

# My Dreamy Old Husband Chapter 755

Michael was silent for a while before he turned to Sarah and said, "Sarah, look for a chance to inform Lucile's father tomorrow about the seriousness of Woody Mitchell's illness. He's the former family head of the Mitchell Family."

Sarah was confused, but remained silent. *It's always a mysterious matter when it comes to men.*

The next day, she went to Villa No. 2 again and brought a tablet to show the dogs and cats at the pet store to Sophia.

"Look, look—these puppies are like Judge, who is a purebred Husky. They are very clever, but also expensive. I keep them in my store so that someone would adopt them. I'm sure Judge's father would want some suitable to adopt these dogs. If you like them, we can head over to my store later and I'll give them to you. Stanley said that you don't have to pay for it."

Sophia glimpsed at the photos and videos on the tablet—the dogs looked like they were full of life as they ran around. *In actual fact, they are Judge's puppies.*

Cooper had finished dressing up and arranged his work schedule beforehand since he promised that he would bring his daughter to have fun today.

She brought the tablet to him and gestured excitedly at the puppies on the screen while waiting in anticipation for his response.

Although he was not a fan of noisy dogs, he knew that it only mattered whether Sophia liked them or not and glanced at the tablet's screen before replying, "Alright then. We'll head to the store and bring the dogs home today."

Sophia grinned. *No one in the world is better than my father!*

Cooper was about to return the tablet to Sarah when it chimed with a notification—it was a new message that popped up for one of the apps on the tablet. The message was, ‘The former chairman of Mitchell Group is seriously ill, but where would the inheritance go?’

Cooper was stunned for a moment and continued to stare at the message on the screen as his mind went blank. *Woody is now seriously ill.*

Only after he became a father himself was he able to understand Woody in a better manner.

Cooper had his own worries and responsibilities as Sophia’s father, but now he also had to worry about his own father, who was the family head of the Mitchell Family...

Upon realizing that she was tugging at his clothing, Cooper finally came to his senses and placed the tablet down before emotionally announcing, “Darling, Daddy has to attend to something, so I will ask Linus bring you out.”

Cooper turned and hurried out the door in the direction of the military’s nursing home.

Woody had been living at the nursing home for almost three years. Ever since his beloved Coop disappeared, his spirit had deteriorated day by day—he relied on an oxygen tube and IV drip to stay alive, but he was becoming a walking bag of bones. It was obvious that he was close to dying.

Since he was critically ill again, the children of the Mitchell Family rushed to the nursing home where he resided and filled the corridor while waiting anxiously outside his room.

Among them was a beautiful lady dressed in a black and white attire, who strode past the family and into the ward. She wore a mournful expression as she turned to glance at the younger generation of the Mitchell Family with a hint of pride in her eyes.

*Isn’t she Sandra Mitchell—formerly known as Sandra Oak?*

Four years had passed since she retired from the world of sports to devote herself to business after she obtained a graduation certificate from Bayside University. Slowly, but surely, she paved her way into the Mitchell Family as an outsider and now became their most distinguished Young Lady of the Mitchell Family.

By that point, the statuses of each and every family member of the Mitchell Family were revealed.

Only those who were closely related to the Old Master could enter the ward and bid their farewell to him. After all, his inheritance belonged to those selected individuals.

On the other hand, relatives were only allowed to stand outside in the corridor—they had nothing to do with the Old Master's inheritance.

Standing in the corridor and looking as Woody's descendents shuffled into his ward one by one had made the relatives of the Mitchell Family haughty and exasperated as they were called over at the crack of dawn for something that did not involve them. "Tsk, for an outsider, you really consider yourself high and mighty!"

"Watch your words. She's the champion of the Universal Games!"

"The Old Man keeps doing this to us. How many times has it already been? Is he going to die or not?"

...

The members of the Mitchell Family had gone their separate ways a few years ago and if it had not been for the Old Master, who still owned some property, no one would have even thought twice about bidding farewell!

Woody was nothing short of a thief—he allegedly bequeathed his personal property to Mark for his safekeeping, which meant that the Mitchell Family would only receive the assets from the Fletchers after Old Master Fletcher's death.

Now, there were three divisions of the Mitchell Family, but who was the real one?

Well, it seemed that whoever behaved well was a Mitchell!

The three divisions immediately sent their respective representatives into the room to feign kindness and present themselves as the most filial in front of Mark.

Mark had been sitting on the side of the bed, watching the old man who was his companion for years. His heart broke with the knowledge that the old man was about to leave the world.

He thought about them surviving together in trying times and of the time when they constructed the new Cethos together. Those memories were still fresh in his mind, but it felt that in the blink of an eye, the Old Master was about to leave him just like that...

While Woody took his last breaths, he reached out with dry, trembling hands and grabbed Mark's paw. "Mason, has Coop returned?"

Mark swiped at his tears before replying, "He should be arriving anytime. I just called him and he said that he's parking his car downstairs. He'll be coming up soon!"

Ever since Sophia left, Woody was beyond upset—his beloved Coop would not return home anymore!

Woody smiled with relief, knowing that his cherished son was on his way to visit him. He took a couple of shaky breaths and immediately asked again, "Mason, is my son here?"

Mark repeated what he replied earlier. "Just hold on for a while. He's parking his car downstairs. There is traffic congestion today, which is why he's late!"

"Sobs, forefather..."

A group of people now huddled around the Old Master, feigning their tears as if they were saddened by the situation. Little were they aware that young Carmen stood to inherit Woody's property.

Meanwhile, the other family members standing outside were stunned as they watched the scene unfold.

Given his identity, Sean was among those who stood outside in the corridor.

He looked at the bunch of hypocrites who were in front of him and sniggered. *The Mitchell Family is now less than what we were before. We need someone to step in to stop this family from crumbling.* That person whom he had in mind now miraculously appeared out of nowhere—

And that person had now miraculously appeared out of nowhere—

*Clack, clack, clack...*

The sound of leather shoes tapping on the floor reverberated the hospital corridor with a heavy yet urgent tone, creating the impression that someone was in a hurry.

Sean looked up in surprise to see a man wearing a black trench coat hurrying from the other side of the hallway toward him.

As the figure approached, it became clear to Sean who that man was. *He is here! That exceptional person who only existed in my memory is now here!*

Excitement grew in his heart while tears simultaneously swam in his eyes and his breath caught in his chest.

It was really Cooper Mitchell!

"Uncle Cooper, is that really you? It's Sean..."

The man facing Sean gave a sweeping glance at him, feeling overwhelmed as the sad atmosphere did not permit him to say much. He merely patted Sean's shoulder and answered, "Yes, I'm now back."

It was as if Cooper had merely gone out on a shopping trip and easily returned home.

In that instant, Sean knew in his heart that it was really Cooper standing in front of him! *He has returned! "Cooper Mitchell is back! Our own Cooper is back!"*

Sean exclaimed in such a loud tone that it startled the rest who stood in the corridor. They each dropped their fake act of sobbing to turn and look at the two people who hurried past them into the ward.

Mark, who was inside the ward, had heard Sean's distinct voice and turned to smile at Woody. "Old partner, hang on. Your son has arrived! Coop is here!"

He even thought that the Mitchells had hired a lookalike to stand in as Cooper as they wanted Old Master to pass on without any regrets.