

My Dreamy Old Husband

Chapter 14

Harry, Daniel, and Michael had been best of friends for a long time. They were so close that they wouldn't think twice when they spoke to each other.

Right after spurning nonsense, Harry suddenly realized that Michael was married, and even though his wife was very young, it was a formal marriage. Hence, he quickly explained, "Mrs. Fletcher, please don't be mistaken. Michael is sometimes slightly psycho, but in general, he is a decent man."

Sophia was so surprised that she was about to burst into tears. She was now absolutely sure that Michael was a psychopath. He is absolutely a super crazy psychopath!

Whoever stays with him is extremely unlucky!

Michael felt that this was enough to give Sophia a proper scare, and she wouldn't simply flirt with other guys anymore. He felt she had finally seen his powerful side, so he stroked her silky hair and chased the rest out of the house. "It's getting late. I have some business to attend to. Those of you who are not involved, get lost. Go, go, go!"

Daniel knew that Michael, the old virgin, was about to finally get lucky, so he got up and held his office bag. "I'm leaving so that I won't interrupt your 'business'."

Harry, however, didn't want to leave. "I'm not leaving. You are finally waving goodbye to your virginity after so long. We should celebrate such a historical moment. I've even prepared fireworks—"

"Get lost!"

Michael put Sophia down and chased them away personally. In fact, he was just sending them off.

Before Harry was chased out of the house, he managed to say loudly, “Mrs. Fletcher, you have to hang in there tonight! Don’t be like the previous two of them—”

“Shut up!”

Michael had a special background. It seemed like someone didn’t want him to become even more powerful by marrying someone of equal background—both of his ex-fiancées had met unfortunate accidents. One accidentally sustained an injury to her head and lost her memories after she woke up and forgot Michael.

The other was involved in an accident right after getting engaged to him, and she almost lost her life.

Because of these incidents, there were rumors that Michael was cursed with ill fate, and that whoever married him would suffer bad luck. Since then, he was notorious for being a wife-jinxer, so he only married when he was 31.

Harry had never believed in such superstitious rumors, so it became a joke among the three of them. Whenever Michael spoke to a woman, Harry would be waiting to see how long it would take for the bad luck to land on her.

Even if she was not unlucky, Harry would deliberately do something to them to fortify the rumor. It had become a joke for them, just like how K-pop groups would disband according to the 7-year jinx.

Without this joke, Harry felt his life would have lost a great deal of fun.

When he was joking about this, he had forgotten that Sophia had no idea how they would usually joke around. She only heard a few keywords—‘hang in there’, and ‘the previous two’.

Michael has played around with two women until they almost died.

Perhaps even more! Maybe 'two' is a rough value. Perhaps 'two' doesn't just mean two, but a dozen women!

Sophia sat on the couch with a dead look on her face as a chill ran down her spine. She seemed to feel an eerie cloud of darkness engulfing this well-decorated villa. Perhaps they were ghosts of the women who felt aggrieved.

Oh, no. My good days have come to an end!

Sophia's speculations run wild as she imagined a thousand ways she would die, each more devastating than the other. She was quite poor, so she did not know how the rich entertained themselves, and she had no idea about the psycho stuff that the elite circle would do in Bayside City. However, she knew that the richer one was, the more psychotic they would become, because ordinary stimulations couldn't fulfil their needs anymore.

I haven't taken revenge on the jerk; I still haven't finished spending the 80 million in my bank card, and I just got into Bayside University. I don't want to die yet!

Michael quickly sent Daniel and Harry away and returned to the living room to find Sophia still sitting on the couch. The wine just now had taken its effect as she looked quite cute with her flushed cheeks. She was still in a daze, looking like she was still repenting her mistakes.

After Michael knew that the woman who sent the flying kiss to Harry was his wife, he was furious. However, according to Hale's report, Sophia was usually obedient, and she had never cheated on him. For the past year, she had been studying hard. On top of that, she worked out and learned etiquettes, makeup, and boxing. Nevertheless, that was an important incident. Since his wife was so beautiful, she would attract many men, so he had to do everything to avoid being cheated on.

First, he had to teach Sophia a good lesson to show her that he was furious with how she simply sent a flying kiss to other men.

Hence, Michael retracted his smile and pulled a long face deliberately. “Why are you still sitting here? Quickly go upstairs to wait for me!”

With a dead look on her face, Sophia dragged her feet upstairs.

Walking behind her, Michael suddenly remembered that it was a day fit for a celebration, so he would like to have his favorite dish, grilled eels.

In the past year that he had been abroad, he couldn't taste the flavor of the food even though the raw materials were shipped from Cethos and made by proper Cethos chefs. It still tasted slightly off to him. No matter what, food back at Cethos was the best, especially his favorite—grilled eels.

Every time he returned from countries abroad, he would eat some exotic animals to satisfy his cravings, but eels would have to be kept in a tank for a few days first prior to cooking. Although the butler, Mr. Peter Morgan, was very familiar with Michael's habits, Michael still asked him, “Peter, have you bought the eels?”

Mr. Morgan replied brightly, “Of course. I've already prepared them a few days in advance, knowing that you love them. They are in the pond, and they have grown to be very long and thick!”

Michael nodded in satisfaction, but he was still worried; he had to see them with his own eyes. “Let me have a look and choose the thickest ones...”

Sophia, who was still on the spiral staircase, heard the keywords—‘eels’, ‘thick’, ‘long’.

She almost couldn't catch her breath and fainted.

She knew that Michael was a psycho, but she didn't think that it would be until this extent.

He even wants to use eels! The rich guys in the elite circle in Bayside City actually practice such sick ways of love-making!

If he uses that on me, I would die!

Michael was probably off choosing the eels, so he took quite a while. While waiting, Sophia lay on the bed covered in rose petals, looking as if her soul had left her body.

Suddenly, she felt that everything in this room had morphed into some sort of sex toy.

The candles that haven't finished burning, the candle holder... They can all become toys.

The wine glass looks like it can be a sex toy too...

The tables, the chairs, the photo frames, the feather duster...

She suddenly realized that this wedding room of theirs was a torture arena Michael had prepared for her.

After living a good life for a year, everything had finally come to an end.

Sophia closed her eyes resentfully as she fervently hoped that there were no psychos in heaven.

Finally, Michael returned with a fish tank with two eels in it. The eels were tender, thick, and long—just the way he liked them.

To him, the best food in the entire world was eels. If he could not eat eels, there would be no meaning to life anymore. Michael loved to keep eels around, as if they were goldfish. After taking care of them for a few days until he had taken a

liking to them, he would eat them, and the taste would be so exquisite that he would feel as if he had died and gone to heaven...

Sophia, who was on the bed, heard Michael's approaching footsteps. She seemed like a criminal who was about to be beheaded as she heard the footsteps of her executioner. Her heart tightened, but she didn't even have the courage to open her eyes.

Nevertheless, she still opened them and immediately saw Michael and two of his eels, which were quite thick and long indeed. Sophia jolted and felt a warm fluid gushing out between her thighs, wetting her dress immediately.

I'm so nervous that I've lost control of my bladder...

Sophia thought that she was so frightened that she wetted herself. She was at the verge of tears as she thought, I can't believe that I'm going to die in this manner.

However, Michael, who had a sharp nose, immediately smelled something weird. He quickly held Sophia's dress up and saw a huge patch of blood underneath her.