

My Dreamy Old Husband

Chapter 309

Sophia went back to university to attend the lectures recently, but the places she could visit had decreased even further. She either studied at the university, stayed at home, or went to Stanley's company to have a look.

After Stanley's company had acquired enough capital and workforce, they started working on starting it aggressively. As one of the investors, Sophia put quite a lot of effort in it. She walked around the company every day to check up on them.

This day, right after Sophia had finished looking around and was prepared to go home, she received a message from Xyla on Messenger. 'Sophia, Faye found some of your mom's stuff back home. When you are free, remember to come over to retrieve them. The address is xxxxx.'

She even sent a few pictures over. One of them was a picture of a simple box with some clothes that had turned yellow. It was obvious that they were outdated, and the fashion was popular back then. Apart from that, there was a picture of a hardcover notebook that was popular decades ago. There were a few stickers of popular rock stars of that era on the cover of the notebook, and on the first page, a few words were written in pen with strong strokes—'Anna's Notebook'.

There were also a few lines of poems on the first page:

War

The moon shone brightly at midnight,

but the man who had gone to war had yet to return.

If the generals of the city were present,

the barbarians' horses would never have crossed the mountains.

Sophia snorted as she did not feel like entertaining her. From the style of the notebook and the pages that had turned yellow, it seemed to be dated back 20 years. However, Xyla and Faye seemed to have forgotten that Annabel's education level only reached primary level as she had quit school when she was in primary 5. During her teenage years, she was already sent into the city to work so that she could provide for her brothers to study. How could she have known 'If the generals of the city were present, the barbarians' horses would never have crossed the mountains'?

On top of that, the handwriting was graceful yet full of power. It was obvious that it was not written by Sophia's mother, who only studied until primary school level. However, the last picture sent by Xyla caught her attention. It was an old photograph, but it was well-kept. The girl in the photograph was quite pretty. Even though she didn't have any makeup on, her small face was clean and clear. Her wide eyes seemed to be hiding something, making others unable to see through her.

The girl seemed to be around 17 or 18, so she still had the naivety and innocence of a young girl, and she looked exactly like Sophia. On the back of the photograph that Xyla sent, some words were written using a ball-point pen—'Annabel, age 17, taken in July 199x'.

Annabel died when she was 19 due to amniotic fluid embolism. The time she died was around the same time Sophia was born. Back then, because of the limited resources, girls weren't regarded as important by the family, so there were no photographs of Annabel left behind. Sophia had only seen a few official photographs of her mother, and this was the first time she saw a colored photograph of Annabel.

It was probably taken after she started working in the city, as it was a fashion shoot on the streets, to Sophia's surprise. In the photograph, Annabel wore a long dress that was in fashion back then. Walking on the streets of Bayside City,

her pose revealed half of her slender legs. From the picture composition and the color settings, it was a great photo even in the modern era. Her mother's attire was fashionable indeed.

Is this my mom? After looking at the picture for a long time, Sophia ordered Hale, who was driving, "Go to the Edwards' ancestral home."

After driving for around an hour, they finally reached there. When Sophia got out of the car, she saw an exquisite three-storey mansion in front of her that looked ancient. So this was where my mom used to stay...

Sophia did not have much feelings for Annabel as she had never experienced any love from her mother before. Hence, her impression of her mother only comprised the derogatory, hateful insults her relatives and neighbors hurled at her.

"Your mom is a b*tch who did that sort of thing in the city!"

"How did the Johnson Family raise such a disgraceful daughter like your mom? She came back to our village pregnant with a baby! On top of that, she didn't even know who the father was! Such a disgrace! She brought shame upon the family!"

Back then, in the traditional village, an 18-year-old unmarried pregnant girl who returned to the village without knowing who the father was was regarded as a prostitute to the villagers. No matter what she had done, they would accuse her of prostitution.

Since young, Sophia had been hearing insults such as how she was birthed by a b*tch, so she was already immune to that.

"Hey, Sophia, you're back! Welcome! Do come in!" As soon as Joe, who was standing by the door, saw Sophia, he acted as if he was welcoming a cash cow. He rubbed his hands together, almost at the verge of drooling.

Sophia only brought two bodyguards, one of whom was a woman.

When the three of them stood by the door, Sophia spoke without any expression, “Cut the crap. I’m just here to take my mother’s belongings. Where are they?”

Joe smiled cheekily. “Just in there. They’re all in there.”

After Sophia followed Joe into the mansion, she saw Xyla and Faye in the living room. Faye cast her a warm smile. “Sophia, you’re finally back. I’ve already put together all your mom’s belongings upstairs. Why don’t you take it yourself?”

Sophia followed the servant upstairs. The servant was rather old. When she saw Sophia, she was shocked. While leading Sophia up the stairs, she said, “So alike. You guys are so alike. You look exactly like Annabel. Exactly like her...”

Sophia smiled. “Madam, did you know my mom?”

The servant smiled so widely that the lines at the corner of her eyes were clumped together. “I’ve been working with the Edwards Family for decades now. I was the one who raised Mr. Joe personally. Your mom, Annabel, was my distant relative back home, and I was the one who asked her to come work here back then.”

Right after Sophia and her two bodyguards entered the room, a few strong men suddenly barged in and pulled the servant out before closing the door shut with a loud bang. Then, the sound of chains and locks were heard.

Joe stood outside the door and said vindictively, “Hahaha! My good daughter, stay for dinner tonight, and remember to ask your husband to come over too! He will have to meet his father-in-law one day, no matter how ugly he looks.” Looking at the door that had been locked, Joe turned around and ordered the servants, “Inform my son-in-law back at The Imperial immediately!”

Sophia ignored the locked door and looked around the room. Sure enough, there was an old suitcase placed on the table in the middle of the room. The suitcase was filled with many things indeed.

With just a glance, Sophia saw the notebook and the photographs right away. She walked there and picked up the photograph. When she looked at it in person, she was even more shocked by the vivid colors of the woman in the photograph. This was her mother—the mother whom she had never met since she was born.

Even though the people in her village said that her mother was a prostitute, she had never believed that. When she was younger, her grandmother often held her as she cried. “Anna was a good kid. She was not a prostitute; she had never done anything shameful, and she had never thought of being a mistress...”

There was nothing much left in the suitcase—only a few clothes, a toothbrush, and a comb. There was also the notebook and a small photo album. Sophia picked up the notebook and flipped to a page. Sure enough, a few words were written on the frontpage—‘Anna’s Notebook’. The poem, ‘War’, was written using a fountain pen. Sophia touched the handwriting that was clearly written on the paper with such power that it seeped through the paper. It looked neat, as if it was printed. No matter what, it didn’t seem like Sophia’s mother had actually written it.

The photographs in the photo album, however, actually belonged to Annabel. There was a layer of gel on each of the photographs, so they were well-preserved. The photo album had around 30 photographs that showed Annabel alone.

There was a picture showing Annabel standing on the streets in pretty clothes, and there was also a picture of her dressed up as a waitress welcoming guests at the hall of the restaurant. Each and every picture was filmed beautifully—the composition, angle, and colors were impeccable. It was obvious that the photographs were taken by a professional photographer with high-end equipment. There were dates on every photograph, ranging a year, when Annabel was around 17 to 18 years old.

While Sophia was in a daze looking at the photos, Hale observed the structure of the room. The door was locked, and the windows were all sealed. It seemed that the Edwards Family planned to lock them in here to lure Michael out.

After looking through everything in the suitcase, Sophia closed the suitcase and took it. "Let's go."

Gemma took out a silenced gun while opening the door. Unexpectedly, smoke traveled from behind the door through the slits.

"Fire! Fire!" someone screamed in a shrill voice.