael over and over with her own eyes! He's not a machine—he's human! What if he breaks something? Seeing the tearful appearance of his chica, Michael finally realized that he had made a mistake. I am indeed drunk from all the hard liquor. I'm already way past the age of fighting and fooling around but when I saw Joel, I couldn't help but feel the urge of beating him up.

He wiped away Sophia's tears with his hand and whispered, "It's okay, Chica. Stop crying. Let's go home."

Hearing this, Sophia sobbed twice before she called Hale and asked him to prepare their ride. Michael then put on his clothes and his sunglasses to cover up his bruised eyes. With that, he walked out and got in the car. Meanwhile, Harry carried a completely drunk Stanley.

When they left the room, they saw Joel and Irene, who just finished paying the bill. The two groups ignored each other and went their own ways. Leaving the restaurant, they went directly to the hospital. The doctors were already prepared when they arrived and gave Michael a full body examination.

While waiting, Sophia paced back and forth anxiously as tears kept streaming down her face. It wasn't until the examination ended and the doctor came over with a thick report to tell her that Michael only had external injuries did she feel reassured. Michael, on the other hand, didn't think it was a big deal. He wasn't delicate and spoiled. Instead, he fought a lot.

When he was young, he often fought with people of the same age in the military compound. Later on when he was a soldier, he fought in the army, and after he retired from the army, he didn't stop fighting either. Whenever he acted in action movies, he never used stand-ins and personally fought with the professionals to ensure his body remained fit. To him, fighting with Joel was a piece of cake.

They left the hospital after patching him up and stopping his nosebleed. On the way home, Sophia didn't say a single word to him. It was obvious that she was really mad. She kept the car window rolled down, letting the wind blow her face. The wind from outside the window was so strong it dried the tears at the corners of her eyes.

As Sophia looked at the traffic outside the window, there seemed to be an unresolved worry in her gaze. In fact, she caught sight of the hesitation and doubt in Michael's eyes when Irene entered the room earlier. She saw it all. However, she also knew that Michael couldn't forget about Irene. The reason he fought with Joel was not because what happened that day, let alone herself. Instead, it was because of Irene. The more she thought about this the more she wanted to cry, but the wind made her eyes feel so dry that she couldn't.

Meanwhile, Stanley slumped against the seat, snoring. His snore was the only sound breaking the silence inside the car. When Michael saw how upset Sophia was, he quickly checked his conscience and recalled everything he had done that day. Realizing the mistakes he had made, he scooted over and held Sophia in his arms. "What's the matter, Chica? Are you angry at me?" However, Sophia didn't respond. It was as if she didn't hear him at all.

Seeing this, Michael let go of his pride and softened his voice, "Okay, I admit I made a mistake. I shouldn't have fought today. Please forgive me, alright?" Even so, Sophia silently pushed away his hand that was on her shoulder and remained silent, continuing to look out the window.

Michael felt his heart sink and realized that he might have made a big mistake. This was the first time Sophia was mad at him. But at the same time, he was also very pleased. She being mad at him indicated that she really cared about him.

At this point, he completely let go of his manly demeanor and grabbed her hand with a smile. "Darling, please stop being mad at me. I promise that I will never fight again." Throughout their journey home, Sophia didn't speak a word, not only because of Michael's fight but also because of Irene's appearance that day. After they arrived home and parked, Sophia immediately grabbed her bag and got out of the car.

Seeing this, Michael hurriedly went to grab her bag from her and said enthusiastically, "I'll help you with your bag!" However, Sophia was still angry and wasn't willing to say a word to him.

As soon as Maria opened the door, a tiny figure ran out of the house and rushed toward Michael and Sophia. When Nathan saw Michael's bruised face and the blood flowing down his nose, he stood still in fright. His dark eyes stared at Michael, as if he was scared of him.

Sophia hurriedly pulled Nathan to the side and coaxed, "Darling, your dad's fine. That's the makeup he put on set when they were shooting for the movie. He'll be back to normal after he removes the makeup."

With that, she turned around and glanced at Michael. Then, she held Nathan's hand and went into the house. However, Nathan kept looking back at Michael the entire way, seeming a little scared. Even after returning home, Sophia continued to ignore Michael. She locked herself up in the study after washing up and did not allow anyone to enter.

After cleaning himself up, Michael put medicine on his face to reduce the swelling. However, he realized that he couldn't enter Sophia's study and saw that no one answered the door. Taking a bag of ice and pressing it on his face, he knocked on the door repeatedly. "Chica, my darling chica, will you open the door for me?" However, no sound could be heard from inside the room. Suddenly, Michael heard a cold chuckle coming from behind him. "You deserve it."