

Mrs. and Mr. Smith Chapter 3 - Chapter 3 Hurry and Bring Him Back!_1

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"Kid, you really have some nerve!" The doctor was suddenly furious!

In their hearts, Emily Taylor was an untouchable goddess, a heavenly beauty! How could they tolerate a useless fool dishonoring her?

Even Emily's bodyguards took a step forward in unison!

Emily looked at Ethan Smith with a somewhat icy expression on her face.

After a moment of silence, Emily finally agreed.

"If he's deceiving me, at least I can report back." Emily thought to herself.

So, Emily lay on the bed, her white chest bare in front of Ethan Smith.

Ethan blushed and walked over to Emily.

He whispered, "Miss Emily, I... pardon me."

Having said that, Ethan summoned his courage, reached out his hand, and slowly placed it on Emily's body.

Emily was simply too beautiful! Compared to her, Sylvia Johnson was nothing!

And her figure was truly extraordinary, making it difficult for anyone to control themselves upon seeing her.

The doctor and bodyguards nearby were practically bulging their eyes out.

If it weren't for Emily's forbearance, they probably would have minced Ethan into pieces!

Ethan suppressed his wild thoughts and focused on stabilizing his mind.

Following the method in the medical scriptures, he channeled the qi in his dantian like a swimming dragon and used it.

A warm current flowed from Ethan's palm and slowly entered Emily's body.

Emily only felt warmth, and her entire body was slightly heated, as if she was submerged in a hot spring.

Time passed by the second, and sweat began to roll down Ethan's forehead.

In the blink of an eye, ten minutes had passed.

This made Emily somewhat angry.

There had to be a limit to taking advantage! Wasn't it enough?

Moreover, besides the warmth in her body, Emily hardly noticed any improvement!

On the contrary, she felt breathless and stifled in her chest, unable to help but cough!

"It seems that grandpa really overestimated him." Emily secretly shook her head in her heart.

At this moment, Ethan finally took his hand away from Emily's body.

Wiping the sweat from his forehead, he whispered, "Miss Emily, I've just finished your treatment. You should recover in about ten minutes."

Emily sat up on the bed and couldn't help but sneer, "Ten minutes to recover? Do you think I'm a three-year-old child?"

After saying this, Emily coughed violently again, her face turning somewhat pale.

Ethan stood there, looking uneasy and not knowing where to put his hands.

"Miss, let us chop him up!" The burly bodyguards shouted.

However, Emily waved her hand and glanced at the clock on the wall, saying, "I'll give him ten minutes."

Ethan was also unsure deep down.

This fantastic encounter made it hard for Ethan to distinguish between reality and a dream.

The bodyguards came forward and surrounded Ethan, as if fearing that he would run away.

In the blink of an eye, nine minutes had passed.

Emily looked at the clock and coldly said, "It seems you really are lying to me. How was it? Did you enjoy touching me?"

Ethan couldn't help but give a bitter smile, knowing that there was no point in explaining himself at this point, so he simply said nothing.

The bodyguards stepped forward, seemingly ready to take action.

There was no panic on Ethan's face.

He had completely lost hope in the world. Death, perhaps, would be a relief.

"Forget it." At this point, Emily waved her hand.

"For some reason, I'll spare your life, but don't let me see you again." Emily said coldly.

Ethan didn't say much; he stood up and bowed to Emily.

"Miss Emily, I'm sorry for bothering you." After saying this, Ethan turned around and prepared to leave.

"Miss, are we really letting him go?" After Ethan left, the bodyguards said with dissatisfaction.

Emily glanced at them without saying a word.

"Consider it a favor to his father." Emily sighed with some regret, but there was still a hint of disappointment on her face.

Because before she came to River City, her grandpa had praised Ethan Smith to the skies, which filled Emily's heart with expectations.

"Grandpa, it seems you really misjudged him." Emily sighed softly.

At this moment, Emily suddenly felt a wave of warmth!

Then, she coughed once – a mouthful of black filth spat out from her mouth!

"Miss, are you alright?"

"What the hell did that guy do! I'm going to catch him right now!"

"I want to skin him alive!"

Emily, however, quickly waved her hand.

She felt her chest, surprised to find that the suffocating sensation that had lingered for years was gone! The itchiness in her throat had also completely disappeared!

"It really worked?" A touch of surprise appeared on Emily's cold and beautiful face.

"Quick, go and bring him back!" Emily hurriedly ordered.