

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

## Chapter 14

The noise around was almost deafening, with colorful lights flashing. But Ethan spotted Mia at the bar the second he walked in.

She stood in the center, the center of attention-nothing like the serious doctor he'd known in the hospital.

Jacob cracked his knuckles, a sneer curling his lips. "Ethan, your ex-wife was really good at putting on an act. She looked so gentle and quiet. Now that she's divorced you, she's completely let loose."

Ethan cringed at the word "loose," but he didn't argue.

His eyes fixed on Mia.

Her long, curly hair bounced as she mixed drinks. For the first time, he noticed a tiny mole under the corner of her eye.

Maybe it was the lights, but paired with her faint smile, she looked impossibly charming and alluring.

She mixed drinks with skill and tricks he'd never seen before-smooth, effortless. A confident, coquettish smile played on her lips, drawing cheers from everyone around her.

Ethan couldn't look away.

Is this the same Mia who wore glasses, a baggy white coat, and fussed over every test result?

So bold, so alive. Under the lights, her hair glistens. Every move is calm and in control-she owns the room.

Mark stood behind Ethan, forgetting his place and gasping. "Wow, is that Mia? She's changed so much I barely recognize her. She's amazing!"

Ethan had never seen Mia like this.

He stared, stunned and shocked, completely captivated.

Years later, he would still remember that night.

The cheers kept coming. Mia's smile turned playful and mischievous. Her hands moved to the beat of the music, shining brighter than any star.

The crowd went wild.

Comments flooded in, one louder than the last.

"Whoa! Where did this goddess come from? I'm drunk just looking at her!"

"When a woman's cool, men don't stand a chance. Those moves-even I'm impressed!"

"And she's drop-dead gorgeous! Look at that waist under her leather jacket—it's smaller than my hand!"

"Hey, beautiful! Got a boyfriend? I want to date you!"

"I have a girlfriend, but I'll dump her! Pick me—I'm loaded, and all my money's yours!"

Wendy held a drink, watching Mia shine in the crowd. Her smile was so wide it hurt her cheeks.

She patted the shoulder of a guy nearby. "Don't even think about it. That's my idol. Her family's super strict-she's just here to have fun tonight. Your money? It's not even enough for her hair products."

The guy clicked his tongue. "Why haven't you brought her out before?"

Wendy laughed. "She used to be blind and dated a jerk. But now she's reborn. She was a wild child growing up-fighting, drinking, teasing guys, traveling the world with just a backpack. She's even wilder than me deep down."

The guy raised an eyebrow. "But when she walked in, she looked cold-hard to approach."

She'd only nodded at people before heading straight behind the bar.

"It's a long story," Wendy sighed. "Sometimes, you grow up in an instant. One minute the world's loud and chaotic, the next it hits pause-and you're forced to grow up fast."

Even someone as amazing as Mia had been forced to mature overnight. Every time Wendy saw that, her heart ached.

Mia had once been so cheerful, so bold-like all her joy had been taken away in a second.

Wendy would never understand how Mia had been able to put away all her fun and recklessness overnight, becoming a quiet, hidden flower.

Every time she saw Mia in that boring white coat, she wanted to cry.

She'd always thought Mia was meant to be like this-laughing freely when happy, scowling when not, not caring about anyone, not even the king of the world.

She was born to shine.

That's why, when Wendy inherited her family's fortune, the first thing she did was open entertainment venues all over the country. She'd hoped one of them would catch Mia's eye, make her want to step inside and have fun.

Mark and the others stood behind Wendy. Hearing her words, he turned to Ethan, curious. "Forced to grow up overnight-what happened, sir?"

Ethan's eyes darkened, and he frowned. "How would I know?"

Jacob scoffed from the side. "What else? Some guy dumped her. That's all women are-crying over nothing for years, always hung up on love. Not like my Lina— she's delicate, but strong and proud."

Mark's face twisted in disgust, like he'd swallowed a cockroach.

He whispered, "That's not what 'strong and proud' means."

"Besides," Mark glanced at Mia at the bar, "Mia doesn't seem like the type to hold a grudge. She divorced you so cleanly, sir."