

My Dreamy Old Husband

Chapter 691

Halfway through dinner, Sophia brought out a bottle of homemade peach blossom wine to share with everyone. "This is our homemade peach blossom wine. It might not be as good as those collector wines, but it has its own unique flavor. Do give it a try!"

Everyone in the room got some, including Sam.

Holding the small glass of peach blossom wine in his hand, a familiar scent suddenly wafted past him and he couldn't resist drinking the small glass of wine in one go.

The wine was fragrant. It was supposed to taste sweet, but Sam seemed to have tasted something bitter instead.

The bitterness was making him tear up. Covering the smell of the wine, he closed his eyes and tears rolled down his cheeks.

It was the Johnson Family's secret peach blossom wine. Sam drank it once a long time ago.

At the time, his name was still Andrea Edwards. He remembered that there was also a small glass of homemade peach blossom wine in front of him. Annabel had opened it, and Cooper had poured it for him.

"Andrea, you're not an adult yet, so you can't drink. But, since it's a happy day today, you can drink some in secret. I won't tell your parents."

He remembered tearing up from having tasted the burn of alcohol for the first time.

He did not think that he would get to drink it again over twenty years later.

Seeing Sam finish the drink in one go, Sophia hastily poured him more. "You're good at holding your alcohol, Master Sam!"

She poured another full glass for him.

Sam wiped his tears away and said in a rather choked-up voice, "The wine is too strong; it's making me tear up."

She smiled. "This is our family's secret recipe. You have to savor it slowly. It will definitely be too strong if you drink it at once."

He lifted the glass again, and this time, he let the taste sink in.

Somehow, it was different each time he took a sip. It seemed like the wine he drank twenty years ago, but there was also a new flavor to it.

After he finished the second glass, he lifted the empty glass and Sophia automatically brought the bottle of wine to him and poured another full glass for him.

With the glass in his hand, he asked, "This is pretty good wine. Did you make it yourself?"

Sophia also took a sip herself. "Yeah, I made it myself."

She grew up in her uncle's house. Her uncle was a teacher, and her aunt sold pot-stewed dishes and their homemade wine at the market for a living.

It went without saying that Sophia also had to help out. On some occasions, she had to wake up very early in the morning to set up the stall and finish selling everything off before she could go to school. There was a small wine-making workshop at their house. In middle school, she was dragged home from school and forced to work for half a year. Luckily, she was able to complete her studies. The principal of her school could not bear to see a young person like her work tirelessly, so he let her return to school to continue her studies.

According to her aunt, Annabel was still the best at making wine.

Her aunt had always cursed Annabel in front of her and said that Annabel secretly possessed the Johnson Family's wine formula. Hence, their wine was unfavorable to people and caused their business to go bad. In the end, they had to close their workshop.

Sam was in a good mood today. He drank several glasses in a row. By the end of the night, he even wanted a bottle to take home.

Michael, who was drinking, cursed at him on the inside, *This old geezer. He eats and drinks our food, and now he wants to take our alcohol home too. Go to hell!*

Sophia came back out with various wines like peach blossom wine and apricot blossom wine. They seemed to be popular with everyone. Lucy also asserted that she wanted one for herself.

The pet club that Sophia set up on the island had received a lot of attention—so much so that Lucy had heard of the pet luxury goods brand that Sophia wanted to come up with, but she chose not to bring it up.

That was because she was confident that Sophia was not her rival. She did not have a reason to fear her existence!

The seafood barbecue turned out to be a success; everyone ate and drank to their hearts' content. Michael brought out a premium red wine from his collection at home. On top of Sophia's wine, everyone was already drunk before they even finished eating.

Sam, in particular, was not walking straight anymore. In all these years, it was the first time he had gotten that drunk.

When he was drunk, all he could see was Annabel in front of him.

Sophia looked like Annabel, and even Linus was slowly starting to look like her.

Fearing that Sam would cause a scene, Lucy quickly brought him back to his room. Once the Edwards were gone, Sophia let herself loose. Not only did she start to drink more peach blossom wine, but she also started to talk gibberish.

Michael held her and said, "Okay, that's enough. Let's not drink anymore. You're drunk."

Hiccuping with a red face, she said, "I'm not drunk! Who said I'm drunk?"

He looked at her in annoyance. "I saw you hugging and kissing Judge earlier. You still don't think you're drunk?"

She was definitely drunk after kissing a dog that ate excrement.

However, Sophia firmly believed that she was not drunk and shook Michael off. She hugged Judge and kissed him again. Laughing and slurring away, she grabbed a tuft of Judge's hair and put it on top of Garfield's head.

Michael looked at her from behind disapprovingly.

Look at how drunk she is...

After Sophia left Judge befuddled, she held a bowl of wine and arrived next to Linus. She drank the wine in two mouthfuls and started talking nonsense again.

"Linus... why are you a bad person?"

He was rendered speechless by her question. He let out a scoff, then downed some wine himself.

He was also feeling a bit tipsy. *Am I a bad person?*

In this world, the line between good and bad was getting harder to determine. A majority of people were doing things to help themselves live a better life.

Just then, Michael lifted Sophia and went back to their hotel room.

"Linus, I'll take her back first."

Once they went back to their room, Sophia started to have a drunken fit. She whined about wanting to kiss Judge and make love to Michael. Michael bathed her in the bathtub, then wiped her dry and put her on the bed.

After her bath, she whined about wanting to wear her racy bikini pajamas.

Those pajamas were too suggestive and she did not want to get caught in them, so she never got a chance to wear them at home. She had only worn them several times since she bought them. This time, she purposely brought them back so she could wear them every day.

She only stopped making a fuss when Michael let her wear them.

Because she had several gatherings in a row during the day, she was already exhausted. Her drunken fit came to an end as she hugged the blanket and looked at Michael with her round eyes on her small flushed face.

“Hubby...” Her soft voice tingled like a little kitten.

She deliberately hooked a long and slender leg around his waist, bit her bottom lip, and looked at him seductively.

With some effort, he pulled her leg off and put it under the blanket. Touching her red cheeks, he said, “You’re drunk. Go to sleep first. I will go and clean up. I’ll be back soon.”

She nodded obediently. Michael put Garfield in her arms, and she fell asleep while hugging the cat.

After that, he picked up his phone and prepared to go out again. Before he left, he put Nicholas next to the bed and turned on the security system.

He still had some things to discuss with Linus and wanted to tell him about his encounter with Sam.

Meanwhile, Sam did not return to his room right away after Lucy escorted him out. With a bottle of wine in his hand, he walked along the coast and ended up at an isolated place. He drank, bit by bit, as he watched the glistening waves under the moonlight.

There was a different bitterness to the sweet peach blossom wine each time he drank it. It did not fail to trigger the most beautiful and tormenting memories in his mind.

Once he was done drinking, he let go of everything and lay down on the secluded beach. Being away from all the commotion and bustling activity was lonely but blissful.

He looked at the sky of stars that seemed unchanged. It did not seem any different from the night sky twenty years ago. Sadly, though, his relationships with those people were history now.

How nice would it be if I could turn back time?

He wanted to return to that moment and change everything.

He wanted to witness Cooper and Annabel's successful struggle. They would get married in the end and Annabel would give birth to Sophia.

He would adore Sophia and treasure her as she grew up. He would watch her beautiful transformation into a woman.

Finally, Sam went back to his room in the middle of the night. The room was pitch black, but he did not bother to turn on the lights. He searched for his bed in the dark and lay on it. However, he did not expect to feel something warm at his fingertips.