

My Dreamy Old Husband

Chapter 128

After chatting for a while, the back of Sophia's shirt was soaked with sweat.

I can't go on hanging out with these important people. I'll end up dying from shock sooner or later!

After a short pause, Joel continued, "Michael has left the Fletcher Family for many years. He has never attended any of the family gatherings. What has he been busy with lately?"

Ideas flashed through Sophia's mind swiftly at this critical moment. She tried carefully analyzing what he was implying because she didn't want to miss any detail.

Firstly, that was a query—"What has that bastard Michael been busy with lately? Why hasn't he returned to the Fletchers to visit me? I'll destroy you if you don't answer me in detail!"

Besides, it is a form of intimidation too—"If you are able to answer me in detail, it means that you, the mistress, are showing off your relationship with Michael! I'll destroy you anyway!"

In conclusion, Joel is trying to destroy me! I can't help it since I'm the wife of the man he loves!

Sophia answered wittily, "I'm not quite sure, because I'm usually looking after the child at home. I honestly have no idea what Michael does when he's not at home."

I am truly a responsible and dutiful nanny! Michael married me just to make sure Nate has a complete family! He honestly does not love me at all. You should destroy Harry if you need to vent your frustrations! Out of Michael's harem, Harry is the favored concubine. I am merely the legal wife for show without real power!

Joel kept quiet once again.

Michael's actions so far is proof that this girl means the world to him. He is unexpectedly very caring toward her. However, why does it sound as if Sophia doesn't think so? Am I mistaken? Could it be possible that Sophia isn't in love with Michael, and he is merely flattering himself? I am always interested in whatever Michael is interested in, and that includes military ranking, status and women. What I care about is how to take over Michael's possessions! He can't possibly blame me for making a move to snatch this girl away from him if he truly cares about this young girl. Michael has himself to blame, since he is such an outstanding man. I'm always treated as second best within our generation in the Fletcher Family thanks to him. Being second best only means that I am the biggest loser!

More often than not, men had completely different perspectives and outlook than women. At that moment, Sophia was screaming in her heart, Saint Mary, save me; Jesus, protect me; May God have mercy on me; angels, guard over me; Almighty Buddha, Amitabha, Amen! I truly have no interests in participating with these bigshots' love-hate relationship! Please set me free and let me go!

Michael only fancies men; he doesn't fancy women! Please don't take it out on me!

Nevertheless, Sophia was unaware that soldiers were currently heavily guarding the outside of the restaurant.

Michael was wearing a tuxedo, which made him look like a gentleman, paired with a stunning bowtie. He brought a bottle of red wine with him, and he looked especially like a gentleman showing up for a date. Harry and Nathan, who was wearing a dinner jacket, were flanking him.

The three of them were all dressed up brilliantly, as if they were going on a television show.

However, when they arrived in front of the building, where Sophia and Joel were enjoying their meal, the three of them were blocked outside.

“Only those within the building are allowed to leave; no one is allowed to enter. General’s orders.”

Suddenly, several black muzzles were pointed at the three of them.

However, they didn’t seem scared at all; in fact, even Nathan was unfazed.

Michael rip apart his bowtie casually while asking the soldier, “Hasn’t it been agreed that I’m having dinner tonight with the person from the military training who won the Best Individual award? Do you regret it now? You should know that I charge an exorbitant fee for showing up.”

The soldier rejected him firmly, “I’m sorry, but no one is allowed to enter right now.”

Nevertheless, they wouldn’t dare make a move on Michael because he was the direct descendent of the Fletchers. Furthermore, he was from a long line of fallen heroes, and so the soldiers wouldn’t possibly have the courage to attack him!

Nathan did not say anything; instead, he took out a slingshot from his pocket and pulled the elastic band taut. After that, a stone flew out and hit the restaurant’s glass window.

In the restaurant, Sophia had been sitting on pins and needles while anxiously hoping that something—such as a sudden foreign troop invasion, where Joel would be summoned off into battle within the first three minutes—might happen to ease the awkward atmosphere. Suddenly, she heard a loud sound, and the glass window smashed into pieces on the ground.

Sophia was so shocked that she placed her fork down and stood up abruptly.
“Enemy spotted!”

Joel placed the fork down without rushing, and he stood up before walking to the window. His expression soured when he observed the situation downstairs through the window.

“What is it?” Sophia approached the window carefully. She was astounded when she saw the situation downstairs through the window.

Downstairs, an entire troop of fully-equipped special forces surrounded three figures—Michael, Harry, and Nathan.

“Nate!” Sophia cried in surprise.

Oh, my God! Men are truly typical. When women disagree with each other, we get into verbal squabbles, whereas men get into fights!

What earth-shattering conflict could have possibly happened between Michael and Joel?! Why would they hurt each other while dragging innocent bystanders along with them since they are in love?!

I know that something huge must have happened between Michael and Joel. The two of them love each other, but they are trying to hurt each other. It is clear that they are in love, but they keep hurting one another. It would have been fine if they were merely hurting themselves, but they are actually hurting those around them.

There are already countless heart-wrenching story endings going through my mind! But what on earth is going on right now?!

Joel is having a meal with me, and he has been asking about Michael by beating around the bush. Michael is here to stop us after catching wind about our dinner. However, Joel sent a large troop of soldiers to stop them from entering the

building! What is happening? This is too much to process. If it were up to me, I'd choose death.

Upon seeing Sophia's head peeking out from the broken window, Nathan immediately called for her pitifully, "Mommy!"

He even reached out his arms for a hug.

Sophia felt her heart thudding against her chest. Nate has only addressed me as 'mommy' a handful of times. The last time was when he was stunned to silence by the snake. He must be scared witless right now. Hence, she asked Joel hastily, "What is happening? Why are you keeping them outside?!"

Joel's expression changed drastically. Finally, he chuckled before answering her, "No reason."

Joel signaled the soldiers downstairs, and the troop retreated swiftly in a disciplined manner. Nathan immediately dashed up the restaurant's second floor with loud, audible steps.

Michael adjusted his handsome black bowtie before slowly walking into the restaurant like a gentleman.

Harry followed him closely from behind too.

Suddenly, a figure came running toward them from afar. "Arghhh! Uncle Joel, wait for me! I want to have dinner with you guys."

Stanley was wearing a snowy-white shirt, and he looked especially dashing with his crew cut. It was rare for him to dress up.

The server was sweeping glass pieces from the ground when a small figure pushed the door open and dashed in.

When Nathan saw Sophia after he rushed through the entrance, he threw himself into her arms excitedly. “Mommy!”

Sophia knew that Nathan must have been shaken after the commotion earlier, and so she held him tightly in an embrace. “Baby, I’m here!”

Those adults should keep their fighting and killing to themselves. Why on earth did they drag Nate into it? Nate is young! They are a bunch of beasts and psychos! They should go to hell!