

My Dreamy Old Husband

Chapter 393

As soon as the amulet was revealed, Sean was instantly annoyed. He had wanted to hide the amulet with Sophia so that the Mitchells wouldn't discover it, but it wasn't the case anymore! Earlier when he arrived, he had already reminded Sophia not to show up because he was afraid that Natasha would find out that she had the amulet.

"You..." Natasha muttered, her face pale from anger after she had seen through Sean's conspiracy. Pointing a finger at him, she shouted fiercely, "Sean, you colluded with outsiders to steal the inheritance belonging to the Mitchells. Aren't you ashamed of yourself?"

Alex had used a duplicate of the amulet for verification in Kuwait, but it didn't pass the test so he couldn't retrieve that property at all. All this while, they always thought that it was because the bank had discovered that the amulet was a fake.

With the real amulet, that treasure could be retrieved! In order to find the real amulet, everyone from the Mitchells racked their brains trying to come up with ideas, but they never imagined that it was Sean who had colluded with others to take the real thing away from them!

Seeing how things had developed, Sean couldn't care less about anything anymore. Fisting his hands, his usually sophisticated and gentle eyes were now red and his voice was fiercer than Natasha's as he spoke, "Ashamed? Hmph! This is a personal item belonging to Uncle Cooper and not shared by the Mitchells. Why should I give it to you?"

Also, it belongs to Grandpa and he can give it to whoever he likes! I know what you guys are planning with the amulet, but I'll have you know right now that you

can't get Uncle Cooper's properties with just this amulet, so you can give up on the idea! Have you deciphered the thousand-digit code?

After his death, his private properties were divided by the Mitchells, but you know fair well how much actually ended up in the public account!

When he was alive, Uncle Cooper dedicated his life to the Mitchells and now he can't even keep any of his personal items after death! The Mitchells are the ones who should be ashamed!"

Hearing Sean's speech, Natasha glared at him and couldn't find the words to talk back. Finally, she straightened her neck and said in a weird tone, "No matter how the Mitchells are, it's not up to a disgusting sissy like you to comment!"

"A sissy?" Stanley repeated, clearly unhappy with Sean being insulted. He came forward and placed his wide body in front of her, his thick eyebrows shooting upward. "How dare you call Sean a sissy! Believe it or not, I could get him to give you a punch to show you if he's a sissy!"

Even though her eyes were turning red from all the glaring, there was nothing she could do. Things are turning from bad to worse, she thought. The Mitchells and Fletchers have been friends for decades, but if this goes on, it will definitely get awkward for both families.

At this moment, a voice interjected, "Alright, that's enough!" It was Sophia who had spoken and she tried to make herself sound more like Cooper as she said, "This amulet belongs to me, Cooper. I'm the one who decides its fate!"

Besides pretending to be Woody's son in front of him on purpose, she was also trying to act like Cooper in front of Natasha. However, Natasha chuckled and snorted. "You're Cooper? That's a joke! A cheap, uncivilized person like you can never be Cooper! My advice to you is to hand over the amulet immediately, otherwise I'll make you regret it!"

Judging from the situation, it seemed like the Mitchells still didn't know that the properties had already been taken away by another. To them, this amulet was akin to Cooper's cosmic inheritance; the real estate from ten years ago must have risen so much more in its value now! Even if things turned ugly, she had to get that amulet today!

Sophia knew that she shouldn't have turned up today and if she did, there would be tons of trouble after that. Now that they knew about the amulet, there would be more trouble coming up. Nevertheless, she didn't regret it, but she didn't dare to reveal her true identity.

Still, she had a question for the Mitchells on behalf of Cooper. "Did I owe the Mitchells anything? Is there a need to mobilize so many people over a small amulet? Didn't I give the Mitchells enough?"

Looking at her in disbelief, Natasha fumed, How dare this swindler act so arrogant and speak to me in this manner on such an occasion!

She is absolutely shameless! "You—" Crushed by Sophia's imposing manner, Natasha's face had splotches of red as she retreated a couple of steps and gritted her teeth while saying, "Cooper was a part of the Mitchells, so everything which belonged to him belongs to the Mitchells after his death!"

Sneering, Sophia dropped the amulet onto her chest calmly and covered it with her clothes. Trying her best to be Cooper for a moment, she asked Natasha in a tone which she imagined to be his, "Even if I'm dead, my properties should be inherited by my father. It has nothing to do with the Mitchells."

Cooper was Woody's only son and the both of them had accumulated a huge amount of wealth. Besides what belonged to the Mitchells, their personal accumulated wealth in the treasury could even be as much as a state. In spite of that, Woody had lost his mind and the ability to function civilly after Cooper's death, so members of the Mitchells had encroached all their properties through legal means.

They couldn't wait to squeeze both of them dry until their last penny, and they definitely wouldn't let go of this amulet which was equivalent to that property!

Surprised that Sophia actually had the guts to talk back to her, Natasha scoffed, "You're not Cooper, so you have no right to stick your nose into our family affairs!"

Lifting her chin, Sophia countered, "Are you Cooper?"

Rendered speechless again, Natasha's eyes flashed with anger and she suddenly turned to her bodyguards. "Snatch that amulet for me!" she ordered. Even if she had to take it by force, she would get that amulet!

The military compound was the Fletchers' turf, so Sophia was not worried about her safety at all. Just by taking a couple of steps back, someone would immediately jump out to stop Natasha's bodyguards.

Sure enough, one of the bodyguards had only taken two steps when he felt a gust of cold wind and then a cold, black muzzle was pressed against his head. Horrified, he turned and saw that a uniformed man had appeared behind him silently with a pistol aimed at the back of his head. "Don't move," the man warned in a cold tone.

Seeing wheat ears and a star on the man's epaulette, the bodyguard realized that this young man was actually a Major General!

As this was Bayside City's military compound, it was unlikely that a person who was wearing his military rank on his shoulders would turn out to be an imposter. Thus, the bodyguard thought twice before raising his hands in surrender.

With that, Joel kept away his gun and ordered for the bodyguard to be taken away. When Natasha saw him, she was stunned and thought to herself, How on earth can this imposter have the guts to show up? Isn't he afraid that he'll be exposed?

After taking care of the bodyguard, Joel said to Mark respectfully, "Grandpa, there's a cultural festival in the military region tonight. Please excuse me."

Grandpa? Natasha thought in bewilderment as she stared at Joel. Can this man really be Joel Fletcher? No, that's impossible. There's no way that he will be carrying out his duties during this kind of event!

Mark seemed pleased that Joel had suddenly shown up as he was one of his favorite grandchildren. Too bad that he was a little older and was with Irene for the past few years, otherwise he would have matchmade him and Sophia.

"Alright, go ahead. And please see these two guests from the Mitchells on your way out!" he said.

As Joel acknowledged his instruction respectfully, he gestured with his palm toward the exit at Natasha, signaling for her to leave.

Knowing that she wouldn't benefit from staying longer, Natasha tried to preserve the last shard of dignity she had as a socialite and said to Mark, "Old Master Fletcher, this is the Mitchells affairs. Are you sure it's not going to be a problem if you poke your nose into it?"