

MRS. AND MR. SMITH

41 Chapter 41: The Power of the Hill Family_1

Edward Green didn't refuse; although he followed the Hill family, he always looked down on them.

So, Edward Green told Ethan Smith everything he knew.

"The Hill family's main source of assets is health products, but nowadays, the wealthy are more or less involved in the real estate industry," said Edward Green.

"Health products?" Ethan Smith raised an eyebrow and scoffed.

Isn't that right up his alley?

With just one formula, Ethan Smith could bankrupt the Hill family!

"Mr. Smith, why don't you let the Taylor family help you with this?" Edward Green asked puzzledly.

"For the Taylor family, perhaps just one word could make the Hill family go bankrupt," said Ethan Smith, shaking his head, "You can't rely on others for everything. Only when you're capable yourself can you win the respect of others."

If everything depended on Emily Taylor, what qualification would Ethan Smith have to propose marriage to the Taylor family?

Having experienced life with the Johnson family in these three years, Ethan knew very well that in the face of inequality, there is no dignity.

"Another thing I want to ask you," Ethan continued.

"Who did you learn your skills from?" asks Ethan Smith.

Edward Green's strength was the strongest Ethan Smith had seen so far.

Even at the Second-Layer Qi Refining stage, Ethan was no match for him.

Edward Green was silent for a moment before smiling bitterly, "I studied under the southeast sect, but unfortunately, my strength was too weak, so I was kicked out."

"Too weak?" Ethan Smith was a bit surprised.

If Edward Green was kicked out of his mentorship, how strong must this Southeastern Sect be?

Edward Green continued to explain, "The Southeast Sect also practices inner strength, and my level at most could be considered Eighth-rank Inner Strength."

"For the Southeast Sect, anyone below the Inner strength Masters isn't qualified." Edward Green's face was filled with some regret.

This suddenly piqued Ethan Smith's interest.

Through their conversation, Ethan Smith learned that an Inner Strength Master in the Southeast Sect is only considered a beginner. Above that level, there are Inner Strength Greatmasters and even Grandmasters.

Those with high enough strength either dominate in one area or join the top families.

"Actually, Miss Taylor should know more about this," Edward Green said.

This couldn't help but make Ethan Smith feel slightly threatened.

"It seems that I need to improve my strength as soon as possible," Ethan thought to himself.

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The next day.

The Hill family released a heavy news in River City: Whoever does business with Ethan Smith is an enemy of the Hill family!

As soon as this news was released, it caused a huge stir.

Within just one day, dozens of people visited the Hill family.

Most of these people were local businessmen in River City, who wanted to take advantage of this opportunity to suck up to the Hill family.

Ethan Smith didn't care too much, as he didn't know many businessmen in the first place. So whether they would be affected or not didn't matter much to him.

By evening, Ethan Smith suddenly received a phone call.

This call actually came from Derek Peterson.

"Mr. Smith, my father would like to invite you to dinner. I don't know if you have time tonight," Derek said very politely on the phone.

Ethan Smith couldn't help but laugh, "Your father? I have no connection with your father. If you have something to say, just say it."

Derek said bitterly, "You really see through everything. My father does want to ask for your help. If it's convenient for you, let's meet and talk."

Ethan Smith thought for a moment and agreed, "Alright."

More than ten minutes later, Derek personally drove to the Dragon Rising Community.

Derek's face looked a bit haggard with a loss of spirit.

When he saw Edward Green, his face changed involuntarily.

"Mr. Smith, why is he here?" asked Derek cautiously.

Ethan Smith smiled, patted Edward Green on the shoulder, and said, "He's now my man."

Derek was instantly stunned, seemingly struggling to comprehend.

"Let's not talk about this," Ethan Smith waved, "Let's go."

So, Ethan got into Derek's car.

Derek was driving a Mercedes-Benz G63, very impressive. Most of the cars in the neighborhood would give way to it.

Just as the car was about to exit the gate of the community, another car horizontally cut them off.

Derek frowned and was about to speak when he saw Gary Brown roll down the window.

"Yo, isn't this Derek Peterson?" said Gary Brown with a smug tone.

Derek frowned, "Gary Brown? What do you want?"

Gary Brown smirked, "Nothing much, I just heard that your family, the Petersons, aren't doing so well? I heard all your business partners have terminated their contracts with you?"

Derek's face went cold, and he remained silent.

Gary Brown gloated, "Oh, tonight Mr. Hill is hosting a dinner party. I'm guessing he didn't invite you, did he?"

"It's none of your business, move your car!" Derek scolded coldly.

Gary Brown snorted and said, "Derek, why are you pretending? Mr. Hill has already announced he wants your family bankrupt! Do you still think your family is the richest here?"

Ethan Smith, in the car, could not help but frown.

He rolled down the window, looked at Gary Brown coldly, and said, "Move your car. I don't want to say it a second time."

"Yo, Ethan Smith is here too?" Seeing Ethan Smith, Gary Brown's smile grew even more.

Ethan didn't say a word. He just pushed open the car door and got out.

Seeing this, Gary Brown quickly climbed on his car and locked the door.

"What, want to hit me? Come on, try hitting me once," Gary Brown taunted.

Ethan Smith nodded, extended his hand, grabbed the car door, and, with a sudden force, pulled it off with a loud crack!

Then the locked car door was torn off by Ethan Smith in the next second!

42 Chapter 42: Ethan Smith's Mysterious Art_1

Gary Brown watched dumbfounded as the car door was yanked off, swallowing hard.

What the fuck? Is this even human? He just pulled the car door straight off?

As Gary was still in shock, Ethan Smith reached out and dragged him out of the car.

"Gary, stop fooling; it was just a joke..." Gary said with a forced smile.

He had seen Ethan break Benjamin Hill's arm with his own eyes!

Seeing his fearful appearance, Ethan sneered and said, "I won't give you a hard time. I'll just slap you as a lesson."

As he finished speaking, Ethan slapped Gary across the cheek.

Although Ethan had held back some strength, Gary's face still swelled up.

"Move the car out of the way." Ethan said coldly.

Though furious inside, Gary didn't dare say anything. He gritted his teeth and moved the car aside.

Once Ethan left, Gary muttered angrily, "What a show off. Once Emily Taylor leaves River City, let's see who messes you up!"

At this point, Gary sighed, "When is Emily Taylor going to leave..."

Despite Emily's recent inactivity, her presence loomed over everyone like a mountain.

Even the Hill family dared not to make trouble.

...

The car drove towards the Peterson Family residence.

As the wealthiest family in River City, the Petersons naturally lived in a luxurious house.

But as soon as Ethan entered the gates, he felt a bone-chilling coldness.

"Hmm?" Ethan frowned slightly.

An ominous air seemed to linger over the entire household.

"Mr. Smith, what's wrong?" Derek Peterson asked.

Ethan shook his head and said, "It's nothing."

After parking the car, the two men entered the living room.

"Mr. Smith, please wait a moment while I call my father." Derek said politely.

He instructed a servant to pour a glass of water for Ethan before hurrying upstairs.

A few minutes later, Derek and his father, Alec Peterson, came down.

An elderly man with a white beard accompanied them.

"Mr. Smith." Alec walked quickly towards Ethan and shook his hand.

Ethan looked at Alec and his frown deepened.

Alec's face was pale, his lips were purple, and there was darkness between his eyebrows. He looked to be in poor condition.

Most importantly, Ethan couldn't detect any Yang energy from him.

"Mr. Peterson, are you not feeling well?" Ethan asked casually.

Alec sighed and said with a bitter smile, "Yes, when it rains, it pours."

"Dad, Mr. Smith is a doctor; maybe he can help you." Derek suggested quickly.

Alec waved his hand and said, "I'm not sick."

Then, with an apologetic tone, he said to Ethan, "Mr. Smith, if it's not too much trouble, could you please wait a moment?"

Ethan nodded and said, "It's fine, go ahead."

"Thank you," Alec said gratefully.

Next, Alec turned to the elderly man beside him and said, "Mr. Nolan, please help us."

Mr. Nolan, the elderly man, smiled faintly and said, "Don't worry. I've found the source of the problem."

Alec's face brightened and he quickly said, "Please, Mr. Nolan, enlighten us!"

Mr. Nolan spoke calmly, "Your recent poor health and the uselessness of many doctors is due to feng shui."

"Mr. Peterson, go to the west wall of your bedroom and check for any sharp objects." Mr. Nolan continued.

Alec hurried to the location Mr. Nolan had mentioned.

A few minutes later, Alec returned with a broken vase.

"There is one! This vase has always been in the cabinet, but somehow it broke." Alec said, somewhat stunned.

Mr. Nolan chuckled and said, "That's the crux of the problem. In feng shui, it's called 'broken artifacts in the marriage palace', which is a grave taboo."

Alec gripped Mr. Nolan's hand, excitement filling his voice, "Thank you, Mr. Nolan, you truly are a feng shui master!"

Mr. Nolan took out a string of Five Emperors Coins and handed them to Alec, smiling, "Hang these in the location of the broken vase. Remember, take it down and bury it after three days, and I guarantee your health will improve."

"Thank you, Mr. Nolan, thank you!" Alec was overjoyed.

"I don't think that's the real problem." Suddenly, Ethan spoke up.

At his words, the atmosphere became somewhat awkward.

Mr. Nolan's face darkened, clearly dissatisfied with Ethan's interruption.

"Mr. Smith, Mr. Nolan is a renowned feng shui master in River City; there's no mistake in his words." Alec quickly tried to smooth things over.

Ethan stood up and said, "Mr. Nolan, I don't intend to disrespect you, but...this vase is not the main issue."

Mr. Nolan's face showed his displeasure, "Who are you?"

"Mr. Nolan, this is Ethan Smith. He's with Miss Taylor." Alec informed him hurriedly.

However, Mr. Nolan was in no mood to give face; he coldly said, "No matter who he is, he has no right to spout such nonsense!"

Ethan shook his head helplessly and said, "Mr. Nolan, I'm not talking nonsense. What I'm saying is true."

Alec was also somewhat displeased.

However, he needed Ethan's help and didn't dare show his anger.

"Mr. Smith, you don't understand feng shui. Mr. Nolan is the expert in this field." Alec tried to remain polite.

Mr. Nolan waved his hand dismissively, glaring at Ethan and saying, "You say that the vase is not the problem, then I'd like to hear your brilliant insights!"

Ethan didn't show any courtesy either. Pointing to the courtyard outside, he said, "The real problem lies in the courtyard."

Finishing his sentence, Ethan strode into the courtyard.

Mr. Nolan snorted and followed him out.

"What's going on with this Ethan?" Alec frowned.

Derek replied with a bitter smile, "Dad, maybe Mr. Smith really knows something..."

"Nonsense! No one is omnipotent!" Alec snorted.

Even so, Alec went after them both.

Ethan stopped in the center of the courtyard.

He looked up at the sky and stomped on the ground. Then he said, "The problem is right here."

Mr. Nolan sneered, "Young man, do you really know anything about feng shui? What could be wrong here?"

"I don't know feng shui," Ethan admitted with a smile.

"But I know the mystic arts."

After saying this, Ethan turned to Alec and said, "Mr. Peterson, have someone dig here."

Embarrassed, Alec responded, "Mr. Smith, do we really need to do that?"

"Dig. I won't deceive you," Ethan assured with a smile.

With no other option, Alec waved his hand and called in some workers.

"So...how many feet should we dig?" Alec asked tentatively.

Ethan shook his head, "I don't know. Just keep digging until we find something."

43 Chapter 43: Southwest Fury Soul Technique_1

Ethan Smith's words couldn't help but make Mr. Nolan laugh.

Not even knowing how many feet to dig and still daring to act like a master?

Alec Peterson's face also showed some displeasure. He had seen many privileged young masters relying on their connections to act recklessly, giving themselves all kinds of titles.

Most importantly, those around them had to play along with their act.

In Alec Peterson's eyes, Ethan Smith was just such a character.

He had never been a fan of these arrogant young masters.

But since he currently needed Ethan Smith's help, Alec Peterson could only wave his hand and say, "Let things go according to Mr. Smith's wishes."

Several people took up their shovels and began to dig.

One foot, two feet, three feet...

Soon, a large hole appeared before them.

However, aside from the soil, nothing unusual was found in the hole.

Ethan Smith stared at the hole, feeling an increasingly ominous aura.

"Mr. Peterson, shall we continue digging?" Several workers wiped their sweat, looking a bit tired.

Alec Peterson didn't answer but looked to Ethan Smith and said, "Mr. Smith, do we need to continue digging?"

"I don't see the need." Mr. Nolan scoffed.

"Some people rely on their connections to act recklessly, and I don't have the time to act with them." Mr. Nolan said, with a touch of defiance.

Yet Ethan Smith pointed at the hole and said, "Keep digging until we find something!"

"Mr. Smith, we've already dug four feet and haven't seen anything. Are we supposed to dig through the entire earth?" Alec Peterson said, somewhat unhappy.

"Just keep digging." Ethan Smith said calmly.

At this moment, Mr. Nolan took a step forward and asked coldly, "What if we can't find anything?"

Ethan Smith glanced at him and said, "If we can't find anything, I'll eat all this dirt."

"Deal!" Mr. Nolan waved his hand and said, "If we can find something, I, Kyle Nolan, am willing to take you as my master!"

"Deal." Ethan Smith said with a smile.

The ground continued to be dug, and in the blink of an eye, another foot was excavated.

By now, even the workers were getting impatient.

"Mr. Peterson, how much longer do we need to dig?" A worker asked, puzzled.

"We can't just keep digging like this..."

Alec Peterson waved his hand and said, "Just keep digging."

The workers had no choice but to continue digging down.

"Kid, my time is precious, and I don't have time to play with you." At this point, Kyle Nolan snorted coldly.

"As a favor for you being young, you don't have to eat the dirt. But remember, there are always people better than you, so don't be too conceited!" Kyle Nolan flung his sleeves, and turned to leave.

Ethan Smith didn't say anything but stared intently at the bottom of the hole.

Just then, there was a crisp sound when a worker's shovel seemed to touch something hard.

"Mr. Peterson, we found something!" One of the workers shouted.

Upon hearing this, everyone hurriedly gathered around.

Several workers quickly pulled an iron box out of the hole.

"Quickly bring it up!" Alec Peterson urged.

The workers didn't dare to waste any time and hurriedly brought the box up.

As for Kyle Nolan, who was about to leave, he stopped in his tracks and turned back.

"It's this thing." Ethan Smith stared at the box, frowning.

"Open it." Ethan Smith pointed at the box,

The men quickly followed Ethan Smith's order and opened the box.

The moment the box was opened, a strong smell of blood filled the air.

A black knife lay inside the box, with traces of blood still on it.

"What... What's going on?!" Alec Peterson's face turned pale in horror.

"Everyone get back!" Kyle Nolan stepped forward, dipped his finger in the blood, smelled it, and his face changed!

"This... This is black dog blood mixed with corpse oil!" A solemn expression appeared on Kyle Nolan's face.

"Black dog blood, corpse oil, Enlightenment knife... Southwest Fury Soul Technique?"

"Such a vicious method, this... this is aiming for Mr. Peterson's life!" Kyle Nolan murmured softly.

Hearing this, Alec Peterson's face turned even uglier.

"Mr. Nolan, who's this... who's behind this?!" Alec Peterson asked nervously.

Shaking his head, Kyle Nolan replied, "I don't know."

"So what should I do now?" In a panic, Alec Peterson grabbed Kyle Nolan's wrist.

However, Kyle Nolan couldn't help but chuckle bitterly and said, "Mr. Peterson, maybe you should ask Mr. Ethan Smith about this issue..."

44 Chapter 44: Poor Judgment_1

Alec Peterson suddenly remembered Ethan Smith.

He hurried over to Ethan Smith's side and pleaded, "Mr. Smith, please, you must help me..."

Ethan Smith glanced at Kyle Nolan and smiled, "Mr. Nolan may be better suited to handle this matter."

Kyle Nolan couldn't help but let out a bitter smile, saying, "Mr. Smith, please forgive my ignorance."

"There's no need for formality, Mr. Nolan. I just happened to stumble upon the solution. When it comes to professional knowledge, I'm nowhere near your level," Ethan Smith said modestly.

This humbled Mr. Nolan even more.

Such a young man with extraordinary skills had such a humble personality; it was admirable.

"This young man will have an incredible future," Kyle Nolan thought to himself.

Then, Kyle Nolan approached Ethan Smith, bowed and said, "I told you earlier that if you could really find a solution, I would be willing to learn from you as a student."

Hearing this, Ethan Smith hurriedly replied with a bit of anxiety, "Mr. Nolan, I couldn't possibly bear such a responsibility. We can all learn from each other; there's no need for distinctions."

At this, Kyle Nolan felt a sense of gratitude.

He was nearly seventy years old. Calling Ethan his teacher would indeed be somewhat inappropriate.

So Kyle Nolan bowed again and said, "Mr. Smith, if there is anything you need help with, just say the word!"

"Alright," Ethan Smith nodded in agreement.

It took Kyle Nolan half an hour to undo the malignant technique. He didn't linger and left the Peterson residence in a hurry.

Ethan Smith returned to the living room with Alec Peterson and Derek Peterson. Alec said gratefully, "Mr. Smith, you saved my life. I will always remember your kindness!"

After saying that, Alec handed Ethan a bank card.

"There's one million in the account. It's not much but it's a token of my gratitude. Please accept it, Mr. Smith", Alec said with a smile.

Without being overly polite, Ethan Smith immediately pocketed the bank card.

"Mr. Peterson, did you seek my help for something else?" Ethan Smith took the initiative to ask.

Alec sighed bitterly, "I won't hide it from you; I do have something I need your help with."

"Under the pressure of the Hill family, many of our company's partners have unilaterally canceled their contracts. Many of the Peterson construction projects have been forced to halt," Alec continued with a sigh.

"In just one day, the Peterson family has become nearly paralyzed, and the Hill family shows no signs of backing down. Things will only get harder for the Peterson family."

Ethan couldn't help but marvel at the power of the Hill family. If the wealthiest family in River City was powerless against them, what chance did others have?

After a moment of silence, Ethan said, "Although I sympathize with you, it seems I can't be of much help in this matter."

From the side, Derek chimed in with a smile, "Mr. Smith, if you could just give us a share of the construction projects you have, the Peterson family could make a comeback."

Ethan paused before saying with a bit of embarrassment, "Construction projects? Where would I get those..."

Derek said in surprise, "Mr. Smith, didn't you know? Miss Taylor said that you have the final say in all of the Taylor family's investments in River City."

"Yes, as long as you agree, our Peterson family can get Taylor family's construction projects," Alec added with a nod.

"The Hill family may be powerful, but they wouldn't dare touch the Taylor family's projects."

After saying this, Alec Peterson stood up, bowed to Ethan Smith, and pleaded, "Mr. Smith, you're the only one who can help us now. Otherwise, our Peterson family will surely go bankrupt..."

Ethan Smith was taken aback. He never expected that Emily Taylor would entrust him with the authority over all her investments.

Emily's move seemed not well-known. Otherwise, there would be a crowd outside Ethan's door.

Ethan didn't say anything for a moment and just sat there, pondering.

"I have an even better business opportunity," Ethan suddenly spoke up.

Alec Peterson looked puzzled, "A better business?"

Ethan Smith nodded, "Yes, the Hill family made their fortune through health products, and I have something even better."

Looking at the current situation, the Soul Nourishment Pill required a powerful company to act as its agent. Relying solely on an old hustler like Ray Walters wouldn't be enough.

The Peterson family, being River City's wealthiest, were perfect for the job.

Ethan took out a Soul Nourishment Pill, placed it on the table, and said confidently, "I can entrust this medicine to your Peterson family to represent. I can assure you that this product will become very popular. With it, you can not only compete with the Hill family but even surpass them!"

As long as the price was kept low and the product was marketed on a large scale, the Hill family wouldn't stand a chance.

But Alec did not see it that way. He thought the Soul Nourishment Pill was not reliable at all.

So Alec tentatively suggested, "Mr. Smith, if possible, could you just give us one of the construction projects instead... we really cannot enjoy the good fortune of having this medicine..."

Although Alec didn't say it outright, his meaning was clear.

He simply didn't think much of the Soul Nourishment Pill.

Ethan Smith sighed, put away the Soul Nourishment Pill, and said, "Alright then. Just bring the contract to me tomorrow."

"Thank you, Mr. Smith!" Alec exclaimed excitedly.

He didn't realize that he had inadvertently missed a golden business opportunity.

This made Ethan Smith feel a sense of pity for Alec.

"In that case, I'll have Ray Walters handle the Soul Nourishment Pill agency for now," Ethan thought to himself.

45 Chapter 45: Soul Nourishment Pill_1

After leaving the Peterson Family residence, Ethan Smith had Ray Walters prepare a large amount of medicinal herbs.

Then, he officially started refining the Soul Nourishment Pill.

For Ethan Smith, the cost of the Soul Nourishment Pill was almost negligible, and the price could be drastically reduced.

For three whole days, Ethan Smith hardly rested, devoting all his time to refining the Soul Nourishment Pills.

During these three days, Edward Green was in charge of guarding Ethan Smith to prevent any disturbances.

Three days later, Ethan Smith successfully refined more than 300 Soul Nourishment Pills.

Wiping the sweat from his forehead, Ethan Smith looked at the pills placed before him.

For the current Ethan, refining more than 300 Soul Nourishment Pills was extremely strenuous, and he looked much more haggard.

"I believe these 300 Soul Nourishment Pills will be enough to bring a shock to the Hill family," Ethan Smith thought to himself.

"Mr. Smith, what kind of pill is this?" Edward Green couldn't help but ask.

Ethan picked one up at random and threw it to Edward, laughing, "Give it a try."

Edward didn't even look at it and directly put it in his mouth.

In just a moment, Edward felt refreshed and invigorated, all fatigue instantly swept away!

"What... What kind of medicine is this?" Edward was astonished and opened his mouth wide in shock.

Ethan laughed, "It's called Soul Nourishment Pill. In short, it's good for the body."

This made Edward even more in awe of Ethan.

"Mr. Smith not only masters extraordinary breathing techniques, but also such remarkable pill refining skills..." Edward said admiringly.

Ethan smiled and said, "When the time comes, I'll teach you this breathing method."

"Thank you, Mr. Smith!" Hearing this, Edward was overjoyed!

"By the way," Edward suddenly thought of something.

"Miss Taylor came by yesterday. I don't know what she wanted." Edward said.

Speaking of Emily Taylor, Ethan Smith felt the fatigue of his body disappear instantly, and a smile unconsciously appeared on his face.

"It's said that thinking of the person you like makes you smile involuntarily. So it's true," Edward jokingly said from the side.

"Leave it," Ethan glared at Edward.

Afterward, he took out his phone and made a call to Ray Walters.

About half an hour later, Ray Walters hurriedly drove to the Dragon Rising Community.

Ethan handed the Soul Nourishment Pills to Ray Walters, and then instructed, "The price of these 300 pills should be a bit cheaper, three hundred dollars each."

Ray was taken aback and somewhat awkwardly said, "Three hundred dollars each? Isn't that... too cheap? It used to be one hundred and sixty thousand dollars each..."

"Just do as I say." Ethan said coldly.

Then, he handed the 300 Soul Nourishment Pills to Ray Walters.

Ray looked at the pills, his eyes turning round as thoughts raced through his mind.

He thought to himself, "As long as I keep it a secret, I can sell these pills at a higher price, and he'll never find out."

With this in mind, Ray Walters was about to leave with the pills.

"Hold on."

At that moment, Ethan suddenly called Ray Walters to a stop.

In the next second, Ethan Smith stepped forward and grabbed Ray Walters by the neck, lifting him off the ground!

Ray struggled desperately but couldn't break free!

Ethan's grip was like iron tongs, rendering Ray Walters immobile!

Soon, Ray Walters felt it hard to breathe, and his face instantly turned red!

"You better put away your little schemes. I'm the one who gave you the chance to eat," Ethan coldly said.

"I... I know ..." Ray Walters managed to utter these few words with difficulty.

Ethan let go of Ray Walters, who fell to the ground sitting.

Wiping the sweat from his forehead, Ray felt chills running down his back!

Ray Walters had no doubt that Ethan could have killed him just now!

"I'm... I'm sorry, Mr. Smith..." Ray Walters wiped the sweat from his forehead and said apologetically.

Ethan glanced at him and said indifferently, "Don't worry, as long as you obey, I'll never let you suffer."

Ray hurriedly nodded, "Thank you, Mr. Smith, thank you, Mr. Smith..."

"You can go now." Ethan waved his hand.

Ray didn't stay longer and quickly left.

Ethan knew well that dealing with an old fox like Ray Walters required both kindness and severity to make him obedient. Otherwise, Ray might bite back at any time.

"Now it's time for me to prepare for the auction. I just don't know if ten million dollars will be enough," Ethan thought to himself.

Since ancient times, wealth has favored martial arts. Cultivating has always been an extremely costly affair.

At this moment, Ethan deeply realized this.

There was still half a month left before the auction, so Ethan was in no hurry.

After Ray left, Ethan went to sleep.

He slept for a full three days.

In those three days, the Soul Nourishment Pills spread through half of River City!

Without any publicity, the pills swept across every street and alley!

For a time, Ray Walters became a popular figure! Taking advantage of this opportunity, he quickly established a health supplement company.

The Hill family also soon learned about this news.

"Mr. Hill, this is the Soul Nourishment Pill." In Stephen Hill's office, Gary Brown handed the pill to Stephen, with a flattering demeanor.

Stephen rubbed the pill and couldn't help but snort, "Does this pill really have such miraculous effects?"

"Yes, it does!" Gary Brown hurriedly replied.

"I heard that many high-level officials in the city are fighting over this pill," he added.

Stephen frowned and stroked his chin, murmuring, "If I can get the prescription for the Soul Nourishment Pill, the Hill family will definitely rise to a higher level, and it won't be a problem to break out of Chuzzle at that time!"

Thinking about it, Stephen looked at Gary Brown and asked, "Where did this Soul Nourishment Pill come from?"

Quickly, Gary Brown said, "It's said to have come from Ray Walters!"

"Ray Walters? The scumbag?" Stephen couldn't help but show contempt on his face.

"Yes, him!" Gary nodded hastily.

Stephen scoffed, "Is he even worthy of possessing the Soul Nourishment Pill?"