

My Dreamy Old Husband

Chapter 601

Ever since Quinton's death and Linus' departure, Sophia's depression had become worse. There were often sleepless nights and splitting headaches.

As soon as she closed her eyes, she could see a blood-covered Quinton standing in front of her with a contorted face while choking her to death.

"Sophia, you are mine! I was the one who saved your life, so you are mine! Do you hear me? Mine!"

She startled awake before realizing that it was not dawn yet, and the space next to her was empty.

Michael had been very busy recently, but he would still find time to accompany Sophia every day. He would stay with her until she fell asleep then go back to work and secretly come home around midnight.

Sophia woke up alone and sat in front of the window. She looked out at the early morning scenery of Bayside City; it was unusually quiet.

She didn't switch on the lights and allowed the darkness to engulf her whole being.

She was always dreaming about that cold, frosty night on Salvador Island. Her bones were frozen stiff, and she thought she was dead, but vaguely, there was a voice that was calling her over and over again.

He did CPR for her repetitively; his cold fingers skillfully reached into her mouth and nose, clearing out the mud and sand that were blocking her airway.

She took big gulps of fresh air as he held her in his arms. He blocked off most of the cold wind, giving her the little bit of warmth he had.

She remembered all of it...

During this time, Michael was spending more time with her since the incident had caused her too much pain, and she needed time to heal herself.

By the time it was spring season, Sophia was already a sophomore in college. She was still working on her double degree while working at Stanley's company.

The company had recently created a new mobile game called 'The Traveling Snail'. It was about raising an electronic pet by feeding the snail in the game everyday and preparing dry food, tents, and amulets for it. When the snail went out traveling, it would mail back postcards and special souvenirs from wherever it was.

Ever since the game was introduced, the response had been so great that it was the talk of town.

"The game has a simple way of playing, so it might get boring very quickly. Don't get too excited about it just yet," Stanley slurred out. The game was such a success that the number of downloads were unprecedented, and so the four main members of the company held a celebration party at Sophia's house.

The table cups and plates were in disarray, and after Stanley had devoured every last drop of the cellar wine, he pestered Sophia for another bottle.

"This is a calm, soothing game, so the number of people topping up in the game is very few, and the recharge revenue is not much. We could rely on marketing and word of mouth to temporarily harvest the sales, but it would not be a long term solution," Sean commented.

As the four of them were discussing the future of the company, Sophia peeled a boiled peanut and spoke, "Our main objective now would be to attract the attention to the other products of our company to traffic monetization."

Sarah chipped in, “Maybe put in more top-up functions, like paid movies or paid novels, to ensure a speedy monetization.”

“The snail’s gameplay has to be constantly updated too.”

“And we could take in some ads to maintain the operation of the company, and it would look better on our financial statements.”

...

As they were discussing their work and the company, the topic eventually led to Michael.

“What has my uncle been doing lately? Hurry up and get him to advertise our game!” Stanley huffed loudly.

Sophia replied, “Your uncle is busy!”

“Then what about that little brat, Nate?”

Although Celine was back, her mental state still required time to recover. Justin was accompanying her at the hospital, and Nathan would stay over for 2 days, then occasionally come to Sophia’s for 2 days; he never stayed in a fixed place.

On the other hand, Justin seemed to be busy as well. The Mitchell Family had yet to be informed of his existence, and he wanted to choose an auspicious day to announce his return so that his wife and child would be recognized by the family. He also wanted things like, planning for another child, returning back to the army, and even traveling around the world with Celine. Justin just wanted to complete his unfulfilled dreams.

But first, he had to undergo plastic surgery.

6 years ago, his face was completely disfigured, hence his nickname, ‘Goblin’. Back then, when he was living in resentment, he didn’t bother about his appearance—he just wanted to look more ugly so that he could look more intimidating to others in hopes that one day he could use his ugly face to scare Phantom Wolf to death. But now that his wife was back, and his son had also recognized him, he began to care about the way he looked.

After all, Justin used to be known as the handsome young man of the Mitchell Family! How else could Celine have fallen for him at first sight?

In the future, when he would go traveling with Celine, attend Nathan's parent-teacher conference, or try for a second child, it would not be possible with the face he had now.

Sophia strongly recommended him to go to the plastic surgery hospital that she frequently went to. That hospital had a very good scar recovery rate and was at the forefront of the world in its field. Besides, she had a VIP membership card, and so a complimentary double-eyelids procedure would come together with the plastic surgery.

When Michael found out that Justin wanted plastic surgery, he was very concerned, and he found him the best doctor with the most expensive package available. The surgery lasted for about two months intermittently, and now, Justin was still in the process of recovery.

Nowadays, Nathan could be seen running between two different places. Today, he went over to visit his mother at the military hospital.

While they were talking about Nathan, the lights in the house suddenly turned dark, and a few colored spotlights shone on the living room. The whole living room became mysterious as soft, light music rang out. "There were three little bears living together. Papa Bear, Mama Bear, Baby Bear..."

A sour-faced Nathan popped out, wearing a baby bear onesie, as he wiggled his little butt and danced to the cheerful children's music.

Everyone was dumbfounded.

They had only come to their senses by the time Nathan was done with his dance and realized that Michael had been standing at the revolving staircase while leaning against the wall, watching Nathan's whole performance.

After he finished dancing, Nathan felt so embarrassed that he leaped into Sophia's embrace and rubbed his face against her arms.

Stanley fell onto the sofa as he laughed uncontrollably. "Hahaha! The little brat can actually dance!"

They couldn't help but laugh at Nathan. In order to cheer Sophia up, Nathan had sacrificed that little pride of his.

As Sophia hugged Nathan, who was rubbing against her in her arms, she wanted to laugh and cry at the same time.

Nathan, the well-known little iceberg, had performed a dance for her; how could she not be happy?

She had never felt so elated!

Ever since the recent incidents, it was rare to catch a smile from Sophia.

Michael walked over in casual pajamas and sat down next to Sophia. He glanced at the state of the cups and plates on the coffee table; Sprite, fruit juice, and wine were laid out on the table with a pile of peanuts and pistachios.

Garfield, which was given by Linus, had turned from a cutie to a fatty. As soon as Michael came, it went straight into his arms; it was the only gift from Linus that wasn't sent away.

Michael hugged the cat while he ate a peanut and asked, "How's the company doing lately?"

Stanley drank a mouthful of wine and shoved some peanuts into his mouth. "Uncle, the latest popular game now was made by our company. We're just waiting for you to endorse us!"

Michael took a look at his phone. "The Traveling Snail?"

He had been quite busy lately, but he had always been following his beloved wife's career. He knew she had gotten thinner from all those nights of staying up late to write game programs. He didn't understand what was so fun about the game, but everyone was playing it. Perhaps the idea of raising a virtual pet became more popular because it was time-consuming to keep a pet in reality.

Michael had just recently had a virtual snail named 'Chica'. He bought a flirty red flower for it to wear on its head and topped up a lot of money in the game to build a luxurious nest for Chica while feeding it expensive food for every meal.

Naturally, as one of the developers of the game, Sophia would join in as well. Both her laptop and phone had downloaded the game, and she had a total of 3 snails, all of them named 'Mikey'...