

My Dreamy Old Husband

Chapter 371

Although her face was oily, Sophia put on a refreshing smile on her face. "I'm afraid I won't be able to attend your piano concert because I have to take part in a world championship tomorrow."

Natasha sized her up skeptically from head to toe before letting out a snort because she was unconvinced that Sophia could be someone who had anything to do with a world championship. "It's enough as long as Michael will be there."

When Natasha walked past her, she caught a sniff of the stench made up of instant noodles and cigarette smoke which could only be found in cybercafes. Frowning in disgust, she got into a car which was waiting for her at the front of the residential area and left.

Sophia could still smell Natasha's rose-scented perfume and it lingered in the air long after she was gone.

Along her way back, she realized she smelled very bad, which was inevitable because she had been playing the game drenched in sweat for the whole night because of the excitement.

As she started scratching her disheveled hair, dandruff started falling off from her scalp.

When she reached home, Maria was keeping away the cups on the coffee table in the living room. Judging from the looks of it, she had just entertained a visitor, who was none other than Natasha that she just met.

Two invitation cards which gave off a pleasant-smelling scent were placed on the coffee table.

She didn't even have to think to know who they were from.

She was upset in an instant wondering whether Michael was interested to attend Natasha's piano concert.

Judging from Natasha's tone, that seemed to be the case.

As Maria was keeping away two tea cups and a tea set, she reckoned Michael and Natasha must have been chatting in the living room just now.

There was even a strand of Natasha's hair on the sofa!

They must have been edging closer and closer to each other and Natasha might have even sat on Michael's lap just now!

The more she thought about that, the angrier she became.

At night, Sophia took a shower and trimmed her brows. Over the past fortnight since she came back from Kuwait, she had been spending most of her time waiting for information on Cooper and she had not been in the mood to take care of her own appearance. Because of that, she had turned into a messy middle-aged married woman without her realizing.

After applying a mask on her face, she returned to the bedroom to find Michael already lying on the bed, looking all fresh and clean. As soon as he saw her, he patted on the empty space beside him and beckoned her over. "Come, get into bed and let's make love."

Thinking about Natasha's smug look and the two tea cups and two bright red invitation cards she saw in the living room just now, she was furious.

“Not for me. I’m too tired after gaming for one whole day and I have no energy for that.”

She lay down on the bed and deliberately turned to the other side to show that she was mad.

It seemed like Michael could not sense her anger at all as he extended his arm and wrapped it around her body before whispering gently next to her ears, “I’m going to attend Natasha’s piano concert tomorrow. Do you want to join me?”

I was right!

Sophia was about to blow her top.

Didn’t he know that she was not on good terms with Natasha?

Didn’t he know that it was Natasha’s father who caused her father’s death?

She couldn’t believe he still wanted to attend her piano concert despite that.

In a furious tone, she snapped, “I’m not joining because I have to be at the stadium for the tournament at two thirty in the afternoon.”

In fact, she still harbored a glimmer of expectation that Michael would go watch her game at the National Stadium when she said that.

But to her dismay, Michael responded thoughtlessly, “Really? Since the venue of Natasha’s piano concert is just opposite the National Stadium and it’s going to start forty minutes before your tournament, why don’t you attend the concert first before you go to the stadium?”

His answer drove Sophia up the wall.

Despite knowing that the stadium was only opposite Natasha's piano concert venue, he would rather go and watch her concert than watching her game at the stadium!

She really wondered which one out of them was his wife!

Sophia was so pissed off that she didn't feel like continuing the conversation with him. "I'm going to sleep because I need to be at my best at the tournament tomorrow!"

Are you trying to seduce my Lord by inviting him to that piano concert of yours?

Fine! You'll be reduced to nothing once I win the tournament tomorrow!

Michael stretched his arm to turn off the night lamp. Some scented candles were lit in the room to release an extremely pleasant smell that could help them sleep more peacefully. As Sophia had spent the entire day as well as the previous night gaming, she soon succumbed to the overwhelming lethargy and fell asleep despite being angry.

A clock affixed to the wall atop was constantly producing a soothing ticking sound. In the serene environment, Michael planted a kiss on Sophia's cheeks before he watched her tense body slowly become relaxed until she fell asleep.

In her sleep, she rolled over and wrapped her arm around him.

On the following day, Sophia went to the study to start gaming as soon as she woke up while Michael was nowhere in sight.

Everyone on the team was online to attend the last team training session.

When it was around eleven in the morning, Snow Fox sent a message to everyone: 'Well, everyone should set off to the stadium right after having lunch. As the tournament is going to start at 2.30, I want to see all of you there at 2,

especially for Sirius233 and Scary Phoenix. Both of you have to be there on time!”

Scary Phoenix replied: ‘Okay.’

Sirius 233 replied: ‘See you guys at the National Stadium later.’

Sophia then logged out of the game, left the study and washed her face before heading downstairs to have lunch.

She saw Michael at the dining hall. As he was going to attend Natasha’s piano concert later, he decided to have lunch at home with Sophia.

During lunch, he even said, “I’ll go and watch the tournament at the stadium after the concert.”

Stuffing all the rice from her bowl into her mouth in two swipes, Sophia responded to him icily, “You don’t have to be there.”

Then, she put down the chopsticks and left.

Micheal shook his head at her response and chuckled.

She had changed; she was no longer the timid little girl who used to try very hard to please him.

Now that she had become stronger, she started showing him her temper!

After packing up her bag with the stuff she needed for the tournament, Sophia was ready to go. However, she stopped when she saw Michael trying out some outfits in the dressing room. “Chica, my team of stylists is going to be here soon. Do you want them to fix your outfit too?” he asked.

Team of stylists?

Why did he want to look so good to attend Natasha's concert while he didn't even care about his appearance whenever he was with his wife?!

Hmph!

Sophia replied in a sharp tone, "Sure. I want to dress up too."

Of course she needed to look good just in case there were going to be some handsome young men at the tournament later.

Regardless of whether she was going to win or lose the game, she had to look her best.

She carefully selected a long dress for herself and behaved as though she was preparing for a red carpet walk. Anyhow, she would bring on her A game during the tournament later on!

She couldn't lose to Natasha in any event!

She had to be the champion!

The world champion!

After dressing up, they left home together with Nathan, who sat in the middle of them both in the backseat.

The little boy could sense something was not right with the atmosphere today because the couple, who were usually inseparable, didn't talk to each other at all during the journey.

In the end, Michael was the one who broke the silence by buttering Sophia up, "I think I should just skip Natasha's concert and head straight to the stadium to watch your game."

Sophia turned her face away from him and spoke like an elegant but aloof wealthy lady who owned billions worth of assets. "It's fine. You may go ahead to watch her concert because I can handle the tournament on my own."

Suppressing the urge to laugh, Michael asked her, "Chica, are you angry with me?"

"Nope," Sophia replied.

Yet, it was so obvious from her cross tone that her blood was boiling.

It was only then did Nathan finally realize what the dispute was all about.

Sophia then lifted Nathan and placed him on her lap while she said, "Nate, why don't you come and watch the tournament with me?"

The aura she was exuding was too terrifying for Nathan to say no. Hence, he nodded and responded, "Oh, okay."

The two sat close together and neither did they talk nor get near to Michael.

The atmosphere inside the car was extremely disharmonious.