

My Dreamy Old Husband

Chapter 314

Old Master Fletcher smacked his thigh in anger. “Argh, how many times do I have to repeat myself? I am Mark Fletcher. Mason Fletcher is my older brother and he has been dead for decades!”

Sophia headed in that direction as she looked at Old Mater Fletcher playing chess with the silly old man. Old Master Fletcher had barely moved a chess piece for most of the day as he was busy boasting.

Stanley was bringing his dog for a walk while using his phone whereas Sean was standing among a group of old men while waving at her.

“Sophia, you’re here!”

She walked to Sean while asking, “Who is that newcomer?”

Sean answered helplessly, “That is the oldest person from my grandfather’s generation. He was deeply affected after the death of his only son. From then on, he has Alzheimer’s disease and treats everyone he meets as his son.”

He does seem like he has Alzheimer’s disease.

He explained, “He has been treating me as his son the whole day, but you shouldn’t correct him, though.”

Sophia glanced at the new old man while feeling helpless.

The most saddening thing on Earth is definitely when a parent experiences the death of their children.

While those two chatted, Mark and Old Master Mitchell had already played a few rounds with each other.

“Whoa, Mason, why are your chess skills so lousy? You are worse than my son!”

“Argh, I am Mark Fletcher! Mason is my brother and he’s dead!”

“Hey, Mark, my son’s calligraphy is great. When he arrives later, I’ll ask him to show you.”

“Your son is dead too!”

“Nonsense! Look, isn’t my son here now?”

Old Master Mitchell remarked while waving at Sean and stated lovingly, “Son, quickly come over here and show your calligraphy to Uncle Commander.”

Sean had no choice but to walk over to them with a helpless expression.

However, Old Master Mitchell seemed not to notice and still waved his hand. “Son, why aren’t you moving? Quickly come over!”

Sean answered, “Dad, I’m here.”

Old Master Mitchell glanced at him unhappily. “You are not my son. You are my younger brother’s grandson, Sean. My son is over there. I can see him!”

He was pointing in the direction where Sophia and Stanley stood and beckoned at them. “Son, come here quickly!”

She glanced at Stanley while nudging him. “Son, he’s calling you.”

He looked disgruntled, but since he was the old man in Sean's family, he had no choice but to play along as Old Master Mitchell's son. "Dad, I'm coming!"

Old Master Mitchell was even more upset. "Stanley Fletcher, I'm calling for my son. Why are you coming over?"

Stanley was dumbfounded when he heard that.

Old Master Mitchell continued to point at Sophia while smiling happily at her and beckoned her forward. "Son, come over!"

Huh? She glanced at her dress to make sure that she was in a normal attire today. Why would Old Master Mitchell think that I am his son? Did his son enjoy cross-dressing?

He seemed to have noticed something since he was also waving his hand at Sophia. "Cooper, why aren't you coming over?"

Sophia looked at Old Master Fletcher before glancing at Sean. In the end, she gazed at Old Master Mitchell, who was staring at her in anticipation, and walked to him with a look of surprise.

Upon arriving in front of him, he regarded her with a tender look. His cloudy eyes seemed not to have noticed that his 'son' was indeed a girl.

The chess board had been pushed away and replaced with a piece of paper and a pen on the table. A lot of characters had been written there—it was probably the ones that Sean wrote earlier.

Old Master Mitchell glanced at her, asking, "Son, why aren't you speaking?"

She did not dare to utter a word because she was afraid that she might expose herself as a woman. She glanced at Old Master Fletcher and Sean before staring hesitantly at Old Master Mitchell and greeted him tentatively, "Daddy?"

Nevertheless, Old Master Mitchell did not notice anything amiss. On the contrary, he answered with a chuckle, “Hey!”

She shook her head. Sigh, he is beyond saving! He can't even differentiate between a man and a woman

He wanted her to write something. “Come here; write something to show your Uncle Commander.”

Sophia glanced at Old Master Fletcher before looking at Old Master Mitchell. Then, she picked up the fountain pen to write something on the lower case calligraphy book.

Old Master Mitchell made a request. “Write an ancient poem.”

Ancient poem...

She picked the pen up, writing a few neat rows of words with her narrow handwriting before placing the book in front of the two men once she was done.

Old Master Mitchell looked at it with satisfaction before handing the book over to Old Master Fletcher. He gloated, “Mason, quickly look at my son's handwriting! Isn't it beautiful?”

“I am Mark Fletcher! Mark Fletcher!” Old Master Fletcher insisted while accepting the book with Sophia's handwriting. Four rows of poems came into view.

‘The border of the Qin Dynasty remains the same as that of the Han Dynasty. All those generals and soldiers, who are defending the border thousands of miles away from their homes, are unable to return. If there are ferocious generals stationed in the frontier areas, no enemies would dare to climb over Mount Barren.’

A trace of complex emotions flashed across Old Master Fletcher's expression when he read it and Sophia noticed that his eyebags had trembled all the time.

She flinched involuntarily because she assumed that she had written it wrongly. Maybe Old Master Fletcher isn't fond of this particular poem? That may be the reason. This poem describes the war and it might have reminded him of his sad past.

Therefore, she wrote another poem titled 'Thoughts of a Quiet Night' for him.

However, he was still staring at the poem, 'Beyond the Border'. After staring at it, he regarded her with an odd gaze.

She was more frightened, but Old Master Mitchell was extremely happy. He then pulled her hand while patiently advising her, "Coop, you have to remember that Uncle Commander was the one who named you. 'If there are ferocious generals stationed in the frontier areas, no enemies would dare to climb over Mount Barren.' Cooper Mitchell is your name and you must never change it for the rest of your life. Do you understand?"

It turns out that Old Master Mitchell's son is named Cooper Mitchell and Old Master Fletcher was the one who named him. He was named after this ancient poem.

No wonder Old Master Fletcher has been staring fixedly at the poem. Sophia was still dumbfounded as she had been brainwashed by Annabel's diary for the last couple of days, recalling the poem each time she closed her eyes. Therefore, she automatically wrote that poem when Old Master Mitchell had requested for one.

She quickly explained, "Our university's elective course is teaching the history of the Tyron Dynasty. It so happened that I came across this poem, so I wrote it out!"

Old Master Fletcher put down the pen and paper, but he was still wearing a grave expression.

After writing the words, Old Master Mitchell asked her to play chess with Old Master Fletcher. “Son, you should play chess with him. Uncle Commander enjoys playing chess with you.”

Uncle Commander... I am not worthy of it. That's Michael's grandfather!

She forced herself to play chess with Old Master Fletcher. However, I'm not sure how to play chess with Old Master Fletcher because I have no clue how Cooper plays. What if I expose myself?

Old Master Fletcher commented, “Cooper, just play in the way that you are used to.”

After saying that, he even hinted at her by blinking a few times.

Sophia understood what he meant, so she followed the method from the past to play chess with Old Master Fletcher. She was familiar with his chess skills, but she couldn't appear too skillful, or defeat him in a go. What she did was to continuously lose on purpose. I have to take it easy while slowly killing Old Master Fletcher's chess pieces. However, I can't kill them off in one go. I have to play for a while before going for a 'checkmate'. I should make him feel slightly nervous while experiencing the illusion of 'fighting for a long time before finally losing and accepting a glorious defeat'.

While playing chess, her eyes darted left and right to check on her surroundings. One moment, she'd be looking at Old Master Fletcher whereas in the next, she would be glancing at Stanley and Sean. Sometimes, she would also gaze at Old Master Mitchell.

Somehow, he did not realize that his son was a woman; in fact, he even praised her, “Son, you've done very well. Your skills have not deteriorated at all! Keep up the good work!”