

Mrs. and Mr. Smith Chapter 4 - Chapter 4: The Overbearing Emily Taylor_1

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Although the bodyguards didn't understand the situation, they didn't dare to go against Emily Taylor's wishes and quickly chased after Ethan Smith.

At this moment, Ethan was aimlessly walking along the street, looking extremely desperate.

He didn't even know where he should go.

Home? He definitely couldn't go back there. Would he end up living on the streets?

"Dad, I've let you down," Ethan thought of the man in his dream.

Just then, a Bentley drove up swiftly, blocking Ethan's way!

Then, four or five bodyguards jumped out of the car.

"Don't go!" The bodyguards blocked Ethan's path.

"Miss Taylor wants you to go back with us," They said expressionlessly.

Ethan thought Emily wouldn't let him off the hook, so he said with a bitter smile, "I'll take responsibility for what I've done. I'll go back with you."

So, Ethan got into the car with them.

There was silence throughout the ride.

Soon, a burly bodyguard gripped Ethan's arm and brought him before Emily.

"Miss Taylor, I've caught him for you!" The bodyguard pushed Ethan in front of Emily.

Emily frowned slightly.

She slowly stood up and walked to the bodyguard.

"Who told you to treat him like this?" Emily asked coldly.

The bodyguard was taken aback, stammering, "I...I..."

"Apologize to Mr. Smith," Emily said coldly.

"Miss Taylor, I..."

"I told you to apologize!" Emily interrupted the bodyguard's words with a sharp rebuke!

The bodyguard's face turned red.

Apologizing to such a waste of space like Ethan against his will.

But no one dared to disobey Emily's orders, so he reluctantly bowed down.

"So...sorry, Mr. Smith," The bodyguard bent down, not even daring to raise his head.

Ethan quickly replied, "Miss Taylor, it's fine. It's not his fault. Please, let him stand up..."

Emily finally nodded and coldly said, "You all can leave now."

Everyone left the room one after another.

Emily opened a bottle of red wine, poured a glass for Ethan, and then smiled, "I never expected that you'd be a skillful doctor."

Ethan was surprised and asked happily, "Miss Taylor, does that mean... your illness is cured?"

"Or what?" Now it was Emily's turn to be surprised.

"That's great, that's great!" Ethan's heart was reignited in an instant!

It seemed that everything was real!

"But I'm curious, with your medical skills, how did you end up like this?" Emily asked with interest.

Ethan sighed softly upon hearing her words.

"Miss Taylor, I don't know how to explain it to you..." Ethan said with a bitter smile.

He couldn't say that he had a dream and suddenly acquired medical skills, right? People would think he's a fool if he said that.

However, Emily thought Ethan was just being modest and low-key, which instead increased her liking for him.

"Skillful but unprincipled?" Emily joked.

Ethan gave an awkward laugh but didn't speak.

"Tell me, how do you want me to repay you? Money? Or something else?" Emily asked playfully, as if hinting at something.

But Ethan quickly waved his hands, "Miss Taylor, I don't need anything. You saved me; I should be the one repaying you."

"Really? You don't want anything?" Emily smiled.

"No matter what it is, I can agree to it, you know," Emily's eyes were filled with anticipation.

Ethan still shook his head, "I really don't need anything. Thank you for your kindness."

Hearing Ethan's answer, a glimmer of surprise flashed in Emily's eyes.

It seemed that Ethan Smith, at the very least, was a kind and sincere man.

Just then, Ethan's phone suddenly rang.

Seeing the caller ID, Ethan's face didn't look too good.

It was a phone call from Sylvia Johnson.

Ethan answered the phone and walked aside.

Once the call connected, Sylvia's harsh voice came through, "Are you dead yet? If you're not dead, hurry up and get back here!"

Such coldness angered Ethan.

He gritted his teeth and said, "After what you've done, why should I go back?"

Sylvia on the other end burst into laughter.

"Ethan Smith, don't tell me you thought I wanted you to come back? I'm telling you to come back to sign our divorce papers!" Sylvia sneered.

"You better not cling to me, or Gary Brown will kill you!" Sylvia snorted.

Ethan's fists clenched unconsciously.

He gritted his teeth and said, "Sylvia, you're an animal! Don't worry, I won't bother you! But I'm telling you, you'll definitely regret this!"

"Heh, the thing I regret the most is marrying a loser like you," Sylvia sneered.

Then, she hung up the phone.

Ethan's expression was complicated.

It was impossible not to have feelings after three years.

But more than that, it was humiliation and anger.

"What's wrong?" Emily asked with a smile as she took a sip of red wine.

Ethan shook his head and said, "Miss Taylor, I... I need to go home. There's something I have to deal with..."

Emily blinked and asked, "Divorce?"

Ethan was surprised and asked, "How did you know?"

"I guessed," Emily casually replied.

"I'll go with you," Emily stood up and offered.

"No...no need," Ethan waved his hands hastily.

Emily persistently replied, "I'll go with you. Don't make a fuss."

With no other choice, Ethan followed Emily out of the house.

As soon as they stepped out, Emily's secretary approached her.

He whispered into Emily's ear, "Miss Taylor, the Chuzzle Province governor and the commander of the Chuzzle Battle Zone have arrived and invited you to a dinner..."

Hearing this, Emily couldn't help but feel a headache coming on.

She rubbed her pale forehead and muttered, "What a bother... tell them to wait a bit. I'll be there later."

"Yes, Miss," the secretary nodded in response.

Afterward, Emily drove up to Ethan.

"Get in," Emily beckoned with her hand.

Ethan couldn't refuse and got into the car.

Soon, Ethan arrived at the Johnson family's entrance.

"Miss Taylor, I'm home. Thank you for bringing me here," Ethan got out of the car and said politely.

To Ethan's surprise, Emily also got out of the car.

She flicked her hair back and smiled generously, "I'll come in with you."

"Huh?" Ethan was taken aback.

Emily smiled, "I want to see what your family is like."