

# My Dreamy Old Husband Chapter 1091

Although both of the ladies had similar facial features, they underwent drastically different lives that shaped them into two entirely different individuals with contrasting personalities. One of them went through a lot of hardships ever since they were young, which gave them a sharp edge in their personality as well as a piercing gaze. On the other hand, the other twin was born into riches, nor did she experience much hardship throughout life, so she grew into an even-tempered woman with a mellow personality.

When they sat together, it was as if they were looking at their own reflection, but each side of the mirror contained a much different story. Putting the cat down, Anna waved at Anne to call her over, whom she gazed at for some time before putting a smile on her face. "Anne, it's been a while. You're all grown up after a year's time. You're getting even prettier."

Smiling amicably, Anne tilted her head while flattering, "That's not true. You're the one who's getting even prettier, Aunt Anna! I wish I could be half as pretty as you!"

Anna shook her head with a smile. In the meantime, both Cade and Callum walked up to them before greeting the woman beside Anna. "Aunt Xena."

The woman sitting beside Anna was none other than Louis Osborne's daughter, Xena Osborne, who was also Anne's mother. While the family got together merrily, Anne was being treated as the princess among the group, but she was constantly leaning against Anna. Halfway through their conversation, Anne couldn't help but keep on signaling her mother.

Knowing what Anne was trying to say, Xena shook her head in resignation before seizing the chance to tell Anna, "Anna, you've finally secured your hold on the Yard Family. The past twenty years have been a tough journey! Nobody expected a family as prestigious as the Yards to fall from grace. We wouldn't have come to this if the Fletchers had not massacred our family." Mention of the past made Xena all emotional and teary.

The Yards went from reigning over the country a few hundred years ago to being forced into exile, which led to them dwindling in numbers. Fate hadn't been kind to them, and it wasn't until much later that they regained their past glory.

A hundred years ago, the Yards were planning to return to Cethos with the help of the other families. However, the Fletchers betrayed them by massacring the Yards, killing the head of the family and his brothers, so the Yards were soon taken over by the branch family.

The only person left of the main family was a baby who had no means of self defense while under the threat of the branch family. In the end, the Osbornes, the loyal vassal of the Yards, smuggled the baby away. They also changed his surname to Osborne and distanced themselves from the family feud, which finally prevented the Yards from being wiped out.

Unexpectedly, a pair of twins were born during Louis Osborne's generation, which alerted the branch family of their presence. As the twin daughters were the legitimate heirs of the Yard Family, the members of the branch family sent someone after the Osbornes despite the fact that it had been two generations since they left the Yards.

Louis Osborne was forced to flee, finding temporary hideouts at various places around the world, losing one of his children during the process. Finally, he was able to seek refuge from a friend in Cethos, leaving behind their life as a refugee, but the child that Louis lost was never found due to various circumstances. However, after more than twenty years, the child they lost returned as the last direct descendant of the Yard Family.

The child was none other than Anna Yard. Not only did she return to the Yard Family, but she expanded her influence rapidly while murdering the members of the branch family cold-bloodedly, securing her claim to the position as the head of the family. She was a true legend. Now, the worst was behind them, and they regained control of the Yard Family, so it was also finally time for them to reunite with each other. Mention of the past rendered the twins and Anne silent, as they could sense the graveness of it.

However, Anna didn't seem to be as emotionally affected by memories of it, as all she did was caress her cat while heaving a sigh. "I suppose the Yards were predestined to suffer such an ill fate. Although our ancestors fled the land to settle down in a foreign place, they left a commandment to never reclaim what was ours with the help of barbaric foreigners, as they're dishonest, inhumane, and unloyal. If we ever disobeyed the commandment, we would be regarded as sinners, which meant we were practically doomed."

Back then, the Yards disobeyed the commandment by enlisting the help of foreign troops in an attempt to reclaim their land. However, the troops were only helping the Yards to cover up their true objective of invading Cethos, as they were aiming for the country's natural resources and the hundreds of millions of people who could potentially provide free labor.

And the rest was history. Cethos got invaded by the dozens of foreign troops that the Yards brought in. Other than robbing Cethos of its natural resources and cultural relics, they also committed murder and human trafficking, sending the young and the strong to the rest of the world to work as slaves, with a lot of them eventually dying from the ordeal.

From being one of the strongest countries in the world, Cethos fell from grace, becoming a country that anybody could trample over. There were genocides being committed in multiple places across the country, whereas the rest of the war-torn land fell into despair. As the Yards had everything to do with bringing the enemy into the country, Anna figured that being wiped out by the Fletchers was their punishment for disobeying the commandment.

After that, she added, "My father smuggled me and Xena back to Cethos in search of refuge, but they lost me in the process. Fortunately, with Xena by his side, my father found a friend of his who didn't look down on him for his wretched state, and even provided my father with the best protection possible. It was because of him that my father and Xena survived, and that our family was able to reunite."

Due to unknown reasons, Louis never told them about that friend of his, so even Xena and Anne had no idea who their savior was. However, Anna already uncovered their savior's identity. She made sure to always be fair in her treatment of people, so she bore in mind the identity of the person who saved her family.

Sipping on her tea, she set the cup down on the table with a thud before declaring resolutely, "I came to Cethos with the intention to accomplish something important. Cethos is rapidly developing, so it is a market that the Ronney Group couldn't afford to miss out on. After some negotiations with the relevant authorities, we agreed that both parties will put old feuds to rest in order to facilitate a reconciliation. Aside from that, there are also a lot of Yards who are living in Cethos after concealing their identities in order to avoid being hunted down. Therefore, I will be building an ancestral hall at Lombardi River, all the while searching for our kindred who are scattered across the land so that they can finally come home, which will also help replenish our numbers."

Anne was delighted upon hearing this, as she had been waiting for it. As soon as she reverted to her original surname, she would practically be considered a princess if she lived in ancient times. Even in the modern world, she would still be the object of affection among the Yards.

On the other hand, Xena was also glad to hear the news, as she was a Yard by blood, so she figured it would be best for her if she could revert to her original surname. However, that didn't seem to be the case with Louis, as he wanted to honor the Osbornes for raising him.

Meanwhile, Cooper needed some time alone after his recent let down, so Sophia returned to the exhibition venue alone, only to once again bump into Sandra, who was regarding her in a confrontational manner. "Wow, news sure travels fast. Louis hadn't even changed his surname, but you're already going all out to flatter him. Scarlett, you are one hell of a

woman for trying to provoke your brother into claiming Anne Osborne as his own. However, you sure didn't check if she even wants to be associated with the likes of you!"

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Louis Osborne is going to change his last name? This was the first time Sophia ever heard of this. "Master Osborne is going to change his last name? Why didn't I know about that?" she asked in puzzlement.

Snorting, Sandra crossed her arms. "If you hadn't known about it, you and your husband wouldn't have been ingratiating yourselves to him so ardently," she snarled in a scathing manner. "Cut this ignorant act of yours! I can tell your thoughts plain and clear, so stop dreaming about other people's wealth. Sooner or later, Anne Osborne will be the daughter-in-law of the Mitchells! Her status is lofty, so you're not worthy of speaking to her when you all are nothing compared to her!" After uttering these insulting remarks, she spun on her heels and left.

Sophia, on the other hand, was mystified. What has Louis Osborne changing his last name got to do with me? And what's all that about the daughter-in-law of the Mitchells? As long as Anne Osborne isn't flirting with my brother or my nephew, I don't care who she wants to seduce! Anyway, Sandra brought a lot of handsome young men from the Mitchell Family here today, so it seems that she's determined to win Anne over. Speaking of that, she seems to be behaving these days, no longer doing anything dumb. Sophia had been collecting evidence of her crimes, and it was almost enough to have her convicted.

Then, Sophia returned to the exhibition hall, only to be greeted by the sight of Michael carrying Carmen in his arms while talking to a few veterans in the art and literary industry. The previous time, he'd invited a group of veterans in the art and literary industry to make a guest appearance in a Hollywood blockbuster which resulted in a huge uproar in the Cethosian art and literary circle. Thus, many veterans were now standing in line, hoping that he could help them make a debut in a blockbuster. They weren't even concerned about having any pay or lines, for they were satisfied with merely an appearance just for sensationalism's sake.

Cooper wasn't back yet, but Sophia caught sight of Linus seriously studying paintings everywhere. Of course, he was a true connoisseur of art, not a dilettante. All of a sudden, something occurred to Sophia, and she excitedly rushed forward to drag him toward the front. "Come and have a look, Linus!" She dragged him into the crowd like a childish sister who wanted to share a new toy she'd seen with her brother.

Holding her petite hand, a wealth of warmth filled Linus' heart. It's really nice to have a sister! I once thought that this was love, but I've finally understood that it's a bone-deep familial bond!

Sophia pulled him into the crowd where a group of veterans were showcasing their artistic talents. Since this was Louis' solo exhibition, many veterans who seldom made public appearances attended to exchange ideas with each other. At this time, a painter was wielding a brush as he did a color painting of a humongous yellow dog with its tongue hanging out. The painting was vivid and lifelike since it was done by an expert. Now, it was on the verge of completion with just the finishing touches left. The name of the painting was Lucky, and the dog in the painting was none other than Linus' Lucky!

As joy flooded Linus, Sophia explained, "I commissioned this painting. Look how photogenic Lucky is!" The painting was fabricated from the videos and photos taken by Sophia. It was undeniable that the veteran had remarkable talent, for he managed to capture the dog perfectly just after a few looks at the videos, especially the look in its eyes. He painted it on the spot, and the painting was completed in no time. After paying for the painting, Sophia carefully took it. Meanwhile, Linus grew increasingly fond of the painting as he gazed at it, a contented smile blooming on his face.

The siblings then found a place to sit. Thereafter, a server came over with drinks and snacks. Linus sat there admiring the painting, while Sophia took a sip of juice as she scrolled through her cell phone, looking at the stock and real estate markets as she took a breather.

The few stocks under Michel Group which Linus split and listed weren't doing too good recently. Michel Group was extremely stable internally, but it couldn't withstand the rumors flying around outside. Nonetheless, Linus didn't seem to be doing anything about it. Instead, he seized the opportunity to purchase loose stocks in bulk when people sold off Michel Group's stocks. After all, the more shares he had in hand, the greater his power in Michel Group and the Michel Family. Michael had also taken the opportunity to purchase tons of stocks.

Meanwhile, Plum Technology that was jointly founded by Sophia, Stanley, and the others had also developed from a company into a corporation after its rapid development over the years. It had established many divisions and expanded into various industries, from the initial online games, applications, websites, and live streaming to computer games, movies and even agencies. Likewise, it'd also been split into several subsidiaries to be listed, and a few stocks were doing pretty good. What'd once been a cottage industry by a few university students was now a multi-disciplinary mammoth entity.

Out of the blue, Sophia felt the air turning heavy. Raising her head, she spotted a crowd of people consisting of both males and females standing beside her and Linus, all young and bearing Alex's crest.

As Sandra and the array of Mitchells stared at Sophia and Linus with stark hostility, Linus surreptitiously put away the painting in his hand before lifting his head and looking at them warily. "What is it?" Similarly, Sophia pinned her eyes on them vigilantly.

Stretching out a hand, Sandra thrust it before Sophia. "I want Anne Osborne's Phoenix Harp. Give it to me." After learning from Anne that Sophia had taken her beloved harp, she immediately thought of getting it back from Sophia so that she could claim credit before her.

"Oh, you want my Phoenix Harp?" All at once, Sophia understood her intentions. Propping her cheek with a hand, she stabbed at the pulp at the bottom of the juice with her straw. Then, she lifted her eyes to the Mitchells who were staring at them viciously. "I'm sorry, but I donated it to the ancient Imperial Palace museum. It's now national property, so do seek out the ancient Imperial Palace if you wish to have it."

Sandra went ballistic. "You dare donate the harp Master Osborne gave you? Do you have any shame?" She's claiming that she donated such a priceless Phoenix Harp just like that? I'll never believe that!

Sophia chuckled leisurely. "That's right. The harp was given to me by Master Osborne, so what has my disposal of it got to do with you?"

At this, Sandra lost her temper and slammed her hands on the table. "Give it to me! If you don't hand the harp over today, I'll dig up your father's grave!"

The lounge area was adjacent to the exhibition area, but there were just a handful of people resting there at this time. The moment Sandra slammed her hand onto the table, the few Mitchells there spread out and blocked the people's inquisitive gazes. Thus, they could only see a group of people surrounding Sophia and Linus, but the conversation was lost to them.

Upon seeing Sandra's desperation, Sophia realized that the harp was quite important to her. After all, it's a crucial element in currying favor with Anne Osborne! "I've truly donated it, so it's been taken away by the ancient Imperial Palace," she drawled in exasperation. In fact, she'd already braced herself for the possibility of her harp becoming a national cultural artifact.

Sandra had long since expected that Sophia wouldn't possibly give it to her so easily. Crossing her arms, she stared at the two of them, her gaze moving back and forth between the siblings. Suddenly, she gave a bark of laughter. "Are you two truly siblings? You don't resemble each other at all. Cooper is probably crazed for a son, so he simply acknowledged someone as his son."

Both Sophia and Linus said nary a word. They were indeed not alike in looks, so much so that even Cooper himself doubted it. He even had a test done between them, only to have the test results indicate that the possibility of them being biological siblings was 99%. The experts themselves were likewise astonished as it was the first time they'd ever seen such a pair of twins since the probability of it happening was very low, scientifically speaking. Linus mostly inherited genes from his paternal grandmother, while Sophia dominantly inherited genes from the maternal side of her family.

When Sandra saw that they were both ignoring her, a wave of utter humiliation swept across her. All of a sudden, she seemed to have thought of something, so she commented maliciously, "I heard that you like men, Linus. You're Cooper's only son, so he'll likely... die without descendants, huh?"

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Sure enough, such a subject was much more fascinating, for the rest of the Mitchells started taunting Linus viciously as soon as they heard that he favored men. "I didn't know that he's a f\*ggot!"

"Well, there's this saying—God gave you a drill, yet you're using it to stir sh\*t!"

"Hey, hey, you might be wrong there. He might be the catcher. Haha..."

"How I wish to yank his pants down and see whether he'll be in heat like a b\*tch and spread his legs whenever he sees a man!"

The nasty remarks that would drive even a saint to anger fell into Sophia and Linus' ears. Linus initially didn't want to make trouble here, but he could no longer stand it. Unexpectedly, before he'd even made a move, Sandra, who'd been all triumphant, felt a wave of intense pain shooting through her scalp. In the next instance, she felt her world turning upside down as her exquisite face was plastered to the ground while she was yet unaware. To top it all, Sophia's high heel was pinning her head to the ground.

Sandra opened her mouth, but before she'd made a single sound, she heard Sophia's snide voice drifting into her ears. "Go ahead and scream. Get everyone here to see how pathetic you are beneath my feet!" Sophia hadn't wanted a fight, but they actually dared to use Linus' sexual orientation to humiliate him. If it weren't for the shred of sanity left within her, she would've long since strangled her to death.

Sandra didn't dare yell for fear of losing her dignity. After all, there was a high heel on her head, and Sophia still had her hair firmly in her grip. The slightest movement had a bolt of agony lancing through her, so she could only bitterly call out for help. "Come and help me, quick!"

The rest of the Mitchells were dumbfounded. Sophia's movements earlier were simply too swift that it was mere seconds between her making a move and Sandra being pinned to the ground. It was only now that they thought of helping, but it was already too late, for a crowd had amassed behind Sophia while they were stunned silly.



The ones who stood in front were Justin, Dimon, Vincent, Derek, and Drake Mitchell. Besides, there was also a drove of bodyguards, all strapping members of the Mitchell Family. As the two opposing factions confronted each other, their eyes blazed with hatred.

“You’re a traitor, Vincent Mitchell!” someone on the opposite side instantly lambasted while pointing a finger at Vincent.

Vincent, however, gave a nonchalant chuckle. “I’m not a traitor of the Mitchell Family.” I’m a Mitchell by birth, and I’m loyal to Cooper, so I’ve got nothing to be ashamed of!

Pinned on the ground, Sandra immediately caught sight of Derek, who was standing on Sophia’s side, and she grew all the more pissed.

Conversely, Derek no longer gave a fig about her. Back then, Sandra ruthlessly erased her heinous past by having someone mow down her biological mother and uncle just to preserve her glamorous identity as the young lady of the Mitchell Family. While her biological mother and uncle deserved their fate for using her as an ATM machine, Derek was still an Oak back then, and he wasn’t even 18 years old yet. He abruptly became an orphan with no shelter and food, yet she didn’t even care. If Sophia hadn’t taken him home, given him a shower, fed, and even sent him to school, he would probably be on the streets now!

Justin was quite powerful among the Mitchells, so he crossed his arms and said to those on the opposite side, “Well? Go on and make a move. Why aren’t you fighting? It’s Mr. Osborne’s exhibition today, so we don’t mind offending him. After all, we aren’t the ones interested in becoming his live-in son-in-law. If you all ruin his exhibition, however, you might be out of the running.”

Snickering, Derek added, “And I don’t recommend calling for security. After all, if people were to know that the high and mighty Young Lady Mitchell is pinned to the ground, it’ll be a great humiliation. At that time, Miss Osborne will disdain you guys!”

The Mitchells on the other side looked at each other. On second thought, they have numbers on their side, so it’ll be an embarrassment to fight, not to mention that we might not win. Justin alone can defeat us, so it’ll be mortifying if we were to be pinned to the ground later. Hence, they closed ranks and blocked other people’s inquisitive gazes. After all, it was better to have Sandra beaten up furtively than to have it known publicly.

Sophia was very much considerate as well, pummeling Sandra within the constrained area so as not to humiliate the Mitchells. "Apologize!" Yanking her hair mercilessly, she shoved her to the ground to have her kneel before Linus.

However, Sandra was still exceedingly conceited. "You want me to apologize to a disgusting gay man? Dream on! It's a real shame that the Mitchell Family has someone like you! How sickening! You embarrass the entire family! You're just as repulsive as Sean!"

How dare she say that Linus is repulsive? Sophia found Sandra all the more repulsive. Pressing her head and face against the ground, Sophia rained punches and kicks on her. Yet, Sandra didn't dare make a single peep, afraid that she'd attract attention and humiliate herself.

When Sophia was done hitting her, she again smashed her face against the ground. "If my memory serves me right, Miss Mitchell, you publicly expressed your support for the LGBT group a few days ago to attract fans. The little speech you gave during the interview was a polar opposite of what you're saying today, so your hypocritical and putrid attitude stinks even worse than sh\*t!"

Recently, Sandra had gone to great lengths to market herself in the industry, going wherever the wind blew; at one time, she opposed the consumption of dog meat before moving to express her support for the pride parade out of the blue, then advocated the acceptance of Middle East refugees by the Cethosian government in addition to becoming an ambassador for women and children. In short, she truly acted as though she was a saint! In front of the public, she put on a loving act, but behind it all, she still had a foul mouth that had an even worse stink than a decaying corpse!

Sandra opened her mouth to say something else, but Sophia raised her hand and slapped her mouth. "You can choose not to apologize to my brother today, but I'll warn you today that God is watching you!" Without giving her a chance to say anything, Sophia again slapped her mouth until her face grew swollen.

At this time, Linus stopped her. "Okay, that's enough. Don't hit her anymore," he urged. When the others thought that he was feeling sorry for Sandra, he unexpectedly took Sophia's hand. Upon seeing that it was all red, his heart clenched. "Look, your hand is all red by now, so don't hit her anymore. Shae, come here and slap her on behalf of Sophia. Just make sure that she doesn't die," he ordered.

Then, Shae marched out from the corner and took over for Sophia, giving Sandra a few hard slaps. The pain was so severe that Sandra passed out. After she fainted, the rest of the

Mitchells on Sandra's side summoned their bodyguards and had her surreptitiously carried away under the watchful stares of the other Mitchells.

As they gazed at the bodyguards on this side of the Mitchells—Drake in particular—their eyes brimmed with envy. In the past, when we all gorged ourselves on grilled skewers and played poker, Drake was the one guarding the door. He also had to address everyone subserviently, but after he'd gone over to Cooper Mitchell's side with his family, he's a celebrity now! Yet, we're still lowly bodyguards, one of them thought.

Another Mitchell on Sandra's side thought, Look at them. Though they're just bodyguards, they're still dressed finely. Their leather belts, watches, and leather shoes are all branded! Any one of them are outfitted in full attires worth tens of thousands, yet we're wearing a uniform worth only a few thousand, courtesy of Alex Mitchell. They've got an annual salary and are even allocated quarters in Bayside City.

And rumor has it that they get to have an overseas vacation every quarter. Those who are handsome even have the opportunity to go for an audition with the family's son-in-law, Michael Fletcher, and might become a celebrity like Drake! Also, their young lady is so domineering! And their young master... is much more handsome than our young master! In a nutshell, they have everything better!

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Comparison was the source of all discontent. Once, they'd derided those who'd gone over to Cooper's side as being too dumb to judge the situation, but their young lady had now pinned theirs to the ground, yet they didn't even dare retaliate.

As Sophia watched as the Mitchells carried Sandra away with their tails between their legs and disappeared into the exhibition hall, she was still feeling peeved. Upon seeing that Linus wasn't saying anything, she instantly urged, "Don't take their words to heart, Linus."

Linus caressed her head gently. "I'm fine," he reassured.

Grabbing his hand, Sophia tugged at it slightly. "You've always been the pride of our family, Linus. Dad is always asking me to learn from you!"

Warmth infused Linus. Truly, I've got the best father and sister in the world! Dad is aware of my sexual orientation, but he has never interfered. He's really open-minded. Sophia, on the other hand, has never had a problem with me liking men. In this family, no one ever thought that I'm a monster. How nice... This family is truly great! However, he knew that the Mitchell Family would never accept it. They'll definitely use my sexual orientation to kick up a fuss, but so what?

All the Mitchells sat at a table. It was rare that everyone was sitting here today to receive some exposure to art. All of them found those few slaps of Sophia impressive since Sandra indeed had a foul mouth.

All of a sudden, Sophia felt a burning sensation in her back. The moment she glanced over her shoulder, she noticed Lucy staring at her. Lucy was drinking alone, and she quickly averted her gaze the moment she saw Sophia looking at her. Nevertheless, Sophia still felt that her gaze earlier was brimming with sorrow.

Lucy Edwards is really a tad strange these days. She helped Sandra settle the open and secret dual-priced contracts, invested a lot of money in her project, and even facilitated her meeting with Billy Kim. Besides, she also rebranded King—the luxury brand for pets Sandra previously ruined—to go head-to-head with Pouri. It's truly puzzling... Could it be that Sandra has some dirt on her? But she's such a strong woman, independent and outstanding. What could Sandra have on her? Because of her, it's been rather difficult for me to eliminate this signature advocate of Alex Mitchell, so I should really take some time to investigate her.

As the exhibition was drawing to its end, Michael came looking for Sophia with Carmen. Carmen was pretty tired after all the exposure she'd gotten today, so she was dozing off in Michael's arms. Cooper, however, had disappeared somewhere. The curtain is falling on the exhibition, yet Dad hasn't even seen Louis Osborne. If he misses him this time, it'll be a long wait before he'll get to see him next time. They then phoned Cooper, but he said he wanted some time alone and would go home by himself later. Sophia then bid Louis farewell. She initially wanted to also bid the Yard twins and Anna farewell but found it rather abrupt to seek them without a prior appointment, so she returned home with Michael first.

Meanwhile, Anne and the Yards discussed building an ancestral hall since they'd returned to their homeland. In the end, they decided to have dinner together. Anne happily went in search of Louis as she contemplated a name that would be worthy of her identity. No, I've got to find myself a husband first! Stanley Fletcher, Michael Fletcher, and the likes aren't

worthy of me. I want to find someone like the head of the Michel Family, Fass Michel! While rumor has it that he has a daughter who's pretty old, his brother named Linus or something will do. When I've changed my last name in the future, I'll be able to associate with top-notch people like them. I'll definitely figure out a way to meet Linus! I'm going to be a princess very soon, so I've got to find my destined Prince Charming!

Unexpectedly, her enthusiastic footsteps abruptly came to a halt at the corner as she seemingly spotted something. She saw a man standing quietly before a window in the corridor ahead. The man was tall and slim, his profile more than perfect. From his looks, he appeared to be in his early 30s. His gaze shone with profound maturity, the blue of his eyes bright and alluring as the ocean. He seemed to be of mixed blood. A fallen leaf fluttered in, upon which he stretched out a hand and caught one. He gazed at the leaf caught between his long and slender fingers, his mind wandering to thoughts unknown as his eyes teemed with grief.

He merely stood there silently, forming a beautiful picture of a tragic song. It held Anne so transfixed that her steps ceased, and she stood there looking at him quietly. Has he experienced something devastating? From his back, she could see the sorrow that overflowed from the depths of his soul. He's a person with a story.

Out of the blue, the man seemed to have sensed that someone was watching him furtively. All at once, his sorrowful gaze turned forbidding and domineering. "Who's there?" he demanded frigidly.

Anne jumped in fright. When the man's gaze shifted to her, she felt her breath catching in that instance. The man's powerful aura and shockingly handsome countenance stole her every breath, depriving her brain of oxygen that she couldn't think for a moment, merely staring at him blankly. For the first time, her usually eloquent self was rendered speechless.

The man nonchalantly glanced at her. Upon seeing that she was a young girl, he didn't take offense to her and whirled around to leave.

Anne, on the other hand, was gripped by shock. She'd never seen such a unique man—handsome, mysterious, and powerful. The moment the man disappeared from sight, the powerful aura vanished as well. As a breath of fresh air entered her nostrils, she finally snapped back to her senses, only to immediately chase after the man.

"Sir! Sir, wait a moment..." She'd never felt as bold as she did in that moment as she called out to him. She felt as though she'd regret it for the rest of her life if she didn't call him back.

However, never could she have known that she'd suffer for the rest of her life just because she called out to him.

"What is it?" The man turned back, his gaze still as indifferent as ever.

Mustering her courage, Anne stepped forward and tried her best to control the stammer in her voice. "You must be here to attend the solo exhibition of my grandfather, Master Louis Osborne," she noted. When she drew near to him, she suddenly felt his aura growing increasingly distinct the closer she was. At this, the man nodded slightly.

"Why don't you go and discuss the finer points of things with my grandfather?" she instantly blurted.

The man's voice was low yet devoid of emotion. "Mr. Osborne is a busy person, so I won't intrude."

Anne, however, immediately countered, "My grandfather is free now, so I'll take you to him!" After saying that, she led him to Louis. I've decided on him! I don't want any prince or rich heir. Instead, I want this man!

Thus, the man followed her lead to Louis.

Louis' private exhibition was drawing to an end, so he happened to have his head raised, looking everywhere for Anne. He'd particularly asked his fellow acquaintances to bring along their unmarried descendants to this exhibition today, hoping that she'd take a fancy to one of them. To his surprise, he caught sight of her approaching excitedly with a man in no time.

Nudging his reading glasses, he scrutinized the man. Hmm... he looks pretty decent, so it seems that Anne has quite some taste. But he appears to be somewhat up in years. No matter how I look at him, he can't be any younger than 30 years old. Nonetheless, 30 isn't too old. After all, my idol, Michael Fletcher, is already 40 years old, and this man looks much younger than him.

Bringing the man over to him, Anne exuberantly exclaimed, "This is my new friend, Grandpa! His name is Cooper Mitchell, and he's your long-time fan!"

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“Cooper Mitchell? Cooper Mitchell as alluded to in the phrase, ‘if the city generals were present’?” Louis hurriedly asked.

Cooper nodded. “Yes, that’s correct.” He didn’t dare reveal himself as the arms leader, Fass, so he merely introduced himself with his real name.

Louis then cordially shook hands with him. “What an impressive name! It’s truly remarkable!” I approve of this grandson-in-law! His name marks him as one with sophistication and character. Besides, he looks like a gentleman at a single glance, so he’s worthy of my granddaughter! But... if my memory serves me, Michael had just asked me for a writing of that stanza the other day. Perhaps this Cooper Mitchell is an acquaintance of his! I’ve got to inquire about him from Michael someday and ascertain his background. If his family background is fine, then Anne can just marry him!

Meanwhile, Anne’s face had been stained pink the entire time with the exact kind of shyness one would exhibit when bringing one’s boyfriend home to meet one’s family. Upon seeing that Louis seemed very much satisfied with Cooper, she swiftly advocated him, saying, “Mr. Mitchell has been a fan of your writing for many years. His writing is also very impressive!”

At this, Louis quickly ordered his assistant to get him a dip pen and inkwell. “Here, here. Why don’t we learn from each other? I love learning from young people like you!”

Joy welled up within Cooper. It’s a great honor to learn from a great artist like Louis Osborne! Who said that an arms leader can’t pose as an arts aficionado? Picking up the pen, he wrote two lines, the two phrases from which his name originated.

When he was done writing, shock inundated Louis the moment he looked at the writing. A person’s writing reflects the person himself, for one’s writing mirrors his inner character. He’d been looking at people’s writings his entire life, so he knew that this person before him was someone remarkable when he saw his writing. It’s neat and tidy, the writing penetrating to the back of the paper itself. There’s spirit and mettle. It’s impressive writing, proving him to be an impressive man!

Since Cooper wrote the second stanza of ‘Beyond the Border,’ he picked up the pen and wrote the first stanza: ‘The same moon shone on the same fortress, yet hardly anyone made

a return from the distant border.' The moment he was done, he stamped it with his seal and gave it to Cooper when the ink had dried. "Here, here, this is a meeting gift for you."

Cooper accepted the writing in delight. It'll be a poem when I combine it with the one I got from Michael! "Thank you, Mr. Osborne."

Subsequently, Louis inquired about Cooper's family background on behalf of his shy granddaughter. "Young man, you must be a giant among men considering your remarkable looks. You're definitely someone, so would you mind leaving me your contact for future communication?"

Cooper then asked his assistant for a business card before handing it to him with both hands. As he did so, he expounded, "I'm Cooper Mitchell from the Mitchell Family in Bayside City. My father is Woody Mitchell."

At the mention of Woody Mitchell, a light bulb went off in Louis' head. So, it's him... Woody Mitchell! Sure enough, he's from an influential family. I strongly agree with this marriage!

Secreting away Cooper's writing and business card, Anne daydreamed about it the entire night. Even during the family dinner, she was still smiling for no reason. When Xena noticed this, she teased her, asking, "Why are you so happy today, Anne? Did you take a fancy to someone? Go on ahead and tell me!"

Her face flushing with embarrassment, Anne refused to talk, but Louis spilled the beans in the next instance. "I saw my grandson-in-law today. He's from the Mitchell Family, an influential family. He seems pretty talented, a giant among men! Here, here, I've got his photo here! I'll pass it around!" A photographer took pictures for him today, and he happened to snap one of Cooper. At this time, he took out the photo and passed it around the table.

"His writing was exceptional, too! Anne, take it out quickly and show it to the others!" Anne shyly took out Cooper's writing which she'd already had someone secure within a scroll for safekeeping.

When the others glimpsed Cooper's countenance in the photo, they all exclaimed, "He really looks handsome! Look at his shapely brows and eyes. Alas, he's of mixed blood!"

"It's okay. Mixed blood doesn't matter. It's the modern day now, so let's just relinquish the old customs of the past!"



Xena, however, muttered with a frown, "This man... Well, I saw him a few days ago. He's indeed very handsome, but he has a daughter. His daughter can't be any younger than 17 or 18 years old, so I think he's probably married."

When Cade and Callum saw the picture, they both closed their mouths subtly. Isn't this Sophia Edwards' biological father? They then exchanged a look. Well, this marriage is feasible. Cooper Mitchell is very powerful, and he's practically an overlord in Bayside City, so it'll be beneficial in facilitating the Yard Family's entry into Bayside City. Besides, if this marriage goes through, we'll be Sophia's uncle, and she'll get it from us then!

Thus, Callum hurriedly said, "He's indeed a little old for Anne, but for men who are established in their careers like him, such is usually the golden age. He has twins, a son and a daughter, but he'd been widowed for many years. If there are no objections, I can help out with this."

Although there was a rule forbidding intermarriage with foreigners pertaining to direct descendants of the Yard Family to maintain the purity of the bloodline, with the penalty being disinheritance, Anne had no right to inherit, so it didn't matter even if she intermarried.

When Anne learned that Cooper already had a son and daughter, mild disappointment swamped her. Nonetheless, she immediately disregarded it. Nothing matters as long as I get to be with him.

After they'd all discussed it for a while, everyone agreed that Cooper was quite a good candidate. He was a superior choice in all aspects, so age didn't seem to be such a huge issue anymore when he'd gone well and above every other requirement. After all, the wives of successful men were always 20 years or so younger than their husbands.

Anna was the only one who kept mum. Slowly unfurling the scroll that had been passed around, she was greeted by powerful writing that penetrated the back of the paper. As she brushed her fingers across the writing, she could sense the great character within. Staring at the words, she inexplicably found it exceedingly familiar, but she just couldn't remember where she'd seen them. Perhaps it's because it's an ancient poem... that I might have just seen it in my past life.

Meanwhile, at Villa No. 8 in The Imperial... Achoo! Just after Cooper had scooped some rice for himself, he sneezed loudly, feeling as though someone was speaking of him behind his back.

All at once, Sophia reminded him in utmost concern, "The weather is changing recently, so be careful that you don't catch a cold, Dad. Speaking of that, I don't think you should go home today. Just stay here at my place for a few days. I'll have the kitchens prepare some nourishing soup for you."

Cooper nodded. He'd been planning to stay for a few days anyway. In the past, he'd felt that distance wasn't a problem with the advent of modern technology since meetings and business negotiations could be done through video via projection technology, but ever since he'd found his daughter, he realized that nothing could beat talking to her in person no matter how realistic the projection might be.

Thus, he was now coming over to Sophia's place every so often when he used to be a homebody. It was quite a distance from Riverdale, so it was quite congested were he to drive here. Nevertheless, he was determined to come even if he had to cram into the subway. At times, when he couldn't get onto the subway during peak hours, he'd avoid the packed subway and come over by riding a public bicycle!

It was difficult for Michael to imagine his good- and young-looking father-in-law being sandwiched on the subway. Perhaps there were even perverse old women who seized the opportunity to grope him! "It must be a tiring commute for you, my dear father-in-law. Why don't you just move in?" he immediately griped moodily.

It was just meant as a dour retort, but Cooper unexpectedly took it seriously. "Sure." Immediately after, he turned his head slightly and made a call to his housekeeping robot in Riverdale through his Bluetooth headset. "Siri, I'll be living at The Imperial henceforth. Make preparations to move houses at once. Pack up everything in the workroom, study, gym, bedroom, and bathroom. Then, ship them over as soon as possible."