

The Substitute Wife My Poor Husband is a Billionaire
Chapter 585: Conflict

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Ethan glowered at Ritchie, his eyes looking frigid, and said, one deliberate word at a time, “Why not? I’ll destroy this place sooner or later.”

“What the hell did you just say? How dare you stand up to me?” Ritchie’s eyes widened with indignant fury. The alcohol made his cheeks bright crimson. He loosened his grip on Ethan’s collar and looked around, seemingly looking for something. . Ethan straightened his collar. He did not want to lower himself to Ritchie’s scummy level. When he was about to go downstairs, he suddenly heard a roar from behind him.

“You go burn in hell!” Ritchie picked up a vase from the shelf in the corridor and smashed it against the wall. The glass scattered all over the ground like confetti. The other half of the vase was left intact in Ritchie’s hand but the edge was dangerously jagged.

All color drained from Janet’s face. She looked at Ethan and shouted in warning, “Honey, watch out!” With a sharp fragment of the vase held in his hand as a weapon, Ritchie rushed at Ethan and was about to plunge the makeshift dagger into him. Janet tried to stop him but failed dismally.

People in the living room downstairs didn’t really know what was happening initially, but when Janet had screamed, they were all startled. Everyone ran over in horror, but there was no time to stop Ritchie. Ethan was quick on his feet and hastily retreated when he saw this. He shoved Ritchie away to avoid the sharp vase fragment that he was wielding. Ritchie had rushed forward too fast and because he was drunk, he wasn’t steady on his feet. When Ethan defensively shoved him away, he lost his balance. He stumbled and fell down the stairs before he could cry out for help. He rolled to the bottom of the stairs and lay there motionlessly.

“Ah! Mr. Ritchie!”

As the servants in the living room shouted, the servants upstairs also hastily ran downstairs.

“Help! Mr. Ritchie fell down the stairs!”

“He is bleeding profusely. He doesn’t look like he’s breathing!” Hearing the commotion, Patrick came out of Nora’s room with a long face.

“What’s wrong? Why is there such a ruckus out here? Mrs. Lester needs rest. Can’t you keep the noise levels to a decent volume?” A servant pursed her lips momentarily then cried out, “Sir, Mr. Ritchie was pushed down the stairs by Mr. Ethan!” Patrick’s face turned pale with fright. He rushed downstairs to check on Ritchie, who was lying seemingly lifelessly on the ground. He held Ritchie up and asked desperately, “Ritchie, can you hear me?”

The Novel will be updated daily. Come back and continue reading tomorrow, everyone!

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