

My Dreamy Old Husband

Chapter 216

Warmth poured into Sophia's heart in an instant. All of a sudden, her heart raced at an unusual speed.

There were many others with Michael—Hale and Gemma were there, as well as Joel and Stanley's older brother, Caleb Fletcher.

Stanley, who had been heckling Sophia to get some compensation from the latter, turned incredibly meek and docile when he saw his two uncles looking at him. He looked like he was on the brink of death.

“Hey there, Uncle Michael and Uncle Joel; I would've been dead if you guys had come any later! I was this close to never seeing you again!”

Michael's heart only fell back into place from his throat once he saw that his dainty little wife was alright. Although he desperately wanted to give her a nice, long kiss, there were too many people around; it wouldn't be a good place to kiss her.

He had brought a bag of fruits as he walked in and placed it by Stanley's bedside. When he passed by Sophia, he stretched out a big hand to stroke her hair as a comforting gesture after her scare.

Sophia looked absolutely pitiful, but her terrified little heart seemingly mended itself in an instant when Michael stroked her hair.

Stanley was moved to the verge of tears when Michael placed the bag of fruits next to his bed. He grabbed onto Michael's hand and said, “I want a pat on the head too, Uncle!”

Gemma had already explained last night's situation to Michael in detail, so he already knew all about Stanley's heroic deed. He hadn't expected this kid to be so trustworthy when push came to shove. Giving a warm smile to Stanley as a sign of gratitude, the smile was as warm as a kind deity's; Michael even obliged and patted Stanley's head.

"You've always been a good boy in my eyes, Sundae Cone. You're the pride of the Fletcher Family!" Michael complimented as he patted the younger man's head.

Stanley was so moved that tears nearly escaped his eyes when he saw that the aloof uncle of his—whom he had worshipped since young—revealed an appreciative smile.

All his life, he had seen Michael and Joel as goals for him to work toward. Just like his uncles, Stanley worked hard to carve a place for himself without relying on his family.

However, he truly had no intention of joining the army. After two years of mandatory service, he gave up the chance of being promoted to an officer so that he could go to university and continue his love for esports.

His family hadn't understood his decision and felt like he was an irresponsible person; there was even a point in time when tensions ran high between the family because of their arguments. The only ones who truly supported him were probably Michael and Joel.

Even Stanley's own brother by blood thought of him as someone who wasn't upholding his duty even though Stanley had already gotten into the national esports team. Stanley had also been the champion of several world esports championships, and was already the most valuable esports player in the nation.

He had fought for all of his achievements by himself, never once asking for the smallest scrap of help from the Fletchers.

Yet, the Fletchers still refused to support or understand him!

“Why aren’t you complimenting me, Caleb? I was so brave back there!” Stanley couldn’t stop himself from asking his brother, Caleb, after receiving that delightfully gratifying pat on the head.

Stanley and Caleb were blood brothers. Born from the same parents, it was no surprise that they looked like they were from the same mold. They both had sharp and defined facial features, cropped hair, and bronzed skin tones.

Caleb always believed that his younger brother was irresponsible for pursuing gaming, but Stanley had successfully made a name for himself through gaming in the past few years. Moreover, his act of bravery last night didn’t seem like him at all.

He finally put down all his prejudices and opened his mouth to praise his younger brother, “You did well there, Sundae Cone. You’ve always been a source of pride to me.”

Stanley grinned before turning to look at Joel with pitiful eyes, waiting for the other man’s praise.

Joel was exasperated as he forced himself to give Stanley a compliment. “I’ll apply a certificate of bravery for you, Sundae Cone.”

Although Michael was a Fletcher, it had been years since he last returned to the family. Joel, Caleb, and Michael were born to different generations in the family tree, but they were still close in age and had grown up together; the last time they had gathered like this was over ten years ago.

Who would have thought that they would reunite and gather again today because of Stanley’s injuries? Inevitably, all of them took the opportunity to catch up with each other.

They had to take the opportunity to chat with each other.

Meanwhile, Stanley would occasionally pipe up from his bed.

Sophia sat to the side with Nate in her arms, a slight look of dejection on her face. She had no right to speak up while the Fletchers were talking among themselves. She seemed to understand it now; Michael hadn't rushed back because of her, but because of Stanley instead.

In truth, she already had a vague understanding how much she meant to Michael; she would never be able to match up to Stanley Fletcher.

After the Fletchers chatted for half the day, Michael got up to excuse himself. How interesting could it be to talk with a bunch of men? All he wanted was to go home and console his little wife.

Sophia followed him when he left, silently tailing Michael from behind as she got into the car. As soon as the door was shut, the car left the place.

Joel stood by the window of the ward and watched as the car left the hospital. He then turned around to see Stanley sitting up in bed with his arms wrapped around his brother's body, rubbing his face madly into the man's belly.

It seemed as though Stanley had something he couldn't say; his face was already rubbed raw, yet he continued doing it while he said, "I'd feel embarrassed telling that to Uncle Michael, Caleb. Please help me with this! Please!"

Caleb fell silent for a moment before he answered, "Okay."

He then walked out of the ward with his cell phone.

Meanwhile, Michael was currently holding his wife in his arms and consoling her in his car. "It's okay, chica. Everything's fine now!"

Fortunately, she had all her limbs intact and was still in one piece. Michael had initially wanted to give her a long kiss, but decided against it when he saw the

bruised corner of her lips. He then kissed her on the uninjured corner of her lips most tenderly.

“It’s certain that the Phantom Wolf didn’t come knocking because he knew about what had happened three years ago,” he said in a low voice. The Phantom Wolf had no intention of killing Sophia back then; the reason why he left that mark was so he could recognize Sophie once things had smoothed over.

Years ago, the Phantom Wolf attempted to enter the country only to be faced with strong retaliation from several anonymous people. He then became a dog with no master as he escaped to the winds; he certainly hadn’t the energy to look for Sophia at that time.

There was no reason for him to come back now and kill her.

It was most likely that they weren’t aware about the history between Sophia and the Phantom Wolf; this time, the Phantom Wolf had come to kill her in exchange for money.

The only ones in Bayside City who had celebrated the new year with Sophia and dearly wished for her to be dead were the Harpers.

While the Harpers may be shameless, they didn’t have the courage to make contact with someone like the Phantom Wolf, who was a terrorist that was wanted by dozens of nations.

As soon as news of this got out, the Harper Family and its centuries’ worth of history would be completely wiped out from Bayside City’s consciousness. Obviously, they couldn’t brave such a huge risk.

Still, there was no one else other than them.

The Harpers may not try this, but that didn’t mean some brainless idiot the Harpers were harboring wouldn’t.

“Gary, look into the Harpers’ recent finances—especially that halfwit woman’s.”

Gary acknowledged the order and immediately placed a call to carry it out. The hiring fee for the Phantom Wolf was eye-wateringly expensive; if he really had been hired as an assassin by one of the Harpers, there would be a noticeable shift in their finances. Not only that, a trail would definitely be left behind with such a huge amount of money flowing out.