

My Dreamy Old Husband

Chapter 346

The host announced the names of the top three winners. “The third runner up of the Miss Misty Pageant is No. 6, Molly Larson!”

In an excited manner, Molly went up to the stage to accept her award.

There was almost no doubt as to the names of the champion and the second runner up. Everyone was counting on getting the third place, but since Molly got it, the others were not looking forward to the prizes anymore.

However, Natasha was still listening to the host carefully.

“The second runner up for the Miss Misty Pageant is Natasha Mitchell!”

Upon hearing that, Natasha’s whole body quivered. The self-confidence she had always possessed had suddenly fallen to the ground and smashed into pieces. Her mind went blank for a moment.

There was thunderous applause coming from the crowd. Now that the second runner up had been disclosed, there was no surprise as to who would be the champion tonight.

“The champion of the Miss Misty Pageant is Sophia Edwards! Please come on stage, Misses Misty. Our guests will be presenting the awards!”

Molly and Sophia made their way up to the stage delightedly before standing in the middle of the stage and waving to the audience as a sign of appreciation.

Natasha was the last one to come on stage. She put up an elegant smile, looking untarnished while the blazing spotlight concealed the darkness within her eyes.

The champion was standing in the center with the second and third runner up by her side. The guests were none other than the two idols and the chancellor of Bayside University.

Naturally, it was Michael who presented the champion's trophy. Holding the hefty Miss Misty trophy, Michael moved toward Sophia and handed her the trophy with both hands. While doing so, he complimented gently, "Congratulations."

When Sophia received the trophy from her idol, half of her face was still bulging. Not knowing whether it was because of the agony of the injury or the outrage of emotion, the moment Sophia raised her head, tears slid down from the corner of her eyes again, and she choked. "Thank you, senior."

Michael felt his heart aching as he looked at Sophia's pitiful appearance. Letting out a chuckle, he stretched out his arms and said, "Come on. Let me give you a hug."

In the midst of the screams coming from the fans, Sophia and Michael held onto each other for a while.

Sophia was definitely the main attention of the audience right now. But Natasha, who had fallen into the background, was not pleased, and one could see it from her eyes. She clenched her delicate fingers in order to restrain herself while holding up her graceful smile nonetheless.

After Michael's hug with Sophia, Harry was placed in an awkward position.

When it was his turn to pass Natasha the trophy for the second runner up, he would have to hug her too. Or else, the hug Michael had just given would seem suspicious in the eyes of the public.

Resisting the unwillingness in his heart, Harry gave Natasha a hug.

The chancellor also did the same thing and hugged Molly.

A deafening applause came from the audience. The school administration was finally able to sigh in relief. This was definitely the most thrilling Miss Misty Pageant Bayside University had ever organized in its 300 years of history.

The first thrilling event was the time when the competition was first established. Back then, the imperialists' aircrafts were flying all over the venue, and they would be dropping bombs at any time. Risking the possibility of being bombed, the university carried on with the Miss Misty Pageant.

However, the performances this time had really left everyone in awe—the rap performance by Sophia was absolutely an interesting one.

Nevertheless, this was not the first time the university had come across such a sensational educational performance.

Twenty years ago, during the Mister Misty Pageant, a student had composed Pi into a symphony piece. He formed a huge orchestra team and performed for almost ten minutes. If it were not for the time requirement, he could have played it for three days and three nights.

That student was Cooper Mitchell.

After the award ceremony, the guests retired themselves from the stage, for it was about time for the Misses Misty to give their acceptance speech. The sequence followed the standing position, and so Molly was the one to go first.

After Molly, Sophia—who was standing in the center—was next.

The Sophia who was standing on stage today looked disheveled. Half of her face was swollen, and both of her nostrils were stuck with tissues to stop the flowing blood.

But no one felt that she was not qualified enough to be the champion.

After taking the microphone from Molly, Sophia began her speech in tears.

“I’m very honored to be your Miss Misty this year. I would like to thank those who have helped me; you’re the reason I’m standing here. Thank you for your generous support! I would also like to thank those who had hurt me in the past. Because of you, I’m now stronger than I have ever been! But the person I’m most grateful for is my husband.”

The students were in an uproar, eager to hear about Sophia’s husband.

She spoke, “Three years ago, I was framed by someone and got expelled from highschool. I had nowhere to go and was a homeless girl living under a bridge. In the past, I used to think that although I had nothing, I could still study. I believed that if I equipped myself with knowledge, I could still change my destiny. But I never thought that my only chance to change my fate would be taken away from me! During my most desperate and agonizing time in life, I met my husband. He gave me a home as well as love and warmth that I had never experienced in my lifetime. He sent me to the best school and gave me the opportunity to attend school with no worries while realizing my dream. When I was slandered, humiliated and discredited, he gave me the greatest trust I’ve ever known. I’m thankful for the support and love he’s given to me. He is the light of my life who’s given me warmth and has illuminated my future. And because of that, I’m no longer afraid and confused. Thank you, hubby.”

A round of applause came from the audience and judges. Michael, who was one of them, was also clapping his hands with all his might.

Wiping away her tears, Sophia proceeded, “I believe each and every one of you are curious about who my husband is and are wondering whether it’s true that he is an old and unattractive coal boss. Right now, I can tell you that my husband is a young and handsome man. He is also the kindest and best man I have ever met in my life! He is at the scene today, but I couldn’t announce his identity because I don’t think I deserve it!”

She doesn’t deserve him?

Everyone was puzzled. The champion of Bayside University's Miss Misty Pageant, the most brilliant student in the whole campus, is not worthy?

Is her husband that powerful?

Upon hearing that, Michael knitted his brows.

But he heard Sophia continue to say, "My husband is a very outstanding person, so his partner should be someone as excellent as him. And that is why I'll look up to him for my whole life. I'm trying to be someone as good as him, so that one day, I can become the woman who can stand beside him confidently! When the day comes, I will declare to the whole world that I am his woman—the woman that matches him the best in the whole world! Besides me, there can be no one who is as qualified as me standing beside him!"

Once again, another round of applause came from the crowd. Michael, who had been frowning in the panel, couldn't help but let out a chuckle.

Seems like my little chica has so much in her pretty little head!

But no matter what, I believe that the day is approaching!

She was Sophia Edwards—Cooper's daughter and the best student. Her life goal shouldn't be limited to only becoming Michael's woman.

While Michael was clapping, he suddenly had an idea.

Following Sophia's current development, he might be able to live on her salary about ten years from now!

How great would that be?

Everyone was in agreement with Sophia's acceptance speech. Sophia then handed the microphone to Natasha, who was standing beside her.

Squeezing the microphone in one hand while holding the trophy in the other, Natasha faced the audience and spoke, "I'm not convinced."