

My Dreamy Old Husband

Chapter 625

It seemed that many people had arrived since the sound of footsteps could be heard from all directions. Sophia immediately put on her face mask; her black battle suit looked so over-the-top that she looked like someone acting in a movie about assassins.

Standing next to her, Michael also put on his face mask. He wore matching outfits with her since they were a couple!

Stanley secretly asked, “Uncle Michael, how could you be here and fight just like this? What if you get photographed and your photos are sent to the weekly entertainment magazines?”

Annoyed by the question, Celine answered, “That’s not a big deal. This isn’t the first time I’ve been photographed fighting with someone.”

Celine was already used to being photographed. After all, photos of her fighting, clubbing, and making trouble after getting drunk appeared in entertainment headlines almost every day. Because of that, Taylor’s public persona had long since changed from the mysterious and flawless Prince Charming to a loafer who liked clubbing and waved his fists at the drop of a hat.

However, Celine—the chief culprit—seemed to be totally unaware of Michael’s resentment. Her eyes brightened as she looked at the seemingly threatening crowd that closed in on them from all sides.

What a group of underage hunks with rosy lips, pretty white teeth, and muscular bodies! Anyone can tell at a glance that they feel great to the touch!

There were dozens of people on the other side, so Celine and the rest were grossly outnumbered.

It seemed that Celine's side was indeed short of men. There were only eight of them at the very most, including the three Fletchers, the three Mitchells, as well as Harry and Sarah.

As their leader, Celine stepped forward and met the other side's leader. She shouted confidently, "Tell me your name!"

The leader told Celine his name. "No problem. I'm Ben Oak, and everyone in the underworld calls me Ben. Who are you?"

He's Ben?

Sophia stared at the young man before her eyes. Seemingly in his early 30s, he looked short and as thin as a skeleton. One could easily tell from his dreadfully pale skin, heavy dark circles, and dull eyes that he lived a life of debauchery.

The saying is indeed true that knowing a person by repute is not as good as seeing him or her in the flesh...

Standing beside Ben was a group of men and women dressed in various colors. Sophia recognized one of the women at a glance; she was none other than Rosie.

Rosie didn't seem much different since Sophia last saw her a few years ago. Dressed in revealing clothes, she had a nose ring and a lip stud in addition to her heavy makeup; there was a brightly colored butterfly tattoo on her collarbone as

well. It seemed that she was also a drug addict, for one could notice the injection marks on her arm that were visible to the naked eye if he or she looked closely.

Sophia looked cold as she tightened her grip on the electric rod in her hand.

Celine sat casually on a rock while saying, “As for me... Everyone in the underworld calls me Cece. Have you heard of me, brat?”

“Hahahahaha...” Ben couldn’t help laughing derisively, leading his men to laugh as their laughter echoed through the large space under the bridge.

Ben resumed his grim and sinister expression the next second after he finished laughing. “You must be the imposter who looks like Taylor!”

There had been a lot of scandalous gossip about Taylor recently; it was quite unusual. Ordinary people were clueless, but word had been spread in the underworld that a woman who looked a little like Taylor was stirring up trouble there.

Ben glanced at the people Celine brought with her. He could tell at a glance that the two people dressed in black were cosplayers, whereas the other three seemed to have rushed here after work since they were still dressed in worker’s uniforms. The blonde man who looked like Ethan was even more outrageous—he came here in slippers!

What a disorderly band of people they are! They must be a bunch of little-known stunt doubles from a small and poorly-equipped film crew!

Ben didn’t take them seriously at all, for he planned to catch one of the guys and beat him to death later. As for the ladies...

“Beat them!” At Ben’s command, the dozens of people behind him charged toward Celine and the rest.

Ben was just a hooligan who couldn't even be considered a gangster. His underlings didn't even have a lot of machetes, let alone guns. They couldn't even wield the same weapon; some of them went so far as to use their school bags as weapons, whereas some charged toward their opponents after leaving their bags behind.

Upon Ben's command, all these people charged toward Celine and the others with passion and ferocity written all over their innocent and young faces.

Ben led the crowd and was met head-on with Celine.

Ben's plans were pleasurable. He would catch Cece and sell her to the brothel since she must be worth a lot of money with her face that looked like Taylor.

However, while he was still indulging in his daydream, a face that looked very much like the celebrity suddenly appeared before his eyes with lightning speed.

Ben's mind went blank in an instant. By the time he came back to his senses, he had been sent flying; it was accompanied with blood-curdling and shrill screeches. His skeletal-like body flew over everyone's heads before falling heavily on his face in the sandy area several meters away, making him unable to get up for a long time.

Celine smiled fiendishly as she moved like a human-shaped butcher's knife. Howls of pain were heard wherever she went, for the group of tender high school students were as delicate as flowers to her as Justin silently protected her.

Wielding the electrified electric rod, Sophia charged into the crowd and beat whoever she came across. The electric rod could inflict severe pain on those whose bodies it touched, so those touched by it screamed, held their heads, and rolled on the floor in pain right away; they couldn't get up for at least half an hour.

Only the best assassins in the world would be equipped as she did. To her, it seemed a little bit of overkill to wear these pieces of equipment to beat up a group of high school students.

Blood-curdling screams were heard wherever she went as she beat the high school students so badly that they begged her for mercy.

Michael followed behind her while also quietly protecting her. When he exchanged glances with Justin from time to time, they could see a look of resignation in each other's eyes. *Hehe, it's fine as long as they're happy*, they thought to themselves.

They felt a little ashamed, as though they were a bunch of top fighters who wanted to beat up a bunch of defenseless kids and frail elderly people.

Sean had received first-class combat training, and Stanley was born in a military family; they had absolutely no problem beating up the high school students. They were like skilled players who had reached the highest level in an online game and were slaughtering the entire Novice Village.

It was slightly tough for Sarah to beat up her opponents, but Harry armed her with the equipment he had borrowed from Michael. As the head of Bayside City's underworld, Harry was acting as her assistant. Hence, Sarah gradually gained the upper hand.

The few of them beat up several dozen people so badly that they couldn't fight back at all, and the high school students were all over the ground as they held their heads and wailed.

Sophia's target was the same all along—it was Rosie, who was hiding among the crowd.

She remembered the seven cigarette burns and the two instances where her leg was broken very clearly. Even though Rosie was only paid to do so, she was ultimately the one who did it!

No one could stop her as she charged toward Rosie.

Just then, a familiar face flashed past her. She reached out her hand and fiercely clutched the person's collar, only to see a young and panic-stricken face.

"Derek?!" she called out the person's name while pulling down her face mask to reveal her stony face.

The boy named Derek was stunned when he saw Sophia's face. "Sophia..."

Sophia's heart sank when she saw that Derek was one of Ben's underlings. Feeling exasperated and disappointed, she clutched Derek's collar and scolded, "Why the hell are you mixing around with Ben? Didn't you say that you wanted to go to Bayside University back then?! You should be in your senior year right now! Why are you here instead?! Huh?"

Sophia wouldn't have been so angry if she came across somebody else, but the person she met was Derek Oak!

Derek was attending junior high school back when Sophia was in her sophomore year at Riverdale High School. Sophia had the highest grades in the sophomore year, whereas Derek was the top student of the 7th Grade. Moreover, he had started studying high school courses on his own at the time!

They knew each other since both of them were straight-A students. Moreover, Derek's family was also poor, so he and Sophia did part-time jobs at school together. They competed with each other in their studies, but they were close friends in private; they even shared the same goal of getting admitted to Bayside University!

Startled by the dressing-down Sophia gave him, Derek burst out crying on the spot. "I lied to you, Sophia. Ben is actually my uncle; he forced me into joining the underworld, and I can do nothing about it!"

Derek is Ben's nephew?!

Sophia gave Derek a loud, hard slap before charging toward Ben like a mad dog. “F*ck that son of a b*tch!”

I must kill Ben today no matter what! she thought to herself.

Derek quickly grabbed her by the arm. “Don’t do that, Sophia. Don’t mess with my uncle—he has a backer! I’m totally finished since I can’t get admitted to a university anymore. Don’t do anything foolish because of me!”

Sophia shoved him aside, but she didn’t expect him to hug her feet to stop her from leaving. “Hurry up and leave, Sophia. You can’t afford to offend my uncle’s backer!”

Sophia ran forward as hard as she could with a cold expression. “F*ck that! There isn’t a backer that I can’t afford to mess with!”

Feeling desperate, Derek said, “My uncle is a relative of Alex Mitchell, the Mitchell Group’s Chairman!”