

# My Dreamy Old Husband

## Chapter 219

There were far too many people who wanted to see Quinton, so Sophia's class still had to line up when they visited him. The class representatives had all settled on a timetable, and Sophia's class would have to wait until tomorrow to visit Quinton. Since it happened to be a Saturday, they needn't attend class. Everyone agreed to meet Quinton in the afternoon.

Sophia felt that she couldn't visit him without bringing a gift at the very least. When she got home, she took a look at the pantry and found that they had pretty much everything in there. In particular, they had a ton of eel along with a lot of exotic meats.

Michael had a particular palate and was fond of unusual meats; frogs, eel, and the likes were all his favorites. Sophia was traumatized by her time in the kitchen, so she usually did not dare to step into it. Today, she made a sudden foray into the kitchen but didn't find anything that she wanted, so she got the butler to call up the farm outside of the city to send two free-range chickens over.

Michael had his own farm out of the city with a huge variety of crops planted there. There were plenty of fish ponds and pig pens, and he even had many other types of livestock living there.

The butler placed the order, and two free-range chickens were delivered the next day. The chickens were then penned up in the kitchen.

When Saturday came around, Sophia stepped into the kitchen after breakfast.

At long last, she had stepped into the kitchen!

Michael would always be informed of every single thing while he was abroad, even the most mundane matters like Sophia getting her period. Maria would have to immediately report it all.

Michael opened the CCTV feed in his house while abroad. Just as Maria had reported, he saw Sophia entering the kitchen as she began to prep the chickens by boiling some water before she slaughtered them solemnly. She then got around to plucking them and washing the poultry.

Was she going to cook them? Who was she cooking for? Why did she suddenly think of cooking some chicken today?

Michael never saw her enter the kitchen while they were home; yet, here she was today!

Feeling immensely threatened by this thousands of miles away, Michael phoned Nathan in a haste.

“Your mom is cooking something for another kid!”

Nathan, who was in the midst of gaming, felt immensely threatened by this piece of information. Rushing into the kitchen to check on Sophia, he saw that she had already cleaned the chickens after slaughtering them, tossing the meat into a clay pot along with a bunch of other ingredients. She set it to a high boil before turning it down to a low simmer.

Sophia couldn't be bothered to make instant noodles on a regular day; why was she stewing chicken now?

Nathan frowned. He thought that things weren't as simple as it seemed on the surface, so he would have to continue observing the situation.

Sophia sat off to the side and read as she watched the stove. After reading for a while, she picked up her tablet and logged into Skype. Taylor's fan group had been very active today; fans in the group had come crawling out of the

woodworks to discuss something intensely. After scrolling through, she realized that they had been talking about Taylor's birthday.

The administrator typed, 'It's going to be Taylor's birthday in a few more days. Shouldn't we celebrate it?'

Another one of the moderators posted, 'Let's not get ahead of ourselves when it comes to celebrities; we should only give as much as we're able to. Whatever you give is a mark of sincerity, and the most important thing here is the feelings you put into it.'

The fan group began discussing among themselves. Wealthier fans wanted to give Taylor jewelry, clothing, shoes, and even a month's worth of advertisements at public transport spaces; fans who weren't as well-off wanted to give him handmade crafts instead.

Was it going to be Michael's birthday soon? It seemed like there were a few more days to go.

Should I get him a present too?

Nonetheless, Sophia didn't know what to get him.

Even if she did, she didn't know whether he would like it anyway!

Sophia never spoke up in the fan group ever since she joined, but she would actively leap at any fan activity. She contributed monetarily most of the time, such as the time she donated some money to help change the small wings on the fan t-shirts to bigger ones.

At that moment, she immediately looked up recent movie screenings in the cinemas. Michael's films were still in theaters, so she booked out ten venues and posted the receipts in the group.

'I don't have much to give, so I booked out ten showings. I've handed the tickets over to the moderators; please ask them if you want a ticket.'

The fans in the group were whipped into a frenzy, their heads spinning from the gesture.

This wasn't an official fanclub—it was just a group set up by fans. The moderators were hardcore Taylor fans who had been following him for years now; they were all willing and eager to organize events for him without getting paid. Even though it was highly likely that Taylor didn't even know they existed, they still did everything for him without complaining at all.

Sophia felt incredibly pleased after sending those tickets to the moderators. While she knew that she and the fans were doing this, Michael would never see their efforts.

The other fans who didn't have money to spare had no choice but to get him something else.

'I made a watercolor painting for Taylor. It's a scene from one of his movies!'

'I made a fan video!'

'I sang something for Taylor!'

Sophia watched as everyone showed off the gifts they had prepared for Taylor. She sat there blankly for a while before rushing upstairs, taking out a fountain pen and a stack of writing paper. Then, she spread the items on the table and whipped out a bottle of blue ink that smelled of sandalwood. After some deep thought, she put her pen to the paper.

As someone who took her studies seriously, Sophia's penmanship was great. Elegant cursive letters looped themselves neatly on the paper in a straight line; as neat as her writing was, it could be mistaken for a machine printed letter.

The pen made soft scratching noises as it zipped across the paper. Soon, she filled out an entire page.

As she wrote, Sophia mulled things over with a hand to her cheek. She looked at the purple wisteria creeping up outside the window and suddenly giggled to herself. Her face flushed a gentle pink as she continued to write with a smile on her lips.

Nathan sneakily stood behind her as he watched her write, and an ominous sense of foreboding welled up within him. He immediately caught sight of one of the neatly written lines which wrote, 'You are a light in my life.'

Nathan bolted out of the room in fear and quickly typed up a message to Michael.

'Mom's writing a love letter!'

Michael stared blankly at the message, dumbfounded.

His chica was writing a love letter! Who was it for?

Joel? Stanley? Could it even be Richard?

How could he possibly let this slide?!

He quickly phoned Hale and Gemma to keep a close eye on her!

Michael really wanted to see which twerp Sophia was writing and cooking for! If he found out who it was, he would absolutely castrate that guy!

Sophia read through her letter sentence by sentence after she was done with it.

'You are a light in my life. Not only have you chased away the darkness hovering over my days, you've thinned out the fleeting fear and anxiety that I had. Warmth blooms through the light that you exude. It has seeped into me, your tenderness

circulating throughout my body with my blood. It spreads throughout me from my limbs to my essence. Your invisible hands caress me—my being, my flesh.'

The more she looked at it, the more embarrassed she became. Sophia couldn't bring herself to read it anymore, blushing wildly as she put away three pages full of writing. She stacked them into a large envelope and sealed it carefully. Once she wrote down the receiver's name, address and postcode, she wrapped it up with a few layers of newspaper and put it into her backpack.

Soon, the chicken soup was ready. Sophia called Nathan for lunch only to realize that the boy had a dirty look on his face.

Of course, she was already used to Nathan's unpredictable yet baleful expressions.

Fortunately, Sophia had called Nathan to have some soup once it was done cooking; it showed that she still thought of him. The sense of danger Nathan had as her stepson instantly dissipated, but Nathan still had a sense of foreboding for Michael; he would have to watch out for that sense of danger on behalf of Michael for now.

After having two nice bowls of soup, Sophia poured the rest of the chicken soup into two tall thermal containers and kept them in her bag before heading out.

Nathan promptly chased after her and asked, "Where are you going?"

"Nate, be good and play by yourself at home. Mom's going to visit Mr. Clark now."

Oh, she was going to visit Mr. Clark because of what had happened! She wasn't actually cooking for another kid!

Still, Nathan's sense of danger did not fully subside. "What were you writing just now?"

Sophia batted her eyes and said meaningfully, "That's Mom's little secret!"