

My Dreamy Old Husband Chapter 777

Even though it was a simple chat history, deep love was overflowing from it as she read through the chats between a loving couple.

While she looked at the chat history, Sophia suddenly felt a lump in her throat and a sinking feeling.

Looking at Michael's profile picture, she typed many words on the keyboard, but she didn't send it out in the end as she didn't know what to say to him.

Suddenly, her phone rang, sending her into a shock. After all, this phone seldom rang nowadays since very few people knew she was back. Basically, no one would call this number anymore.

The caller ID showed Hale's name.

After recalling, she realized that everything matched what Michael had told her. This was one of his bodyguards.

"Miss Sophia," the man said in a low yet mysterious voice. "I'm in the bushes opposite your house. Boss asked me to bring you something."

Michael brought something for me?

Feeling slightly jubilant, Sophia quickly put on a coat on top of her pyjamas before she walked outside.

After she got out of the door, she saw the bushes right opposite her front gate. Sure enough, a dark figure stood there—a man with sunglasses was holding a box in his hands. After seeing her, he walked to her.

"This is a present from our boss."

Sophia wanted to ask him whether he could watch where he was going with the dark sunglasses at this late hour. However, after sending the gift to her, he left immediately, not wanting to say anything extra to her.

Hence, she was left with the box in her hands, having no way to return it even if she wanted to.

After standing there blankly for a moment, she opened the box as a thick fragrance wafted into her nose. It was actually a box of roses.

Sophia couldn't stop smiling. After all, this was her first time receiving real roses. Back when she was living in Africa, Quinton also gifted her many roses. However, due to his limitations, he could only give her plastic roses to represent his feelings.

As soon as she returned home with the roses in her hands, she saw Cooper in the living room with a dark face, and he saw her roses immediately. Their entire house had been completely automated. With just a step out of the door, Sophia's actions would be detected right away.

"Baby, who sent you the roses?"

"I picked them outside." Sophia lied.

It's still early spring. I don't think there are roses at this time of year!

Cooper knew very well who had sent the roses to her, and he also knew that Sophia was deliberately lying. He was so triggered that he advised solemnly, "Don't trust men's sweet words. Most of them are liars. I've been through it, so you must trust me."

"Alright," Sophia replied before going upstairs with the roses in her hands.

Whether she had actually taken his advice was another story.

After she returned to her room, she took out the roses one by one, put them into a vase, and placed them in her bedroom. Apart from that, she even took a picture of it, wanting to send it to Michael.

However, she felt that it was a bad idea. He merely gave her a box of roses—she must not reveal that she was too happy about it.

Hence, Sophia deliberately sent many pictures of Carmen with a picture of the rose in between to avert the attention.

In just mere seconds after she sent them, Michael replied to her, as if he had been waiting by his phone all this while.

'Has our baby been behaving well for the past few days?'

After lying on the bed, Sophia glanced at Carmen, who was fast asleep beside her. Then, she replied, 'She's very well-behaved. She is already sleeping now.'

Michael: 'Alright. Sleep well. Goodnight.'

Their conversation ended just like that. Looking at the chat room that had no more new messages, Sophia felt empty.

She wanted to continue chatting, but she didn't know what to send.

Little did she know that her Messenger chat history had been bugged by Cooper.

By just looking at Michael, he knew what the latter was up to immediately.

Around 30 years ago, Cooper already knew that Michael had many tricks up his sleeves. After 30 years, Michael's tactics seemed to have flourished.

Clearly, he was a veteran at romance.

My sweet baby is still very innocent. How could she even resist him?

You are planning to play hard to get, aren't you?

I'll let you continue your games!

The next day, when Sophia woke up, she realized that her 'dear' wasn't in her contact list on Messenger anymore.

“Huh?”

Where did he go?

She looked at her phone in confusion for a while before realizing that Michael’s contact had completely disappeared from her phone book as well.

In no time, she guessed that it was all Cooper’s work.

To her, Michael didn’t seem to be a bad person, but Cooper seemed to be absolutely certain that he was an evil person.

Perhaps his persistence might be right after all...

Sophia put her disappointed feelings aside and continued to look at her notes to familiarize herself with past tasks. Taking advantage of her diverted attention, Cooper fed all the roses to the dogs.

Right now, there were three huskies in their house—Judge and his pair of puppies. The three of them looked like Cereberus, the three-headed hellhound. They ate everything in the house; they finished eating the box of roses in no time.

In the afternoon, Sophia’s new phone received a call from an unfamiliar number.

“Hi, may I speak to Miss Lucile?”

The caller had a nice male voice as he spoke fluently.

Sophia replied, “Speaking. You are?”

He chuckled affably before saying, “Nice to meet you. I’m Bill Winterford, the designer for King, the top brand for pet luxury goods.”

Sophia immediately became more alert and wary.

When she was reading her journals, she found out that in the beginning of her startup journey, she faced some difficulties and challenges, especially when she was setting up the chain for the pet luxury brand, Poulr. One of their greatest competitors was King.

Even at this point, both of the brands still existed in Cethos' market, but King's business was greater than Pouri's. In fact, they had actually reached internationalization, but Pouri still remained in the local business, falling behind King.

Sophia replied calmly, "Okay. Why are you calling?"

Bill spoke gently. "I heard that you were planning to customize collars for your beloved dogs. They are two huskies, right? King is the best brand in Cethos for pet luxury items, and we are even better than Pouri. I wonder if you are interested in having some pet outfits customized here. I will personally design them..."

So they are here to take our business away!

It had not been long since she had gotten this number, and she had a small social circle. Only Cooper, Linus, and a few others knew about this number. She seemed to recall that she had only left her phone number when she made the collars for Judge's puppies at Pouri.

Unexpectedly, Pouri's competitor, King's top designer, actually knew her name, her number, and even her dog's breed. It was certainly thought-provoking.

Sophia replied, "It's fine. My puppies are still very young. I'll make some for them when they grow bigger."

Bill probably knew that Sophia was a customer with great potential, so he didn't give up. "Miss Lucile, your dogs only made a pair of custom-made collars. But apart from that, we also have full sets of pet luxury items, and we have a team of designers who are more mature and fashionable than Pouri's. Our designs are internationalized, so I'm sure you'll be satisfied—"

"I already told you that I don't need them!" Sophia became harsher.

It seems like we didn't lose to them because of marketing strategies or designer's incapacities. It's because someone has been betraying us.

They actually sold customer information to our opponents behind our backs!