

My Dreamy Old Husband

Chapter 614

After 7 years of imprisonment under the hands of Phantom Wolf, Celine had missed out on too many wonders in her life, and she was planning on making up for it all!

She took a sip of hard liquor before reaching out and pinching Stanley's cheeks. "You are a waste of such a handsome-looking face!" she said frustratingly.

Stanley's face was obviously attractive to young girls, yet he still remained single.

This height, this physique, this temperament, this face... He fulfilled the complete standards of a perfect man!

Unfortunately, he didn't know how to appreciate it himself.

The other day when Celine went to pick her son up from school, she saw a pretty girl sitting next to Stanley, blushing while trying hard to find a topic to chat with him.

Stanley glanced up at her, the class president, and chased her away.

The girl wasn't studying their major—she had run into their classroom and just sat there the whole afternoon. She wasn't even listening in class; she was just giggling the whole time. She must have had an ulterior motive!

Maybe she's here to steal something!

Stanley gripped his wallet and cell phone tightly.

Or maybe... she is crazy! Mentally ill patients are not sentenced for murder!

I'll chase her away; I'll call the police if she doesn't leave!

Finally, the girl ran out in tears.

It was at that moment that Celine felt the need to rush over and kick Stanley out of the third floor window.

She couldn't blame him—picking up girls was just not in the Fletcher Family's genes. Nevertheless, Stanley's standards were considered to be above average. It only improved when it came down to Michael and his sister.

Stanley looked up to Celine in awe and said bleakly, "Aunt Celine, teach me please..."

Celine waved her hands. "You're hopeless. Go, go! Leave me alone."

Although Celine was clearly a woman, her mannerism was more charming than any man's. As Stanley watched the beautiful women surround Celine while giggling, he felt an itch in his heart that made him anxious.

Meanwhile, Justin was barbecuing under the tree, while Michael and Nathan were sitting on the side, waiting for food. Nathan was playing with the two dogs as he looked at his mother hugging girls from both sides, his little face in a daze.

"Don't take after your mother."

Michael rushed over to grab him to Nicholas and told the latter to watch over him.

Maybe Justin couldn't stop Celine because he couldn't use a knife lately, or maybe it was because she was too hard to get a hold of. Nevertheless, Celine had been behaving more excessively—every day, she would invite Sophia out to play while driving Michael's car, and she wore his clothes everywhere to flirt with girls.

And she acted so high profile about it that she was often photographed by the media. Because they were born with the same face, Michael had to take the blame everytime she was photographed.

He only realized Celine was having a pool party behind his back when he saw Sophia packing up her swimsuit. *Gee, a pool party?!*

Michael had nimbly trailed behind to personally keep an eye on his wife.

Even Harry rushed over to spy on his little kitten, for he didn't want her to take down the wrong path with the big bad wolf.

After Justin was done barbecuing, he carefully loaded the food on a plate. He then lifted the plate high and avoided Michael as the latter reached over for it. Then, he walked toward the busy Celine.

Michael was speechless.

When he arrived in front of Celine, he asked gently, "Celie, the barbecue food is here. I grilled your favorite scallops."

Celine seemed busy as she had Sophia on her left and Sarah on her right. All the girls were laughing loudly at a joke she just made. "Just put it there," Celine said.

Justin put down the food and asked obediently, "What else would you like to eat?"

"Lobsters, oysters, and some pork belly," Celine replied.

Justin took the empty plate and continued to barbecue the food without saying a word.

Michael was speechless as he turned to educate Nathan. “Don’t ever learn from your dad, and especially not from your mom. You should learn from me—at least I still have some kind of achievements.”

Nathan rolled his eyes.

I would be better off learning myself than from you.

As the night fell, Celine sent all the young models, who nobody knew where they came from, back home and walked over to join the barbeque session.

The early summer night breeze was so warm and comfortable. While everyone was eating barbecue and talking at the same time, Sean took the opportunity to talk about the Mitchell Family’s current situation.

“The Mitchell Family has almost fallen apart completely now, and they can’t even pull themselves together to maintain their appearance in public.” Sean’s tone was particularly gloomy whenever he talked about the Mitchells.

After Michael had released that information, it accelerated the interval division of the Mitchells, and their division was just a matter of time. Alex’s authority within the Mitchell Family was slowly weakened because of Natasha, and while the threat from the Michel Family hadn’t been solved yet, he had used all the Mitchell’s resources to suppress Michael. Then, the internal conflicts within the family erupted, and Alex was now busy cleaning up after his own mess.

But then, Sean also revealed a very crucial piece of information. “Alex’s biggest disadvantage now is that he lacks a successor.”

The Mitchells placed great importance on their bloodlines. Although Alex had raised an illegitimate child outside, illegitimate children were not considered as a

member of the Mitchell Family. Therefore, Natasha was the only offspring of his that was recognized as his descendant.

And now that Natasha had gone and done so many stupid things, she no longer bore the responsibility of a potential clan leader. So Alex's line of offspring was not qualified anymore, and it was equivalent to having no descendant at all.

"All these years, Alex only had Natasha, and he had put in all his energy and resources into her, trying to sculpt her into an accomplishment, but she turned out to be a good-for-nothing. Just some time ago, when Natasha disappeared, Alex did an IVF, and is now expecting a son. His second son should be born in the near future."

If Alex had a son, then the situation in the Mitchell Family would change again.

Sophia listened to Sean's analysis of the Mitchell Family's situation, like listening to a story.

She couldn't sense any affection from his tone.

Natasha was not Alex's daughter; she was just a glamorous tool that he used to stabilize his position as the clan leader. Likewise, that son of his didn't seem to be his son and was just a backup tool after the first one was ruined. But she understood that if Alex's son was born, then his reign as the clan leader would continue! Alex had kicked Cooper out, so she would never sit back and watch Alex continue to sit on his throne comfortably. That seat belonged to her father, Cooper Mitchell!

A dark, sinister thought grew in her mind as her long, slender fingers fiercely dug into her hands...

...

Nathan sat next to Celine and alternated between leaning in her and Justin's arms.

Justin, who just got plastic surgery, had always had an indifferent expression. But after the explosion, he probably injured the nerves on his face, so his face was constantly expressionless now.

“Daddy,” Nathan called out suddenly.

Justin reached out his hand and scuffed Nathan’s hair before putting some effort into forming a grin.

Michael was displeased with him calling Justin ‘daddy’.

Ungrateful brat!

I'd raised that little brat for 7 years! Even so, asking him to call me Dad was as hard as asking him to eat turd. It's really different when they're not your own!

He subconsciously touched Sophia’s flat tummy, poking his fingers into her stomach.

I wonder if there's a child of mine inside.