

My Dreamy Old Husband

Chapter 11

Sophia had guessed it correctly—the people in the Lincoln Limousine were big shots whom one could not afford to offend. Her attempt to divert the attacks to them were successful.

The people in the limousine started retaliating.

There were two more Range Rovers yet to be taken down. They were both on Sophia's flanks and were about to turn their steering wheels to crash into her, who was in between them. At such a critical moment, Sophia immediately slowed down as the tyres screeched on the road.

Both the Range Rovers knocked into each other in a loud bang. The collision sent sparks flying around. However, they soon separated and slowed down in an attempt to surround Sophia again.

She quickly slowed down to be at the same pace as the Lincoln Limousine.

The blondie stretched his head through the open window to greet Sophia. "Hey, hottie!"

She glanced at him through the corner of her eyes and deliberately lifted one hand off the handle and sent him a flying kiss, making him fall for her even more.

No one will care who this blond guy is after tonight, and my car plate is fake anyway, so he can't find out who I am. Undaunted, Sophia had no idea that her legal husband was also in the car.

Sitting in the co-driver's seat, Michael was so angry that his facial features were contorted. I'm the one who is putting in the effort to save her. Why is the idiot sitting behind receiving her kiss? Feeling dissatisfied, he also prepared to stick his head out of the window to get a flying kiss from her. Although he was already married, he felt righteous to get what others got too.

At this moment, the two Range Rovers caught up to them. As the Yamaha bike and the Lincoln Limousine were driving together, the attackers thought that they were close to Sophia, so the limousine had become their target as well.

Bang!

The Range Rover had overestimated itself as it knocked into the Lincoln Limousine. The limousine vibrated, and Michael had a stern look in his face. He held the steering wheel personally and crashed into the Range Rover on his left.

Bang! Bang!

After a few collisions that produced some sparks, Daniel was trembling in fright in the limousine. "Mr. Fletcher, my good sir, I was wrong. I admit that I was wrong—I only spent 80,000 to buy your wife. Please stop the car—I'm about to throw up!"

The blond man was as excited as before. "Yes! Go ahead and knock them over!"

The limousine attacked again, knocking the Range Rover into a flowerbed nearby.

Daniel finally retched and threw up in the car.

After that, he looked slightly green as he covered his eyes. "Why on earth did I meet both of you?"

There was only one Range Rover left. Sophia looked in front of her while glancing at her sides occasionally as her dangerous situation was getting better.

The Lincoln Limousine was on her left, with the blond man sticking his head out. To her right was the Range Rover, with a fierce man sitting in the backseat. He even had a knife with him. He swung the knife forward, almost slashing Sophia.

She looked in her rearview mirror and glanced at both the vehicles next to her. Suddenly, she decreased her speed and disappeared between them.

“Where is she?” The man in the Range Rover had a golden necklace around his neck with tattoos on his arms. He looked behind and saw the traffic easing up. Sophia was already around a hundred meters behind them. She turned around and drove into a green belt area, directly sneaking into the opposite traffic like an eel. Then, she disappeared in no time.

The blond man pulled his head back into the limousine and slapped his thigh. “Damn, I didn’t expect that I would meet such a hot girl once I returned to this country. Michael, forget the fact that you are already married, you should keep in mind that I laid my eyes on her first. Don’t you think of competing with me!”

Michael was unhappy to hear that. In fact, he didn’t care about the hot girl. He was annoyed by the fact that he was the one who had put in the effort, yet Harry, the blondie, was the one who received the flying kiss.

Seeing that the Range Rover was still driving on the road not far away, Michael pulled the steering wheels angrily and knocked into it until it overturned.

Even though the opponent’s car had already overturned, there was not much damage on the Lincoln Limousine. Full of scratches on its body, it drove past the Range Rover quickly.

Michael, who was sitting in the co-driver’s seat, thought the woman just now looked rather familiar, but he couldn’t pinpoint exactly where he had seen her before, so he asked Daniel, “Does the girl just now look familiar to you?”

Daniel, whose face had turned green, was still having serious bouts of motion sickness. “Familiar, your ass! Stop the car and let me out now!”

Harry chimed in, "She's my girl! Of course you'll feel that she looks familiar!"

Michael trusted his instinct. He was sure that he knew her, but he couldn't recall at that moment.

"Gary, remember her number plate and look it up after we're back."

Gary passed the instructions to Hale and asked him to look it up.

Hale was on the way to look for Sophia when he received Gary's call. Upon knowing that Michael wanted to look up the number plate, he asked incredulously, "Are you sure this is the license plate?"

Gary replied confidently, "It's a Yamaha bike driven by a woman wearing a crop top. She was quite good-looking. I suppose Mr. Winston has eyes for her."

Hale's lips twitched as he thought, Isn't that Sophia's number plate? I was the one who put it up for her! I wonder why Michael suddenly wanted to look up the Yamaha bike. And how did Sophia get marked by Harry Winston, that horny man?

At this moment, Sophia called him, so Hale hung up the call with Gary and picked up her call.

Sophia had completely shaken off the four Range Rovers, and the Lincoln Limousine didn't chase after her. After finally finding a safe spot to stop, she called Hale. As soon as the call was connected, she spoke eagerly, "Hale, look up a car plate for me—XXX88888."

Hale was speechless upon hearing this.

So both of them ran into each other already? Why are they looking into each other's backgrounds at the same time?

“What happened?” Hale asked in a serious tone.

Sophia recounted the incidents that had just happened.

After listening to that, Hale’s expression became even more solemn.

The victim that Sophia had simply found to block the attacks for her was actually Michael. Right after he had landed at the airport, he ran into her immediately.

There were billions of people in Cethos, yet both of them, who had just gotten married without knowing each other, were able to meet under such circumstances. This was definitely their fate, not pure coincidence.

Upon hearing silence from the other end, Sophia’s heart sank. She asked him timidly after a pause, “Who were the people in the Lincoln Limousine? Are they very powerful?”

Hale sighed. “They definitely are not ordinary people.”

Of course he is not ordinary—he is my boss!

After hearing the seriousness in Hale’s voice, a chill ran down Sophia’s spine.

If there was one thing that Bayside City was not lacking in, it was the wealthy and powerful. Sophia had not expected that she would get into trouble after simply finding a scapegoat on the streets, so she lamented her bad luck.

If Michael knew that she had offended someone he could not afford to offend, he would definitely chase her away.

She didn’t want to go back to Ducksburg to search for food in the trash again.

Hence, she plucked up her courage and asked Hale, “What should I do now? Are they someone even your Boss can’t even afford to offend?”

Hale decided not to scare her any further. "I have no idea, but Boss is going to be back soon. Why don't you ask him yourself? If you manage to appease him and make him happy, perhaps he would settle this for you."

Hearing Hale's tone, she figured it might be difficult for Michael to settle this.

Michael Fletcher, the man who disappeared for an entire year half a day after marrying me. Is he really back now?

In the past year, they did not keep in touch with each other. She did not even know any of his contact numbers, and she had never heard him calling back home to ask about her. Now that he suddenly came back, Sophia was taken aback.

Thinking of Michael, Sophia's muscles tensed as a chill ran down her spine. She had a feeling that she would be eaten alive tonight. No, I'm probably going to lose my virginity tonight.

Forget it. Since I've already gotten into trouble, and Hale can't settle this, I have no other choice but to beg for Michael to help me.

When Sophia returned home on the bike, Maria was waiting for her obediently at the entrance.

After she parked the bike near the garden, Maria walked to her to take her bag and reminded her, "Madam, Boss is back."

"I know."

Sophia took a deep breath and opened the door. She had always been staying in Villa No. 8, but she would sometimes take a holiday in Villa No. 1, which was right next door. It was decorated in the styles of Western palaces. Next to the French windows were ruffle-edged lace curtains, and there wasn't a speck of dust to be found on the thick carpet on the floor. All the furniture was made of

Sapele wood. The entire villa looked like a place the royals would live in, with a spiral staircase connecting to the second floor in the main hall.

There was no one in the living room, but someone was moving on the second floor. It must be Michael.

Maria pointed upstairs, telling Sophia that Michael was there.

Sophia couldn't do anything else except meeting him. While she was making her way upstairs, she thought about the phrases and words she would use later. After all, she had gotten into trouble, and she needed his help.

The time to test their love had arrived. But they had only known each other for half a day. It seemed that they were not true lovers.

She walked to the master bedroom that she usually slept in. Before she could knock, the door opened by itself. Light leaked from the room, but it was blocked by a tall figure.