

My Dreamy Old Husband

Chapter 560

Irene's fury was thrown back in her face with those words. Her shoddy acting could fool nobody except herself. She was simply a prey. Hunters were only concerned about where she would end up, not how she had been caught. In the hunting game back then, she was the prize Michael and Joel had been fighting for.

What they cared about the most was her final destination—it didn't matter why she chose who she did. Still, that did not mean that Michael was a fool or that he had not noticed the clues. However, everybody else was playing dumb. If he pretended to be smart all by himself, then wouldn't he have become the real fool?

Joel took the snacks and left. Watching as he threw her aside callously to go on another hunt, her heart pounded with hatred. At the same time, she felt relieved. She had long lost all hope and illusions about him. Thus, separation was the best choice. *I'm going to snatch Michael back! But, I can't just return like that. I need to find a suitable opportunity! I can't wait any longer. I need to return to Michael's side as soon as possible! As for Sophia... Haha; she is nothing more than a substitute anyway. The only reason she can stay by Michael's side is that she is young and pretty. Men always have a soft spot for women in their twenties. However, those feelings are only skin deep. As for me... I'm the only one that is buried deep in Michael's heart forever.*

Sophia fled all the way back. When she arrived at her room, her heart was still pounding wildly. Suddenly, she heard a knock on the door. Thus, she hurriedly escaped into the bathroom. In the meantime, Nathan opened the door and saw Joel standing outside. He lifted his head to stare at Joel. Similarly, Joel lowered his head to stare at Nathan.

Nathan was the spitting image of his parents. Therefore, Joel couldn't help being reminded of Nathan's parents whenever he looked at Nathan. Sighing, he patted the boy's head. "Your mom forgot her snacks."

Receiving the snacks from him, Nathan closed the door, placed the snacks on the table, and continued playing his game. Meanwhile, Sophia continued hiding in the toilet for a long while before she dared to step out of it. Even then, her heart was still thumping madly. *Joel is way too terrifying! It feels like I can barely breathe whenever I stand before him.*

That night, Sophia tossed and turned—she was unable to fall asleep. On the other hand, Nathan was sleeping like a log beside her. Chrysanthemum was making rustling noises in the room as it rummaged through the stuff and stole some potato chips. The sounds left Sophia even more awake than before. Thus, she took out her phone and went through her contacts. However, there was nobody she could call. After that, she logged into Messenger and stared at Michael's profile picture for a long time. In the end, she said nothing to him and tapped into the chat with Nicholas instead. 'Nicholas, I can't sleep. Can you tell me some jokes?'

Then, Nicholas immediately sent her joke after joke.

At the same time, Michael was lying on the sofa watching TV in Villa No. 8 of The Imperial. Several fat orange cats were snoring in his arms. Life without his wife was depressingly lonely. He had accepted a role in a movie where the main theme was about searching for and retrieving an imperial seal. Hence, he searched for several documentaries and movies involving seals to watch in order to get a feel for his character.

He yawned. Suddenly, Nicholas spoke up from beside him, "Dad—"

“Yeah?” he answered lazily.

Nicholas seemed like it was about to say something. Its head turned toward him, then all of a sudden, the lights in its eyes died.

Huh? Is it out of battery? Despite hitting Nicholas on the head several times, there was no response. So, he tried to charge its batteries. However, the indicator lights did not light up. Taking out his tools, he wanted to try and repair Nicholas with the skills of a liberal arts student that could only successfully switch out light bulbs. Unfortunately, he discovered that the insides were a bunch of complicated electrical boards and parts. It was disconcerting to look at. He didn't know what was wrong with the robot. Blindly tinkering with it for a bit, he fixed it back up, but it still didn't move.

It's for the best if it can't be fixed! He was extremely wary of this overly intelligent little guy; he was afraid that it was a spy. Putting Nicholas inside the storeroom, he yawned and went to bed.

Inside the Fletcher Residence, Sophia didn't wait for Nicholas to reply to her again. She could no longer keep her eyes open and she finally fell asleep.

The next day, the weather had cleared up and the snow had melted—it was great weather. Old Master Fletcher had gone out with a group of old men to practice Tai Chi early in the morning. After exercising, Sophia returned with Nathan. She took a shower then went to look for Old Master Fletcher. When she arrived, she saw Old Master Fletcher playing chess with Irene.

Old Master Fletcher sighed in admiration as he played. “You're good at this! Well played! Well played!”

Irene responded humbly, “No, no; it's because you let me win!”

Upon seeing Irene, Sophia's steps faltered. *Michael's ex-girlfriend... Irene, the beauty in the army; the famous military singer.* Her figure was something most women couldn't hope to compare with. Now that she was in her thirties, she

possessed a unique charm that would put any woman to shame. *An angelic voice, a swan-like grace, a majestic appearance, and an impressive background...* Sophia had to admit that she couldn't compare in terms of elegance and looks. However, she took a deep breath, mustered up her courage, and walked over. *I cannot falter in the face of my lover's ex-lover!*

"Grandpa."

Irene turned back to look at Sophia when she heard the voice. Sophia had always entered the military compound bare-faced. There was no image she needed to keep up when spending time with a group of old men. Therefore, her black hair was casually tied behind her head, and she couldn't be bothered to tidy the strands of hair that had come loose and were sticking out in places. Her young face was clean, clear, and free of impurities while her nose was red from the cold.

On the other hand, the compelling aura around Irene could not be hidden even if she had been born with mediocre features. Standing up, she greeted Sophia. "Sophia, you're here."

Sophia nodded. "Yeah."

Walking over, she sat next to the fireplace. Then, Woody tugged at her, always acting a little silly. "Cooper, have you had breakfast? Are you cold? Come over to Daddy. It's not cold here."

Woody had sat by the fireplace for a long while. His large hands that were warmed by the fire wrapped around her frozen hands. It was so warm that even her heart was filled with warmth. The old men shifted over and made some space for Sophia and Nathan. After that, they sat down and watched the chess game between Mark and Irene.

Irene was clearly exceptional and kind, but Sophia could not bring herself to like her. In particular, when she saw how Irene and Mark were chatting away gaily... *That spot is mine. It belongs to me, but now Irene has snatched it away.* With

those thoughts in mind, the darkness in her heart expanded infinitely—jealousy was giving rise to the darkness in her heart.

As a father, Woody seemed worried that Sophia would catch a cold. He didn't seem to think that she was wrapped up warmly enough. Hence, he found several military coats from somewhere and wrapped her up in them. She was wrapped up so thickly that she felt like a ball of cotton, and the space she took up was double the others. Despite that, it felt natural sitting among the group of old men, and she felt like a middle-aged lady.

Meanwhile, Irene was playing chess with Mark. However, she would occasionally glance over at Sophia, who was warming herself by the fire. With every glance she took, her confidence grew larger. *It looks like Michael married her simply because she's young.*