

My Dreamy Old Husband

Chapter 562

Irene looked at the chessboard in disbelief. She could not accept that she had lost.

Sitting across from her, Sophia was acting like a spoiled and pampered child. “No, this isn’t right. You can’t keep letting me off easy, Irene. It’s so obvious that you’re letting me win. Who loses before even making ten moves? Let’s go again!”

Stanley also came to a realization. *Irene is letting Sophia win! No wonder she lost two times in a row when she’s usually an ace player!*

He knocked on his head. “Oh, me and my blabbermouth. Did I scare you, Irene?” He quickly explained, “Irene, I was only joking. Sophia is not that weak! Even if she loses, she won’t run home and weep to my uncle. Just relax and play! You don’t have to go easy on her. Just beat her! Let’s do this again. You can’t lose on purpose this time!”

Stanley and Sophia started to put the chess pieces back in place as they were in a rush to get the game started again. At that moment, Irene came back to her senses.

Did I lose on purpose?

She felt like there was something distracting and confusing her in the background, bringing her to defeat when she was still confident and unaware.

But everything happened so quickly that she did not have a chance to react. She almost believed that she did, in fact, lose on purpose.

Forcing a smile, she continued with the game. This time, she was on high alert and was not going to show any mercy. Right from the start, she was very swift in her attacks. Her moves were extremely aggressive, and she used the most brutal and unrelenting way to end the battle without considering Old Master Fletcher's feelings.

This young girl isn't easy, but neither am I!

Just like last time, however, she was led to another dead end when she was still full of confidence. She had made exactly ten moves when she heard Sophia squeal, "Checkmate!"

Did I lose again?

Putting down the chess piece, Sophia started to whine, "Irene, I won't come anymore. You keep letting me win. It's not fun anymore!"

Irene was dumbfounded. *I keep letting her win? I had clearly put in my best effort, but it looked like I was letting her win? If this girl is not naïve, then she is way too smart!*

Now, Irene knew that Sophia was not as easy as she might have seemed.

Going along with her, she said, "I'm older than you. It's only right that I let you win!"

Then, she stood up and excused herself. "I still have things left to do at the troupe. I'm going to head off first. Have fun playing, you guys!"

Sophia waved goodbye to her. “See you, Irene. I’ll visit you often to play chess!”

Irene’s eyes glazed over, but she quickly recovered her expression. “Sounds good. I won’t let you win next time!”

Between the both of them, an intense glare was exchanged. Irene shuddered when she felt the extraordinary aggression from the twenty-year-old girl.

No, I must be mistaken. She’s still in her early twenties! I’ve lived a few years more than she has. What have I not witnessed before? How can I shudder in the presence of a girl who has not experienced real life yet?

The crowd watched Irene leave.

At that moment, the foolish Stanley finally sensed something—he had witnessed an intense battle between two women!

To him, Irene and Michael’s fling happened ages ago and had almost become something that happened in their past lives. Moreover, Irene and Joel were together now.

But to Sophia, regardless of how many years had passed or even if it had happened in their past lives, Irene was still the person who came before her.

Women had a sense of hostility toward the ex-lovers of their partners and current lovers of their ex-partners.

Earlier, while they were arranging the chess pieces, Sophia had already begun fighting a silent battle with Irene and had succeeded in tearing her to pieces.

Lowering his head, Stanley looked at Sophia who was putting away the chess pieces on the board. It was as though a giant black dragon was sitting there, slowly retracting her talons that still had the remains—blood, flesh, and internal organs—of her prey left on them. While she was retracting them, she let out a

soft sigh—a breath that could suffocate those in the room. Her whole body exuded a chilling presence.

When he felt his body go numb, he quickly made his way home with the dog. The more he thought about it, the more it did not seem right. At the same time, however, he did not know what the problem was. He only felt chills all over his body as if the menacing dragon was staring at him and making him feel like he was in imminent danger. Hence, he made a quick phone call to Sean to tell him about what happened and to ask for advice.

Sean was also baffled by the end of it. *Stanley has always been foolish, but how did he get even more foolish to let something like this happen?*

He evaluated, “If I’m not wrong, you sided with Irene today and ridiculed Sophia. You...” He hesitated then gave him a final sentence of advice, “Stan, you should prepare yourself for the consequences.”

Because now, he had made it onto Sophia’s blacklist.

Stanley realized that the situation was looking bleak for him and grew more afraid the more he thought about it. Being scared senseless, he ran to Sophia’s room and hugged her leg as he pleaded, “I’m sorry, Aunt! I was wrong!”

The expression on her face remained unmoved. It was a side of her that Stanley had never seen before. She was giving off an apathetic presence that felt even scarier than Michael.

She may look like a pretty young lady on the outside, but she is truly frightening!

Staring at him, Sophia asked, “What did you do wrong?”

Stanley shuddered. “I shouldn’t have mocked you in front of Aunt Irene.”

“Hmph! Since you know what you did wrong, do you know how to save yourself?”

Clenching his jaw, he decided to give in. “I’ll let you raise Sunset’s kittens.”

She was appeased now. “Okay, you can leave now. Give them to me tomorrow.”

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The next day, Stanley reluctantly gave Sunset’s two kittens to Sophia. Initially, he had planned to raise them himself. But in exchange for his own life, he chose to give them to her with a heavy heart.

In a stoic manner, Sophia took the kittens with her and sat in the car that Hale drove over with. Then, the car sped off, leaving a devastated Stanley in its dust.

He wanted to slap himself in the face. *Me and my big mouth!*

As he watched Sophia leave, he called Michael and told him about the chess game yesterday.

Michael gasped in admiration.

From listening to Stanley, he could already visualize how intense the match was yesterday. Sophia was like a vixen disguised as an edelweiss flower—she had on an innocent face but she easily beat the chess expert. Without showing any mercy, she ended Irene in just ten moves and even ridiculed her. Irene had no choice but to feign ignorance and go along with it.

That was how women had their silent wars with each other. As long as there was resentment, it was a battlefield anywhere.