

# My Dreamy Old Husband

## Chapter 241

The sky had turned dark as Sophia was playing chess at the military compound. It was already nine o'clock when the old man was finally convinced. He let Sophia go and agreed for another game on the next day.

After the game, the old man instructed Stanley, "Stan, it's dark now. Quickly, send them home!"

Stanley was happy to take the order. The three walked out of the military compound, with Stanley limping all the way.

Stanley was actively trying to get close to Sophia and thought of various topics to talk about.

"Sophia, what's your decision? Are you getting into our family's ancestral grave or not?"

"Are you coming to see me at my competition or not?"

"I am going to Deutsche to look for the world's best keyboard manufacturer to customize two keyboards. Do you want one? I can find the best designer to design one for you!"

Sophia maintained her usual cold attitude and replied curtly, "No, thanks. I don't feel like going, and I don't need it."

As they walked to the compound gate, they saw a car stopped at the door. Joel and Irene were getting out of the car. They seemed to have just come home from

a date, and they were dressed formally. The man was really handsome and the woman was really beautiful; they were a perfect match. Irene was holding a bouquet of roses which complemented her delicate features.

However, Joel had a straight face as usual. His expression was constantly frosty regardless of his emotions, happy or sad.

Upon seeing Joel and Irene, Stanley greeted them affectionately. "Hey! Uncle, Irene! I thought you went dating? Why are you home so soon?"

Irene covered her mouth and smiled. Her delicate skin was extremely smooth and flawless, while the healthy glow on her complexion only added to her beauty. "We're an old couple now. What do you mean dating? We only went out for a meal and came back afterward."

Joel did not speak as he walked forward.

Sophia greeted them. "Good evening, General, Mrs. Fletcher!"

Joel nodded at Sophia.

Irene tilted her head and smiled. "Mrs. Fletcher? You are the wife of Joel's brother, so you should just call me Irene."

Sophia listened to her and said, "Good evening, Irene."

After a short greeting, the two parties left in different directions.

Irene held on to Joel, who looked solemn all the way, as if he was unhappy.

The two walked along the military compound under the dim yellow lights that were dotted with the shadows of the leaves, feeling the humid and slightly cold air. Irene walked with Joel happily with her hand on his arm. Suddenly, she

brought up a topic. “Joel, we’ve been together for almost six years now. When are we getting married?”

Six years ago, many things had happened, like Michael’s sister, Celine’s death, and Irene losing her memory of Michael after her accident, then getting together with Joel.

Six years went by in the blink of an eye. Time flew by indeed.

Joel, Michael and Irene were all about the same age, so they went to the same classes since young. Irene looked as if she was only in her twenties, all fresh and young, but she was actually already in her thirties. She was even a few months older than Joel. During the six years they were together, Joel had never brought up the word marriage.

Irene was getting anxious. She thought it was about time they should get married.

Again, Joel avoided the topic as usual. “Grandpa’s hundred-year-old birthday is coming soon, and I have to think about what present I should get him.”

Irene’s eyes were filled with disappointment, but her expression remained normal as she shifted the topic naturally. “Grandpa is a hundred years old already? It’s been a long time since the Fletchers have such a lively celebration. Every one of the Fletchers must be coming back then!”

Sophia left the military compound and walked home. Along the way, Stanley mentioned Irene.

“Irene’s grandfather was my grandfather’s bodyguard. Her parents passed away when she was really young, so she was an orphan. It was my grandfather who adopted her and she grew up together with all the children of the Fletcher Family. Irene and Uncle Michael were childhood sweethearts, and they were together from the very beginning. Grandpa was very supportive of them being together, but after Irene’s accident, she had forgotten about Uncle Michael. Uncle Joel and

Irene had been together for many years then, but they never got married. I bet Uncle Joel must be very sorry for Uncle Michael. After all..."

Stanley couldn't continue.

Then again, who was to blame for the accident back then? No one would have known about it.

The fact that Irene couldn't remember Michael was putting her in pain as well. During that period, it was Joel who constantly took care of her, so the two naturally got together.

Sophia remained silent. She's Michael's childhood sweetheart...

The desolation on Sophia's face was undisguisable; even Stanley, who was insensitive, could tell that. So, he said regretfully, "Sophia, I know you have a crush on my uncle. Who doesn't? Even I have a crush on him! But you must be realistic. Will my uncle, the great Lord worshipped by everyone, love someone like you? Irene is still in my uncle's heart. You see; he is already married, but why didn't he introduce the wife to the family? It's probably because he couldn't face Irene."

Sophia felt even more distressed. So, was the reason why he hadn't introduced her to the Fletchers because there was someone he loved in the family?

Stanley restrained from attacking her any further, but he continued to persuade her. "You must look further into the future. If you pursue my uncle, you will have a billion rivals, but if you pursue me, I promise I will get rid of all the rivals for you in advance! Alright, stop looking as if you're at someone's deathbed. You look worse than when we went to the grave."

Stanley accompanied Sophia to the gate of the neighborhood and went home himself.

Sophia held Nathan's hand and walked into the neighborhood. When she reached the small pavilion at the roadside, she sat down and said to Nathan, "Son, you go home by yourself first. Let me be alone for a while here."

Nathan left, and Sophia was alone. She sat by the roadside and stared blankly at nothing.

Her mind was full of Irene's images and the words Stanley had just said.

Was that the reason they broke up? So Michael still has Irene in his heart?

When she thought about it, she realized that she was a world's difference compared to Irene.

Irene was so beautiful, and the way she smiled was so good-looking. Her smile was so pure and clean that it was impossible to tell that she was actually the same age as Michael.

As Sophia sat there alone, letting her thoughts run wild, a voice that sounded curious was suddenly heard above her.

"Sophia?"

She looked up and saw Quinton, who was in his sports attire. His white sport shoes were squeaky clean, and sweat covered his fair skin; he seemed to be in the middle of jogging.

"Professor Clark, why are you here?"

Quinton trotted over as he wiped off his sweat with a towel and said breathlessly, "I recently moved here and I jog every night. What about you? Do you live here too?"

Sophia replied, "I am Nathan's personal tutor, so I live in his house."

Having understood the situation, Quinton sat down beside her and drank some water. He looked at Sophia's sad face and smiled. "What's wrong? What made you unhappy? Let me guess—it's a break up?"

His smile was very cheerful, one that injected some warmth within Sophia herself.

Is this considered a break up? If an unrequited love can be broken, then it's probably true.

Thus, Sophia nodded honestly.