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

Chapter 6

Mia hung up the phone.

She gazed calmly at the hospital garden, feeling none of the sadness or regret she'd once imagined.

During all those years of being ignored, she'd truly thought if she ever divorced Ethan, she would be broken, torn, and desperate.

But now, she only felt lighter than ever.

No more forcing herself to please him.

No more swallowing her pride.

No more playing the kind wife who cared for her husband's secret love.

At that moment, Mia felt reborn.

A small smile touched her lips. Even the sky outside seemed brighter.

"Mia, come pick an outfit!" Wendy urged, unable to stay still.

"I'll drive you this afternoon. Let's get this divorce done and cut the Hales out of your life for good! Honestly, their voices make me sick!"

Mia nodded. She was about to reach for a dress when a knock came at the door.

The director stood there with a phone, looking awkward. His voice was low. "Dr. Cole, Jane is calling."

Mia paused, then walked over and took the phone. "Jane."

"Mia, it's been three years. It's time to stop being stubborn and come home."

A deep, firm male voice cut in. "Enough playing around! Get back here now! You're not a child anymore. Are you trying to drive me crazy?!"

"Hey! What's wrong with you?" Jane Bennett snapped.

“You cut her off for years. She’s been suffering out here, and you don’t even comfort her? If you can’t be nice, just be quiet.”

Jane had a warm voice. Even when she complained, she never sounded harsh or threatening.

“Don’t listen to your dad, Mia,” she said gently.

“He only acts tough in front of you. Outside, he brags to his business partners every day about how talented you are. He’s so proud you turned those departments at Mercy Hospital around.”

Mia held the phone and gave a quiet, calm “mm-hmm.”

The line went quiet for a moment.

They were hesitating, unsure how to ask what they wanted.

After a short wait, Mia spoke first.

“It’s okay. I’ll finish my business here and come home in a day or two.”

“Good, that’s good!” Jane laughed in relief.

“Tell me which day, and I’ll send the car for you. I’ll make all your favorite food. The whole family’s waiting for you.”

Mia nodded and hung up.

The director rubbed his hands, smiling awkwardly.

“Mia, you know I work with your father. Something as big as divorce... I had to tell him. Otherwise, he’d never let me hear the end of it. Please understand.”

Mia nodded, unbothered. “I know. It’s fine. I was going to tell him anyway.”

“Your family’s situation is special,” the director said softly.

“I’m glad you’re getting divorced. Ethan isn’t good enough for you. You’ll find someone better. Your mom would be at peace, knowing you’re happy.”

Mia nodded.

All her life, she’d been the perfect child.

She never thought she’d cause so much worry over a marriage.

Three years ago, she'd insisted on marrying Ethan.

Everyone warned her it was a trap.

They said Ethan only wanted her as a skilled doctor to take care of Lina.

She knew it. But she jumped in anyway.

Back then, she'd foolishly believed a line: "A person should love at least once, forgetting themselves, asking for nothing in return-no result, no relationship, no ownership. Just to have met you in my best years."

She'd thought it was beautiful.

She spent three whole years proving just how wrong she was.

Three years, and all she got from Ethan was: "Quit your job, or get a divorce."

Ethan loved Lina.

Even after Lina chose Jacob, a man far beneath him, he still loved her.

Mia, his legal wife, was just a cover for his real feelings.

How ridiculous.

To marry Ethan, she'd turned against everyone.

She'd stupidly picked Ethan when her father, Luke Knight, said: "If you choose Ethan, you give up the company your mother built."

She couldn't help but wonder.

If Mom were still alive, if she were watching from above, how disappointed she'd be, seeing me throw away her life's work for a man.

Mia lowered her head, her eyes stinging.

She'd promised her mother she would devote her life to holistic medicine.

She'd broken that promise.

"Mia..." Wendy stood beside her, heartbroken as she watched Mia's defeated expression.

They'd met in medical school.

Wendy’s mother had been terminally ill, and no one could help.

Mia had cared for her carefully, even tested medicine on herself to make sure it was safe.

Against all doubt, she’d treated Wendy’s mother and cured her.

Wendy would never forget how Mia looked that day.

Her pretty eyes curved in a quiet smilé, standing among a crowd.

People praised her, but she stayed calm.

No arrogance, no immaturity.

She quietly finished the follow-up plan, then slipped away.

That was the kind, gentle Mia.

And Ethan had broken her.

“Mia,” Wendy said firmly when Mia calmed down,

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“You said we wouldn’t let Lina get away with it. Tell me what to do. I’ll handle it.”

Mia shook her head softly, her voice hoarse. “Wait a little longer.”

“Wait for what?” Wendy asked, confused.

She couldn’t wait to tear Lina’s innocent act apart.

She wanted to see Lina’s sweet mask crack when everyone learned the truth. She wanted to let everyone see the real schemer behind the “perfect princess.”

“Mia, hurry! I can’t stand another minute!”

Mia smiled at Wendy’s eagerness. “First, we get the divorce.

Once we have the papers, we expose Lina. That way, the Hales can’t keep bothering us.”

As long as they were still married, things would be messy.

With Ethan’s stubborn mind, he’d only think it was another trick to win him back.

She didn’t have the energy to argue.

Once she decided to divorce, she wanted it clean, sharp, and final.

That was how Mia did things-no hesitation, no half-measures.

If they were divorcing, they would owe each other nothing and never meet again.

When she loved him, he was her whole world.

When love died, he could be whoever he wanted. She didn’t care anymore.