

# My Dreamy Old Husband

## Chapter 589

As Michael left in a hurry, Sophia felt perplexed and sat next to the dance floor, staring blankly ahead.

A drunk Stanley staggered over. “Sophia, what happened? Where’s Michael? Did he run away with some wild woman?”

She sat there in silence.

“Let’s go, let’s go! Want to dance?” Stanley pulled her hand.

Sophia continued to ignore him. Then, Stanley pulled her again. “Come on! Let’s go and grab a bite, then!”

Sophia shoved him roughly. “You’re so annoying! Go away!”

Stanley huffed angrily, “Hmph! I was just trying to comfort you because Michael’s ex-girlfriend had insulted you, but it seems like my efforts are not being appreciated! I’m angry now, and I’m not going to forgive you easily!”

Sulking, they turned their backs against each other and ignored one another.

Sean rushed over to smooth things over. “Stan, Sophia must be feeling frustrated. Why don’t you leave her alone while we go and have some drinks over there?”

Sean patted Sophia's shoulder lightly as he put his arm around Stanley and walked away.

Sophia ordered a hot drink and drank slowly as she watched the crowd dance on the dance floor.

As the crowd danced away happily, she began to calm down. She knew that being jealous was pointless; the fact was that Lucy was better than her in every way.

She would continue to feel frustrated by constantly comparing herself to Lucy, and she refused to allow herself to live in jealousy forever.

Meanwhile, Lucy and Linus were having such a great time talking; it almost felt like they had known each other for centuries. Lucy's first impression of Linus was so good that she thought of him as the type of man that was worthy of her. Besides, she liked men that were younger than her, for they helped to fulfil her need to dominate.

While they were heading toward the dance floor, Linus was about to ask Lucy for a dance when he glanced over at the lonely silhouette at a corner. He changed his mind and said apologetically, "The dance floor looks quite lively tonight. You should go and enjoy yourself, Miss Edwards. I'm afraid I have to go and greet the other guests now. Please forgive me for my poor hospitality."

Even though Lucy was disappointed, she nodded her head and watched Linus walk away.

Lucy looked around the dance floor as she was curious about the identity of the guest that had Linus left her for. To her surprise, he walked toward the lonely silhouette at the corner of the dance floor.

Although there were dance invitations from the other male guests, she declined them all without hesitating.

*Isn't that Taylor's wife?*

Lucy knew that Taylor had left earlier.

*Looks like they had an argument.*

The argument between Taylor and Sophia was no surprise to Lucy; it was as if she had expected it to happen.

As Linus walked toward Sophia, he could sense that she was upset.

“Linus...”

Sophia looked up at Linus as he walked toward her and murmured, her voice filled with chagrin.

This was all so confusing for Sophia. Earlier, when Stanley was trying to comfort her, she used anger to hide her frustration, but when it came to Linus, she was unable to do so.

All of the resentment and hurt that she was feeling was compiled into that soft, choked up word—Linus.

Conflicted emotions were all over her face as Linus sat down next to her and asked worryingly, “What happened?”

Sophia stared at him as if she was going to say something, but she remained silent.

Linus was born on the same day and year as she did, but he was able to speak to Lucy as an equal, and even had his own business empire. Sophia, on the other hand, had absolutely nothing.

She was still studying and establishing her own business while still relying on her father's savings.

An unexplainable bitterness crept into her heart as she dwelled in her own thoughts.

Suddenly, Linus put out his hand and muttered, "Come, let's go and dance."

As Sophia looked at Linus' extended hand and his sincere gaze, she felt a tug in her heart. Even though she wanted to decline, she involuntarily placed her hand onto his.

Linus held her hands as they walked onto the dance floor and danced to the music.

Normally, Sophia would step on whoever was dancing with her, but Linus seemed to be able to predict her moves and follow her beat as they danced. While they were dancing, Linus made jokes and managed to tease a laugh out of her. It made Sophia feel better as time went by.

At the same time in Villa No. 8, Irene had been wandering around the gate for a while. She knew that Michael had gone in, but she was hesitant about pressing the doorbell and eventually left.

Michael went down to the basement and found Abel.

"Regarding the last two prisoners we caught, when I was dissecting one of them alive, the other one immediately confessed. From what we know, Phantom Wolf is still in Bayside City and will leave Cethos within the next two days. He doesn't know where Phantom Wolf's hideout is, nor does he know about Phantom Wolf's

true identity. That man is so cautious that he never even revealed his true face to his subordinates,” Abel reported.

*If Phantom Wolf manages to escape, it would be harder to catch him again.*

Abel continued, “Phantom Wolf’s sponsor has prepared a private jet and an exclusive route. I shall go and check all the private airports nearby immediately.”

*Phantom Wolf’s sponsor!*

Michael always knew that for Phantom Wolf to be so brazen, he would need a steady supply of money to support him. His sponsor could be anyone, such as Linus...

After he left the basement, Michael sat in his study room and started to process the continuous amount of paperwork.

Tonight was bound to be a sleepless night.

All of a sudden, there was a knock on the study room door, and Nicholas’ voice rang. “Daddy, can I come in?”

It was then that Michael remembered Nicholas. He wanted Nathan to have some company at home, so he didn’t bring it to Linus’ party tonight.

But why would it suddenly come over at this time of the night?

Furthermore, it was a robot, and its program didn’t allow it to go into the study room, basement and other file storage places.

*I’ve always suspected it’s a spy, and even though we’ve checked its system countless times, who knows whether there’s a loophole in its system?*

After clearing and putting away his classified files, he replied, “Come on in.”

Nicholas only came in after receiving Michael's voice of command.

Michael caught sight of the box of kids' milk in its mechanical hand.

"Daddy, Nate wanted me to sneak this in for you and to not tell you that it belonged to him."

*Oh!*

*That little brat, Nate, finally realized that he needs to care about his cheapskate father now?*

Michael tore open the box of milk and took a few sips. It tasted sweeter than any other milk he had drunk before.

At the same time, Nicholas had already scanned the whole setting of the study room. Its initial setting was to not go into restricted areas, such as the study room, but since Michael had allowed it to come in, the study room had now been eliminated from the restricted list.

Whenever Nicholas entered a new environment, it would first scan its surroundings for any threats to its master, and after a few seconds, Nicholas was finished with the scan.

Michael's bookshelf was filled with pictures; besides his own, there were pictures of Nathan and Sophia, even pictures of Theo, Elizabeth, and Mark.

Nicholas scanned them one by one while it looked for matching clues in its memory bank to determine the identity of the people in the photos.

If there was a conflict with a file within its memory bank, it would ask Michael for an accurate answer before saving the information into its database.

Nicholas' program was operating so fast that within ten seconds, Nicholas had already processed a large amount of information. It reached out its mechanical hand, pointed at a photo on the bookshelf, and asked, "Who is that, Daddy?"

Michael turned toward the bookshelf and took down the photo that Nicholas was pointing to. He looked down at it; the man in the frame was about 13 or 14 years old, and even the yellowing photo couldn't conceal his youthful good looks.

He flashed the photo to Nicholas' camera and replied, "His name is Theo Fetcher, and he's my father. This is a picture of him when he was 13 years old."

Nicholas rescanned the photo, processed the information of the picture, and compared it against the data from its memory bank. Then, two seconds later, it asked, "Daddy, why does a 14-year-old Professor Clark look similar to the 13-year-old Grandpa? The resemblance rate is more than 95%; are they relatives?"