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

Chapter 4

Mia closed her eyes, a dull ache still lingering in her chest.

Three years.

She'd felt tired countless times.

But she'd always searched for crumbs of kindness in the mess.

A single smile from Ethan, an unintentional gesture—she'd automatically twisted them into something special.

Mia realized deeply. When you love someone, it's easy to convince yourself of their feelings. They don't have to do anything. Just standing there from a distance is enough to pull you in completely.

Three years.

It's time to wake up.

She drifted off to sleep again.

No more worrying about Lina's health, no more trying to please Ethan—she slept more peacefully than she had in years.

When she woke up, Wendy was peeling an orange by her bed. Voices drifted in from the hallway as patients walked past.

"Mia Cole? Is that Dr. Mia Cole from this hospital?"

"It must be. She specifically mentioned the gynecology director at Mercy Hospital—it has to be her."

"Ugh, really? Should we switch doctors? I struggled so hard to get pregnant. I don't want to take any chances."

"I was thinking the same thing. Did you see the news? It says she forces patients to buy expensive medicine from a specific shop during treatment. They say the bills are expensive enough to buy a house!"

"Are you serious? How greedy can she be?!"

"Doctors these days have no ethics. They'll do anything for money. I heard previous incidents were covered up by the hospital. This time, it came out because she caused the Hale Group's heir's wife, Lina Carter, to miscarry."

"Oh no! I'm switching doctors immediately! My family can't afford that kind of money. This baby was conceived through IVF after years of trying. If anything happens to it, I can't go on!"

"Why switch doctors? Let's switch hospitals entirely. They're all in it together—one bad apple ruins the whole bunch!"

Mia frowned slightly.

Wendy, always quick to anger, rolled up her sleeves and was about to storm out. But Mia stopped her.

"Mia! Let me go teach those gossips a lesson! They're judging you without knowing anything about your skills!"

Mia stayed calm. "Let it go.

"I understand how they feel. When a woman is carrying a life, every heartbeat and kick makes her fierce and protective.

"They don't know my expertise. They just follow rumors, going wherever they hear the doctors are good. All they want is a healthy baby. So I don't blame them."

The ones to blame are those who tarnished my reputation—and the hospital's!

"Then what do we do?" Mia was practically Wendy's idol. Seeing her idol misunderstood made Wendy want to scream. "We can't just let them slander you like this! A doctor's skills and ethics matter, but reputation matters too."

With this kind of dirty accusation hanging over her, how will she ever clear her name?

Wendy felt hopeless.

Whenever Ethan or Lina was involved, Mia always handled things irrationally.

She was terrified Mia would let her anger get the better of her, bite her tongue, and ruin her medical career.

"Don't worry," Mia said softly, noticing Wendy's concern. "I'll fix this soon."

Wendy's shoulders slumped.

Fix it.

How?

By swallowing her pride again and doing nothing?

Wendy pulled her hair in frustration, wanting to scream.

Mia didn't elaborate on her plan.

Instead, as Wendy paced frantically around the room, she casually dropped a bombshell. "I left my old clothes at the Hale Villa. I don't want them anymore. Can you buy me a new outfit? First, I need to get a divorce."

Mia said "divorce" with a calm expression—no anger, no impulsiveness. It sounded like a well-thought-out decision.

Mia had never been an impulsive person.

She was always rational. The only time she'd ever lost her composure was when it came to Ethan.

Hearing her say she wanted a divorce, Wendy froze.

"M-Mia, what did you just say?!" She couldn't believe her ears.

"I said I'm getting a divorce. But I need something appropriate to wear—will you help me?"

"AAAAH!!!"

Wendy screamed at the top of her lungs, throwing her arms around Mia so tightly that Mia could barely breathe. She pulled back only when she realized she was choking her.

Wendy's eyes were red, her voice thick with tears. The usually tough woman sounded like she was about to cry.

"Mia! I thought you'd keep going down that dead-end road forever!

"I thought you'd be stuck with that j*rk Ethan for the rest of your life!

"To hell with being a walking Rh-null blood bank! Let's get divorced right away and start a happy new life!"

As she spoke, Wendy rummaged through her bag for her phone, as if afraid Mia would change her mind. She spoke urgently to her secretary on the other end, "Emergency! Draft a divorce agreement immediately!"

"Assets?" Wendy glanced at Mia, who shook her head. She hesitated for a moment, then waved her hand generously. "Ugh, is Mia short on cash? We don't want any of his. money-let's call it funeral expenses for that Hale guy. Have the divorge papers delivered to Mercy Hospital within an hour!"

After hanging up, Wendy rushed toward the door, shouting over her shoulder. "Mia! Wait for me! Your new outfit will be here soon!"

Mia smiled softly as she watched Wendy's hurried back.

She must be really scared I'll regret it.

Once Wendy left, Mia made a phone call.

More and more reporters with cameras had been gathering outside the hospital: The director hadn't said anything, but Mia knew that if a hospital's reputation was ruined, patients would lose trust. Doctors' treatments would be questioned. and medical disputes would easily arise.

So she needed to resolve the Lina situation quickly.

Before, she'd hesitated because of Ethan—loving him meant putting up with the entire Hale family.

Now that she was getting a divorce, she had nothing to lose. Mia acted with surprising decisiveness.

First, she went to the director's office and submitted her resignation.

The director was shocked. He tore up the resignation letter on the spot. "Whoa, whoa, whoa—Dr. Cole! What are you doing? You're going to give me a heart attack!

"Is it because I told you to take a break? You have to understand—public opinion is fierce right now, and you're just recovering. That's why I asked you to rest. Why on earth are you submitting a resignation letter?"

The director clutched his chest. "You scared me, really. Dr. Cole, you genuinely scared me.

"Just rest! Your salary will be paid as usual. If you're unhappy about something, we can talk. Resigning is out of the question!"

The director's tone was serious, his face trembling.

Are you kidding?

A talented person like Mia is born to hold a scalpel.

He'd seen so many doctors who trembled uncontrollably at the thought of making an incision, their legs shaking and cold sweat pouring down their backs.

But Mia was different. She felt a controlled excitement. Holding a scalpel was like holding a paintbrush for her—her movements were elegant and graceful, as if she were creating a masterpiece rather than performing surgery.

She had a natural passion for medicine. She didn't have the impetuosity of young people. Most importantly, she had a deep, unwavering respect for life.

It was a quality he'd rarely seen in other doctors.

Someone like Mia was born to shine. He would never let that light slip away from his hospital!

Absolutely not!

"Is it because of Lina? Or Ethan? Tell me what you need. If it's care for them, I'll use my personal connections to arrange consultations—anything!"

The director rambled on, out of breath. Mia smiled and dropped her trump card. "Sir, you know my family only let me work here for one year. That time is long past. I should go back now."

The director's fiery enthusiasm instantly cooled, like a bucket of cold water had been dumped on him.

She comes from a billionaire family with thousands of employees depending on her. I couldn't compete with that!

The director gitumly picked up the torn resignation letter from the trash, his face dejected. "Fine, you can go. But we have a deal!" He looked at Mia firmly. If you ever want to switch from holistic medicine to conventional medicine, Mercy Hospital gets first dibs!"

Mia was about to speak when the director hurried to add, "I know you'll say holistic and conventional medicine go hand in hand! Then promise me—if you develop any new treatment methods, you'll tell Mercy Hospital first. This is your home!"

Mia nodded and smiled. "I promise."

When the department colleagues waiting outside heard Mia was leaving, they let out collective groans of disappointment.

Mia bowed politely. "Thank you all for your understanding and care over the past three years. I'm sorry for any trouble I've caused. I hope we'll meet again someday.

"As for the Lina Carter incident—I'll resolve the troubles it's brought before I leave. So don't worry."