

My Dreamy Old Husband

Chapter 488

The arrival of Old Master Fletcher changed the whole atmosphere. With a troop of soldiers inside and an even larger troop of soldiers outside, the Mitchell Residence was completely surrounded. Meanwhile, Old Madam Murray, who was discussing the wedding date with Alex earlier, was asked to step to the side.

Old Master Fletcher sat on a sofa while a row of men and women in military uniforms stood at attention behind him as they stared fiercely at the Mitchells, rendering Alex and the others too afraid to even speak. Although Old Master Fletcher was almost a hundred years old, he was healthy and strong. Sitting upright, his aura was intimidating. In order to exhibit her status, Natasha sat beside him, acting obedient and meek.

Finally, Alex broke the silence and asked reverently, "Old Master Fletcher, we're truly honored that you came to our humble abode. May I know the purpose of your visit?"

Looking at Alex, Old Master Fletcher asked in a cold tone, "It seems like the Mitchell Residence is bustling with activity today. What are all of you busy doing?"

Before Alex could answer, Natasha had replied shyly, "Old Master Fletcher, my father and the elders are discussing my wedding to Taylor."

Upon hearing that, Old Master Fletcher snorted. "Really? Taylor? Which Taylor?"

Tilting her head, Natasha smiled innocently as she murmured, "Taylor Murray! He's an actor. Although he isn't quite worthy of the Mitchell Family judging from

his qualifications, I love him and that's what matters the most. Therefore, my father agreed to our marriage in the end."

Upon hearing that, Mark laughed, and so did Sophia. Even a faint smirk appeared on Joel's aloof face. Sophia commented, "True. Taylor isn't worthy of the Mitchell Family and it's a pity that you have to marry him. Since you're not happy with the marriage, why would you even want to marry him?" As Sophia said that, the atmosphere became even stiffer.

Anger started to spike in Alex as he saw that an unrefined girl had the audacity to talk rudely in front of the Mitchells. Just as Alex was about to speak, Mark forestalled him, "Since it's a discussion on their wedding, why isn't the groom or the groom's family here?"

Natasha discreetly shot daggers at Sophia before replying to Mark, "Old Master Fletcher, Taylor can't make it because of his busy schedule, but his grandmother and uncle are here."

Immediately, Old Madam Murray, Larry and Olivia stepped forward, bowing and scraping to Mark. "Old General Fletcher, this is Taylor's grandmother and uncle." Natasha introduced them to Mark before continuing, "Taylor's parents passed away when he was young so his grandmother will be in charge of his marriage."

Snorting, Mark glanced at Old Madam Murray before he sneered, "It's certainly news to me that my grandson has a grandmother and an uncle!"

Mark's grandson? All at once, everyone's expression changed. Why did Mark mention his grandson all of a sudden? Surprised and bewildered, Alex asked, "Old Master Fletcher, your grandson is..."

"My grandson is Michael Fletcher!" Old Master Fletcher looked rather proud when he said that name.

Michael Fletcher? The Mitchells looked at each other. Then and there, they recalled a young collateral relative of the Mitchell Family, Justin Mitchell, who

married Mark's most beloved granddaughter, Celine Fletcher, a few years ago. Sadly, both of them passed away later on. Celine had a twin brother Michael Fletcher, and he was Mark's grandson. Unfortunately, no one had ever met him. Even Celine's wedding was a lowkey affair so no one had ever seen her brother. But why did Old Master Fletcher suddenly bring him up?

Looking at the crowd, Old Master Fletcher proudly announced, "My grandson, Michael Fletcher, is the winner for the Academy Award for Best Actor, and his stage name is Taylor Murray."

All at once, there was an uproar. It turned out that Taylor was Mark's grandson, Celine's brother, and the one who adopted Justin's child?

Mark didn't spare a second for the crowd to calm down before displaying his dignity of a Founding Father as he said in an irrefutable tone, "I object to this marriage!" His tone was powerful and resounding, leaving no leeway of discussion for the Mitchell Family.

Alex and Natasha's face turned pale at once. They had no idea that Taylor was actually Michael Fletcher, Mark's grandson! It was evident that Mark loved his grandson deeply since he, who was almost a hundred years old, was willing to pay them a visit in person! And they... tried to force the Fletcher Family into a marriage!

In just a blink of an eye, Alex was drenched in sweat. Not to mention Natasha, whose face turned ghastly pale in an instant. But soon, her expression softened as she smiled and said, "Old Master Fletcher, I didn't know that Taylor is your grandson. Nevertheless, you came just right in time because Taylor and I have decided to get married."

Unexpectedly, Mark didn't even bother to listen to their explanation and stood up to leave without hesitation. With a strong, healthy body and in steady steps, he strode off. As soon as he left, the large troops of soldiers that he brought here went away like the receding tide, leaving behind the dumbfounded Mitchells.

Natasha was stunned and stood rooted to the spot, not to mention Alex, who didn't even dare to make a sound. Meanwhile, Mark seemed extremely angry. Even so, there was one who wasn't afraid for their life and ran after him.

"Oh, my dear in-law!" Old Madam Murray must have been the happiest among everyone else. Only now did she learn that Elizabeth was married into the Fletcher Family back then. In that case, they didn't even have to establish any relationship with the Fletchers because they were already a family!

Her steps staggering, Old Madam Murray chased after Mark but before she got any nearer to him, she was stopped by Joel and Stanley. Then, Mark turned back to look at Old Madam Murray and said bluntly, "We, the Murrays, are unworthy of a family who sold their own daughter to that dirty business!"

Old Madam Murray stopped all at once. Her face pale, she squeezed out a smile and said, "We're in-laws after all, so we should just let the past be the past."

Unexpectedly, Mark ignored her and left Mitchell Residence without a second glance. For Mark, this was his first meeting with Elizabeth's family but he could understand why she'd rather abandon her children and leave this world back then.

In the past when Theo brought Elizabeth to meet Mark for the first time, Mark was actually fond of her because she was a polite, dauntless girl, who was worthy of Theo. However, the Fletcher Family couldn't accept the blot on her. If she was from a better family and was a common girl, things would be different. Therefore, Mark wouldn't show a hint of kindness or politeness to the Murray Family.

Naturally, Old Madam Murray wouldn't give up on this marriage after finding out that Michael had such a strong background so she persistently called out to Mark. Unfortunately, he didn't even spare her a glance.

Once Mark left, two police cars immediately stopped in front of the door. Then, a few policemen got down from the car and barged into Mitchell Residence, showing their credentials to Olivia. "Are you Olivia Murray? Someone reported

that you gathered crowds to take drugs and are involved in drug trafficking. You even take in the other drug abusers. Please come with us to the police station.”

“Larry Murray, someone reported your tax evasion, so please come with us too.”

Upon hearing that, Olivia and Larry shuddered uncontrollably. Old Master Fletcher came and left hurriedly but even after he left, his dignity that was emitted from deep within his soul lingered around, leaving everyone in the Mitchell Residence’s living room suffocating under the tremendous pressure.

Suddenly, Alex lost all his strength and plopped onto the chair, his eyes glazed. At the same time, Natasha looked ghastly pale as the scene where Mark walked past her without showing any mercy kept replaying in her mind. It was evident that Mark had found out everything they did to Taylor and he was enraged.

With sounds of police sirens, the Mitchells were brought away, leaving behind a room of silence. For a long time, Alex and the elders couldn’t even say a word.