

# My Dreamy Old Husband

## Chapter 674

It was undeniable that the girl in the photograph looked similar to Sophia. However, the girl in the picture looked especially gentle and docile with her bare face, whereas Sophia had fine makeup on and had a forceful presence. It was the same face, but it gave off different auras.

Faye pointed at the man in the picture while asking mysteriously, “Do you know this man?”

Judy got closer to have a look, and she noticed that the man in the picture seemed to be in his teens or early twenties. He looked handsome and elegant; he was wearing an ordinary white shirt, but it did not diminish his elegance. Nevertheless, the picture seemed aged, and so Judy simply didn't recognize him.

Faye was delighted when she claimed, “He is our 9th Old Master Edwards! He is also our family head's 9th younger brother, Sam Edwards!”

Judy was stunned to silence at the mention of the 9th Old Master. *I've never met the 9th Old Master before, but I've heard too many stories involving him.*

*He is a legend in the Edwards Family!*

*Sam became famous at a very young age, thanks to his exceptional talent and intelligence. If it weren't for the fact that he isn't interested in power, he might have ended up as the family head now. This person is very capable; in the past, he used to be involved in politics in the country. Once upon a time, people*

*assumed that the youngest president of Cethos would be from the Edwards Family.*

*However, when Sam was at the peak of his career, he resigned from his position suddenly, and he retired from his political career to return to the business world. At that time, he was one of the few people who could be on par with the head of Edwards Family, Jordan Edwards. Sam also held the largest share portion as an individual. Initially, Jordan had the most shares, but he divided them between his children, and so the portions were dispersed. On the other hand, Sam did not have any children or wife. Therefore, he held the entire portion of his shares, and it gave him a voice and power within the Edwards Family.*

“Is this truly the 9th Old Master, Sam Edwards, who is still single even though he’s 40 years old?!” Judy asked in astonishment. She stared at the picture for the longest time, and her gaze was shining with admiration. *I didn’t expect the 9th Old Master to look so handsome.*

Faye remarked while winking at Judy, “I visited a distant relative of the Edwards Family just a few days ago, and I saw this picture in the 9th Old Master’s study. I heard that he did not get married despite being 40 years old, all thanks to the woman in the picture.”

Judy let out a snort of laughter. *He is such a loyal lover.*

Nevertheless, she couldn’t help but feel envious of the woman in the picture. *Who is this woman? How did she manage to seduce the 9th Old Master and keep him shackled by not marrying another person for the rest of his life?*

Faye glanced at Judy while urging her, “Look, don’t you think my younger sister resembles this woman? Do you think that the 9th Old Master might appreciate our effort if we get her into his bed?”

Judy stared at the picture, her eyes shining brightly. *Get Sophia into Sam’s bed?*

*Our family and bloodline will have a significant boost within the Edwards Family if the 9th Old Master favors us. Sam hadn't gotten married even though he's 40 years old, and so this woman must be exceptionally important to him! If we manage to get Sophia to him, he might be especially happy!*

*The Edwards Family has been around for several centuries, so despite being from the same family tribe, the family has undeniably branched out. Therefore, the Edwards, who used to be a single core family five hundred years ago, barely have any family ties after five centuries. The law dictates that family members can't get married within three generations—the gap is more than that within the Edwards Family. Some Edwards family members even get married with each other for the sake of tighter family ties. Furthermore, nobody is saying that Sam is getting married with Sophia. She is just a used woman, and she is merely a tool to keep Sam's bed warm, at best.*

*After that, I just have to figure a way out to get Victoria to approach Sam...*

Faye started planning as well when she noticed Judy's spooky expression while she was lost in her thoughts.

In all honesty, Faye had already started planning when she noticed that picture, but she didn't have the courage to voice it out because she was afraid that it would cause trouble.

*If I were to manipulate Judy to lure Sophia to Sam, Judy would just be a glorified messenger. Sophia is my younger sister and Joe's daughter anyway, so we would be the ones who benefit in the end.*

*Even if this fails, Judy would be the one in trouble...*

The two sisters were preoccupied with their own plans, but they were both clearly aware of each other's motives. Faye wanted to approach Sam; although the man was already 40 years old, he was still exceptionally handsome! 40 years old was a man's golden age after all.

*Besides, he is in charge of the financial empire...*

Naturally, Judy shared the same thoughts. *I can't approach him myself, but I can still plan on behalf of Victoria.*

On the other side, Sophia left the West Residence in anger because she had been forcing a smile for the whole night just to please Sarah.

When Sophia brought the cat out of the West Residence, Harry was walking her out while advising her at the same time, "Please, Sophia, just let go of this matter for me. Just this once; I'll only beg you this once! You are superior, my master, my ancestor!"

Sophia snorted before getting into the car. She spat furiously while having her back facing Harry, who was outside of the car, "You had better teach your cheap mother-in-law how to behave!"

Harry felt utterly helpless. *My mother-in-law, Judy, is younger than I am; even so, I feel extremely helpless as a son-in-law!*

"Fine, I'll back you up by giving you her cat as a compensation for the stress inflicted upon Simba and Garfield, alright?"

He took an empty cat bag as decoy. He knew that the West Family wouldn't look into it since they were in the wrong.

Sophia finally left after that.

Michael sat just beside her in the car. It was late at night by the time they arrived home today. They noticed that the Persian cat had its bottom burnt. After some questioning, they found out what happened today.

*I can't believe someone kicked Simba and stole Garfield. How dare they!*

The West Family wouldn't have a good year if Michael were to take action. Nevertheless, they took in consideration that the perpetrator was Harry's father-in-law, and so Michael let the West Family off the hook.

This was the first chance, but it was also their last!

Sophia was fuming throughout the journey back home since she had taken a hit in the West Residence. Michael carried Garfield out, and the poor thing started crying when it saw him. The cat's tears started rolling down uncontrollably, and it seemed as if it had suffered immensely in the West Residence. Its small paws were already stained red with blood.

"Garfield, you are such a good kid. I'm here to take you home. Please don't cry; don't cry, now."

Michael was furious, but due to the relationship between Harry and Sarah, he had no choice but to leave this issue at that.

He tried coaxing the cat and his wife simultaneously.

"Alright, now. Don't be angry. I'll soothe your anger once we get home."

Sophia flashed him an intimidating smile. "I'm not angry. Who says I'm angry?"

Nevertheless, Michael knew that she was fuming, and so he continued coaxing her along the journey.

At night, once the lights were off, Michael helped her 'vent' her frustrations. He helped her so hard that the bed kept creaking nonstop.

After they were done with the first round, Michael wiped his sweat away while asking Sophia, "Have you vented your frustrations?"

Sophia was drenched with sweat, and she nudged Michael's flabby tummy with her toe. "Well, I've vented 30% of my frustrations," she answered.

Michael responded, "In that case, let's continue."

After a while, he asked again, "How about now? Are you satisfied?"

Sophia was blushing deeply when she answered him, "I've only vented 25%."

Michael frowned at her. "Why did it go down 5%?"

Sophia retorted, "I'm unhappy! It decreases once I'm unhappy!"

"Fine. I'll continue."

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"How about now?"

"Well, it's barely through 50%... Hang on. It decreased to 49% again!"