

My Dreamy Old Husband

Chapter 176

He lowered his head to look at Sophia's face contorted in pain and it made his heart ache. I wonder how much my chica has suffered in the past.

Sophia was completely engulfed by the excruciating pain of her memories in that moment.

First, I am witnessing the death of my grandparents, who loved me. Next, the village chief is taking me to my uncle's house because I need somewhere to stay and depend on others like a lowly dog.

Not too long after, I am looking at my harsh uncle and aunt. There is a chipped bowl with some stale porridge in it. There are flies hovering above the dishes in front of me. I grit my teeth and eat it, but at least I have my dreams. As long as I am allowed to study, I will be able to change my fate.

I witness the scene where I am being chased out of Riverdale High School again and Richard's mother is leading a large group of parents to protest in school. The principal is sighing helplessly when I'm on my knees, begging them. I just want to complete my senior year and take the college entrance exam in peace.

Nevertheless, I am expelled from the school in the end. I want to secretly return to school once the incident has blown over. However, I did not expect that they weren't prepared to allow me to return at all. They had bribed the school's security guard to hit me as a deterrence to prevent me from ever returning.

I find the Harper Family, hoping that Richard will at least help me. However, he has his arm around Xyla and they both look like a match made in heaven. He is staring at me with a blank expression and his eyes are void of pity and guilt.

“Break her leg!” a shrill girl’s voice screamed and I felt a sharp pain against my leg.

The Harpers threw me out of their house, but I stubbornly forced myself to stand up from the ground. I turn around to stare at the Harper’s Mansion. Then, I left with a limp while feeling utterly hopeless...

I have nowhere to go and I can’t find a school that is willing to take me in. I can’t enroll into any high school despite showing my report card—a guarantee that I’ll be able to enter Bayside University. I visit all the high schools in Riverdale including the worst one.

They are willing to spend more than 100,000 just for the sake of saving a repeat student’s reputation and that person can barely pass the exam, but they just aren’t willing to provide a seat for me—a student who is capable of securing a spot in Bayside University.

I can’t get into a school or look for a job. When I left the school, the principal secretly gave me a sum of money to help me to leave as far as possible. That was to allow me to leave Bayside City and enroll into a school in another province. However, someone snatched the money from me, not long after I left the school gates.

My dreams, my future, and everything associated with it came crashing down in that second.

There is a downpour that night; I can’t bring myself to stay in a hotel and instead seek shelter under the bridge. Suddenly, a group of disturbed youths suddenly showed up and robbed me before even trying to r*pe me.

I start to limp away in panic and run along the river to seek help where there are more people. The group of disturbed youths are following behind me nonchalantly while glaring at me with hunger. They look like they might catch up to me at any minute now and I’ll be eternally doomed by then.

There is no one by the riverbank in the middle of the night. No one is there to hear my cry for help. My phone is already broken, so no one will come to save me.

I run in despair with all the energy that I have. My future is an unknown darkness where I am trying to survive alone in the darkness without any knowledge on what will happen to me in the next moment.

I merely want to stay alive!

Why can't I even realize such a small dream?

Those evil people cackled loudly nearby and are almost grabbing me. In despair, I jump into the rapid currents of the river, even though I can't swim. The river washes away my petite frame instantly and my body disappears in the blink of an eye.

I am struggling in the water as the stinky river water rushes into my mouth and nostrils. I feel death approaching me step-by-step with its presence gradually engulfing me.

I do not want to die; I want to live! I struggle in the river, and I finally grab onto an abandoned child's float. I grab onto it stubbornly without letting go. After several miles of being caught in the river's current, the river finally washes me up onto the island in the middle of the river and I am stranded there.

The river water is icy-cold at night. After barely escaping the grasp of death, I'm now trembling as I crawl onto the deserted island and lie on the cold riverbank. The hard and rough stones on top of the sand underneath me scratches my skin.

I do not feel pain or hate at that moment—only cold and hopelessness.

I am choking on water and coughing continuously and it feels like I might be coughing up some blood. The air feels thin and I feel the onset of a fever. I hug

my shoulders and curl up against a boulder to protect myself from the wind. I'm so cold that I can't stop trembling.

I'm not even sure when someone will appear on this deserted island. I wonder when someone will realize that I am at the brink of death.

Just when I feel that I'm close to death, I hear a sweet lullaby from the horizon. It sounds similar to the one that grandmother sang to me when I was a child. I hold onto my arms tightly and curl up like a fetus, feeling that my consciousness is slipping away...

Michael noticed that Sophia was coughing aggressively as her breathing became more rapid while her face was flushed red. Therefore, he immediately started to pat her back to soothe her.

The sedative was finally working—Sophia regained her steady breathing while her flushed cheeks returned to their usual pink hue. She relaxed her limbs before she drifted into a peaceful sleep.

He covered her with a blanket before leaning across the side of her pillow and regarding her peaceful sleeping face.

The longer he looked at her, the more he found her adorable. However, he couldn't help but feel a sense of heartache while staring at her endearing face.

He bent down to kiss her pink cheek and fell asleep while staring at her delicate sleeping face.

The next day, he woke up right on time at 7AM. After he woke up, he spotted that Sophia, who was lying in bed beside him, had her eyes wide open. However, her eyes were empty, as if she wasn't fully awake.

Those hallucinogenic drugs would usually impact the brain. Not to mention, she had also been injected with large doses of sedative, so she would be quiet and unable to concentrate for the next few days.

Michael was already informed about this, so knew that it was an expected response. He got out of bed before checking her forehead. Her temperature is back to normal, but she just can't seem to focus. She's still zoning out. "What would you like for breakfast?" He kissed her lips tenderly before asking her.

Sophia's mind was completely blank, as if she was still in a daze from what had happened yesterday and today. She mulled his question over for ages, looking as if she couldn't understand what he meant or provide an answer for him. Hence, she remained motionless.

He scowled before getting up to wear some clothes. His personal doctor dropped by not too long after that to examine Sophia, explaining, "Boss, madam's brain was traumatized, so she'll need a few more days to recover. However, you don't have to worry because this is merely a short term effect. It will not cause any permanent damage to her brain."

However, Michael still wore a dark expression.

The entire medical team moved into The Imperial Villa No. 8, focusing on nothing apart from examining and treating her. They had to inject her with large doses of drugs for recovery, almost on a daily basis.

On the second day after her rescue, she was almost unconscious for the entire day and slept for a majority of the time. She would zone out when she woke up. If someone had called her, it would take a very long time before she realized that someone was addressing her.

However, her situation improved with her spirit recovering steadily. She was also starting to speak again.

Nathan took leave to return home to keep her company on a daily basis. Sophia gradually regained the ability of some basic responses, but she still barely spoke. It would take her ages to respond even when Michael was calling out for her.

She had an extreme overdose—if she hadn't been sent to the hospital in time and if it weren't for Michael's powerful personal medical team, she would have spent the rest of her life as a vegetable.

Sophia was making a slow recovery, but the Harpers were like dying embers.