

Meet My Brothers by Red Thirteen chapter 121 -

Meet My Brothers by Red Thirteen chapter 121-Maya's sudden approach caught Mia off guard, sending a ripple of discomfort through her.

What move could Maya attempt to pull off next?

Mia withdrew her arm with a cold expression, suggesting some distance might be wise.

"Even if you and Tim part ways, there's no reason we can't remain amicable," Maya retorted.

A glint of irony lit up Mia's eyes as she remarked, "Ms. Lane, have you ever seen someone befriend the 'other woman'?" At the mention of "the other woman," Maya's expression instantly darkened.

However, under the watchful eyes of Timothy and Grandma Laura, Maya swiftly shifted to feigned vulnerability. "Mia, why the animosity? I truly desire harmony among us all." Without missing a beat, Sharon jumped to Maya's defense, casting a reproachful glance at Mia.

"Mia, have you no shame? Look at Mia's generosity. Who are you to label her as 'the other woman'?" Sharon reprimanded.

"Had you not intervened, Maya might have been my daughter-in-law by now.

Imagine, three years have elapsed. They could've even had a couple of kids!" she continued.

With irony in her gaze, Mia retorted, "Well then, here's to a joyful union and a speedy start to family life. Would that be satisfactory?" Sharon's persistence flared when Mia began to walk away.

"Hold it, Mia! What's with this hostility? My son is on the brink of proposing to Maya. If you dare to cause any trouble, I won't let you off the hook," Sharon warned sharply.

Timothy intervened. "That's enough." Hearing this, Sharon restrained herself from saying more. "Tim, Mia just dropped by with some food for Grandma.

Keep an eye on her. We can't afford any slip-ups in front of Grandma.' A shadow crossed Timothy's face. "There won't be any," he asserted firmly.

Before Sharon could push further, Maya gently restrained her. "Mrs. Barrett, I have faith in Tim's discretion.

After all, we're all here with Grandma's best interests in mind." "Maya seems more level-headed," Sharon remarked. "Tim, perhaps you could accompany her to choose wedding dresses?" A flicker of anticipation illuminated Maya's eyes as she awaited Timothy's response. Yet, he remained impassive. "I'm occupied. Let's not forget, this is merely a facade." Timothy turned to Maya. "When can we expect Connor?" he inquired.

+15 BONOS Mia responded with tension, "Soon." Sharon shared the news about the surgery being scheduled at the end of the upcoming month. Maya sighed in relief. "That's fine. Connor will be available by the end of the month." The extended timeframe provided Maya with a broader window to convince Connor.

"Tim, after consulting with an astrologer, I've learned that a favorable date is approaching next week. How do you feel about getting engaged to Maya on that particular day?" Sharon inquired.

Timothy's face remained unreadable. "It doesn't matter." With those terse words, he exited the room, leaving behind a fleeting look of apprehension on Maya's face.

Sensing Maya's unease, Sharon reassured her, "Don't worry. Once we're free from Mia's interference, what began as a pretend engagement might very well turn genuine." "And when that happens, you must ensure all your brothers are present for the ceremony," she said.

Maya, trying to exude confidence, affirmed, "If I'm getting engaged, they'll be there without a doubt." With this development, Maya had secured half of her objective.

If Connor agreed to conduct the surgery, her path to marrying Timothy would likely unfold seamlessly.

As Mia left the hospital, a heavy sense of despondency weighed on Mia.

Despite the summer season, an unshakeable chill seemed to surround her.

As the weekend neared, Mia found herself predominantly confined to her studio.

The consistent blast of cold air from the air conditioning left her feeling as though she was on the verge of catching a cold.

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Meet My Brothers by Red Thirteen chapter 122-As Mia geared up for some much-needed rest, the unmistakable click of Wilhelmina's heels echoed through the room.

Without hesitation, Wilhelmina handed Mia a document and instructed, "Please ensure this reaches its designated destination. Should the client express dissatisfaction, take the necessary steps to make replacements."

Mia skimmed the contents of the file before questioning, "Isn't this something you should be handling?" Wilhelmina retorted, "Indeed, it falls under my responsibilities. However, urgent matters demand my attention at the moment." "Besides, considering you've been on duty throughout the entire weekend, it seems fitting for you to manage this. We can't have someone merely drawing a salary without contributing, can we?" she said snidely.

With that, Wilhelmina briskly departed.

Mia sighed softly, thinking that once she completed this assignment, she could finally head home and rest.

She sipped from a cup of warm water, feeling its warmth spread through her, providing a sense of relief.

Hailing a taxi, Mia directed the driver to a luxurious villa complex.

At the designated house, she was greeted by a maid who opened the door.

"Hello, I'm from Elite Studio," Mia introduced herself, "I've come to check if the homeowner is pleased with the interior furnishings we provided." "Please, follow me," the maid replied.

As Mia trailed behind, she stepped into a lavish living room. Instantly, her eyes were drawn to a radiant white wedding dress displayed at the room's center.

"Is this real?" Mia asked incredulously. "This stunning bridal gown is a masterpiece from Lulu Vuitton's exclusive collection—a globally limited edition, with this being the sole piece." • With an air of pride, Shelly emerged, declaring, "This is the very wedding dress Maya selected for her engagement.

"Isn't it breathtaking? You'd need to toil your entire life just to afford a single diamond embellishment on it." When Mia saw Shelly, the pieces finally clicked, and she understood why Wilhelmina had urgently summoned her to the scene. Everything started to make sense.

Descending the staircase with a smile, Maya intervened, "Shelly, let's not exaggerate. It's just a dress.

"I intend to have a bespoke gown tailored for the actual wedding. This was merely a hasty choice given the circumstances." Gathering herself, Mia addressed Maya professionally, "Ms. Lane, are you content with the recent renovations?

+15 BONOS Maya and Shelly seemed to be indulging in a display of extravagance.

A sense of unease crept over Mia, prompting her to avoid getting caught up in their antics.

Taking the documents from Mia, Maya remarked, "Tim and I have given this considerable thought. We've decided to relocate as a proactive measure, thus the choice to renovate a new residence." Mia kept her expression neutral, her eyes averting slightly.

Maya was taken aback by Mia's nonchalant response, especially considering the significant effort she had put into gaining Timothy's approval for their engagement.

She was convinced that many of the challenges and frustrations she'd encountered stemmed from Mia.

Yet, Mia's behavior now seemed like a purposeful display of indifference.

Maya pressed on, “While the furnishings from your company meet our expectations to a degree, there are certain areas that require attention.

“Specifically, the photo wall meant for displaying wedding memories doesn’t match our vision. Also, the mattress designated for our bridal bed lacks the desired level of comfort and support. Could you arrange for modifications in these areas?” “Certainly. I’ll ensure our designer addresses these concerns promptly,” Mia replied.

“Mia, we must settle these matters today,” Shelly emphasized.

“Come with us to pick out a suitable bed. After we finalize the choice, you’ll be responsible for its delivery. You do understand that earning your paycheck necessitates some effort on your end, right?” Shelly remarked.

Mia had an inkling that navigating this situation with Shelly and Maya would be quite the challenge.

Nonetheless, she patiently escorted Shelly and Maya to the city’s most prestigious home–furnishing establishment.

As they stepped into the upscale mall, gentle tunes filled the air. However, the cool air from the air conditioning added to Mia’s discomfort, especially since she was already under the weather.

Shelly walked ahead impatiently. “Mia, keep up,” she urged.

Suppressing her discomfort, Mia quickened her steps.

As they approached the renowned bedding store, a familiar and imposing figure caught her attention.

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Meet My Brothers by Red Thirteen chapter 123-Spotting that familiar figure from behind, Mia initially doubted her own eyes.

Why would Timothy be here?

Maya approached him cheerfully and quipped, “Tim, what brings you here today?” Timothy, clad in a sharp dark suit, was surrounded by a group of individuals who stood with a sense of formality and order.

Timothy remained impassive toward Maya. As Timothy’s gaze wandered past her, he caught sight of Mia, and a hint of confusion shadowed his expression.

Quick to explain, Maya said, “I’ve been considering a home renovation, and Ms.

Bowen’s design studio is renowned for its expertise.” “Though I enlisted her services, I didn’t anticipate her making a personal visit today,” she quickly added.

Shelly directed Mia, “Mia, why are you lingering outside? Come in and help us with the selection.” Steeling herself, Mia approached, deliberately avoiding eye contact with Timothy.

Maintaining professionalism, Mia inquired, “Ms. Lane, what specifications are you seeking in a mattress?” Maya turned to Timothy, seeking his input. “Tim, which mattress collection would you recommend? Which one promises the utmost comfort?” Timothy gestured to the store manager beside him, saying, “Please, go ahead and show us around.” The store manager eagerly stepped forward, elaborating on the features of different mattress collections.

Meanwhile, Mia felt uncomfortably cold due to the mall’s air conditioning, experiencing both shivers and a growing sense of queasiness.

After the manager’s pitch, Maya deliberately shifted her gaze to Mia, prompting, “Ms. Bowen, what are your thoughts?” Although Mia missed most of the store manager’s presentation due to her discomfort, she mustered a polite smile, responding, “Honestly, any could suffice, depending on your preferences,” Maya insisted, “But as our designer, I’d value your recommendation, Ms.

Bowen.” Mia impulsively gestured toward a mattress, only to suddenly feel a hush fall around her. It appeared that numerous onlookers had turned their attention her way.

Trying to maintain her poise, Mia tried to decipher the description of her chosen mattress. It read, “Oversized latex water bed, designed to enhance intimacy.” A wave of realization washed over Mia—she had unintentionally

selected a rather risqué mattress. Suppressing her laughter with a hand over her mouth, Maya turned to Timothy, jesting, “Tim, what’s your take +15 BONOS Shelly chimed in playfully, “Mia, you truly have a knack for choosing. Perhaps that’s why you’re such a hit with the men.” With a pointed stare, Maya cautioned, “Shelly, let’s refrain from baseless remarks.” “Well, it appears that some individuals dare to act but lack the bravery to acknowledge it,” Shelly remarked with a hint of disdain.

Growing tired of Shelly’s insinuations, Mia furrowed her brow, trying to redirect the conversation. “Ms. Lane, have you settled on a choice?” Exasperated, Shelly interjected, “Mia, are you planning to leave already? Is this the level of service we should expect from your studio?” Maya added, “Plus, we haven’t finalized the details for the photo wall.” Suddenly, Mia’s vision darkened. In a moment of panic, she reached out to steady herself. She inadvertently clutched someone’s wrist, and managed to regain her balance.

Upon reopening her eyes, she murmured a feeble “Thanks.” “Your complexion looks concerning,” a deep voice replied.

Realizing it was Timothy’s voice, Mia was surprised to find she had unwittingly grabbed his hand.

As she attempted to pull away, he firmly held onto her wrist and instructed, “Sit down.” At this moment, Shelly angrily turned around and exclaimed, “Mia, what are you doing? Let go right now!” Noticing Mia and Timothy’s intertwined hands, Maya’s expression tensed.

Mia swiftly pulled her hand away from Timothy’s grasp, meeting his gaze with a reserved demeanor. “I’m fine. This is just part of my job,” she asserted.

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Meet My Brothers by Red Thirteen chapter 124-Timothy’s voice adopted a chilling edge. “Why risk your well-being for work?” As Mia took a few steps, her vision blurred, and she collapsed.

Instinctively, she braced for a hard impact, but just before hitting the ground, a pair of arms caught her. She was pulled into an embrace that felt both familiar and distant.

Struggling to focus, Mia found it difficult to discern the face above her.

Timothy gently held Mia, deeply alarmed by the cold sweat that covered her and the evident paleness that had

washed over her lips.

His eyes narrowed with concern, and without a second thought, he swiftly carried her out of the mall.

Maya hurried to catch up, calling out urgently, “Tim!” However, she was a moment too late, and the elevator doors shut, leaving her behind.

A scowl darkened Maya’s face. “Do you think Mia orchestrated this?” she asked.

Shelly caught up, remarking, “It’s quite suspicious. Just moments ago, Mia seemed fine, and now she suddenly collapsed, conveniently ending up in Timothy’s arms.” “Given Mia’s flair for acting, it seems Timothy might be playing right into her hands,” she said snidely.

With a determined gaze, Maya watched as the elevator’s indicator halted at the basement level, likely indicating that Liam was rushing Mia to the hospital.

Maya pushed the elevator button decisively before instructing, “We’re going to the hospital too.” Aware of Mia’s tactics, Maya remained resolute, refusing to be swayed by Mia’s potential attempt to play the victim.

Mia found herself being cradled in a car, her head resting against a man’s chest.

She sensed a gentle touch on her forehead, followed by the soothing sensation of a towel wiping away her perspiration.

Shivering uncontrollably, Mia gravitated toward the warmth of the man holding her.

Timothy looked down as Mia nestled closer. If he hadn’t known she was unwell, he would have thought she was deliberately acting this way.

Timothy removed his suit jacket and draped it over Mia, making sure she was secure in his embrace.

He leaned forward, instructing the driver, “Head to the nearest major hospital—make it quick.” The driver sped toward the nearest public hospital.

Timothy once again felt Mia's forehead, noting the alarming rise in her temperature.

The car pulled up outside the hospital, and Timothy quickly carried Mia toward the emergency room.

As a gust of wind brushed past them, Mia felt a surge of clarity.

+15 BONOS Her eyes opened, locking onto Timothy's chiseled jawline and tightly pursed lips—could it truly be him?

She quickly looked away, the bright hospital lights snapping her back to awareness. "Timothy, let me down." "Stay still." "I don't need to go to the hospital! I'm perfectly fine!" Recognizing the potential dangers that standard treatments could present to her unborn child, Mia hesitated.

As a pregnant woman, she understood that even routine remedies for ailments such as colds or fevers might carry risks.

Despite her earlier discomfort, this concern compelled Mia to prioritize returning home for rest over seeking immediate medical attention.

Furthermore, if the doctor were to uncover her pregnancy, it could jeopardize everything for Mia.

Mia was determined to keep her condition a secret from Timothy.

After all, she was merely a month away from finalizing her divorce from him.

"Stay still, Mia," Timothy cautioned. "I might have to set you down if you don't." Despite his warning, Timothy's grip remained steadfast as he carefully carried her to a bed in the emergency room and gently eased her down. "Please stay put and wait for the doctor," he urged.

"I don't need medical attention. I'm feeling much better," Mia protested, attempting to sit up.

Ignoring her resistance, Timothy firmly held her in place, hands on either side of her, his gaze unwavering. "Have you lost your mind?" he questioned.

"No, I assure you, I'm perfectly alright," Mia responded.

She wondered how she would conceal her pregnancy once the doctor arrived.

Mia locked eyes with Timothy, her defiance evident. However, in a surprising turn, Timothy closed the distance, gently touching their foreheads together.

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Meet My Brothers by Red Thirteen chapter 125-Mia looked at Timothy as he drew near, their noses meeting in an unexpected moment.

Caught off guard, she struggled to comprehend Timothy's intentions.

In the ensuing moment. Timothy asked in a soft tone. "Do you feel the temperature difference?" Blinking in response, Mia realized his forehead felt as cool as ice.

Suddenly, a cough echoed from the side, breaking the tension. "Ahem, be mindful of where you are. This is a hospital," a stern voice reminded them.

Timothy quickly composed himself, and Mia, feeling a rush of embarrassment, hastily pulled the blanket over her face.

Genevieve, the nurse, addressed the pair, "The patient's family members can wait outside. Those who haven't registered should do so before proceeding." Mia cautiously observed Timothy's departing footsteps through the gap in the blanket, letting out a sigh of relief only when he was out of sight.

Finally, he had left.

Quietly retracting the blanket, Mia whispered to Genevieve, "Honestly, I'm fine.

There's no need for any treatment." In response, Genevieve aimed a thermometer at her and commented, "Your temperature is 39 degrees Celsius.

Are you sure you're fine?" Mia's expression turned somber. She hadn't been aware of her high fever.

Glancing at the entering doctor, Genevieve briefed, "Dr. Lane, we've got a patient with a 39-degree fever who's a bit reluctant about seeking treatment." "Declining treatment at 39 degrees? Are they aiming for a warmer experience

at the crematorium, perhaps?" The familiar voice caused Mia to once again draw the blanket over her face; a sudden wave of panic flooding over her.

"It's Connor!" she realized.

To Mia's surprise, Timothy had brought her to the public hospital! Panic set in— what should she do now?

Indeed, this was a dire situation.

How would Mia possibly explain herself if Connor recognized her?

Feeling light-headed and disoriented, Mia couldn't help but regret venturing out of her house in the first place.

Approaching in a white coat, Connor noticed the patient wrapped in a blanket and spoke sternly, "If you keep wrapping up like that, the blanket might start to overheat." 1/3 +15 BONOS Mia clutched the blanket tighter, unwilling to confront the reality unfolding before her.

Turning to Genevieve, Connor instructed, "Pull back the patient's blanket for me." "No!" Mia instinctively stepped back from Genevieve, involuntarily letting out a gasp.

She hurriedly muffled it with her hand, but it was too late—Genevieve had already revealed her.

Meeting Connor's gaze with an innocent look, Mia murmured, "Hi Connor." A shadow crossed Connor's face as he inquired, "Mia, what brings you here?

Are you feeling unwell?" Without hesitation, he picked up the thermometer. The instant his eyes read the 39-degree reading, his expression immediately darkened.

"Why didn't you tell me you weren't feeling well? And why would you refuse treatment? Are you intentionally trying to send me to an early grave to inherit my credit card?" he quipped.

Surrendering to Connor's persistence, Mia replied, "I have my reasons." "Regardless of your justifications, we can't postpone treatment. You need to take your medicine and receive IV fluids to lower that fever." "I can't," Mia uttered with a sense of urgency.

She held onto Connor's arm tightly, her expression filled with desperation.

"Connor, I can't handle medication or even an IV drip." "Is it because of an allergy to medication?" Connor pressed, his concern evident.

She slowly shook her head, a trace of guilt in her eyes. "No, Connor. It's because I'm pregnant." Connor loosened his grip in shock, causing his pen to fall.

He touched his ear momentarily as if attempting to clear a sudden fog. "Did I hear you correctly?" "You heard me right," Mia affirmed. "Because I'm pregnant, I can't just take any medication or get an IV drip." Stunned, Connor took a step back, his expression turning stern. "Who's the father?" he demanded.

The thought of someone being the reason behind his sister's pregnancy gripped with a surge of unexpected and intense anger.

After years of maintaining composure, this newfound emotion threatened to shatter his restraint.

Who could this reprehensible individual be?

Just then, Timothy entered the room, his demeanor serious as he fixed his gaze on Genevieve. "Why hasn't the treatment begun? I've already completed the registration." Genevieve offered no response, her eyes shifting subtly toward Connor.

As Connor laid eyes on the unexpectedly present man, a wave of familiarity washed over him.

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Meet My Brothers by Red Thirteen chapter 126-Connor's attention shifted from Timothy to Mia lying on the bed, a flicker of suspicion igniting within him.

Could the child be Timothy's?

Timothy's recurring involvement with the Lane family women only deepened Connor's speculations.

Avoiding Connor's penetrating gaze, Mia pleaded softly, "Please prescribe a fever-reducing medication for me. However, given my condition, there are specific drugs I can't take. Please be mindful."

Her hushed plea served as a subtle reminder to Connor about her pregnancy, stressing the need for discretion in Timothy's presence.

Pushing aside his swirling thoughts, Connor turned to Genevieve, "Prepare the prescription and the necessary medication." "Shouldn't she have an IV drip?" Timothy interjected, shooting a perplexed glance.

Annoyed, Connor replied, "IV drips can sometimes do more harm than good." "But her fever is alarmingly high," Timothy countered.

Meeting Timothy's challenge with a steely gaze, Connor retorted, "Are you the attending doctor here, or am I? If you think you can handle it better, be my guest." Mia's eyes darted nervously between the two men, silently hoping they wouldn't escalate the situation.

Timothy's demeanor quickly darkened, yet he held his silence, his displeasure evident in his expression.

Moments later, Genevieve arrived with the prescribed medication in hand.

Looking at Connor, she informed, "Dr. Lane, they're calling for you at Bed 35." Connor quickly regained his composure and turned to Mia, instructing, "Please take your medication now; I'll be back later." Complying with a nod, Mia replied, "Okay." Sitting by the bedside, Mia watched Connor exit the room, a sense of relief washing over her.

Running into Connor unexpectedly might be a stroke of luck she didn't realize she needed. With him around, she stood a better chance of keeping her pregnancy concealed.

Had she chosen to visit the private hospital affiliated with the Barrett family today, her secret would have been unveiled.

Could this unexpected encounter be a blessing in disguise?

Reaching for the medicine beside her, Mia realized the water dispenser was across the room.

As she mustered the energy to get up, Timothy stepped forward, taking the paper cup from her hand and heading to the dispenser.

+15 BONOS Observing Timothy's silhouette and reflecting on how he had escorted her to the hospital, Mia recognized that despite his shortcomings, a trace of humanity still existed within him.

When Timothy returned, Mia averted her gaze, accepting the cup of water he offered. "Thank you." After swallowing her medicine and reclining once more, Mia noticed Timothy still standing beside her.

Meeting his gaze, she said, "Thank you for bringing me here. I'll manage on my own when it's time to leave." Timothy's lips tightened, his voice laced with sarcasm. "Do you think I have the luxury of waiting around for you?" With those words lingering, Timothy walked out of the emergency room.

However, instead of departing immediately, he paused in the corridor, visibly tense as he loosened his tie.

"Mr. Barrett, should we depart?" Heath inquired cautiously.

"Why wouldn't we? Do you assume I have endless time to spare?" Timothy pressed on, giving Heath a pointed look. "Find a caregiver for her. I'd struggle to explain to my grandmother if anything unfortunate happened to her while she's in the hospital." Heath nodded knowingly. Timothy had a habit of speaking ambiguously.

As Timothy approached the hospital's main entrance, Maya and Shelly emerged from a nearby taxi.

Rushing forward, Maya inquired, "Tim, how's Ms. Bowen?" "She's stable," Timothy responded tersely before continuing on his way.

A faint smile played on Maya's lips. It seemed that Mia's plan had not succeeded.

Just as Maya considered leaving, a young man in a white coat caught her eye as he hurriedly moved along the second-floor corridor. He seemed oddly familiar.

Pausing briefly, Maya's thoughts raced. Could that really be Connor?

How could Connor be at a hospital in Bern City? Wasn't he supposed to be in Nord City?

Without hesitation, Maya dashed into the hospital, leaving Shelly calling after her, "Maya, where are you going?"

"I just need a quick restroom break. Wait for me out here," Maya replied.

Brushing past Shelly, Maya swiftly pulled out her phone to dial Connor's number.

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Meet My Brothers by Red Thirteen chapter 127-As Maya looked for Connor, her repeated calls to his phone went unanswered.

Was she wrong about her suspicions?

Still, the individual in the white coat bore an uncanny resemblance to Connor.

Inside the emergency room's infusion area, Mia lay on the bed.

The ordeal earlier had made her break into a sweat, but now she seemed to be recovering.

"Mia, it's time you leveled with me. What's really going on?" a stern voice pressed.

As Mia took a sip from her cup, she looked up to find Connor entering the room, startling her and causing her to choke momentarily.

Acting quickly, Connor gently patted her back. "Be careful. Let me fetch you another glass of water." Mia let out a cough, casting a vulnerable look toward Connor. Her eyes filled with tears, radiating an air of innocence.

Observing his sister's expression, Connor's initial anger dissipated, and genuine concern took its place.

He sighed deeply, dragging a chair closer to her bedside.

“Mia, my intent isn’t to reprimand you but to express my worry. You dropped the bombshell about being pregnant so suddenly. How did you expect me to process that?” Having gone to great lengths to locate and reintegrate Mia, their beloved princess, into the Lane family, it was expected that she would lead a life filled with serenity and comfort.

By the time she reached her thirties and considered marriage, her brothers naturally thought that it would be their responsibility to choose the right man for her.

However, out of the blue came the startling revelation—she was already pregnant!

Mia’s eyes fell, and she murmured, “I understand, but all of this happened before you even found me.” “Mia, can you tell me who the father is? I simply want to have a ‘friendly conversation’ with him. As your older brother, I believe I deserve to know,” Connor urged.

Beneath his composed exterior, a tempest of anger swirled.

If not for concern out of Mia’s feelings, he would have confronted and swiftly dealt with the man responsible for causing his sister such distress.

Mia pressed her lips together firmly. “Connor, that’s all in the past now, and I’d rather not discuss it.” “Mia, you don’t need to be afraid. You have Jason, a lawyer who’s well– connected with prominent legal professionals. We’ll ensure that the man who hurt you faces the consequences!” Mia was puzzled by Connor’s words, wondering if he had misunderstood the situation.

+15 BONOS Lifting her eyes to meet his, she clarified, “Involving lawyers won’t make a difference. Remember, I chose to keep the child after we broke up. He doesn’t even know the child exists.” Connor breathed a sigh of relief, initially fearing his sister had endured mistreatment.

Upon hearing the phrase “broke up,” a hint of displeasure shadowed his expression.

“Who could be so blind as to end things with you?” he inquired.

Connor held Mia in the highest regard, viewing her as the most perfect woman in the world.

He was convinced that only undeserving men would fail to recognize Mia's worth.

Mia responded with a wistful smile. "I once harbored feelings for him in secret, but the emotional toll became too much. I chose to move on, leaving the past behind," she explained.

"Connor, I'd rather not revisit those memories or discuss him further," she pleaded with Connor.

She was determined to steer Connor away from confronting Timothy, as such an encounter would undoubtedly bring trouble his way.

After all, the Barrett family stood as the most affluent in Bern City, wielding substantial influence and power.

Furrowing his brow, Connor pressed, "Is the child Timothy's?" Mia paused, taken aback by Connor's astute deduction. Did he catch a glimpse of Timothy escorting her to the hospital earlier?

Gathering herself, Mia swiftly replied, "No, it isn't his." "Then why was Timothy accompanying you here?" "I collapsed at the mall where I was working today. It just so happened that he was on a security patrol there. Recognizing me from the time I cared for Grandma Laura, he quickly came to my aid."

Meet My Brothers by Red Thirteen chapter 128 -

Meet My Brothers by Red Thirteen chapter 128-Mia had quickly come up with a plausible excuse.

Noticing Connor's lingering suspicion, she deftly changed the topic, "Connor, how did you figure out it was Timothy who accompanied me to the hospital?" Even though Mia had referenced her role as a caregiver in an affluent household, Timothy had maintained discretion on the matter.

So, how did Connor immediately discern that Timothy was the one who had accompanied her?

A flicker of hesitation crossed Connor's face.

Could it be that Connor was familiar with Timothy due to Maya's longstanding affection for him?

Naturally, revealing such a connection to his sister was out of the question.

After a brief pause, Connor responded, "The registration and payment details displayed the name 'Timothy.' A single glance was enough for me to recognize it." A sudden realization dawned on Mia. She hadn't been aware that Timothy had also taken care of her medical expenses.

She delicately touched her belly, feeling a wave of gratitude for running into Connor. Without his unexpected appearance, concealing her pregnancy today would have been a challenge.

If Timothy had urged Mia to follow the prescribed medication, she might have felt compelled to disclose the truth for the safety of her unborn child.

Connor's attention turned to Mia's belly. "Mia, are you planning to keep the baby?" Mia's hand paused, her resolve evident. "Yes, Connor, I've decided to keep this child. I'll work tirelessly to make sure we have everything we need." "It's not just about the finances, Mia. Why would you want to keep the child of such a scoundrel?" "Because, for the first time. I won't be alone," Mia confessed.

A sudden pang gripped Connor's heart. He momentarily shielded his face before regaining his composure. "If that's what you truly want, then so be it." "By the way, Connor, I haven't shared my pregnancy with anyone, not even Aunt Patricia. Can you help me keep it confidential?" "Of course. And for now, it might also be wise not to inform Dominic. He may be understanding most of the time, but he can be impulsive. I don't want him to push you into any hasty decisions about the pregnancy," Connor agreed.

"Don't take this the wrong way, but Dominic may have concerns about you taking on the role of a single mother," Connor advised.

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Connor's attention turned to Mia's belly. "Mia, are you planning to keep the baby?" Mia's hand paused, her resolve evident. "Yes, Connor, I've decided to keep this child. I'll work tirelessly to make sure we have everything we need." "It's not just about the finances, Mia. Why would you want to keep the child of such a scoundrel?" "Because, for the first time, I won't be alone," Mia confessed.

A sudden pang gripped Connor's heart. He momentarily shielded his face before regaining his composure. "If that's what you truly want, then so be it." "By the way, Connor, I haven't shared my pregnancy with anyone, not even Aunt Patricia. Can you help me keep it confidential?" "Of course. And for now, it might also be wise not to inform Dominic. He may be understanding most of the time, but he can be impulsive. I don't want him to push you into any hasty decisions about the pregnancy," Connor agreed.

"Don't take this the wrong way, but Dominic may have concerns about you taking on the role of a single mother," Connor advised.

+15 BONOS Mia nodded appreciatively. “I understand, Connor. Thank you.” For Mia, she wasn’t just facing single motherhood—she was also navigating the complexities of being an unwed mother.

In many ways, the two roles seemed intertwined.

Yawning slightly, Mia felt a wave of drowsiness wash over her. She shifted her gaze to Connor’s pocket and remarked, “Connor, noticed your phone lighting up earlier. Did someone try to call you?” Glancing briefly at his phone, Connor noted a missed call from Maya.

A hint of remorse flickered in his eyes as he casually pocketed the device. “It’s not urgent. Anyway, you should prioritize staying hydrated and getting some rest.” Heeding his advice, Mia took a few sips of water before settling down to rest.

Connor lingered nearby. As his gaze drifted momentarily to Mia’s belly, a surge of emotions welled up within him.

Heaven forbid he ever discovered the identity of the child’s father!

Should the truth come to light, there would undoubtedly be severe repercussions.

The mere thought filled Connor with a boiling rage.

As Genevieve approached the infusion room to speak to Connor, he emerged, interjecting, “What’s the matter?” “Dr. Lane, there’s someone here to see you. She claims to be your sister,” Genevieve relayed.

A frown creased Connor’s forehead. “I’m preoccupied now and don’t have the time.” Connor harbored deep reservations about the Barrett family at the moment.

Just moments ago, Timothy had gone out of his way to accompany Mia to the hospital.

Would someone of Timothy’s status, the heir to such a notable family, involve himself with Mia, a mere caregiver?

As a man, Connor could discern Timothy’s underlying motives with clarity.

If it were anyone else, Connor might have overlooked it. But when it concerned Mia, the stakes were entirely different.

How could someone like Timothy be deemed suitable for his sister?

However, just as Connor was about to turn away, he caught sight of Maya emerging from the adjacent elevator, and their eyes met in a direct gaze

Meet My Brothers by Red Thirteen chapter 129 -

Meet My Brothers by Red Thirteen chapter 129-Upon spotting Connor, Maya dashed toward him, her face lit up with surprise and joy. “Connor, is that really you? I almost thought I was imagining things.” Connor furrowed his brow subtly and instinctively moved away from the infusion room, aiming to avoid being seen by Mia.

Honestly, he now felt a twinge of regret. Why did he ever agree with Dominic to bring Maya home as a replacement sister?

Now, each time he encountered his biological sister, Mia, a pang of guilt washed over him.

Taking another look at Maya, Connor recognized the absence of a profound emotional bond between them.

Given that Maya typically resided with Laura and seldom interacted with him and his brothers, their sibling connection lacked depth.

Yet, from a young age, Maya consistently gravitated toward them, often displaying overt efforts to gain their approval.

This lingering dynamic was also a reason for Connor’s lukewarm feelings toward Maya.

With a strained smile, Maya questioned, “Connor, why are you looking at me like that? Is there something on my face?” “Not particularly. Anyway, why were you looking for me?” “Connor, I’ve been trying to reach you earlier with no luck. You didn’t answer calls or respond to my WhatsApp messages. Seeing you here in Bern City, do you know how thrilled I am?” With Connor in Bern City, Maya felt a surge of optimism.

Could his presence there mean that she was close to gaining his consent for Laura's surgery?

Maintaining his stoic expression, Connor replied, "Work has been keeping me occupied." "Connor, I get why you kept your presence in Bern City a secret. But I genuinely care for Timothy.

"If you help with his grandmother's surgery, he'll agree to marry me. You know I've rarely asked you for anything. Can't you help me just this once?" Maya pleaded with a puppy-dog eyes. Her hunched stance made her look pitiful.

At the mere mention of Timothy's name, Connor's expression hardened. "No way!" If Maya were to marry Timothy, wouldn't that mean regular interactions between the Barrett and Lane families? Furthermore, what exactly was so appealing about Timothy anyway?

Maya's expression soured slightly. "Connor, why not? The Barrett family's prominence in Bern City is undeniable, and Timothy is incredibly capable. He'd be a suitable match." "He's been through a marriage." "But I'm okay with that." "I'm not." With a stern tone, Connor asserted, "Maya, I'll say it once more: I won't perform the surgery, nor will I support your union with Timothy. I'm doing this for your well-being." Without another word, he turned and walked away, leaving Maya standing by herself, her face etched with discontent.

Observing Connor's departure, she grappled with the reasons behind his strong opposition.

Yet, amid her confusion, there was a sliver of solace: Connor's actions seemed to stem from a place of concern for her well-being.

This suggested that there was still an opportunity to sway his decision.

After all, she was the cherished young lady of the Lane family.

She swiftly dialed Blake, her assistant. "Blake, Connor has been at the public hospital in Bern City for some time now. Why wasn't I informed?"

"You've been searching extensively yet couldn't determine Connor's whereabouts?" "I'm sorry, Ms. Lane. Dr. Lane values his privacy and has never been fond of having an assistant around. Keeping tabs on him, particularly when he chooses to be elusive, is quite the challenge." "This is

unacceptable! Investigate why Connor is in Bern City and explore any possible history between him and Timothy. Conduct a thorough investigation.” With a sense of exasperation, Maya ended the call.

Apart from the incident three years ago, was there another reason why Connor harbored such strong resentment toward Timothy?

Meet My Brothers by Red Thirteen chapter 130 -

Meet My Brothers by Red Thirteen chapter 130-The intensity of Connor’s disapproval toward Timothy seemed to have amplified over time.

+15 BONOS Awakening from her slumber, Mia immediately recognized the familiar scent of hospital disinfectant, confirming she was still within the hospital premises.

Nonetheless, her condition had improved.

It was evident that the medicine Connor recommended had worked effectively.

“Ms. Bowen, you’re awake. Do you need assistance to go to the restroom, or would you prefer something to eat?” Mia looked at the caregiver beside her, puzzled. “Who are you?” “I’m Ursula, the caregiver arranged by your family.” It seemed that Connor had arranged for a caregiver to assist her.

Feeling hungry, Mia politely asked, “Could you please bring me some chicken soup? I’d prefer something light.” Just as she voiced her request, Connor walked in, holding a meal box. “Mia, you must be hungry. I brought you some food.” Mia appeared confused as she motioned to Ursula next to her. “Connor, didn’t you arrange for Ms. Steele to fetch me something to eat?” A look of confusion crossed Connor’s face. “I never hired a caregiver for you.” Turning her gaze toward Ursula, Mia asked, “Could there be a mix-up? Are you sure you’re here for the right person?” Checking the records, Ursula responded, “There’s no mistake. You’re listed as patient Mia in bed number 3.” “In that case,” Mia probed further, “Did the person who contacted you leave a name or any details?” “Yes, the last name provided was Barrett.” Could she be referring to Timothy?

Mia was startled to learn that Timothy had arranged for a caregiver. A whirlwind of emotions swept over her as she tried to decipher Timothy's intentions.

At the mention of Timothy's name, Connor's expression darkened.

It seemed that Timothy harbored ulterior motives regarding Mia. It was evident from his decision to hire a caregiver for her.

With a steely gaze, Connor addressed Ursula. "We don't need your services here. You may leave." Frustrated, Ursula made a swift call to the person who had initially engaged her services, saying, "Hello, I've just spoken with Ms. Bowen in bed number 3.

"She insisted that she doesn't need any caregiving assistance. Please ensure my payment covers the hours I've put in." With a note of confusion; Heath asked, "Why would she refuse your help? It's mealtime now. Did you ensure she got her meal when she woke up?" "She seems to have a special rapport with Dr. Lane," Ursula remarked. "Since he's handling her meals, an additional caregiver isn't necessary." Ursula's expression darkened as she commented, "Ms. Bowen possesses an undeniable charm. Within this hospital, Dr. Lane is highly regarded and esteemed.

"Yet, I've never seen him exhibit such attentiveness toward any other patient as he does with Ms. Bowen. She truly distinguishes herself." Heath felt a mounting unease, wondering how he would relay this information to Timothy.

After concluding the call and settling Ursula's payment, Heath made his way back to his office.

Upon entering, he found Timothy deeply engrossed in paperwork, further fueling Heath's internal turmoil.

How was Heath going to navigate this delicate matter?

Checking his watch and catching Heath's concerned look, Timothy asked, "What's the matter?" "Actually," Heath began, coughing slightly, "Ms. Steele reached out to me seeking compensation." "Does this mean Mia is set for an early discharge?" Timothy asked.

“Not precisely. It’s a nuanced situation. Perhaps you should listen to the recorded conversation to grasp the full context,” Heath proposed, his voice tinged with apprehension.

Upon hearing the recording, a palpable tension filled the room.

Glancing at his phone, Timothy realized he had indeed underestimated Mia’s charm.

It made sense why the doctor had an unfriendly demeanor toward him during their encounter.

With a determined look, Timothy instructed, “Find out more about that doctor.” As Heath returned Timothy’s phone, Timothy noticed an incoming call labeled “Grandma.” Answering it, he greeted, “Hello, Grandma“.

“Tim, is it about time for Mia’s prenatal appointment?”