

My Dreamy Old Husband Chapter 750

In the end, the little girl held the hands of both her 'fathers' and left. She took a few steps before she turned her head back with tears flowing down her cheeks and bade Sophia farewell. "We're leaving now, Miss."

Cooper decided to come over from the other room only after they had left. He frowned as Sophia stared at the empty seat whilst her mind wandered.

Cooper consoled his daughter as he said, "It's okay, darling. Even though this didn't work out for you, I will find a better one for you!"

This was Sophia's first attempt at matchmaking. Although she did not feel good for having failed the first time, she replied to her father, "It's okay, dad. Don't get mad. I didn't really expect much from this anyway. I was only trying to have a feel of what matchmaking is like. Come and sit down, dad. Let's eat."

Cooper still struggled to accept the fact that his daughter's maiden attempt at matchmaking involved a gay conman who was trying to fake their marriage. He was fumed with anger throughout his meal.

In a shopping complex nearby at that very moment, Stanley, the so-called 'gay conman', was pacing along the complex with Sean carrying his clothes and bag. He had the little girl sitting on his shoulders with her legs around his neck.

The little girl was still in tears.

Stanley asked with a frown, "Why are you still crying?"

"I was too deep into my act..." she answered chokingly.

Sean wiped her tears and gently consoled her, "Alright, darling. Don't cry. It was all a show just now! Aren't we supposed to be getting your present ready for daddy? We won't make it if you're still crying."

Stanley was invited to a matchmaking arrangement the day before by a peer in the industry. While he was reluctant to attend the matchmaking, he could not decline his business partner's offer, so he got the little girl to put on a show to scare the match-making partner away.

She was only supposed to be acting as his daughter, but the little girl went far too deep into her character, and she turned him into a malicious gay man who was trying to con Sophia into marriage. *She's so dramatic!*

With a little bit of coaxing from Sean, the little girl, who was initially pouting, finally chuckled. It was already midday by the time the three of them shared a meal and headed back home.

Their car soon arrived in front of The Imperial Villa No.8. Stanley got out with the girl in his arms before he swiped the door lock with his access card, while Sean parked the car.

The little girl was giggling and chuckling while she chatted with Stanley.

"Hello, pretty girl. What's your daddy's name?"

"Mackie Patcher!" she replied.

Stanley corrected her on the spot. "It's Michael Fletcher!"

"Mackie Patcher!" she said again.

Stanley then asked her, "What about you? What's your name?"

She answered, "Carmen Patcher!"

After they closed the door behind them, Stanley put her on the floor and rectified her pronunciation once again. "It's Carmen Fletcher! Fletcher! Not Patcher!"

"Carmen Patcher!"

He was speechless. "Alright, then. Carmen, let's get ready. Your daddy's coming back very soon!"

Carmen hurried off to prepare her new year's present for her beloved daddy. Stanley sighed as he observed her cheerfully skipping off into the room. *She's growing up so fast...*

As a token of love and appreciation for her father, who spotted a crown of white hair from bringing her up, Carmen had specially prepared a play for him this new year, titled 'Snow White'. The other actors would be arriving shortly—those included Sarah and Harry, who lived next door, Stanley and Sean, and not to forget, her brother, Nathan.

Nathan was no longer the little boy he used to be. He was already a thirteen-year-old with strong hints of puberty for his tall stature and hoarse voice evidently showed. After completing his junior year at Bayside University, he enrolled in a computer science course. During holidays, he would return to the Fletcher Residence for his military training. Nathan had grown up from a quiet little boy to a quiet teenager.

Carmen was coordinating the roles to be played later. "Godmother, you will be the evil queen." Sarah nodded and skimmed through the script that was actually written by herself. "Godfather, you're the huntsman." Harry pulled a solemn face and tried to grasp his part of the script. He had to admit that, in his many years of acting experience, this had to be the most challenging script he had ever read. "Uncle Sean, you'll be Snow White!" Sean nodded. He was already in his costume, which was bought by Sarah from Amazon. "Nate, you and Judgey will be the dwarves. I'll be the prince. And Stan, you'll be the white horse the prince rides on." Stanley was lost for words.

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When the night was still young at 9.00PM, the sky was filled with snowflakes as large as goose feathers. A car stopped in front of Villa No.8, and a man got out of it.

Outside the compound was a carpet of fresh, white snow. As the man made his way toward the door, he left a heavy trail of footprints on the immaculate snow behind him. Despite the darkness encapsulating his tall figure, his shiny white hair stood out so much it was almost brighter than the snow.

He opened the door and stepped right in. He then shook his coat to remove the snow before resting it on the coat hanger.

The hall was brightly lit with a warm and cozy ambiance. An excited little girl was standing there in anticipation.

“Daddy! You’re back!”

The sight of his daughter turned Michael’s cold, hard expression from earlier into a fuzzy smile. He noticed the stage set up in the middle of the hall, and the line up of cast members who were ready to perform. Michael asked his daughter, “If I may, what would be the title of tonight’s play?”

Carmen adored performing. She had always been working on her own plays, which Michael wondered from where or whom she picked it up, and made him watch every single one of them.

“I’ll be performing Snow White and the Prince! Sit here, daddy!”

Carmen led her one and only guest to the couch and hopped off to prepare for her show.

Harry, who was in his huntsman costume, locked eyes with Michael. Everyone could empathize with what the latter had to go through for his daughter. Who would have known she loved performing, like her father.

The play was about to start. No one was spared from being summoned to be part of the audience. Besides Michael, there were the chefs, the bodyguards, the chauffeur, and the robot. Even the magpie cat in the kitchen was brought in to fill up the seats before the stage. There was simply no way around it for the little master liked such activity.

A stage was set up in the middle of the hall, so Carmen could arrange for her performance any time she wished. Michael threw a handful of popcorn into his mouth and watched intently, despite the plot being nothing new to him.

The prince rode on the back of ‘his’ white horse and arrived upon Snow White and the dwarves. ‘He’ pulled out his sword, which in actual fact was a cucumber.

“My beautiful princess, what has happened to you? Oh, heavens! How could such cruel fate befall upon my beloved princess?”

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When the play was finally over, everyone clapped with deliberate fervor. Carmen stood proud on the stage and curtsied as Maria diligently threw petals around her while Nicholas focused the spotlight on her.

Carmen was no stranger to such stage etiquette. Besides having someone to present her a bouquet of flowers at the end of her performance, she even had her speech prepared.

With the bouquet in her hands, she said with emotion, "It has been my lifelong dream to be an actress... To be able to stand here, I give my thanks to my beloved, adorable father! Ah! My dear old daddy, who has gone through so much to bring me up that even his hair turned white! Today, I would like to offer my sincerest appreciation to my daddy. Thank you! I will not let your hair grow any whiter!"

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Michael buried his face in his palm.

She did that every single time at the end of all her performances. He wondered to himself if she could come up with a different speech for a change.

Everyone stared at Sarah, who was responsible for the script. She wasted no time explaining herself, "She specifically insisted that I include this part!"

All the actors scampered off right after Michael paid them for their services and hard work. None of them looked forward to another round of such awkward performance!

However, it would seem inevitable that Carmen would summon them over a few days later to discuss her upcoming play. After all, she was a rather productive actress.