

My Dreamy Old Husband

Chapter 395

From the stack of photos, Mark picked out another one and told her, “Your father loved cats the most and this was one of his.” In the photo, Cooper seemed to be about fifteen or sixteen, and he was holding a fat ginger cat with a brilliant smile on his face, eyes full of adoration as he gazed at the cat.

Sophia learned from Woody that Cooper was outstanding and the pride of the Mitchells, as well as for Woody himself. As the future head of the family, he had to be exceptional! On the other hand, she learned about the true Cooper from Mark.

Pointing at a picture, Mark said, “Your father was very caring and this was one of the stray cats he rescued from the streets. Since it had a blind eye, he didn’t dare to bring it home because his family would despise it, so he kept it here secretly.

Every week, he would come to visit me, but he was actually here to visit his cat! That rascal!” As he stared at the old photo, Mark shook his head and chuckled with his eyes full of affection.

“Is the cat still around?” Sophia asked while looking at the photo.

Shaking his head, Mark answered, “No. It died of old age the second year after your father did, and I buried it under a tree in the garden.”

Sophia couldn’t help but feel a little sad. Tears stung her eyes as she gazed at Cooper in the photo. My father must have been a very gentle and kind person. What a pity...

Since Mark had watched Cooper growing up, he had endless interesting tales when he talked about him.

“The Mitchells have a strict upbringing with many family rules, and your father was the eldest son of the head of the family. Therefore, he had to set an example for his family peers in everything he did. His happiest days were during summer break when he would spend his days here, playing with my children. Here, this cat is for you.

It’s the offspring of that big ginger cat your dad kept! He really loved small animals and kept all of them here since his family wouldn’t allow him to keep any. There’s also a tortoise, which is kind of old now, but your father loved it to bits. Take it and keep it with you! I’ll also give you your father’s slingshot!”

Even though more than thirty years had passed, Mark still remembered every detail when it came to Cooper. As he flipped through Cooper’s old belongings in the big chest, he gave them all to Sophia in a heat of the moment.

Holding the large ginger cat in her arms, Sophia happily played with it. For memory’s sake, Mark had kept Cooper’s cat this whole time and even found another ginger cat with a similar appearance to breed with it. In the end, it gave birth to several litters and they all looked like the one Cooper used to have. Now, the house was filled with ginger cats.

As he stared at Sophia’s delighted face, Mark felt as though he was looking at the young Cooper who used to smile as innocently as this. Both of them look so alike! With that poise and eyes, she looks just like the old Cooper!

So many years had passed and it didn’t occur to Mark that Cooper’s daughter would appear. Perhaps it was destiny that he was able to meet her at this age, and it left him with no more regrets in life.

Looking at her, he said in earnest, “Child, I have no idea what happened between your parents back then, but Cooper was a good kid and he would have been a

good father. He may have been forced to leave you and your mother behind, so you shouldn't hold a grudge against him, alright?"

There was a period when Sophia blamed him, wondering why he didn't appear if he was still alive. By the looks of it now, it seemed like they could only meet each other a hundred years later in another lifetime.

She took out another photo from the chest where Cooper was smiling and holding a baby Stanley in his arms. In the photograph, Cooper was still a kid himself and was only eighteen as he held a newborn Stanley, a gentle smile on his face. Little did he know that his own child would soon be arriving into this world as well...

She could tell that Cooper was a really gentle person; be it from Annabel's diary or Mark's memories, she could easily say that he was a genuinely kind person. Maybe things were out of his control.

As she looked through the pictures, tears welled up in her eyes and she lifted her head, saying to Mark with a smile, "Grandpa, I won't blame him because he's my father, the one who gave me life."

That day, Sophia left the military compound with many things, including Cooper's cat and tortoise as well as a bunch of his photos and toys. Holding the big ginger cat, Stanley exclaimed in surprise, "Hey, what's up with the Old Master today?"

He actually gave you this orange pig which he loves so much? Usually, he won't even let me touch it!" In fact, Mark spoiled that ginger cat so much and kept it so well-fed that it had swelled up like a balloon!

Sophia then told Hale to keep everything in the car boot. Stanley heard that there would be a feast at Michael's tonight and might even open wine from the cellar, so he offered, "Here, Aunt Sophia. Let me carry this cat for you. The Old Master said that it's so heavy that you won't be able to carry it, so he sent me to help you."

Using the cat as a ticket, Stanley followed Sophia and made his way to Villa No.8 at The Imperial, even inviting Sean on the way. He wouldn't forget his good friend when there was a free meal!

However, he seemed to have forgotten that Mark wanted him to send Sophia back so that he could nurture his relationship with her because it was Cooper's genes which he was thinking about. Truth was, he wished that Stanley would make her his woman right now.

Unfortunately, Stanley knew himself too well and it was close to impossible to make Sophia his with a competitor as strong as Michael around. Therefore, he might as well just give up but it still seemed alright if he just went over to their place and had a free meal or to hangout.

At home, Michael had originally prepared a candlelight dinner for two, but Stanley had showed up unexpectedly like a leech and even brought Sean with him. "Why are you here again?" he asked, annoyed.

"Uncle Michael, the Old Master gave Aunt Sophia a cat and said that it was too heavy for her to carry by herself, so he sent me to help her carry it," Stanley explained and passed the cat on his shoulder to him.

Wow, it is heavy! Michael thought as he carried the cat. As far as he could remember, Mark did have several ginger cats and each one was chunkier than the other.

All of them were his treasures and he wouldn't allow anyone to touch it because they were all Cooper's cat. Every roll of fat on the cat represented Mark's love for it and unexpectedly, he had given one to Sophia today.

Pacing into the living room with the ginger cat in his arms, Michael then passed it to Maria to keep it away in a cage. He even saw the old tortoise Mark had kept for almost thirty years, and he remembered that it belonged to Cooper as well, but Mark had always kept it.

Surprisingly, Mark even gave it to Sophia. It seemed like he had shifted all his affection for Cooper onto her. Well, that's not a bad thing since he now has someone to dote on, at least, Michael thought.

The candlelight dinner Michael carefully prepared had now turned into a testosterone-filled gathering of friends; not only did Stanley come by himself, he brought company. As if that wasn't enough, he even brought a dog along.