

My Dreamy Old Husband

Chapter 664

Sophia was so shocked that she spurted out the milk in her mouth. “Do you know him?”

Michael sighed and whispered, “Yes. Back then, when I was still a drill instructor for the Bayside University freshmen, he was one of my students. After that, I heard that he went abroad to further his studies in designing. Unexpectedly, in the end...”

He couldn't bear to elaborate further. After all, the said person was a talented student when he was in university. No one knew that fate would have dealt such a cruel blow in such a way on him.

“After his parents died, his relatives bullied him and his sister's naivety before cheating them of their house at a low price. Knowing that they wouldn't be able to have their house and their assets back, both of them studied abroad with the money. I heard that their business was initially doing rather well. It's such a pity...”

He's actually our senior from Bayside University! All those who graduate from Bayside University are talents! I can't believe that he would actually reach this stage! Sophia felt sorry for Ivan and sighed uncontrollably.

A while ago, Michael actually meant it when he said that he was about to purchase a few expensive high-end collars from abroad. He really placed the order after he talked about it.

During these few days, his orders had finally arrived from abroad one after another. Their service was perfect.

It was evident that the way one carries themselves depended on their clothes and accessories, regardless if they were humans or animals. After their collars were changed, the few cats looked absolutely different.

They were previously fat, but they were now wealthy!

It had further strengthened Sophia's determination to kickstart a luxury brand for pets.

...

Even though everyone had founded their own companies, they were still students of Bayside University, so they still needed to spare some time to return to campus for their lectures.

That noon, when Sophia returned to campus, Stanley dragged her to the alumni corridor on campus.

"Some new pictures are being hung in the corridor. Let's take a look!"

As they approached the corridor, a few new faces were spotted. A surprised Sophia also realized that the four of them were also in one of the pictures.

It was a pity that it was a group photograph as they were represented as a quartet. Of course, their achievement was their ability to kickstart Plum Technology. Using some of Michael's connections and persuaded by his vehement request, the vice chancellor relented and framed their picture as a team on the wall.

Even though Sophia did not have any individual photo on the wall, she still felt content. *In the future, I'll make sure that my photo is on this wall!*

After everyone grinned and joked at their picture, they walked along the entire corridor

She suddenly found a name that shocked her after they trod for a while. "Look, Sarah, isn't this the homeless man?"

As she pointed at the wall, a young man dressed in suits appeared in front of everyone. His handsome face carried a creative flair that only belonged to artists and his name—Ivan Snowden.

A few days earlier, Sophia heard Michael mentioning that Ivan was a talented man. However, she didn't expect that Ivan was talented to such an extent that his picture was hung on the corridor's wall.

Stanley also pointed at the picture in surprise. "Guys, look at his dog!"

There was a husky in Ivan's photo that looked similar to the one that Stanley reared, although the former's one was more handsome. It should be the dog that was thrown from the tenth floor.

However, the main point wasn't the dog—it was the collar.

Stanley exclaimed, "His dog's collar is exactly the same as Judge's!"

After everyone scooted closer to have a look, they concluded that it was exactly the same as the one he bought. The picture was hung five years ago, but as everyone's attention was focused on the newer alumni, they completely missed out on Ivan's portrait.

As the picture was taken five years ago, he still looked handsome and in high spirits—a complete opposite of his current look. However, the collar was the latest release of the luxury brand for pets.

If the latest version of the collar could appear in a five-year-old picture, it was a scary matter for someone to think about.

Sophia looked at his designation—'renowned designer for luxury brands' and 'one of the founders for a pet luxury brand'.

After perusing the picture of Ivan and his dog as well as his resume, they recalled the way he broke down when he held Judge's dog collar. *Perhaps Ivan designed the collar? He designed it for his dog and seeing it on Judge reminded him of his dead pet? However, the official designer is the luxury brand designer, Bill Winterford...*

No matter what had transpired, everyone was convinced that Ivan was a talented person in the design industry. Otherwise, his portrait would not be hung at the alumni corridor.

Without waiting for their lectures to be concluded with, Sophia and Sarah rushed to the cat cafe and grabbed hold of him.

“Ivan? You are Ivan Snowden from Bayside University, right?”

“We are planning to start a luxury brand for pets. Can you please be our designer?”

On their way over, Sophia had already read Ivan’s resume. *What a talent! What a f*cking talent!*

An average designer would not have the capabilities to appear on Bayside University’s alumni corridor. He was an all-rounded designer who dabbled in fashion, jewelry, bags, shoes, and even luxury brands for pets!

There were many internationally renowned designers with Ivan being the most famous with his design of luxury brands for pets because he himself loved cats and dogs.

Both he and his wife were the best in their field as they both loved animals. They were only initially designing for their own pets, but soon caught the attention of the fashion industry with many people from the upper-class society asking them to design luxury items for their pets. Slowly but surely, it created the trend of luxury brands for pets.

Most of Ivan’s information online were pictures of him with dogs and cats.

Regretfully, after the incident three years ago, he had completely disappeared. No one would have thought that he would appear in Sarah’s cat cafe as a homeless man who loved cats

If they could hire him as their designer, they wouldn’t need to worry about their business failing.

Ivan had a cold and amused expression on his face. Upon looking at both of Sarah and Sophia’s agitated expressions, he was completely unmoved and replied in a hoarse voice, “I’m sorry. You have the wrong person.”

“Impossible! It’s definitely you!”

Sarah took out the picture that she took at the alumni corridor—even though Ivan looked slightly different, as if he was a tad bit older in real life, it was undeniably him.

Sophia knew what he had experienced—the deaths of his parents, sister, his wife, child, and his beloved pets. As if that wasn’t traumatic enough, the only collar which he designed for his dog was stolen by others. Such an experience would have been enough to cause a mental breakdown.

He continued to deny it. When the girls continued to ask further, he pretended to be asleep on the floor.

Judge had recently been staying in the cafe—he would come over on a daily basis to visit Ivan since the dog really liked him. Even if Stanley did not bring him, he would sneak out of the company to see Ivan. In the past, it was Celine who always brought the dog over whenever she bought a cup of Joe from Sarah, which explained why Judge was familiar with the route.

Once he arrived, he would use his tongue—the same one that he used to eat his own poop—to lick the cats whom he fancied.

Judge had followed suit when he saw Ivan lying on the ground. With that, he hugged the dog and continued pretending to sleep.

Sarah was flustered upon seeing that. *If only we can get his help!*