

The Substitute Wife My Poor Husband is a Billionaire

Chapter 304: Mixed Feelings

Ritchie took a few steps back in shock.

Exasperated, he looked at his men, who were all knocked down to the ground and groaning in pain.

"Where did you hire them?" he asked in disbelief.

Ethan's voice was as cold as ice.

"They're my friends."

"Your friends? Ha! They must be jobless losers just like you."

Although Ritchie was a little scared and flustered, he refused to show it.

He stared at Ethan's "friends" condescendingly.

Ethan was a loser after all. It made sense that his friends were all thugs.

Ethan didn't answer.

Instead, he asked the man behind him to take care of Laney.

Then, he took Janet's hand and said softly, "Let's go home."

Ritchie was even more surprised.

Was this really the Ethan he knew? How dare he disrespect him like this? Ritchie straightened his suit and walked to the door of the private room: He walked past Ethan and bumped into his shoulder deliberately. He cast a sidelong glance at Ethan, his eyes filled with hatred.

Gnashing his teeth, Ritchie said, "You must feel good about yourself, having a group of thugs for friends. Just remember: you're nothing but a poor, powerless loser. I swear I'll make your life more miserable than it is now."

Ethan sneered.

Underneath the brim of his cap, his eyes flashed coldly. He had one hand in his pocket while the other held Janet's hand. Ignoring Ritchie, he turned to the others and said, "Let's go."

Laney was helped into the car. She was covered in bloody wounds but her face was pale as a ghost.

"Laney, just hold on a little longer. We're almost at the hospital."

With tears in her eyes, Janet quickly tried to press some tissues against Laney's wounds to stop the bleeding.

Even Laney's lips were colorless, but her eyes were bloodshot. She didn't respond to Janet and stared at the ceiling of the car listlessly. She seemed to be in excruciating pain. She winced and frowned, her body trembling slightly.

With a long face, Ethan turned to the driver and said sternly, "Get to Frank's as fast as possible."

Before they arrived at their destination, Laney had passed out in the car from too much blood loss.

Holding Laney in her arms, Janet tried to clean her wounds. She glanced at Ethan and seemed to want to say something but stopped on second thought.

The most important thing right now was for Laney to get treatment as soon as possible.

Janet didn't have the time to question Ethan.

Soon, Laney was wheeled into the ER in Frank's hospital.

After a thorough examination, Frank shook his head and clicked his tongue as he walked out of the emergency room.

"You've been here several times recently. You must have really bad luck, Ethan."

"Enough with the bullshit. How is she?"

Truth be told, Ethan wasn't really worried about Laney, but seeing the frightened look on Janet's face made him feel sorry.

"She'll be fine."

Hearing this, Janet finally let out a sigh of relief.

"I want to see her."

"Not now. She needs to rest."

Frank shook his head firmly.

Janet had no choice but to sit back down and wait absentmindedly.

As though he could sense the tension in the air, Frank glanced at Ethan knowingly then left.

This left only Janet and Ethan in the corridor.

Ethan pursed his lips and lowered his head.

After thinking for a long time, he looked up at Janet to say something, he found that she was staring at him questioningly. With clenched fists, Janet demanded, "Ethan, what happened between you and Ritchie exactly?"