

My Dreamy Old Husband

Chapter 107

“Darling, what did you say?” Sophia asked immediately. Nathan didn’t answer as he ran faster ahead of her. Sophia was completely lost. Did he want me to fight? Reaching the training field, Sophia saw many people assembled there.

At one glance, there were approximately 20 to 30 people; most of them were men with an average height more than 1.85 meters. Standing next to them, she was like a little duck.

Nathan tagged along just so that he could keep an eye on her and save her from being bullied. He whispered in her ear, “Most of the new recruits here are from the few prestigious families, and some are students with outstanding performances. Be smart.”

Sophia nodded upon realizing the aura of this group of people was quite different. The men were taller and bigger, while the girls were fitter.

Her entrance attracted their attention, and a group of people watched her. A young man approached her and greeted, “Greetings, newcomer! I’m glad that you joined us.” Sophia looked at the young man; he was dark and tall, sporting a buzz cut. He was of mixed race, and had a rugged look to his handsome features.

He towered over her by a head, and he was looking down at her, hand outstretched. “Sophia Edwards, School of Economics and Business Administration, Faculty of Law.” The young man replied, “Stanley Fletcher, School of Computer Science, Game Design Department.” Sophia was shocked upon hearing that.

Seeing that the two of them were about to shake hands, Nathan suddenly came between them and slapped Stanley's hand away before ordering angrily, "Don't touch her!" Sophia's hand was outstretched, and she awkwardly let it fall. Stanley, on the other hand, seemed to know Nathan very well.

He squatted down to pet Nathan's face and said, "Oh, if it isn't Nate!" Nathan knocked his hand away angrily and tried to break free, but it was too late. A dozen sturdy men surrounded Nathan; everyone was very familiar with him.

"Oh! It's been years; look at how you've grown!"

"Come here, let me give you a hug!"

"I carried you when you were younger, and you even peed on my leg!" laughed another.

Nathan was so popular among these people that everyone carried him around and played with him for most of the day. It was only after the seven o'clock bell that they began to disperse and get ready for their night training.

Superb Company was personally trained by Joel Fletcher, who emerged with a dark expression on his face, making everyone stand at attention, backs ramrod straight.

Sophia stood at the very back, trying to stand properly, while Nathan sat playing at the side, looking over from time to time, as though afraid that Sophia would be bullied.

Joel came in and looked at those standing in front of him. They were all elites that have been chosen to join as this year's freshmen. The children of the Fletcher family were natural-born soldiers, and the rest were students who performed outstandingly in their military training, with scores above 90 points.

These were the students that made up the Superb Company. Not to mention, the military training must be hard enough to match the prestige of their training company.

Joel Fletcher then began, "You all are the best among ordinary students, but to me, you are nothing more than rubbish! If you want to prove to me otherwise, then show me what you're made of! Turn left, as per the old rules, two kilometers!" But we've barely just begun!

Sophia was shocked, but the team had started to run, and she could only grit her teeth and keep up. Fortunately for her, she had been training on her own, but even then, she was barely able to keep up for the two kilometers.

She brought up the rear, barely keeping up with the rest while she gritted her teeth and ran for two kilometres. After she was done, she was panting non-stop, but tried her best to stand still. The team stood neatly, and Joel looked at them all one by one.

The entire team was standing in a straight line, and everyone looked exactly the same, their posture professional. The general's aura was in a whole other league. Everytime Joel opened his mouth, Sophia couldn't help but tremble slightly.

"Let's start tonight's training with tactical combat!" A lieutenant came over and stood beside Joel, and the both of them demonstrated a commonly used fighting technique. Although it was in slow motion, their strength could be seen in their movements.

Joel played the attacker, while the lieutenant was the defender. They danced back and forth, and within the blink of an eye, they finished the whole set of actions. There was a loud thud, and the lieutenant was thrown to the ground by Joel. The lieutenant's body hit the ground hard, and it looked like it hurt badly.

Sophia was excited. This seems to be much more fun than practicing standing at attention all day long! She couldn't wait to give a try. Little did she know that the more exciting parts were yet to come.

Joel looked at everyone and frowned. "Demonstration completed. Rows one and three should turn back. The person standing opposite you is your opponent.

Practice! If you constantly get beaten up, it shows that you're not good enough." Sophia turned around, only to come face to face with the 1.86 meter tall Stanley. She looked at him, feeling nervous. On the other hand, Stanley smirked and asked, "Are you happy?" Sophia was rendered speechless.

The first round started. Wham! Sophia hadn't even managed a single move, and Stanley was already pressing her onto the ground. Before she could move, Stanley's sharp uppercut trapped both of her hands, and he slammed into her shoulders, pinning her to the ground.

Her hands were pulled behind her, and she couldn't even move. He's good! Sophia had studied for a year and knew a little about combat skills. She could tell he was an expert! Tears rolled down her cheeks as Stanley pinned her in place painfully. "Little one, this is a warzone, though... it's not too late for you to back out just yet." However, Sophia refused to admit defeat.

Raising her head, she looked around and saw that everyone was an expert of sorts. They moved with lightning speed and had great reflexes.

Even the girls didn't fall behind. This was the definition of the true aristocratic elite—when the mind was being fed, all parts of the body must also be able to keep up. Gritting her teeth, Sophie called out, "Again!"

Stanley loosened his grip and Sophia stood up, her whole body feeling unbearably sore. Fortunately, she was under the instruction of Gwen for a year. Otherwise, she really would not be able to stand Stanley's move. Seeing her stand up, Stanley clapped his hands and praised, "Not bad, little one.

I like your determination.” Sophia swiped the grass clippings from her face and bent forward into a fighting stance. “Again!” she roared. She did not believe that he could manage to beat her again and again.

On to the second round. Wham! Stanley threw Sophie to the ground once again. He held her down and said, “Call me master, and I’ll go easy on you.” Sophie gritted her teeth and retorted, “Call me ‘Mommy, and I might be able to consider it.”

During the third round, Sophia managed to hold her ground for about five seconds before she was thrown to the ground. Stanley held her hands behind her back and laughed. “Come now, call me Master.”

“In your dreams!” Sophia snapped back at him.

As the fourth round commenced, Nathan was so anxious that his mother would be beaten to death!