

My Dreamy Old Husband

Chapter 207

After a day of self-hypnosis, Sophia finally convinced herself to continue living a life of ease and leisure.

Stanley paid a New Year's call to them early in the morning of the third day of the New Year. Festively dressed in a red hat and a red scarf, he searched all over the place for Michael—who would stay home over these two days—as soon as he stepped through the door. After extending New Year greetings to Michael as per their family's custom, he stood up and demanded a present from Michael. "Where is my New Year's present, uncle?" he asked.

At last, Michael wasn't clad in Pikachu-themed or frog-patterned pajamas that day. However, he was dressed in a pair of pink coral fleece pajamas, which was an unbearable sight to behold even with his striking good looks. It was a mystery as to who had chosen such a horrible-looking color combination for him.

Upon hearing Stanley's words, he took out a big, bright red packet out of his coral pajamas. Stanley promptly took the packet from him before bowing and scraping with delight, "Thank you, Uncle! Thank you! Hehe, hehe!"

However, he still seemed unsatisfied after getting the red packet. He kept on pestering Michael and asked, "Is that all, Uncle? Is there anything else?"

Michael answered, "There's nothing else."

Having finished his sentence, he turned around and went upstairs to his study expressionlessly. Stanley went after him and blabbered on and on along the way as he said, "Please give it to me, Uncle. Can't you give me that as a present? You're the best person in the world, Uncle. I'm begging you, please!"

It was early in the morning, and Sophia had just helped Nathan to wash up, brush his teeth, and leave home when she saw Stanley following Michael into the study like a wagging little tail.

Jeez, he's here so early in the morning! He really clings to Michael a lot, she thought to herself.

This New Year was quite stressful for Michael. After all, no man could celebrate the New Year happily when his wife was targeted by a pervert.

However, Stanley seemed to have no idea about his unhappiness right now. He pestered Michael like a pet dog and said, "Uncle, please give your god-tier weapon—the Hundred-Mile Streamers—to me! Since you don't play the game anymore, why don't you give it to me as a present? Just give it to me, please!"

He then added, "If you're not willing to give it to me as a present, can't you lend it to me for a few days? I'll give it back to you once this time's Esports World Championship is over, alright? Uncle, uncle! Please say something!"

The Hundred-Mile Streamers was a god-tier weapon Michael made in the game using materials he had bought himself. Despite being forged many years ago, this weapon had never been revealed to the public; this was probably because Michael had never encountered any equally-matched opponent that required him to use this weapon. After all, he was the most formidable player across all of the game's servers, so it no longer mattered whether he used the Hundred-Mile Streamers or not.

A couple of days ago, Harry had borrowed the Hundred-Mile Streamers from him with the purpose of showing off. Having spotted the weapon, Stanley kept messaging Michael via Messenger since then; he wanted to persuade Michael to give it to him, but Michael wouldn't budge at all.

"Uncle, I'll be entering the competition very soon. With our team's invincibility, we can definitely make our way out of Cethos—perhaps even Asia. By then, we will be competing against teams from all over the world, so we'll be at a great

disadvantage without a powerful weapon!” said Stanley. Then, he continued, “You have no idea how savage the teams from other countries are. We’ll be at a great disadvantage without a powerful weapon!”

Without saying a word, Michael switched on his computer and checked the current progress of the Esports World Championship’s ‘Swordsman Game’ division. Selective trials had begun in other countries, resulting in fierce competition among the teams. On the other hand, Cethos was to host this year’s championship, so its progress was a little slower. Furthermore, everyone in Cethos was busy celebrating the New Year right now, so selective trials in this country would only begin after the New Year celebrations had ended.

The ‘Swordsman Game’ was one of the earliest online games that emerged in Cethos. Not only had it been on sale for ten years, it was also the first online game to make its way out of Cethos and create a huge impact worldwide. At the moment, the game produced an annual net income of more than one billion with several billion players worldwide.

However, the game was only a small part of Michael’s properties; he merely invested in online games as a hobby.

Stanley piped up behind him in an unnecessarily exaggerated manner, “Wow, Uncle! Look at how powerful this team is! This player is said to be the first overseas player of the ‘Swordsman Game’, and he is super formidable! Uncle, you’re probably the only person in the world who can be a match for him!”

Then, he continued, “Their vice-captain is super formidable too! What should we do, Uncle? You can only fight against one player at a time, and I’m afraid I can’t beat the vice-captain if I were to fight against him. Just look at how powerful his weapon is! Things will be different if I have the Hundred-Mile Streamers, though...”

In the end, he still wanted to have the Hundred-Mile Streamers for himself.

Michael shut down the computer and said bluntly, “I have given it to somebody else.”

“What?!” Stanley’s eyes widened in disbelief. “Who have you given it to?”

Michael didn’t have many friends in the game mainly because he was too formidable; no ordinary person was qualified enough to be friends with him.

He couldn’t have given the Hundred-Mile Streamers to Beast—it would be a sheer waste of resources if that brat got his hands on the weapon!

However, Michael wouldn’t spill who he had given the weapon to. Stanley could only leave in a sulk as he said, “Uncle, don’t forget to come online at 7 p.m. sharp today. The selection trials begin on the eighth day of the New Year, and one game will be held each day!”

Having seen Stanley off, Michael left the study to see Nathan standing at the door. Also dressed in bright red pajamas, he had his hood up with a pair of fox ears on it. These pajamas were called something like ‘Foxy.’

The father and son stared into each other’s eyes for over one minute without saying a word as they skipped talking to each other altogether. Instead, they began communicating with each other via telepathy.

Nathan stared at him intently without moving his round eyes at all.

In the end, Michael was the first to lose the battle. He took a red packet out of his pocket and put it in front of Nate before saying, “Come, call me Daddy.”

Naturally, Nathan did not want to call Michael ‘Daddy’—he simply took the red packet and ran away.

Michael shook his head in resignation. He thought to himself, This brat is so aloof even when demanding a New Year’s present!

Going back to his room, Nathan opened the red packet and took the glistening red banknotes out of it before counting them one by one. He wasn't short of money to spend, but New Year presents seemed to carry a different meaning from the ordinary ones.

He wouldn't bat an eyelid even if Michael transferred a million into his bank account. On the contrary, if Michael gave him a thousand as a New Year present, he would feel very pleased as he held on to it dearly.

Sophia had no idea about New Year presents until she saw Nathan counting the cash.

Seeing the stacks of cash in Nate's hand, she was consumed with envy.

She had little memory of receiving New Year presents. Many relatives would drop in on her family every year to extend New Year greetings during the New Year celebrations, but they had always seemed to deliberately ignore her when it was time to give New Year presents to the children.

Giving New Year presents took a lot of learning; people would only be willing to give New Year presents when they could expect to get something in return.

Nobody in her family could give New Year presents to children from other families in return when someone from these families gave her a New Year present. Nobody would have gone along with this, so nobody was willing to give her a New Year present as well.

The only New Year present she had memory of receiving was given to her by her grandmother many years ago. Even though it was a worn red packet with only five bucks in used banknotes, she was overjoyed upon receiving it.

Five bucks was an enormous sum of money to her back then. Her grandmother had no income, so she often took her to town to collect recyclable garbage and drinking bottles in exchange for money. She must have collected tons of drinking bottles to accumulate that five bucks!

Sophia lived a miserable life back then, staying on the city's outskirts while relying on her grandparents for survival. Since her two uncles never cared about them, they farmed crops when times were busy and collected garbage in exchange for money when they were free. Five bucks was a huge sum of money that she had never dared to imagine.

She almost felt like she had the whole world in her hands when she opened up the red packet and saw five bucks inside.

Unfortunately, she could no longer receive New Year presents. According to her hometown's custom, one could no longer receive New Year presents upon his or her marriage. Now that she was a married woman, she probably wouldn't see something like a New Year present until her next life. Moreover, she didn't have anyone who could give her a New Year present...