

My Dreamy Old Husband

Chapter 356

She followed the sheet music and began to play. The wonderful and lively musical notes from the piano jumped around the villa, falling upon everyone's ears.

Sean, Stanley, Hale and the others downstairs were busy preparing the barbeque grill and the ingredients. They heard the music too, but unfortunately, everyone didn't understand it, merely knowing that it was lovely to listen to, and that it was artistic.

Sophia played according to the piano score, gradually getting into the atmosphere of the music. It was a very cheerful song that seemed like it was written by someone in love. The song was full of the feelings of love and the essence of springtime. Every note carried a strong sense of adoration and care. Upon finishing the song, she was in a pleasant mood. After playing the piece, she noticed that the old man was listening with gusto. So, she turned to the second page of the score and continued playing.

Sophia played the piano all afternoon and the old man was very happy to listen to it all. After playing the piano, Woody mysteriously led Sophia into a large room on the third floor. "Cooper, look. I moved your room here. You'll stay here tonight!"

The room was very large; the study and the bedroom were combined into a single space, decorated in the vintage British style. Half the space of the room was taken up by bookshelves that held a large collection of books, while the other half of the space would be Cooper's private living quarters.

This room shouldn't have been here. After Cooper died, Old Master Fletcher had moved it over from the Mitchell ancestral home. He had also deliberately decorated it to be exactly the same as the original room. Everything in the room was arranged neatly; even the items on the desk were still very new, while the plants on the desk were all green and healthy. All the details were exactly the same, and someone came in everyday to clean the space.

Woody probably couldn't accept the fact that Cooper had already died, so he thought that if he cleaned the room regularly, his son would be able to return. However, Cooper Mitchell had been dead for years...

Woody said, "Son, you must be tired after playing the piano for so long. You have a rest now. I will call you when dinner's ready."

Woody left the room and Sophia lay on the bed. The bedding was brand new. It seemed to have been washed and dried recently, for it still smelled like it had been sun-dried. After lying down for a while, she stood up and walked around. She looked through Cooper's books, then she opened the windows to look outside. One side of the floor-to-ceiling windows showed the endless sea not far away. As the wind blew, waves rolled on the surface, creating a calming sight. When one opened the windows on the other side, one could overlook the entire resort; the view was fantastic.

Seeing Sophia emerge from the third-floor room, Stanley shouted from downstairs, "Sophia, Sean and I are going to the nearby market to buy seafood!"

Sophia watched them leave, but Hale, Gemma, and Gary's cars were still parked downstairs. At this time, Madam Lewis served Sophia some cold drinks. While placing the drinks on the table, she said, "The things in this room belonged to Young Master Cooper. When Young Master Cooper passed away about ten years ago, Old Master Mitchell had his things moved over from the Mitchell ancestral home. These past years, aside from those of us that are tidying and cleaning, Old Master Mitchell has never allowed anyone to enter the room. You're the first one—"

Sophia, who was standing outside the windows, quickly turned to look at her and smiled as she nodded. "Thank you, Madam Lewis."

Madam Lewis watched her looking back and was stunned. All those years ago, there was also once a teenager who had stood there outside the windows, turning back to her and thanking her. At that moment, time seemed to have overlapped, and the two figures separated by over ten years of time seemed to merge into one before Madam Lewis' eyes. It was no wonder Old Master Mitchell thought the girl before her was Cooper. Even Madam Lewis, who had brought up Cooper since he was little, also thought that the two people were somewhat inexpressibly similar...

Madam Lewis collected her own emotions and said, "You have a good rest. I will call you for dinner later."

As Madam Lewis went out, Nathan came in. He washed his feet in the bathroom next door, and lay down on the bed. As Sophia looked at the sleeping Nathan, she increased the temperature of the air-conditioning and quickly covered him with a small quilt, afraid that he would catch a cold. She continued looking around Cooper's study, examining the gramophone, then the multiple calligraphy manuscripts that belonged to Cooper, placed on the bookshelf.

Cooper's calligraphy was very beautiful; even the words within the calligraphy workbooks were written with vigor. For some time, she stared at the yellowed manuscripts in a daze...

Putting down the manuscript, she drew a book from the shelf to read. She turned a few pages and read until she felt a little tired, then she moved to lie on the bed for a little while. The sounds of churning waves resounded in her ears, sounding like a lullaby to her, and she soon fell asleep. In her dreams, Sophia suddenly heard the sound of a piano. It was the song she had played just now, 'Salvador'. She followed the piano sounds and found the person playing the piano.

The figure of the man was hidden behind a fog, and only the silhouette of his figure could be seen. As she got closer and closer, she still couldn't see the man's face, but she could hear the cheerful sounds of the piano suddenly turning

slow, becoming filled with endless sadness. This song was supposed to be a cheerful piece of music, but it now sounded like a funeral song, sad and hopeless. She approached step by step and called out to the person within the fog. “Cooper?”

In the midst of the fog, she saw Cooper Mitchell. He looked just like the way he appeared in the school’s promo video. While playing the piano emotionally with his eyes lowered, his eyebrows were furrowed with despair and sorrow...

Suddenly, a sound awakened Sophia. She rubbed her sleepy eyes and sat up before noticing a man in a white shirt standing in front of Cooper’s bookshelf. Feeling wary, she demanded, “Who’s there?”

The man looked back at her and said, “Shhh. Keep your voice down.”

A scarred face appeared before Sophia’s eyes. Abel? She glanced at the sleeping Nathan, gathered her clothes and walked over to him. Lowering her voice, she asked, “Abel? Why are you here?”

Abel was wearing a pair of white gloves and searching for something on the bookshelf. “I’m looking for Cooper’s fingerprints.”

Cooper had disappeared for over 10 years. Even though he could have changed anything, including his name, appearance, background and identity, there were two things he couldn’t alter—his DNA and his fingerprints.

Abel often sneaked into Cooper’s room to look for his fingerprints, but he was always particularly careful, worried that he would raise suspicion. This time, with Sophia sleeping in Cooper’s room, he had the perfect opportunity.

Sophia was puzzled. “Why do you want to find Cooper?”

Abel searched the room while he told her, “We suspect that Cooper isn’t dead.”

“Cooper’s not dead?!” Sophia was stunned.

Abel continued, "This matter is very important, so don't mention it to anyone. We are now looking for the relevant evidence, and Cooper's fingerprints would be very reliable ones."

Sophia was immersed in this major news. After a while, she said, "If Cooper isn't dead, where is he now? Why are you looking for him?"

She didn't know why, but she felt nervous. She knew that Abel directly obeyed Michael's orders, so if he was doing something, it meant that Michael wanted something done. Why would Michael suddenly look into Cooper's affairs? Could it be that Michael had been planning something, just like Natasha?