

## MRS. AND MR. SMITH

### Chapter 29: I'm Not Going to Serve Anymore!\_1

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Hearing Ethan Smith's words, everyone was stunned!

Even Emily Taylor looked at Ethan Smith in surprise.

In her impression, Ethan Smith was almost a person without a temper!

However, Emily Taylor soon started laughing, as she seemed to be extremely satisfied with Ethan Smith's reaction.

"Kid, what did you say!?" Uncle William Richardson was suddenly furious!

His men stepped forward and scolded: "Do you know who Mr. Richardson is? How dare you talk to him like this!"

Ethan Smith looked at them coldly, and said: "As I said, his identity and status have nothing to do with me."

"I originally wanted to save him out of kindness, but your attitude disgusts me."

"Now, I'm telling you, I'm not serving you anymore, get lost!"

Upon hearing this, one of Richardson's men became angry, stepped forward, and said coldly, "Cure Mr. Richardson immediately, or I'll kill you!"

"Really!?" Ethan Smith shouted, taking the initiative to raise his hand, slapping him across the face!

This slap sent him flying, and a molar even came flying out of his mouth!

"You!" He stared at Ethan Smith, like an angry lion.

"Go back and practice more before you spout nonsense." Ethan Smith said coldly.

After that, Ethan Smith turned and left, walking straight back into the room.

The door, "bang" sounded as it closed.

The scene was as silent as death, and Uncle William Richardson's face was filled with anger.

But his physical discomfort forced him to bow his head.

"Emily, did you see? Is this how someone should be treating their elders?" Uncle Richardson took a deep breath and asked.

Emily Taylor replied, smiling: "Uncle Richardson, you're the one asking for help now, so it's not right for you to consider yourself above everyone else."

"I won't interfere with your matters." Emily Taylor continued indifferently.

Then, Emily Taylor got into the car and left the place.

Uncle Richardson's face was extremely ugly, clutching his chest in pain.

Meanwhile, Ethan Smith was busy with his own affairs in his room, not caring about Uncle Richardson at all.

Time passed by every second and in the blink of an eye, an hour had already passed.

Finally, Uncle Richardson couldn't stand it anymore.

He walked over with difficulty, knocked on the door, and said painfully, "Ethan Smith, I was rude. I apologize to you..."

There was no sound from the room, only silence.

Uncle Richardson continued painfully, "Ethan Smith, please help me. I really can't stand it anymore..."

"I was wrong. I shouldn't have been so arrogant..."

"Please help me for Emily's sake, I..."

Before Uncle Richardson could finish, the door opened.

Ethan Smith stood at the door, holding a pill in his hand.

"Take this pill, and your illness will be naturally cured," Ethan handed him a black pill.

Uncle Richardson quickly picked up the pill, examined it carefully.

The appearance of the pill was extremely poor, resembling sheep droppings he'd found in the fields.

This made Uncle Richardson believe that Ethan Smith was deliberately messing with him.

"Ethan Smith, are you sure this can cure my illness...?" Uncle Richardson asked with difficulty.

"Whether you believe it or not is up to you. If you don't believe it, you can throw it away." Ethan Smith said coldly.

After that, he closed the door again and returned to the room.

Uncle Richardson stared at the pill. Although he had some doubts, he didn't have time to think too much about it now. So, swallowing hard, he put the pill into his mouth.

The moment the pill entered his stomach, Uncle Richardson felt an intense heat flowing through his body.

The heat swirled inside his body, finally gathering at his heart.

Suddenly, the pain in his heart began to ease gradually.

Within a few minutes, Uncle Richardson was astonished to find that the piercing pain in his heart had disappeared!

He touched his heart, his face filled with disbelief: "Is it...really healed?"

Looking at Ethan Smith in the room, Uncle Richardson couldn't help but be amazed.

Just who was this Ethan Smith? How could he have such exceptional medical skills?

Could it be that everything Emily said was true?

"If there's nothing else, you can leave now," Ethan Smith's voice came from the room.

Now, Ethan Smith didn't have any good feelings towards Uncle Richardson at all. If it were not for Emily's sake, he wouldn't even want to help.

Uncle Richardson opened his mouth, then shook his head.

"Mr. Richardson, maybe your discomfort is caused by this kid's tricks!"

"Otherwise, why couldn't the hospital find anything, yet you instantly felt better after taking his pill?" At this moment, one of Uncle Richardson's men, covering his mouth, said sneeringly.