

# My Dreamy Old Husband Chapter 1186

Suddenly, a cone of ice cream was put in front of him. "Would you like to have some ice cream?"

Derek looked up to find that the corners of his mouth tasted salty; only then did he come to his senses and realize that his face was wet with tears. He wiped his tears away, saying, "Thank you."

Derek glanced at Quinton without saying a word as they ate ice cream silently.

His mind seemed to have recovered its balance when he looked at Quinton. At the very least, he didn't go astray, and somebody was still caring about him.

After eating the ice cream, Derek pulled himself together. Having a decision in mind, he looked firmly at Quinton before saying, "Let's leave the mountain tomorrow."

Quinton had lied down after eating his ice cream. Playing with his cell phone, he replied, "Okay."

It had been seven days since Derek 'died'.

Over the last seven days, Sandra and Alex played up Derek's death as much as possible. They seemed to have concluded that Derek must have been killed by either Sophia or Michael.

Sit-in protests had been staged downstairs at Dragon Technology's premises from time to time, for many urged the relevant departments to find the actual murderer to avenge Derek.

The police repeatedly asserted that the murderers had been found, and Sophia actually had nothing to do with the homicide. Even so, the public refused to believe this. To them, even the victim's family couldn't be fooled by this story, let alone the outsiders. Moreover, Dragon Technology hadn't handed over Derek's remains even now, so there must be something terribly wrong behind this!

There were huge crowds of people downstairs at Dragon Technology's premises on the seventh day after Derek's death. Sandra and Alex showed up downstairs together; leading many of the Mitchells, they occupied the entrance and burned offerings for Derek.

As they burned the offerings, they cried with great sadness.

Sandra knew that the longer the matter dragged on, the worse it would be for her. She must make a big deal out of this incident as soon as possible to benefit from this.

"My poor brother, please come out and meet me if you can see us. Tell Dad and me who killed you! Don't be afraid, for Dad and I will certainly speak up for you. You have the entire Mitchell Family at your back! Oh, my brother! My poor, poor brother..."

Not only Sandra and Alex were wailing downstairs; a group of Mitchells who ranked as Derek's junior in the family hierarchy were even forced to wear deep mourning and kneel downstairs; they wailed for the dead while burning offerings.

Standing in the mushroom-shaped building, Cooper couldn't help going ballistic at the sight of the scene. "This is so embarrassing! What a shame this is!"

However, this scene wasn't embarrassing in Alex's eyes. To him, this was the golden opportunity to make Cooper fall from power, so he had to continue what he was doing no matter how embarrassing this was.

Since people were wailing for the dead downstairs and sitting in from time to time, the hotel's business was seriously affected, so even the hotel received many complaints.

Cooper didn't expect to witness such a spectacle in his lifetime.

He simply pulled the curtains and stopped looking at the scene, for he really didn't want to spare a glance at these people.

It never occurred to him that the Mitchells had sunk to such a level 20 years after he left. Such a way of doing things was no different from that of the upstarts who shouted abuses in public! They couldn't care less about the honor and dignity of the nobility.

Holding Derek's black-and-white photo in her arms, Sandra stood downstairs while wailing as the reporters pointed their cameras at her. Her face was streaming with tears as she cried pitifully while saying, "We don't want to stir up trouble; I just want to get my younger

brother's remains back! Today is the seventh day after his death, yet I can't even find his remains! Oh, God! How could you treat my brother like this? My poor brother!"

Sandra Mitchell, the former Universal Games champion, publicly demanded to redress the wrong done to her younger brother, creating a great stir.

Derek died, but his remains went missing. What an utter injustice!

There must be some secrets behind Derek's death.

Sophia was also watching them in the building, for she wanted to see when they would stop making a scene.

Sandra seemed to be certain that Derek had died and that Sophia had hidden his remains away. If Sophia handed over his remains, it could then be determined that she had murdered him; if she couldn't hand over his remains, it would be proven that something was wrong with Dragon Technology, and they were the ones who killed Derek!

Derek had gone missing, and the people involved were dead. The three murderers who killed him had died, and the oil tanker that rammed into their car had exploded on the spot, killing the oil tanker's driver. Since there were no witnesses to testify, Sophia and Cooper were caught in a no-win situation, and both of them could never turn the tables.

Some even made Michael the target of their attack; they forcibly dragged him into the case by seeing him as an accomplice.

It's really impressive of them to raise such a ruckus from early in the morning until noon! It's such a cold day, and it's snowing. Aren't they bothered by the cold? thought Sophia to herself.

It was already noon, and the reporters had left for lunch, but the Mitchells still refused to leave. They kneeled on the floor and warmed their hands with their breaths while shivering, whereas Sandra and Alex had returned to their van to have lunch.

Sophia uttered, "It's okay. Just let them make trouble while we have lunch first. I shall treat everyone to lunch today."

They had to eat their fill to have the strength to confront these people.

Cooper didn't want to go out because he thought that this scene was too embarrassing. Sophia, however, was seething with rage; for Derek's sake, she must go downstairs and raise merry hell with the Mitchells on this day!

Michael sneaked into the building from the parking lot at noon to deliver sautéed lobster and nourishing mutton soup to her.

Celine, who came with him as well, was carrying a few boxes carefully. The instant she entered the company, she searched everywhere for Quinton. "Where's my brother? Where's my little brother?"

After finding Quinton—who was sleeping in a corner—she pulled at him like a kid, urging, "Get up and have lunch, Quinton!"

Quinton rubbed his sleepy eyes and got up to have lunch.

Seeing Quinton's decadent appearance, Michael was exasperated, for the former failed to meet his expectations. He reproved with a commanding look, "Just look at you! You never change your clothes, wash your pants, shave your beard, comb your hair, or even smarten yourself up! All you do every day is eat and sleep, and you never tidy your room. Do you think it's cool to only know to play games and play with your cell phone every day..."

Quinton's eyes were heavy with sleep, and his unkempt hair hung above his eyebrows, making him look a bit wild and uninhibited. He opened the lunchbox Celine gave him while Michael rattled on in exasperation.

Celine loved him dearly, though. She kept picking up food for him, saying, "Here, Quinton, eat this. This is delicious."

Michael stared at Quinton with a look of exasperation in his eyes, but he could do nothing else with the latter. He couldn't help thinking to himself, What's the point of the existence of something inhuman like a younger brother?

Quinton thought to himself, This brother of mine is so annoying.

The Mitchells had intended to hold their annual year-end meeting here on this day, so there were many people in the company. The Mitchells were all here, and even Linus—who didn't have the surname Mitchell—was present. Everyone didn't expect Alex to come and make

trouble, so they were prepared to go out and put up a vigorous fight with him after eating their fill.

It could be said that this day was the first time they would rip each other in public like this ever since the Mitchells were split up, so everyone really looked forward to it.

Family scandals shouldn't be made public. Since someone as famous as Sandra could risk losing face by putting up a fight in public, they could only fulfil her wish!

Everyone had spent the entire morning having the meeting. As the head of the Mitchell Family, Cooper made a speech and voiced his plans for the new year.

Filled with enthusiasm, everyone was ready to roll up their sleeves under Cooper's leadership.

Everyone then had lunch after the meeting ended.

The sight of the current size of this branch family of the Mitchells filled Cooper with gratification. Currently, the branch family owned many properties of different sizes apart from Dragon Technology and Mitchell International Energy and Technology. These companies had expanded to a very considerable scale over the past two years, which was even faster than he had expected.

The younger generation is to be regarded with respect!

Cooper waved his hand after lunch, saying, "I hereby declare this meeting adjourned."

Everyone gave a cheer and gathered up their stuff before going downstairs, ready to fight with Alex and his men.

Cooper shook his head in resignation while looking at the group of high-spirited young people.

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After finishing her lunch and resting downstairs for a while, Sandra came out and bawled tearlessly again while holding Derek's black-and-white photo with both hands. "Oh, my poor brother! If you're in heaven, please open your eyes and look at me! Who killed you? Say something!"

She had decided to stay here for the whole day. Sophia and Cooper could run away, but their company couldn't disappear overnight, so they would eventually have to come out and give her an explanation! She didn't believe that they could keep hiding like this.

As expected, after she uttered a few cries, she saw a group of people marching down the building. They were led by none other than Sophia, who yelled, "Don't you know who killed your younger brother better than anyone else, Sandra Mitchell?"

Sophia's cold voice sounded so dignified that it drowned out the noise at the scene. Striding up toward Sandra with a steely expression, she asked several questions in a row, as if not giving Sandra any chance to interrupt. "I'd like to ask where Derek's father and sister were when he lived all by himself as a child. Where were his father and sister when he dropped out of school and nearly went astray by being initiated into a gang? I'd also like to ask where his father and sister were when he lived on the streets alone after his relatives took the opportunity of his family tragedy to seize his family's property!"

She truly felt that Derek didn't deserve this as she shifted her gaze back and forth between Sandra and Alex.

"Let me answer these questions for you!" Sophia continued sarcastically. "You both were living in glory back when he was forced to live on the streets. One of you covered yourself in glory as a world champion, whereas the other enjoyed a high position and great wealth as the Mitchell Group's president. You two never cared about his fate. You both don't deserve to be his family!"

However, Sandra didn't take Sophia's words to heart at all. Seeing that Sophia had arrived, she threw Derek's photo aside and stepped forward to grab Sophia, yelling, "Give me my brother back! It was you who killed my brother!"

Then, overestimating herself, she even rushed at Sophia and exchanged blows with her!

Something is wrong! thought Sophia to herself. She had beaten Sandra up so many times before, during which the latter never gained the upper hand. Sandra must know that she was no match for her when it came to exchanging blows.

Something is amiss!

This time was different from usual. Since people were coming and going downstairs at the company, Sophia couldn't exchange blows with Sandra like delinquent teenagers, so she immediately backed away when she saw Sandra lunging at her.

As she had expected, she smelled a familiar smell as soon as she got close to Sandra. She had often smelled this on Michael; it was the smell of fake blood.

If she got too close to Sandra, the blood packet would burst, and the next day's headlines would read, 'Ex-World Champion Had Her Face Covered In Blood After Being Beaten up in Public for Demanding Justice for Her Deceased Brother'.

"Stay clear of her, everyone! She's going to feign injury!" Sophia shouted. Those who belonged to the Mitchells' branch family immediately dispersed, and Sophia herself ran away with lightning speed.

Sandra chased after her with her hair in disarray. She looked very crazy, which was very consistent with the image of a sister who was driven to despair by the loss of her younger brother.

However, her eyes were flickering despite her unkempt hair. She was determined to make Sophia unable to clear her name on this day!

However, she couldn't catch up with Sophia, who ran faster than anyone else. Hence, she changed her target and lunged at one of the Mitchells instead.

Vincent, the traitor! I'll choose him!

Unfortunately, Vincent immediately ran away when he saw her coming at him.

Sandra then spotted Drake. She remembered this damned security guard, who wasn't even qualified to clean the toilet for her back in the Mitchell Family. Unexpectedly, he rode Michael's coattails and became a person who seemed to be of some worth. He made his debut in a blockbuster and was even described as Taylor Murray's successor!

Unfortunately, Drake also ran away very quickly, preventing her from jumping on him.

As recorded by the cell phone cameras of countless passersby, Sandra, the world champion, really made a fool of herself by lunging at people everywhere with her hair in disarray on this day, looking like an evil spirit.

This didn't matter to her, though. As long as she managed to jump on any of these people, she would immediately bring Sophia and Cooper down, so it no longer mattered even if she would lose face.

Justin, Sean, Dimon, and the others fled at the sight of her. Finally, she managed to jump on someone as she wished. Pressing herself against the person, she then broke the fake blood packet in her arms that she had prepared long ago.

"Aaaaah!" she screamed on the spot while falling into the person's arms to rub the fake blood all over him.

Finally getting what she wished for, she covered her belly with her hand and staggered a few steps back before collapsing weakly.

"There's a puddle of blood on the floor!"

"Oh, my God!"

"She's bleeding!"

At the sight of the scene, Alex instantly rushed up to Sandra and held her in his arms. "Oh, my God! What's happened to you, Sandra? Oh, darling! Somebody help! Someone's killed my daughter! Are you alright, darling? Don't die! You all killed my daughter in public after murdering my son! Do you all still have respect for the law?"

More and more onlookers gathered around the scene when they saw that someone was getting killed. Upon the commotion, the group of Mitchells who were dressed in mourning immediately rushed to the scene and hurled abuses at those on Sophia's side, creating an extremely noisy scene.

Cooper could even hear the noise upstairs, so he lifted a corner of the curtain and looked at the scene. What a disgrace! he thought to himself.

The Mitchells had indeed lost face right now, but they had no other alternatives.

Cooper seemed to be keeping himself out of the affair the whole time, but he had been clamping down on the Mitchells. He didn't have to deliberately crack down on them at all. He could restrict the Mitchells' space for development bit by bit simply by expanding his business. Therefore, bringing Alex down was only a matter of time.

The Mitchells had little time left even if they secured the investment from the Yard Family.

The more frenzied they were right now, the more it proved that they had been driven into a corner. They were now counting on seizing this opportunity to drag Cooper into the mire.

"What a shame they've brought to themselves," mumbled Cooper. Still, he decided to go downstairs and take a look after thinking for a moment.

Meanwhile, the Mitchells had gone totally crazy downstairs. Alex wailed while holding Sandra in his arms, whereas the Mitchells cried and hurled abuses behind them, making a huge scene.

Sophia stood aside and watched the spectacle, for she wanted to see how shameful Sandra and Alex could be.

"Barf!" Sandra spat a mouthful of blood at Alex while looking more dead than alive. Alex also looked half-dead as he held his daughter in his arms. "Oh, my darling daughter! Open your eyes and look at me! Don't die!"

A group of aged elders stepped forward and hurled abuses at Sophia. "How could you kill a member of your family in public as a descendant of the Mitchell Family? I must report this to our ancestors! They are watching from heaven, so they would certainly—"

Pointing at the other side, Sophia interrupted, "You're mistaken. The one who killed her wasn't me, but him!"

The Elders immediately changed their target and pointed the finger at the young man whom Sandra was trying to extort. The man seemed very young, and he was dressed in a cream-colored winter coat that carried the emblem of Cooper's branch of the family. There was a horrifying patch of blood on his chest, and his hands were covered in blood. He was the one who had 'killed' Sandra just now.

He could never run away, and neither could Cooper!

The Mitchells' Elders condemned the young man, saying, "You're a murderer! You all killed Derek before killing Sandra in public, thereby bringing disgrace upon the family and our ancestors. You all won't be able to die a natural death! Don't you ever think of escaping the Mitchells' punishment even if you all can avoid being punished according to the law!"

Bursting into floods of tears, Alex came forward and barked at the young man, "Give my son and my daughter back to me! Oh, my poor Derek, I have let you down!"

However, he failed to notice the sardonic grin on the face of the young man dressed in the white winter coat.

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Looking aloof and indifferent, the young man pressed his lips together without saying a word. He took a few steps forward and made his way to the midst of the crowd of the Mitchells' elders, who then surrounded and scolded him. Alex even demanded his life, thinking that he was the murderer who had killed his son, Derek.

The passersby also looked at the young man.

Wait a minute. Isn't the man none other than...

Suspecting that they had made a mistake, the onlooking crowd took out their cell phones and searched for the news photos to compare the person in the photos with the man before them.

As expected, they're exactly alike! That's him!

The young man wearing a white winter coat didn't speak, as if he could say nothing in his defense. He simply looked at Alex, who cried so hard that he almost collapsed.

Alex was almost 70 years old, and he was greying at the temples. Yet, he lost his son in his old age, which was indeed a tragedy in his life. He cried so sorrowfully that his hair seemed to have grayed a little. He beat the young man, looking as if he was hanging from the latter's body.

“Give my son and daughter back to me, you bunch of murderers!” He even raised his hand and slapped the young man in a fit of grief.

The young man looked coldly at Alex and the Mitchells just like that, without saying a word from beginning to end. His face still had the fake blood Sandra had rubbed on him, making him look very wretched.

The Mitchells’ elders seemed to have their eyes on the young man. They dragged him to the front of Derek’s memorial tablet, demanding him to kneel down before Derek’s grave. The young man didn’t resist despite being pushed around and yelled at. He walked up to Derek’s memorial tablet before being forced to kneel down.

They seemed to believe that the young man was the murderer who had killed Derek, so they were incredibly excited. They felt as if they had gotten something on Cooper and could bring him down very soon.

“Come out, Cooper! Now that your men killed someone in public, what else can you say?!”

“Cooper, you disrespected your elders and betrayed the Mitchells back then; now, you even ordered one of your men to kill someone in public. Come out and give us an explanation!”

“Come out! Don’t think that you can hide for the rest of your life!”

The Mitchells held down the young man as he kneeled on the floor. Even so, the young man still straightened his back and looked straight at Derek’s memorial tablet as well as the black-and-white photo on it.

The Mitchells were so excited that they didn’t notice something was wrong, nor did they notice that the onlooking crowd’s mood had changed.

Sandra was still lying on the floor and playing dead as fake blood was splattered all over the floor. Alex cried so hard that he wore himself out and was supported by those next to him. The younger generation of the Mitchells wore deep mourning and kneeled on the floor while the Mitchells’ aged elders shouted abuses downstairs.

Everyone seemed very excited as they stared at Sophia and the top of the building, where Cooper was at. “Cooper, if you still don’t come down, we’ll go up and catch you to make you pay for Derek’s death with your life.”

No one cared about the young man in the white winter coat, who was kneeling on the floor. Their target was Cooper, not him.

He couldn't help laughing as he rubbed the fake blood covering his hands on his white winter coat.

The onlooking crowd held their cell phones while taking videos of the scene. Still kneeling on the floor, the younger Mitchells who dressed in deep mourning looked up occasionally to see the young man's face and the black-and-white photo on Derek's memorial tablet. After comparing the two faces, they were immediately flabbergasted.

The young man in the white winter coat is Derek!

Derek didn't die at all!

At this moment, Derek couldn't help laughing as he kneeled on his knees with his back straightened. The onlooking outsiders and some of the Mitchells had apparently discovered his identity. However, the Mitchells were very immersed in the atmosphere, and Alex and Sandra had just been brought into their characters, so it wasn't convenient for them to disturb these people.

Some Mitchells, who still wanted to save face, had quietly torn off their family emblem and sneaked away.

The onlooking crowd stood idly by and continued watching the spectacle. None of them reminded the Mitchells since what was happening in front of them wasn't of their personal interest.

Some people, including Sophia, stood aside and watched the spectacle quietly to see when the Mitchells would finally realize something was wrong.

Alex and Sandra were obviously unaware that they had made laughing stocks out of themselves. They were still hamming it up, thinking that they had dragged Cooper into the mire.

The Mitchells even started to spit at the entrance!

They are truly incredible.

Finally, Cooper showed up amid the Mitchells' elders' curses.

Cooper dressed very formally on this day since he was here for the meeting. Wearing a scrupulous black business suit under a black windbreaker to keep warm, he still looked incredibly young and was still at the peak of his handsomeness with his incredibly youthful looks. He looked cool, charming, and mysterious as he strode toward the crowd.

Compared to the old and doddering Alex, who had made a spectacle of himself, Cooper was divinely handsome.

Cooper showed up with Michael on his left and Linus on his right. Their handsome looks caused screams of excitement to be heard among the crowd the instant they appeared.

Michael felt that he looked less imposing when he was walking beside his young-looking father-in-law.

Cooper rarely showed himself in public since he consistently kept a low profile and was secretive. During the second episode of 'Where Are We Going, Dad?', the filming crew came to their home to film the changes at their home after they joined the show. Cooper and the piglet appeared on-screen for only two seconds, and the episode's viewership skyrocketed.

Because of that, Cooper was called 'Cethos' most handsome grandfather' and 'the grandfather whom every Cethosian dreamed of having'!

Seeing that Cooper showed up, Alex pounced on him at once. "Give my son back to me, Cooper!"

Cooper looked at Alex expressionlessly with a flicker in his eyes. Just when Alex was coming at him, Dimon kicked him on the spot and sent him flying. This could be considered an act of revenge for what had happened on Edwards Island.

"Wow!" Everyone was shocked.

Alex was kicked so hard that he fell onto the floor and couldn't get up for a long time. Also, he naturally began to bawl, "Help me, please! Someone's trying to kill me!"

The few elders wanted to stop Cooper, but they didn't expect him to be surrounded by many expert fighters. After being glared at, they dared not move forward, for they were truly scared that Cooper would have them kicked and sent flying.

Cooper walked into the center of the commotion before glancing at the younger Mitchells, who wore deep mourning and pretended to mourn for the dead. After that, he turned his gaze first to Sandra—who was playing dead—then to Alex, who was bawling tearlessly while lying on the floor. Then, he looked at the so-called elders, who prided themselves on their seniority and were sharp-tongued but didn't look like elders at all.

The sight of the scene grieved him so much that he heaved a long sigh. After looking around the scene, he said, "The glory that the Mitchells enjoy today is the result of our forefathers' sacrifices. Back when our country was faced with a crisis, everyone was fighting against foreign intruders. The Mitchells never fell behind anyone else in donating money and volunteering themselves. They'd rather die on the battlefield to defend our country's borders or perish under the intruding foreigners' tyrannical rule than die in exile like a coward! How many members of the Mitchells' older generations have died for us to enjoy our glory today? If they learned that you all trampled on the honor they fought for using their own lives just like this..."

He could no longer continue his speech at this point, and some younger Mitchells who had a sense of shame hung their heads.

Cooper swiftly and sternly strode past the fake-bawling Alex, who suddenly reached out and grabbed Cooper's leg. "You killed my son, so give me back my son!"

Seeing the way Alex looked, Cooper fiercely stepped on his hand.

It disgusted him to even take a glance at this man!

Alex grabbed his hand and rolled on the ground after being stepped on. "Help! Someone's trying to kill me!"

Meanwhile, Sean and Sophia had helped up the kneeling Derek.

Derek felt relaxed all over after kneeling this time. From this day onward, Derek, the son of Alex, had died for good.

Now, he was no longer related to Alex!

# My Dreamy Old Husband Chapter 1189

Sandra was still playing dead on the floor when she suddenly heard a voice ringing in her ear. "Stop pretending. Get up."

It was Derek's voice!

Sandra opened her eyes to see Derek standing in front of her with his face covered in blood. After being stunned for a few seconds, she cried out in shock, "Aah!"

Sandra, who had been more dead than alive just a moment ago, was so frightened that she instantly sat up. Summoning all her strength at once, she no longer seemed to be dying as she was just now while she dragged her bloodied feet backward as fast as possible.

"Help! It wasn't me who killed you! It wasn't me who killed you!" Sandra's arms flailed around. Her body was covered in blood, making her look no different from a crazy woman. "Help me, please! There's a ghost here!"

Derek stepped forward with a wicked smile on his bloodied face before saying sinisterly, "Weren't you trying to evoke my spirit from the dead? Today is the seventh day since I died, and I'm back to visit you."

He approached her step by step, looking really like an evil spirit with a ferocious expression on his face, which was covered in the blood she had rubbed on him.

Sandra was really frightened. She kept moving backward while saying incoherently, "It wasn't me, it wasn't me; I didn't kill you!"

Derek laughed in desolation before purposely speaking in a cold voice. "The three people who killed me told me everything. My death was so unjust..."

Sandra was scared to death. She kept moving backward with her arms flailing around, as though there was a spider web before her. She cried and screamed at the top of her lungs, "Help! Help..."

As she screamed, she knocked over Derek's memorial tablet, scattering the offerings all over the floor. She picked up the offerings and hurled them at Derek hysterically, screaming, "Help! There's a ghost here!"

No longer paying attention to her, Derek turned to Alex, who was wailing on the floor.

Alex had felt that Derek looked familiar when he saw the latter. However, he didn't know where he had seen Derek even though he had spent the entire morning crying while holding his black-and-white photo in his arms.

This was also the first time Derek came face-to-face with his biological father in so many years.

As he remembered, Alex rarely came to visit him, so he couldn't remember what Alex looked like at all, and they never had a chance to meet after he grew up. Unexpectedly, this was where he was meeting his father for the first time in his adulthood.

Upon seeing Alex, Derek didn't speak immediately. Instead, he fell to his knees and kowtowed twice in the snow. After that, he said, "Dad, this is the last time I'm calling you 'dad'."

He looked up at Alex with a bitter smile.

Alex carefully made out what Derek looked like for a moment before looking at the latter's photo. Only then did he come to his senses, exclaiming, "Y-You are Derek!"

However, he couldn't admit this, so he immediately took a few steps back and yelled, "You're not my son, Derek! Who the hell are you?!" He turned to the crowd, looking desperate. "He's not my son! He's an imposter! My son is dead, so who the hell is he? Why is he pretending to be my son? Guys, this man is disguising himself as my son; hurry up and catch him!"

Derek had stood up; looking at Alex with an incredibly calm look in his eyes, he said, "Thank you for giving me the gift of life. But from today onward, Mr. Alex Mitchell, you and I are no longer related."

With that, he turned around and walked up to Cooper without the slightest reluctance. Patting him on the shoulder, Cooper assured him sincerely, "You'll always be a good son of the Mitchell Family."

Derek smiled as he got into the car after Cooper. After that, the car drove off into the distance.

Only then did Sandra realize that Derek didn't die at all.

She looked around and saw that so many people around her were watching her make a fool of herself.

"Ha! Derek isn't dead at all, yet this good sister couldn't recognize her younger brother when they were face-to-face. What a 'close' relationship between the siblings!"

"Even Alex couldn't recognize his son, who was right before him, let alone his sister! I really wonder how Alex is as a father!"

Sandra had become the laughing stock of the whole Bayside City and even Cethos from the moment she extorted Derek.

Right now, the ground outside Dragon Technology's premises was littered with miscellaneous items, joss papers, and unclaimed mourning clothes that had been thrown away.

Alex, Sandra, and Alex's branch of the family were pointed at and gossiped about. They were still shouting abuses, but what they said sounded even more vulgar than that of a shrew; they didn't look like members of the nobility at all.

Meanwhile, Cooper's branch of the family had finished their meeting and was about to have a gathering and relax at Audistin nearby before their evening feast. Since it was rare for the whole family to gather together and speak their minds freely, everyone was very happy; they talked and laughed along the way.

Since they were here on this day for the meeting, all of them were very well-dressed. The men were impressive in appearance with their suits and leather shoes, whereas the ladies were dressed in formal attire. Each of them, dressed exquisitely, had a charm of their own. They talked and laughed as they walked past the mess created by Alex's branch of the family in twos and threes.

Not only were they elegant in appearance, their spirits also set them apart from the others. It was perhaps because they were members of the nobility that every single one of them looked extraordinarily outstanding.

Compared to these good-looking ladies and gentlemen, Alex's branch of the family had made real fools of themselves by acting like buffoons.

People kept tearing off Alex's emblem on themselves quietly before sneaking away with Cooper's branch of the family.

Sandra was covered in blood; judging from the amount of blood she had lost, it seemed that she was close to death. Unexpectedly, she sprang to her feet, jumped about, and even threw offerings at people just now. Having made a fool out of herself, she looked totally unlike an injured person with her rosy cheeks and energetic appearance right now.

Numerous cameras were aimed at Sandra as the onlooking crowd took pictures of her, eager to take photos of her buffoonery.

Only then did Sandra realize that she had been tricked from the very beginning. Looking at the crowd who were photographing her with their cell phones, she knew that a disaster was imminent, so she kept knocking off the cell phones, yelling, "Don't take pictures! Don't take pictures!"

As she kept making threatening gestures and knocking off the onlookers' cell phones with a ferocious expression, she suddenly sensed something. She couldn't help looking back to see Sophia standing among the crowd consisting of members of Cooper's branch of the family. While she was striding off, she suddenly glanced back at Sandra.

Having exquisite makeup, she wore a professional-looking business dress under a camel-colored jacket. She looked at Sandra—who was acting like a buffoon—with a look of ridicule in her eyes.

After curling her lip, she turned around and left while holding Michael's hand.

Her sardonic smile seemed to replay in slow motion endless times in Sandra's mind.

Sandra really hated Sophia's guts. She must have had everything planned out, aiming for me to make a spectacle of myself!

She had put in so much more effort than anyone else since she was a child to become the Young Lady of the Mitchell Family. This grand title should belong to her, and no one could snatch it away from her!

Alex's branch of the family was completely reduced to a laughing stock after this incident. Countless videos of Sandra knocking into her younger brother, Derek, to extort him circulated online, and so did the videos of Alex, who failed to recognize his son, who was standing right in front of him, despite him wailing with his son's photo in his arms. There were also videos of the sanctimonious elders of the Mitchells, who spat in public and forced Derek to kneel down before the memorial tablet that had his own photo on it.

The Mitchells had played up the incident themselves. Now that they had made such a huge scene, they could no longer wind things up.

The last time the Mitchells brought such a shame upon themselves was when Natasha and Taylor Murray used their stage names to get their marriage license overseas.

Everyone said that the Mitchells must have been cursed.

Right on this day, the Mitchell Family were thoroughly mortified, and many Mitchells crossed over to Cooper's side overnight.

They had wanted to make a big issue of Alex's son's death, but they didn't expect to make themselves the laughing stock of Bayside City!

## My Dreamy Old Husband Chapter 1190

The live coverage of Alex and his family's extortion attempt flew in the face of their noble image, causing the Sports Federation to be very displeased with Sandra. After all, she was originally a sports figure, and it could be said now that she had ruined her own image. This incident, coupled with the previous dog abuse incident and other issues, had completely ruined her public persona.

Knowing that she had been tricked, Sandra went into hiding for a while. The Mitchells kept a low profile after this, but they wouldn't do that for too long, for the founding of Dragon Technology Corporation was a devastating blow to them.

Dragon Technology Corporation outclassed the Mitchell Group both in terms of resources and technical talents. Therefore, it was only a matter of time before the Mitchell Group was outdone.

The fact that Alex had become hysterical along with Sandra this time filled the Mitchells' inner circle and the Mitchell Group's shareholders with intense displeasure.

It seemed that Alex had really become old and senile, so it was time for him to step down.

Meanwhile, Sandra was busy doing charity work everywhere. She held a press conference and apologized publicly, saying that she and her father had been out of their minds because they were devastated by her younger brother's 'passing'. She had a psychiatrist write up medical case reports to gloss over the incident this time as much as possible to reduce the impact to a minimum.

The public wasn't blind, but they had a short memory. In the era of information explosion, new trending issues would constantly emerge and replace the old ones, and everyone would soon forget what they had done. For instance, the Winter Universal Games was coming soon, so everyone's attention was shifted to this.

The Summer Universal Games and Winter Universal Games were held separately, but both events would draw worldwide attention. Sandra had enjoyed a meteoric rise by becoming the world champion in the Summer Universal Games' swimming event years ago.

Several athletes with the surname Mitchell also took part in the Winter Universal Games this time. An 18-year-old lady even made it to the women's singles final of the figure skating event.

On the day of the finals, Sophia called her whole family over to watch the live broadcast together at home.

The Mitchell Family was very gifted in sports since it had produced many sports figures in the past.

In addition to sports figures and domineering company presidents, the Mitchells also nurtured many well-known diplomats, artists, scientists, and others. One could find a figure from the Mitchell Family in almost every field. Cooper attached great importance to the nurturing of talents. Talents didn't fall from the sky; instead, they took a long time to be cultivated.

When it came to nurturing talents, Cooper's principle was to spare no effort in cultivating talents regardless of their background and social status, so the Mitchells spent a lot of money and effort on this. For instance, the parents of the lady who took part in the women's singles of the figure skating event were ordinary workers who were collateral descendants of the Mitchell Family. Still, she displayed a talent for sports since childhood. While she had a gift for ice skating, her brother had a gift for playing soccer, and both of them had won many prizes.

However, it cost a huge amount of money to nurture their talents. Their parents had a hard time since they were ready to spend all the money they had to pay for their training. They had applied to the family for help, but their requests were rejected with no exception.

The justification for the rejection of their application was that it was enough for the Mitchells to have a world champion like Sandra, so another world champion wasn't needed.

In other words, collateral descendants could never dream of standing out among others.

This family followed Cooper when he returned afterward. After Cooper started a new Mitchell Family here, the lady's parents had a shot at applying to the family, and they soon received aid.

Over the last two years, the family had spent a lot of money to hire the best coaches and provide the best training grounds, equipment, and resources. Finally, the siblings were successfully trained, and they had won many world titles.

Right now, the brother was undergoing training to prepare for the World Cup next year, whereas the sister was standing in the venue of the Winter Universal Games' finals.

Since the whole family was very nervous, Cooper took the trouble to watch the finals with them, and many of the Mitchells came as well.

Quinton had been protecting Derek these days, so he came along with the latter on this day.

He just wanted to be a good-for-nothing loafer who spent his day lying down and playing with his cell phone. However, the instant he arrived at Michael's home, he was kept busy all the time.

"Quinton, hold the baby for me. I want to play hide-and-seek with Judge."

"May I braid your hair, Uncle Quinton?"

Right after he sat down, he had a baby girl in his arms; it was Celine's daughter. The small ball of meat quietly slept in his embrace.

Quinton—who had shoulder-length hair because he hadn't had a haircut for a long time—now had Carmen braiding his hair.

Quinton pulled a long face since he was in no mood to speak. Nathan, who was sitting next to him, also pulled a long face; he had had a crew cut like Stanley to prevent Carmen from ruining his hair.

Michael also sat next to Quinton, asking, "How did you escape death that day?"

Quinton was silent.

Michael then asked, "I heard that you brought a parachute with you. So did you stay alive by parachuting from the plane back then?"

Quinton was still silent.

Michael was itching to slap him as he looked at his idleness.

Derek said that he, in fact, didn't slide down the window immediately when he was pushed out of the window. His office was located on the 'tip' of the mushroom-shaped building, so when he fell out of the window, he slid down the 'mushroom cap' for a few seconds. Just then, Quinton caught him and fell off the building together with him. Then, Quinton opened the parachute within five seconds, and they glided along with the wind before landing quite a distance away with minor injuries.

Quinton was averse to skyscrapers because he felt extremely insecure in such buildings. Therefore, he always brought a parachute with him whenever he was in a high-rise building.

Since Quinton answered neither of his questions, Michael stopped speaking to him and took the baby girl in his arms away.

The whole family watched the live broadcast of the figure skating finals. A lady named Haley Mitchell made it to the finals and became the world champion for women's singles in figure skating with her nearly perfect performance.

The entire nation was shocked at that moment!

Cethos' figure skating events had always been in a slump because their athletes were weak at figure skating. Therefore, Haley's winning of the world title this time was of great significance to Cethos.

When the reporters interviewed Haley after the game, she said excitedly to the camera, "I have to thank my parents and my brother for my achievements today. In particular, I'd like to thank Cooper for his support."

Cooper smiled in gratification as he watched the live broadcast.

Sandra naturally paid close attention to the women's figure skating event as well, and she didn't expect the Mitchells to produce another world champion.

Having learned figure skating since childhood, Haley was elegant and graceful, and her youth and beauty made her stand out among the rest. Moreover, she was a member of the Mitchell Family, so she immediately drew the attention of the Cethosian media, with news stories about her soon spreading everywhere.

Even though she was young, she had constantly been breaking her personal record. Moreover, she had won many awards, so she was already a big name in the sports world, but she didn't really make a name for herself until the Winter Universal Games this time.

Some even compared her with Sandra by saying that she was more outstanding than the latter.

The pretty face displayed in the TV news program stung Sandra's eyes.

"She won? She's just the daughter of someone who cleans toilets!"

Her eyes were bloodshot as she went mad with jealousy.

I never expected that someone who cleans toilets dared to compare with me. Who does she think she is? This Haley Mitchell lady simply copied my success!

“Guys, have someone break her leg!”