

# My Dreamy Old Husband Chapter 770

Michael frowned as he could tell that she was distancing herself from him. Cooper, that old fellow, must have talked bad about me! Or, maybe I look bad and she despises me. "Taylor Murray is my stage name. My actual name is Michael Fletcher," he answered.

"Oh... Mr. Fletcher," Sophia responded indifferently.

Michael did not understand her cold attitude toward him, but it was more than enough to be able to talk to her.

He was content.

He paused a little and took out the things that he brought over for her. It was a sealed folder with some documents. "These are for Mr. Mitchel." Another sealed folder was produced. "This is for you."

"What is this?" Sophia was guarded as she took the folder.

However, Michael merely stood up and mysteriously replied, "You'll know once you see it. I won't disturb you and will take my leave."

He strode out and said as he rubbed Carmen's head before he left. "Darling, come back earlier."

"Okay!" Carmen answered. She had already treated Sophia's home as her own.

She had not planned to leave and wanted to have dinner before heading home. Judge took advantage of the opportunity and quickly ran with his two little pairs of shoes to follow Michael home.

As for Sophia, she opened the folder and saw a stack of photos and documents. The first thing she saw was an identification card. My identification card as Sophia?

The date of issuance was 8 years ago when she was 18. She should be currently 26 and the address on it showed Villa No. 8, the Imperial!

I've lived there?

She then took out the second document—it was actually a Cethosian marriage certificate...

Cooper and Linus returned home late at night.

There was the smell of blood on Cooper.

His shadow was hidden in the dark like a huge, black dragon resting after hunting its prey. He was exhaling breaths of death around him.

His cold, ruthless expression gradually softened when he arrived home, opened his eyes and saw the light coming out from his house. Anna, I've taken revenge for you. Leave Sophia to me from now on.

...

Cooper knocked on Sophia's door and walked in when he saw that the light in Sophia's room was still switched on. "Sophia, why are you still awake?"

Sophia, who was in the room, seemed to have cried. Her eyes were red and puffy as she sat in front of her dressing table. "Dad, is there something that you are not telling me?" she asked as she turned to look at Cooper.

Cooper had a bad feeling. As expected, he saw the photos on the dressing table—those were pictures of Sophia and Michael that were taken in the past.

There were photos they took in Harper's Mansion, in the film studio, in the restaurant, and a photo of them with Nate. There was also her identification card and her marriage certificate with Michael.

Cooper walked over and looked at their marriage certificate.

The Cethosian law allowed females aged 18 and males aged 20 to get married. She was only 18 when they were married. She looked horrible back then as her hair was in a mess and her face was pale, giving the impression that she was lost in life.

That was probably her worst time... She was sold at 80,000 and married to Michael.

However, in the second photo, Sophia seemed to have completely transformed. Her cheeks were red as she had light makeup on and looked classy in a gorgeous and exquisite evening gown. She had a maroon-colored ring on her finger too, looking like a princess as she turned at the spiral staircase.

The third photo was taken when they enjoyed the snow—the couple stood on the white ground as their footprints overlapped with each other.

Michael wore a costume and was singing opera as she attentively listened to it. There were also pictures of them holding hands while traveling around the world.

He had stored the memories between them with those photos and sent it over with her identification card and marriage certificate, giving her an opportunity to learn about her past.

“Dad... Am I Carmen’s mom? Why didn’t you tell me?”

Even though medicine had been applied on Sophia’s face, she had cried for such a long time that it was washed off by her tears. Cooper quickly wiped her tears off from her face.

“Darling, don’t cry. It’s my fault... It’s all my fault. Please don’t cry; it will be bad if you damage your eyes from crying.” Cooper was panicking. He could never forget her eyes, which were blinded from all the pain and suffering she endured. This pair of eyes were synthetic and were as equally fragile as her previous eyes.

However, Sophia could not stop sobbing. How am I supposed to accept all these? I am Michael’s wife and Carmen’s mom? I have a kid and a husband? “Dad... What happened back then? Why did you lie to me?”

She understood that Cooper could be protecting her from the truth, but she also had the right to know about it!

Didn’t the news report that three lives were killed?

How are Carmen and Michael still alive? I'm alive too, but have been living in Africa, which is far away. Gosh, I always thought that Quinton was my husband! What happened?

"Child, it's better for you not to know," Cooper said in a low voice. His eyes were filled with sadness as he held Sophia's pale face.

She continued to cry. "Dad, I just want to know what happened."

He knew that he could no longer keep the truth a secret, so he shared with her everything that he knew. "I was 17 when I met your mom. She was 17 too..."

"Joe found you after that and thought that you were his daughter. He sold you to Michael."

"Quinton Clark was Michael's illegitimate son and planned to take revenge on the Fletcher Family. He kidnapped you at a time when you were pregnant and convinced Michael to think that you were dead."

Sophia was stunned after hearing all those and looked at Cooper with teary eyes as tears started to roll down her cheeks again.

Her emotions were unstable. She continued to cry and her recently recovered throat was sore again. He had to send her to the hospital in the middle of the night and only returned home hours later. She only managed to fall asleep after he lit some soothing fragrance.

Yet, she still had nightmares even with the incense. The faceless man in her dreams all those times finally had a face.

Michael was running on the beach with the dog and it was Judge whom he was holding.

She recalled the friend Sarah mentioned—the one who hurt his throat from crying too much because he was widowed—and the man with gray hair and face mask she saw in the hospital the other day... That must be Michael.

Among the photos that he gave, there was one where he wore his costume to perform opera.

He must be the one whom Sarah mentioned—her friend who damaged his vocal cords from crying...

Is his gray hair and ruined throat as a result of crying all caused by my departure?