

My Dreamy Old Husband

Chapter 620

Justin and Celine had come to pick Nathan up from school themselves, but they didn't expect to run into members of the Mitchell Family midway. They weren't planning to meet them so soon, but Anthony and Mrs. Mitchell's words were simply too disgusting!

If Justin hadn't heard them talking about removing his oxygen with his own ears back when he was lying on his sickbed, Celine wouldn't have dared to believe that there were parents who would do that to their biological children!

While Anthony and Mrs. Mitchell were still completely dumbstruck, Justin came over as he held Nathan's hand. He gave his parents a very apologetic nod and said, "I'm sorry, Dad and Mom. I'm actually still alive."

Anthony stuttered, "J-Justin, y-you..."

Justin was expressionless. "I hope you guys won't go around telling people that I'm still alive. Otherwise, your son will no longer be a martyr." Justin had lost all hope for his parents; he had given up his hope for good back when he returned home excitedly to tell them that he wanted to get married. Instead, he was met with their stern objection and threats. He then continued, "I'm sorry for being useless. I didn't die gloriously as you two wished; instead, I have been living life all these years just for the sake of remaining alive. Also, I married into the Fletcher Family as a live-in son-in-law; my son is surnamed after his mother. Since I'm no longer related to the Mitchell Family, just consider me dead."

Anthony trembled all over with rage upon hearing these words. As he felt his blood rushing to his head, he pointed at Justin and Celine angrily with a trembling hand. "Y-You two..."

Celine spoke aggressively, "That's the way things are—you two can't take our kid away because he's one of the Fletchers! Both your son and your grandson are now Fletchers; they're also protected by the Fletcher Family! You two should keep your mouths shut. Otherwise, I can't

guarantee that I won't tell anyone about your attempt to kill your biological son by taking him off his oxygen!"

Celine hated Phantom Wolf the most. After all, he had forced her family of three to be separated for seven years. The next thing she hated the most were the Mitchells—they had nearly killed Justin by taking him off his oxygen! If Justin hadn't been lucky enough to hang on until Michael arrived, her currently sober self would only have gotten the news of Justin's death!

Having finished what they had said, the family of three got back into their car as they didn't want to get entangled with the Mitchells. This was already the last bit of mercy Justin could show the Mitchell Family. Joel started to chase the Mitchell Family's men away while Anthony was still in shock over the fact that Justin was still alive. Seeing that he could no longer seek undue advantages on this day, Anthony had no choice but to leave.

After chasing the Mitchell Family's men away, Joel glanced at Sophia without speaking to her. He turned around, got into the military vehicle, and left with his troops. His main purpose of coming here on this day was to tell the Mitchells that Nathan was one of the Fletchers. The Fletcher Family would not turn a blind eye if the Mitchells ever attempted to snatch Nathan away again!

Having watched the entire drama unfold, Sophia finally came to her senses a little; it was only then did she feel some soreness in her hands.

Celine winked at her from inside the car before driving off first. Michael—who had arrived long ago—stepped out of his car and walked up to Sophia concernedly. His heart ached a lot when he saw her reddened hands, so he quickly put her hands in his and massaged them. He glared at Stanley while he said, "You stupid dog—why didn't you give Natasha a few slaps on your aunt's behalf when you saw her beating Natasha up? Look at how her hands have become after the beating..."

Sophia had already finished beating Natasha up when he arrived. Otherwise, he would have given Natasha a few slaps to ease Sophia's burden. Feeling hurt, Stanley pouted his lips and said, "Alright, just blame me for it!" He was stupefied when Sophia beat Natasha up without hesitation just now. He never wanted to see such a scene again in his life!

After that, Michael carefully led Sophia into the car before driving off. Meanwhile, Stanley curled his lips when he saw Sean picking up something that Natasha had dropped earlier. It was a bracelet.

Patting Sean's shoulder worriedly, Stanley then asked, "Will you be alright with going back to the Mitchell Residence by yourself? Are they going to give you trouble after seeing that you're on such good terms with Uncle Michael?"

Sean smiled with perfect composure. "It's alright. I'm nothing but a useless person in their eyes, so they can't be bothered to give me trouble." He was right. In the Mitchell Family, those who weren't part of Mitchell Group's core management team or hadn't made a name for themselves in politics were all useless. For instance, Sean had long been excluded from the Mitchell Family's core leadership. He was pretty much nonexistent in the Mitchell Family; one would probably learn that he was a member of the Mitchell Family only by noticing the extra tableware set at every meal.

It wasn't until he had recently brought back news of Cooper being alive bit by bit and pretended to uncover news about Cooper by accident did his family gradually notice his presence.

The Mitchells didn't care if he was on good terms with Stanley. After all, Stanley was also a useless member of the Fletchers in their eyes. A Fletcher who didn't join the army was a useless piece of trash, and two good-for-nothings who got together were even more worthless. To the Mitchells, it was a waste of time to take one more glance at them—they didn't pose a threat at all.

Two days later, Michael had a feast at home to celebrate the fact that Sophia had finally vented her resentment by beating up the woman who had seduced her husband in public. Having learned about this, Stanley immediately told Sean to visit Michael's place to scrounge a free meal together.

Ever since Sophia married Michael, he would often spread feasts to celebrate all kinds of things. He would spread celebratory feasts during instances when Sophia had done well in her end-of-semester exams, when she beat up the woman who tried to seduce her husband, or when her company performed well. He even had all the reason to spread a feast when she finally menstruated normally this month without experiencing any menstrual pain. Sometimes, he would even have a feast merely to celebrate her new hairstyles. Therefore, he had feasts at home almost every day. Whenever Stanley learned that Michael would be having a feast, he would immediately rush to his home and scrounge a free meal.

On this day, Stanley was eager to share a piece of gossip he had recently heard once he arrived. "Aunt, I'd like to tell you an earth-shattering piece of gossip. I'll tell you if you open up a bottle of French Cheval-Blanc for me!"

"I'm not interested in listening to gossip," answered Sophia.

Acting like a spoiled child, Stanley pleaded, “Aunt, just open a bottle of French Cheval-Blanc for me, please. The gossip is about Natasha, and it’s even more bizarre than novels. Don’t you want to listen to it? Would you like to listen to it?”

Sophia pricked up her ears, but she pretended to be unconcerned. “I’m not interested.”

With a cheerful smile on his face, Sean came over and said, “It’s about Natasha. She…”

“Let me say it! Let me say it!” Stanley couldn’t hold it in anymore and interrupted Sean. “Aunt, Natasha was admitted into the hospital after you beat the sh*t out of her. The next day, Alex’s son was born! Since his son was born in poor health, he was kept in an incubator in the ward next to Natasha’s. Guess what happened next—Natasha sneaked into the ward at night and strangled her younger brother to death! What’s more, she refused to admit it when his death was discovered the next day. Luckily, the surveillance camera caught her red-handed!”

Sophia didn’t feel anything strange about the news after learning about that, for the baby would rob Natasha of everything she had once he was born. Natasha quietly strangled him to death because she had no other choice, but this was a good move on her side.

Natasha’s mother was almost 50 years old and had exhausted herself by giving birth to this son, so she probably could no longer give birth to another child. Now that the baby was dead, Natasha would be Alex’s only descendant. If he lost Natasha as well, he would really die childless and completely lose the upper hand in the power struggle within the Mitchell Family.

One would have no future without a descendant since long-term development wouldn’t be possible. That was also why the ancient officials and emperors preferred princes who had more descendants. Sophia couldn’t help but ask, “What happened after that?”

Sean answered, “What else do you think happened? Now that she is Alex’s only descendant, he cannot do anything to her. He covered up the news, and no one dares to speak about it anymore.”

As expected, what happened was in line with Sophia’s expectations. Even though such a course of action was ridiculous and didn’t conform to common logic, one mustn’t think about the Mitchell Family in the way he or she thought about ordinary people.

Anthony could take his son off the latter’s oxygen himself just to have Justin named a martyr, whereas Cooper left the Mitchell Family because he resented the Mitchells for killing Annabel; his father had become so furious that he fell ill with Alzheimer’s disease. Moreover, Natasha

even killed her younger brother to maintain her position within the family. Therefore, what else could Alex do right now?

Now that Natasha had become his only descendant just when the Mitchell Family was in a state of turmoil, he had to keep her safe and sound. At the very least, this was the only thing he could do before his next descendant was born.

All Natasha needed to do during this period was to behave herself as the Young Lady of the Mitchell Family. As long as she redeemed her position within the family as soon as possible, she would still be acknowledged as Young Lady Mitchell sooner or later.