

Meet My Brothers Chapter 6 - 7

Chapter 6

Timothy saw the things that were strewn over the ground. They were all regular clothing.

Mia hadn't taken a single branded item with her.

Hadn't she married him because she wanted those things? He couldn't believe she hadn't taken any of it.

Timothy's gaze landed on the dirty recyclable bag, and he frowned. "Are you playing hard to

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get again? Whose pity are you trying to win again? It's not like Grandma's here!"

He hadn't let her down in any way throughout their three-year marriage, aside from not

having feelings for her. He'd never been stingy with her.

Even with the divorce, he was going to compensate her a huge sum. It was more than enough

for her to live a comfortable life.

Did she really want to leave, or was she just putting on an act?

Mia held her phone tightly, still processing the news of her family having found her. In the

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past, she'd dreamed of her family finding her one day so she wouldn't be alone anymore.

She was distracted by these thoughts, but in Timothy's eyes, this was a silent admission.

Maya pretended to limp as she approached them. "Tim, she packed her things to leave but went to the kitchen to get that dirty recyclable bag to put her stuff in. She refused to listen to me no matter what I said."

Kaleb chimed in, "I wanted to tell Mrs. Barrett not to use that bag, sir, but she refused to listen. She even threw the clothes all over the ground."

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"Honestly, she has a branded suitcase, yet she's using that recyclable bag to garner pity. If people were to hear about this, they'd think the Barrett family was mistreating her."

A poignant silence filled the air. Mia stood there motionlessly as she listened to Maya and

Kaleb frame her. She fixed her gaze on Timothy, wanting to know what he would say.

He gave her a sharp look and asked coldly, "Don't you have anything to say?"

It was as she'd expected. A trace of mockery flashed in her eyes. "They've already said

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everything there is to say. I've got nothing."

Timothy wouldn't believe her regardless of what she said, anyway. There was no point in wasting her breath.

"Haven't you learned to be content with what you've got, Mia? What else do you want?" In

Timothy's eyes, Mia was nothing but a woman who'd married him for his money.

Mia gave up. She said bluntly, "All I want is to be a trophy wife that spends all your money.

Look at those other trophy wives—they either go shopping or have high tea and spa days.

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"After marrying you, the kitchen is where I've spent most of my time, and the furthest I've gone is the market. I've spent three years as your wife, yet getting kicked to the curb is all

I've gotten. You've wasted three years of my life!

"Now that I've signed the divorce papers, I don't wanna be your slave anymore. What's so wrong about that?"

Mia felt like a weight had been lifted off her chest now that she'd vented her frustrations in

one go. As expected, life was much better when one chose to be rude.

"Are you done?" Timothy asked.

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There was a trace of confusion in his eyes. He'd given her a credit card that was specifically meant to pay for their household costs, and she had a million dollars as her monthly allowance.

Every season, he would also have Kaleb bring Mia the latest clothing items from all the biggest fashion brands. He'd even paid for her uncle's hospital bills. Now that they were divorced, he'd compensated her a huge sum, which was enough for her to live out the rest of her life without having to worry about money.

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Timothy felt like he didn't owe her anything. But why did she still think it wasn't enough?

"Nope. I have plenty more to say."

"Go on, then!"

"I can, but you'll need to pay me."

Timothy pursed his lips. "Are you that much of a gold digger, Mia? Being too greedy isn't gonna get you anywhere."

It seemed that everything boiled down to her thinking she'd gotten the short end of the stick and hadn't been compensated enough.

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Timothy was rather disappointed as he met Mia's stubborn gaze. Her eyes were clear and bright. He honestly couldn't understand why such a greedy, materialistic liar had such clear eyes!

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Chapter 7

Timothy had never thought about marrying Mia. But since he'd already had, he could've put her upbringing and poor background behind him as long as she knew her place. He had more

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than enough money to support her, anyway.
Yet she'd caused trouble time and time again. Now, she couldn't even be bothered to put up an act anymore. She'd revealed her true colors!
Timothy should've felt like a weight had been lifted from his shoulders, but when he saw the divorce agreement that she'd signed, he couldn't help feeling powerless. There was deep sorrow hidden in Mia's eyes. She pretended she didn't care because she didn't want Timothy to trample on her dignity even as she was leaving. When Maya saw that things were getting out of hand, she quickly said, "Mia, were you so

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quick to sign the divorce agreement because you already found someone new?"

Timothy's expression turned cold. He watched Mia like a hawk, his gaze appraising.

Mia took in the mistrust on his face and said, "Yeah, of course. As long as my new man is

good enough, why would I be hung up on an ex?"

Anger filled Timothy's gaze. "Have you been cheating on me while taking my money?"

Mia glanced at the clothes strewn on the ground. "I'll return those to you, then."

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She'd only taken the few pieces that didn't stand out so much. She hadn't even touched the branded bags and accessories.

Timothy didn't even spare them a glance. His gaze was fixed on her as he said, "I also

bought those clothes that you're currently wearing."

"I'll return them to you, too."

Timothy stared at her with a cold gaze. Meanwhile, Maya's eyes lit up. She sneakily took out

her phone, wanting to record such an exciting scene.

Mia stood there and decided to risk everything. She slowly undid the buttons on her shirt,

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revealing her delicate collarbones. Her cleavage was also vaguely in view. Timothy's pupils constricted. He hadn't expected her to really try to take her shirt off.

His expression was steely as he snarled, "That's enough! You're the most shameless woman

I've ever met, Mia Bowen. Get the fuck out of here. I don't want to see you ever again!"

With that, he turned and stormed back into the villa. Even from behind, he was as icy as always.

Mia stopped. A trace of mockery flashed in her eyes. Hadn't he been the one to tell her to

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strip?

Her palms were clammy with sweat. She'd really been ready to risk everything.

Maya lowered her phone, feeling rather disappointed. Then, she said haughtily, "You might be cheap enough to strip, but think about whether there are any rich men who are willing to watch. Otherwise, you'd be stripping for nothing.

"It's all your fault for having such a shitty upbringing. Just live out the rest of your life as a regular peasant, and stop dreaming about rising through the ranks by marrying upward."

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Mia clutched the recyclable bag and sniffled. Sometimes, she genuinely envied people who'd been born into good families.

Whenever she was bullied, she would imagine her family descending from the heavens and getting revenge for her.

But she knew things like that only existed in TV shows. Even if her family had found her now, there was no way something like that could happen.

At this moment, they heard a buzzing sound as a helicopter landed on the grass not too far from them.

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Several tall, burly bodyguards got out and marched toward Mia, looking menacing.

When Timothy heard the noise from inside the villa, he stood at the door to see what was

happening. He watched as the bodyguards stood before Mia.

They said respectfully, "Ms. Bowen, we're here to pick you up!"

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