

My Dreamy Old Husband Chapter 780

Recently, the studio did not have many orders and those they had were made by their acquaintances. They were Sophia's classmates, the Winston Family, the Fletchers, Sean's uncle, Stan and Judge and the like. Truth was, their customer base that was built up over the years were gone. Right away, Sophia stopped the business operations and decided to complete the orders at hand before anything else.

As for the remaining stock in the store that was not sold, Sophia would bring it home for her pets. She also had two dozen toys sent over for Judge as compensation for the sin of castrating it.

Now, the store was about to be renovated. The designer had come over to discuss the details with Sarah as Sophia listened while holding her two puppies.

Suddenly, the phone rang—it was still the new phone with an unfamiliar number.

There were not many unknown callers for this phone.

As soon as the call was connected, Bill's voice came over the line.

"Hello, Miss Lucile. My name is Bill Winterford. May I know if you need any pet luxury goods service? The King team would be happy to serve you."

Coldly, Sophia rejected, "Sorry, I'm not interested."

Upon hearing that, Bill snickered. "It seems like you're still a loyal customer of Pouri. You may not know this, but Pouri is about to close down and their employees are currently working with us at King. Are you sure you don't want to come and experience our service?"

Sophia sneered nonchalantly. "King is nothing but a little shop that sells dog collars. Who gave you the courage to threaten customers?"

Obviously, the phrase 'a little shop that sells dog collars' made Bill very unhappy. All at once, his tone became unkind. "Who gave us the courage? The Edwards Family, of course!"

Without saying a word, Sophia hung up and continued supervising the designer with the renovation plans.

Meanwhile, Ivan came to the store too that day. Due to the fact that many of the staff had left, they were short on manpower so he had come to help clean up the store.

In the afternoon, Sarah went to Plum Technology while Sophia stayed back. She actively discussed with the designer about the details and walked around holding her puppy in her arms.

It was such a delight to cuddle a tiny Husky while it was still small and incapable of destroying everything in its path. The other puppy was in the kennel at the store, comforting its newly neutered father who was still under anesthetics.

After walking around for a while, Sophia sat down to take a break. At that moment, a young man with blonde hair and blue eyes came in.

When Ivan—who usually did not talk much—saw the man, he abruptly stormed up to him and snapped, "Please get out! You are not welcomed here!"

This man spoke in poor Cethosian language, but Sophia could still hear the heavy mockery and superiority in his incoherent pronunciation. "Not welcomed? This place will be mine soon so why can't I come?"

All at once, Sophia recognized this voice. It was the same one that she spoke to on the phone—Bill Winterford, the collateral relative of the Edwards Family and the chief designer of King across the street.

Bill had disregarded Ivan and strode into the store. When he saw they were preparing for renovations, he commented loudly, "So you're preparing for a renovation. That's great. Once you're done, we can just move in."

Instantly, Ivan was furious. He walked toward Bill and shoved him. "Bill, I told you to never show up in front of me. Otherwise, don't blame me for disregarding our past!"

Upon hearing this, Bill sneered. "Disregard our past? What are you going to do? Punch me? Come on then—"

Enraged, Ivan brought his fist up as he saw red. However, he still could not release his tightened fist.

He could not hit him!

If he did, Bill would just take advantage of the opportunity to cause more trouble.

After all, Ivan wasn't stupid!

It seemed like Bill had come in just to provoke him and if he punched Bill, the consequences would have been unimaginable.

However, Bill continued to aggravate him. "Look at yourself, Ivan. Your designs and talent became the stepping stone to my success, while you have achieved nothing! Your precious Pouri is going out of business! To tell you the truth, I am currently in the midst of a discussion with your landlord to buy this store. When the deal is made, you will all have to move out!"

Meanwhile, Ivan's face was flushed with rage and his chest rose and fell violently. His fists that were clenched tightly looked like it would swing any time, but he held himself back.

Looking at the quiet store, Bill couldn't help but mock, "Pouri won't be able to make it and you don't even have customers anymore; why not just sell it to us so that we could reuse this waste? If you don't take up our offer, you'll be losing so much money that you won't even have your capital. It would not be worth the loss. Ha!"

Upon hearing this, Ivan gritted his teeth in anger.

He had poured his soul into designing the collars for his pets, yet Bill had stolen his designs and used them to become an internationally renowned master.

"Bill, I'm warning you. Don't get too cocky!"

However, Bill only laughed, as if he heard something hilarious. "Ha! I'm not being cocky. This is me being humble."

Just as Ivan was about to retort, a cool voice echoed. "Ivan, don't waste your time with him. Carry on with your work."

Reluctantly, Ivan went back to work.

It was at that moment that Bill noticed the blonde woman with a face mask sitting in the corner. Judging from her hair and eye color, it seemed like she was not local. Bill approached her, smiling politely as he buttered up to her. "Hi, beautiful. Forgive me for not noticing you earlier. Are you a customer of Pouri? I am the chief designer of King, Bill—"

"I know who you are," Sophia interrupted coldly. Wearing a face mask, only a pair of cold eyes watched Bill closely. After her plastic surgery, the doctors tried to preserve her original voice but her voice still changed. It sounded lower and better, as if it had matured by several years.

Bill looked at the Husky in her arms and the two other dogs by her feet, recognized her voice and instantly knew who she was. "So you're Miss Lucile! Well? Are you interested in what I mentioned on the phone earlier?"

At Pouri and in the presence of Pouri's chief designer, he was shamelessly trying to poach Pouri's customer.

Sophia's ocean blue eyes were emotionless as she refused his offer without any room for discussion. "No deal."

Without waiting for Bill to speak, she continued, "I'm the new person in charge of Pouri and this store's landlord."

Upon hearing this, Bill's expression changed. Just as he was about to say something, Sophia mercilessly interrupted him again, "Mr. Bill Winterford, regarding your offer to acquire this store, I hereby decline."