

Meet My Brothers Chapter 1 - 10

Chapter 1

“Congratulations, you’re one month pregnant. Everything looks fine.”

Mia Bowen held the results of her pregnancy test as she returned to her marital home, feeling like she

was dreaming. Was she actually pregnant?

She mustered the courage to text her husband, Timothy Barrett. “Will you be coming home for dinner

tonight?”

It felt like forever as she waited for a reply. He’d never liked it when people disturbed him at work, and

she was worried that her message would go unanswered as it had in the past.

In the next second, her phone lit up. Timothy replied curtly, “Yeah. I have something to tell you.”

After getting an answer, Mia hurried to get the groceries for that night’s dinner. She put the results of

the pregnancy test on the table, then flipped it over, feeling that she was being too obvious.

In the evening, a black limousine drove into the courtyard. Timothy got out with his suit jacket casually

flung over one arm. He had a tall figure and striking features.

“Timothy, you’re back.” Mia jogged over to him, reaching out to take his suit jacket. But Timothy handed

her some papers instead. A trace of surprise flashed in her eyes.

“Take a look at this. You can bring up any requests you might have,” he said.

Mia looked down at the papers. The first page had the words “divorce agreement” written on it. The

bright whiteness of the paper seemed to stab her eyes.

Timothy tugged his tie loose, traces of fatigue showing on his face. He looked down at Mia, taking in

the baby fat around her face. She looked like a minor.

He didn’t have any feelings for her. He’d only married her because his grandmother liked her. Her

presence had also improved his grandmother’s health, so this marriage was mutually beneficial.

If not for the accident a month back, he wouldn’t even have noticed that they’d been married for three

years.

Keeping this façade up would only be a waste of Mia’s time and youth. It was better for them to

separate.

Mia gently placed a hand over her belly and asked shakily, “If—and this is only hypothetical—I were to

tell you that I’m pregnant, would you still go ahead with the divorce?”

Timothy’s gaze landed on her belly. He frowned. “Didn’t I tell you to take the morning-after pill after that

time?”

What happened a month ago was an accident—the one and only accident that had happened over the

three years of their marriage.

Mia acted like her hand had been burned. She quickly moved it away, but Timothy grabbed her by the

wrist with a complicated gaze. “Are you really pregnant?”

Mia’s breathing hitched. “I asked you a question. If I were pregnant, would you want to keep the baby?”

“No.”

Timothy sighed. There was no point in having a baby when its parents were caught in a loveless

marriage. It was what had happened with his parents.

Mia’s heart seemed to empty out as he let go of her.

She watched as he walked away. Then, she tilted her head back to force the tears back. Timothy’s

words where like knives that stabbed her right in the chest.

Mia looked at the food she'd put her heart into making. They had gone cold. She poured them into the

trash, feeling a bit nauseous from the greasiness.

She rubbed her belly. There was a tiny life growing in there. She swallowed her bitterness as she

thought, "Your daddy may not want you, but I'll definitely protect you with all I've got."

She'd grown up as an orphan. Her adoptive parents had kicked her aside after giving birth to a pair of

twins, banishing her to her adoptive aunt's house. Fortunately, her aunt, Patricia Bowen, treated her

well.

It was Mia's biggest wish to have a family of her own. She knew Timothy didn't love her, but she'd still

tried her best to be a good wife to him. Now, reality had proven to her that it was impossible for one to

make a rock melt.

Still, now that she was pregnant, she wouldn't be alone anymore, even after the divorce.

Mia didn't bother reading the divorce agreement. She just signed on the last page.

That night, she slept in the master bedroom as usual while Timothy slept in the study. Everything was

the same as before—they'd been married for three years but had also slept separately for those three

years.

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The following morning, Mia received a call from her mother-in-law, Sharon Hopkins. Sharon sounded

imperious as she said, "Mia, have the maids tidy up one of the guest bedrooms on the second floor.

"A guest will be staying over for a few days. Remember to welcome her and treat her nicely."

Mia didn't even have time to ask who it was when Sharon had already hung up.

She smiled faintly, already used to how disdainful Sharon was of her. It was as if saying another word

to her would bring shame to the Barrett family.

When Mia came downstairs, Timothy had left for work.

In the afternoon, a young woman dressed from head to toe in branded clothing walked into the living

room. A trace of surprise flashed in Mia's eyes. Was this the guest Sharon had mentioned? A beautiful

A hint of mockery flashed in Mia's eyes. In the past, she would've felt terrible. But now that she and

Timothy were divorced, it didn't matter how many women were to stay in the villa. It had nothing to do

with her.

Mia stepped forward. "Hi—"

Before she could finish, the beautiful woman ignored her and walked around the living room. Then, she

said to the butler, Kaleb Gould, "Those curtains are hideous, and so is the couch. Remember to also

change the beds in the bedrooms to the brand I like."

Mia watched as this "guest" criticized every corner of her marital home. She said bluntly, "Who are

you? We're not doing any renovations here."

"Allow me to introduce myself—I'm Maya Lane, and I'm the future lady of this household. Naturally, that

means I call the shots when it comes to this villa's furnishings."

"You're Maya Lane?"

A trace of bitterness crept into Mia's heart. It was no wonder Timothy had suddenly brought up the

divorce. Maya was back.

Since his first love was back, Mia, the cheap substitute, had to go.

“I guess you’ve heard of me. Hurry up and sign those divorce papers, then. You’ve held onto this

position for the past three years; it’s time for you to return it to its rightful owner,” Maya said.

Mia said calmly, “You make it sound like you really love Timothy. If that’s the case, why didn’t you marry

him three years ago when he was in a coma from the accident?”

Back then, Timothy had gotten into a terrible accident. His grandmother, Laura Graham, wanted to get

him a wife so he could leave some offspring behind, but the socialites that usually crowded around him

wanted nothing to do with him.

At the time, Mia had been Laura’s carer, and Laura treated her incredibly well. She’d even lent Mia

money to repay her debts. Mia couldn’t bear to see Laura devastated by her grandson’s death, so she

agreed to marry Timothy.

Everyone had thought Timothy wouldn’t make it through, herself included. She thought the marriage

was only for show. But to everyone's surprise, Timothy had suddenly regained consciousness!

Since then, her position in the Barrett family had become too awkward for words. After all, everyone

would only make fun of the Barrett family, the richest family in Bern City, because of its scion marrying

a regular carer.

That was why her identity had been kept a secret for the past three years.

Maya stiffened. "That's because my brothers refused to let me marry Tim and even locked me up at

home. I lost my chance to marry him because of that, and you swooped in.

"I'm warning you—I'm the heiress to the Lane family from Nord City, and my brothers are all super

powerful. It'd do you good to worry about your family if you ever wanted to go against me!"

Mia's expression turned cold. "I won't let you off the hook if you dare lay a hand on my family."

"Sign the agreement if you don't want anything to happen to them, then." Maya glanced at the divorce

agreement on the coffee table, feeling smug. She'd waited for this day for three years.

Mia said calmly, "I've already signed it."

“At least you’re not a complete idiot.” Maya pulled a check out of her bag. “This is a million dollars. Take

it as a little gift from me.”

A trace of mockery flashed in Mia’s eyes. She didn’t accept the check.

“Don’t tell me you think it’s too little. This would be ten years’ worth of your pay as a carer. Take the

money and stay away from our lives. Tim and I are a perfect match for each other, unlike you.

“You’re just a country bumpkin. You and us rich people are from different worlds.”

Maya’s words stabbed Mia. She staggered to the master bedroom in a daze. Even if Maya hadn’t

dropped by today, she would’ve left anyway.

Since she and Timothy were now divorced, there was no point in her staying here.

As Mia packed, she realized how few belongings she had. They weren’t even enough to fill one

suitcase. The past three years seemed like a dream to her.

She looked at the pregnancy test on the bedside table and told herself it was time to put an end to

things.

At this moment, Maya strode into the master bedroom like she owned it. She was still holding the

divorce agreement. “Are you done packing?”

She glanced around, spotting the piece of paper on the bedside table. She seemed to catch the words

“children’s and women’s hospital” on it. A trace of confusion flashed in her eyes.

Mia quickly grabbed the pregnancy test and crumpled it into a ball. Maya asked in surprise, “Wait, are

you pregnant?”

Chapter 3

Mia clenched her fist around the pregnancy test. “If I really were pregnant, I wouldn’t have agreed to

the divorce.”

“I suppose that’s right. After all, a gold digger like you wouldn’t let any opportunity to rise the ranks with

a pregnancy slip. Still, even if you were pregnant, Tim wouldn’t allow you to keep the baby. You’re a

peasant who doesn’t deserve to give the Barrett family an heir, anyway,” said Maya.

Mia turned to head into the walk-in closet, but Maya followed her. “Hold on. Show me that paper you

took from the bedside table.”

After some thought, Maya felt she couldn't rest easy until she knew what the paper said. What if Mia

really were pregnant? She had to get rid of the baby.

Mia held the pregnancy test tighter. "This is my private business."

"Humph! Private business? I bet you're just trying to steal something expensive. Hand it over!" Maya

stepped forward to pry Mia's fist open, even raising a hand to hit her.

Mia instinctively threw Maya over her shoulder. The latter landed on her back and wailed, "My leg

hurts!"

"What the hell are you doing, Mia?"

At this moment, Timothy's cold voice rang out. Mia turned to see him walk into the room, and her heart

jolted. She mumbled, "Timothy, it's not like what you think ..."

The only response she received was him walking past her to sweep Maya into his arms. He happened

to see the divorce agreement with Mia's name signed on the last page.

Timothy stared at it for a while longer. Had Mia signed the papers so quickly?

"Tim?"

Timothy returned to his senses and asked Maya lowly, "Are you okay?"

“My hand hurts, Tim. Is it broken? Can I continue playing the piano in the future?”
Maya wept.

Timothy placed her on the bed. “I’m sure you’re fine. I’ll have a doctor check on you.”

Then, he turned to look at Mia. “Apologize to Maya.”

Maya was the heiress to the Lane family and had three older brothers who absolutely doted on her. If

the Lane family were to find out about Mia laying a hand on her, they wouldn’t let Mia off the hook.

Mia’s heart ached at how Timothy said Maya’s name. Their names were so similar, but Timothy had

never pronounced hers correctly.

Even during the one night they’d slept together, he’d called Maya’s name. She thought he’d been

calling her like how he usually mispronounced it, but she now realized he’d just been calling Maya’s

name. She’d thought too highly of herself.

From beginning to end, she was nothing but Maya’s substitute.

The ache in Mia’s heart intensified until she grew numb. She said hoarsely, “Apologize?”

“You’re the one who laid a hand on her first; even a child would know what to do in this situation.

Besides, do you know how important a pianist's hands are?" Timothy snarled.

Mia felt like she should've expected this. Even a strand of hair on Maya's head was more important

than her. On the other hand, she was worth less than a blade of grass by the roadside.

She'd suffered in silence for three years, and she didn't want to take it anymore.

Mia said stubbornly, "I don't care whether you believe me, but she's the one who made the first move!"

Kaleb, who stood at the master bedroom's doorway, chimed in, "Mr. Barrett, I saw everything happen.

Mrs. Barrett's the one who pushed Ms. Lane."

Timothy frowned and growled, "Apologize!"

"What if I refuse?"

A trace of surprise flashed in Timothy's eyes. When had Mia, who had always been obedient and

accommodating, been so sharp-tongued?

He pursed his lips. "You've got a tough streak, huh? Think about your uncle who's still lying in a bed in

the hospital's private ward!"

Mia's uncle, James Stone, had gotten into a fight and had tried to escape when the police wanted to

arrest him. Unfortunately, he'd ended up getting into an accident in the process of escaping. He was

still comatose in the hospital.

This was enough. Hadn't she learned her lesson yet?

Mia held back her tears, finding it hard to believe that Timothy had used James to threaten her. She

looked at Maya, who lay on her bed, looking like she belonged there. The wedding picture that hung

above the bed seemed to mock Mia's existence.

Mia finally gave in to the harsh reality. She said hoarsely, "I'm sorry."

Chapter 4

Maya was secretly delighted but didn't let it show. She pretended to be magnanimous, saying, "I'll

forgive you for Tim's sake."

Mia straightened up and looked at Timothy. "Can I go now?"

She didn't want to spend another second there. She bent down to pick the divorce agreement up and

handed it to him. This time, her attitude was as firm as possible.

Timothy looked at the divorce agreement and subconsciously frowned. He hadn't expected Mia to sign

the papers without a fuss this time. Whenever he'd tried to do this in the past, she would have Laura

help her.

He'd already thought of the ways he could persuade Laura to see sense, but it seemed he wouldn't

need to do anything.

Timothy couldn't help feeling uncomfortable. He looked at Mia's suitcase. Was she leaving already?

He looked at her. "Have you already found a place to stay?"

"No," Mia answered reflexively. She looked at him in surprise. Was he concerned about her?

Timothy quickly averted his gaze. "Go downstairs to get some ice for Maya's foot. She sprained it

because of you, so you can't leave without doing anything."

Ha, so this was still about Maya. For a split second, Mia had thought Timothy was worried about her. It

seemed their three-year marriage was nothing compared to his first love.

Mia left the bedroom, walking stiffly. Her husband's mistress had barged into their marital home and taken control of what was supposed to be their bed. Yet she still had to bring said mistress ice for her

foot.

Mia thought self-deprecatingly, “Could you be any cheaper, Mia Bowen?”

As she walked down the stairs, she accidentally missed a step. She instinctively grabbed the plant

closest to her, but it fell over and rolled down the stairs.

At this critical moment, someone grabbed her.

Mia turned to stare at Timothy. He’d saved her!

He pulled her to him forcefully, making her head smack against his chest. Her cheek was pressed to

his chest; she could hear his beating heart.

Panicked, Mia wanted to back away to put some distance between them. Instead of that, Timothy lifted

her into his arms and carried her down the stairs. Her face was still pressed to his chest, and she was

enveloped by his scent.

Her face was burning when he set her on her feet. They’d been married for three years but had never

had any physical contact aside from the accident a month ago.

Timothy said coldly, “Keep your eyes open when you’re walking. You don’t wanna fall on your head and

end up like an idiot, do you?”

Mia pursed her lips as she gradually calmed down. She looked at the vase which had shattered on the

floor, leaving the soil scattered. "I'll go clean that up."

"Have the maids do it. Don't you have anything better to do?" Timothy frowned. He hadn't hired a

house full of maids for nothing.

Only then did Mia remember why she'd come downstairs in the first place. She had to get ice for

Maya's foot.

A hint of self-deprecation flashed in her eyes. She raised her head a little to see some soil smeared on

Timothy's shirt. It had probably gotten on him when he'd saved her from falling earlier.

He was a clean freak. There was no way he could stand something like this.

Mia wanted to tell him about it, but he'd already turned to head back upstairs. It looked like he was

heading to the master bedroom.

Was he that worried about Maya? He couldn't even be bothered to clean up the soil on his shirt.

Mia let out a ragged breath and headed upstairs with the ice. When she entered the master bedroom,

she saw that Timothy wasn't around. Where had he gone?

Maya leaned against the bedframe and smirked at her. “You can put the ice down and go—unless you

want to stay here to serve me. Or could it be that you want to see me and Tim being lovey-dovey? It

has been three years since we last saw each other, after all.”

Maya’s words were pointed; her underlying meaning was clear.

Only then did Mia hear the sound of running water in the bathroom. Timothy was showering in there!

The blood drained from her face. She and Timothy had just signed the divorce papers, yet Timothy was

already raring to fuck his first love!

Chapter 5

Mia’s stomach roiled at the thought of what would happen on that bed in a while. Still, she controlled

herself and turned to head into the walk-in closet to pack her things. It didn’t take long to put everything

into her suitcase.

“Kaleb, that suitcase seems to be branded. Get her a recyclable bag for her to put her stuff,” Maya

said.

Soon, Kaleb brought over a dirty recyclable bag. He flung it at Mia's feet and said, "Use this."

Mia bent down to open up her suitcase. Behind her, Maya said, "Remember to check her things later.

We don't want her to take anything that doesn't belong to her."

At her words, Mia recalled what Timothy had said about getting rid of the baby. He was only in the

bathroom; if he were to find out about the pregnancy test, there was no way she could keep the baby.

Kaleb and Maya were standing guard outside the walk-in closet. Mia looked at the pregnancy test that

she'd buried with her stuff, then came to a decision.

She turned around and secretly ripped the pregnancy test to shreds, stuffing them into her mouth and

swallowing them. As she stared at Timothy's clothes in the closet, her heart slowly died.

From today onward, her child would have nothing to do with the Barrett family. Mia turned to leave the

closet with her recyclable bag. "Do you want to check this?"

Maya covered her mouth, looking disgusted. "God, get out of here before checking those things. That

bag stinks!"

Once Timothy was out of the shower, she wouldn't be able to drive Mia away. She couldn't allow Mia to

linger.

Kaleb stepped forward to shove Mia. "Are you deaf? Get out of here!"

Mia walked out of the villa alone. It was a short distance, but it felt like it took her a century to get there.

Kaleb snatched the recyclable bag from her and poured its contents out on the ground as if wanting to

search for something. It was too bad Mia had already swallowed the pregnancy test.

Mia crouched on the ground, wanting to pick her things up.

At that moment, her phone rang. When she answered it and heard Patricia's voice, the tears started

rolling down her face.

She'd made it through being humiliated by Maya and misunderstood by Timothy without shedding a

tear, but she could no longer hold herself back upon hearing Patricia's voice. She was choked up as

she said, "Aunt Patricia."

"Mia, why are you crying?"

"I'm getting a divorce, Aunt Patricia. I'm losing my family again."

“Oh, you silly thing. Whoever said anything about you not having a family? That’s what I’m calling you

about—your family tracked me down. You have three older brothers who are from the Lane family in

Nord City.

“You also have three older male cousins, which means you have six older men to watch over you.

They’re here for you, and they’re your family,” Patricia said.

Mia faltered. “My family?”

She’d long since known she was an orphan, but she’d never thought about searching for her biological

family. Since her parents hadn’t wanted her, she didn’t need to seek them out.

“Don’t cry, Mia, and hurry home. We don’t need those rich people! Or maybe I can have your brother—”

Before Mia could say anything, the line cut off because her phone had run out of battery.

Her heart was in a mess, though. Had her family really found her?

“What are you up to now, Mia?”

At this moment, Timothy stepped out of the villa in a loose bathrobe. He’d been kind enough to let her

stay for a few more days so she could process everything. Yet she’d already packed her things to leave

while he'd been in the shower.

Chapter 6

Timothy saw the things that were strewn over the ground. They were all regular clothing. Mia hadn't

taken a single branded item with her.

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

it.

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

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

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

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

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

to live a comfortable life.

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

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

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

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

Maya pretended to limp as she approached them. "Tim, she packed her things to leave but went to the

kitchen to get that dirty recyclable bag to put her stuff in. She refused to listen to me no matter what I

said."

Kaleb chimed in, "I wanted to tell Mrs. Barrett not to use that bag, sir, but she refused to listen. She

even threw the clothes all over the ground.

"Honestly, she has a branded suitcase, yet she's using that recyclable bag to garner pity. If people were

to hear about this, they'd think the Barrett family was mistreating her."

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

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

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

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

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

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

breath.

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

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

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

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

"After marrying you, the kitchen is where I've spent most of my time, and the furthest I've gone is the

market. I've spent three years as your wife, yet getting kicked to the curb is all I've gotten. You've

wasted three years of my life!

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

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

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

"Are you done?" Timothy asked.

There was a trace of confusion in his eyes. He'd given her a credit card that was specifically meant to

pay for their household costs, and she had a million dollars as her monthly allowance.

Every season, he would also have Kaleb bring Mia the latest clothing items from all the biggest fashion

brands. He'd even paid for her uncle's hospital bills.

Now that they were divorced, he'd compensated her a huge sum, which was enough for her to live out

the rest of her life without having to worry about money.

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

"Nope. I have plenty more to say."

"Go on, then!"

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

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

anywhere."

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

been compensated enough.

Timothy was rather disappointed as he met Mia's stubborn gaze. Her eyes were clear and bright. He

honestly couldn't understand why such a greedy, materialistic liar had such clear eyes!

Chapter 7

Timothy had never thought about marrying Mia. But since he'd already had, he could've put her

upbringing and poor background behind him as long as she knew her place. He had more than enough

money to support her, anyway.

Yet she'd caused trouble time and time again. Now, she couldn't even be bothered to put up an act

anymore. She'd revealed her true colors!

Timothy should've felt like a weight had been lifted from his shoulders, but when he saw the divorce

agreement that she'd signed, he couldn't help feeling powerless.

There was deep sorrow hidden in Mia's eyes. She pretended she didn't care because she didn't want

Timothy to trample on her dignity even as she was leaving.

When Maya saw that things were getting out of hand, she quickly said, "Mia, were you so quick to sign

the divorce agreement because you already found someone new?”

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

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

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

Anger filled Timothy’s gaze. “Have you been cheating on me while taking my money?”

Mia glanced at the clothes strewn on the ground. “I’ll return those to you, then.”

She’d only taken the few pieces that didn’t stand out so much. She hadn’t even touched the branded

bags and accessories.

Timothy didn’t even spare them a glance. His gaze was fixed on her as he said, “I also bought those

clothes that you’re currently wearing.”

“I’ll return them to you, too.”

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

phone, wanting to record such an exciting scene.

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

delicate collarbones. Her cleavage was also vaguely in view.

Timothy's pupils constricted. He hadn't expected her to really try to take her shirt off.

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

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

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

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

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

Maya lowered her phone, feeling rather disappointed. Then, she said haughtily, "You might be cheap

enough to strip, but think about whether there are any rich men who are willing to watch. Otherwise,

you'd be stripping for nothing.

"It's all your fault for having such a shitty upbringing. Just live out the rest of your life as a regular

peasant, and stop dreaming about rising through the ranks by marrying upward."

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

born into good families.

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

revenge for her.

But she knew things like that only existed in TV shows. Even if her family had found her now, there was

no way something like that could happen.

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

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

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

He watched as the bodyguards stood before Mia.

They said respectfully, “Ms. Bowen, we’re here to pick you up!”

Chapter 8

The bodyguards were there to pick Mia up?

She looked at the helicopter and thought about how Patricia had told her that her family had sought

Patricia

out.

Had these bodyguards really been sent by her family?

Mia pinched her face, feeling like she was dreaming. There couldn't really be a helicopter here to take

her

home.

She'd been dreaming for the past 20 years. Was it really coming true now?

Maya looked at Mia mockingly. "You're a great actress, Mia. Where did you find these extras? They do

a pretty good job. Look, once a peasant, always a peasant. No matter how hard you try to conceal it,

you can't hide how poor you really are.

"I can't believe you even rented a helicopter for this! I bet this is your first time getting into one, you

country bumpkin!"

Before Mia could say anything, the bodyguard standing beside her gave Maya a hard slap. The force of

it made her lose her balance and fall to the ground.

Maya shrieked, "How dare you instruct this guy to slap me! Do you know who I am? Do you know who

my brothers are? I'm gonna have you and your family's lives for this!"

Mia smiled at how crazed Maya looked. "Well, my brother's Voldemort."

She turned and headed toward the helicopter. Behind her, Timothy growled, “Stop right there, Mia!”

She faltered, then continued toward the helicopter without looking back.

As Timothy watched her get further away, he sped up to run after her. But Maya clung to him, saying

pitifully,” Look at her, Tim! She even dared to have her man slap me!”

Timothy didn’t spare her a glance. His gaze was frosty and complicated as he watched Mia get into the

helicopter. She’d actually left!

“Tim, she must’ve already found someone new. Why else would she have this rich guy send a

helicopter to pick her up right after she signed the divorce papers?” Maya said.

“Shut up!” Timothy narrowed his eyes. He thought Mia was only putting up a strong front to make him

mad. He hadn’t expected her to really find someone new.

He immediately called his assistant. “Mia Bowen’s been taken away by a helicopter. Find out where

she’s gone.”

“Do you care about her so much, Tim? She’s betrayed you and left with another man,” Maya said.

Timothy frowned. “Shut up. I just want to explain this to Grandma. Mia’s life and death means nothing

to me.”

Maya gnashed her teeth angrily but didn’t dare say anything else. She’d almost forgotten how much

Laura adored Mia.

From the helicopter, Mia admired the city’s night scenery. Her lips curved upward in a small smile. She

was finally free.

Half an hour later, they landed at a seven-star hotel.

Mia got out of the helicopter to see two rows of dark-suited bodyguards standing on either side of her.

They

said in unison, “Welcome home, Ms. Mia!”

This startled Mia. Wasn’t this a little too much?

She saw two people standing at the end of the two rows. One was Patricia, and the other was a

handsome,

serious-looking man in a dark suit.

Was that her brother? Hadn't Patricia mentioned she had three brothers and three cousins?

"Oh, Mia, you're finally here." Patricia hurried forward to hug her. "I bet you've been through a lot with

your husband's family. It's good that you're getting a divorce now, especially since your family has

found you. We

can start over."

Mia nodded, her eyes turning red. "Okay."

"C'mon, let me introduce you. This is your oldest brother, Dominic Lane."

Mia looked at the handsome man who approached her. He looked like an elite-the frostiness and

arrogance in his being were exactly like Timothy's. There was something about him that made him

seem naturally daunting.

Dominic took in Mia's petite frame. She was much too skinny, and she didn't look like she was in the

best of health. His heart twisted painfully; he was at a loss for words despite his usual eloquence.

Mia waited for a while, then said awkwardly, "Um, hi. Nice to meet you."

Dominic felt even worse when he heard how distant she sounded. Was she blaming him?

He usually dominated the business world. But at this moment, he asked tentatively, “Is there anything

you wish for right now?”

Mia looked confused. “Anything I wish for?”

“Or is there anything you want to do?” (1)

Mia lowered her eyes. “I want to go home.”

Dominic slowly clenched his fist. Home? She probably meant her home in this city.

If not for him losing her all those years ago, she wouldn’t have led such a tough life.

Chapter 9

At this moment. Patricia tugged at Mia. “We’re in no rush to do that. The rest of your brothers and

cousins are on their way here, so you can head home after you’ve met them. Home is where your

family is, right?”

Dominic gave Patricia a grateful look. If not for her love and care for Mia, Mia’s life would’ve been even

tougher. He said respectfully, “I’ve already booked us rooms here. Let’s have dinner at the restaurant.”

Mia walked together with Patricia as Dominic led the way. She noticed he wasn't much of a talker and

seemed rather unapproachable. Still, he seemed to be quite rich!

They headed downstairs from the hotel's rooftop. The place was lavishly decorated; Mia had never

been somewhere like this before.

Dominic's heart twisted painfully at the thought of the old, rundown apartment Mia was going to return

to.

She looked at him. "Are you okay?"

"Yeah. There's just something in my eye. Mia, do you want to move somewhere else?" Dominic had

prepared several homes. He had to pick the grandest villa possible for Mia!

She shook her head. "No, it's fine. I'm happy with my old home. That's where I grew up; no villa can

compare to it. I wouldn't swap it for the world."

Dominic swallowed the words that were about to roll off his tongue. It made sense, really. He was the

one who'd lost Mia all those years ago, and he hadn't fulfilled even a single one of his duties as her

older brother.

This was why she wasn't interested in staying in the villas he had.

He said gently, "Alright, then. We'll go with whatever you want."

If Mia could stay there, so could he. He decided to stand by her no matter what.

Maybe he could buy the whole building, then evacuate the other units so they could have some maids

stay

with them. That way, they could serve Mia at any time.

It sounded like a perfect plan.

As they arrived at the lobby, Dominic glanced at his phone. "Mia, I'm getting a call from my wife. You

guys can

head over to the restaurant and take your seats."

He walked to one side and answered the call. A woman's bright and jovial voice rang out on the other

end of

the line. "Honey, I've brought a stack of deeds, some pearls that I've treasured over the years, limited-

edition

bags, and your brothers' favorite cars. We can see what your sister likes."

Dominic sighed. "I think we'll have to set those aside for now."

“Why?”

“Mia’s not as easily coaxed as I thought. Or at least, she can’t be persuaded with money!”

“I told you so, Dominic Lane. I told you to wait for me, but you insisted on heading over earlier to pick

her up. Do you think that mouth of yours is capable of spouting nice things? You guys have lost Mia for

so many

“She must be resentful of you, and you aren’t the best at explaining things. Your presence there doesn’t

do anything!”

Dominic rubbed his forehead. “What should I do now?”

He’d just been too anxious. It just so happened that he’d been in the city for a business trip, so he’d

hurried over as quickly as possible.

“What else can you do? You’ve already ruined things. It looks like a pitiful act is the only thing that can

save you now.”

“What pitiful act?”

“I don’t know. Think about it yourself. Whatever it is, don’t let Mia know that while she’s been suffering,

you and your brothers have been enjoying life.”

On the other hand, Mia and Patricia headed to the restaurant.

Patricia felt awkward. She said lowly, “Your brother seems to be really rich. I guess that means you

won’t have to suffer anymore.”

“Things aren’t so straightforward with people from rich families, Aunt Patricia. I don’t even know why I

was abandoned. I might just be getting out of the frying pan and into the fire,” Mia said.

“Hush, don’t say that! A fortune teller once said you’d live a wonderful life.”

Mia linked arms with Patricia. “Since he sent the helicopter to pick me up, I’m guessing that means he knows about me and Timothy.”

“No, he doesn’t. I told him you were working part-time at the villa. I knew you didn’t want to publicize

your

relationship with Timothy, so I didn’t tell anyone.”

Mia sighed in relief. That was good.

Suddenly, her adoptive parents, Mary Lancaster and Bob Bowen, burst out of nowhere and started

yelling at her. “You’re a heartless ingrate, Mia Bowen! €1

“You used to be an unwanted orphan; we were kind enough to take you into our home. But now, you’ve

found

your rich family, and you want to rid yourself of us. We’re your saviors, you know!”

Chapter 10

The smile on Mia’s face faded at the sight of Bob and Mary. “I can’t believe you guys have the nerve to

say you’re my saviors. When I almost starved to death in your home, Aunt Patricia was the one who

gave me a bite to eat. Ultimately, you even forced her to raise me.”

Patricia was surprised. “How did you guys find this place? I didn’t tell anyone about this.”

Mary put her hands on her hips. “How can you say that, Patricia? We’re Mia’s adoptive parents, but

you’re trying to take the credit. Dream on if you think you’re getting away with that!”

Bob spat on the floor. “Exactly. Where is her family? They must be rich since they can afford to stay in

such an expensive hotel. We have to make them compensate us.”

They hadn't expected a child they'd picked up randomly to come from such a wealthy family. They'd

struck the jackpot!

Mia shielded Patricia behind her as she looked at Bob and Mary coldly. "You're the ones who can

dream on. I won't give you a dime. Uncle James got into a fight because of you guys and ended up in

that accident.

"If not for you guys refusing to pay your debts and delaying the treatment time, Uncle James wouldn't

be comatose in the hospital."

Patricia's eyes were red when Mia finished her sentence. If not for the circumstances, Mia wouldn't

have agreed to marry Timothy, who was on the brink of death, to pay James' hospital bill.

Bob felt a little diffident, but Mary remained stubborn. She wanted to get physical with Mia. "This is

mutiny. you bitch. I have to teach you a lesson!"

"Who dares lay a hand on my sister?" A sharp voice rang out.

Dominic strode over while exuding a terrifying air. A group of bodyguards followed him.

Bob and Mary were frightened by this. Mary shrunk back, saying, “I’m teaching my daughter a lesson.

What does that have to do with you?”

Dominic’s expression was frosty. “She’s my sister. When has she ever been your daughter?”

Bob’s eyes lit up with greed, and he rubbed his hands together. “So, you’re Mia’s family? It wasn’t easy

for us

to raise her, so you should be compensating us for that, right? If not for us, she would’ve starved to

death ages ago.”

“How much do you want?”

“Not too much, really. A million dollars!”

Mary gave him a look and immediately said, “Five million dollars.”

Dominic clucked his tongue. “Only five million dollars? She’s worth at least 100 million dollars!”

Who were they trying to insult by demanding five million dollars? This was his sister they were talking

about!

He’d spent several hundred million searching for Mia over the years. As long as he could find her, he

wouldn't mind spending his entire fortune.

Bob and Mary were stunned by Dominic's words. This was 100 million dollars they were talking about.

They wouldn't even be able to finish spending that sum in this lifetime!

Mia sneered. "You guys have got nerve, going so far as to dream about getting 100 million dollars. I'd

rather

donate that money to charity than give it to you."

Patricia cried, "Back then, you guys locked her in the cellar and refused to give her food. She was

almost dead when I saw her! How dare you shamelessly ask for money, and 100 million dollars!"

Mia held her back. "Aunt Patricia, don't get mad at them. Just ignore them."

Bob was so angry and humiliated that he raised a hand at them. "You're a shitty little ingrate, Mia! How

dare you forget about all we've done for you?"

Dominic sent him flying with a kick. His expression was as frosty as could be. "The money is only

gonna go to

the person who raised my sister. What does it have to do with you?"

He hadn't expected Mia's adoptive parents to be such trash.

Mia was frightened to see Bob sprawled on the ground, unmoving. Dominic had sent him flying with a

single

kick. He seemed to be a bit fiercer than she'd thought.

Dominic turned to her and said gently, "You and Aunt Patricia should head to the restaurant. I'll deal

with this."

"But..."

"Trust me on this. You were alone in the past, but you have me now. Be good, okay?"

Mia's lashes fluttered. She felt a little moved. Was this what it was like to have her family protect her?