

## Meet My Brothers by Red Thirteen chapter 11

Meet My Brothers by Red Thirteen chapter 11-This time, Mia didn't say anything. She led Patricia away.

Dominic watched them leave, and then he turned back to face Bob and Mary. His expression immediately went from gentle to frosty. It'd been years since he'd personally dealt with these things, but he couldn't sit this one out.

How dared Bob and Mary abuse Mia! They had death wishes!,

The bodyguards circled them, stopping the onlookers from seeing what was happening.

Dominic looked at Bob and Mary with contempt, a hint of murderous intent evident in his eyes. "You threw her in the cellar and starved her?"

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"T-That was because we didn't have enough room at home. The cellar was actually very warm."

"Yes, yes! We were living poorly at the time. We didn't even have enough food to put on the table!"

Dominic didn't buy their excuses. He didn't bat an eye as he made his move.

Soon, Bob and Mary couldn't even say a word. They'd lost a few teeth, and their faces were covered in blood.

They were now filled with regret. Dominic looked too menacing to be a regular Richie Rich. He was more like a member of the mafia!

Dominic flexed his wrists, saying icily, "Take them away. I don't want Mia to see them."

What if the sight of their bloodied faces were to scare his gentle, timid sister? How would he, as her older brother, keep up his kind, righteous, and nice image?

He turned to walk to the restaurant. When he saw Mia, his expression became gentle again. "You can order anything you want."

Mia glanced in the direction of the lobby. Mary and Bob were long gone. She asked in surprise, "Where are they?"

"I had a nice chat with them and managed to talk some sense into them. I'm guessing they left because they felt ashamed," Dominic answered.

A trace of confusion flickered past Mia's eyes. Were Mary and Bob that easy to convince?

Dominic grabbed a napkin to sneakily wipe a trace of blood on his fingers away. "If they come and bother you again, you can call me."

Mia had warmed up to Dominic a little bit now. She skimmed through the menu. After seeing that none of the food was cheap, she asked, "Are you rich?"

Dominic was caught off guard by this. His mind raced as he thought about what his wife had told him earlier. He had to put on a pitiful act.

And so, he said decisively, "No, I'm not."

"Didn't you say something about giving Bob and Mary 100 million dollars earlier?"

"I was just pulling their leg."

"This is an expensive hotel, though. And the food in this restaurant isn't cheap," Mia said.

"I used to work here, so I can get the employee price. It's not too expensive, really."

Patricia chimed in, "But what about the helicopter and these bodyguards?"

"I rented the helicopter and hired these men," Dominic answered.

He took out a stack of cash and handed it to the bodyguard closest to him. "Take this. It's your pay for today."

The bodyguard was dumbfounded. Was he supposed to take the money or not?

Dominic gave him a look. "Go ahead and take it. I think it's fine."

The bodyguard quickly accepted the money and hurried away.

Mia blinked. "So all of that was just to scare them off?"

"Uh, yeah. After all, this is our first meeting. I had to seem impressive," Dominic said.

When he saw how Mia had warmed up to him, he felt he'd made the right decision in concealing his wealth. From today onward, he would be poor.

Patricia asked, "So what do you do?"

Dominic fell silent for a while. He couldn't tell Mia he was a real estate mogul, but lying to Mia wouldn't be good as well. He said vaguely, "My company sells real estate."

Indeed, his company sold real estate. He'd merely left out the part about the company being his.

The realization dawned on Mary. "Oh, so you're a real estate agent. Honestly, it doesn't matter what your job is. We're all regular people, anyway.

"Mia's not the type to suck up to the wealthy and look down on the poor. All you have to do is treat her well. You didn't need to go to such lengths to put up such an act. It's such a waste of money, after all."

Mia nodded. "Yeah, I don't care about those things."

Rich families had many skeletons in the closet. She was actually not used to how things were like with these families.

"Since you don't like it, I won't do anything like that anymore," Dominic said.

"What do my other brothers and cousins do?" Mia asked.

Meet My Brothers by Red Thirteen chapter 12-“Your second older brother, Nathan Lane, is a great programmer. He’s led his company to win many awards and helped build many important firewalls,” Dominic said.

“Your third older brother, Connor Lane, is a volunteer for a Red Cross Society abroad. He focuses on saving injured animals and helping people to understand the lives of these animals.

“Your oldest cousin, Claude Lane, is a piano teacher, while your second older cousin, Jason Lane, works at a law firm. Last but not least, your third older cousin, Liam Lane, is currently an extra at a film set.”

Dominic felt he’d done a pretty good job at explaining things. He hadn’t lied to Mia at all.

Nathan was an infamous hacker, so he was good at programming, right?

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Connor was a renowned surgeon-rather than saving people, he preferred saving animals.

Claude was a famous pianist-when he wasn’t busy with concerts, he would conduct piano lessons at an academy.

Jason was a well-known lawyer-he did indeed work at a law firm. It was just that the law firm belonged to him.

And Liam was an award-winning actor-he’d started his career as an extra before eventually winning awards.

Mia nodded. Dominic was a real estate agent, Nathan was a geek, and Connor was a vet. Claude was a piano teacher, Jason was a lawyer, and Liam was an extra.

It seemed that fantasies were just that-fantasies and dreams.

Still, she was surprised to suddenly have so many brothers and cousins. They all had different jobs, too.

Patricia seemed a little disappointed that Mia's family wasn't wealthy. "We should head back after this meal, then. This hotel has to be expensive. Mia, it can't have been easy for Dominic to earn a living as a real estate agent."

She supposed it didn't matter whether they were rich. All was fine as long as they treated Mia well,

"No, no, money isn't an issue. Uh, I mean, I've earned quite a lot as a real estate agent," Dominic hurriedly said.

Mia knew Dominic was trying to be sincere. She held Patricia's hand and said, "Real estate agents do earn quite a lot. Since the rooms have already been reserved, we should just enjoy ourselves here for one night."

Only then did Patricia reluctantly agree.

Dominic secretly sighed in relief. His wife always had the best ideas!

After dinner, they headed upstairs to the presidential suite. Mia had planned on chatting with Patricia for a while longer, but she fell asleep shortly after getting into bed. She had a good night's rest and didn't wake up until the next morning.

She was awoken by her alarm.

In the past, Mia would get up at 7:00 am daily to prepare breakfast for Timothy, and she'd done it for three years without fail.

She turned the alarm off. From today onward, she didn't want to try to win Timothy's heart anymore.

After a short while, her phone rang. She checked it to see a name that she would never forget-Timothy.

Throughout their three-year marriage, he'd never called her once. If this were in the past, she'd be elated. But now, she no longer wanted to answer his call.

It didn't take long for the phone to fall silent, but Mia couldn't go back to sleep anymore. This was her first time rejecting Timothy, and she felt rather complicated about it.

Soon, she received another call from one of the maids. This time, she answered it. "Hello? What's wrong?"

“Mrs. Barrett, where is Mr. Barrett’s favorite blue tie?”

Mia didn’t want to answer, but she couldn’t stand the thought of the maid being scolded. So, she said, “It’s at the leftmost side of the second drawer.”

In the next second, Timothy’s icy voice rang out on the other end of the line. “You’d better come back to dig that tie out for me, Mia. I don’t like having other women step into my bedroom!”

Mia sneered at how indifferent and demanding he sounded. “We’re getting a divorce, Mr. Barrett. You can have Maya find it for you!”