

# My Dreamy Old Husband

## Chapter 669

It was a grand day for Garfield. Everything it donned at the party was nothing less than extravagant. Its collar was given by Linus, while its clothes were custom ordered from overseas by Michael. Armed to its teeth best described its choice of apparel that turned many heads that day.

Sophia used to not pay that much attention to dressing up her pets. She thought that keeping them well fed would suffice. However, to fit in with the ladies from the social elite circle, she too felt the pressure to invest in her pet's wardrobe.

Judy was not impressed when Sophia ignored her. *She's nothing but a nouveau riche!*

Judy thought of Sophia's plump, disgusting father and her sister, whose face had gone under the knife countless times. She could not help but imagine how Sophia emanated the greasy stench from her father and the whiff of disinfectant from her sister.

Judy knew Joe better than anyone else. Sophia's sister, Faye, who used to own a face so hideous, could pass for a different person after she returned from overseas, having gone through numerous intensive plastic surgeries.

*They used to beg around for help when they were down in their luck. But now that things have turned around for them, they are acting all superior. Look at these upstarts—even their cats behave like them...*

Judy glanced at Garfield's clothing and felt a pang of bitterness in her.

*Bah! Daughter of an upstart, nouveau riche, social-climber, who married a middle-aged, out-of-shape, has-been superstar, acting like she's all that! Her pudgy husband still dares to frequent the clubs every night. God knows how many women he's slept with! I feel sorry for her!*

Once the ladies ran out of topics to flaunt their pets and accessories, they naturally moved on to gloating about their husbands. And when it came to the topic of husbands, everyone would instantly think of Sophia and her celebrity spouse, who was recently infamous for his expanding waistline.

"I heard your husband has put on quite some weight, huh?"

Sophia knew she could no longer hold off such an inquisition. As of late, whenever she went out, whomever she met—neighbors, classmates, or business associates—they all probed on her husband's weight.

Sophia responded with a simper, "Yes, yes, he's gotten heavier. It's inevitable for men his age. That's pretty common."

Everyone shook their heads in lamentation. Indeed, he, who used to be the man of every woman's dream, could not escape from the harsh reality of aging. Such is life!

Sophia was bemused by how much concern these women had for her husband, even more so than herself. It was as if they were grieving for their own husbands.

Amidst the sighing, the ladies knew better not to rub it in for Sophia, so they merely afforded some consolation.

"Some would say that gaining weight is a sign of a good life."

“He actually looks healthier this way.”

“It must have been tough being a celebrity, being unable to choose what he liked to eat. Well, now he can.”

Among the voices of concern, there was bound to be that sarcastic one, this time in the form of Victoria. Her voice, almost on par with the sound of nails on a chalkboard, pierced through the chatter. “You shouldn’t spoil your man. Look at him, hitting the clubs night after night. It’s no surprise he got out of shape with a flamboyant lifestyle like that.”

Her comments reminded everyone of Taylor’s news on the tabloids. It appeared that his beer gut had much to do with his vivacious nightlife. Partying every night would eventually take its toll on the body.

*At this moment, everyone gazed at Sophia with pity. They might look like the power couple on the outside, but who knows what she has to go through behind closed doors? It’s all but a show! While Taylor is having the time of his life out there, she could do nothing but to put up with his antics. I feel sorry for her.*

Sophia kept silent with a smile. Everyone knew how bad she must have felt at that moment. While most steered away from this topic, there was someone who just never knew when to stop.

Judy uttered maliciously, “Sophie, I heard your dear Taylor is getting quite chummy with the wife of some director, and they even got caught on camera hitting the clubs together! Aren’t you worried...”

Sophia stroked Garfield as she stared at Judy’s taunting expression. She raised her voice in retaliation. “I’ve never known a mistress who ends up getting what she wants. Take a look at Natasha—she’s a good example! I have nothing to fear because I’m the legitimate wife! Last I checked, I didn’t even budge when some mistress who got herself pregnant tried to force me to divorce my husband. What’s there to be worried about?”

Those scathing lines took the words out of Judy's mouth, leaving her in a grimace. Sophia curled her lips at that. *You asked for it!*

Both the Edwards sisters were lost for words as they glared at Sophia with seething anger.

They were all a part of the Edwards Family. Back when Joe hit rock bottom, he sought help from Judy's father. She would never forget that pathetic look on his face at that time. But who would have thought that after all these years, not only did Joe get back on his feet, both his daughters did pretty well themselves too? One was a rising star in show business, while the other married Taylor Murray to become Mrs. Superstar. What did they do to deserve this? Judy and Victoria struggled to accept the fact that while both their families started somewhere along at the same level, even Sophia, an illegitimate daughter, was living a better life than theirs.

While Victoria was still sulking from her humiliation, she noticed a mutt cat gently rubbing its body around her ankle. It was chubby with a yellowish-brown coat—nothing close to the elegant pedigrees she was used to. It irked her to have her ankle rubbed by a mutt like that. Without hesitation, she gave the cat a vigorous kick, as its pointed heels landed on its belly. The cat flew off and landed with an excruciating 'meow', its mouth spitting blood.

The ladies at the store gathered around the bloodied mutt cat, and some cried, "Oh, my God! Look at the cat; how could you do this?! It's bleeding!"

Victoria remained unnerved, and she scoffed condescendingly, "This is a high-class pet shop. How did this half-bred get in here?"

Sarah's pet shop only had pedigree cats for sale. Mutts were definitely not offered in the shop due to its target market. The majority of the elites would not even consider mutts, but for some reason, three to four identical mutt cats, with the same color and shape, showed up at the pet shop that day. Who could the owner be? While everyone was wondering how the cat sneaked into the shop, they saw Sophia squat down next to the cat to have a closer look.

“Simba...” Of course, Simba belonged to Sophia, for it was one of the offspring of Cooper’s cat. Old Master Fletcher mated Cooper’s cat with Chrysanthemum. Due to its yellowish-brown coat that resembled a lion’s, it was named Simba.

Simba looked at Sophia weakly. With its blood-stained mouth, it purred incessantly as it laid on the floor.

Sophia, with a stern look on her face, carefully carried her cat up. Sarah most certainly did not see this coming, for Sophia happily brought her cats here for grooming.

“Victoria, it’s you again! Apologize to Sophia at once!” Sarah darted toward Victoria, who ignored her while examining her pointed heel shoes.

“Gee, where did that damn mutt come from? I gotta say it’s quite tough. Even the rhinestones on my shoe came off after knocking into it.” She let out a couple of sighs. “Tsk-tsk, I can’t believe that anyone would want to adopt mutts like these. Low class is what I’d call it!”

Sophia threw her a cold stare before she turned away to send Simba to the veterinary. As she walked off, she reminded Maria to gather their cats and dog to be brought back home. At the veterinarian, Simba was inspected and had its wound scanned. It took Sophia nearly half a day to get the health check report.