

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

Chapter 3

Mia left the Hale Villa without looking back. She didn't even grab her luggage.

The servants whispered behind her back.

"Pfft—she says she wants a divorce, but she didn't take anything? If she's playing hard to get, she should at least put on a better show."

"Exactly. She acts all high and mighty, but she only married Mr. Hale for his money. Word is, they never even slept together after all these years."

"Lucky for him. A woman with such a vicious heart doesn't deserve Mr. Hale. But I bet she won't go through with the divorce."

"Me too. How much can a gynecology department head make a month? She's just putting on an act. She'll quit her job and come back to take care of Lina sooner or later."

"Talk is cheap. If she's so tough, why not actually get divorced?"

The mocking words faded as Mia walked farther away.

She felt terrible. A high fever had left her weak and shaky.

After years of working as a doctor, she knew her body was at its breaking point.

She struggled to stay upright as she waited for a taxi.

Suddenly, a cold gust of wind hit her. A sleek black car raced past, barely missing her.

Mia stumbled back slowly. Through the window, she caught a quick glimpse of Ethan's sharp profile.

The window rolled up, cutting off her view.

She froze, then let out a heartbroken laugh.

Three years of sincere marriage, and this is how he treats me—as an enemy. What a failure.

As the car turned the corner, the driver glanced at the shaky woman in the rearview mirror. "Mr. Hale, Mrs. Hale looks really unwell. What if she collapses outside our gate? It would look bad if it hits the news."

Ethan, who'd had his eyes closed, opened them slowly. They were cold as ice. "She caused Lina to miscarry. Even if she died right now, she couldn't atone for that sin."

The driver smiled faintly where Ethan couldn't see, then replied calmly, "Yes, sir."

In the next second, the car merged into the heavy traffic.

Under the scorching sun, Mia's legs gave out. Dehydration left her lips dry and cracked.

She tried to stay awake, shaking her head, but the dizziness only got worse. She stumbled forward.

For a moment, her heart raced wildly. She clutched her chest, struggling to breathe.

When she looked up, the world spun around her.

She felt light as a feather. A leaf fell from a nearby tree. Through blurred vision, she saw a sharp, familiar face.

It felt like she'd seen him before.

She tried to open her eyes wider, but she was too tired. As she closed them, she heard someone call her name. "Mia!"

When Wendy Reed arrived at the hospital after getting the call, Mia was already unconscious.

Her face was as pale as a sheet.

She trembled uncontrollably in her sleep, cold sweat pouring from her forehead. She looked like she was on the verge of death.

Colleagues from the gynecology department gathered around.

The hospital director looked at Mia lying motionless on the bed, filled with a mix of sympathy and anger. "She donated so much blood and pulled an all-nighter for the surgery, but when she got sick, she had to take a taxi alone and collapsed right at the hospital gate! The Hales have gone too far!"

The head nurse was furious, pointing in the direction of Lina's ward. "How shameless can the Hales be? Treating our director like this—does money make them untouchable?!"

The angry colleagues quickly wheeled Mia into a private room.

Mia's high fever lasted all night. When she woke up, she was too weak to sit up straight, leaning against the headboard.

Her eyes stared blankly into space, replaying the events of the previous day.

Tears filled her eyes as she remembered. Three years of her youth—gone. The man who'd warmed her countless times in the quiet of night when they were kids had hurt her so deeply as an adult.

Mia pulled her knees to her chest, hugging herself tightly as silent tears fell.

She'd thought that if she gave her true feelings, she'd get true feelings in return.

She'd thought that if she worked hard enough, obeyed well enough, even an iceberg would melt.

A woman's delusions—they're deadly.

No wonder everyone called her stupid. Now that she thought about it, even "stupid" was too kind.

When she woke up again, the sky outside was bright.

Sweat soaked her clothes, making her uncomfortable. After changing, her colleagues and Wendy walked in together.

Wendy held a warm breakfast in her hands.

"Mia, you're awake!" Wendy patted her chest, letting out a long sigh of relief. "You scared me to death! I thought I was coming to collect your body!"

Mia thought she was overreacting, but she smiled softly. "I'm fine now."

"Ms. Cole, rest easy. We'll take turns looking after the patients these days. Don't worry about anything—we've got your back." said Chloe Rae from the department, stepping forward bravely.

Since Mia had joined Mercy Hospital, the cardiothoracic surgery department's performance had skyrocketed. Later, when Lina got pregnant, Mia had transferred to gynecology to be the director.

Everyone had resented the "outsider" taking the top spot, especially the senior staff.

But after watching her perform a few surgeries, they'd been completely convinced. Thanks to Mia, Mercy Hospital's gynecology department had become one of the top in the country in just a few months, with a 99% success rate.

Everyone respected her deeply.

As soon as Chloe finished speaking, the other colleagues nodded in agreement.

After telling everyone to get back to work, Mia turned to Wendy by her bed. "Where's my phone?"

Wendy was instantly on high alert. "Mia, don't tell me you're going to call Ethan again—chasing after someone who doesn't care about you?"

Wendy had seen Ethan's car speed past Mia without stopping. She'd been so angry she could have exploded on the spot!

Knowing Mia hated hearing Ethan criticized, Wendy muttered, "If you insist on chasing him, at least wait until you're better. Otherwise, how can you be his walking Rh-null blood bank?"

Walking Rh-null blood bank.

Mia frowned, then laughed helplessly. The description—

It's actually pretty accurate.

"No, I want to check the news online."

Knowing Lina's usual tactics, she was sure Lina would play the victim after losing the baby.

She'd pretend to cry to the Hales, blaming Mia for being irresponsible.

And since Lina had accused Mia of tampering with her medicine, she wouldn't stop at just telling the Hales.

She'd called Mia so affectionately before—who knew she'd been planning this all along.

Pretending to be innocent, letting Mia take care of her like a nanny for three years. Now that her health was almost back to normal, she'd stabbed Mia in the back.

The overwhelming news online confirmed Mia's suspicions.

"Why bother?" Wendy groaned. "I told you Lina's no good—she's got a ton of tricks up her sleeve. Someone as straightforward as you was never going to win against her. You even

said she was kind-hearted! Look at what they're saying about you – online-calling you vicious!

"And Ethan's such an idiot! How can he be a CEO with that brain? It makes the job sound so unimpressive!"

Mia didn't reply, just stared down at her phone.

The news was everywhere—no mention of Ethan or the Hales. All the blame was directed at her and Mercy Hospital.

For a doctor, reputation was everything.

Mia didn't care about her own reputation, but she couldn't let the hospital suffer.

Lina's move is ruthless—she's hit where it hurts the most.

But what Lina doesn't know is that if I could heal her, I could just as easily make her die. Besides, a congenital heart condition doesn't just disappear because she feels better!

It requires long-term care. Otherwise, why would anyone die from heart disease?

Mia laughed at her own foolish devotion and at Lina's ignorance.

Wendy, standing beside her, felt a chill run down her spine at that laugh. She stammered, "W-what's wrong with you?"

"Even if you're upset, it's okay. We'll get back at them later. That laugh of yours is scaring me!"

"Okay, I'm sorry! I won't call Ethan a j*rk or Lina a schemer anymore—promise!"

Mia looked up at Wendy's cautious face. She realized her past defense of Ethan had given Wendy the wrong impression.

Her throat was dry and sore, but she explained slowly, "I think... you're right."

With that, she finished the water in her glass and lay back down to rest.

She left Wendy standing there, looking like she'd been struck by lightning.

Mia—

Has she really changed her mind?

I badmouthed Ethan, and Mia actually agreed with me?!

Wendy quickly peeked out the window.

Hell must have frozen over.