

## Meet My Brothers by Red Thirteen

Meet My Brothers by Red Thirteen chapter 101-Timothy's face remained stoic. "Do you believe that divorce is the solution?" "Well, I intend to convince Grandma to undergo the surgery," Mia asserted.

Timothy's eyes narrowed as he inquired, "And how do you plan on doing that?" Mia hesitated momentarily before replying. "That's none of your concern." At that moment, the hospital room's door swung open, revealing Martha. "Ms.

Mia, Mrs. Barrett Senior wishes to have a conversation with both you and Mr. Barrett. She has matters to discuss." Standing close by, Maya interjected with a hopeful smile, "I've also come to visit Mrs. Barrett Senior." "I regret to inform you that Mrs. Barrett Senior has no intention of seeing you," Martha responded awkwardly.

A rigid expression settled on Maya's face. She watched with resentment as Timothy entered the room with Mia.

Mia felt the weight of Maya's intense gaze on her as she entered the hospital room. Nonetheless, she couldn't let herself be distracted by it.

She held Laura's cold hands gently. "Grandma, are you feeling any better today?" she asked, her voice tinged with concern.

In an attempt to lighten the heavy atmosphere, Laura replied with humor, "I might be under the weather, but I'm far from knocking on death's door," though her pale complexion hinted at her frail condition.

Timothy, however, responded with seriousness. "Grandma, I've arranged for your surgery next week." With unyielding resolve, Laura shot back, "I've made myself clear. I won't proceed with the surgery!

"My decision stands unless I get to witness the birth of my great-grandson.

Without that hope, there's little that keeps me going." Growing frustrated, Timothy snapped, "Are you attempting to use your health as leverage against me, Grandma?" Unfazed, Laura retorted, "If that's your interpretation, then so be it." Mia felt a profound sense of guilt as she observed Laura's frailty.

She realized that Laura's refusal for surgery stemmed from concern for her welfare.

Laura harbored a genuine fear—if the surgery didn't yield positive results and Mia couldn't recover, she wouldn't be there to protect her in the challenges ahead.

Yet, Mia had decided to end her marriage with Timothy, directly conflicting with Laura's wishes.

Having grown up an orphan, Mia faced hardships from her foster parents, finding solace only in the kindness Patricia had shown her.

+15 BONOS Over the last three years, Laura had warmly welcomed Mia into her life, treating her as a cherished granddaughter. Mia grappled with a deep concern for Laura's deteriorating health.

Truly, the surgery couldn't be delayed any longer.

In a decisive moment, Mia lightly placed Laura's hand onto her belly, declaring, "Grandma, I'm going to have a baby." A heavy silence enveloped the hospital room.

Timothy stared at Mia in disbelief, his eyes fixated on her belly, struggling to comprehend her revelation—was Mia really expecting?

Meanwhile, on the hospital bed, Laura mirrored Timothy's astonishment, her face a canvas of incredulity. "Is it true?" "Yes, Grandma, it's true," Mia confirmed, a gentle smile gracing her face. "We're still in the early phases, we found out not long ago." "That's wonderful news! You've always been a bit careless. I suspected something when you felt queasy during our last meal together, but then you both denied it." Observing Laura's happiness, Mia experienced a deep sense of relief. Indeed, Laura's mood appeared significantly brighter than before.

Laura urgently signaled for Martha to bring a chair for Mia.

"You youngsters have much to grasp about pregnancy. I'll make sure Martha assists you so that everything progresses smoothly." "Grandma, there's no need to make it a bigger deal than it is. I've got this." "Pregnancy carries its weight, and I insist you take my guidance this time." Ultimately, Mia didn't

refuse. Throughout the revelation, she avoided meeting Timothy's gaze, fully aware of his reluctance towards having children.

Yet, the burden of this long-kept secret gnawed at her conscience.

Suddenly, Sharon and Maya entered the room. "Mom, Ms. Lane came especially to see you. She's even brought an array of unique gifts, all specialties from Nord City."

Meet My Brothers by Red Thirteen chapter 102-Maxa trailed closely behind Sharon, a hint of disapproval crossing her face when she noticed Mia seated.

Although Mia perceived Maya's scrutinizing gaze, her present circumstances left her with little capacity to reflect on it.

With a commanding tone, Sharon directed Mia, "Stand, Mia! We can't have Ms.

Lane standing. She's an esteemed guest. As Mia began to stand, Laura held her back, but Timothy quietly murmured, "Stay seated. It's fine." Sharon promptly argued, "Tim, what's the issue? Can't Mia stand briefly? Ms.

Lane went out of her way to come visit and we couldn't even offer her a seat. It might become town gossip if we don't." Maya tactfully added. "It's quite alright, Mrs. Barrett. I can stand." Laura responded with a touch of sternness, "Mia is expecting, she ought to sit." The news landed like an unexpected bombshell.

Mayo was at a loss for words.

Sharon, looking at Mia in disbelief, exclaimed. "That can't be right. How did this happen so suddenly?" Defensively, Laura countered, "What are you implying? Aren't you pleased about Mia's pregnancy?" A sinking feeling enveloped Sharon, realizing that Mia's alleged pregnancy could jeopardize Maya's future with Timothy.

Timothy intervened with a firm tone. "That's enough. Grandma needs her rest.

Let's step outside." Laura dismissed him with a cheerful demeanor. "Tim, take care of Mia and the little one on the way." She continued with a reassuring

smile. “And don’t worry about me, just schedule the surgery. I’ll make sure to take good care of my great–grandchild as they grow up.” Hearing Laura’s agreement to the surgery lifted a weight off Mia’s shoulders.

As the group left the room, an awkward tension lingered.

Disregarding the others, Mia headed straight for the elevator, eager to leave.

Sharon pulled Timothy aside, her voice hushed as she admonished, “Tim, didn’t I warn you against getting Mia pregnant? Couldn’t you have been more cautious and taken preventive steps?” Faced with his mother’s straightforward remarks, Timothy’s mouth twitched subtly. “Mom, this concerns me directly.” “It’s not just your life on the line anymore. With Mia expecting, we need to consider Ms. Lane and her family. Marrying into these circumstances might not be readily accepted by them.” Sharon retorted.

Sharon had envisioned a prosperous heiress as her future daughter–in–law.

Just as that dream appeared As Mia emerged from the elevator, Maya’s voice sharply resonated, “Wait.” Before Mia could respond, Maya swiftly descended the stairs and forcefully gripped Mia’s wrist. “You’re faking this pregnancy, aren’t you?” Maya still questioned whether Mia’s pregnancy was genuine.

Just as Mia was about to respond, Timothy stepped out of the elevator. Alarmed, Mia forcefully pushed Maya away, demanding, “Let go of me!” From her peripheral vision, Maya also noticed Timothy’s presence.

With a calculated coldness in her gaze, she abruptly released her grip and feigned a fall, creating the illusion that Mia had shoved her to the ground.

As Mia’s hold loosened, she staggered backward, her complexion turning pale.

Instinctively, she cradled her belly, prioritizing the safety of her unborn child.

Maya’s gaze swiftly found Timothy, her eyes filled with desperation. “Timothy, please help!” At the same time, Mia instinctively turned to Timothy, seeking support

Meet My Brothers by Red Thirteen chapter 103-In that moment, a glimmer of hope flickered in Mia's eyes.

Watching her frazzled appearance and wavering posture, Timothy noticed her deep almond eyes, their darkness exuding a sense of vulnerability and longing.

That brief interaction momentarily softened his heart.

Without hesitation, he stepped forward, clasping Mia's hand to steady her.

Mia had braced herself for a fall, convinced that Timothy would favor Maya in any conflict between them.

Much to her surprise, Timothy decisively stood by her side this time.

Drawing closer to him, Mia gazed at him in disbelief. Her heart pounded, a blend of relief and anxiety.

The chilling thought of what could have transpired had she stumbled, especially for their unborn child, was too distressing to imagine.

Suddenly, Maya's voice rang out, carrying a subtle undertone of resentment as she called, "Tim!" Turning her gaze, Mia saw Maya still on the floor, her eyes showing signs of redness, nearly on the verge of tears.

Mia blinked, surprised. She hadn't expected Timothy to bypass Maya's distress to come to her aid.

In that instant, Sharon emerged from the elevator, swiftly making her way toward Maya.

With concern etched on her face, she remarked, "Ms. Lane, how did you end up on the floor? Were you not careful? Let me help you." Although Maya hesitated briefly, she eventually stood up, explaining, "While discussing pregnancy matters with Ms. Bowen, we both lost our balance due to the slippery floor." Upon hearing this, Mia's eyes narrowed slightly, a trace of skepticism crossing her expression. Was Maya subtly suggesting that Mia might have played a role in the accident?

Undeniably, Maya's adeptness at deflecting blame while maintaining an air of innocence was commendable.

Almost immediately, Sharon pointed an accusing finger at Mia, her gaze piercing. "Mia, couldn't you have alerted Ms. Lane about the wet floor? Her fall could be attributed to your negligence. Do you grasp the potential repercussions if something grave had occurred?" Mia remained unfazed, familiar with her mother-in-law's propensity for criticism.

Pulling away from Timothy's embrace, Mia nonchalantly remarked, "I'm no saint, it's not in my nature to warn mistresses." After all, it had been Maya, the cunning instigator, who had clung desperately to Mia, orchestrating this deceptive scenario.

+15 BONOS With those parting words, Mia turned on her heel and walked away.

The sudden absence of Mia from Timothy's arms caused his brow to furrow in confusion.

Frustrated, Sharon turned to Tim, asserting, "Tim, observe Mia's demeanor. Her arrogance has skyrocketed just because she's expecting. Can't you see through it? This is the real Mia." Maya was surprised that Timothy had overlooked her and rushed to Mia when she fell. It seemed that Mia's unborn child was the sole catalyst for this sudden protective instinct.

Unable to contain herself any longer, Maya finally voiced her concerns, "Timothy, I inquired about Ms. Bowen's child, but her expression seemed guilty. I can't help but suspect she might not be entirely truthful.

"While I mean no harm to your child, I believe that dishonesty is simply not acceptable." In a sudden realization, Sharon exclaimed, "I knew it! Mia couldn't have become pregnant out of nowhere, she must be deceiving us!" The notion that Mia might not be truly pregnant brought a sense of relief to Sharon.

Tim remained tight-lipped. In truth, he too grappled with uncertainty about the authenticity of Mia's pregnancy.

Maya assumed a magnanimous demeanor, stating, "Timothy, Mrs. Barrett Senior did mention that if Ms. Bowen is indeed pregnant, she would be open to the surgery." "It's possible that Ms. Bowen had good intentions. Let's refrain from placing blame on her," she added.

Without uttering a word, Timothy turned away and left the hospital.

Maya felt the urge to catch up, but her ankle which was sore from the fall hindered her movements.

Frustration etched deeply in her eyes as she observed Timothy's retreating figure. Maya was disconcerted by the unexpected twist of Timothy rushing to Mia's aid.

Outside the hospital, Mia stood amidst the commotion of passing cars, her emotions entangled in a web of complexity.

Having witnessed Laura's declining health just moments ago, Mia felt compelled to unveil her pregnancy. Yet, the prospect of confronting Timothy loomed ahead as a daunting challenge she wasn't ready to face.

Meet My Brothers by Red Thirteen chapter 104-"What if Timothy insisted on terminating the pregnancy?" Mia wondered.

Suddenly, a sleek luxury car pulled up and honked.

Mia immediately recognized it as Timothy's vehicle.

She saw him in the passenger seat, his captivating features partly hidden within the sleek car.

His sharp, intense eyes emitted a compelling aura.

"Hop in," he ordered.

Despite Mia's reservations, Timothy's commanding tone allowed little dissent.

Mindful of onlookers, she reluctantly bent down and stepped into the car.

As the car door closed, it erected a barrier, isolating them from the world outside.

Seated near the door, Mia felt unable to escape Timothy's powerful and imposing aura in such proximity.

She held her breath in a hushed silence, almost as if bracing herself for his final verdict.

After a momentary pause, his voice, low and chilling, resonated in her ears, “Do you have a fondness for children?” Mia hesitated, swallowing nervously before answering, “Well, um, yes, I suppose.” After all, this child was hers, and a natural affection had blossomed.

Growing up without a family had instilled in her a deep appreciation for the unexpected arrival of this child.

Following Mia’s reply, a tense silence lingered, leaving her heart suspended in uncertainty about Timothy’s intentions.

Unable to endure the suspense, she addressed the matter directly, saying, “Rest assured, I won’t let the child disrupt your life.” She vowed to keep the child’s existence under wraps, ensuring it wouldn’t interfere with Timothy’s impending marriage to Maya.

Turning his head, Timothy’s eyes bore an enigmatic gaze. “Do you believe a child could have any impact on me?” A twinge of pain pierced Mia’s heart. “Fine, I get it.” “You better,” he retorted.

surgery, I will handle the necessary arrangements and frame it as a ‘miscarriage.’” At the mention of “miscarriage.” Mia’s face paled. “What ... what did you just say?” she asked, struggling to +15 BONOS She was convinced she must have misunderstood him.

Was Timothy truly considering terminating the pregnancy after all?

Timothy spoke with a stern and chilling voice, “What other option do we have?

Do you believe we can simply conjure a child out of thin air?” He continued, “Or would you rather we hastily conceive one now just to appease Grandma’s expectations?” Confusion swirled in Mia’s thoughts. Once she regained composure, she realized his misunderstanding—he believed she wasn’t pregnant and had deceived Grandma at the hospital.

Well at least this misperception spared her unnecessary anxiety and apprehension.

Timothy fixed his gaze on her, saying, “Mia, dispel those misguided thoughts. I won’t be accepting of this child, and I hope you won’t exploit Grandma’s situation as justification.” Convinced that Mia had misled Laura earlier, Timothy remained resolute in his decision not to have a child with her.



Mia cast her eyes downward and murmured, "I understand." Unbeknownst to Timothy, Mia had no plans to disclose the truth about the child to him either!

The remainder of the journey unfolded in silence, with neither uttering another word.

As the vehicle came to a stop. Mia recognized they had returned to their marital home.

Breaking the silence, Timothy remarked, "Considering your deception with Grandma, you'll need to play your role convincingly. Keep up the facade until she recovers from surgery." Mia nodded composedly. "Certainly." With the upcoming semester, residing on campus provided a credible excuse for her brothers, ensuring they remained unaware of her stay at the Barrett residence.

She had to maintain the act until Laura underwent the surgery.

Looking up, Mia asked, "Now that Grandma Laura has agreed to the surgery, when do you plan to schedule it?"

"Given your connection with Maya's family, arranging for the Lanes to conduct the surgery on Grandma Laura shouldn't pose a challenge, right?" With Maya also in the picture, Mia couldn't help but wonder if there was another scheme involving Laura in play. She was eager to learn about the discussions between Timothy and Maya.

Maintaining a cold expression, Timothy stated, "I've finalized arrangements with the doctor, and the surgery is scheduled for next week." "Excellent," Mia responded, relief evident in her voice.

As she was about to exit the car, Timothy turned to her and asked, "Are you familiar with the ways to portray a

Meet My Brothers by Red Thirteen chapter 105-Why did Timothy need assurance about her ability to convincingly play the role of a pregnant woman?

Mia thought for a moment, wondering why pretense was necessary.

Considering she was genuinely pregnant, wouldn't this be an authentic portrayal?

In response, Mia sincerely asked, "Is acting even necessary in this case?" "You're right. You've always had a knack for acting," Timothy acknowledged.

"Don't overthink it. Martha will be here to assist you, ensuring you maintain the facade without arousing suspicion." "Mr. Barrett, rest assured, I'll execute my role flawlessly. It's high time you prioritize scheduling that surgery." Mia had no intention of confronting Maya herself, she thought it would be more suitable for Timothy to handle the matter.

Well aware of Maya's inclination to feign innocence, Mia expected her to continue the act in front of Timothy.

Consequently, there should be no delay in the surgery from Maya's end.

Exiting the car, Mia entered the living room with Timothy following closely behind, his gaze reflecting a mix of emotions.

Martha, patiently waiting in the living room, greeted Mia with a warm smile, "Mrs.

Barrett, I've made sure the kitchen has prepared dishes suitable for expectant mothers. If you have any questions or concerns, please feel free to let me know." "Perfect timing, I do have some questions," Mia replied.

Instinctively placing her hand on her belly, Mia suggested, "Should we consider acquiring a fetal heart monitor to occasionally check the baby's heartbeat?" In reality, Mia was inexperienced with such situations and felt unsure about the right course of action.

She had read multiple articles on pregnancy websites stressing the significance of regularly checking the fetal heart rate.

These articles cautioned that neglecting regular monitoring could lead to overlooked potential issues with the baby.

Navigating this unfamiliar territory, especially without informing Patricia about her pregnancy, left Mia feeling challenged.

Given her role as a pregnant woman, Mia viewed it as an opportunity to educate herself.

At this moment, Martha added, “Mrs. Barrett, rest assured, I’ve made arrangements for a fetal heart monitoring device. We can test it now.

“However, if the pregnancy is still early, the heartbeat might not be audible yet.

But don’t worry, I’ve also brought Dr. Levin along for any additional health assessments you may require.” +15 BONOS Timothy firmly interrupted, “That won’t be necessary, leaving Martha somewhat puzzled.

Sensing the tension in the room, Mia stepped in, saying, “Martha, Timothy simply means we should only be concerned if there’s a valid reason. As of now, I believe everything is proceeding as it should.” Understanding Mia’s intent, Martha nodded. “Very well, I’ll make my way to the kitchen. Mrs. Barrett, please make sure you get some rest.” Once Martha left, Mia settled onto the sofa, her gaze lingering on the fetal heart monitoring device nearby. A temptation arose within her to secretly check it out.

Timothy’s eyes narrowed with concern. “You nearly let our secret slip earlier.

What’s your strategy if the monitor fails to pick up a heartbeat or if Dr. Levin detects something out of place?

“How do you plan to account for that?” he questioned sharply.

“Don’t worry, I’ve got it handled. I’ll ensure nothing appears amiss. Moreover, we only have to put this facade up for another week.” “Once the surgery is complete, there’ll be no need for deception, correct?” Mia replied, locking eyes with him, her dark almond-shaped eyes radiating calm assurance.

As Timothy looked into her eyes, an unsettling feeling crept over him. He straightened his tie, remarking.” Indeed, maintaining our discretion is paramount.” As Timothy ascended the stairs, a hint of sadness shadowed Mia’s gaze.

She tenderly caressed her belly, whispering, “Honey, don’t let your father’s words bother you. Remember, Mommy will always cherish you.” Come dinnertime, Mia was welcomed by a splendid array of dishes on the table, each appearing both exquisite and nutritious.

Beside her, Martha noted, “Mrs. Barrett, we understand that a pregnant woman’s preferences on food can shift.

“These dishes are tailored to your usual tastes. Please let us know your favorites, and we’ll make sure they’re consistently served.” Looking at the assortment of dishes before her, Mia was captivated by the extravagant pleasures that wealth could provide.

With utensils in hand, she indulged in the exquisite flavors, feeling every bit like royalty as she relished the finest delicacies during her pregnancy.

Meet My Brothers by Red Thirteen chapter 106-However, some dishes were placed far from her, briefly escaping Mia’s notice.

Suddenly, Timothy’s utensils appeared in front of her. He had scooped some dishes to serve on her plate. He paused, then calmly said, “Thank you, honey, but don’t forget to enjoy your meal as well.” Sporting a teasing smile, Mia picked a dish she knew Timothy wasn’t fond of and served it on his plate. Timothy surveyed his plate calmly before placing his utensils down.

Observing the nuances in their interaction, Martha gave a nod of approval, making a mental note to update Laura on the situation later.

After savoring her meal, Mia gently massaged her belly, confessing. “I might have indulged a tad too much” “Mr. Barrett, perhaps you could join Mrs. Barrett for a stroll? It’s beneficial for both the mother-to-be and the baby.” Martha proposed.

After a brief pause, Mia responded, “I think I’ll pass.” For Mia, a solitary walk seemed more appealing than having Timothy by her side.

Next to her, Timothy’s voice remained steady as he said, “Very well\*.”

Putting on a strained smile, Mia added, “I can manage on my own.” Timothy tenderly draped his arm around her shoulders, his tone persuasive, “Come on, walking is beneficial for expectant mothers. Shall we?” Reluctantly, Mia followed him onto the neighborhood path. The summer evening greeted them with a gentle coolness, its night sky adorned with twinkling stars, setting a serene backdrop for their walk.

As they moved along, their elongated silhouettes blended seamlessly on the path.

Mia grappled with a sense of guilt, realizing she had persuaded the industrious Timothy to set aside time for this walk. She couldn't help but feel that she was consuming his valuable time.

In an attempt to dispel the silence, Mia remarked, "There's no need for you to go out of your way to accompany me. It might seem insincere." Timothy shot back, "Grandma specifically instructed Martha to handle things.

Whether genuine or not, we've got to keep up the act." How did Mia miss Timothy's knack for acting?

Suddenly, a large dog dashed out from a nearby bush, startling Mia.

Without a second thought, Timothy swiftly drew her close, enveloping her in a protective embrace.

Clutching his shirt tightly, Mia exclaimed, "Oh goodness, there's a dog!" Seeing her distress, a subtle smirk crept onto Timothy's face, intrigued by her unease toward the animal +15 BONOS Peering cautiously over his shoulder, Mia asked, "Has the dog left?

Timothy glanced back. "Not yet." The dog stayed put, wagging its tail energetically, showing affection toward Mia.

Still within Timothy's protective hold, Mia yearned to be anywhere else but here, her voice betraying a touch of anxiety as she questioned, "What's our next move?" Locking eyes with the dog, Timothy confidently commanded. "Sit." Without hesitation, the dog promptly obeyed, showcasing impeccable behavior.

Observing the dog's compliance, Mia looked at Timothy with a blend of surprise and admiration, saying, "It heeded your commands." With a playful grin, Timothy teased, "So, dogs make you nervous?" "Yes," Mia confessed, "Back at the orphanage, the director had a dog that once bit me. After that, it seemed determined to chase and snap at me whenever possible.

"I was always on edge but never found the courage to voice my fear." Sensing the need for a change, Mia swiftly changed the topic, recognizing the stark differences in their upbringings.

Given Timothy's privileged background, she wondered if he could really understand the challenges faced by those less fortunate than him.

\*Have you ever been vaccinated? Timothy inquired.

Shaking her head, Mia replied, "Survival was the main concern during those times. Vaccinations felt like a distant luxury. Thankfully, I've managed to get by without any major health issues." After a brief pause, Timothy responded, "If there haven't been any complications so far, then you should be alright." Mia looked at him with a hint of surprise, commenting, "I must admit, I didn't expect such reassuring words from you." Timothy turned to face her, his gaze deep and probing. "Then, in your eyes, what kind of person do you see me as?\*

Meet My Brothers by Red Thirteen chapter 107-Mia hadn't anticipated Timothy revisiting this question, and it was getting increasingly difficult for her to respond.

With a hint of condescension, Timothy watched her struggle. "Having trouble answering?" he teased.

"Not exactly." Mia replied, pausing briefly as she met his gaze. "So, would you prefer the truth or a fabrication?"

- she asked.

"... Perhaps silence would be best." Timothy retorted indifferently before walking away.

As Mia took a step forward, she noticed the dog standing beside her, its tail wagging eagerly as it looked at her.

She stopped in her tracks, and instinctively stepped back. "Please, stay right there," she implored, her eyes fixed on the dog.

While she held no ill will toward the creature, suppressed childhood fears surfaced as the dog moved closer.

"Here, boy." Just as Mia contemplated a quick escape, Timothy, who had just disappeared into obscurity moments ago, reappeared to rescue Mia.

Beneath the soft glow of the streetlight, he reached out his hand to her.

At the sight of Timothy, the dog promptly sat down, its tail wagging gently.

“The dog is sitting now. Walk to me, Mia.” ‘I ... I can’t do it!” Mia stammered.

“You’ve got a count of ten,” Timothy declared.

Mia wondered why Timothy didn’t simply approach her himself.

Still, she understood Timothy’s character—when he said “ten seconds,” he meant precisely that.

Gathering all the courage within her, Mia swiftly ran toward Timothy.

Timothy’s gaze softened as he watched Mia sprinting courageously toward him.

A faint smile played at his lips, recognizing that some emotional wounds required a gradual approach for genuine healing.

Suddenly, Mia found herself enveloped in Timothy’s arms once again.

Timothy stood still, his once—extended hand now gracefully lowering.

For a fleeting moment, his fingers rested gently on her back before tightening ever so slightly.

With a trace of anxiety in her voice, Mia asked. “The dog didn’t follow us, right?” Timothy reassured her. “No, it didn’t.” Mia eventually mustered the courage to look back, relieved to find the imposing dog had vanished. “I was really terrified just now,” she admitted.

Moving past the spot where the dog had been, a lingering fear gnawed at her.

She feared it might suddenly reappear and lunge at her.

From a higher vantage point, Timothy’s calm voice resonated, “How much longer do you plan to cling on?” Mia’s hand hesitated. Then, she loosened her grip and took a step back. “Ahem, my bad. It was just a reflex!” With a hint of mockery. Timothy teased, “Consider that your one free pass.” At Timothy’s comment, Mia’s expression soured instantly. She was irked by it.

“Seriously, I’m carrying a child. Would you leave me if a dog were to chase me?”

I might complain to Grandma about your inaction,” Mia warned.

“You’re more intimidating than that dog, you could have easily scared it away yourself. After all, you’re not really pregnant right now.” “Who says I’m no—My point is, if we’re going to put on a show, let’s make it convincing, so we don’t blow our cover.” Mia caught herself just in time, realizing she was close to revealing too much.

Acting required skill, and she had to tread carefully.

Walking behind him, she noticed his shadow cast under the streetlamp.

Intentionally lagging a step, she mischievously stepped on his silhouette.

Catching her antics from the corner of his eye, Timothy smirked. “Mia, resorting to childish tricks?” “What did I do? I wasn’t doing anything!” Mia protested.

“Don’t assume I missed that,” Timothy replied coldly.

“You’ve been keeping a close eye on me, haven’t you? How amusing,” Mia said sarcastically.

Timothy looked away before retorting, “You’re getting bolder, aren’t you?” “If I hadn’t been bold before, how could I have slept with you?” she countered.

After nonchalantly saying this, Mia realized her slip of the tongue and fell silent.

Glancing at the nearby villa, she muttered to herself, “I wonder what Martha has cooked, I should go check.” Picking up her pace, Mia quickly moved ahead of Timothy.

Timothy couldn’t help but feel amused, even if he wasn’t consciously aware of it.

Hurrying into the living room, Mia made a beeline for the kitchen, eager to avoid any potential awkward moments.

After spending some time in the kitchen, she returned to the living room.



Noticing Timothy's absence, she let Feeling a tad remorseful, Mia scolded herself for the impulsive comment earlier.

It was an embarrassing moment.

Meet My Brothers by Red Thirteen chapter 108-Returning to the upstairs bedroom, Mia found that Timothy still hadn't returned.

She thought that he is likely occupied in the study.

She had become accustomed to their routine—him often spending nights in the study, and her in the bedroom.

Turning around, she entered the walk-in closet, noting that, apart from Timothy's wardrobe, it predominantly housed her clothing.

To her surprise, it appeared unchanged from the time she had left.

Expecting to find Maya's clothes, she meticulously sifted through the closet but found no evidence of any woman's belongings.

This situation struck Mia as peculiar.

Leaning against the wardrobe door, she pondered. She was intimately acquainted with this space, and there were no clues that could escape her notice.

Strangely, no traces of Maya were found.

Recalling Holly's remark about Maya never staying overnight, Mia wondered if Timothy might genuinely be morally upright.

Mia realized her attention had once again shifted back to Timothy.

Without hesitation, she grabbed a set of her pajamas and swiftly made her way to the shower.

The opulent nightwear set out for her had been meticulously chosen by the household staff, with the inner garments handpicked based on the season.

The day they finalized their divorce agreement, Mia chose to only take her clothes, leaving behind all the branded goods.

Post–shower, Mia stepped out, adorned in a silk camisole and gracefully wrapped in a flowing robe.

Truly, there were merits to indulging in luxurious things.

After blow–drying her hair, she came out of the bathroom with a yawn. Much to her surprise, Timothy stood by the window, his posture tall and upright.

She stopped yawning.

Timothy’s return to their bedroom was unexpected and puzzling. It simply didn’t make sense to Mia.

Timothy turned around and caught sight of Mia emerging from the bathroom in a camisole nightgown.

Her long, dark hair cascaded over her shoulders, with a few strands gracefully falling onto her collarbone.

His gaze followed the flow of her hair downward, and his expression noticeably deepened.

“Wearing so little intentionally?”

+15 BONOS Mia quickly tightened her robe.

Blushing, she replied, “You sleep in the study all the time. What are you doing in the bedroom so early?” “Don’t worry. You’re a ‘pregnant woman’ now. Martha cautioned me not to fool around with you during this time.” Timothy reassured.

“So, are you planning to stay here tonight?” Approaching her, Timothy’s eyes lingered on her securely fastened robe.

Ironically, the delicate fabric only accentuated her figure, providing minimal coverage.

After a glance, Timothy suddenly felt uneasy, a slight dryness settling in his throat.

He averted his gaze and said, “Rest assured, I’m not that audacious.” Timothy then proceeded to the bathroom after the casual remark.

It wasn’t until after hearing the sound of running water did Mia finally catch on to Timothy’s subtle jest.

Earlier, she had playfully made a similar remark about him.

Little did she foresee him remembering and using it against her!

Turning around, she retrieved a spare blanket from the closet and spread it neatly on the opposite side of the bed.

Settling into a comfortable position, Mia closed her eyes tightly, hoping to avoid any potential awkwardness with Timothy.

Despite wanting to drift off to sleep, she remained alert to the sounds from the bathroom.

As soon as the water stopped, Timothy opened the door and stepped out.

Seeing Mia’s huddled position, Timothy’s expression shifted. He poured himself a glass of cold water, downing it in one go to quell his simmering frustration.

Timothy settled on the opposite side of the bed, pulling his blanket snugly around him.

Having Mia beside him was a departure from the norm, and he expected some discomfort.

Yet, to his surprise, it wasn’t as unpleasant as he had imagined.

Mia also assumed that she wouldn’t be able to sleep next to him due to discomfort. But, she found herself drifting off soon after.

The next morning, the sound of Timothy’s cell phone stirred Mia from her sleep.

Still half-asleep, she kicked her foot, muttering, “How annoying.” Timothy had her feet draped over his waist, one hand securely holding onto her ankle to prevent any restless movements.

Extending his hand to pick up the phone, he said, “Hello, I hope you have a valid reason for this call.” “Mr. Barrett, there’s been an issue. The doctor we had arranged for Mrs. Barrett Senior’s surgery encountered complications and won’t be able to proceed.”f

Meet My Brothers by Red Thirteen chapter 109-Timothy immediately sat up, his tone growing colder, “What happened?” Despite meticulous efforts to secure the right doctor for Laura’s surgery, the expectation remained that a smooth procedure would welcome them on their arrival.

“Unfortunately, the doctor’s been involved in a car accident, and is currently undergoing treatment at the hospital.

“I’m heading there right away.” Timothy declared, throwing off the covers and going to the closet to get dressed.

The call had also roused Mia, who lay next to him. Hearing the urgency in Timothy’s voice, she couldn’t help but wonder if complications had arisen at his workplace.

Timothy emerged from the closet shortly after, dressed and wearing a somber expression.

Rubbing her eyes, Mia asked, “What’s going on?” After a brief pause, Timothy assured, “It’s nothing major.” Without revealing specifics about the doctor, he promptly left.

Rushing to the hospital, Timothy found Heath waiting outside the emergency room.

“Mr. Barrett, the doctor’s not in life-threatening condition, but he has a fractured right hand. It’s uncertain if he’ll be able to return to the operating table soon,” Heath updated.

Timothy’s complexion paled. “Why now, of all times?” “We’ve investigated. It was a Charvy car that ran a red light and accidentally collided with the doctor’s car.” Timothy pursed his lips tightly and ordered, “Find another doctor.” Regardless of the circumstances, he was determined to ensure that Laura’s surgery proceeded as planned.

After Timothy left, Mia allowed herself to slip back into a short nap. Lately, she found herself more inclined to indulge in extra sleep.

Upon waking, she descended the stairs with a yawn and asked, “Martha, what’s on the menu for lunch?” A slight hunger nagged at her.

Martha had laid out an extensive spread, making Mia feel like everything was being served to her on a silver platter. This fostered a sense of laziness and indulgence in her.

Mia gently rubbed her belly, wondering about the wealth of information Martha had shared about the essential needs and precautions for expectant mothers.

Taking her pregnancy seriously, Mia acknowledged the significance of Martha’s information. It was not only for her well-being but also for the welfare of her unborn child.

After returning in the evening, Timothy observed Mia. She was on a yoga mat, engrossed in an educational video on TV. His eyes narrowed slightly as he continued to watch her.

Mia had been diligently immersing herself in the study of prenatal breathing techniques. She was convinced they would prove beneficial during childbirth.

As Mia turned around, her eyes met Timothy’s gaze. For a moment, she froze but then naturally resumed her position, earnestly focusing on the television.

With a smile, Martha approached them, suggesting, “Mr. Barrett, if you have the time, you could join Mrs. Barrett in expanding your knowledge. Prenatal education is crucial right from the start.” Mia quickly added, “Martha, there’s no hurry. He has constant work commitments. I’m sure we can cover prenatal education before bedtime.” In response, Timothy turned and headed upstairs.

After dinner, Mia found herself alone by the bedside, reading about prenatal care.

Entering through the doorway, Timothy casually picked up the book beside her.

After glancing at its contents, he commented with a touch of sarcasm, “Quite the impressive performance.” Keeping a composed demeanor, Mia replied, “Well, as you’ve suggested, if one is going to act, they might as well give a

stellar performance, right?" Setting the book aside. Timothy made his way to the bathroom.

Mia exhaled softly as she placed the books down.

Timothy had no reason to suspect anything at this point. So, why should she feel guilty?

Even if Mia were to reveal her pregnancy now, Timothy would probably dismiss her words as untrue.

Suddenly, the cell phone on the nightstand vibrated insistently.

Mia's eyes instinctively shifted to the screen, recognizing Maya's name highlighted as the caller.

At the sight of Maya's name, Mia looked away, avoiding further scrutiny.

The connection between Maya and Timothy remained beyond Mia's immediate concern.

As the sound of water from the bathroom faded, Mia quickly pulled the blanket around herself, and adopted a sleeping position.

Timothy emerged, wearing a relaxed, loose-fitting robe.

Noticing a missed call alert on his phone, a frown marred Timothy's expression, signaling his disinterest in returning the call.

Meet My Brothers by Red Thirteen chapter 110-However, moments later, Timothy's phone chimed with a WhatsApp message from Maya.

Reading the message, he swiftly left the bedroom.

Hearing him leave, Mia slowly opened her eyes, a touch of irony glinting in her gaze.

She gently rested her hand on her belly, steadied herself, and drifted into a peaceful slumber.

The next day, Mia returned to her home to pack for her college enrollment.

With a concerned expression, Patricia grasped Mia's hand, asking, "Must you stay on campus? If you come back, I can whip up delicious meals for you every day." "Aunt Patricia, I'm not a child anymore. I can handle things on my own," Mia asserted.

Mia was set on her decision to stay on campus.

If Patricia found out she was staying at the Barrett residence, she'd undoubtedly fret, risking an unintentional slip in front of Mia's brothers.

Mia hoped to avoid complications, especially with Laura's surgery looming just a week ahead.

After navigating through this week's charade, freedom would be within her reach.

Mia picked up her suitcase, ready to leave. Connor walked into the room and, seeing her suitcase, had a sudden realization.

"Mia, why didn't you tell us today was the start of your semester? We would have loved to see you off for college," he exclaimed.

"Connor, considering everyone's busy schedules, I didn't want to cause any inconvenience, so I kept it to myself," Mia clarified.

"No matter how busy I am, I can always spare a moment to accompany you to college. Let's get going." Mia noticed the dark circles under Connor's eyes, a clear sign he had been up late due to surgery, and needed rest.

Understanding that refusing wasn't an option, she chose to leave for campus early to make sure Connor could return home promptly to rest.

Together, they set off.

As Connor drove, his phone buzzed a couple of times. Noticing the caller ID displaying "Maya", he discreetly silenced the phone.

Seated in the passenger seat, Mia asked, "Connor, you've been quite occupied lately, haven't you?" "When am I not?" replied Connor, his eyes glued to the road.

"Mia, focus on your studies in college. There's no need to stress about work or finances," Connor advised.

“I understand.” Mia replied. “I’m currently working part-time at a studio, and my monthly income covers my college expenses.” A subtle sigh escaped Connor’s lips. His sister’s maturity often left him feeling like a redundant older brother.

The car soon pulled up outside Harvard University.

Facing Connor, Mia said earnestly, “Connor, I’ve got this. You look exhausted.

Go back and catch up on some sleep.” Relenting, Connor replied, “Fine, but you better accept the Venmo transfer I’m sending you. Consider it a back-to-school gift.” Mia unlocked her phone to find allowances from all six of her older brothers.

With a resigned smile, she said, “Alright, thanks, Connor.” “Go ahead, I’ll watch you go in.” As Mia made her way toward the campus building, Connor pulled out his phone and quickly typed a message in their group chat: “Mia’s officially a college student now.” His attention shifted to several new WhatsApp notifications from Maya.

“Connor, I heard you’ve left your overseas assignment with the Red Cross.

Where are you these days?” “Can we meet up and talk?” Connor glanced at Maya’s message and typed his reply, “There are some things I’d rather not discuss.” Meanwhile, Maya felt deeply troubled by the response.

She just doesn’t get it. Connor was incredibly kind—he performed free surgeries for those in need. But when it came to Laura’s surgery, he won’t help. She felt that there may be some resentment he harbored against her.

She couldn’t help but sense that Connor’s attitude had noticeably changed, but the reason behind this change remained a mystery to her.

No data found.

Meet My Brothers by Red Thirteen chapter 112-Mia stepped out of the restaurant, and her eyes caught the gleam of a sleek black luxury car parked nearby. A subtle anticipation flickered in her gaze—was Timothy already there?

After a brief pause, Mia turned to Gina and said, “Tell everyone to go ahead. I’ll just step back inside for a moment to use the restroom.” Retreating into the



restaurant, Mia lingered in hiding for a good ten minutes. She waited patiently to make sure most of her classmates had left before making her exit.

Suddenly, her phone rang.

Mia answered, hearing Timothy's deep voice on the other end. "Come out." "I'm on my way." Mia replied.

Exiting the restaurant with a casual stride, Mia observed her classmates had dispersed. Approaching the sleek black luxury car, she hurriedly opened the door and slid inside.

Timothy's gaze sharpened. "Since when does attending class come with social commitments?" he questioned.

Mia calmly defended herself, "I just grabbed a meal with some old classmates after going back to college. It's a casual get-together, not a mandatory commitment." During the ride, a heavy silence hung between them until they reached their marital home.

As expected, Martha was nearby when Mia arrived. Timothy didn't seem particularly worried about where Mia had been or what she had been up to. It was as if he didn't feel the need to act concerned.

In the days that followed, Mia stayed diligent, attending classes with unwavering punctuality. Her schedule was jam-packed, leaving her little room to dwell on other matters.

While immersed in her studies at the library, Mia's phone buzzed with a call from Riley. "Remember, Mia, the award ceremony is this afternoon." "I haven't forgotten," Mia assured her.

Being cautious, Mia set an alarm on her phone to ensure she would be punctual and not miss the event.

As she made her way to the lecture hall, Taylor intercepted her path, locking eyes and saying ominously. "Mia, I know your secret." Confusion flashed across Mia's eyes. Her relationship with Taylor had always been strained, and it seemed that, despite the years passed, little had changed.

"A few days ago, near the restaurant, someone gave you a ride, right?" Taylor interrogated.

A subtle shift in Mia's expression betrayed her.

Despite her careful approach, Mia hadn't expected her actions at the restaurant to invite such scrutiny.

+15 BONOS Wearing a smug grin, Taylor observed Mia. "Oh be honest now, Mia. Did you leave college because of financial struggles in your family?" "How else could someone who once dropped out amass such wealth? Could it be connected to that older man with the luxury car?" Taylor pressed further.

Mia's gaze turned cold. "Taylor, after all these years, you're still the same. It's no surprise people whisper about you behind closed doors." "What are you implying? What have they been saying about me? Be clear with your words!" Taylor retorted.

Ignoring Taylor, Mia confidently strode toward the lecture hall. Inside, she found her name neatly labeled on a chair.

Being back in this academic setting felt surreal, like stepping into a dream.

Soon, the anticipated award ceremony will begin.

As Mia scanned the venue, she noticed Kennedy, the principal, entering with a group.

Among them, Timothy stood out in a sleek dark suit that accentuated his refined and handsome appearance.

Seeing Timothy on campus took Mia by surprise.

Indeed, it was a small world after all.

Mia found herself among a group of fellow students, all poised and ready to take the stage.

Suddenly, a nervous-looking young woman beside her blurted, "You're the renowned 'Mia Bowen,' aren't you?" With a hint of humility, Mia cleared her throat and responded, "I wouldn't exactly call myself a big shot." "Mia, could I please have your autograph? I really admire you!" another student eagerly asked.

Before long, Mia found herself surrounded by a group of students, diverting her attention.

As Timothy approached, his gaze swiftly fell upon Mia.

Was Mia really this popular at school?

Timothy's eyes fixed on the young man seated next to Mia, observing his attentive gestures as he poured water for her and snapped photos. A subtle sense of unease crept into Timothy's heart.

Noticing Timothy's focused gaze, Kennedy interjected, "Mr. Barrett, that young woman secured first place at the Fleur International Design Competition. Would you like to have a chat with her?"