

My Dreamy Old Husband

Chapter 224

Much to her surprise, Stanley didn't bring up the incident with the figurines and the keyboards. Sophia was actually feeling a little embarrassed now.

"I'm sorry that Nate broke your stuff last time. Why don't I get his father to pay you back with some money?"

Stanley didn't seem to care about that. "Nah, it's just some figurines and keyboards anyway; I sent them back to the manufacturers for repair and they sent the stuff back as good as new. Just relax and come over; I locked the door this time," he said.

Stanley had gotten injured while saving her after all. If he hadn't been there, she might have died; yet, Nathan destroyed his precious collection. Sophia had no choice but to accept his request and said, "Just rest well. I'll come see you tomorrow."

"I want duck soup with carrots. And the duck's got to be free-range!" Stanley didn't forget to place an order for tomorrow's meal.

The next morning, Sophia woke up early to make a pot of soup before bringing it over to Stanley's place.

Nathan gorged himself during lunch, eating more than he normally would during mealtime. He naively thought that the more he ate, the less Stanley would have. Once lunch was over, he warily watched as Sophia transferred the duck soup to a thermal container. It seemed like she was about to head to Stanley's place.

He hastily called Michael to report the current battle situation.

Michael frowned as he listened to the call. “You have to hang in there, son. I’ll be back in a few more days,” he said heavily. “The enemy is staging a strong offense, and the battle depends on you with my absence. Rest assured, I will shred him to pieces when I come back later!”

Nathan nodded in certainty and responded, “Right.”

Sophia belonged to him and Michael; they definitely couldn’t let Stanley have her!

Both father and son—who usually had close to zero interactions with each other—stood together on the same battlefield for the first time in order to protect the completeness of their three-member family.

Moreover, Nathan didn’t want to be raised in a single-parent household.

Michael continued, “Remember, you’re a mischievous kid—mischievous kids are unafraid of anything! When you’re at Stanley’s home, act as you see fit!”

Nathan nodded again. “Yes!”

His eyes were filled with determination after he hung up the call.

Mischievous kids are unafraid of anything!

The pair once again headed to the military compound in their car and stepped into Stanley’s home. The moment they entered, they saw Stanley lying weakly on his bed with a leg suspended in the air. Sean was here to visit him again.

Stanley grabbed Sophia’s little hand, looking pitiful as he did so. “Sophia, so you still have enough goodness in yourself for you to visit me.”

Sophia’s expression contorted as she attempted to pull her hand back. “Knock it off, Sundae Cone. I’m already married; it’s not good for you to behave like this.”

“No!” Stanley’s grip tightened even more. “You’re lying to me, right? I’m not going to believe that you’re really married! Even if you are, I won’t give up. There are no immovable objects in this world, only irresistible forces!”

Nathan was angered to no end by this and he left without a sound. He stalked over to Stanley’s study, but Stanley had learned his lesson this time; with the exception of the washroom, all the other doors were locked. Even the oil paintings on the walls, the vases on the tables, and other knick knacks were all stored away. The entire house had been kid-proofed.

Hmph!

Nevertheless, mischievous kids were not afraid of anything!

Nathan searched the place for a weakness he could exploit. At last, he caught sight of Stanley’s pet cat and dog.

Sophia finally managed to extract her hand from Stanley’s grip and began to spoon feed him the soup she made.

Stanley was moved to bits as he exclaimed, “You’re too kind, Sophia!”

The corners of Sophia’s lips twitched; she looked extremely reluctant.

All of a sudden, an earth-shattering howl boomed from outside of the room—chaos had ensued outside. The housekeeper hastily scurried out and reported back quickly. “The cat’s whiskers have all been cut off! Someone had also hit the dog!”

Stanley nearly jumped out of his bed in shock. “What?”

Sophia hastily put down the container and exited the room to see Nathan currently locked in battle with Stanley’s husky. The dog was howling from the strikes, and a cat with a head nearly plucked bald hid up on a shelf. It was

shedding season, so fur was flying everywhere; Nathan's entire body was covered with cat and dog fur.

"Nate, what are you doing?!"

Sophia zoomed over to grab Nathan. He looked at her innocently and said, "I got bored, so I played with the dog."

Sophia checked on the husky as it howled in pain; it seemed like it had broken its leg. Nathan still had a clump of cat fur tightly clenched in his hand.

Stanley hobbled out of his room with Sean's help. When he took in his poor, howling husky and his partially bald cat, he was so heartbroken that he nearly cried.

"My Sunset! My Judge!" He leaped over and embraced his mutilated pets. He nearly cried when he saw that Sunset's head was nearly bald from having the fur yanked out.

He had always treated his pets like they were his own sons; he couldn't even bear to pluck a single hair off them, yet Nathan had yanked his cat's fur until the cat was bald—he even broke his dog's leg!

This was killing him inside!

"Get over here, Nathan. I promise I won't beat you to death!" Stanley's emotions were running high now. How he wished he could lunge at Nathan and give the kid a sound pummeling. "Get over here! Now!"

Nathan hid himself behind Sophia with an expression of fear on his face. Sophia felt another headache coming on when she saw that Nathan had gotten into trouble again. All the same, she couldn't admit it outright even when Nathan was clearly in the wrong. "You can't completely blame this on Nate—he's just a little baby who simply wants to play with the animals!" she stated eloquently. "Who would have thought that your pets are so fussy? Children still don't know how the

world works, and they haven't learned how to control their strength yet! You can't fully blame him! Why didn't you put your pets safely away? Your dog's so huge too; what if he had bitten Nate?"

Nathan nodded. He was still a little baby, so Stanley couldn't be so savage toward him! This was against the rules!

Stanley was about to explode. "Come over here, Nathan. I will get revenge for my dog! I want to see just who's the fussy one here—you, or my pets!"

Sophia was angered now. "If you dare to lay a hand on my son, I'll make sure you pay for it twice over!"

Seeing how Sophia shielded the boy, Stanley felt as though he had taken a huge blow. He stared at Sophia dumbly, and after over ten seconds of silence, he finally let out a roar. "Get out! Out! I don't want to see you two anymore!"

"Fine, we'll leave!"

She snatched the clump of cat fur that Nathan had yanked out earlier from his hands and half-heartedly flattened it on the cat's head. After glancing at the whimpering husky, she picked up her soup container and son before storming out.

Nathan followed Sophia with a look of victorious delight on his face, even turning around to pull a face at Stanley.

Stanley held his pets. He wanted to cry, but no tears would come out.

His dog's leg was broken and his cat was bald from having its fur yanked out. Now, he even angered Sophia enough for her to leave!

You're a vicious kid, Nate!

Sophia escaped the military compound with Nate in her arms. As they sat in the car, she couldn't resist disciplining the boy. "You got into trouble again, you know that? What did I say last time? When you go to someone's home, you're not allowed to touch their things without permission, understand? No one likes naughty kids, you know!"

Nathan didn't make a sound, but he suddenly whipped his head up after listening to her scolding for a bit and looked at her with teary eyes; it looked as though he had been wrongfully accused.

Seeing how pitiful Nathan looked, Sophia couldn't stand to continue being angry with him. She patted his head and said, "Alright now, kiddo. Don't be sad; I won't continue to scold you."