

My Dreamy Old Husband

Chapter 668

Michael felt extremely suspicious as he realized how different Sophia was behaving after speaking to the old monk. She seemed to be keeping something to herself, so much so that the smile on her face looked contrived.

He waited for an opportunity where Sophia was not within ear's reach to ask the old monk what happened. The old monk simply answered ambiguously, "Let nature take its course."

The monk had this aura of all-knowing wisdom around him—Michael could tell. Something he told Sophia then that must have caused her to act so reservedly.

A few more days after they returned from the mountains would be the annual gathering of the Edwards Family. Michael had only these few days to lose the weight he gained. He was determined not to cause any embarrassment to Sophia.

The moment his sexy dance hit the Internet, it had caused a huge stir among the public. Everyone was commenting about how the international superstar, Taylor Murray, had gained weight, lost his charm, faded out, and lost his grace. Coincidentally, the annual event of the 'Light of Cethos' awards was around the corner. Taylor's votes barely made it to the top ten even without any sabotage from rivals. His ranking remained volatile compared to some of those up-and-coming celebrities.

If it were in the past, Sophia would have been extremely busy. However, this time around, she had no intention of spending any time on such irrelevant events. Right this moment, making money was her top priority.

Michael shared similar sentiments with Sophia when it came to such popularity rankings. After all, he had been topping the charts for years. Such pursuits had begun to wear him out, and he couldn't care less. He would be focusing on getting back in shape.

The news of a heavier Taylor had everyone in the nation talking. Everyone—even those in universities and offices—had expressed their disappointment on witnessing their idol, who was once so stunning, losing his charm and was now merely a pudgy, middle-aged man.

Sophia was now in her third year of university. Although she hardly needed to return to the faculty for classes, she had to keep abreast with the syllabus and modules. Needless to say, her schedule had never been busier.

The moment she went back to campus, everyone swarmed her in the spot she sat with tons of questions. “Hey, I heard your hubby gained weight. Is it true that Taylor has put on some pounds? It’s so hard to believe! How could he? He’s my idol! This is unacceptable! *Sob!*”

Sophia replied nonchalantly, “Yeah, it’s true. Well, isn’t this normal? It happens to most men his age.” The crowd seemed to be dumbfounded with what they had learned. This was almost as serious as the world learning that Leonardo DiCaprio got out of shape.

When Sophia dropped by at the office, the staff hounded her with equal curiosity, “Is it true that our boss has put on weight? Oh, my God. How could this happen to a superstar like him?”

The entire nation seemed to be quite invested in her husband’s expanding waistline.

There was no shortage of Michael’s fans who worked in the company. Sophia felt the intense pressure of having to fend off their piercing stares as they gave her the stink eye.

She immediately explained, “Yes, he did gain weight. But let me assure you that it had nothing to do with me! He did it to himself!”

It was true that Michael’s weight gain had nothing to do with Sophia. He did it for the sake of his career! He could have achieved the same effect had he used prosthetics and make-up in his filming. However, this could come across as an insult to his professionalism, for he was a strong believer in method acting, so he had to actually be fat.

Yet, the death stares from the others surrounding her suggested that they were not convinced. *His wife must have failed to take care of his health and body figure! Look at how she ruined a man who used to own a figure many would envy! Such blasphemy!*

Once they lamented Taylor's weight gain, everyone shifted their attention to Sarah. They held her tight and reminded her profusely, "Now that Taylor's lost his figure, you must take good care of Ethan. Don't let him get out of shape too!"

Winter had arrived. Sarah's pet store welcomed a few gorgeous pedigree felines and canines, which were here for breeding. Sophia secretly brought Stanley's cat and dog, Sunset and Judge, to the store for breeding too. These two pets belonged to Stanley, who requested Sophia to take care of them for the time being.

Sunset and Judge descended from a pure line of pedigree. Their predecessors were well known in the industry. Sunset mated with a few of Sophia's cats previously and gave birth to two kittens. Its cats were mere mongrels, so the kittens, although good-looking, were mongrels nonetheless. They lacked the air of elegance that a pure-bred like Sunset exuded. Sophia felt wasteful of Sunset's pure-bred ancestry, and so she decided to bring Sunset and Judge over to find a mate, in hope that they would find someone worth mating and perhaps conceive a half-breed Mutt.

At the same time, Sophia brought Garfield, which was still too young for breeding, over for a grooming session. Meanwhile, the few other mongrel cats at home would not require any specific breeding.

Sarah found Judge a pure-bred female Siberian Husky for a mate, but Judge did not seem to show any affinity; it showed interest in a Norsk Skogkatt instead. Despite the Skogkatt being a male cat, Judge seemed to have fallen in love with it at first sight and was compelled to make a move on it. The owner of the Skogkatt had to step in to put a stern stop to such an unnatural union and introduced their very own Siberian Husky to Judge.

Sarah sent out invitations to her pet store clients and organized a cats and dogs mating party. Her cafe and pet store had been in operation for some time; she had also built up a clientele for both establishments and intended to introduce her new products to them.

There were a decent number of visitors to her store that day. They were mostly wealthy women, holding their pedigree pets with one hand, and some luxurious accessories in the other.

The necklaces, clothing, and handbags they donned were merely the basics. It was the pets they held with them that made up the social hierarchy among them. Since the pets represented their social statuses, these wealthy women made sure they were well-groomed. As they gathered, they impressed each other not only with what they fed their beloved pets or the accessories they wore on them; they also displayed the apparel of their cats and dogs. Such a large market with so much potential!

Not many could resist the charms of an elegant pedigree canine. As soon as Judge came around, it was swarmed by the women, all wanting to carry it and give it kisses. Some even offered to matchmake Judge with their very own Siberian Huskies.

Sunset's popularity was no less than Judge's. When the visitors caught sight of it, they could not help stroking it fervently and asking for plans to mate in coming years.

For the sake of her business, Sophia worked hard to establish a spot for herself in the circle of these ladies to further study the market.

Garfield had her share of fans. Pure-bred with good looks, everyone loved it. But they stopped inquiring about it for breeding after Sophia explicitly stated that it was too young for breeding.

The party was going well until someone decided that it was a good day to ruin everyone's mood.

Judy walked over with her pure-bred Persian cat in her arms. She noticed Garfield perching in Sophia's arms and suggested, "What a gorgeous Persian cat you have. Let's have yours to mate with mine."

Sophia glanced at her cat and declined. "Nah. Garfield's still too young. Perhaps a few years later."

Victoria joined in the conversation with her cat. "It's more than one year old. That's not young; it's good enough for breeding." *Even if Garfield were ready, over my dead body!*

She was fully aware that they were at Sarah's party and would want to avoid creating a scene. She then decided to take the high road and replied, "One year old is still too young. If you breed them too young, they won't grow well."

Judy locked her eyes on Garfield. "It's just a cat. You're overthinking." Not wanting to argue, Sophia remained silent and stroked Garfield's petite little head.