

My Dreamy Old Husband

Chapter 561

Men will always like girls between the ages of eighteen to nineteen because that is usually the age at which they meet the love of their lives. Anyone who came after her were mere resemblances of her. The person Michael loved when he was eighteen was her, Irene Weber. And I, Sophia, am no more than a vessel for him to reminisce about the happiness he had with her all those years ago.

Old Master Fletcher and Irene were currently playing chess together. Just then, Stanley walked over with his dog. He had been working overtime at the company over the past two days and had not been aware of Sophia's arrival. The moment he saw Irene and Sophia, he teased, "Oh! My two aunts are here!"

Irene scolded, "Excuse me? I'm still eighteen at heart!"

"Yes, yes. You'll always be eighteen!"

Seeing their amicable interaction made Sophia feel gloomy again.

It feels like I'm going to lose my eldest nephew to her too. Once she takes him away, she will come for my husband.

Even when Stanley saw Sophia, he did not come up to her to greet her. Instead, he went to stand behind Irene to watch the chess game. "You have to defend, Old Master!"

"Old Master, you're about to lose!"

“Stop resisting. With the level you’re at, you may be able to beat Sophia, but you’re no match for Aunt Irene.”

Sophia glared at him.

That brat. I let him off for not coming to greet me, but how dare he ridicule me for being less skilled than Irene?

Actually, Stanley had found Sophia’s sloppy appearance funny—she was wrapped in two layers of cotton-padded coats with the buttons on the outermost layer unfastened. He was worried that he would burst out laughing if he went up to her, so he decided to stay back to stop himself from making a slip of the tongue. He did not think that that mindless action of his would strike a nerve with her.

Meanwhile, Sophia had already harbored a grudge against him and put him on her February blacklist.

In this chess game, Mark was unable to beat Irene’s skills and got defeated once again.

“I’m done!” Mark waved his hands and left.

A group of old men was pushing the burden onto each other. No one dared to challenge Irene in a game of chess. After all, she was the strongest player in this compound.

Old Master Fletcher pointed at Stanley and said, “Come over here, Stan. Play a game with her to show us how it’s done.”

Stanley waved his hands frantically. “I’m not playing. I can’t even beat Sophia, much less Aunt Irene.”

To Sophia, that remark was rubbing salt in her wound.

She was placed second after Irene again and was unhappy about it.

Just then, Mark looked over at Sophia who was sitting by the fire amongst the old men while stroking a cat. "Come, Sophie. Play a round with Irene."

Irene's eyes lit up and her red lips curled into a smirk. "Great! I've never gotten a chance to play with Eddie before."

Without saying a word, Sophia placed the cat down and wobbled over with her two coats. The moment she sat down, Stanley started to tease her.

"Sophia, you're no match for Aunt Irene. You should just throw in the towel!"

Ever since Sophia went from being a goddess to an aunt to Stanley, he would tease her every now and then. Normally, she did not think much of it and even felt like it could make the atmosphere more lively sometimes. Today, however, his teasing sounded especially hurtful.

In the past, it would have just been banter among the people. People mocked each other and it was seen as a form of affection and camaraderie between the proletariats. But today, in this setting, it was a hostile attack against her. It had gone too far!

As she was drinking some wolfberry water, she looked at the wolfberries in the cup and buried the unhappiness she felt in them. Once she was done, she had a pure and bright smile on her face. "I've wanted to play with you too, Irene!"

Irene smiled. With every move she made, she had the reserved and charming nature of a mature woman. It was not something Sophia, a girl in her early twenties, had.

"I'll give you a handicap of three moves."

Sophia replied, "Okay. Please go easy on me, Irene!"

After they arranged their chess pieces, the game began.

Mark was nervous as he observed them from the side. He was worried that Sophia would be unhappy if she lost the game. Irene had impeccable skills while Sophia was on par with himself. Irene was two whole levels ahead of them.

Meanwhile, Stanley could not hold back his tongue. "Aunt Irene, be kind. I'm telling you. If Sophia loses, she will cry to my uncle when she gets home later."

The old men burst into laughter.

Irene also laughed and took in every word he said.

If she loses, she's going to go home and cry? Irene scoffed. Did Michael marry a wife or a daughter? Women like her only rely on their youthful appeal. After a few more years, she won't be young anymore, then she'll be a nobody.

While Irene played, she thought about the best way to lead Sophia to a miserable defeat. *I hope she'll run home immediately after this and weep to Michael!*

She knew Michael; he did not like pretentious girls. He was simply taking into account her young age. He might put up with her whining once or twice, but not when the frequency of it started to add up.

"Aha! Checkmate! Thanks for going easy on me, Irene!"

Feeling delighted, Sophia started to clap. That was when Irene pulled herself out of her thoughts and realized that she had already lost.

While she was unaware, Sophia had already led her to a dead end.

They did not move more than ten times yet!

No one had anticipated that Irene would lose that quickly. With an air of confidence, she also let Sophia make three moves first, but she ended up losing in less than ten moves.

What is this?

Irene and everyone present were all dumbfounded.

Stanley sighed, breaking the silence. “Irene, you should’ve paid more attention. Don’t go easy on her just because she looks cute! She was the champion of our school’s chess competition. She’s quite good! One more round!”

At that moment, Irene had a realization—she had been too careless.

In the second round, she focused all her attention on the game and made every move with caution, planning ten steps with every move. Her brows were furrowed together tightly. But Sophia, who was sitting across from her, was very relaxed. “Irene, I see you’ve realized that you need to take this more seriously now and not be as careless as last time.”

Irene was confident this time. She had placed all her attention and focus in the game. *I can’t let Sophia win no matter what!*

Nonetheless, she could not make it too obvious nor be too cruel with her tactics. Old Master Fletcher adored Sophia. *If I lead Sophia to a miserable defeat, it might make him unhappy.*

Just then, Sophia cried, “Checkmate again!”

Sophia’s presumptuous smile broke Irene’s train of thought. Irene realized that she had only made a few moves when she somehow fell into Sophia’s trap and was completely defeated. In a blink of an eye, she had lost after just ten moves!