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

Chapter 1

"I did my best."

The surgery lasted thirteen hours, but the six-month-old baby in Lina Carter's womb couldn't be saved.

As those words left Mia Cole's lips, wails erupted outside the operating room.

Leading the chaos, Margaret Hale let out a shrill scream: "My great-grandbaby!" and fainted on the spot.

Lina's hospital bed was wheeled out, and the crowd swarmed around it eagerly. Faked sobs mixed with gentle comforts reached Mia's ears.

A chill settled in Mia's chest.

She looked up to see Ethan Hale lean over the bed, his fingers gripping the edge, his face filled with concern—as if he were Lina's husband.

The crowd followed the bed into the hospital room.

Mia clutched her mask, exhausted from the long surgery. She stood rooted to the spot while people rushed past her. Not a single person asked, "Are you tired?"

When Mia dragged herself back to the Hale Villa, the servants stared at her coldly, as if she were a plague.

Ethan's sister, Olivia Hale, grabbed a broom from the housekeeper and swiped it hard at Mia's calves. "Get out of here, murderer! Scram—you're bad luck!"

The rough bristles scraped her skin, leaving a bleeding gash.

Mia frowned and let out a soft hiss.

Olivia scoffed. "Think you're so special? Lina's health is fragile, so you got to marry into this family for your medical skills and rare Rh-null blood. Let's be real—you're just a tool, a walking blood bank! You actually thought you mattered? Now you've killed Lina's baby. Good luck explaining that to my brother!"

She spat at Mia with disgust.

In the three years since marrying into the Hale family, Mia had long known her place—she was nothing but a despised pawn.

Everyone here treated her with cold indifference and sarcasm.

She didn't want to argue, and she couldn't afford to. She could only climb the stairs carefully.

Thirteen hours of surgery, plus donating blood during Lina's massive hemorrhage, had left Mia running a low fever and feeling dizzy.

She'd barely lain down when a brute force yanked her off the bed.

Her head hit the headboard with a dull "thud."

Mia's eyes snapped open in pain. When she saw it was Ethan, her eyes filled with tears. "Ethan, you're back. I really did my best to save Lina's baby."

Ethan loomed over her, his fingers tightening around her collar, his gaze sharp as a blade. "Did your best? What did you tell me when Lina's full checkup results came out a few days ago? You said everything was fine. But now, just days later, the baby's gone. And you expect me to believe you did your best?"

Mia bit her lip, tilting her head back, her eyes red at the corners. "Ethan, I truly did everything I could."

Lina had a congenital heart condition. Three years ago, she'd struggled to walk a few steps without gasping for breath and needing oxygen.

Over the three years of Mia's marriage to Ethan, she'd worked day and night to treat Lina with a blend of conventional and holistic medicine. She'd helped Lina recover almost completely—she could even do light exercise.

Except for the time Lina had a heart attack during intimacy with her new husband, Jacob Hale, everything had been smooth.

A few days earlier, Mia had given Lina her regular checkup, and all indicators were excellent. But just days later, things took a sudden turn for the worse.

Mia had only taken one day off when Lina was rushed to the hospital with severe abdominal pain. By the time Mia arrived, the fetus had already lost all vital signs.

Even then, she'd fought to save it—she'd even donated her own blood during the surgery.

She had a clear conscience.

But Ethan's face remained icy as he listened to her explanation.

He sneered. "Is that so? Then why did Lina cry as soon as she woke up, saying you gave her medicine she shouldn't have taken?"

Mia's brows furrowed. "What? That's impossible."

Ethan tightened his grip, lifting her up by the collar, his voice filled with disgust. "Save your excuses for Lina."

Ethan didn't want to say another word to her.

Lina's health is fragile, and pregnancy has always been a risk.

Now that she's lost the baby, her body is damaged—she'll likely never be able to conceive again.

My cousin Jacob and Lina had always dreamed of having a child, and Mia shattered all their hopes.

Margaret had fainted several times from anger. As soon as she woke up, she ordered Ethan to drag Mia back to the hospital.

The moment they entered the ward, the Hale family surrounded her.

Someone suddenly pushed her from behind.

The low fever had left Mia weak. She stumbled forward and crumpled to the floor in front of Lina.

She tried to push herself up, but another kick from behind sent her sprawling. Mia turned around angrily, only to lock eyes with Ethan's cold, dark gaze.

She froze.

"Ethan... you..."

Tall and with a narrow waist, he stared down at her, the bright sunlight highlighting his sinister, cold expression.

His lips were pressed into a thin line, his eyes filled with utter disdain—as if he were looking at something inanimate.

In that moment, Mia suddenly realized how foolish she'd been.

For three years, she'd devoted herself to caring for Lina, thinking her constant efforts would eventually move Ethan. But it had all been a joke.

"Murderer!" Lina's mother, Elaine Carter, shouted from beside the bed. "A vicious woman like you should pay with your life for what you did to Lina!"

She lifted the cup in her hand and smashed it on the floor. Shards of glass flew up, slashing Mia's hand.

Lina, who'd been watching coldly, collapsed into her mother's arms, sobbing uncontrollably—as if she were about to faint.

But Mia knew better.

Hidden behind Elaine, Lina's eyes sparkled with triumph, a cold, vicious smile playing on her lips where no one could see.

"Ethan, I really did my best. I don't know why Lina's baby suddenly stopped breathing. Give me some time, and I'll find out the truth." Mia struggled to her feet, swaying unsteadily, trying to explain rationally, hoping someone would listen.

But her words were quickly drowned out by Lina's sobs. Lina covered her face, her shoulders shaking with grief, and accused through her tears.

"Mia, what are you saying?

"That was my baby—my only baby. Do you think I'd hurt the child in my own womb?

"You gave me some unknown medicine the other day. I said it tasted bitter, but you insisted I drink it. And—"

Lina wiped her tears, her eyes filled with injustice as she glanced at Margaret sitting in the center, biting her lip as if holding back pain.

Margaret slammed her hand on the table. "What else did Mia say?!"

"Mia said if I didn't obey her, she'd make me lose the baby."

Lina looked up, a tear rolling down her cheek perfectly, her voice breaking. "But I did obey, Mia. I drank it. Why did you do this?

"You could have hurt me, tormented me—but why did you have to be so cruel to my baby?

"I know you're jealous that Ethan cares about me. But we've been childhood sweethearts. Some bonds can never be broken."

Lina sobbed violently, sneaking glances at Margaret's expression.

When she saw the older woman's face turn bright red with anger, her cane creaking in her grip, Lina smiled secretly and closed her eyes.

She pretended to faint from exhaustion in her mother's arms.

Margaret's cane came crashing down on Mia's back.

Mia had no time to dodge, taking the full blow. Her body lurched forward.

No one helped her. They just watched coldly as her forehead slammed into the mahogany chair, splitting open and bleeding profusely.

Mia held her head, the sticky blood blurring her vision.

"From today on, you're fired from the hospital. You'll take care of Lina full-time. Nothing else can go wrong for the rest of her life. You'll atone for what you've done!"

Margaret's words hit Mia like a hammer, making her dizzy again.

"That's impossible!" Mia gritted her teeth through the pain, her voice firm. "I've studied medicine since I. was a child. I'll never give up my career for anyone. Besides, I told you I did my best. I don't know why Lina's baby suddenly stopped. breathing, but this accident has nothing to do with me. I never gave her any medicine that went against her condition."

"Still lying!" Margaret struck again, the cane hitting Mia's body. "Ethan! This is the woman you married!

"Disobeying her elders and harming Jacob's wife—how dare she!"

Mia tried to explain her innocence, but before she could speak, Ethan's icy voice came from behind her. "Either quit your job at the hospital and spend the rest of your life caring for Lina to atone or get a divorce