Meet My Brothers

Author: Red Thirteen

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?"

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

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

you."

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

obvious.

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

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

"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.

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

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.

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

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

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.

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

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

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

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

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.

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

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

bedrooms on the second floor.

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

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

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

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

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

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

another word to her would bring shame to the Barrett family.