My Dreamy Old Husband
Chapter 36

"Are you sure that you are mining for Bitcoin, not playing whac-a-mole?" Sophia asked.

Nathan didn't reply and continued to focus on his task. Therefore, she rose to her full height, ran toward him, and stood behind him to peek at what he was doing.

Bitcoin was a cryptocurrency that was currently circulated globally. It had a high value, and the method to obtain it was special as well—it required a specialized computation method as well as a tremendous amount of manpower and money.

It was difficult to obtain Bitcoin, but the question was, how difficult exactly? Anyways, it was an extremely onerous task; most little brats wouldn't even know what a bitcoin was.

She stared at Nathan, wondering what he was doing exactly.

However, after staring for some time, all she could see was his chubby little hands dancing across the keyboard, making some clattering sound. The words on the screen changed very rapidly, and the figures kept changing. She wouldn't have any idea of what was happening even if her gaze had burned a hole through the screen.

The little boy finally rested his hands for a moment. He turned around and looked at Sophia, who was staring wide-eyed at the screen, with a disdainful look. "Can you understand what you are looking at?"

In fact, she couldn't understand it at all. After all, she was a liberal arts student.

Her mouth parted. Just as she was about to say something, someone knocked on the door, and Michael's voice was heard from outside. "Sophia, Nate, are you guys asleep?"

Sophia was shocked. Nathan had already calmly switched off his computer and jumped onto the ground from his chair. "Your husband is checking on us. Pretend to be asleep now." He pointed at the bed.

Before she managed to think further, she cleared the couch, carried her pillow, and got on the bed. She covered herself with Nathan's blanket, which had frogs prints, and pretended to sleep with her back facing the door.

Nathan went to open the door.

When the door was opened, Michael's 6'2 figure was leaning against the door frame. He seemed to have just taken a shower as his hair was damp. With a cool-toned sleepwear on him, he looked like a sleepwear mannequin displayed behind windows in the shops—he looked immaculate.

From afar, he saw the bed at the other side of the room. Under the spread-out frog-print blanket was a little bump—Sophia was sleeping soundly underneath.

The wind chimes tinkled softly under the gentle breeze, making the small room a little cozier.

Michael looked content as his expression was warm and gentle.

The little boy remained in the position of opening the door, where he had one hand on the door knob, as if he was going to close the door at any time. He raised his head and coldly looked at Michael. "Have you seen enough? I'm closing the door."

With a resigned expression, Michael squatted down to Nathan's height before extending his hand to touch his nose. "Nate, call me 'daddy'."

Nathan rolled his eyes at him and muttered, "My name is not Nate, and you are not my father."

Michael put on a stern face. "Says who? I'm your father."

"Stop pretending. I know that you are my uncle."

Michael ran out of means. This little boy was just exactly like his parents—he had the same dark expression. Looking at him, Michael felt as if he could see the cold face of his sister, who had passed away when she was still young. "We had a deal. Your mother has just arrived, so you need to act like a sweet little boy to make her happy." He stroked Nathan's head helplessly.

Nathan coldly replied, "Your wife is not my mommy too."

Michael was rendered speechless. He had no choice but to raise his stakes. "Have you forgotten about our agreement? If you act sweetly and make your mommy happy, I'll buy you a Bitcoin miner. If she is not happy, I'm not going to update your miner, and you won't be able to use it without the updates."

Bitcoin mining required a strong hardware, which was commonly known as a 'miner', to support the operation. It was a computing device with advanced hardware that wore out extremely quickly.

Although he had no idea why this little guy was so interested with this kind of cryptocurrency, as his uncle and also his father, he would surely try his best to satisfy his needs. He could also make use of the opportunity to have him act sweetly.

Ever since Nathan's parents, who were also Michael's only sister and brother-in-law, both passed away, Michael and Nathan only had each other.

Nathan had a mature expression on his face—an expression that he shouldn't have at his age—for a few seconds before closing the door with a loud thud.

He merely closed the door; he didn't directly reject his request, which probably was a sign that they had reached a consensus.

After Nathan had shut the door and returned to his bed, he looked at Sophia, who was lying on his bed, with a cold expression. "Your husband has left. Get down now," he ordered without emotions.

Hugging her pillow, Sophia got off the bed while mumbling to herself inwardly, This little boy is so rude. Isn't my husband also his father?

After she got off the bed, she put down the backrest of the couch and made a simple bed out of it before comfortably lying on it.

Nathan sat back in front of his computer again without saying anything. He switched on the computer, and his fingers started to dance across the keyboard, looking as if he was really mining for Bitcoins.

Sophia hugged Nathan's frog-print pillow while watching him using the computer. The side view of him working seriously made him look like a mini version of Michael. He's serious and smart; I'm sure that he will become a legend after he grows up!

She stared at him for quite some time, but there weren't any changes in Nathan's movement—he kept repeating the same action of typing on the keyboard. The soft clatter of the keyboard disturbed her, causing her to be unable to sleep, so she could only stare at him wide-eyed.

When it was almost 10.00PM, she finally voiced out, "Nate, it's late. Sleep earlier."

"Shut up," he replied.

Sophia paused before she pressed on, "You are too noisy. I can't sleep."

"Shut up," Nathan replied again.

"What time are you going to sleep?" she asked.

"Shut up."

Sophia cocked her head to one side while looking at him. The more I look at him, the cuter I find him to be. He is way cuter than his father. He grew up without a mother? So Michael's idea was to bring him back and have me take care of him? I'm just 19 years old, but I need to become a mother of a 5-year-old kid? He can actually bear to do that to me?

Finally, when it was almost 11.00PM, Michael's voice was heard from outside the door. "I'm going to cut your power supply. If you keep playing with your computer, you are going to disturb your mother's sleep."

Upon hearing his words, the little boy instantly saved all his data. With his slippers still on his feet, he swiftly got on his bed, and after a moment, the sound of an even breathing could be heard.

The next day, Sophia woke up early. As a qualified 'mother', she needed to personally take Nathan to school. As she happened to have no class in the morning, she figured she wouldn't be late for class even after taking Nathan to the kindergarten.

As an excellent actor, Nathan immediately put on a flawless act as a cute little boy when he was together with Michael and Sophia. He waved his little hand at Michael to say his goodbyes. "Daddy, goodbye!"

Michael waved at him from the second floor. "Goodbye, Nate."

When he got in the car, the cute little boy was gone and was instantly replaced with a serious one. He even read in the car.

Sophia leaned over to him, and she was at a loss for words when she saw that the book title was 'The Brief History of Time'.

Nathan initially stayed at a different place, so Michael had arranged quite a number of skillful people to protect him. Therefore, Sophia didn't know any of the people who were sending Nathan to the kindergarten.

When she noticed the car was driving toward the direction of her university that she would go every day, she felt curious and couldn't help herself but to ask one of Nathan's bodyguards, "Which kindergarten is Nate studying at?"

The bodyguard, who was wearing a black suit and dark sunglasses, replied to her with a cold expression, "Bayside University."

Sophia was speechless.

When they were near Bayside University, the little boy unhesitatingly instructed, "Stop the car."

The car came to a complete halt, and Nathan carried his bag and got out from the car.

"Why aren't we driving there?" she curiously asked the bodyguard.

The bodyguard replied, "It's now peak hour for parking, so the entrance of Bayside University is now fully parked with cars. According to Little Master's calculation, it would take 10 minutes for the car to enter the university with the current speed. However, if we stop the car here and walk across the street, he would only need 5 minutes to reach the university."

Sophia was dumbstruck. Looking at the row of luxurious vehicles that were crowding at the entrance of Bayside University during the morning rush hour, as if they were participating in a car exhibition, she felt a sudden chill that ran down her spine, which caused her to have a sudden impulse—she wished she weren't his mother.

After they got out from the car, Sophia attempted to hold Nathan's little hand, but he firmly slapped away her hand. "I don't like women touching my body."

Hearing that, she was rendered speechless again.