

My Dreamy Old Husband Chapter 1111

Sophia looked at the boy rolling on the ground and was scared out of her wits. Oh no, I've messed up big time! She hurriedly put away the lollipops next to the cash register.

Upon hearing the kids' wailing, Michael felt his head aching. The director and the film crew were also unsure of what to do, while the several other young fathers were completely stumped as they tried their hardest to calm the kids down.

Harry and Ashton had followed Michael to buy exactly the same ingredients. Therefore, they had only arrived when Ashton began to cry. Although he was crying, his hands remained tightly clutched around the handles of the basket with the potatoes inside.

Hearing Ashton's wails, Harry, who was carrying a large cabbage, was so terrified that he put down the cabbage and started comforting the boy. But when four kids were crying together, it was a terrifying situation that nobody, not even the staff or the fathers, could do to assuage.

The original purpose of the show was to test and train the ability of fathers to bring up their kids. Thus, comforting crying kids was also one of the necessary skills that fathers had to possess. Yesterday, they had spent a lot of effort to calm the kids down. But now that Carmen was the only one who had a lollipop, all hell broke loose, and the kids could not be calmed, so in turn, the filming could not go on.

Carmen was so scared that she didn't dare to eat the lollipop and instead hid behind Michael, gazing at everyone with a pair of large, unblinking eyes.

Several fathers had no choice but to grit their teeth and shell out money to buy the lollipops in order to comfort their own kids. However, they did not expect that not only did the little kids want lollipops, but they also wanted jellies, cookies, and ice creams. If they didn't get what they wanted, they would throw tantrums and cry.

The filming could not go on under this circumstance! Thus, the crew that consisted of more than a hundred people came to a complete halt.

Sophia did not expect a lollipop to cause such a big commotion. She was so petrified that she shrank into the corner of the shop. In her heart, she blamed herself for not remembering to put away all the snacks in advance.

Several fathers anxiously got together to discuss what to do, since the crew was unable to intervene and would not pay for them to buy any snacks.

After all, one of the reasons why 'Where Are We Going, Dad?' was so popular to the extent of earning a billion at the box office was the great production and strict adherence to principles. All unexpected situations required the fathers to personally solve them. To produce the most realistic reality show, the crew would not easily lend a helping hand. Therefore, the challenge for the fathers to comfort and teach the kids was one of the main attractions of the show. Viewers wanted to know how celebrity fathers would deal with the common problems with kids that occurred in life.

The four fathers were in a flummox as they put their heads together and brainstormed for ideas. Michael, too, was actively involved in the discussion, and the videographers came close to make sure they captured the fathers at their most harrowing moments of the show.

On the other hand, Sophia hid herself among the crowd to eavesdrop on their discussion.

"The snacks are so expensive. I can't afford to buy them!"

"If we buy snacks, we won't be able to eat anything tomorrow."

"Perhaps they'll be fine after crying for a while."

Michael was also nervous. Glancing at Carmen, who was standing to the side and holding the lollipop she was still afraid to eat, he found her to be such an understanding angel compared to other kids.

But unexpectedly, Carmen suddenly led a tiny piglet out of nowhere toward Michael. She was so ecstatic about it that she didn't even want the lollipop anymore. "Daddy, can I take the piggy home with me?"

Michael was already panicking about the whole filming situation, and when he saw that piglet, he almost exploded. He hurriedly said to Carmen, "Quickly put it back from where you found it! Our house has too many animals, so we cannot raise a pig." The thought of raising a pig sent shivers down his spine.

But in the next moment, Carmen's face fell. She flattened her mouth and started bawling. "Boo hoo... I want the piggy!"

Michael was speechless. Now, even Carmen is crying. The rest of the kids wanted snacks, while Carmen wanted a pig.

When Sophia saw Carmen crying, she almost went crazy and had a sudden urge to rush up to her daughter. As for Michael, he almost broke down at the sound of Carmen crying. He held Carmen and tried to comfort her but to no avail. She didn't even want lollipops anymore and only wanted pigs. So, he finally had to say, "Okay. After we finish filming, we will take the piggy back! You can raise as many as you want, and we can have a house full of pigs, alright?"

Carmen immediately stopped crying and choked out, "O-Okay." Then, she added, "Pinky swear?"

Michael had no choice but to bitterly make a pinky swear with her. In the next moment, Carmen slid off him and started running around trying to catch the piglet.

Sophia's mind was about to explode. Oh my God, are we going to raise pigs? No, never! Our home will become a pig farm!

But right now, Michael no longer cared whether their home would be turned into a pig farm or a cattle farm. The most important thing to do was to calm the kids down as fast as possible. If this continued any longer, there would not be any lunch!

The fathers continued to be worried over the four crying kids. Meanwhile, Sophia checked the time and realized that it was quite late in the day now. If this dragged on any further, her daughter would not be able to eat her lunch on time. At that moment, she had no choice but to try her best to think of a solution. Taking advantage of Carmen playing with the piglet and the fact that nobody had noticed her yet, she said to her, "Little girl, look at the other kids crying! Shouldn't you go and comfort them?"

Upon hearing the suggestion, Carmen looked at everyone timidly. She was a little afraid because she was the youngest. Among the five children, the oldest was seven years old, while Carmen was the youngest at only four years old.

Sophia gave her a slight push and whispered encouragingly, "Look, the time has come for you to shine! If you can manage to comfort the others, you'll be the one in the spotlight today. Everyone will definitely look at you!"

Carmen thought about it. She absolutely refused to let go of any opportunity to put on a show in front of the camera. So, she took out the lollipop, then led the piglet toward Ashton.

After licking on the lollipop herself, she then stuffed it into Ashton's wide-open mouth. The crowd was stunned by her move.

After Ashton licked the lollipop, Carmen immediately took it away. The boy immediately started crying, to which Carmen stuffed the lollipop into his mouth again and stopped his wails.

After a few times, Ashton stopped crying. Carmen then said to him, "Here, you can touch my piggy, but no more crying! If you cry again, you're no longer the best."

Touching the piglet, Ashton licked the lollipop again and finally stopped crying. Relieved, Harry hurried over to carry Ashton away.

Following that, Carmen led the piglet toward the second kid. Holding out the lollipop, she did the same trick. Without a word, she stuffed the lollipop into the kid's mouth first, and whenever the kid cried, she would stuff him over and over again. Finally, the kid was allowed to touch the piglet, and then Carmen promised he was the second-best ever. In this way, all was right with the world again.

In the end, Carmen's lollipop was licked by all four other kids, and she even let them touch her piglet. The kids were comforted and happily followed her and her piglet around.

Now that the deafening cries were finally gone, the fathers and the filming crew were all relieved that the situation was brought under control. All of them were exhausted, as if they had fought a massive battle, but they still had to take their baskets of food and continue to buy ingredients to make lunch for the kids.

The fathers bought the condiments they needed as fast as they could, then hurriedly left this horrific site. Holding Carmen and the piglet that came from nowhere, Michael also left the grocery store.

Upon leaving, he took a look at Sophia, who was peeking at them from the corner of the grocery store, and thought to himself that it was highly likely that she would never appear again.

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While passing by the watermelon field on the way back, Michael decided to bring Carmen to buy a small watermelon for dessert. To his shock, as soon as they walked into the pergola, Sophia was coming out from it to sell them watermelons.

Michael was struck speechless. Is she ever gonna stop?

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Michael wasn't sure how he was supposed to react. Does she have to be here and make a mess out of things? Could she not have stayed at home with the cats instead of following us all the way here?

Michael gritted his teeth as he reminded himself to teach her a lesson when he got home—someone had to rein her in or she'd just keep pushing the limits!

The village was built on high terrains and now that it was September, it was the season for naturally-farmed watermelons. People would usually drive in from the city just so they could get their hands on the seasonal produce, but the number of visitors had lessened significantly ever since the road closure had been implemented for the filming of 'Where Are We Going, Dad?'.

The watermelon field that lay before them was the best stretch of sand the village had to offer, thereby producing the sweetest watermelons during this season. Sophia's motorcycle was parked off to one side of the field; she was wearing a sun-protective jacket that was aptly melon-colored, a giant straw hat, and a pair of sunglasses that perched on the bridge of her nose. Her skin had turned a light shade of caramel under the hot sun and sweat was dripping down her temples as she squatted by the booth, much like an actual watermelon vendor.

It wasn't a particularly hot day in the village but seeing as it was nearly nine o'clock in the morning, the sun had crept past the mountain tops and was now beating down mercilessly.

Sophia had played the role of a cell phone vendor, a lotus root vendor, a lollipop vendor and presently, she had assumed the role of a watermelon vendor. The switch-up had been so quick that she was probably already worn out by now. Bearing this in mind, Michael wanted to get whatever they needed from the market so they could make a move. It went without

saying that Sophia was here to keep an eye on both her husband and daughter—the sooner they left, the sooner she'd head back to the hotel.

Michael hastily picked a small watermelon but Carmen's gaze was glued to a much bigger one. He counted the money in his hand as he thought about how much they could eat as a father-daughter duo, coming to the conclusion that the watermelon was far too big for the both of them to finish, even if they were to split it for two meals. It would inevitably go bad by tomorrow and the price went beyond their given budget.

"Come on, sweetie. We'll get the small one," Michael said frantically, fearing that Carmen would become attached to the bigger watermelon.

Indeed, Carmen pointed to said watermelon and said, "Daddy, I want that one."

"But we won't be able to finish it," Michael countered hurriedly.

Hearing that, Carmen pouted. "We can always give some to Piggy."

Michael glanced over at the piglet that Carmen had somehow picked up along the way and cursed inwardly, Sh*t! Where the hell is the pig's owner? How could they not have noticed that they've lost a pig?

Michael didn't dare imagine what would happen if this piglet were to follow them back to Bayside City. Knowing Carmen, she would feel sorry for the lonely piglet in about two days' time and go in search of a partner for it. From then on, it would only be a matter of time before a litter of piglets came popping out, and soon after that there would be a whole family of them! If that was the case, Michael would very likely come home to not only a bunch of crap-colored ginger cats, but also a house full of pigs!

No, he thought with grim determination. I can't let that happen! He'd have to wait for Carmen to fall asleep before giving the piglet back to its rightful owner. Right now, he had to persuade her into giving up on the watermelon. "That melon's too expensive for us. If we get it, we won't have enough money for our meals tomorrow."

Carmen pouted resentfully but just as she was about to give up on the watermelon, Sophia swiftly nipped the vine off said melon and beamed at the both of them. "Let the kid have it! It's not expensive at all, only ten cents for a pound! We're famous for our melons—if it's not sweet, we won't take your money!"

Michael was rendered speechless as he stared blankly at his wife. Then, he turned to look at the cameraman and muttered, "Cut this scene out." Ten cents for a pound—Sophia was practically making a joke out of the watermelon and the cameraman's intelligence.

After taking the watermelon and weighing it with a serious look on her face, Sophia promptly declared, "Right; the big watermelon is about three pounds, so that's thirty cents."

Michael was rendered speechless once again. The watermelon weighs far beyond that!

Carmen happily took out fifty cents and received twenty for her change. Then, as if she hadn't already butchered the melon market, Sophia gave Carmen the smaller melon that Michael had initially wanted, saying, "You're the 20th customer to visit our booth today, so you get a free melon!"

Overjoyed, Carmen held onto her change as she walked away with the melon tucked under her arm, tugging the piglet alongside her.

Michael rolled his eyes in frustration. He shoved the big watermelon into a borrowed carrier bag and tightened his grip on the heavy grocery basket, traipsing after his daughter. His thin, white undershirt was soaked through with sweat as it clung onto his body and accentuated his well-toned physique—so much so that one could even see the deep grooves that ran over his hip bones. The filming crew was ecstatic as they hurried to capture this on camera. With footage like this, they wouldn't need to worry about the ratings for the second season at all!

The director leaned in close to Michael and asked in a low voice, "Do you know the lady who was selling the watermelons back there?"

Michael focused on carrying the melon as sweat ran down his temples. "No; I don't," he answered flatly.

"I think she looks like your wife."

"Not at all."

"That was your wife, wasn't it?"

"Cut the scene out."

The director said nothing more. Michael was making it far too obvious; it was most definitely his wife back there at the booth! However, the director knew better than to press on.

Meanwhile, Harry, who had seen through Sophia's disguise from the get-go, had rushed over to the booth before she could leave and bought a seven to eight-pound melon at the price Sophia had set. He and Ashton could snack on the watermelon for the rest of the day.

The moment they left, the watermelons resumed their original market price and the other dads who were on the show were forced to buy the melons at two for a pound.

Sophia changed back into her clothes and left it to Dimon—who had only just paid for the piglet—to compensate the farmers for the underpriced watermelons she had sold. As he rushed over to the booth, Sophia hurried to catch up with Michael and Carmen.

By now, Michael was sweating profusely as he carried the watermelon and followed Carmen closely from behind. She looked so little as she marched on ahead, happily holding onto the melon while she tugged the piglet along on its leash. However, it wasn't long before Carmen's little steps came to a halt and she began amusing herself with the ants crawling on the side of the road.

Carefully, Michael put down the carrier bag with the melon and lifted a corner of his shirt to wipe away his sweat. Squatting down, he looked at Carmen with concern and asked, "Are you okay?"

Carmen hung her head. "Piggy can't walk any further," she mumbled.

Michael almost let out a bitter laugh because it wasn't Piggy who couldn't walk any further—it was Carmen!

"How about I head back and get started on the cooking while you and Piggy take a break here? You can both go back after you're ready to walk again," Michael suggested placatingly.

Carmen nodded but when she turned, the piglet had bitten off its leash.

Upon discovering that Carmen had swiped a random piglet and realizing that there was no way for them to bring it along with all their groceries, Michael had fashioned a leash out of a borrowed piece of rope so that Carmen could tug the piglet along. Now that the rope was bitten off, the piglet was scampering around the market.

Torn between holding onto the melon and trying to go after the piglet, Carmen looked at her father with watery eyes. "Daddy, Piggy ran away..."

Michael could feel the blood pounding in his ears. It was no surprise that no one came to their assistance. After all, the whole point of this reality show was to showcase how the dads dealt with unexpected situations, and everyone was interested in seeing how Michael would handle the runaway piglet.

Michael wasted no time, putting down the groceries and catching the piglet deftly. Then, he took off his shirt and turned it into a makeshift sack for the watermelon so that Carmen could easily carry it with her. He passed it to her gently and said, "You can make your way back home slowly with the watermelon. I'll head back to get started on the cooking."

Sophia had only just rushed over to where the filming crew was when she saw Michael strip off his shirt. The moment his shirt came off, his torso was bared to the crowd in all its glory—the lean muscles were defined as they coiled beneath his glistening skin. He sure was delicious to look at.

Sophia swallowed and turned to see that all the cameras were focused on capturing this exact moment. No, she thought possessively. That's my husband! Get your cameras away from him!

The director was in bliss as he gestured for the cameramen to keep capturing the scene. With footage like this, this season was bound to be a hit!

For as long as Taylor Murray was featured, 'Keep Running: Sisters!' and 'Divas Hit the Road' would have nothing on this show!

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Michael carefully placed the vegetables into the carrier bag with the watermelon, relieved to find that the bag was sturdy enough to hold up the weight of today's haul.

The women in the crowd watched in awe as Michael carried the bag with one hand and picked up the piglet with the other. He held the piglet over his shoulder as he quickly jogged toward his courtyard.

All everyone paid attention to was his lean and long physique; they did not miss the way his biceps curled beneath the smooth skin and they stared openly at his perfect shoulder blades.

He was built like a model—it was such a shame that he was carrying a pig!

The piglet was seemingly pleased as it nestled into the crook of Michael's neck, its front trotters resting on his broad shoulders.

At that moment, everybody wished they were the piglet instead.

By the time Michael had reached home with the groceries and the piglet, he noticed that there were filthy marks on him, courtesy of the piglet. He rinsed those off, having little regard to how the water splashed against his trousers, then quickly proceeded to thoroughly wash the vegetables and the rice. He also did not forget to put the piglet somewhere confined so it couldn't run off while he was busy.

They lived in a courtyard that was not equipped with gas or an electric rice cooker; there were only woodfire stoves, on which Michael was expected to cook their meals.

Fortunately, they were given two stoves and two pots. Michael used one of the pots to make some porridge and the other for a spicy stir-fry hotpot.

When Carmen finally sauntered back home at her own leisurely pace, she immediately started helping Michael with the preparation. It was comfortable as the father-daughter duo worked together to make lunch.

Seeing as unauthorized persons were not allowed in the vicinity when the cameras were rolling, Sophia had had no choice but to disguise herself as part of the crew. She looked sheepish now as she took hold of a camera, angling to get closer up front as she kept her eyes on Michael's pots.

Michael had never cooked or cleaned a day in his life, but he had picked up basic cooking skills from survival training during his military days. The food he made was by no means

restaurant quality but it was edible, and—at the very least—no one had ever died after eating his cooking.

His head was bowed as he focused on his task at hand but when he looked up, he saw Sophia. She was wearing her contacts and she stared at his pot with such intensity that he thought her eyeballs might fall right in.

Michael resisted his urge to laugh.

Once he was done slicing the vegetables, he asked Carmen to keep an eye on the porridge while he followed the instructions that came with the stir-fry paste. The paste turned out better than he thought it would; it was fragrant and he could tell it was flavorful despite the lack of chilli.

It wasn't long before the aroma of stir-fry wafted through the courtyard. The fragrance prompted Carmen to abandon her post by the pot of porridge so that she could stand by her father, and she watched intently as he cooked.

Michael glanced up to find both mother and daughter staring at him.

The pressure he felt was insurmountable.

Lunch was at half-past noon and the five dads were meant to bring the dishes they made to a designated area where they could all eat together. By the end of this segment, the five babies would vote for the dad with the best dish.

Sophia tailed after the crew. There were dozens of crew members surrounding the dining table, which had been set for ten.

Her gaze swept over the dishes laid out on the table. There were pies, dumplings and rice. Michael's stir-fry hotpot and porridge definitely looked the best out of all the dishes; plus, he had brought half of the watermelon for everyone to share too.

Sophia found herself salivating at the sight of her husband's cooking. She then happened to turn and look into Harry's bowl, which featured a very suspicious looking blackish-green substance.

Harry appeared proud as he announced, "My son and I made this Eight Treasure Congee with lotus root, century egg, cucumber, pulled pork and lotus seeds."

Everyone stared and remained quiet.

Sophia was so horrified that she quickly turned away from Harry, focusing on her husband instead.

As the celebrities started to dig into their meals, the crew began to work in shifts as half of them continued working while the other half went to retrieve lunch boxes.

Having taken a lunch box as well, Sophia sat in the corner and began to eat but her gaze lingered on Michael's stir-fry hotpot.

I really want to try his cooking...

Sadly, she did not even have a chance to taste Michael's cooking because it was polished off within mere moments of being set on the dining table.

When everyone was done eating, the five children had to choose the dad with the best dish. Michael came out on top, which was due to the fact that while all the other kids had voted for their own dad, Ashton had voted for Michael instead. Granted, Harry wasn't really Ashton's father but one could not deny that the affronting congee was the main reason he had not won Ashton's favor.

Once they had finished the watermelon that Michael had brought to the table, everyone went back to their accommodations with their bellies full; they needed to take a break before they continued filming for the rest of the afternoon.

From the moment they'd woken up, the dads had been kept on their feet all day long as they dealt with unexpected situations. As a result, they were all drained so after going back and cleaning up the house for a bit, they fell asleep.

However, Carmen was not worn out at all. Michael had gone back for a nap after the meal but Carmen had managed to sneak out of the courtyard to meet up with Ashton, and the both of them had gone next door to see the pig in labor.

By the time Michael woke up and went in search of his daughter, it was already too late.

Carmen had returned with a donkey in tow and a rooster in her arms.

"Daddy, can I bring the chicken and the donkey back home?"

“The pig next door had her babies. Can I bring another piglet home?”

“The village chief’s buffalo is so cute—can I bring it home?”

Michael soon found himself speechless at Carmen’s string of requests.

When Sophia sneaked over to the courtyard later that day to spy on Michael and Carmen, she was greeted by the sight of them in the yard, along with a rooster, donkey and a large buffalo.

Michael was on the verge of insanity and when Carmen was keen on feeding their dinner to her newfound pets, he was about to have a nervous breakdown.

Come dinner time, Michael had washed his undershirt and hung it to the side of the courtyard. The weather was hot so he decided to go shirtless as he made pot noodles. He added eggs and whatever amount of vegetables he had managed to salvage before Carmen fed them to her pets, then finished off the dish with a few cobs of corn.

He had also given milk to Carmen, who only drank formula that was customized by the family nutritionist. The formula had been made into powdered form so that Michael could bring it along on this trip.

Carmen was usually a picky eater but she ate her meal now without making a fuss; perhaps this had something to do with it being her dad’s cooking.

She polished off a small bowl of noodles and a cob of corn. Grabbing her milk bottle, she stared contentedly at Michael as she drank her milk.

Both of them seemed to be crowded around the little table. Michael had found two plastic stools to make up for the lack of chairs but while Carmen was comfortably seated, Michael—who was tall and long-limbed—had to fold into himself as he slurped up a big bowl of noodles. He had given most of the egg and vegetables in his bowl to Carmen, so all he had left were plain strings of noodles.

“What do you think of my cooking? Is it good?” Michael asked expectantly, putting down his chopsticks.

“Yes,” Carmen answered sweetly.

Just then, she set down her bottle and went into the house, only coming out moments later.

“Don’t move, Daddy.”

Michael stayed still. Carmen then rounded him with a bottle of insect repellent in her little hand and she began spraying it onto his back.

“Daddy, you have mosquito bites. Let me blow them for you.”

There were a few bumps that had formed on Michael’s back due to the mosquito bites. Carmen carefully sprayed insect repellent on him before she gently blew at the bumps.

At that moment, Michael was so moved he teared up.

She is daddy’s little girl, indeed!

It was as though his hard work for the day had been worth it the moment Carmen greeted him as sweetly as she did.

He would have given her anything she wanted—be it a buffalo, donkey or rooster!

He would even have given her a dinosaur if she asked for it!

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Michael let his armor down the moment Carmen told him sweetly, “Here, Daddy, I’ll blow on the mosquito bites for you.” He had planned to sneak out at midnight so that he could secretly return all her newfound pets to their rightful owners, but he was so moved by his daughter’s warm gestures that he found himself relenting instead.

Michael certainly had not expected Carmen to bring a lamb into the courtyard while he was doing the dishes.

“Daddy, can I—”

Michael faltered and screamed inwardly, No, you can't. You can't!

He quickly began to dissuade her but alas, his painstaking attempt to do so had convinced Carmen that she wanted two lambs instead.

Once again, Michael was at a loss for words.

By the end of the day, two baby lambs were added to Carmen's collection of farm animals and Michael let out a dry sob as he heard the lambs bleating in the yard.

But the moment he turned to see his little girl snuggled up against him, he felt all his resentment and frustration dissipate into nothing.

It had been a long day. Flipping over, Michael pulled his sweetheart into his arms and fell asleep shortly after.

At midnight, a few people showed up outside of Michael's house.

“Alright; Dan has already led the guards away. Wait for me here. I'll be back before you know it!” Sophia instructed quietly as she went over to where Dimon and the others were standing. There was a large bag slung over her shoulder.

Dimon watched as she dashed over to the courtyard, looking clumsy with the heavy bag in tow.

Sophia had scoped out the landscape during the day and had taken note of the camera that was positioned by the front entrance. She avoided it and headed over to a hidden part of the courtyard, where she knew the dog hole would be.

When she came upon this dog hole during her stake out earlier that day, Sophia had made sure that she would be able to squeeze through it without being captured by the camera.

Dimon watched as Sophia found the hole and crawled through it. Once she had managed that, she reached out an arm and said, “Dimon, give me the bag.”

Cringing, he handed the bag over to her.

He thought about how Cooper's actions had forced Michael into crawling through a dog hole once upon a time.

How the tables had turned since, seeing as Sophia was now doing the exact same thing.

After she had infiltrated the courtyard, Sophia slung the bag over her shoulder and sneaked into the kitchen.

She had observed that the camera in the kitchen would be switched off during the night, but the same would not apply to the one in the courtyard. She carefully navigated her way around the latter and made her way toward the kitchen, thereafter locating the cellar in which Michael stored the food.

The temperature in the village was cool by nightfall and instead of using refrigerators, the villagers would store their food in a little cellar built into the ground.

Sophia shone her torchlight down at the meager supply that had been stored into the cellar. There was nothing left but a quarter of a lotus root, a couple of eggs, tomatoes, and a lonely cob of corn; the melons were gone and Carmen had fed the piglet whatever was left of the vegetables.

Hmm... Michael cooked that corn... I'll take it!

Sophia munched on the cob of corn as she placed her torchlight down on the floor next to her. She made sure that it still cast its light into the cellar while she rummaged through her bag and began to gingerly stock up the food in the cellar.

She brought tomatoes, eggs, strips of pork belly and potatoes—all of which she deemed as essential food items. She had also brought lollipops, jellies, chocolates, a packet of cigarettes and chewing gum. Then, she lowered a sealed pack of ready-made chicken drumsticks and pig trotters into the cellar before finally putting in the fruits, which included grapes, peaches and pears.

Sophia had picked the fruits after sunset so they would be fresh enough for consumption tomorrow morning.

The massive bag that had been filled with food items was now deflated as Sophia emptied its contents into the cellar. As she did so, she felt relieved knowing that Michael and Carmen wouldn't starve tomorrow.

She was so distracted with her own task that she hadn't even noticed when, at some point, a figure appeared behind her. He stayed hidden in the shadows as he watched her every move.

Sophia remained unaware as she happily piled junk food into the cellar.

Michael kept quiet as he watched her stock up the cellar, which was already running out of space.

Finally, she laid a packet of pig feed on top of the stockpile. Upon seeing that, Michael was utterly speechless.

Sophia looked small as she crouched by the cellar. She was a study in enigma, like a rare flower whose heady perfume aroused Michael in the dead of the night.

A sense of urgency seized him and there was a deep hunger within him that he could no longer keep at bay.

At that moment, he could feel the blood coursing through his body in heated passion and he only had one thing on his mind—to ravish her with love.

Impatient and testosterone-driven, Michael grabbed Sophia and pinned her against the stove.

Sophia had been shaking her empty bag when someone suddenly swept her up and pinned himself against her. A large pair of hands clasped over her small ones.

“Shh,” Michael whispered softly into her ear, his breath stirring her hair in a familiar sensation.

Sophia relaxed upon realizing that it was Michael.

“Hubby—” she called out gently, reaching her arms around his broad shoulders.

With her stature, she could only cling onto Michael by reaching around his torso and placing her hands on his shoulders.

Michael made a sound in the back of his throat before he hungrily kissed her cheeks and earlobes. Sophia could feel her body giving in to his kisses as she melted into the strength of his arms.

Michael's hand reached out, feeling for the stove. He had removed all the firewood after cooking and the heat of the stove had since died down, so he knew it wouldn't scorch Sophia if she were to sit on it.

He lifted Sophia and lowered her onto the stove, then gently pushed her skirt upward as he brushed his hands along her thighs.

Sophia could feel the sheen of perspiration that covered his back as her grip tightened on his shoulders. He'd just showered and the faint, pleasant scent of his shower gel still lingered on his skin.

She wanted so badly to leave a mark on his neck but she thought better of it; the film crew would have a field day if the mark showed up on camera tomorrow!

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When everything was over, Sophia pulled on her clothes. Since Michael had come out of his room wearing only a pair of shorts earlier on, he was dressed relatively quickly. Presently, he turned on the kitchen light before going over to the stove where there was a big pot of water. Placing a steam rack into the pot as the water began to boil, he efficiently warmed up a couple of eggs, two cobs of corn, and a few large potatoes.

"Have some food. You must be hungry," Michael said softly, looking at Sophia with a gentle expression.

With all that she had done today, from running around with the crew to gathering fruits and potatoes, Sophia had to be famished by now.

Her stomach grumbled but she held back nonetheless as she ate two potatoes and a cob of corn, saving the eggs for Michael and Carmen.

Seeing her scarf down her food like this broke Michael's heart.

He and Carmen might be the ones starring on the reality show, but Sophia was the one who was truly worn out by the end of it all.

Michael cleaned up the kitchen after Sophia had finished her food, but it didn't take long before he picked her up and settled her onto the stove again. Pulling down his pants, he teased in a low voice, "I don't think you're full—not just yet. Don't worry, you can go after you're done with this meal."

...

Despite what Sophia had said earlier, it had taken two hours before she finally crawled back through the dog hole.

The bag she had brought along with her was empty.

"So much for being quick," Dimon grumbled as he killed yet another mosquito, then left quietly.

The next day, Michael woke up feeling refreshed and invigorated. The crew was arriving and the drones were taking flight. At daybreak, he woke Carmen up and got her ready to start their father-daughter missions for the day.

Michael stepped out of his courtyard thinking that he had already satisfied Sophia last night and he was sure that she would have gone home today. However, as he looked up, he saw her standing by the entrance, disguised as a villager as she peeked at them.

My Dreamy Old Husband Chapter 1115

On the last day of filming, it was announced that everyone could leave as soon as lunch time was over.

Half a day—they only needed to get through half a day before all of them could be set free. Everyone prayed silently for things to go off without a hitch.

All the five celebrity dads were physically and emotionally drained as they finally began to realize how their wives were the true pillars of the family.

They only had to take care of their kids for two short days, but they felt as though they'd aged a decade.

Carmen was Michael's precious little girl and he had always enjoyed their father-daughter bonding time even back when she was a baby. Babysitting was hardly a challenge for him, but Sophia-sitting was—there was no telling what she would be up to next.

True to her nature, Sophia was now hiding in the crowd, probably waiting to make a mess out of things. She wasn't using her contacts and somehow that had drawn Carmen's gaze toward her. Carmen perked up as she picked the blue-eyed Sophia right out of the horde of villagers. "Mommy!" she cried out happily.

Carmen took off at a run and planted herself firmly in Sophia's embrace.

Sophia was startled but she wrapped her arms around Carmen anyway.

That one hug brought forth an astounding ripple effect.

The remaining four children who witnessed this scene immediately turned toward their dads and before long...

"Wah! I want Mommy!"

"Daddy, I want Mommy now!"

The children were crestfallen to see that Carmen's mother had shown up but not their own. Soon, the sound of heart-wrenching sobs and incoherent wails filled the air.

The celebrity dads grew flustered.

The kids had woken up on the wrong side of the bed this morning and they'd spent hours trying to placate them, for heaven's sake! *What are we supposed to do now?*

Sophia panicked as the sobbing and wailing went on, her hands clutching Carmen against her.

Meanwhile, Michael winced. He had known that Sophia would mess things up one way or another.

The out-of-hand situation worsened as all the dads tried to soothe their kids, all the while glowering at Sophia.

Upon seeing that, the director heaved a frustrated sigh.

In light of all this, Michael went over to his wife, trying to make himself look as outraged as possible. He then ordered in a low voice, "Go back to the hotel and stay there. I'll see you tonight."

"Fine," Sophia muttered with a pout.

She knew she had messed up, so it was best if she left the set as soon as possible.

But just as she was leaving, Carmen began to cry. Sophia felt a stab to her heart and she instinctively turned back, only for Michael to dismiss her as he consoled Carmen, who was sobbing fitfully in his arms.

Sophia had grown anxious upon hearing Carmen's sobs and she couldn't budge at all. Dimon had to rush over and frog-march her away from the set.

As she was about to leave, she thought she heard Michael coaxing Carmen out of her tantrum, his voice soothing as he murmured, "You have to choose between Mommy and Piggy..."

In the end, Carmen chose the pig.

...

The schedule had been delayed by an hour after Sophia's presence had caused a scene, but eventually the filming came to an end and everyone left in their cars after lunch.

Sophia hadn't shown up ever since that morning but throughout filming, Michael had spotted at least eight more drones flying around the set. He had recognized them as the same military spy drones that were manufactured by the Michel Group.

That evening, Michael and Carmen boarded Sophia's private plane that was bound for Bayside City. Sophia had been waiting for them for what felt like ages.

"Mommy!" Carmen exclaimed as she ran toward Sophia with her arms stretched out.

Sophia happily picked up her little girl.

She felt relieved to know that Carmen had not lost any weight under Michael's care.

As Michael boarded the plane, Sophia noticed that his skin had a sun-kissed tinge to it. He came over and pinched her cheeks, teasing, "You do underestimate me. Did you really think I'd let Carmen go hungry while she was with me?"

Sophia blushed, feeling sheepish. She had never intended to disrupt the filming process but her worries had gotten the better of her.

That said, Michael did seem unhappy and he had been sulking ever since he got on the plane.

One might have thought that Sophia's little stunt that morning had something to do with Michael's sour mood, but no one could have guessed that it was because there was a buffalo aboard Linus' luxurious, billion-dollar private plane.

An actual, real-life buffalo!

There was also a pair of lambs aboard the flight. When the crew had assigned Carmen to help the villagers tend to the sheep, they had not expected her to get attached to the lambs and she had been insistent on bringing them back to Bayside City.

As if the lambs and the buffalo weren't enough, there was also a rooster, donkey, and piglet!

Simply put, Michael was about to lose his mind.

All the other children had whined for their moms and had demanded to go home.

But no... not his Carmen. She had wanted pigs and buffaloes!

He was wrong to have conceded to her many absurd requests and he should not have been blinded by how adorable she was.

Michael was deeply regretting his decision to allow Carmen to bring all these animals along with them.

Even the old man in the village had made fun of him.

Before they had left the village, the old man had pulled him aside and said, “Miles, there’s no use denying that your daughter is destined to be a farmer. You should go back to the village and be with May! That contractor will never be good enough for her!”

Michael did not know how to respond to that.

It wouldn’t cost much to rear these animals but Carmen’s intentions were clear—she wanted to keep them as household pets!

She was going to turn the entire family home into a barnyard!

Harry, who was on the plane with them, was laughing hysterically.

He couldn’t wait to get back to Bayside City just to see how Linus would react once he discovered his private plane had been turned into a portable animal farm.

Carmen, on the other hand, was the only one who was excited about any of this. She was proudly showing off her new pets to Sophia.

“Mommy, can we put the buffalo in the fountain out front?”

“Can we let the lambs live in the gardens?”

“Can Piggy stay with me in my room?”

“The donkey would love staying on the balcony.”

Sophia frowned as she pondered her daughter’s many requests.

To have lambs in the gardens, a buffalo in the fountain, a pig in the bedroom and a donkey on the balcony... Sophia couldn’t imagine how things would turn out if these were allowed.

She exchanged a knowing glance with Michael, each of them waiting for the other to come up with ways to dissuade Carmen from her ambitious plans.

However, Michael immediately turned to his side and pretended to fall asleep.

Gritting her teeth, Sophia set to brainstorming. She had to convince Carmen to give up on the farm animals within the two hours that it would take for this flight to arrive at Bayside City, or else the house really would be converted into a farm.

She turned to Carmen and began her patient lecture, which started with a long winding introduction on humanitarian philosophies and ended with the specifics of a pig's postnatal care. Having heard all of this, Carmen gave up on the buffalo, lambs and donkey, but she was adamant on keeping the piglet and rooster.

Fortunately, it wouldn't take much to feed those two animals. Sophia figured that there would be a surplus from the cat food budget to cover the cost of feeding the chicken and pig.

It was dark by the time the plane landed in Bayside City. They stayed the night at the family farm outside the city, effectively depositing the buffalo, donkey and lambs there. The next day, they took a car back to Bayside City.

The piglet had been cleaned, vaccinated and dewormed. Carmen held it in her arms as she happily combed through its short tufts of hair. She had also ceremoniously tied a bow around the piglet.

"Michael, look—now we won't have to worry about it pooping everywhere!" Sophia pointed out cheerily as she picked up the piglet to show her husband. Michael, on the other hand, was worn out. He had been using an eye mask as he slept but now, he lifted up a corner of it to see the piglet donning an oversize diaper. He was far too tired to protest so he merely nodded and hummed in response.

The rooster was also wearing a diaper to prevent unwanted accidents from happening on the way back.

Truly, only the rich could rear chickens this way.

However, Michael did not want to put a diaper on the chicken; he wanted to slaughter it for its meat.

This episode of 'Where Are We Going, Dad?' had come to an end. The last season of the show had been a hit but there were viewers who had complained that the show was slow-paced and lacked content. Thus, the production team had taken the feedback into account and had released this episode within two weeks instead of the initial three.

For each episode filmed, it would be edited into two episodes which would be released on TV over the course of two weeks, after which the cast and crew would take a week off before filming the next episode.

It had only taken one episode for Carmen to amass an impressive collection of farm animals; Michael and Sophia hated to think what nine more episodes could lead to.