

# My Dreamy Old Husband

## Chapter 703

All the evidence pointed toward Sophia. Everybody was saying that she had pushed Irene, her husband's ex-girlfriend, down the stairs. Moreover, some people on the internet even claimed that they heard a fierce dispute between the two of them, followed by Irene falling down the stairs.

Even Stanley felt a little skeptical. Using his elbow to nudge Sophia, he asked in a whisper, "Aunt, was it you?"

Sophia was in no mood to argue; she was feeling very depressed. Even if the entire world wronged her, it was enough if Michael believed in her. However, she was afraid that even Michael didn't believe in her right now...

There was only one bed inside the hospital ward. Irene lay on the bed, weeping. She was hooked up on an intravenous drip. Her pale face was wet with tears and her frail body trembled as she sobbed.

When she saw Michael walking in, she lifted her head to reveal a frightened and helpless expression peeking out from under her messy hair. Her forehead was wrapped in bandages and she was sporting a huge bruise on her head. Her pale lips trembled as she lifted her arm that was not hooked to the intravenous drip. Looking at the person standing in front of her, her voice shook with innocence and delight. "Mikey? Is that you?"

The soft and gentle way she called out the name 'Mikey' brought back fond memories from many years back. However, Michael's heart was cold and calm.

Looking at him, her eyes sparkled with tears. “Mikey, Mikey...” Her expression was both joyous and tearful as she said, “You’re finally here! You’re finally here! They said that I hit my head when I fell and had amnesia. They claim that it’s 201X now. They’re lying, right? It’s only 200X, right?”

200X... That was the year Celine and Justin had gotten into an accident. It was also the year Irene had hit her head and lost her memories. It was also the year Nathan was born. *Nathan will be 9 years old next year...* Back then, the doctor said that Irene had hit her head, and a blood clot formed in her brain. That was why she suffered from amnesia. The fall this time around was a blessing in disguise—she had regained her memories. However, she had just awoken and her memories were a chaotic mess. At present, she could only remember the events from eight years ago. She had forgotten everything that had happened during the last eight years.

Michael studied Irene’s pitiful state. Then, he gently and slowly said, “Irene, eight years have gone by.”

His words were a huge blow to Irene. She stared at him in a daze; her almond-shaped eyes widened and filled with tears. After a moment, she looked pained and said incoherently, “Impossible... That’s impossible... It’s impossible! How can that be?!”

She was in extreme emotional distress—so much so that she nearly suffered an emotional breakdown. However, he simply stood several meters away and looked at her indifferently. He watched as she cried in distress. Under normal circumstances, he would have comforted her with a hug. Even so, his feet felt as if they were nailed to the floor and he couldn’t budge an inch. After all, it was all in the past—it was meaningless to continue chasing after it.

She looked like she couldn’t accept the truth as she begged him with tears in her eyes. “Mikey, I don’t want to stay here. Please bring me away from here, okay? It’s cold here. I’m very scared. Can we please go home? What have we been

doing throughout these eight years? Has our marriage application been approved?”

In her memories, she was still his girlfriend, and they were engaged. At the time, they had planned to get married during the most depressing period after Celine’s death to give him the courage to continue living. Mark had it all planned out to perfection. Since Nathan had lost his parents and Michael was feeling lost, he quickly made Irene and Michael marry each other. Not only would it give Michael a reason to live, but it would also give Nathan a proper family again. As Irene was part of the army, she was required to file a marriage application. The day before she submitted the application, she had gotten into an accident, and their marriage plans had been put on hold.

Michael simply watched her quietly. When she finished speaking, he emphatically told her the truth. “Irene, I’m sorry. Many things happened in these eight years. I’m married and I have a family now. But, you’re not my wife.”

Irene was shocked to the core by that information and stared at him incredulously. In her wide-eyed state, her tears flowed down like clear springs...

In the corridor, Sophia learned that Irene had regained her memories. Thus, she became more depressed and kept her silence.

Similarly, Stanley didn’t dare to say anything anymore. Back then, he was young. Even so, he could still remember what had happened to Michael and Irene... Now that things had progressed to this point, it was nobody’s fault—they could only blame fate for making fools of them all.

The current situation was torture to Irene, but it was torture to Michael too. After Irene suffered her accident in the past, Michael became very gloomy and depressed. He lost his sister and his brother-in-law, and his girlfriend left him too. Even now, Stanley could vividly recall seeing Michael hiding in the wine cellar as drunk as a skunk when he sneaked out of the military compound to visit him. Harry had allowed him to take Nathan out of the cradle and hold the baby in his arms. Later, Michael held Nathan and wept soundlessly. That look of despair and hopelessness was something Stanley could still see in his mind.

Over the years, Michael had slowly gotten himself together. Moreover, he had gotten himself a perfect wife. Still, Irene must have always been a thorn in his heart... Right now, he was probably in a pickle. He was caught between a rock and a hard place, having to choose between Irene and Sophia. One represented the joy when he was younger, and the other represented his eternal youth. Both were difficult choices, but Irene was also his first love...

Stanley, who normally had a sharp tongue, softened his tone to comfort Sophia while patting her on the shoulder. "Alright, don't think too much about it. Look; your face is swollen."

Sophia blinked, but her eyes were as dry as could be.

All of a sudden, a despairing scream came from Irene's ward. It surprised everybody standing in the corridor. At the same time, Michael suddenly threw the door open and said, "The patient is very distraught."

A large group of people rushed into the hospital ward. Sophia stood up in shock and saw Michael walking toward her. Amid the chaos, he accurately grabbed her hand and said in a low voice, "Let's go."

After saying that, he led her away by the hand. Turning her head to look back, she glanced into the hospital ward. Irene seemed like she was unable to accept reality—she was screaming in agony and destroying everything around her like a madwoman. Then, Sophia turned the corner in a rush and couldn't see anything else anymore. Even the screams ringing in her ears gradually faded away too. She did not return to her hospital ward. Instead, she got in a car and went straight home to recuperate.

Upon arriving home, Michael instructed the kitchen staff to make some liquid food for Sophia before locking himself up in the study. He was rather quiet today—it was clear that something was up. Sophia knew what was going on. Thus, she chose to remain silent too. When she passed by his study, she heard him talking to Mark on a video call. "Mikey, I'm not trying to force you... But, you need to choose between Rene and Eddie... And, you can only choose one..."