

My Dreamy Old Husband

Chapter 412

Tired from overworking himself, Michael had immediately rushed over as soon as he stepped off the plane. He had his sunglasses and mask on as he placidly carried Sophia over his shoulders down the hospital corridor under the strange looks of everyone there. As Sophia yelled at him from the ‘burrito’, he patted her butt and said, “Quiet down. It’s embarrassing.”

“So you do know that it’s embarrassing! If it’s embarrassing to you, then put me down right this instant! Now!” Sophia kicked her feet like an angry little critter, but she reined in her strength since she was worried about injuring Michael.

Michael strode down the corridor quickly. He was about to enter the elevator when Claude and Stanley finally came charging over from behind. “Who are you? Let her go!”

Michael looked back to glance at Claude. He seemed to be part of the Fletchers, and Michael had seen him before in one of Sophia’s Instagram stories. However, the Fletcher Family was huge; there were far too many Fletchers for him to remember. Coupled with the fact that he hadn’t visited home in over ten years, he couldn’t recognize many of them anymore. He gave a cold snort and carried Sophia into the elevator.

Claude chased after them, but unfortunately, the doors had already closed. He quickly legged it to the stairs, but Stanley stopped him just in time. “Geez, Claude—forget it. Just let him be!”

Claude nearly went mad. “Who was that? Why did he suddenly show up to take Sophia?”

Stanley had no idea how to answer that. He had promised Michael that he'd keep his lips sealed about his relationship with Sophia. Otherwise, Michael would pull his investments. Stanley steeled himself to answer. "Uh... That was Sophia's father! You better not get on his bad side!"

It was only then did Claude stop his pursuit, but worry came over him instantly. "Sophia's father? Does that mean he doesn't approve of us being together?"

Of course he disapproves of you! Stanley knew that he would have to weave a bigger net of lies now that he had told one, so he quickly answered, "That's right. Her dad's an eccentric one, you know? Sophia's still young and in university, so her dad doesn't approve of her dating at this stage of her life. You shouldn't see her after this."

Claude remained silent before leaving in a hurry. How would Sophia still be around by the time he left the hospital?

Down in the parking lot, Hale immediately opened the door to the car when he saw Michael zooming over. Michael shoved Sophia roughly in the car, grumbling as he did so, "You've gotten fat, Chica!"

"You're the fat one!" Sophia rolled a little on the spacious backseat when she was shoved inside before sitting up and turning her back on Michael angrily.

A few seconds later, Gary came over with a reluctant Nathan. Nathan was unwilling to leave, so Gary had him secured with one arm under his armpit. Michael took Nathan and weighed him. "You're even fatter!" With that, he tossed Nathan into the car as well.

Shortly after, Gemma hauled Chrysanthemum over with all her strength. Michael stood by the door after Gemma plopped the cat into his arms, weighing this heavy lump of fur. "You're the fattest." He then tossed Sophia's cat into the car before getting in himself. Once the door was shut, Hale floored it and the car rocketed off immediately.

When they returned to The Imperial, Sophia got out of the car, still clad in her hospital gown. Michael followed her with the ginger cat in one arm, wrapping his free arm around her. “Are you angry? Why aren’t you talking now, hm? Is it because I said that you’re fat? Is that why you’re upset now?”

Sophia had already healed and could have actually gone home sooner, but Old Master Fletcher had gotten her to stay in the hospital longer because he wanted to match-make her with the Fletchers. She was seething as she entered the building.

“Why are you back anyway? Shouldn’t you be with Faye? Faye’s three months pregnant now. Do you have the heart to just leave her alone with your illegitimate kid?”

It had been ten days since Faye posted the picture with the soup, and the rumors going around had been switching up every day.

At first, they claimed that Michael and Faye were simply dating before it evolved into ones of marriage. Later on, they had supposedly been married in secret for some time now, and some of the rumors even claimed that their child was already a year-old.

“You two are now trending at the top as the ‘Golden Couple’! I heard that your kid with her is named Lucas Fletcher, and the both of you came up with that name for your one-year-old. You even bought a mansion in Europe that’s worth a million! It’s also said that the kid’s godfather is a member of the British Royal Family, and the kid’s practically nobility at birth! Why are you back here to see some fugly person like me? Go away! I want to meet my dear, handsome hunks!” Sophia broke down as she went on. She was on the brink of tears as she cried out, feeling wronged.

She didn’t blame the media; she blamed Michael for not even sending a word to her even though he knew she’d get sad, and for not calling her to explain himself! Even though he was busy, it wouldn’t have cost him anything to get someone to call her on his behalf! He just didn’t care about her feelings!

Michael swore he didn't know that a container of soup would be the cause of everything. It was just some soup, yet the entertainment reporters managed to create enough material for a full-length trashy, cliched soap opera.

Ever since he found out about Old Master Fletcher's schemes and Nathan's betrayal, he had been furious. He had given up all his breaks to finish shooting his parts in Africa smoothly so that he could rush back; all he wanted to do was to see Sophia as soon as possible.

He had been so busy the past few days that he didn't even have the time to take a breather. Every day, he would sleep for only two or three hours, and he lacked the time to keep up with news online. Besides, the cell phone reception wasn't the best there.

There wasn't any signal when he was outside, and he'd have to return to the hotel just to connect to a weak Wi-Fi signal; he truly had no idea about all those rumors. More importantly, he was truly terrified of losing her!

"Listen to me, Chica. I really didn't know anything about it. If I did, I definitely wouldn't have allowed them to run their mouths. Believe me, alright?"

"No."

Michael placed his hands on her shoulders and lowered his head to look at her. "You really won't hear my explanation?"

Sophia turned her head and answered, "No."

Michael gazed at her with his head lowered. She had been eating well and sleeping well during her time in the hospital. Now, she was glowing, and her little face had turned a tad rounder. She was a little chubby, so holding her felt even nicer.

Michael tossed the cat aside and hauled Sophia over his shoulders to carry her up to the master bedroom on the second floor. With that, everyone soon heard a

weird sound coming from the second floor. “Michael, you jerk, let me go! If you don’t, I’m going to report you! No... No... Stop... Don’t stop...”

Nathan was defeated; Old Master Fletcher had him convinced at the hospital. The Fletchers were resolute when it came to how they did things, and if they chose to be with someone, they would be loyal to them forever. If they took a shine to anyone and were a match, they would register their marriage on the day itself. So, if anyone caught Sophia’s eye, they would be able to hold a wedding on the day itself!

Nathan and the old man had planned it out carefully; Old Master Fletcher would be in charge of supplying the ‘goods’, and Nathan would be in charge of brainwashing Sophia along with intercepting Michael’s calls. Both grandfather and grandson were attempting to get Sophia to marry one of the Fletchers within ten days.

Sophia was so close to falling for Claude, but no one expected Sophia to take a while to warm up to him. Furthermore, Michael had ended up rushing back even though his filming schedule was supposed to have him overseas for a few months.

Still, Nathan didn’t fear anything. What could Michael do to him? He’d just cut the boy’s pocket money off at most!