

# My Dreamy Old Husband

## Chapter 411

Sophia had made a mistake; she shouldn't have taken that selfie with Claude the other day. Claude must've misunderstood her because of that selfie, and Sophia swore to God that she had only wanted to annoy Michael. She really had no feelings for Claude at all.

"Uh... Haha... Thank you..." She was embarrassed, but Claude had already made the soup and brought it over. It wouldn't do for her to just turn it down, so she laughed awkwardly as she took the soup in her hands.

That jerk of a boy, Nathan, didn't even call her his mother anymore. Any time someone came over, he'd call her a distant cousin; he had even vanished without a trace, leaving only Stanley behind while he watched his drama and stroked the cat. However, Nathan wasn't the reason why the atmosphere at the moment was so awkward.

"I don't think it's that convenient for you to move your hands—let me feed you." In a gentle manner, Claude opened up the container of soup, scooped up a spoonful and blew on it slightly before bringing it up to Sophia's mouth.

Claude was so gentle that he didn't seem like a Fletcher. He was like gentle snowfall, and the condition of his skin was even better than a girl's. Those slender fingers of his were flawless like a precious jewel, and he was overall a soft and gentle man.

If it hadn't been for the military uniform he had on, Sophia wouldn't have associated him with the Fletchers. He primarily did clerical work in the army, so when he reined in his dominating aura, he looked rather polite and soft.

“No, no... I can't let you go all that extra mile for me. I'll feed myself, yeah...”  
Sophia hastily took the spoon while carefully making sure that she didn't make any physical contact with Claude.

Sophia had only eaten a few spoonfuls of soup when she felt her face burn; perhaps the soup was too hot. Between sips of soup, she would look up at Claude and see him smile at her. That smile was truly gentle and pretty.

What a beautiful man!

His lovely eyes gazed at Sophia while he smiled gently again. Sophia's face reddened even more, and the air was unusually tense.

She looked at Stanley from the corner of her eyes. Hey there, stupid—why aren't you bailing me out of here?

Stanley didn't understand Sophia's wishes at all. To him, Claude was practically a wimp. How could he possibly be a match against Michael? Michael already had his claws in Sophia; if Claude thought that he could worm his way in, then he was still years away from actually being able to do it! Sophia was fated to be with Michael forever! If Sophia wouldn't even take a second look at Stanley, how would she take a shine to this wimp named Claude?

The large ginger cat seemed to have heard Sophia's prayers as it wriggled out of Stanley's arms and plodded its chubby body over into Claude's arms.

“Hm? This cat is adorable. Is he yours?” Claude asked as he held the cat.

“Yep. He's a present from my dad. His name is Chrysanthemum.”

Chrysanthemum...

Chrysanthemum was a large, ginger cat with yellow and white stripes; it had a body with rolls of fat. When one factored in his long fur, the cat looked rather like

a puffy dandelion whenever he ran, so that was how the cat came to be called Chrysanthemum.

Claude held Chrysanthemum and stroked him before he made a remark everyone made whenever they met the cat.

“Wow, he’s heavy.”

Chrysanthemum stared right at Sophia, wanting to eat her soup.

Claude pulled out a small packet of cat food from his pocket. “I heard that you wanted to bring your cat over to stay with you at the hospital during my last visit, so I brought some cat food with me this time.”

He poured the kibble into his palm; Chrysanthemum reached over and began to eat.

Claude lowered his gaze, his eyes tender as his slender fingers stroked Chrysanthemum’s orange fur. “Easy now, Chrysanthemum. If you get any fatter, I won’t be able to carry you!”

Sophia secretly looked at him while she ate her soup.

Oh, what a gentle and beautiful man! He’s so tender toward cats! He’s so attentive as well! Claude even brought some cat food along with him when he heard that I was going to bring my cat over! Why are the Fletchers’ genes so damn fine? Ahh!

Even though she only had eyes for Michael, that didn’t stop her from fangirling over other gentlemen.

Just as she was lost in the moment, her phone rang at the most inopportune time. She peeked at it and realized that it was from ‘Jerk’.

Michael's nickname in her contacts kept changing; he was 'Pervert' back when they were strangers; 'Lord' when they were at the bashful stage of their relationship; and 'Darling' when their relationship became more passionate. Now that their relationship had hit several rocks, he was 'Jerk'. It was as though these names were bearing witness to the relationship stages of a married couple.

At the sight of that name, rage burned within Sophia!

This call has been a long time coming! He should have done so earlier! What a d\*uchebag of a man!

Nonetheless, Sophia was rather eager to receive that call, but she couldn't just pick it up like that. She deliberately let her phone ring for about ten seconds before answering it coolly.

"What is it? I'm busy."

Michael cut right to the chase. "Get Maria to pack your things. I'll be there in twenty minutes."

It was their first call in days, yet he already had an arrogant, kingly tone to his voice which made Sophia weak in the knees. He didn't even utter anything else, simply hanging right up after he finished his words without an explanation.

Sophia stared at the phone in disbelief. After waiting in agony for several days, all she received was a phone call which did not even last ten seconds?

She hurled her phone angrily and continued to eat her soup.

"Who was that?" Claude asked curiously as he patted the cat.

Sophia deliberately made her smile as sunny as possible. "Some godforsaken salesman."

The two of them continued to chat while Sophia drank her soup and Claude patted the cat. All of a sudden, Claude started a new topic. "You started a company with Sundae Cone and the others, didn't you? It has something to do with online games, am I right?"

"Yep," Sophia answered.

Claude wasn't all that familiar with the online industry, but he had done his homework beforehand. Hence, he was still able to make conversation with her as the pair continued to engage in small talk.

Sophia had been eating the food sent over by Maria all this while; her meals were all cooked by the same chef, so it was inevitable that she was getting a little bored of it.

Getting takeout every now and then didn't seem too bad, and she blissfully finished off the last of the soup before placing the container down. "Thank you."

Once she was done, she took out her phone and said, "Let's take a selfie, Claude."

Naturally, Claude agreed to it. The sounds of a camera clicking away soon rang out in the room after that. After she had taken the photos, Sophia deliberately edited the photo to make Claude and her look even nicer before uploading it to her Instagram stories.

She was in the middle of editing with her head lowered when the door to her ward suddenly opened. A man in a black windbreaker then barged in brazenly and walked straight over to Sophia's bed.

Without another word, he reached out and pressed Sophia down into her pillow and wrapped the thin hospital blanket around her, rolling her into a burrito before hoisting her over his shoulders and carting her away.

Stanley and Claude were at a loss for words. Did Sophia just... got carted off like that?

Sophia finally came back to her senses after they had traveled a fair distance. Realizing that Michael had suddenly appeared and carted her away after wrapping her up, she kicked at him and yelled, "Michael, you b\*stard, put me down! Put me down!"