

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

Chapter 2

"Ethan?"

Mia froze.

She'd never expected him to take her side.

But she'd always thought he was at least fair—he wouldn't jump to conclusions based only on Lina's one-sided story without an investigation.

Now, even that last glimmer of hope was gone.

Mia hung her head and let out a bitter laugh.

This was the man she'd tried so hard to warm with her love. This was the man she'd married even when it meant defying her father.

Three years.

Three whole years.

She knew he'd always had feelings for Lina, knew they were childhood sweethearts. But Lina had married his cousin, so Mia had hoped that with enough sincerity, Ethan would eventually see her worth.

So when Ethan had proposed marriage on the condition that she take care of Lina's health, she'd agreed without hesitation.

She'd never imagined that three years later, Ethan would say the word "divorce" so casually.

Mia looked up at Ethan standing across from her.

His cold eyes held no warmth, his sharp face emotionless. When he looked at her, he was just as distant and icy as he'd been three years ago.

Mia thought bitterly. I've been so naive.

No matter how hard you try, someone who doesn't like you will never change their mind.

"Mia! Did you hear Ethan? Quit your job, or get divorced!" Margaret stared at her with a sneer, utterly convinced Mia would back down.

"I told you." Mia straightened up slowly, a look of realization crossing her face. "I did everything I could. If you suspect I made a mistake with the medication, you can ask the hospital's oversight board to investigate. But I will never give up my career."

As soon as the words left her mouth, Margaret slammed her palm on the table, pointing a finger at Mia's face.

"Did everything you could?!" she scoffed.

"You dare mention the hospital's oversight board? Do you really think I don't know you and your colleagues are in cahoots? Lina told me everything—how you mistreated her at the hospital, and how you all covered for each other! You bullied our precious Lina, and now you want to hide it!

"Fine! Since you're so stubborn, Walter! Lock her in the utility room! She stays there until she admits her mistake!

"And since she's so mouthy, no food for her! Just give her enough water to stay alive!"

Mia couldn't believe her ears. This was a modern society governed by laws—how could they talk about locking someone up and starving them?

She didn't argue right away. Instead, she looked at Ethan.

She knew she was being foolish, but she was desperate to confirm his thoughts one last time.

Ethan's cold gaze fell on her. "Think it over. Then come talk to me. You're responsible for what happened to Lina—no matter what."

"Ethan, why are you wasting your time with her?" Olivia had never liked Mia. She thought Ethan had only married her under duress. Ever since Mia joined the family, Olivia had made her life miserable. "Throw her in the utility room and starve her for three days. We'll see if she's still so stubborn then!"

Mia ignored Olivia. She didn't care what Olivia thought. The only person whose opinion mattered was Ethan's.

She looked at him straight on. "Ethan, I never had any intention of hurting Lina. I'm a doctor. I would never mistreat my patient. You've always prided yourself on being fair and rational. Can't you give me the same fairness?"

Her eyes were earnest.

She didn't ask for favoritism—just a chance to prove her innocence. A fair investigation. A proper explanation.

That's all she wanted.

But in the end, she was disappointed.

The butler, Walter Reeves, dragged her toward the utility room.

The heavy door closed slowly in front of her. Mia watched as Ethan's face disappeared behind the narrowing gap.

Panic fluttered in her chest, but the man's eyes remained cold, no trace of affection for her.

She hesitated, wanting to step forward, but his icy gaze stopped her in her tracks. Mia stood there, heartbroken, as his face vanished completely.

She had no idea how long she stayed in the pitch-black utility room.

All she knew was that the floor beneath her fingers was damp.

The air was thick with a cold, eerie chill.

Soft creatures scurried past her, accompanied by terrifying squeaks.

Her initial sorrow faded into numbness. Finally, she collapsed onto the cold floor, her love for Ethan fading away with each passing minute.

She'd been trapped in that dark space for what felt like an eternity when the heavy door creaked open.

Blinding sunlight streamed in.

Ethan stood in the light, his voice cold as he tossed out a question. "Admit you're wrong yet? If you do, go to the hospital to take care of Lina right away."

That last flicker of love vanished with his words.

But Mia was still unwilling. She couldn't tell if it was because of the three years she'd wasted, or because she couldn't bear to let go of Ethan.

"I tried my hardest to save Lina," she said, looking up. "I truly did nothing wrong. If you'll let me, give me time. to go to the hospital and find the truth. I'll give you a satisfactory answer. Please?"

It was her last attempt to save their relationship.

"Give you time?" The mockery in Ethan's eyes cut deep. "Time to cover up what you did?"

Even though she'd expected this response, Mia's heart ached.

She stumbled to her feet, standing in the shadows. She had to ask one more question.

"Ethan, in these three years... did you ever like me? Even for a moment?"

Ethan froze, then let out a laugh—sharp and full of disdain. In an instant, Mia understood.

That laugh was like a harsh slap, waking her up from her delusions.

"Oh, you never did," she muttered, her face turning pale. "Okay. I was just being silly."

"Then..." Mia gave a bitter smile. "Let's get divorced."

Ethan stared at her in shock for a few seconds, his brows furrowing as he glared at her coldly.

He'd thought after spending a night in the utility room, Mia would apologize and give in, just like she always did. He'd expected her to quit her job as the hospital's department head without complaint.

He'd never imagined she'd be the one to say "divorce."

Absolutely ridiculous—she's truly unrepentant!

Mia watched his reaction, then laughed at herself.

She'd always obeyed Ethan without question. Now that she'd finally stood up to him, his surprise was hardly unexpected.

She took a deep breath and repeated herself, her voice steady despite his stunned silence. "Ethan Hale, let's get divorced."

With those words, she lifted her head and stepped over the threshold.

She walked slowly. The low fever from the day before had worsened in the damp, cold air. The blows from Margaret's cane left her back aching. The memory of creatures scurrying over her fingers sent shivers down her spine. -

Even so, she kept moving forward, determined.

She was leaving this place, leaving the Hale family, leaving the marriage she'd once thought would last a lifetime.

