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

Chapter 7

They had lunch at noon.

Wendy hummed cheerfully, clearly in a great mood.

Mia stayed calm and quiet.

“Mia~”

Wendy looked at Mia’s delicate face and sighed.

“You never smile. Those beautiful eyes are going to waste. If you smiled more, Lina wouldn’t even stand a chance.”

Mia had been stunning since she was little.

Her face was small and delicate, with big, bright eyes.

Her lashes lifted naturally, giving her a cool, distant look when she was serious.

But when she smiled, her eyes lit up like stars.

Six years of demanding medical school would wear anyone down.

But Mia only grew more beautiful, fresh like a lotus in the morning dew.

Her old photo was still on the wall of top campus beauties.

“Must a woman rely on her looks?” Mia asked.

She was brilliant, but straightforward when it came to feelings.

“Kindness, ability, and professionalism matter too.”

Wendy sighed, “Did you talk this straight with Ethan?”

Mia nodded. “We barely spoke. Most of our conversations were about Lina. He never cared about anything else. He got impatient easily.”

Wendy’s anger flared up again.

Suddenly, her expression turned sly.

She looked Mia up and down.

Mia had a beautiful figure.

But for three years, she'd worn only loose hospital uniforms while caring for Lina.

"Mia... did Ethan ever... touch you?" Wendy asked cautiously.

Mia understood immediately. "Of course not. I was at the hospital almost nonstop. Every time I went home, Lina would call right away with some fake pain. We almost never had time alone."

She didn't even have time to change clothes, let alone anything else.

Because of that, Ethan's grandmother had called her barren.

"Ha ha ha!" Wendy nearly doubled over in joy.

"That j*rk never touched you?!"

Mia said, "No."

Wendy bent over dramatically, pretending to bow toward Lina's room.

Mia was confused. "What are you doing?"

Wendy exclaimed, "Thank you for not letting that sc*m near her!"

Mia fell silent.

In the afternoon, Wendy tried to go with Mia to the courthouse.

Mia stopped her.

"I'm holding a press conference around four. Have your IT team control online public opinion."

She never liked leaving problems unfinished.

Wendy nodded.

She stepped out to make a call.

When she came back, Mia had already changed.

Mia was naturally bright and beautiful.

A small smile made her look incredibly charming.

She wore a light blue sweater and slim pants.

Simple, but it highlighted her elegant features.

Her usually tied-up hair fell loosely over her shoulders.

She took off her glasses, leaving her big, sparkling eyes.

“Legs for days,” Wendy whistled. “Mia, is this even fair?”

Normally, clothes made the person.

With Mia, she made the clothes look sexy.

Wendy clenched her fists excitedly. “Mia, I’ll be waiting for your victory!”

Mia smiled. “Okay.”

When Mia arrived at the courthouse, Ethan wasn’t there yet.

She stood calmly by the door, a soft smile on her face.

She wasn’t in a hurry.

As a surgeon, she’d stood for hours during operations.

She had plenty of patience for something as big as divorce.

Soon, Mia drew a lot of attention.

“D*mn it! We’re here to get married, and you’re staring at her?!”

A woman pinched her man’s ear angrily.

The man yelped and looked away, but couldn’t help glancing back.

“Stop looking!”

The woman rolled her eyes at Mia, then glared at her fiancé.

“She’s way out of your league. Look at yourself. She’s probably here to get married too. You’re stuck with me.”

The man rubbed his ear and mumbled as they went inside, “A guy can look, right?”

The woman glanced at him and snapped, “Fair enough.”

Mia laughed softly.

Her smile was open and bright.

Her hair fell gently over her chest.

The slanted neck of her sweater revealed her fair shoulder.

Standing in the sun, she smiled beautifully.

Everything around her seemed to fade into the background.

“Wow,” the woman said after staring.

“I almost questioned my own preferences just now.”

The man panicked. “Come on...”

Ethan sat in his car nearby.

His sharp, cold eyes fixed on Mia.

Something’s different about her today.

When he noticed the twentieth man staring at her, he felt a sharp, unpleasant twinge.

Dressing like that, looking so eye-catching.

Who is she trying to attract?

He got out of the car.

Before he reached her, a flirtatious man whistled at Mia.

“Hey, beautiful,” the man said, waving his marriage license.

“When I get divorced, I’ll marry you!”

Ethan’s eyebrows tightened.

He was about to step forward and pull her away when Mia smiled and tilted her head.

“Sure. But I have to get divorced first.”

Ethan stopped and laughed coldly.

He was furious at that annoying smile.

“You look pretty eager to divorce me!”

This woman has no shame at all!

Flirting with other men right outside the courthouse.

I don’t owe her any mercy.

Ethan walked over.

Before he could scold her, Mia’s smile faded.

“You’re late, Mr. Hale,” she said flatly.

She turned and walked straight into the courthouse.

Ethan felt frustrated and followed quickly. “Mia, if you think this will get my attention, you’re wrong.”

“Thanks,” Mia said, ignoring him.

She went straight to the divorce desk. “Two forms, please.”

Mia picked up a pen and began filling them out.

Ethan frowned. “Mia, you’re playing with fire.”

Mia finished quickly.

She took Ethan’s blank form and started filling it for him.

Ethan’s frown deepened at her rushed, messy handwriting.

He was about to speak when he heard the couple from earlier pointing at them.

“Wait-they’re here for a divorce?” the man said.

The woman gasped. “Is he blind?! Ditching someone this beautiful? Men are the worst!”

The man nodded. “She’s amazing, and he’s throwing her away.

Men really are trash.”

The woman glared at her partner. “You ever hurt me, and I’ll drag you back here to divorce you!”

The man clamped his legs together and bowed nervously. “I won’t!”

Murmurs spread around them.

Ethan felt irritated and wanted to leave.

But Mia had already finished everything and signed her name.

She pushed the papers toward him.

“Sign.”

Ethan felt the urge to tear everything up.

But people were staring. Some had already recognized him.

He had to keep his image.

His jaw tightened. He snapped, “Mia, are you done acting? Once you sign, don’t regret it! I’m giving you one last chance. Think carefully!”

“Think?” Mia laughed.

“You want me to quit my job and be your precious Lina’s free servant?”

Ethan’s jaw clenched in anger. “So you still refuse to admit you’re wrong?!”

Mia stared back at him coldly.

The crowd grew louder as they watched the standoff.

“What’s his problem? Why won’t he sign?”

“If he’s dragging his feet, he’s definitely the guilty one.”

“Did you hear her? She was his little servant for his other woman. Disgusting.”

“Sc*m!”

“J*rk!”

The woman processing the divorce had heard everything.

She'd watched Ethan threaten Mia without a single kind word.

She hated men like him.

She banged her palm on the desk and said firmly, "Mr. Ethan Hale, sign the papers!"