

My Dreamy Old Husband

Chapter 102

Sophia was hungry from all the running, so she found some snacks to munch on. She then brushed her teeth and took a bath before heading off to bed. Just before sleeping, she put Nathan and her clothes into the washing machine for a wash and dry.

The room she was in was not like a confinement room at all, but more like a clean bed and breakfast. Everything would just be perfect if there was WiFi.

Sophia tossed and turned on the bed. The sheets were brand new, and they seemed to have been newly washed, with a hint of lemon mixed with sunshine.

She turned over and looked at Nathan who was fast asleep beside her. He had been with her all day and was worn out; it was time to rest.

Today's good treatment was all because of this little angel here!

Sophia was tired after the day she had, and she fell asleep as soon as she turned over.

Little did she know that she would become famous overnight, successfully becoming one of the most famous freshmen from Bayside University. During the night, her heroic deeds spread like wildfire in the barracks, and there was not a soul who did not know of her.

For Sophia, she finished her run and was greeted by hot water, air conditioning, and a cute little boy with snacks who waited for her. Meanwhile, the other couple did not have it as easy.

Xyla cried while running, and fell down from time to time. She kneeled on the ground, not wanting to get up. The others spent half an hour to run three kilometers, but she ran for more than two hours, all the while being dragged by Richard.

After running, Xyla felt exhausted. The minute she reached the finishing line, she collapsed on the spot. This time, she was not putting on a farce, but was really weak with exhaustion!

Richard was also starting to get impatient.

The military training had nothing to do with him, and he only came to the barracks just for Kayla and Xyla.

These two were really daft, always depending on him and not able to do anything properly by themselves.

They couldn't grab their meals in time and were constantly dragging him down. It was all because of these two that he had to go hungry.

Kayla was his own sister, so no matter how stupid she was, he had to endure. But Xyla was not his sister, and he vented his anger on her, especially after running three kilometers.

Not only was he beaten up badly by Sophia, he also had to drag Xyla along now. He had used up all his energy after the run, and Xyla just had to collapse and cry on the ground, refusing to get up. As such, he was forced to pull her up.

He really wanted to leave Xyla there, but she was Young Mistress Huff after all.

He eventually limped to the confinement center with Xyla in tow, an impatient expression on his face the whole time. At that moment, he suddenly remembered Sophia's goodness.

Sophia never seemed to bother him so much.

She did everything by herself, and was always self-reliant. No matter where they were, she always took care of him, and he had almost nothing to do as the boyfriend.

Although he did not admit it out loud, deep down he always felt that Sophia was not feminine. Xyla, in comparison, was very feminine. She would ask him to buy drinks for them, thereafter pouting her lips as she complained she couldn't open the bottle cap. No matter where they were, he always took care of her, and he finally got to experience a boyfriend's sense of responsibility.

But now, he found the responsibility so overwhelming that he couldn't breathe!

Company 23's commander trailed behind them leisurely and urged from time to time, "Move it, move it! Even if you don't want to rest, I still want to sleep!"

Richard stayed quiet as he dragged Xyla along, much like one would a dead dog. He recalled seeing Sophia finishing her three kilometers, wiping off her sweat and leaving quickly.

She is always so strong, so determined; never letting me worry. When he was a senior, she used to accompany him, staying up all night to study together.

Xyla, on the other hand, was just like his daughter—naïve to the point of stupidity, and was always laughed at by others. She was so weak that he had to always break her disposable chopsticks apart for her!

Xyla cried herself hoarse as Richard helped her to the confinement room. Her face was swollen like a pig, with snot, tears and saliva rolling down her face; her body stunk of sweat and medicine.

Their confinement room was not as good as Sophia's. It was a small room, barely three meters wide. There was a musty smell in the air, and a single bed inside which looked to be covered in dust. It was obvious that the blankets hadn't been washed in a long time.

A large light bulb flashed overhead, seeming like the electricity could trip any time. Besides the single bed, there was nothing else in the room.

Richard and Xyla's confinement room was separate. He placed her on the bed, and was about to turn around and leave.

It was bad enough for one person to be in the confinement room, let alone two. They would surely go crazy.

"Richard, don't go!" Just as he put Xyla down, she started to whine like a child.

"Okay, okay. I won't leave," Richard said helplessly.

He had no choice but to stay with her in this confinement room. The company commander took a look at them and slammed the door hard, and the world went quiet at once.

There was really no sound in the confinement room; there were no vents or windows, and the only thing that connected them to the outside world was a small window on the door.

It was like a sealed box, and the both of them were trapped inside, feeling like their souls had been tied down too.

This small space started to drive Richard crazy, and his nose was filled with strange smells. From the musty air he breathed to Xyla's sweat, the smell was everywhere, and he couldn't escape from it.

Such a cramped space was enough to make people crazy, and the longer he stayed in it, the more he felt that he was suffocating. He was like a fish out of water, and Xyla's cries were starting to grate on his nerves.

"Richard, I'm so sad. I was so good to her; why did she hit me, and why did she hit you too? Did we really do something wrong?"

Xyla fell into Richard's arms crying, feeling wronged and angry, yet happy at the same time.

Sophia made Richard lose his face. There is definitely nothing that can happen between them now. Richard can finally be mine, and mine alone!

Sophia Edwards would never beat me!

However, she did not expect Richard to answer in a cold voice, "Miss Xyla Huff, are you really stupid or are you pretending? You know very well that she hates you, so why would you mess with her? I've warned you many times, yet why did you still insist on serving yourself up to be hit by her? Where's your brain?"

Richard, who had been holding back all night, finally exploded. Xyla's face was swollen like a pig, and she still continued to cry all over his clothes. Coupled with the confined space and smell around him, he was about to go crazy! He finally couldn't help but say what he wanted to say!

Xyla looked at him in disbelief.

Is this the Richard who has always been a gentleman to me?