Chapter 68 I Heard That You were Trying to get in Your Aunt's Pants

An old man?

Adrian frowned deeply as he put his newspaper down while trying to feign nonchalance. "Who is Mr. B. Olton?"

"Penelope introduced him to me. I need to thank him for his help now that my audition was successful. He is an outstanding senior citizen." Cathy smiled as she carefully put the gifts away.

"I thought that he was our age, but when I realized that he was not good at deciphering emoticons. He would always take a long time to reply whenever I sent him an emoji."

Adrian tried to block his embarrassment with his newspaper as he growled with frustration. "Does not understanding emojis mean that someone is old?"

Cathy frowned at him. "What else would it be?"

She always sent simple emojis to her teacher, but he took forever to reply. That should be indicative of his age.

"Why are we talking about this?" Cathy looked at Adrian suspiciously as a sense of discomfort rose in her heart and realized that he had held the newspaper upside down.

"Mr. Bolton... Do you not know how to interpret emojis too?"

"Nonsense. I will not waste time doing things that have no meaning." Adrian replied coldly before realizing that he was holding the newspaper upside down.

Embarrassed, he got up and went upstairs with a frown.

Cathy stared at him going up the stairs, wondering with confusion whether he was angry.

Meanwhile, Arius and Abner exchanged a look behind Cathy's back.

Their father's stick-in-the-mud attitude was giving him a bad reputation!

Abner tried to offer an alternative. "Mom, I think it is presumptive to assume that the teacher is old because he does not understand emojis. He might be a handsome young man who does not like surfing the internet!"

"Mr. B. Olton's work requires him to be online very often though!" Cathy refuted, before hearing the door to the study slam shut.

Arius shook his head helplessly as he closed his laptop. "I'll go upstairs."

Their father needed comfort now.

Abner gave him an understanding look and continued to engage in conversation with his mother to build her confidence. "Do you want to meet Mr. B. Olton, Mom?"

Cathy nodded. "Of course!"

How could she not thank him personally after his help?

Abner took a deep breath in, but a smile broke across his face as if he suddenly realized something. "Mom, let me choose your outfit when you meet Mr. B. Olton, okay?"

Cathy lifted her eyebrows. "I don't think that is necessary..."

She was meeting a senior.

"Yes, it is important! You said that he is an important person to you, Mom." Abner explained sternly.

Meanwhile, in the study room upstairs.

Arius climbed atop Adrian's desk, sat on it, and opened his laptop, displaying thousands of emojis on his screen.

"Dad, you are too uptight. To prevent this from happening again, I will suggest for you to learn about things that interest young people." Arius turned the screen towards his father.

"No." Adrian glared at him before looking away.

He would not inconvenience himself for a woman.

He was not going to waste his time on things that didn't matter even if others thought that he was an old person!

Arius crossed his arms and contemplated him with his clear and wise eyes. "Are you sure, Dad?"

Adrian took a long look at his son haughtily, then turned to his laptop to access his email and started to read a document sternly.

Arius had all the time of his life to persuade his father.

Pouring himself a glass of water, he took a seat on the desk, then mimicking adults, he pulled a phone out to call Tyrell.

"Hello Tyrell."

"Arius? Why did you call me?" Tyrell was filled with shock.

"Why would my genius little cousin call me? This is such a privilege."

"Tyrell, your flattery is abrasive." Arius' words silenced Tyrell immediately.

"You didn't call me just to catch up, did'ya my little cousin? Tell me what to do! I'll try my best!"

Tyrell knew that Arius was a younger version of Adrian – he had unlimited potential! He knew that he had to jump onto Arius' bandwagon before the young child grows up.

"I would like to know whether a man who doesn't like emojis could successfully pursue a woman who likes emojis?" Arius asked with a slight smile.

"Is that all?" Tyrell exclaimed with a bark of laughter.

"Yes."

"Are you joking? Of course not! Understanding emojis is such a basic thing to do!" Tyrell ridiculed, not knowing who the subject of their conversation was.

Arius smirked and passed the phone to Adrian.

"Please, Arius. Someone who doesn't understand emojis can never successfully pursue a woman

who does. It'll be easier to make dreams come true! The lady would find him a bore."

The temperature of the room must have fallen a few degrees as Tyrell prattled on.

He knew the intention behind Arius' question and was certain that this was what Arius wanted to hear.

In an effort to please Arius, he exaggerated the situation. "Even old grandfathers know how to use certain types of emojis. The man you are referring to is worse than old men! Introduce the lady to me! I know how to use emojis – I can even charm her into falling for me!"

"Is that true? You're dead to me." Came the chilling answer, making Tyrell choke on his words.

"Uncle Adrian?"

"Yes. I heard that you were trying to get into your Aunt Cathy's pants." Adrian growled into the phone, startling Tyrell.

"Uncle A—Adrian! Listen to my explanation!" He stuttered uncontrollably.

"I..." Before he could continue, Adrian hung up on the call.

Arius crossed his arms with a lifted brow. "Do you still think that it is useless?"

Adrian stared at him silently, but Arius glared back, not willing to back down.

"Ding!"

Adrian's alternative phone notified him of a message, indicating that Cathy had sent Mr. B. Olton a message.

It was a cute bunny emoji.

Adrian showed Arius the emoji unhappily. "What does this mean?"