

Married At First Sight

Married At First Sight Chapter 3307-The next day, it was still raining. The rain today was much lighter; it was just a drizzle.

The temperature in Wiltspoon has dropped to the lowest level this year, only seven degrees. On this cold winter morning, the business welcomed several unfamiliar customers.

The moment the doorbell rang, the butler couldn't help but mutter, "Who's here so early in the morning?"

The workers haven't started working yet. Because of the cold weather and rainy days, the workers in charge of yard work changed their start time to around eight o'clock.

It rained heavily yesterday, so the butler let them rest for a day.

The butler thought it was Remy Johnson, the future son-in-law from next door.

He often came before dawn just to have breakfast with Elisa.

The butler, holding an umbrella, walked to the villa's gate and saw five old men standing in a row. With the exception of one individual who appeared to be a patient and had a fair complexion, the other four men exuded an air of immortality. The butler was shocked, believing he had not woken up yet and had seen ghosts.

They primarily wore retro clothes.

The five old men were all men, and each of them had a long gray beard.

The butler rubbed his eyes.

"Does this kid think we are ghosts?" An old man said, "From the look on his face, he either thought he had seen a ghost, or he thought he had gotten up the wrong way."

butler:"..."

Wrong way to wake up?

What were the ways to wake up?

Didn't he just wake up, open his eyes, and get up?

“Boy, we are not ghosts. If we were ghosts, we wouldn’t ring the doorbell and would have passed through the wall long ago. Actually, your door can’t stop us. If I want to, I can take down your door in a minute. But my buddies won’t let me do it, saying it’s impolite.

I came all the way here, traveling day and night, just to bring this old guy here. I’m starving, and I can’t even go into the house. It’s freezing outside. Why do I feel like it’s even colder here than it is here when it snows?”

The butler finally regained his consciousness. He complained in his heart: You people in the north have heating, but we in Wiltspoon don’t have it. We have to rely on our righteousness to survive the winter.

However, Wiltspoon City did not need heating.

Despite the extreme cold, it would only persist for the next two days. The temperature would rise again the day after tomorrow, and by the New Year, it wouldn’t be that cold.

“How many elderly men are there?”

Given that they all had gray beards, even though the butler was no longer young, he likely appeared like a child in their presence.

“We are looking for Miss Audrey Farrell (Fisher).”

Butler: “Miss Audrey Farrell... “Oh, you’re looking for our madam.”

The butler almost forgot that his madam’s surname was Farrell and her given name was Audrey.

He simply couldn’t adjust to hearing others refer to Audrey, who was already a grandmother, as a “little girl.”

“Excuse me, who are you?”

If they were looking for Audrey, the butler should ask more clearly.

No matter whether they were looking for Audrey or Clive, if they were people he had never seen before, he must ask clearly and can’t let them in casually.

“Ahem—” An old man coughed twice.