

My Dreamy Old Husband

Chapter 416

She was a strong woman who had constantly been disparaged for only starring in R-rated movies, but she had never lost her will.

Also, she was a woman who had pulled herself up by her bootstrap at a young age, but despite all the things she was, she turned into the world's most fragile woman when she met with the nicest man in the world.

In order to marry him, she gave up her citizenships and cut ties with the foreign diplomats and royalty that she was on good terms with. Despite giving up so much, she still never got to fulfill her wish.

It took a long time for Michael to understand everything. His father had died, but his strong mother withstood her sadness and pain to arrange everything for her children.

After she had settled all matters related to her assets, she calmly bade farewell to her own family and friends. Once her affairs were in order, she left.

She had chosen her own grave, one that was across the Memorial Garden. Also, she wanted a statue erected by her tombstone, one that would face her own husband's grave, so that they would look at each other forever.

They hadn't been able to be together when they were alive, and yet even in death, they couldn't be reunited. And so, she would just settle for being able to look at him from a distance.

She then picked a place. Dressed in a wedding gown that she would never be able to wear, she quietly killed herself with her wedding photo with Theo in her

arms while listening to a recording that Theo had left her before his departure. After her death, her corneas and other organs were donated.

Michael constantly wondered whether Theo Fletcher would have automatically accepted that herculean task in order to marry Elizabeth Murray if the Fletchers had accepted them from the get-go. Perhaps he wouldn't have died, and neither would Elizabeth as well; their lives would most likely have been different.

Unfortunately, there were no 'what-ifs' in this world.

Old Master Fletcher knew that this topic had touched on things that Michael didn't want to hear, so he hastily changed the topic. "I've introduced a few potential fiances to Sophia. I told them to get to know Sophia, so help me vet them."

"Oh. Erm... Right, yes I will. I'll help you to vet them properly!"

Michael's heart still sat heavy in his chest after he hung up the call, even though he knew that no one was responsible for the situation they were in now; Theo and Elizabeth weren't at fault, and neither were the Fletchers for standing by their opinion. Old Master Fletcher had done a lot for Michael and his sister as well, so he wasn't at fault either. If someone had to be blamed, then perhaps it should be god.

He could forgive Old Master Fletcher, but he couldn't forgive the Fletcher Family!

Most importantly, the old man had actually found many potential fiances for Sophia, so he would definitely help the old man to properly 'vet' them.

When night fell, Stanley came over again. He had seen Michael's Tweet. Since Michael had just come back from Africa, his home was sure to have a feast.

He wasn't the only one who came either, for he had also brought Sean and his dog along.

“Uncle, I really hadn’t hidden Sophia’s matchmaking from you on purpose. I just thought that those wimpy guys were no match for you, and Sophia’s resolute with her stance. You definitely won’t be kicked out of the picture! I’ve been helping you to watch her during all those matchmaking attempts!

See how loyal I am! Uncle, look how hard it is to run a business. I’ve gotten thinner because of it. Please consider doing a bit of charity and pop open that 82 year-old bottle of Château Lafite-Rothschild for me.”

Stanley immediately kissed up to Michael the moment he showed up. Also, he had expressed his loyalty, fearing that Michael would shift his anger onto him because of Sophia’s matchmaking.

Michael was angry when he found out about Sophia’s matchmaking, but he was still confident in his own charms. How could that gaggle of prissy men match up to him? Still, he was furious that no one bothered to tell him about something as important as this.

However, Stanley’s heroic deed from last time managed to rein in Michael’s anger a little.

Ever since Phantom Wolf’s leader fled, they checked all the hospitals nearby, and indeed, there was a patient who had been warded for a gunshot wound to his groin.

Although all videos and photos had been lost by the time they rushed over, and the doctor who had been treating the patient died in a sudden car accident, they found out through a medical report that that patient would be unable to procreate for the rest of his life.

Stanley had put a stop to a bloodline of terror all with a single bullet.

So, Michael decided to pop open that old bottle of Chateau in order to reward Stanley.

Dinner was sumptuous to celebrate Michael and Sophia's second wedding anniversary. Even Harry had rushed back after filming his scenes in Africa, along with Daniel, who had also rushed over after finishing up work for the day.

Everyone talked merrily as the wine flowed. The atmosphere was joyous, but Nathan then exited the room due to a phone call. Almost immediately after that, he returned with someone else.

"Nice to meet you, I am Claude Fletcher. I'm a friend of your daughter. I didn't get to greet you yesterday, so I've come to do so today."

Claude was dressed in a very proper manner, his arms filled with bundles of gifts.

The entire atmosphere tensed when everyone saw Claude; everyone had fallen silent.

Nathan enthusiastically gave his seat to Claude. "Here, take a seat."

Claude sat next to Sophia. Then, Nathan brought over a stool and forced himself in between Sophia and Michael, separating them so that he could squeeze Sophia closer to Claude.

The silence continued.

Now that Claude had taken a seat at the table, the atmosphere became even more awkward. Nathan glanced at everyone and began to introduce them to Claude. First, he pointed at a stony-faced Michael before launching an introduction. "That's my Uncle Taylor. He's Sophia's dad."

Then, he pointed at Harry. "A relative of my uncle's."

Nathan pointed at Daniel next. "Another relative of my uncle's."

He hadn't needed to introduce Sean and Stanley; Claude already knew who they were.

The Fletchers were a huge family, and with how many Fletchers there were, it was impossible for them to actually know all of the other Fletchers. Claude didn't know of Michael.

To him, Michael was only the famous movie star Taylor Murray, so of course, he didn't know about Nathan's family background. He only knew that Nathan frequently came over to the Fletcher home and also bore the Fletcher name; perhaps Nathan was part of a branch family. And so, Claude politely greeted everyone.

"Hello everyone, my name is Claude Fletcher. I currently work as a clerk in the military performance troop, so I suppose I'm in the same industry as you all." He could recognize the two megastars Michael and Harry with a glance as he greeted everyone.

The frostiness in the atmosphere was enough to send a chill down everyone's spine as they eyed each other before turning their eyes on a shrinking Sophia, a stony-faced Michael, and Nathan, who had just poked a tiger in the eye. Thus, they hastily gobbled their food and chugged their wine, fearing that they wouldn't be able to do so soon.

Stanley hastily gulped down the Chateau that he had wished for.

Meanwhile, Claude didn't seem to express any surprise that Sophia's father was the acclaimed movie star Taylor Murray, but he was internally taken aback that his future father-in-law looked so youthful.

As a movie star, one could hide his or her actual age and name. Taylor could be in his forties, but as long as he took care of his looks, people would believe him if he said that he was in his twenties, so long as people would fall for it.

As he gazed at Michael's stony face, Claude raised a glass and toasted Michael sincerely. "Sir, I know that you still do not approve of my potential courtship with Sophia, but I am a patient man. I will prove myself so that you will agree to our marriage.

I know that she's still young, and it may not be an appropriate time for her to pursue a relationship, but I can wait. We can start off as just friends."

Sophia didn't dare to speak, instead lowering her head, leaving Claude and Michael to engage in a staring match.

Michael clinked his glass gently with Claude's, his tone icy. "Since you know my stance on this, you should know that it is delusional of you to think of pursuing her."

Claude was confident. "Sir, you cannot say such a thing this early. I am sufficiently confident that you will accept me. I will prove my determination to you with my actions."