

## **Mrs. and Mr. Smith Chapter 13 - Chapter 13: The Smug Sylvia Johnson\_1**

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Ethan Smith was stunned.

He stared blankly at Emily Taylor, as if he couldn't believe his own ears.

"What...did you say?" Ethan asked tentatively.

Emily shook her head, smiling, "Nothing."

Though Emily didn't continue asking, Ethan's heart was pounding violently.

After their time together, Ethan had naturally developed feelings for Emily, but he felt unworthy of her.

But if Emily really meant what she said, Ethan would risk everything to make himself good enough for her!

After Emily left, Ethan's heart still couldn't calm down.

He sat alone in the courtyard, looking up at the starry sky, murmuring softly, "Was she...teasing me, or being serious..."

Ethan didn't know, but from that moment on, his state of mind went through earth-shattering changes.

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The next day.

There was only one more day left until the Taylor family banquet.

The invitations had been sent to every major family in River City.

But Ethan wasn't interested in that; his thoughts were focused on how to make his own strength even stronger.

At that moment, Ethan's phone suddenly rang.

Picking it up, Ethan saw that it was Old Bill Johnson who was calling.

Old Bill Johnson had shown kindness to Ethan and was the only one in the Johnson family who treated Ethan well.

So, he answered the call promptly.

"Grandfather..." Ethan's voice was unintentionally somber.

Old Bill's trembling voice said, "Ethan, I'm sorry..."

"It's not your fault, Grandfather," Ethan replied, taking a deep breath.

"In the whole Johnson family, you're the only one who treated me as a person. But now, I don't want to rely on the Johnson family for my life; I don't want to rely on anyone," Ethan declared solemnly.

Silence stretched on the other end of the line.

After a moment, Old Bill asked shakily, "Ethan, can you come back to see me?"

Ethan considered it briefly before saying, "Alright, I should say goodbye to you properly."

After hanging up, Ethan rose and headed towards the Johnson family home.

The Johnsons were all gathered.

Ever since Sylvia received the invitation from the Taylor family, her arrogance had grown even more.

Ethan pushed open the door and entered the Johnson residence.

Upon entering, he saw Old Bill sitting in a corner, looking somewhat desolate.

He seemed even older and frailer than before, and his status in the Johnson family was clearly no longer what it used to be.

"What are you doing here?" Brenda Johnson asked disapprovingly when she saw Ethan.

"Leave quickly. Don't let Gary Brown misunderstand," Brenda said with a humph.

Ethan scoffed at Brenda's attitude.

"I asked Ethan to come back," Old Bill waved him over.

With a hint of displeasure, Sylvia said, "Grandfather, why did you call this loser? I've already divorced him, and Gary Brown is my new husband."

After finishing, Sylvia pointed at Ethan and scolded him, "Hurry up and get out of here! If Gary comes back and sees you, he'll kill you!"

Ethan didn't bother responding to Sylvia; instead, he approached Old Bill and bent down slightly, apologizing, "Grandfather, I'm afraid this will be the last time I come to the Johnson family home."

Hearing this, Old Bill's eyes moistened.

He held Ethan's hand, his pained voice saying, "Ethan, can you stay? Even though you and Sylvia have divorced, I still see you as a grandson..."

Despite his tender heart, Ethan shook his head, "No."

Sylvia couldn't help but mock, "Grandfather, you're really senile."

"You always said Ethan would bring good luck to our Johnson family. What did he bring in these three years? Apart from doing housework and cooking, he's useless!"

"On the other hand, my luck has improved so much since I divorced him." Sylvia waved the invitation letter in her hand, slapping it onto the table.

"Look closely, this is the Taylor family's invitation! The Taylor family of the Capital City invited me, Sylvia Johnson!" Sylvia declared proudly.

Ethan glanced at it, and it was indeed the Taylor family's invitation.

"As long as I have this invitation, our Johnson family will join the ranks of River City's first-class families sooner or later," Sylvia said with a giggle.

Ethan sneered, "I doubt it. You should take a look at what you are."

Instead of getting angry, Sylvia retorted scornfully, "What, jealous? Rubbishing me won't change the facts!"

"I, Sylvia, have the Taylor family's favor!"

"And you, you'll always be a worthless failure!"

Old Bill slammed the table and angrily said, "Hold your tongue!"

"I'm telling the truth!" Sylvia retorted.

Old Bill held Ethan's hand apologetically and said, "Ethan, don't argue with her. She's still young..."

"She's still young?" Ethan couldn't help but laugh at the thought.

Was a woman nearing thirty still considered young?

"Ethan, get the fuck out of here, do you hear me? Don't bring bad luck to our family," Sylvia said with disgust.

Ethan coldly stared at Sylvia, "Don't worry, I don't want to stay here for even a minute."

After saying that, Ethan bowed to Old Bill and then left the Johnson residence with large strides.

As Old Bill watched Ethan's retreating figure, tears filled his cloudy eyes.

"Sylvia, you'll regret this..." Old Bill said with a sad expression.

"Regret what? You're just an old fortune teller. How could Gary Brown not be better than Ethan?" Sylvia scoffed.

Afterwards, Sylvia practically shoved the invitation letter in Old Bill's face.

"Look carefully. The Taylors invited me! I'm the most influential person in the Johnson family!" Sylvia shouted viciously.

But Old Bill waved his hand, not saying another word.

No one in the entire Johnson family took him seriously anymore.

After all, in their eyes, they had indeed won the Taylor family's favor.