

My Dreamy Old Husband

Chapter 223

Hale hauled the entire pile of presents that the fan group administrator had mailed to Michael's company back to the house. Maria helped him to move the gifts into Michael's study, but there were so many that they overflowed into the living room and gym.

And so, the living room and gym were now filled with love letters of various sizes and colors, all of them addressed to Michael.

Sophia jumped in shock when she came home from class to see an entire house filled with love letters. "What are these?"

Hale had a blank expression on his face as he carried another box of love letters in. "These are from Michael's managing company; they are gifts that the fans have been sending the boss."

Gifts from Michael's fans?

Sophia pricked her ears up at that.

No way! What a coincidence! Michael never brought any of the fans' presents home, so why did he send all of these gifts over the moment she wrote him a love letter?

It had to be a coincidence!

Sophia pretended to keep her cool. When no one was around, she took the opportunity to slip into the study and scour the colorful pile of love letters to look for her own.

Being the one who wrote it, she would be able to recognize it!

She soon found the letter that she had written among the pile of letters. She opened the envelope and cringed so hard that she couldn't even fully describe how hard she was cringing when she looked at the cheesy words written on the letter. Why did she write such a stupid thing back then? She had to hide it quickly!

Fortunately, Michael had not seen it yet!

Sophia hid the pink love letter in Nathan's closet, planning to dispose of it fully at a more appropriate time.

It seemed a bit of a pity to just toss it, but Sophia would feel antsy leaving the letter out; perhaps she should just hide it for a while.

Unbeknownst to her, the little spy in the house quickly spirited the letter away into Hale's hands. Hale looked disgusted as he held the letter that had taken such herculean efforts to locate before quickly sending for someone to send the letter to Michael.

Sophia had no idea about this as the letter made its way across the ocean; she was simply opening the presents that the fans had given Michael.

These were all tokens of appreciation from the fans to their idol; even if their idol had no time to go through them all, she would take his place and open them up as his wife.

The gifts had already been sorted when they were first sent to the company, so the more pricey gifts and the edible ones were already set aside. According to

official rules, the pricey items would be auctioned off and the proceeds would go to charity.

The rest would be stored in storerooms that were set aside for the remaining presents; Sophia had no idea why Hale had brought so many gifts back today.

She patiently opened each gift; most of them were handicrafts, artworks, postcards, letters and so on. She opened each and every one of them, and all gifts had the creator's name on it. Sophia then placed the presents onto the display shelves.

Michael was fond of simple styles, so the house didn't have a lot of decorations hung up, making it look rather empty. These little trinkets would be perfectly suited to liven up the place.

There were way too many gifts; even after going through them the entire night, Sophia had only opened half of them. She sat on the couch in the study, opening gifts until she drifted off to sleep.

Michael sneaked a look at the CCTV footage from his home during a film break. He caught sight of Sophia lying fast asleep on the couch with a pile of unopened presents next to her.

Sometimes he thought that his little dainty wife was so dumb that it was adorable.

Sophia did not have class the next morning, so she continued to open more presents after breakfast. Once she was done with them, she began to open the love letters—she ended up skipping her afternoon classes to focus on the letters. At night, she suddenly asked Hale, "I wouldn't be breaking any rules if I printed some of Michael's unreleased photos and sent it to his fans, would I?"

Hale nodded and replied, "Do as you like."

Michael was the actual boss behind the scenes of Imperial Entertainment; the managers had no say over whatever he did.

Sophia relaxed at that and scoured the house for some photos of Michael; she bulk printed a few hundred copies and stacked them up. She mimicked Michael's autograph and signed each of the photos, autographing several hundred photos in one go. Just like that, she spent the whole night signing the photos.

Meanwhile, away in a different country, Michael had already received the anonymous letter that had survived a trip across the ocean. The letter was written in cursive, but the way the letters looped across the paper was simply adorable. The corners of Michael's lips couldn't help but curl up as he read the letter, especially when he saw this one particular line.

'You are a light in my life.'

If he hadn't read this with his own eyes, he really wouldn't have been able to imagine that the aloof and finicky wife of his would be capable of writing something so cheesy.

All the same, he was heartened by this.

After he read the love letter, Michael was on cloud nine. He thought things over before looking for a pen and paper, taking advantage of the current film break to carefully craft out a reply. His handwriting was like lines of soldiers, all straight and orderly. Poise seeped through the paper, making his handwriting very recognizable. He carefully printed each character in his reply.

'I am a light that has come from the cosmos light years away;

I departed far in the past, braving thousands of years of changes in seasons, crossing time that spanned several millennia;

Just so that I can give you a moment of warmth and light.'

Meanwhile, Harry had just finished filming his scene and sauntered over with a frown; the makeup artist immediately started reapplying his makeup when she saw this.

When Harry caught sight of Michael, he hesitated and wondered whether he should tell Michael that Stanley had asked him to pretend to be a bad guy and hit on Sophia. Upon rumination though, he decided not to do so; if Michael suddenly went berserk, Harry would also be dragged into his madness.

Harry took a sip of water and noticed that Michael was writing something seriously. He squeezed himself over and looked curiously. “What are you writing? Let me see...”

Michael furrowed his brows and used a hand to obscure the extremely cheesy words he was writing. “Don’t look—I’m writing a love letter,” he answered.

Harry had no words for that. All Michael cared about when he was younger was violence, but now that he was a grown man, he was taking a page out of some youngster’s book and writing a love letter to express his feelings.

Age regression!

Of course, he kept that exclamation in his head.

Once Sophia had finished signing the hundreds of photographs, she handed them over to Hale. “Here, send them back to the managing company and get them to send these photos to the fans.”

Hale eyed the basketful of photos but didn’t say a word. He silently delivered the photos to the company and let the staff mail them off to the fans.

The boss’s wife sure has nothing better to do! Hale mentally chided.

Once she had gone through all of the fans’ presents, Sophia realized that she had busied herself throughout an entire Saturday, even skipping a day’s worth of classes. She had originally planned to go to the gym, but she would have to put it off for now.

Ever since her run-in with Phantom Wolf, Sophia had thrown herself even deeper into martial arts training. Michael may have assigned bodyguards to her, but they couldn't possibly protect her for the rest of her life. If she were to get into danger again in the future, she would have to save herself.

She intended to go to the gym and look for Gwen, but much to her surprise, Stanley called her again without so much as a by your leave. "Ahem, Sophia—why won't you see me? I'm in so much pain that I feel like I'm going to die. Ugh..."

Sophia was speechless. Was the energetic and spirited guy who just gamed with her a few days ago a ghost?