

Meet My Brothers by Red Thirteen chapter 112

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?"

Meet My Brothers by Red Thirteen chapter 113-Following Kennedy's words, unease washed over Mia like an unwelcome tide.

She shot a hesitant glance toward Timothy, silently pleading with her eyes.

Timothy responded casually saying, "It's alright." A sense of relief flooded Mia as she watched Kennedy usher Timothy his seat.

Timothy sat in the front row, signifying his esteemed position.

Puzzled, Mia wondered about Timothy's unexpected presence, considering his demanding schedule.

However, the reason would soon unfold.

As Mia ascended the stage, Timothy, the generous sponsor behind the financial grant, took the initiative to personally bestow the awards upon the worthy recipients.

Mia observed Timothy's polished appearance and graceful demeanor.

With the award certificate in hand, he cast a patronizing glance her way, remarking, "Keep up the good work." Suppressing her true sentiments, Mia offered a forced smile as she took the certificate, momentarily entertaining a rebellious urge to confront him head-on.

The award ceremony concluded swiftly, and without glancing behind her, Mia exited the lecture hall.

She believed that by maintaining her brisk pace, she could avoid any unwanted encounters.

Kennedy seemed keen on introducing her to Timothy, perhaps even extending a dinner invitation afterward.

However, she had no interest in attending.

As expected, before reaching the study hall, her phone buzzed with a call from Riley.

She chose not to pick up.

Later in the evening, Mia returned Riley's call, explaining, "I apologize for missing your call, my phone was on silent while I was in the study hall." "It's alright," Riley responded. "Mr. Shaw had hoped to invite you for dinner, especially given our esteemed guest today. But the moment had passed." Mia's gut feeling proved accurate. She felt relieved and grateful for her timely escape.

After ending the call, Mia left the study hall and headed back to her marital home.

As she entered, she found Timothy casually seated on the couch, clad in relaxed attire, deeply engrossed in his tablet.

Timothy acknowledged her entrance, commenting, "You seem busier than I am." Balancing a book in her hand, Mia met his eyes and replied, "Well, you

know what they say, the early bird +15 BONOS Timothy's demeanor shifted abruptly, a shadow crossing his face. "That's none of your concern," he retorted sharply.

Respecting his boundary, Mia chose not to press further. She walked away with a determined stride.

As long as Maya's brother could expertly handle Laura's surgery, she wouldn't allow such interactions to unsettle her.

Alone on the couch, Timothy scrolled through his phone, finding Heath's message, "We're still in search of a fitting doctor." A sigh escaped him as he massaged his temples, weariness evident on his face.

The next day, as Mia returned to college for her classes, an unsettling feeling crept over her. She sensed her classmates' gazes carried an unusual weight.

Before long, Gina forwarded her a link to the college's online forum with a troubling headline. "Unveiling the Truth Behind the Early Award Recipient—A Hidden Patronage?" Curious, Mia clicked on the post. Its contents were blunt—alleging she had secured the award due to backing from a patron.

To amplify the claim, a photo was attached, capturing a moment of her opening the door to an upscale car.

The photo was unmistakably taken on the evening she dined with her classmates and later joined Timothy in his car. Fortunately, Timothy's face remained uncaptured in the image.

After closing the link, Mia quickly responded to Gina, saying, "I know who is behind this." The day before, Taylor had confronted Mia out of the blue, insinuating she had insider knowledge about Mia's secrets.

Indeed, Taylor was skilled at elevating her own status by bringing others down.

After class, Riley phoned Mia directly, saying, "Mr. Shaw wants me to thoroughly investigate this issue. Mia, please draft a statement detailing everything." Without a second thought, Mia dialed Nathan's number. He answered almost immediately, "Mia, what's going on?" "Nathan, I need your expertise. Can you trace an IP address for me?" Concerned, Nathan responded, "You need to clarify the situation, Mia. Tell me everything so I can

guide you appropriately.” Mia quickly forwarded the forum link to Nathan, declaring, “I want to track down whoever is spreading these rumors.” Upon seeing the post, Nathan’s anger flared up. Anyone who dared to spread false accusations about his sister was definitely asking for trouble.

With unwavering resolve, Nathan replied, “Just give me ten minutes. Go ahead and grab yourself a coffee

Meet My Brothers by Red Thirteen chapter 114-The call ended, and Mia received a Starbucks voucher from Nathan short after.

However, she put up a wry smile. Her pregnancy meant bidding farewell to her beloved coffee.

Ten minutes ticked away before Mia got the information Nathan had sent. True enough, the name tied to the IP address was none other than Taylor.

With a determined glint in his eyes, Nathan inquired, “Do you want me to reveal this person’s identity?” Mia responded firmly. “No need, I’ll take it from here.” The campus forum buzzed with the incident, and quickly became the talk of the college.

With no afternoon classes, Mia headed straight to the studio.

Just as she took her seat, Felix emerged from the office, saying, “Mia, I heard about the forum chaos. Remember, a clear conscience is your best defense.” “I’m aware,” Mia replied calmly.

Having unraveled the culprit’s identity, Mia had a plan in mind to tackle the situation.

Upon learning of the incident, Wilhelmina immediately forwarded the link to Shelly, shooting her a cold glance.

Quick to react, Shelly shared the news with Sharon, saying, “Aunt Sharon, see for yourself. It appears Mia is causing a stir at college once again.” “Typical Mia, always stirring up trouble,” Sharon said, annoyed.

She headed to the Barrett Group, anger fueling her every step.

Confronting Timothy, she exclaimed, “Timothy, come take a look. Mia’s embroiled in a scandal on campus.

“There are photos of her with some random man. If this gets out, what will it do to our family’s reputation?” Timothy furrowed his brow in concern, reading the forum’s headlines intently.

Yet, as he scrutinized the photo, his expression noticeably softened. “Mom, this is all just hearsay.” Sharon retorted, “How can you dismiss it? Have you seen that photo?” Timothy replied with certainty, “I have. That car in the picture belongs to me.” For a moment, Sharon was rendered speechless. Eventually, she managed to ask, “Tim, are you being honest?” “Absolutely,” Timothy affirmed.

Collecting herself, Sharon straightened her attire before saying, “Regardless, Mia seems to have a knack for stirring up trouble just when we least need it.

“And speaking of timing, the doctor you enlisted met with an accident. Have you thought about your next steps?” Sharon added.

+15 BONOS “Considering Connor’s recent departure from the Red Cross, Maya mentioned he might have some availability. Have you considered accelerating your divorce proceedings with Mia?” Sharon questioned Tim.

Timothy responded calmly, “Mom, I’m fully aware of the circumstances.” In a fit of indignation, Sharon stormed out of the office.

Once outside, she directed her assistant. “Notify Mr. Shaw—Mia’s grant should be revoked. Someone causing such trouble shouldn’t benefit from the Barrett family’s support.” She couldn’t help but wonder, would her son have become so passive if it weren’t for Mia?

After wrapping up her work, Mia’s phone buzzed with a call from Riley. “Mia, due to the escalating rumors, the college has decided to revoke your grant.” Mia’s expression hardened with resolve. “Ms. Matterson, I intend to clarify everything with Mr. Shaw firsthand tomorrow regarding the forum incident.” As she ended the call, a wave of despondency washed over her.

Arriving home that evening, Timothy was conspicuously absent.

Noticing her concern, Martha relayed, “Mr. Barrett called to mention he’ll be working late and won’t be home for dinner.” Burdened by the weight of the forum controversy, Mia’s gaze fell downward.

Yet, fueled by determination to address the matter directly, she marched to Kennedy’s office the following morning.

There, she laid out the evidence she had meticulously collected. “Mr. Shaw, I’ve traced the IP address of the person disseminating these rumors.” Kennedy responded sharply, “And? The damage is already done. Furthermore, can you refute their claims?”

“Given your family’s financial situation, how can you explain your association with someone who owns such an extravagant car?” Kennedy asked pointedly.

Kennedy’s probing questions felt like an onslaught to Mia.

Gathering her composure, Mia replied, “Just because my family isn’t affluent, does a single photograph imply I’m involved with a wealthy individual?” Kennedy countered, “Then how do you justify that image? Whose luxury car is captured in it?” “That car belongs to me!”

Meet My Brothers by Red Thirteen chapter 115-Suddenly, a chilling, resonant voice sliced through the tension within the office.

Mia turned around, her eyes locking onto Timothy’s silhouette by the doorway.

His towering and commanding presence seemed to eclipse the ambient light.

Yet, amidst the gravity of the moment, a peculiar flutter stirred within her heart.

Timothy’s authoritative aura filled the space as he entered the room.

Kennedy quickly interjected, “Mr. Barrett, what brings you here?” Timothy’s eyes held a piercing intensity as he declared, “I’m here to clarify. The car shown in the photo belongs to me.” Upon hearing this unexpected revelation, Kennedy’s expression stiffened, leaving him momentarily speechless as he worked to regain his composure.

The last thing he anticipated was that the car in question belonged to Timothy.

Stammering, Kennedy tried to defuse the tension, assuring, “Mr. Barrett, our sole purpose is to investigate the matter. There are no ulterior motives.” Unfazed, Timothy casually sat on a nearby sofa, saying, “Feel free to carry on with your investigation.” Turning her attention back to Kennedy, Mia handed over the incriminating evidence, stating, “Here’s the IP address of the individual behind the rumors.” Holding the evidence, Kennedy cleared his throat nervously before declaring, “Rest assured, we’ll conduct a thorough investigation and won’t tolerate any falsehoods in our midst.” Following his statement, Kennedy anxiously shifted his gaze toward Timothy and inquired, “Mr. Barrett, what are your thoughts on this?” Little did anyone expect that Mia and Timothy shared a connection that was far from ordinary.

It became clear why Timothy had personally attended the award ceremony a few days ago. It was all because of Mia.

Timothy rose from his seat, exchanging a meaningful look with Mia, “Let’s go.” Mia trailed behind him as they left Kennedy’s office. She stole a glance at him and expressed her gratitude, “Thanks.” “I just want to keep this from blowing up and reaching Grandma,” Timothy replied.

A hint of self-deprecation flashed in Mia’s eyes as she responded, “I understand,” choosing not to dwell on the matter.

Timothy seemed a bit uneasy, asking awkwardly, “How did you manage to get the IP address of the person who released the picture?”¹³ Mia’s eyes drifted downward as she explained, “I asked a friend for a favor.”⁺¹⁵ BONUS Timothy’s gaze deepened as he wondered whether the friend she mentioned was, in fact, the award-winning actor.

Experiencing a twinge of discomfort, he decided to be upfront, expressing, “I’m busy at the moment. If there’s anything you need, please reach out to Heath.” Surprised, Mia lifted her gaze, unsure of Timothy’s intentions.

“Try not to overanalyze this matter. If there’s something beyond your control, let Heath handle it. It’s wiser to prevent things from escalating.” Timothy advised.

Mia responded with feigned nonchalance, “I get it. There won’t be any such incidents in the future.” Agitated, Timothy briskly walked away from the campus building.

Heath maintained a respectful demeanor as he assured Mia, “Mrs. Barrett, Mr. Barrett is aware of the situation on your end and will be on his way over.” Mia offered him a smile without uttering a word.

She grasped that Timothy’s warning was a signal for her to steer clear of any trouble at this critical juncture to spare Laura any unnecessary worry.

Mia thinks that Timothy’s urgency in handling the situation wasn’t rooted in concern for Mia. Instead, it was driven by his consideration for Laura.

Nevertheless, she chose not to delve into further speculation.

Heath swiftly reassured Mia, saying, “You’ve got my contact details, Mrs. Barrett. Feel free to reach out whenever you need.” With those words, he left. Mia returned to the study hall soon after.

Back at home, Mia addressed her brothers’ inquiries in a composed manner, explaining, “The issue has been sorted out, thanks to Nathan’s help.” Nathan casually replied, “It’s no trouble at all. If you ever face similar problems in the future, don’t hesitate to reach out to me.” Mia expressed her gratitude with a playful emoji.

Receiving support from her family provided Mia with a sense of comfort when facing challenges. It reassured her that she didn’t have to face these obstacles alone..

Soon after, the post on the campus forum was taken down, and an official statement quickly debunked any idea of insider information influencing Mia’s award.

In the aftermath, Taylor faced disciplinary repercussions from the college.

Moreover, her guaranteed admission to graduate school was revoked.

Approaching Mia, Gina expressed her surprise, “I never thought Taylor would stoop to that level.” +15 BONOS “While there’s no real conflict between you two, she couldn’t handle seeing you succeed and deliberately spread false rumors to harm you.” Gina continued.

“In the investigation of the IP address this time, we unearthed a history of similar misinformation. This added weight to her punishment. She got what she deserved!” Gina said triumphant!

Meet My Brothers by Red Thirteen chapter 116-Mia held no sympathy for Taylor. In her view, those scheming against others should be ready to face the consequences.

Having settled the controversy, Mia headed to the hospital right after her class.

It was crucial for her to visit Laura, especially with Laura’s surgery scheduled for the upcoming weekend.

As the elevator doors opened at the hospital, Mia unexpectedly bumped into Sharon.

With a hint of arrogance, Sharon quipped, “Mia, you seem rather pleased with yourself. Do you really believe you could’ve navigated that college debacle alone? It’s obvious the Barrett name played a role.” Mia’s expression darkened as she digested Sharon’s words. “I could have handled it myself,” she retorted.

Sharon scoffed, “Enough of this charade. What have you done to manipulate my son? I don’t understand why he’s taken it upon himself to handle that college situation of yours.” “He’s even hesitating to commit to Ms. Lane because of you. He also postponed his grandmother’s surgery, searching for another doctor and disrupting the planned schedule,” she accused.

Mia’s expression changed. “What are you talking about?” It was clear that she struggled to grasp Sharon’s words.

“Still feigning ignorance? Let me spell it out for you. Maya’s brother set a condition. He would only proceed with Laura’s surgery if Tim agreed to marry Ms. Lane. However, Tim refused and chose to quietly seek another doctor instead.” Sharon admonished.

A whirlwind of emotions swept over Mia as she processed the shocking revelation.

After a momentary silence, she finally said, "I was unaware of all this." Mia had always presumed that Maya's brother would be the one conducting Laura's surgery.

With a derisive snort, Sharon added, "However, the doctor Timothy enlisted ended up in a car accident, sustaining a wrist injury. Now, he's unable to perform Grandma's surgery." "Because of this, the surgery is now delayed. Mia, given Grandma's kindness toward you, would you honestly consider using her health as leverage against Tim?" Sharon asked harshly.

Mia responded firmly, "I have never used Grandma as a bargaining chip with Timothy." Sharon shot back, "Then do the right thing. Divorce Timothy immediately so he can get engaged to Maya. That way, Maya's brother can proceed with Grandma's surgery." Mia's heart churned with turmoil. "I know what I have to do." "You better." Sharon retorted before walking away.

Mia stood still for a long time. Sharon's words echoed hauntingly in her mind.

+15 BONOS She hadn't anticipated Timothy's refusal of Maya's proposal. This is a decision that, on the surface, should have been straightforward for him.

After all, Timothy and Maya seemed perfectly matched in terms of background and status.

Gathering herself, Mia stepped into the hospital room.

Inside, the caregiver subtly shook their head, signaling that Laura was asleep.

Mia stood quietly by Laura's bedside, tenderly holding her cold hand.

The sight of Laura's pronounced weight loss and deteriorating condition deepened Mia's anguish.

Clearly, the surgery couldn't afford any more delays.

After checking with the hospital staff, Mia confirmed that Laura's surgery had been postponed, aligning with Sharon's information.

The delay was attributed to the lead surgeon's recent accident, and a suitable replacement had yet to be found.

Leaving the hospital, a resolute determination solidified within Mia.

Back home, she discreetly arranged for Martha to return to the hospital, advising her to spend time with Laura.

With the house to herself, Mia went into the kitchen to prepare a meal.

Upon Timothy's arrival, he spotted Mia coming out of the kitchen, wearing an apron and carrying a plate filled with familiar dishes.

His gaze lingered momentarily, recalling the countless meals she had prepared during their three years together.

Yet, since signing their divorce agreement, he hadn't tasted a single dish she'd made.

Reflecting on the campus forum incident, Timothy wondered if Mia's actions were her way of expressing gratitude toward him.

As they settled at the dining table, Timothy looked at the spread before him. "No poison, I hope?" he quipped.

Mia mustered a faint smile, replying, "Rest assured, it's entirely natural and uncontaminated." As Timothy began eating, he noticed that Mia hadn't touched her food at all.

Arching an eyebrow curiously, he inquired, "Aren't you going to eat?" "We need to talk."

Meet My Brothers by Red Thirteen chapter 117-Timothy set down his utensils, fixing Mia with a steady, intense gaze, Taking a deep breath, Mia inquired, "Why did you replace the doctor for Grandma's surgery? Maya's brother is arguably the best in his field. Having him operate on Grandma seems like the safest choice." A shadow crossed Timothy's face, his throat tightening. "Who told you that?" "I met your mother today during my visit to the hospital," Mia replied.

Timothy leaned back and asked coldly, "Is that all you wanted to discuss?" "Timothy, perhaps you should consider agreeing to Maya's brother's terms. It doesn't seem like a loss on your end," Mia suggested.

A palpable tension enveloped the dining room following her words.

Gazing at Timothy, Mia suddenly felt a disconnect, as if she couldn't grasp his intentions.

With a smirk, Timothy quipped, "No losses, you say? Is your rush to find solace in another man's arms fueling this misguided justification?" "It's the best decision, for both of us and especially for Grandma," Mia asserted.

"That's merely your viewpoint," Timothy countered.

With a creak of his chair, he stood up, drawing Mia's attention. "And what about your perspective?" she pressed.

Timothy paused, rooted to the spot, as Mia's voice echoed behind him. "That's none of your concern," he replied, his voice tinged with uncertainty.

Undeterred, Mia continued, "You've been dragging out the divorce. Is it possible you've developed feelings for me?" A brief tension gripped Timothy's before he turned to confront her, his tone laced with condescension. "Mia, what gives you the audacity to even propose such an idea?" "Isn't it a possibility?" she probed.

In reality, Mia's words seemed more like a thoughtless jab, aiming to provoke Timothy into proceeding with the divorce.

Timothy's lips pressed firmly together. "I've said it before, and I'll say it again.

This is solely for Grandma's sake. I won't be coerced into marriage a second time." Mia paused, catching Timothy's subtle reference to their previous marriage.

In his eyes, she detected a mix of indifference and disdain, revealing the extent of his aversion to their past union. A wave of unease swept over her.

Lowering her gaze, Mia suggested. "There's no need to tell Grandma about the divorce, and I won't mention anything about you and Maya until after her surgery." Having regained her clarity, Mia had no intention of further complicating things with Timothy.

A sudden wave of irritation washed over Timothy, causing him to furrow his brow.

“Mia, the fate of our marriage isn’t yours to dictate! Abandon those scheming thoughts of yours,” he retorted before exiting the dining room.

Left alone, Mia took her seat, her gaze drifting to the barely touched food before her.

Finally, she picked up her utensils and began to eat, though the flavors seemed muted, robbed of their usual appeal.

That evening, Mia found herself alone in the master bedroom, her sleep plagued by restlessness and unease.

As the hours ticked away, Timothy remained absent, his absence stretching throughout the night.

The following day, Mia received a call from Patricia, inviting her over for dinner.

With no classes scheduled for the afternoon, Mia decided to head straight home.

To her surprise, Connor was also present when she arrived for dinner.

After finishing their meal, Mia hesitated before asking. “Connor, how crucial do you think the choice of surgeon is for heart surgery? Is there a significant difference between the best surgeon and the second–best?” Connor considered her question thoughtfully before responding, “There’s undoubtedly a distinction between surgeons, but there’s typically one considered the best.” “However, if everyone sought out this top surgeon, they’d be overwhelmed. The importance of having the very best often depends on the specifics of the situation,” he explained.

“Not every procedure demands the foremost expert, and it also hinges on the individual patient’s circumstances. There is no one–size–fits–all answer,” he elaborated.

Sensing a change in Mia’s demeanor, Connor asked, “Mia, are you alright? You seem unwell.” “I’m fine,” Mia replied hesitantly. “It’s just that my friend’s grandmother is ill. She has a weak heart and requires surgery.” “However, the top surgeon they were considering is unavailable, so they’re debating whether to proceed with another doctor.” she added.

“Are you certain it’s heart surgery they’re discussing?” Connor asked, his eyes brightening with interest.

After all, cardiac surgery was his specialty, and he had earned recognition as a top-tier surgeon in that particular field.

Meet My Brothers by Red Thirteen chapter 118-Mia nodded thoughtfully. “You’re right, Connor, Even though you’re a veterinarian, you’re still part of the medical community.” “Do you happen to know any senior colleagues, friends, or classmates who are renowned cardiac surgeons?” she asked.

“Well” Connor replied, “arranging the surgery could be straightforward. I’m acquainted with a prominent cardiac surgeon, but he practices in Nord City.

Nonetheless, I can assist in arranging a consultation.” For the sake of his sister’s friend, Connor was more than willing to facilitate the surgery. Alleviating Mia’s concerns made the effort worthwhile.

“Would you? That would be really helpful” Mia said, a hint of relief in her eyes.

And while Timothy’s reluctance to marry Maya remained a concern, Mia couldn’t help but consider the cardiac surgeon Connor suggested as a potential lifeline.

If they couldn’t locate a suitable doctor in Bem City, perhaps Nord City would have the expertise they sought.

That evening, Mia opted to stay home, intending to broach the subject with Timothy the following day.

However, in the dead of night, a ringing phone shattered the silence.

On the other end. Timothy’s voice, tinged with desperation, pierced the quietude. “Grandma’s been rushed to the emergency room. Where are you?” “I’ll be there soon.” Without hesitation, Mia hung up, swiftly changed her attire, and made her way to the hospital.

Throughout the journey, Mia’s hands shook uncontrollably. Just the day before, Laura had appeared perfectly well during Mia’s visit—how had her condition deteriorated so rapidly?

As the taxi approached the hospital entrance, Mia quickly stepped out, as though every second mattered.

She noticed Timothy outside the emergency room, his silhouette ominously dark, echoing the quiet intensity of the night sky.

Sensing the profound sadness radiating from Timothy, Mia stood alongside him, and together they endured a heavy silence.

The wait felt unbearably long.

Finally breaking the silence, Mia began, "Timothy, I wanted to tell you-" "Let's finalize the divorce tomorrow," he interjected, his voice as composed and chilling as the night air that surrounded them, penetrating deep into her core.

Gazing at the distant, flickering lights emanating from the operating room, Mia nodded. "Very well." +15 BONOS After all, their marriage should have ended much earlier.

From the beginning, it was a misstep that needed rectification.

Noticing Mia's calm expression, Timothy sensed that she had come to terms with the situation.

Driven by curiosity, he questioned, "What were you going to say earlier?" Mia simply shook her head. "It's irrelevant now." She had considered suggesting a doctor from Nord City, but bringing it up now felt futile.

After all, Maya's brother was among the best physicians, making him the most fitting choice for the surgery.

Indeed, Mia wasn't willing to compromise on Laura's health.

Timothy pursed his lips, the tension within him deepening as he observed Mia's composed demeanor.

It felt like an eternity before Laura's condition finally stabilized.

The attending doctor emerged from the operating room, stating, "Fortunately, we identified the issue quickly. As emphasized earlier, cardiac surgery is urgent."

The sooner we proceed, the better.” Timothy remained silent, his expression unyielding and cold.

Mia mustered a faint smile. “Thank you for your efforts. We’ll schedule the surgery as soon as we can.” As long as Laura could proceed with the surgery without complications, everything should go smoothly.

Shortly after, Laura was taken to the intensive care unit for monitoring.

Timothy and Mia stood side by side, looking at the unconscious Laura. Her grayish–white hair stood out prominently.

Only after ensuring Laura’s safety did Mia release a sigh of relief. A sudden wave of exhaustion swept over her as she sunk into a nearby chair.

During the anxious wait earlier, fatigue had eluded her. But now, it hit her with full force.

In the next moment, Timothy extended a steaming breakfast to her.

Looking outside, Mia noticed the break of dawn. Summer mornings often arrived bright and early.

It felt as if moments ago, the world was draped in darkness, and yet, daylight had quickly emerged.

She accepted the meal, muttering, “Thank you.” “Once you finish your meal, we can begin preparing to head to the courthouse,” Timothy proposed.

Mia lowered her gaze, replying softly, “Alright.” She finished her breakfast and the sensation of low blood sugar gradually faded away, leaving her feeling much more energized.

With that, the pair left the hospital.

As they entered the car, Timothy handed her a document. “Please sign it,” he instructed.

Meet My Brothers by Red Thirteen chapter 119-Mia recognized the familiar document before her and instantly understood its implications.

“I’ve told you before, I don’t want anything,” she firmly stated.

She genuinely had no interest in Timothy’s assets.

Timothy’s brows furrowed in frustration. “I don’t have time for games,” he snapped.

“Timothy, I’m not playing games. I meant every word I said,” Mia responded earnestly, holding his gaze. “You expressed your disdain for being coerced into marriage. Perhaps my initial feelings were misguided.” *Consider this my way of making amends for any distress I may have caused you over the past three years.” she continued.

“I don’t want any financial obligations. I would rather walk away with nothing.” Timothy snapped back.

Timothy lowered his hand from his temple, locking eyes with Mia’s calm, almond-shaped eyes—a look that radiated unwavering tranquility.

He firmly placed the document between them. “No, it’s my responsibility. I won’t stoop so low as to withhold from someone who once stood by my side,” he declared.

Mia glanced at the document and decisively tore it in half. “I appreciate your generosity, Mr. Barrett, but I’m entitled to decline,” she said firmly.

A flicker of surprise flashed in Timothy’s eyes as he stared at the torn paper.

Relaxing into his seat, he remarked casually, “Very well, just make sure you don’t regret your choice.” Turning toward the window, Mia observed the passing landscape, her inner conviction echoing silently. “I won’t regret this.” After all, she had already taken the most precious thing from him.

A child by her side was all she needed.

Mia and Timothy were the first to arrive at the courthouse.

Once they completed the divorce application, they were informed about a mandatory one-month waiting period before finalizing the divorce.

The news took Mia by surprise. She wasn’t aware of such waiting periods in modern divorce proceedings.

After handing in the necessary documents, Mia exited the courthouse, stealing a glance at Timothy.

“We’ll return in a month then. Trust me, I won’t have any regrets. Just make sure Grandma’s surgery is scheduled promptly,” she asserted.

With a heavy tone, Timothy replied, “I understand. There’s no need to reiterate.” As Timothy briskly walked away, Mia stopped in her tracks, choosing instead to flag down a taxi.

From his car, Timothy watched Mia’s departure in the taxi before turning his attention elsewhere.

In the passenger seat, Heath cautiously began. “Mr. Barrett.” Impatiently, Timothy cut him off, “What is it?” “Ms. Lane has been trying to reach you multiple times. She insists on discussing something.” Heath informed.

With a contemplative gaze, Timothy lowered his hand and stared out the window. After a brief pause, he replied, “Alright.” With that, the sleek black car swiftly exited the vicinity of the courthouse.

Mia attended her college classes as she usually did, but her mind was elsewhere, constantly revisiting the morning’s courthouse events.

She had mentally steeled herself to finalize the divorce, but the unexpected waiting period had thrown her off balance.

As evening approached and Mia made her way home, her phone buzzed with an incoming call from Connor.” Mia, when can I expect your friend to send over those medical records for my review?” “Connor, there’s no need for that now. They’ve arranged a capable doctor for the surgery.” “Alright, I understand.” Connor had wanted to assist Mia, hoping to bolster her reputation among her peers, but once more, the chance had eluded him.

Letting out a sigh, he wondered about the intricacies of his profession. While he wished to help Mia, there was also a part of him that hoped she wouldn’t feel the need to seek his assistance.

It was indeed a conflicting sentiment.

Soon after, a message notification from Maya appeared on Connor’s phone:

“Connor, can we meet? Grandma Laura’s surgery is crucial to me.” With a furrowed brow, Connor promptly closed the chat, choosing to ignore the message. To him, certain matters were best left unaddressed.

After ending the call, Mia arrived home to find Martha there, with Timothy noticeably absent.

Sensing Mia’s possible distress, Martha tried to offer some solace, suggesting, “Mr. Barrett is often busy with work.” “Maybe you should take some time for yourself. If you’re feeling bored, perhaps a shopping trip could lift your spirits.” Martha suggested.

Meet My Brothers by Red Thirteen chapter 120-“Martha, I’m okay. I get that he’s swamped with work, Mia replied, attempting to maintain a facade of normalcy.

Later that evening, she spent some time with her prenatal instructor, immersing herself in the essential aspects of pregnancy—a realm that demanded her immediate attention.

Moreover, she desired to push certain thoughts to the back of her mind.

However, the following day, as Mia scrolled through the news, a headline caught her attention: “Affluent heiress Maya and her beau spotted dining and ring shopping.” A wave of desolation washed over Mia.

Even without a clear view of their faces, Mia could discern from the silhouette that it was Timothy with Maya.

Remarkably, merely a day after Mia and Timothy filed for divorce, he was already with Maya at a jewelry store in the evening, choosing a ring.

The speed of their actions caught Mia off guard.

Choosing to divert her thoughts, Mia turned off her phone and immersed herself in learning about pregnancy.

With no afternoon classes, she headed to her studio to work, given her current financial constraints.

After all, Timothy wasn't exactly bringing in a significant income.

Several days passed without Timothy returning to their marital home, but Mia didn't dwell on it.

She continued with her daily routine, maintaining her regular eating habits, while also dedicating herself to studying infant and toddler care.

With Laura's condition now stable, she had been moved from the intensive care unit to a standard ward.

Holding a pot of homemade soup, Mia decided to go to the hospital to pay Laura a visit.

When she entered the ward, she noticed Maya and Sharon already present, and standing alongside them was none other than Timothy.

Mia paused briefly before saying, "I'll come back later." She felt it would be inappropriate to disturb what seemed like a family moment.

However, Laura greeted her with a warm smile and said, "Come over here, don't be silly." Reluctantly, Mia approached Laura. Maya, wearing a forced smile, rose from her seat, motioning toward a chair. "Ms. Bowen, please have a seat here," she urged.

However, Mia chose not to sit. Instead, she placed the thermos on the bedside table, saying, "Grandma, this is the soup I made for you. Remember to have some later." "Alright, I'll keep that in mind. How have you been lately? Has the little one inside been causing you any As the conversation shifted to Mia's unborn child, a subtle awkwardness filled the air in the hospital room.

Mia's expression betrayed a hint of unease as she responded, "The baby has been quite well-behaved. Honestly, I find it all rather manageable." Laura chuckled warmly, reminiscing. "It was the same when your mother-in-law was carrying Tim. It was unusually trouble-free." Standing nearby, Sharon appeared somewhat content, adding. "Absolutely!

Back then, I could eat anything without a worry..." However, when Sharon's attention shifted to Mia's belly, a sudden hush fell over her.

The reality of her son's growing independence became apparent. He wasn't as compliant and well-mannered as he used to be, certainly not as comforting as when he was in her womb.

Struggling to keep a smile in place, Mia couldn't help but wonder if her baby's serene demeanor was truly a reflection of inherited traits.

At that moment, Timothy interjected, "Grandma needs some rest. We should head out." Mia gently held onto Laura's hand. "I'll plan another visit soon." "I'm fine, Tim. Make sure to take good care of your wife. She's expecting, after all," Laura advised.

Laura subtly guided Mia's hand toward Timothy. Mia hesitated for a moment, contemplating pulling away.

However, Timothy instinctively took hold of Mia's hand. His strong grip heightened her discomfort, especially under the watchful gaze of Maya.

Laura expressed contentment, saying, "Alright, you two take care of each other." Hearing Laura's words, Mia avoided meeting her eyes.

They exited the hospital room, leaving Mia feeling incredibly awkward. She hadn't intended to hold Timothy's hand.

Sharon quickly approached them. "Mia, let go of his hand! There's no need for this act now." Their hands were promptly separated, and Mia stepped aside.

Out of the blue, Maya approached, linking her arm with Mia's. "Ms. Bowen, would you mind having a chat with me?"