

Her Family of Tycoons vs. His Family of Fools (Mia and Ethan)

Chapter 18

Jacob turned to Ethan and said, “When you two got married, you never should’ve let Mia keep working at the hospital. She should’ve just taken care of Lina full- time. Women who work outside meet too many men. They always end up with hidden agendas.

“You think she’d turn on you like this and hurt me if she wasn’t seeing someone else? She used to obey your every word. Now she’s completely out of line.

“All that stuff about Lina losing the baby, you making her quit the hospital-those were just excuses. She used you to divorce you.”

Jacob saw Ethan’s face darken and knew he was getting to him.

Any man would lose his temper over something like this, whether he loved her or not.

Mia had some kind of hold over him. Jacob knew Ethan was far more dangerous than he was.

He’d seen how obsessed Mia used to be with Ethan, how obedient she was.

So he kept pushing.

“The fact that she hurt me like this means she’s really over you. Back there, when I was getting hurt, you didn’t even say a word. You were still trying to protect her.

“But look at her-she didn’t care at all.”

Jacob rambled on, stirring up anger.

Mark muttered under his breath, “You’re great at making up stories, I’ll give you that.”

Still, Jacob isn’t entirely wrong.

Mr. Ethan Hale stayed quiet the whole time, clearly hoping to fix things later.

But Mia seemed completely done.

Mark sighed and glanced at Ethan, whose face was cold as ice.

Mia really was ungrateful. Couldn’t she even take a chance to make things right? 2

Mia got home at 2 a.m., delayed by Ethan and the others.

The car pulled into a huge mansion, with lights lining the long driveway.

It was the driver's first time visiting such a massive, fortress-like mansion. He marveled in amazement, "Miss, your place is huge! This garden's bigger than a football field! You must be incredibly wealthy. Can I take a picture? I wanna show my buddies and brag a little!"

Mia forced a smile, sent him 1,000 dollars, thanked him, and hurried out.

She quietly changed her shoes at the door and crept inside.

She'd only taken one step into the living room when-

Flip.

Every light in the mansion blazed on.

Mia froze for a second, then sighed in defeat.

She walked slowly into the room. Luke was sitting on the sofa, his eyes sharp, his face dark as a storm.

"Where have you been messing around? Do you know what time it is?!"

Caught, Mia stood straight and answered calmly, "Wendy's bar opened. I went to help. It won't happen again."

"Won't happen again? You think there's gonna be a next time?!"

"I told you two months ago-curfew at 10 p.m.! Why won't you listen?"

"You're the heir to Harmony Clinic. How can you run it properly if you have no self-control?"

"You wasted three years already. How much more time are you gonna throw away? You said you wanted to follow your mother's footsteps. Is this how you do it?"

"All talk, no action."

"Wendy's doing better than you. At least she's good at business. You were smarter than her as a kid, but look at you now. Genius fades young, right?"

Mia stood quietly, pressing her lips together.

She turned to leave when a slim, strong hand pushed the door open.

“Dad.”

It was Sean Colton.

He was Jane’s son from her previous marriage, technically Mia’s stepbrother.

Luke’s face softened immediately. “You’re back. Company work was busy. Get some rest.”

Just then, someone walked in, twirling his keys, whistling like a reckless rich kid.

A girl in a revealing top followed close behind.

They blocked Mia’s way and drew all of Luke’s anger.

“Ryan! What are you doing? Bringing someone like this home in the middle of the night?!”
Luke was fuming.

“You’re trying to kill me!

“You waste your time on that silly entertainment company. You ignore the family business and leave it all to Sean. When will you ever help him?

O:O

“You learned nothing good-except staying out late, just like Mia!”

Mia felt suffocated. She tried to leave again, but Ryan let go of the girl and tugged her sleeve.

“Hey, you’re late too? That’s not like you. Thought you were Daddy’s perfect girl.

“Curfew at 10? This isn’t the Middle Ages. I can’t believe you actually listen. I heard you were wild as a kid. Why don’t you rebel for once?”