

# My Dreamy Old Husband

## Chapter 220

What kind of little secret was it that couldn't see the light of day? Were there any other little secrets that he wasn't allowed to know?!

Nathan followed her hastily and said, "I want to come along as well!"

In truth, Nathan just wanted to see who Sophia was going to show that 'little secret' to!

Ever since the Phantom Wolf incident, Sophia had become far more alert. Today, she deliberately got Hale to drive her over while Gemma tagged along.

Hale heaved the heavy containers of soup into the car. Sophia and Nathan were seated in the back while Gemma sat in the passenger seat. Hale watched Sophia's bag closely; he was going to see who that love letter was for, and who she was giving the chicken soup to.

"Hale, please stop by the post office for a bit."

Hale stopped outside of the post office. Sophia got out of the car and bought some stamps before pasting them onto the envelope and mailing it.

Nathan watched and silently memorized the address on the envelope. It was an address in their city, but she hadn't put down her own address as the sender.

Once she mailed the letter off, Sophia blissfully trotted back to the car and continued her journey.

She kept looking out of the window throughout the drive, her thoughts constantly on the love letter from earlier. She wondered if Michael would end up seeing it. However, she knew that he wouldn't get to read that letter; it would probably be headed straight for the bin instead. Sophia had prepared for the letter to not be read, so she did not leave any identifying personal details in it.

The letter was posted directly to the administrator of the fan group she was in. The administrator would pack up all the gifts the fans had sent in and hand them over to Imperial Entertainment, which was Taylor's managing company; whether he would actually see it depended on his luck right now.

Even though she knew it wasn't possible for him to read it, Sophia still felt that she hadn't written the letter for nothing. She had at least written it, and it even took up three sheets of paper for a total of three full pages.

She was so lost in the romanticness of her love letter that she didn't notice the alert looks everyone else in the car was giving her.

Defcon! Major alert! Code red!

When Michael got to know about this from across the ocean, he was working by the beach. He was so panicked by it that he nearly leaped into the water and swam straight home.

"Find out who that person is for me; not only that, castrate him immediately!"

Sophia and Nathan finally arrived at the gate of the residential area Quinton lived in. Sophia's classmates were already waiting there, and all of them had bags of various sizes in their hands filled with everything from supplements to fruits. Sophia laughed and chatted with everyone as she entered the residential area with her chicken soup in hand.

"Hey, Sophia! You've made some soup too. I brought some borscht."

"I made vegetable soup instead."

Just her class alone had about four to five students who decided to bring soup—and fancier soup at that. There was borscht, beef and wine soup, and vegetable soup. Sophia's chicken soup seemed very plain in comparison to other offerings.

Quinton was a highly intelligent academic who returned after his studies abroad. He had a doctorate from a famous university overseas, and he was also the second son of Bayside City's esteemed Clark Family. Hence, it was no surprise that he lived in a fancy residential district.

While his home wasn't as extravagant as The Imperial, it was a three-storey house with a garage, a spacious basement, and a garden. It was fortunate that his home was as spacious as it was, or else he wouldn't be able to fit all the gifts inside. Another class had come by earlier this morning, and the housekeeper already placed the gifts neatly in the living room. The living room was filled with so many letters, flowers, supplements, and other presents that it was close to being overrun.

Sophia followed her classmates in and placed her soup to the side; the table was already stacked with containers of soup, and there had to be at least a dozen containers. They then filed into Quinton's room.

Apart from being a handsome man, Quinton also had a pleasant personality to match. He had only been teaching at Bayside University for less than two years, but his popularity was extraordinary.

Quinton hadn't fully recovered yet, his face still as sickly pale as before; those beautiful eyes of his were lethargic as he continued to recuperate in bed. Everyone knew that he had to rest, so they left after only staying for a while. When they left, Nathan eyed Sophia's container of soup pitifully. Lost among all the other containers, her grey thermal container looked absolutely nondescript.

Quinton would never be able to finish all that soup even if he ran a bath with it. Wouldn't it be a waste for Sophia to leave that soup here?!

Nathan was really displeased, still thinking about the chicken soup even after they had long left Quinton's house. Throughout the journey, he remained unhappy.

Quinton's home was filled with another wave of presents now that Sophia and her classmates had left. Quinton got up from his bed, his frail body clad in a plain set of white pajamas. He made his way to the table filled with containers of soup, reaching out a pale hand to grab a grey container. The delicious aroma of chicken soup greeted him when he twisted the lid open, and Quinton's pale face perked up in an instant at the smell of it.

Meanwhile, Nathan maintained a mutinous expression since leaving Quinton's home. He was still thinking about that chicken soup.

Sophia returned to the car after visiting Quinton. "Where do you want to go next, Miss Edwards?" asked Hale.

Before Sophia could answer, her phone rang in her bag. She took a look at the caller ID and realized that it was Stanley. His weak voice drifted out of the speakers as soon as she answered the call. "Oh, you and your frozen heart, Sophia. I nearly lost my life protecting you out there... and now, I'm left with just a little life in me. You still won't see me even when I'm at death's door," he said.

Sophia was unamused. He had only hurt his leg; who was he putting on this act for?!

"Fine, I'm coming over. Are you still in the hospital?"

Stanley was beyond elated, but his tone was still as weak as a whisper. "I'm home already. Come to the military compound, and I'll get someone to pick you up."

Sophia wasn't willing to do so, but Stanley did injure his leg because of her. She had no choice but to answer, "I just visited Mr. Clark; I'll be over in a bit."

After hanging up the call, Sophia instructed Hale, "Drive us to Stanley's home at the military compound."

Hale began driving in that direction.

Sophia had only just hung up on Stanley when her second phone rang. This phone was reserved for contacting her clan members, but Stanley was the only one who knew that number. As expected, the caller ID flashing on the screen was Snow Fox.

She had barely picked up the call when Stanley's voice burst through the receiver brightly. It was a contrast to his limp and lethargic tone earlier as he said, "Sirius! Where have you been all this time? The semi-finals in Asia are coming up soon! Hurry up and get yourself online!"

Wasn't he about to die? Didn't he say that he barely had any life left in him?

Sophia was unamused as she said, "My son is sick, so I'm on the way to see him now; I'll come online once I've visited him."

"Aren't you still in school? Why do you have a son?"

"He's my in-game son."

Stanley's tone immediately took a turn and became one that was a little cajoling. "Sirius, I've treated you well all this time, yeah?"

Sophia felt that his tone was weird. "Out with it, Captain."

Stanley hemmed and hawed for a while before he spoke up again, "Here's the thing... Recently, I've been pursuing this girl. She's a gamer too; when she comes online later, you're going to pretend to be a jerk by flirting and bullying her. Then, I'll swoop in like a hero and... You get the idea."

Sophia was even more unamused now.

“Boring.” With that, Sophia hung up the call balefully.

On the other end of the phone, Stanley was gaming with a cigarette stuck between his lips, supposedly on death’s door. His leg was still in a plaster cast, but that didn’t affect his ability to game. He continued to tap away madly at his keyboard.

Sean was there to game with Stanley today. He blinked his glistening eyes and asked, “Is Sirius going to do it, Sundae Cone?”

Stanley took a drag of his cigarette, a look of mournfulness in his face. “Just as I thought, that loser is not going to do it. However, where am I supposed to look for someone who’s just as much of a loser as he is?”

If he wanted someone to go along with his plan of being the hero swooping in to save the damsel in distress, he had to find a loser. It would be best if he could find someone who was notorious for being a jack\*ss in-game—a player who made a name by griefing boys and being awful to girls—so that he could serve as a contrast. That way, Stanley could be seen as a paragon of virtue.

Sean grinned after he scrolled through his buddy list. “Hah, your lord is online now!”

Stanley took a glance and realized that Beast had come online after being absent for a few days.

When it came to the Bayside server, no one could beat Beast in terms of being a douch\*bag!

Stanley promptly dialed Harry’s number.