

My Dreamy Old Husband

Chapter 383

Natasha had absolute confidence and she wasn't worried about the group of soldiers at all. After all, she was a descendent of the Mitchell family and the only daughter of Alex Mitchell! As she thought about this, she suddenly gained confidence and lifted her chin to look at Joel, who was much taller than her, and yelled, "If you're brave enough, tell me your number and unit! I'll make sure you won't get away so easily!"

Joel glared at her, eyes scorching but a cold expression on his face.

Upon hearing, Sophia hurriedly added oil to the fire. "General, let's just leave. She's the daughter of Alex Mitchell, who is the director of Mitchell Group. Her father is also the head of the Mitchell family..."

Joel snorted.

"General?" As soon as Natasha heard this, she felt even more confident and she coldly looked at Joel from head to toe. Joel was out for a party that day so he only wore casual clothes. At that moment, he didn't have his usual domineering aura. Instead, he looked like a neighbourly uncle with a gentle and low-key attitude, not looking like the youngest major general of Cethos one bit.

"What rank are you? How dare you call yourself a general?" However, Joel was too lazy to bother with Natasha because it was pointless to quarrel with a person like her. He glanced at his watch and realized the party was starting soon and as Joel was the host, it wouldn't look good if he were to be late. He turned to Sophia and said, "Let's go."

Sophia didn't say anything and merely followed silently behind Joel. It seems that Joel doesn't want to cause trouble. They are the Mitchells, after all. Since Joel didn't want to create trouble, Sophia didn't bother to make a scene either. Besides, she was getting hungry too.

However, Joel only took two steps forward before he heard Natasha's dark voice coming from behind him. "Did I say you could leave?" As soon as she finished speaking, one of her bodyguards quickly pressed Joel's shoulders. There was an African among Natasha's bodyguards who stood at slightly over two meters, which made him one head taller than Joel. The African bodyguard pressed his hand firmly on Joel's shoulder, not saying a word.

The atmosphere suddenly became tense. Many soldiers watching seemed to want to attack but they didn't make a move. Instead, each of them stood idly by as they watched the drama unfold. Joel barked a laugh and suddenly fought back. He clamped the bodyguard's hand that was on his shoulder and poked at his acupuncture point, hard. The African bodyguard instantly screamed in agony. Then, Joel turned around and kicked the bodyguard's hip in a swift motion. With that, the bodyguard fell to the ground with a loud thump.

Seeing this, Natasha's other bodyguard jumped in to attack Joel. This bodyguard, on the other hand, was short and quick. He was really cunning and his attacks were fast as he focused on hitting Joel's lower body. However, Joel quickly fought back and with just a few moves, the other bodyguard fell to the ground. Joel pressed him onto the ground in a standard military movement before kicking him hard. Even at a glance, everyone could tell that he was trained.

Natasha stared at the two bodyguards on the ground. She was so scared that her face turned pale and she staggered back a few steps. Looking at Joel in disbelief, she screamed in horror, "You... How dare you... Do you know who I am? My uncle is..."

Joel really didn't want to waste his time talking to her so he casually put his hands in his pockets and turned to leave. "Let's go," he said softly to Sophia. At that, Sophia hurriedly followed behind him, not forgetting to turn around to glance at Natasha in triumph.

Thinking that Natasha's father might be one of the murderers that killed her father, Sophia couldn't help but gloat. The group of bystanders disappeared in an instant, coming and going like the wind, leaving an outraged Nathasha and her two fallen bodyguards rooted to the spot. Natasha glared fiercely in the direction that Sophia and Joel left and thought, Just you wait! Meanwhile, Sophia obediently followed Joel to the place they were having the party. On the way, Joel suddenly turned around and said to her, "The next time you want to teach someone a lesson, just be blunt."

Sophia immediately blushed. Joel had seen through her intentions in one glance and she was extremely embarrassed about it. Smiling awkwardly, she muttered, "Thank you, general."

After a while, as if he had suddenly realized that he had said something insensitive, he added, "I'm not blaming you." Sophia nodded and replied, "I know."

Joel looked at her, as if there was something else he wanted to say, but in the end he held back. If he really wanted to teach an ignorant person like Natasha a lesson, all he had to do was give a simple order...

They had reserved a really big VIP room and were greeted by the sight of many people, most of them men. There were some women too, but it was obvious that they were family members. Seeing this, Sophia felt awkward and quietly tugged on Joel's shirt.

"Didn't you say that there were other family members attending?"

Joel didn't answer her question. Instead, he pointed to a corner and said, "That's your drill instructor." Sure enough, Sophia saw Commander Ford. He was dressed in casual clothes, looking quite charming. Seeing him, Sophia happily walked over to greet him.

"Oh my, isn't this Sophia who destroyed her ex-boyfriend's reputation?"
Commander Ford recognized her in a heartbeat. Truth be told, a lot of people

recognized her as soon as she showed up. She took a seat and chatted with the instructors about the affairs regarding her military training. Before the food was served, there were people arriving and soon, someone familiar appeared. "Wow, Sophia. Why is it that I see you wherever I go?" Stanley said as soon as he entered the room.

"Why are you here?" Sophia asked as she looked at him strangely. Stanley found a seat and sat down. "This is a veteran gathering. Why can't I be here? I'm a real veteran!"

Sophia thought about it for a moment. He's right. Even though he was only a soldier for two years before he left the army, he's still considered a veteran. There were many soldiers and veterans sitting around the table. Now that they were gathered together, they had endless topics to talk about. They drank alcohol, sang, chatted, and even arm wrestled. Food suddenly became the second most important thing. Sophia liked to attend parties that were filled with men because she could drink wine and eat without caring about women etiquette.

Everyone drank wine from big bowls so Sophia was embarrassed to use a small glass. She grabbed a bowl of wine to drink but after only taking two sips, she felt her cheeks start to flush. Seeing this, Stanley hurriedly took away her bowl of wine and said, "Stop drinking. If Uncle Michael finds out, he'll beat me up."

Sophia wiped her lips and said, "You're the one who's going to get beaten up anyway. I'm not afraid."

With that, she drank two more gulps of wine. She was not a regular drinker but the atmosphere that day was really lively and as everyone else was drinking, she felt a little out of place if she didn't. Stanley watched as she drank half a bowl and said, "Why did Uncle Michael let you come to this party? If I were him, I wouldn't allow you to go out for drinks."

He also found it unbelievable Michael even let Sophia out with Joel. After all, Joel and Michael were two family members who always fought each other whenever they met.

Moreover, Joel had a record. A few years ago, when something happened to Michael, Joel immediately stepped in to get close with Sophia, even though they were not to blame... Is there something wrong with Uncle Michael? If I were him, I would definitely speed over here like a wild horse whose tail was on fire, galloping at 230 kilometers per hour...

As soon as he finished thinking about it, he saw Joel stand up with a glass of wine in his hand and said, "Is everyone here?"

Everyone answered in unison, "Yes, we are."

As soon as they finished that sentence, the door of the VIP room was suddenly pushed open and a man in a suit and leather shoes with looks of an angel entered. His appearance instantly made the other men in the room look extra rough and uncouth.

"Sorry for being late. There was a lot of traffic on the way..."

Seeing the man who just entered, there were two loud sounds of people spurring wine.

"Pfft!"