

# My Dreamy Old Husband

## Chapter 192

Bayside University's winter basketball tournament was about to begin. It was merely one of the many sports under Bayside University's sports festival during the winter. It was held after final exams every year, and it would go on for a few days. All the students were free to join.

Sophia represented the School of Economics and Business Administration in the women's basketball lineup, but since she was just a substitute player, it was unknown if she would even need to make an appearance at the court. Hardly anyone watched women's basketball. After all, the guys looked hotter playing basketball.

With the cold and snow outside, the indoor basketball court was warm like a spring day. Sophia changed into her sports attire in the changing rooms and coiled her hair close to her head. She looked as though she was a capable player. The other players on the team had their boyfriends to whisk them here and there and to help carry their bags and such; only Sophia was alone. She watched as everyone had their boyfriends escort them while she was the only one left out. Her heart felt hollow.

She wondered what Michael was currently doing. He probably was filming something. He had been busy recently with filming Doctor Invincible on top of some cameo appearance in another show. He would need to be away for a few days. Marrying him meant that she was fated to never have a campus romance.

The tournament hadn't started yet when the audience began to trickle into the stands. In the desolated stadium, the players' family members far outnumbered the actual audience numbers. Sophia sat alone in a corner, fiddling with her phone.

She refreshed her social media feeds again and again before finally catching sight of the latest status that Michael posted. He even uploaded a selfie with it too. It was a picture of him during the filming of Doctor Invincible. He was dressed in a raggedy costume, with scraggly facial hair. After they were done with his special effects makeup, he looked like a middle-aged man who was down on his luck. If he were out by the streets, no one would have been able to recognize him as a dreamboat who was desired by millions of girls.

When Richard entered the stadium, he immediately caught sight of Sophia in the small crowd. While everyone had brought their family with them, she was alone. He quirked an eyebrow in joy. "Sophia."

Sophia looked up to see that Richard had come with Xyla. They were even holding hands. Her brows knitted together. Why was this pair of clowns here?

Xyla's heart was filled with a sense of accomplishment when she saw Sophia's frown. She tightened her grip on Richard's hand. "Sophia, we're here to cheer you on!"

Sophia snorted. Rather than rooting for her, they were here just to rub their affection for each other in her face.

"Right, thanks," she replied. She didn't want to say another word to them so that she wouldn't end up causing unnecessary misunderstandings. After all, the Harper Family were a bunch of skilled actors.

Richard raised a well-groomed eyebrow. He pumped his fist in Sophia's direction before going off to find a seat with Xyla. Once they found their seats, they sat down and began to get their hands all over each other, as though they were deliberately playing it up for others to see.

Xyla was absolutely pleased. Regardless of how staunchly Sophia stood her ground, Sophia was still just an unwanted, meddling third wheel who wouldn't be able to face the light of day. Now that things had come to this, Sophia had to be absolutely gutted, yet unable to express it outwardly.

Sophia bent over and re-tightened her shoelaces. She could be sent to the court at any moment. All of a sudden, she saw a line of people march out with a gigantic, ostentatious light-up board. There were two words blazing at a blinding brightness on it: Sophia Edwards.

Sophia wasn't sure what to say.

Stanley Fletcher had brought the guys in her class as well as the e-sports club to bring that light-up board. Each of them had a little flag, and they made their entry with all the discipline and poise that they had gained from all the marching they did during their military training. As they marched, they yelled.

“Sophia, you can do it!”

“Sophia will win!”

“Sophia, Sophia, cut right through! Sophia, Sophia, you're the best!”

Nathan walked at the rear of the line, waving a little flag with a whistle in his mouth. Each time he took a step, he would blow on it. Hale and Gary followed behind him, the two of them carting a brilliant red banner with the words ‘Sophia, You Can Do It!’ printed on it.

Everyone in the stadium froze.

Sophia facepalmed. How she wished she could change her name.

Stanley and the Sophia support squad sat down in the stands. The squad had around twenty to thirty people. When they were marching earlier, they seemed like a huge crowd due to the emptiness of the venue. Stanley led the squad by roaring valiantly at the top of his lungs. “Sophia, do your best!”

The rest of the squad followed his lead. “Do your best! Do your best!”

Hale had a mask on; only his eyes could be seen.

He didn't have the guts to face others like this.

After a brief moment of silence, everyone began to smile in realization. While they had been pointing out Sophia's solitary presence, they now suddenly remembered that she had a boyfriend.

Molly Lawson was one of the main players on the School of Economics' women's basketball team. She approached Sophia. "Sophia, you're up next in a bit!"

Molly's grandfather was a general, and her father was a famed national basketball player. She may not be a professional athlete, but the natural skill she possessed was terrifying. With her on the court, their school would have an extremely high chance of seizing victory.

Sophia was taken by surprise. "I thought I'm a substitute?"

"One of the sophomores couldn't make it at the last minute, and the other substitute caught a cold today. She's not in the best shape," Molly answered. "Besides... your boyfriend and Nate are watching in the stands. If you don't play, you'll be wasting their support for you!"

Sophia didn't dare to turn her head and look at Stanley and the rest of the support squad. She simply steeled herself and agreed to get on the court.

With a blow of the whistle, the match started. They were up against the School of Foreign Languages. Their women's basketball team was strong, primarily because of their foreign students. They had two tall ones, both of them being close to 180 cm. It was evident that they had the physical advantage, but the School of Economics wasn't to be underestimated. Just Molly alone was already enough to level the playing field, and the others were also strong players in their own rights. Sophia had come out on top during her military training, and the others weren't ordinary athletes either.

Molly got the ball the moment the match started. She was immediately blocked off by the two foreign students.

“Sophia!” She passed the ball to Sophia, who caught the ball nimbly and surely before darting out like a rabbit to dribble. With a perfectly executed three-step travel, she shot the ball.

“ho!”

“Yes!”

Sophia’s support squad was instantly whipped into a frenzy and they leaped up to whoop loudly, their whistles and cheers reverberating throughout the stadium.

Richard’s line of sight was obstructed by the wave of people who had suddenly stood up in front of him; the back of Stanley’s head had taken the place of Sophia’s figure from Richard’s point of view.

“You there in front, sit down!” he protested.

Stanley was cheering enthusiastically. He hadn’t heard Richard’s complaints at all.

Despite calling out to him a few more times, Richard’s words were futile. Anger surged up within him. In a few steps, he was in front of Stanley. “Hey you, you’re blocking my view!”

Stanley gave him a once-over. “I’m blocking your view? Sorry about that. You should change seats yourself!”

“You—” Richard was furious, but he didn’t want to get into a lengthy debate with Stanley.

Who did he think he was? He was just a fat gamer, a loser, a country bumpkin from a third-rate town!

Sophia was merely using him as a front by being together with Stanley. The one she loved was him, Richard Harper!

Richard changed his seat, but in an instant, Stanley brought the support squad to squeeze themselves in front of him. They even raised the light-up board high, deliberately obstructing his view.

Richard knew that Stanley was doing this on purpose. He was pursuing her, but Sophia only thought of him as a front.

What use was this little petty action?