

Meet My Brothers Chapter 1 - 5

Chapter 1

"Congratulations, you're one month pregnant. Everything looks fine."
Mia Bowen held the results of her pregnancy test as she returned to her marital home, feeling like she was dreaming. Was she actually pregnant?
She mustered the courage to text her husband, Timothy Barrett. "Will you be coming home for dinner tonight?"

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It felt like forever as she waited for a reply. He'd never liked it when people disturbed him at work, and she was worried that her message would go unanswered as it had in the past.

In the next second, her phone lit up. Timothy replied curtly, "Yeah. I have something to tell you."

After getting an answer, Mia hurried to get the groceries for that night's dinner. She put the results of the pregnancy test on the table, then flipped it over, feeling that she was being too obvious.

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In the evening, a black limousine drove into the courtyard. Timothy got out with his suit jacket casually flung over one arm. He had a tall figure and striking features.

"Timothy, you're back." Mia jogged over to him, reaching out to take his suit jacket. But

Timothy handed her some papers instead. A trace of surprise flashed in her eyes.

"Take a look at this. You can bring up any requests you might have," he said.

Mia looked down at the papers. The first page had the words "divorce agreement" written on

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it. The bright whiteness of the paper seemed to stab her eyes. Timothy tugged his tie loose, traces of fatigue showing on his face. He looked down at Mia, taking in the baby fat around her face. She looked like a minor. He didn't have any feelings for her. He'd only married her because his grandmother liked her. Her presence had also improved his grandmother's health, so this marriage was mutually beneficial. If not for the accident a month back, he wouldn't even have noticed that they'd been married for three years.

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Keeping this façade up would only be a waste of Mia's time and youth. It was better for them to separate.

Mia gently placed a hand over her belly and asked shakily, "If—and this is only hypothetical

—I were to tell you that I'm pregnant, would you still go ahead with the divorce?"

Timothy's gaze landed on her belly. He frowned. "Didn't I tell you to take the morning-after pill after that time?"

What happened a month ago was an accident—the one and only accident that had happened

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over the three years of their marriage.

Mia acted like her hand had been burned. She quickly moved it away, but Timothy grabbed

her by the wrist with a complicated gaze. "Are you really pregnant?"

Mia's breathing hitched. "I asked you a question. If I were pregnant, would you want to keep the baby?"

"No."

Timothy sighed. There was no point in having a baby when its parents were caught in a

loveless marriage. It was what had happened with his parents.

Mia's heart seemed to empty out as he let go of her.

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She watched as he walked away. Then, she tilted her head back to force the tears back.

Timothy's words where like knives that stabbed her right in the chest.

Mia looked at the food she'd put her heart into making. They had gone cold. She poured

them into the trash, feeling a bit nauseous from the greasiness.

She rubbed her belly. There was a tiny life growing in there. She swallowed her bitterness as

she thought, "Your daddy may not want you, but I'll definitely protect you with all I've got."

She'd grown up as an orphan. Her adoptive parents had kicked her aside after giving birth to

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a pair of twins, banishing her to her adoptive aunt's house. Fortunately, her aunt, Patricia

Bowen, treated her well.

It was Mia's biggest wish to have a family of her own. She knew Timothy didn't love her, but

she'd still tried her best to be a good wife to him. Now, reality had proven to her that it was

impossible for one to make a rock melt.

Still, now that she was pregnant, she wouldn't be alone anymore, even after the divorce.

Mia didn't bother reading the divorce agreement. She just signed on the last page.

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That night, she slept in the master bedroom as usual while Timothy slept in the study.

Everything was the same as before—they'd been married for three years but had also slept separately for those three years.

...

The following morning, Mia received a call from her mother-in-law, Sharon Hopkins.

Sharon sounded imperious as she said, "Mia, have the maids tidy up one of the guest bedrooms on the second floor.

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"A guest will be staying over for a few days. Remember to welcome her and treat her nicely."

Mia didn't even have time to ask who it was when Sharon had already hung up.

She smiled faintly, already used to how disdainful Sharon was of her. It was as if saying

another word to her would bring shame to the Barrett family.

When Mia came downstairs, Timothy had left for work.

In the afternoon, a young woman dressed from head to toe in branded clothing walked into

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the living room. A trace of surprise flashed in Mia's eyes. Was this the guest Sharon had mentioned? A beautiful young woman?

Chapter 2

A hint of mockery flashed in Mia's eyes. In the past, she would've felt terrible. But now that she and Timothy were divorced, it didn't matter how many women were to stay in the villa.

It had nothing to do with her.

Mia stepped forward. "Hi—"

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Before she could finish, the beautiful woman ignored her and walked around the living room. Then, she said to the butler, Kaleb Gould, "Those curtains are hideous, and so is the couch. Remember to also change the beds in the bedrooms to the brand I like."

Mia watched as this "guest" criticized every corner of her marital home. She said bluntly,

"Who are you? We're not doing any renovations here."

"Allow me to introduce myself—I'm Maya Lane, and I'm the future lady of this household.

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Naturally, that means I call the shots when it comes to this villa's furnishings."

"You're Maya Lane?"

A trace of bitterness crept into Mia's heart. It was no wonder Timothy had suddenly brought

up the divorce. Maya was back.

Since his first love was back, Mia, the cheap substitute, had to go.

"I guess you've heard of me. Hurry up and sign those divorce papers, then.

You've held onto

this position for the past three years; it's time for you to return it to its rightful owner," Maya

said.

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Mia said calmly, "You make it sound like you really love Timothy. If that's the case, why didn't you marry him three years ago when he was in a coma from the accident?"

Back then, Timothy had gotten into a terrible accident. His grandmother, Laura Graham, wanted to get him a wife so he could leave some offspring behind, but the socialites that usually crowded around him wanted nothing to do with him. At the time, Mia had been Laura's carer, and Laura treated her incredibly well. She'd even

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lent Mia money to repay her debts. Mia couldn't bear to see Laura devastated by her grandson's death, so she agreed to marry Timothy. Everyone had thought Timothy wouldn't make it through, herself included. She thought the marriage was only for show. But to everyone's surprise, Timothy had suddenly regained consciousness! Since then, her position in the Barrett family had become too awkward for words. After all, everyone would only make fun of the Barrett family, the richest family in Bern City, because

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of its scion marrying a regular carer.

That was why her identity had been kept a secret for the past three years.

Maya stiffened. "That's because my brothers refused to let me marry Tim and even locked

me up at home. I lost my chance to marry him because of that, and you swooped in.

"I'm warning you—I'm the heiress to the Lane family from Nord City, and my brothers are

all super powerful. It'd do you good to worry about your family if you ever wanted to go

against me!"

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Mia's expression turned cold. "I won't let you off the hook if you dare lay a hand on my family."

"Sign the agreement if you don't want anything to happen to them, then."

Maya glanced at the divorce agreement on the coffee table, feeling smug. She'd waited for this day for three years.

Mia said calmly, "I've already signed it."

"At least you're not a complete idiot." Maya pulled a check out of her bag.

"This is a million dollars. Take it as a little gift from me."

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A trace of mockery flashed in Mia's eyes. She didn't accept the check.
"Don't tell me you think it's too little. This would be ten years' worth of your pay as a carer.

Take the money and stay away from our lives. Tim and I are a perfect match for each other, unlike you.

"You're just a country bumpkin. You and us rich people are from different worlds."

Maya's words stabbed Mia. She staggered to the master bedroom in a daze. Even if Maya hadn't dropped by today, she would've left anyway.

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Since she and Timothy were now divorced, there was no point in her staying here.

As Mia packed, she realized how few belongings she had. They weren't even enough to fill

one suitcase. The past three years seemed like a dream to her.

She looked at the pregnancy test on the bedside table and told herself it was time to put an

end to things.

At this moment, Maya strode into the master bedroom like she owned it.

She was still

holding the divorce agreement. "Are you done packing?"

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She glanced around, spotting the piece of paper on the bedside table. She seemed to catch the words "children's and women's hospital" on it. A trace of confusion flashed in her eyes.

Mia quickly grabbed the pregnancy test and crumpled it into a ball. Maya asked in surprise,

"Wait, are you pregnant?"

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Chapter 3

Mia clenched her fist around the pregnancy test. "If I really were pregnant, I wouldn't have

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agreed to the divorce."

"I suppose that's right. After all, a gold digger like you wouldn't let any opportunity to rise

the ranks with a pregnancy slip. Still, even if you were pregnant, Tim wouldn't allow you to

keep the baby. You're a peasant who doesn't deserve to give the Barrett family an heir,

anyway," said Maya.

Mia turned to head into the walk-in closet, but Maya followed her. "Hold on. Show me that

paper you took from the bedside table."

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After some thought, Maya felt she couldn't rest easy until she knew what the paper said.

What if Mia really were pregnant? She had to get rid of the baby.

Mia held the pregnancy test tighter. "This is my private business."

"Humph! Private business? I bet you're just trying to steal something expensive. Hand it

over!" Maya stepped forward to pry Mia's fist open, even raising a hand to hit her.

Mia instinctively threw Maya over her shoulder. The latter landed on her back and wailed,

"My leg hurts!"

"What the hell are you doing, Mia?"

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At this moment, Timothy's cold voice rang out. Mia turned to see him walk into the room, and her heart jolted. She mumbled, "Timothy, it's not like what you think ..."

The only response she received was him walking past her to sweep Maya into his arms. He happened to see the divorce agreement with Mia's name signed on the last page.

Timothy stared at it for a while longer. Had Mia signed the papers so quickly?

"Tim?"

Timothy returned to his senses and asked Maya lowly, "Are you okay?"

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"My hand hurts, Tim. Is it broken? Can I continue playing the piano in the future?" Maya wept.

Timothy placed her on the bed. "I'm sure you're fine. I'll have a doctor check on you."

Then, he turned to look at Mia. "Apologize to Maya."

Maya was the heiress to the Lane family and had three older brothers who absolutely doted on her. If the Lane family were to find out about Mia laying a hand on her, they wouldn't let Mia off the hook.

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Mia's heart ached at how Timothy said Maya's name. Their names were so similar, but Timothy had never pronounced hers correctly. Even during the one night they'd slept together, he'd called Maya's name. She thought he'd been calling her like how he usually mispronounced it, but she now realized he'd just been calling Maya's name. She'd thought too highly of herself. From beginning to end, she was nothing but Maya's substitute. The ache in Mia's heart intensified until she grew numb. She said hoarsely, "Apologize?"

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"You're the one who laid a hand on her first; even a child would know what to do in this situation. Besides, do you know how important a pianist's hands are?" Timothy snarled. Mia felt like she should've expected this. Even a strand of hair on Maya's head was more important than her. On the other hand, she was worth less than a blade of grass by the roadside. She'd suffered in silence for three years, and she didn't want to take it anymore.

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Mia said stubbornly, "I don't care whether you believe me, but she's the one who made the first move!"

Kaleb, who stood at the master bedroom's doorway, chimed in, "Mr. Barrett, I saw

everything happen. Mrs. Barrett's the one who pushed Ms. Lane."

Timothy frowned and growled, "Apologize!"

"What if I refuse?"

A trace of surprise flashed in Timothy's eyes. When had Mia, who had always been obedient

and accommodating, been so sharp-tongued?

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He pursed his lips. "You've got a tough streak, huh? Think about your uncle who's still lying in a bed in the hospital's private ward!"

Mia's uncle, James Stone, had gotten into a fight and had tried to escape when the police wanted to arrest him. Unfortunately, he'd ended up getting into an accident in the process of escaping. He was still comatose in the hospital.

This was enough. Hadn't she learned her lesson yet?

Mia held back her tears, finding it hard to believe that Timothy had used James to threaten

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her. She looked at Maya, who lay on her bed, looking like she belonged there. The wedding picture that hung above the bed seemed to mock Mia's existence. Mia finally gave in to the harsh reality. She said hoarsely, "I'm sorry."
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Chapter 4

Maya was secretly delighted but didn't let it show. She pretended to be magnanimous, saying, "I'll forgive you for Tim's sake."
Mia straightened up and looked at Timothy. "Can I go now?"

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She didn't want to spend another second there. She bent down to pick the divorce agreement up and handed it to him. This time, her attitude was as firm as possible. Timothy looked at the divorce agreement and subconsciously frowned. He hadn't expected Mia to sign the papers without a fuss this time. Whenever he'd tried to do this in the past, she would have Laura help her. He'd already thought of the ways he could persuade Laura to see sense, but it seemed he wouldn't need to do anything.

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Timothy couldn't help feeling uncomfortable. He looked at Mia's suitcase. Was she leaving already?

He looked at her. "Have you already found a place to stay?"

"No," Mia answered reflexively. She looked at him in surprise. Was he concerned about her?

Timothy quickly averted his gaze. "Go downstairs to get some ice for Maya's foot. She sprained it because of you, so you can't leave without doing anything." Ha, so this was still about Maya. For a split second, Mia had thought Timothy was worried

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about her. It seemed their three-year marriage was nothing compared to his first love.

Mia left the bedroom, walking stiffly. Her husband's mistress had barged into their marital

home and taken control of what was supposed to be their bed. Yet she still had to bring said

mistress ice for her foot.

Mia thought self-deprecatingly, "Could you be any cheaper, Mia Bowen?"

As she walked down the stairs, she accidentally missed a step. She instinctively grabbed the

plant closest to her, but it fell over and rolled down the stairs.

At this critical moment, someone grabbed her.

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Mia turned to stare at Timothy. He'd saved her!
He pulled her to him forcefully, making her head smack against his chest.
Her cheek was
pressed to his chest; she could hear his beating heart.
Panicked, Mia wanted to back away to put some distance between them.
Instead of that,
Timothy lifted her into his arms and carried her down the stairs. Her face
was still pressed to
his chest, and she was enveloped by his scent.
Her face was burning when he set her on her feet. They'd been married for
three years but
had never had any physical contact aside from the accident a month ago.

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Timothy said coldly, "Keep your eyes open when you're walking. You don't wanna fall on your head and end up like an idiot, do you?"

Mia pursed her lips as she gradually calmed down. She looked at the vase which had shattered on the floor, leaving the soil scattered. "I'll go clean that up." "Have the maids do it. Don't you have anything better to do?" Timothy frowned. He hadn't hired a house full of maids for nothing.

Only then did Mia remember why she'd come downstairs in the first place. She had to get ice for Maya's foot.

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A hint of self-deprecation flashed in her eyes. She raised her head a little to see some soil smeared on Timothy's shirt. It had probably gotten on him when he'd saved her from falling earlier.

He was a clean freak. There was no way he could stand something like this.

Mia wanted to tell him about it, but he'd already turned to head back upstairs. It looked like he was heading to the master bedroom.

Was he that worried about Maya? He couldn't even be bothered to clean up the soil on his

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shirt.

Mia let out a ragged breath and headed upstairs with the ice. When she entered the master bedroom, she saw that Timothy wasn't around. Where had he gone? Maya leaned against the bedframe and smirked at her. "You can put the ice down and go— unless you want to stay here to serve me. Or could it be that you want to see me and Tim being lovey-dovey? It has been three years since we last saw each other, after all."

Maya's words were pointed; her underlying meaning was clear.

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Only then did Mia hear the sound of running water in the bathroom.

Timothy was showering

in there!

The blood drained from her face. She and Timothy had just signed the divorce papers, yet

Timothy was already raring to fuck his first love!

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Chapter 5

Mia's stomach roiled at the thought of what would happen on that bed in a while. Still, she

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controlled herself and turned to head into the walk-in closet to pack her things. It didn't take

long to put everything into her suitcase.

"Kaleb, that suitcase seems to be branded. Get her a recyclable bag for her to put her stuff,"

Maya said.

Soon, Kaleb brought over a dirty recyclable bag. He flung it at Mia's feet and said, "Use

this."

Mia bent down to open up her suitcase. Behind her, Maya said,

"Remember to check her

things later. We don't want her to take anything that doesn't belong to her."

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At her words, Mia recalled what Timothy had said about getting rid of the baby. He was only in the bathroom; if he were to find out about the pregnancy test, there was no way she could keep the baby.

Kaleb and Maya were standing guard outside the walk-in closet. Mia looked at the pregnancy test that she'd buried with her stuff, then came to a decision. She turned around and secretly ripped the pregnancy test to shreds, stuffing them into her mouth and swallowing them. As she stared at Timothy's clothes in the closet, her heart

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slowly died.

From today onward, her child would have nothing to do with the Barrett family. Mia turned

to leave the closet with her recyclable bag. "Do you want to check this?"

Maya covered her mouth, looking disgusted. "God, get out of here before checking those

things. That bag stinks!"

Once Timothy was out of the shower, she wouldn't be able to drive Mia away. She couldn't

allow Mia to linger.

Kaleb stepped forward to shove Mia. "Are you deaf? Get out of here!"

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Mia walked out of the villa alone. It was a short distance, but it felt like it took her a century to get there.

Kaleb snatched the recyclable bag from her and poured its contents out on the ground as if

wanting to search for something. It was too bad Mia had already swallowed the pregnancy test.

Mia crouched on the ground, wanting to pick her things up.

At that moment, her phone rang. When she answered it and heard Patricia's voice, the tears started rolling down her face.

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She'd made it through being humiliated by Maya and misunderstood by Timothy without shedding a tear, but she could no longer hold herself back upon hearing Patricia's voice. She was choked up as she said, "Aunt Patricia."
"Mia, why are you crying?"
"I'm getting a divorce, Aunt Patricia. I'm losing my family again."
"Oh, you silly thing. Whoever said anything about you not having a family? That's what I'm calling you about—your family tracked me down. You have three older brothers who are from the Lane family in Nord City.

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"You also have three older male cousins, which means you have six older men to watch over

you. They're here for you, and they're your family," Patricia said.

Mia faltered. "My family?"

She'd long since known she was an orphan, but she'd never thought about searching for her

biological family. Since her parents hadn't wanted her, she didn't need to seek them out.

"Don't cry, Mia, and hurry home. We don't need those rich people! Or maybe I can have your

brother—"

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Before Mia could say anything, the line cut off because her phone had run out of battery.

Her heart was in a mess, though. Had her family really found her?

"What are you up to now, Mia?"

At this moment, Timothy stepped out of the villa in a loose bathrobe. He'd been kind enough

to let her stay for a few more days so she could process everything. Yet she'd already packed

her things to leave while he'd been in the shower.

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