

Medical Genius's Unspeakable Marriage Chapter 549

The next morning, Mike came to Brandon's house with more than 20 of his men.

Brandon woke up early that morning as well. Seeing that Wendy was packing up her belongings, he angrily went up to her and threw all her stuff away. "You don't have to pack up your stuff anymore. Don't ever think of marrying yourself off today!

I brought you up until you're an adult, yet you have no filial piety to me and even sided with the outsiders to harm me! I'm telling you—just look at how I'm going to teach you a lesson once I finish dealing with the matter about that good-for-nothing!"

Having given Wendy an angry dressing-down and thrown her stuff all over the floor, he walked away with his head held high.

After taking a few packs of cigarettes, he ran up to Mike and gave the cigarettes to Mike's men with an embarrassed smile. "Sorry for troubling you guys today, brothers. Those b*stards really went too far! Not only did they hit me, they also hit Laura! Please don't let them off today no matter what!"

Mike's brothers immediately growled, "F*ck. How dare they hit Laura! Are they tired of living?"

"Kill them!"

"I'd like to see who the f*ck has got such a nerve."

“Guard the neighborhood’s exit later, and don’t let them run away!”

Everyone was swollen with arrogance as they yelled one after another.

Laura stood at one side with a smug expression. “How could Ed’s good-for-nothing friends fight with my husband? Hmph, they will be fighting a losing battle by going beyond their depths!”

Then, at about 9.00AM, a few sedans drove into the neighborhood.

These sedans seemed to be here to pick up the bride since balloons were hanging above them.

Mike stood upstairs and was a little surprised after glancing at the sedans. “Ha! They found a few Mercedes-Benz to use as wedding cars.”

Brandon didn’t say a word. He didn’t dare to tell Mike about Julian for fear that Mike would refuse to help him.

Laura waved her hand dismissively right away. “It doesn’t matter whether these cars are Mercedes-Benz or BMW since they can’t be compared to the cars we had back then. Hubby, you must take revenge for me later no matter what!”

Mike nodded. “Don’t worry. Now that I’m here, they won’t be able to run away today. Let’s go, brothers! Go downstairs with me!”

With that, the crowd stormed downstairs with Mike.

Brandon followed behind them with a smug expression.

Right after the few Mercedes-Benz drove into the neighborhood, several people got out of the cars and discussed something.

Mike rushed to the scene with his men in a threatening manner and kicked the frontmost car right away while swearing, “F*ck, whose car is this? Who the f*ck allowed you to park your car here?”

The drivers were dumbfounded. One of them asked, “What’s the matter, buddy? We have a buddy who is getting married today, so we’re here to help him. Is there a problem with us parking our cars here?”

Mike glared at them. “There’s a problem, of course! I’m telling you that today’s wedding is canceled. Come and crouch down by the side of the road. Who the f*ck is Matthew Larson? Step forward! You have got quite some nerve since you even dare to meddle in my affairs. Are you tired of living?”

Only then did the drivers realize that Mike and his men were here to kick up a fuss.

The driver who led the others advised with a frown, “Buddy, please do us a favor. We have a wedding today, which is a happy event. You—”

Mike slapped the driver across the face. “Are you qualified enough for me to do you a favor?”

The driver was dumbfounded upon being slapped, whereas the other drivers next to him immediately charged toward Mike and his men furiously.

“What are you doing? Do you want to have a fight?”

Mike sneered. “How could you bunch of ignorant fools think of resisting? Do you guys think that I am that big-hearted? F*ck this. Beat them up!”

The men next to Mike immediately surrounded the drivers.

Just then, another motorcade of more than ten cars drove into the neighborhood through the entrance.

A tattooed man then stepped out of the car that led the motorcade. He yelled, "What are you guys doing? Haven't you guys finished doing the trivial things that I told you guys to do? The wedding convoy will be here in a minute. How is the convoy going to come in now that you guys haven't cleared up the place yet?"

Mike's expression changed involuntarily when he glanced at the man. He greeted in a quavering voice, "M-Mr. Mussolini?!"