

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

Chapter 8

Ethan frowned deeply.

He looked at Mia's bright, unyielding face.

"Once you sign, don't you dare regret it."

"Sign," Mia said, pushing the divorce papers toward him.

She had married him on a foolish impulse.

Now she was ending it with complete certainty.

Ethan's brow tightened. "Fine!"

Don't come begging me to take you back later.

Ethan signed his name sharply.

Their marriage certificate was replaced with divorce papers.

They were officially divorced.

From that moment on, they had no legal ties to each other.

As soon as Ethan got the papers, he strode away.

He acted like he couldn't escape fast enough.

He didn't even glance at her.

It made sense.

Mia had thought it all through these past two days.

From the start, Ethan had married her only to treat Lina.

When Lina became pregnant, Mia switched to gynecology.

That was probably the only reason Ethan kept the marriage going.

She had been stupid.

She'd thought that after three years of marriage, he must have cared for her at least a little.

Now she saw clearly: there had been no affection at all.

In Ethan's eyes, she was just a greedy woman clinging to the title of Mrs. Hale, using her medical skills as a weapon.

But none of that mattered anymore.

They were divorced.

When Mia reached the door, she saw Ethan's car was still there.

His secretary stepped out. "Ms. Cole, Mr. Hale would like you to get in the car."

Mia frowned. "We're divorced."

Her words clearly meant there was nothing left to say.

But the secretary held his ground, his posture firm and demanding.

Divorced now—she wasn't going to put up with their arrogance anymore.

Mia turned to the other side to flag a taxi back to the hospital for her press conference.

Before she could lift her hand, Ethan strode over and grabbed her arm.

Mia winced in pain but refused to show it.

"Mr. Hale," she said coldly. "What do you want?"

"You owe Lina for her baby. As her doctor, you're responsible."

Ethan's grip was tight. Mia tried to pull free but couldn't.

"Mr. Hale," Mia said, staring straight at him, "we divorced five minutes ago. Grabbing your ex-wife outside the courthouse doesn't look good."

Ethan let go.

When he saw the bright red mark on her arm from his grip, his brow furrowed without him realizing it.

But he quickly pushed down the uncomfortable feeling.

“You will care for Lina until she fully recovers. You know how bad public opinion will be for your hospital if you don’t.”

Those words stung Mia deeply.

She laughed bitterly. “So for Lina, you sacrificed our marriage three years ago. Now you’re ruining my name and threatening my career?”

“Whatever,” Mia said, too tired to listen further.

His voice alone made her sick.

“I’ll give you the answer you want. Wait an hour.”

“What-”

Before Ethan could finish, Mia flagged a taxi and got in.

She acted like even one more second with him was unbearable.

The door closed in his face.

Ethan stared at the dark red mark on her pale arm.

A complicated look flashed in his eyes.

That redness bothered him.

He hadn’t meant to hurt her.

He just wanted her to admit she was wrong.

But she was more stubborn than he’d ever imagined.

Ethan lit a cigarette.

Irritation burned in his chest, mixed with anger at Mia’s attitude.

When he married her, he’d only wanted someone to treat Lina.

But even now, he hadn’t actually wanted a divorce.

She had forced his hand.

Now that it was real, Ethan felt strangely empty.

A piece of his chest felt like it had been torn away.

He quickly blamed it on habit.

Even a pet I'd kept for three years would be hard to let go of.

And she's the one to leave first.

It's humiliating.

When Mia's car pulled up to the hospital, she saw Wendy pacing anxiously by the door.

Wendy's eyes were fixed on the road, full of worry and hope.

When she saw Mia, she rushed over excitedly. "Mia! Did it go smoothly? Let me see the papers!"

Wendy was the happiest person about her divorce.

Mia smiled at her eagerness and pulled out the divorce papers.

"It went fine. We're divorced."

Wendy immediately pulled Mia into a tight hug. "Mimi~"

When Wendy was overjoyed or affectionate, she called her Mimi instead of Mia.

It felt closer.

"You're really divorced!"

"Mimi, I'm so happy for you-you're finally free! From today on, I'll pray for you every year. I hope Ethan's life gets worse and worse, and I hope the Hale family goes bankrupt soon!"

Divorce meant Mia had let go.

But Wendy hadn't.

She believed a scummy ex like him deserved nothing but bad luck for the rest of his life. That was the only fair thing.

"Mimi, the reporters are all inside. Are you ready for the final battle?" Wendy asked.

Mia smiled and nodded.

Five minutes later, she sat at the center of the stage and smiled gently.

“Thank you all for coming today.

“About the recent rumors, I’d like to clarify a few things,” Mia said calmly and clearly.

“First: as of today, I am no longer Mrs. Hale. We kept our marriage private for three years. Now we’re divorced. I’m leaving with nothing-not a penny from the Hale family. I’m announcing this publicly to stop future gossip.

“Second: Ethan wants me to apologize to Lina. Very well. I apologize.

“I apologize for using my medical skills to nearly cure Lina’s heart condition. I apologize for caring for her faithfully for three years, extending her life from just a few months to long enough to get pregnant. I apologize for switching to gynecology to watch over her for seven more months.

“I also apologize to everyone at Mercy Hospital. I’m sorry my personal issues brought trouble to this hospital. I’m truly sorry.

“All of this was my fault. From today on, if Lina has any medical problems, I will stay miles away. I won’t make the mistake of caring again.

“That’s all for my statement. Thank you.”

Her sharp, sarcastic words stunned the reporters.

Everyone was used to Mia’s gentle, innocent appearance.

Even the hospital staff didn’t expect her to be this sharp.

Mia stood up and bowed politely.

Wendy stood to the side, barely able to contain her joy.

When the reporters were too shocked to ask questions, she called out loudly, “Dr. Cole! Everyone says you’re the one who made Lina lose her baby. How do you explain that?”

The hospital staff looked at her confusedly.

Wendy just leaned lazily against the door and winked.

Mia smiled. “I do have an explanation.”

She pressed a button.

The huge screen behind her lit up.

On it, two figures appeared: one leaning against a hospital bed, the other standing at its foot.