

My Dreamy Old Husband

Chapter 580

Feeling confident at once, Irene greeted Sophia, "Your chess skills really were an eye-opener for me when we played chess last time. Let's play another round of chess when we have time."

"That's for sure. We must play another round of chess together when we're free, but it's too bad that today's occasion isn't quite suitable for playing chess." Sophia still smiled with innocence. Then, she instructed, "Give up your seat, Stan."

Stanley was confused as he listened to the two ladies' conversation when he suddenly heard Sophia calling his name. Startled, he opened his mouth and wanted to ask why, but upon thinking of the situation right now, he immediately stood up with his tail between his legs. He said to Irene, "Please come and have a seat, Aunt Irene."

Irene came over and sat down while teasing, "Didn't I tell you many times to call me Irene?"

Stanley gave her a foolish chuckle before seating himself on the sofa beside her. As soon as he left, the rest of those sitting on the sofa walked away immediately as well. *Gosh, this is so scary! We must go away quickly lest we get splattered all over with blood if they come to blows later.*

With that thought in mind, everyone moved to the sofa opposite the trio and watched as they sat together in a strange atmosphere.

Sophia finally got down from Michael's lap and sat between him and Irene. Unexpectedly, she started to chat with Irene, saying, "I loved the song you sang at the New Year Dinner Gala so much, Irene. I even sat in front of the TV all night to wait for you that day!" However, what she said sounded fake and unconvincing, for her face darkened right away back when Irene appeared at the New Year Dinner Gala that day...

Irene smiled shyly. “That was the second time I performed at the New Year Dinner Gala ever since my debut, so I was still a little nervous. Luckily, Michael was there, and he soothed my nerves by talking to me for a little while.”

What?! Michael... spoke to Irene that night? Sophia’s adorable makeup seemed to have cracked a little. She was obviously angry; even the corners of her mouth were twitching.

Seizing the opportunity, Irene sipped at her drink to conceal the trace of a self-confident smirk that curved her lips.

Afraid of showing his face, Michael hid behind Sophia’s hair; he trembled all over upon hearing what Irene had said. *That matter is exposed at last... Alright, I indeed met and spoke to Irene backstage at the New Year Dinner Gala that day.* It was a pure coincidence that he ran into his ex in private. Even though the encounter was not of his free will, he found it embarrassing to tell Sophia about this kind of thing. However, he never expected the matter to be let out on this day.

He could feel Sophia’s grip on his hand tightening. Her freshly manicured fingernails were sunk into the back of his hand, hurting his flesh. Sophia was exploding with rage. *Is she provoking me? Hmph! Come on!*

When Irene finished having her drink, Sophia had resumed her previous countenance. Flashing a charming and lovely smile, she aroused envy with the youthfulness of her face.

Irene’s heart was filled with jealousy. As expected, women were beautiful when they were young. She also made men unable to take their eyes off her back when she was Sophia’s age. No—she still had the ability right now. She wasn’t bothered about such a callow little girl. To her, a little provocation was all that was needed to make Sophia expose her uncivilized and ignorant nature. Men liked charming and flirtatious women like her, not an unruly and capricious little girl who often threw unreasonable tantrums. She would wait for Sophia to raise hell with Michael. The bigger the fuss she kicked up, the better! However, her anticipation came to nothing...

“Oh, I see. I saw that you really held the stage with your tremendous presence, Irene. I even voted for you for the Best Performance!” Sophia didn’t get to the bottom of the topic Irene had brought up, as if it didn’t matter. Not only that, she even changed the topic of conversation immediately and gave Irene a look of worship like a fangirl, dumbfounding the latter a little.

Is she really unbothered, or is she faking it? Doesn't she care about something like her husband meeting his ex in secret? Suddenly unable to make out what was on Sophia's mind, Irene could only respond, "Thank you."

Upon hearing what they had said, those around them started to complain inwardly again, *Vote for her? Who the hell would dare to vote for Irene at the New Year Dinner Gala? We didn't even dare to take a glance at her when she appeared!*

Sophia was so petty-minded that she held a grudge against Chrysanthemum just because it took a glance at Irene on TV. Because of that, she took Chrysanthemum to the military compound every day to have the ginger cats there beat it up. The ginger cats in the military compound were big and brawny. Not only did they exhibit soldierly qualities, they even goose-stepped. Therefore, Chrysanthemum was beaten up so hard every day in the military compound that it couldn't help howling with pain. *All of us could only vote for Michael's Broadway performance. Who has the nerve not to vote for him? Women are all liars!*

As the battle of words between the two ladies went on, Irene artlessly brought the conversation round to Michael again when she heard Sophia speaking of the New Year Dinner Gala. "Actually, my singing is mediocre. Mikey is the one who's good at singing; I had never won against him whenever we had singing contests as kids. He received the highest vote out of all performances."

Damn! She called him Mikey! The nickname sounded so flaunty both in itself and the tone in which it was spoken... It was an ostentatious assertion of how close and intimate Irene's relationship with Michael was. Mikey was Michael's pet name; only those who were closest to him dared to call him that.

Irene called him Mikey with such genuine affection and sincere concern, as if the pet name was a nod to the romantic past they shared in their salad days. It was as if the pet name reminded Sophia and Michael of the huge gap named 'Irene' between them. The atmosphere turned harsh and oppressive. Finally, both parties began to arm themselves with heavy weapons, and the battle heated up.

Shivering with fear, Michael wanted to kneel down before Irene. *Please shut the f*ck up! The back of my hand is scratched so hard that it's almost bleeding!*

"Hehe..." Sophia suddenly gave an icy chuckle. Her voice sounded chilling, but she still wore a sweet smile as she tilted her head to one side and said in pleasant surprise, "Irene, I heard that you lost some of your memory after a past brain injury. Have you recovered now?"

Irene was startled; only then did she remember that she was supposed to still be ‘amnesiac.’ *Hmph, is this her counterattack? Is she trying to mock me for pretending to have lost my memory?* Irene raised her brow before giving a bitter laugh. “I have always been looking for ways to regain my past memory all these years, so I never stopped taking medicine. But for now, I can only recall some fragments of memories. It wasn’t until I saw Mikey singing onstage at the New Year Dinner Gala that night that I suddenly remembered something...”

She deliberately left her speech unfinished to make Sophia guess blindly. Once she made too many wild guesses, she would start letting her imagination run wild, which, in turn, would make her lose her composure.

Sophia’s heart was filled with hatred, but she didn’t give it away on her face. Instead, she looked genuinely sincere as she said, “Please get better as soon as possible, Irene!”

Irene nodded. Then, as if recalling something, she directly ignored Sophia and spoke to Michael next to her, “I’m sorry, Mikey. It’s true that I lost most of my memories, but I’ll definitely make it up to you if I’d ever hurt you.”

Everyone gasped in horror. *Oh, no. She has brandished a weapon of mass destruction! The battle could be decided at any minute!*