

My Dreamy Old Husband

Chapter 222

Stanley puffed up with pride. “Yeah, and he didn’t even stop to take a look at who I was; I’m Snow Fox, a clan master. From now on, I’ll protect you whenever you’re in-game. No one will dare to pick on you anymore!”

Sophia excused herself and went to the washroom to calm herself down. She felt really exhausted after playing along with Stanley’s act.

There was a washroom right next to Stanley’s room, and Sophia stayed in there for a long while. By the time she emerged, she saw that the door to Stanley’s study was open.

She was rather curious about Stanley’s study; from what she had heard from him, his study had over a dozen mechanical and capacitor keyboards. Each of these keyboards had their own story of origin, and they were like mystical items in the esports world; the most valuable keyboards in the world were with him.

Feeling incredibly curious, Sophia slipped in to lay her eyes on these keyboards that supposedly had storied pasts. However, she hadn’t expected to see Nathan sitting on the carpet and fiddling with a keyboard the moment she stepped in.

He had taken Stanley’s keyboards—keyboards that were as precious as his own life to him—and was plucking the keycaps off one by one with the soup spoon Stanley had used earlier. Nathan had even poured some water from the fish bowl onto the keyboards. The shelves with a myriad of priceless figurines had also been wrecked by Nathan. Action figures were scattered across the floor; if they weren’t missing an arm, then they were missing a leg.

“Nate, what are you doing?!” Sophia jumped in fright and rushed over, but it was already too late; Nathan had more or less wrecked the figurines and keyboards beyond repair.

Nathan continued to pour water over the mechanical keyboards. He lifted his head and revealed a dark look on his face. “I’m playing!” he sneered.

What? This was going overboard, wasn’t it? These were all part of Stanley’s beloved and precious collection. Without a doubt, he was going to charge at Nathan and slaughter the boy as soon as he found out!

Before the Fletchers noticed anything amiss, Sophia hastily shut the door and shoved all the broken figurines and keyboards into a cupboard. Once she had cleaned the crime scene as best as she could, she grabbed Nathan from the ground and ran. “Come on, run! We won’t be able to leave once Stanley finds out!” Sophia ran for it with Nathan’s hand in hers. She got Hale to bid Stanley goodbye on behalf of them before they were back out in the military compound. The moment they were in the car, Sophia ordered Hale to floor it at maximum speed, for she was deeply afraid of being captured and skinned alive by Stanley.

It had only been a short while since they left when Stanley called Sophia. “Sophia! I’m giving you half an hour to bring Nate over so that he can turn himself in, or else I’m going to your house with a knife in my hand!”

Sophia felt her head spin. She braced herself and said, “It’s just a bunch of mini figures of people and keyboards. I’ll just spend time with you to make up for it!”

Stanley was close to tears. He was completely in hysterics as he screamed, “How are you going to pay it back?! Those are all limited edition figurines! I hunted down master artisans to make those keyboards! They can’t be bought no matter how much money you have! Tell me, how are you going to pay it all back?!”

Sophia maintained her brazenness and replied, “He’s still a kid. Why are you holding this over a kid’s head?!”

Stanley was apoplectic as he screeched into the phone with all that he had, “A kid? He’s not a young kid anymore! He’s already in university. His grades are even higher than mine, do you know that? He’s wrecked all my babies on my shelves, and he even killed the goldfish I’ve raised for the past eight years! Pay it back! Pay it all back!”

Sophia glanced at Nathan, who was completely unrepentant as he sat next to her. With no other choice, she pretended that her cell reception was awful. “Huh? What did you say, Sundae Cone? I can’t hear you, so I’m going to hang up now! Bye!”

Sophia switched off her phone immediately after hanging up. With that done, she promptly disciplined Nathan. “My dear boy, you can’t do this in the future, got it? You do know that you aren’t supposed to touch others’ belongings without their permission when you go to their homes, don’t you?”

In a rare show of docility, Nathan nodded and said, “I won’t do it anymore.” Still, Sophia could tell that there was no sincerity in that promise at all.

Nathan’s destructive spree had struck several nerves in Stanley. Sophia didn’t dare to switch her cell phone on for a couple of days, fearing that Stanley would lose control and come knocking on her door to stab them. They were fortunate that he had a broken leg, so he probably wouldn’t come looking for them for the time being.

At the same time, Stanley didn’t dare to continue pestering Sophia; his heart was practically crushed with all his babies wrecked into the state they were currently in. He had sent the figurines and keyboards back to the original manufacturers within the day, hoping that he would still be able to salvage a few of them. As he rescued his babies, Stanley logged into the game again and saw that Harry was online. While the damsel in distress plan hadn’t worked out that day, Stanley still had to thank Harry. “Thank you so much, my lord!”

Harry was curious; he thought all Stanley had in his head were games. It didn’t occur to Harry that Stanley would actually think about hitting on girls, so he

couldn't stop himself from asking the latter, "Who's the girl you're chasing after? Where is she from?"

Stanley was extremely embarrassed. "If I tell you, you can't tell Uncle Michael."

Harry was even more curious now as he replied, "Okay."

Then, Stanley finally told him. "It's the babysitter Uncle Michael hired—Sophia."

Harry truly had no words for that.

"You absolutely can't tell Uncle Michael; he'd break my leg!"

"Hehe, he would certainly break your leg!" Harry snickered.

Two days went by and the danger passed. Stanley hadn't come stirring trouble for her, so Sophia switched her phone on at last. She still went to class on time every day. Stanley had hurt his leg, so he was absent from class. On the other hand, Quinton was back to teaching his classes after having recovered from his injuries.

The Phantom Wolf incident seemed to be over just like that. Michael had gotten wind of Phantom's Wolf retreat from the nation, and they wouldn't come running back here for the time being; even the leader of the organization himself did not make another appearance again.

As for the love letter that Sophia had written, Hale had been constantly on the search for it. He found out that a local woman had received the letter. Once she got it, she mailed the letter to another address—that address was actually the address of Michael's managing company, Imperial Entertainment!

Hale reported this back to Michael. Having figured out something, Michael was filled with delight. He ordered Hale to find that letter by any means possible and mail it to his workplace as soon as he could.

Hale was run ragged by this task; he found out that the woman Sophia had mailed the letter to was a hardcore fan of Michael's, and she had formed a fan group dedicated to him. That superfan knew one of the assistants at Imperial Entertainment, and she would regularly mail gifts from the fans to the company and get the assistant to hand them to Michael. However, those gifts usually did not reach Michael.

The company received far too many gifts every day, and the fans sent anything ranging from food, love letters, postcards, and so on. The presents were piled as high as mountains; Michael's home would never be able to accommodate all these gifts no matter how large it was. Even though the fans clearly knew that the items would never reach Michael, they still sent gifts his way mulishly.

Hale went to the company and looked for the manager who was in charge of receiving all the gifts. The manager brought him to the room where they stored all fanmail, and Hale was slack-jawed when he caught sight of the mountain of gifts. The staff had already divided up food gifts among themselves, while expensive gifts were stored in another room to be donated. The remaining gifts like love letters, postcards and such took up their own storeroom—an entire storeroom at that!

An entire storeroom of love letters! Hale felt his vision go dark after he eyed the colorful love letters piled in the room. How was he supposed to find a letter with no sender's name on it among all of these?

According to the information that Nathan had provided, the paper was pink and the letter was written in cursive. The opening line was supposed to be, 'You are the light in my life.'

Hale was in agony as he painstakingly sifted through mountains of love letters to look for the one that Sophia had written. Gosh, woman, why did you write that love letter?! Why did you have to send it anonymously?! Wouldn't it have been more gratifying to give it to him in person? You even sent it to his managing company on purpose!

It seemed that Sophia never wished for Michael to read that love letter, but now that Michael found out about its existence, he had to read it. At last, Hale thought of a genius plan.