

# My Dreamy Old Husband

## Chapter 619

Joel strode up to them and instantly took hold of the situation with a deep, frosty, and thunder-like voice, scaring the Mitchell Family's men out of acting rashly.

Seeing the crowd of threatening-looking soldiers, Anthony broke out in a cold sweat. He had never expected the Fletcher Family to care about Nathan so much as to send Joel out to snatch Nathan himself!

*No—this is more like a display of the Fletchers' power!*

Sophia's heart skipped a beat when she saw Joel. She quietly moved back to avoid meeting him.

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As soon as Joel arrived, he glared at Anthony with a ferocious look on his face.

Stanley immediately approached Joel and complained, "It's him, Uncle Joel! He's the one who wants to snatch Nate away!"

Joel smirked icily. "Oh? Who are you?"

Thinking that he was Nathan's grandfather and was entirely in the right no matter what, Anthony braced himself and said, "It's me, Anthony. I'm Nate's grandfather, so I have the right to take him back!"

"Hmph!" Joel stiffly curved up the corners of his lips, looking as though he was smiling. "I'm here today to speak on behalf of the Fletcher Family. Nathan is one

of us Fletchers; whoever dares to snatch him from us will be an enemy of the Fletcher Family!”

Upon hearing Joel’s tone, Anthony’s back broke out in another cold sweat. *Did Mark instruct Joel to say this?*

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Anthony’s eyes flickered as he decided to word his demand differently. “Since this is Old Master Fletcher’s wish, I shan’t insist on having Nathan back. It’s just that my youngest son has passed away for many years. I’ve missed Nate every single day throughout these years, but I only came to know his whereabouts today. Can I take Nate back to the Mitchell Residence for a while? I don’t mean anything else; I just want to take a look at him...”

Like a grandfather who missed his grandson, he sounded extremely pitiful. Unfortunately, Joel didn’t buy his story at all.

“No,” he flatly interrupted Anthony’s imploring speech.

Anthony clenched his teeth silently without saying a word. Just then, a middle-aged woman came up to them from behind; she was Justin’s mother.

Mrs. Mitchell sobbed tearfully the instant she walked up to them. “Oh, my poor Justin! It’s my fault for failing to keep your son! I have let you down! If it hadn’t been for our incompetence, your son wouldn’t have been surnamed after somebody else! Justin, oh, Justin! Why did you leave us so soon? Oh, my dear Justin...”

Sobbing miserably and pitifully, she spoke with unbearable bitterness in every word as though the Fletcher Family had killed her son and snatched her grandson away from her.

Unable to stand the sight of her playacting, someone scoffed right away and said, “Huh! Why did it never occur to you two that Justin was your son when you guys wanted to let him die by taking him off his oxygen?”

Upon hearing the cold and scornful voice, Mrs. Mitchell stopped wiping her crocodile tears. Then, she watched as a person stepped out of the car that had its lights smashed, revealing a handsome face that looked at them with a sneer.

She recognized that face. It belonged to Taylor; he was the younger brother of Celine, her daughter-in-law whom she had never met.

She had never met Celine before. Back when Justin came home and told them that he wanted to marry Celine, the granddaughter whom Mark loved most dearly, the first thing that came to Anthony and Mrs. Mitchell’s mind was ‘no’!

They persuaded Justin to break up with Celine and give up the opportunity of marrying her to his eldest brother, who was unmarried back then. His eldest brother’s political career was on the rise at the time, so he could garner the support of the Fletcher Family by marrying her. That way, he would advance smoothly in his career and have a meteoric rise, thus maximizing the benefits of marrying her.

As the most ‘useless’ youngest son, Justin was not as wealthy as his second eldest brother—a businessman—and not as influential as his eldest brother, who was in politics. Holding a small post in the army, he wasn’t even a field officer; how could he be worthy of marrying the granddaughter whom Mark loved the most? It would be a shame to let Justin marry Celine, an enormously precious resource!

After hearing their words, Justin turned his head and left without saying a word. Thinking that Justin had left to persuade Celine, Anthony and Mrs. Mitchell made preparations for their eldest son to get into contact with Celine.

However, things took an unexpected turn on the third day after Justin had left. Cooper, the head of the Mitchell Family, came and told them that Justin and

Celine had already registered their marriage in the army. Moreover, the couple's marriage was a military marriage approved by Mark and witnessed by Cooper himself, so it would be against the law for them to interfere with it.

Anthony went ballistic when he heard that. However, since Justin and Celine's marriage was a military marriage witnessed by Cooper and approved by Mark, they could only acknowledge it patiently and silently.

However, they began to hold a grudge against Justin since then, thinking that Justin had gone against his family's wishes and deliberately robbed his eldest brother of the marriage that should have belonged to the latter!

In their opinion, Justin married Celine despite the Mitchell Family's wishes because he wanted to have the enormous benefits of playing up to the powerful Fletcher Family to himself. He didn't want his eldest brother to become acquainted with the Fletchers because he didn't want the latter's power and influence to surpass his!

They judged Justin's behavior using the worst logical reasoning. As a result, Justin never once took Celine back to the Mitchell Residence until her accident, nor did he have any plans of doing so. The couple merely picked a few members of the Mitchell Family as representatives and invited them to their wedding.

Because of that, Mrs. Mitchell never met her youngest daughter-in-law. Seeing the face at this moment, she thought that it was Michael. Mrs. Mitchell started to sob and wipe her tears again as she said, "My Justin died at such a young age. Not only have you taken his son away from us, you're falsely accusing us as well! How can all of you be so heartless..."

The person she thought was Michael stepped out of the car and walked step by step toward Mrs. Mitchell while staring coldly at her. She wiped her tears while sneaking glances at the person, but she soon noticed that the person didn't have an Adam's apple!

She was quite shocked upon realizing that. *It turns out that Taylor is actually a woman disguised as a man and has been deceiving the public the whole time!*

Associating what she saw with the latest tabloid reports, she was emboldened at once. Pointing at the person before her, she cried out self-righteously, “You really are a woman! What a licentious and shameless liar you are! It really is a disgrace to Mark that someone like you was born in the Fletcher Family. My grandson is still young, so I can’t let him follow a bad example like you!”

Also emboldened by his wife’s words, Anthony demanded with a sanctimonious look on his face and said, “I have no objection to the Fletchers adopting Nate, but I can’t stand my grandson being adopted by someone who is so indecent in private! For the sake of Nate’s upbringing, I must take him away! I don’t want my grandson to be the second Taylor! We’ll see you in court if you all insist on taking Nate away from us! It’ll be difficult to get custody of Nate with Taylor’s notoriety!”

Taylor had become a widely hated sc\*m since he went clubbing, flirted with ladies everywhere, and was photographed with different women in his arms every day! Such a person couldn’t quite possibly get custody of a child!

The person thought to be Michael across them couldn’t help but laugh. Walking up to them, she introduced herself to the couple for the first time and said, “Hi. I’m Celine Fletcher, Justin’s wife.”

Anthony and Mrs. Mitchell stared at her in shock.

However, Celine didn’t want to give them any time to swallow the news at all. “That’s right—I’m alive and back now. Nate is my son. Legally speaking, you two can’t have custody of him since his biological mother is still alive.”

“Also...” She directed her gaze to the car door. Seeing that a young man had stepped out of the car while holding a little kid’s hand, she then continued, “Justin, of whose oxygen you two had taken off, is alive too. I’m so sorry, but since both Nate’s parents are still alive, you two can’t have custody of him.”