

My Dreamy Old Husband

Chapter 62

Sophia looked disgusted, but she still pretended to act in a talk way as she typed, 'Oh hey, Hubby! You're here too!'

Pervert then replied, 'Mmm, yes. Wifey, are you getting used to being in the barracks?'

'Yes, pretty much. The drill instructors here are all very friendly. And we get to eat watermelons!'

'What about our son?'

'He is asleep!'

Sophia was disgusted by her own words. It seemed like it was getting dark over at Michael's side. 'Hubby, where are you?'

'Moscov.'

That's so far away! Sophia suddenly felt extremely safe.

After chatting for awhile, she quickly typed, 'Hubby, I need to go for training now. Bye!'

With that, she immediately turned off the video and Messenger. She breathed a sigh of relief when the handsome perverted face of Michael disappeared from the screen.

Meanwhile, on the other side of the globe, Michael turned off the computer and watched the surveillance from his phone.

On the screen was the barracks' computer room. Nathan, who was 'sleeping' and Sophia, who was 'going for her training' were playing on the computer.

She's so adorable even when she's lying!

While he was watching the surveillance, Harry rushed over frantically with a computer. Although it was a seven-star hotel, the door was useless to Harry; he could come and go as he wished, since it was his hotel and he was the boss, so he had the final say.

"Daddy, Sirius is back! And he wants to challenge you! Quick! Torture him!"

Michael looked at Harry's game screen, and the arrogant Sirius really did appear again. Two days ago, he killed the 'No. 1 Beast of the Server', and now he was directly looking for trouble with Scary Phoenix, for he had invited the entire server to fight with Scary Phoenix.

Michael didn't plan to fight him. "Don't worry about him. He is using a plug-in."

Harry was extremely unhappy. "Motherf*cker, who the hell is this Sirius? He used a plug-in, but there's no use even if I report him. It says there was no evidence of him using a plug-in." Then, he continued, "Isn't this your game? Someone used a plug-in in your game and you're not going to do anything?"

Michael replied, "We were unable to track any traces of the plug-in in our system. This person is an expert."

Harry was excited as he said, "In that case, quickly track his identity through his IP address!"

Michael refused again by saying, “A game is a game, and the reality is the reality. I don’t want to interfere. Furthermore, he is so powerful, so do you think he would let me track his IP address?”

Harry murmured something and he didn’t speak again as he closed the game silently, lest Sirius returned to attack him again.

After turning off the computer, Harry got down to business. “So you’re okay with Nathan going to the barracks? But that is Joel’s territory—”

Michael chuckled lightly. There was an inexplicable cunningness and confidence on his face, as if he was always on the cusp of victory. “It is exactly because it is his territory that he wouldn’t dare to do anything. It is a critical moment now, so if something happens to Nathan on his territory, he will have to take responsibility.”

Harry thought it made sense; the Fletcher Family was incredibly rich and powerful, but the Fletchers had one rule, which was that they wouldn’t involve the children!

Old Master Fletcher was definitely not an easy one to deal with. The fact that Nathan entered the camp meant that he would be Joel’s responsibility. If he was not taken good care of, the Fletcher Family would definitely put the blame on him. So, he wouldn’t dare to hurt the child.

In other words, the most dangerous place was the safest place.

On the other end, in the barracks deep in the woods, Sophia had been surfing the Internet for a while, and when she saw that Nathan had finished playing his game on the computer and was about to leave, she immediately followed.

“Good boy, wait for me!”

“Shut up!”

The two went back to the training ground and noticed a sense of lifelessness; everyone looked dead as if it was the end of the world.

She asked Quinton, "Why is everyone looking so down?"

Quinton knitted his eyebrows. "The commander announced the dinner rules in the barracks earlier."

Sophia was confused. She already had an idea of what the food was like in the barracks, and it was terrible; it was worse than the food in highschool cafeteria, and everything was made in a huge pot. The meat in the afternoon was so little that it was pitiful. As she looked at the students' grim expressions, she wondered, Is the cafeteria serving sh*t for dinner tonight?

Quinton said, "Dinner is to be held at Cafeteria No. 2. To get to Cafeteria No. 2 from the barracks, you need to climb over two hills. The distance is about three kilometres and every student must arrive within the time limit. The first third who arrives will get a high-end buffet dinner; the second third will get a normal meal, and the last third will only get two steamed buns. And he said that this will be the rule in the future as well."

What the hell? Sophia was completely shocked as she didn't expect the military training to be this insane. The school has so many kids from wealthy families. Do the camp administrators want to offend every aristocrat in Bayside City?

However, from another perspective, this military training was managed by the Fletcher Family, and the eldest son, Joel, was personally responsible to manage it, so nobody would be brave enough to disobey him.

Even so, this is indeed too insane!

"The boys and girls should be divided though," said Sophia. Boys had better stamina than the girls, and they could run faster. If there was no separation between the boys and girls, the girls would probably all starve.

Quinton shrugged. "There will be no such thing." His reaction was quiet calm, which meant the previous years were probably the same.

It was no wonder the sophomore year and third year students were all gloating when they saw them hopping on the bus to the barracks.

They're not going to even separate the boys and girls? In that case, most of the girls in the camp will definitely starve. The training difficulty is intense, and if they were to starve, all of these delicate wealthy ladies would definitely starve to death!

Quinton added, "There were already a few of them who came to apply for a withdrawal from the military training."

Withdrawing from the military training would cost a whole lot of credits, and they even risked not getting a graduation diploma. But even if those wealthy kids did not study in Bayside University, they would have other paths to venture into. However, dropping out from Bayside University would definitely be an embarrassing thing, unless the case was that they were forced to a point where they couldn't take it anymore.

But fortunately, Sophia was considered a 'patient' and Nathan was a boy scout, so they didn't need to go through that. They were allowed to go directly to Cafeteria No. 2 and enjoy the watermelon as they waited for the rest to arrive and fight for the food.

Sophia felt excited suddenly, as she couldn't imagine the kids who usually looked elegant and posh to fight for food as if they were starving dogs. What an amazing sight it would probably turn out to be!

If the person who put the nails in her shoes knew that not only did she not quit the military training, she was even exempted from the process, that person would definitely be furious and envious!

However, in the next instant, she immediately had a wicked thought.

She took the initiative to tell Commander Ford, “Commander, I want to rejoin the team and train with everyone!”

Everyone looked at her coming back to the training as if she was dumb, and they were annoyed and envious at the same time.

Isn't it good to just lie down and have food delivered to her? Why must she come and fight for food with us? We don't have enough already!

Commander Ford rejected her request directly. “Sophia, the fact that you continued to train while having the injuries was already good enough. I will not assign you any high intensity training these two days!”

Sophia was determined. “No! Commander, my injuries were my own fault. I can't use this reason to escape from my training!”

With that, she 'limped' her way back to her seat and insisted to train. Commander Ford didn't say a word, but his eyes were filled with commendation.