

Meet My Brothers by Red Thirteen

Meet My Brothers by Red Thirteen chapter 1151-Mia paused briefly before replying, "It's not about that. I simply haven't considered being in a relationship. Besides, I've always found fulfillment in my independence."

"Even with a successful career, it's challenging for a woman to navigate alone. How do you intend to manage without a partner at home?" "Ms. Lane, please don't take our directness the wrong way. We genuinely care about your well-being. The gentlemen we're recommending are highly regarded and sought after." "It's only because of our close relationship with Aunt Patricia that we're bringing them to your attention. After all, finding good men nowadays is quite a challenge." Upon hearing this, Patricia interjected, "Alright, that's enough. Women need to be self-reliant these days. After enduring a painful divorce, do you seriously expect Mia to jump back in and sacrifice everything just to please a man?" The neighbors hesitated for a moment, their expression faltering. "You know, it might not be fair to generalize like that," they began tentatively. "Wasn't Ms. Lane in a happy marriage before?" "Sometimes, differences in social backgrounds can complicate things. It's important for Ms. Lane to find someone with a similar background to ensure a stable and fulfilling life." Patricia's demeanor shifted, a touch of irritation creeping into her expression. "Given Mia's exceptional qualities, who isn't she compatible with?" "I can't dictate her choices, but from my perspective, having a job, raising children, and finding happiness in life are what truly matter. These days, men aren't always the most reliable," she countered. At that moment, Mia gently nudged Patricia's hand. "It's getting late, we should head back now. The kids need to shower and get to bed," she suggested, steering Patricia away from the gossiping group. As they walked away, Patricia offered Mia some advice, "Try not to take what those two say too seriously. They're known for their loose tongues in the neighborhood, always ready to spread gossip. And those men they were talking about? Well, they're hardly exemplary." "One of them, just before getting married, had the nerve to demand his pregnant fiancée to sign a prenup, stripping her of any financial entitlements and denying her a share in their mortgaged house. Sadly, she felt pressured and decided to have an abortion." Mia's eyes widened at the revelation. "Didn't we hear something similar in the news before?" "Quite possibly. The circumstances are sadly familiar. The woman had a promising future, but her partner's family was unreasonable. Divorce was undoubtedly the right decision." "Then there's the other divorcedman, a classic mama's boy. He was caught cheating and even turned violent when his wife confronted him. It's no surprise they ended up

going their separate ways."Now he's living it up, enjoying his decent job and savings. Ironically, it was his ex-wife who supported him financially while he pursued his Ph.D. He's hardly someone to admire if you ask me."Mia couldn't help but find the real-life drama more captivating than any fiction. Seeing Patricia's indignation, Mia offered a reassuring smile. "Their words won't bother me." "Mia, are you really not considering getting into a relationship?" "For the moment, it's not a priority for me. I'll think about it when I meet someone who truly matches what I'm looking for." In truth, Mia hadn't devoted much thought to these matters. After all, matters of the heart weren't something she approached casually. Patricia offered Mia a comforting pat on the hand. "That's understandable. Relationships do require time. Just focus on being financially secure, and everything else will come together." Mia felt grateful for Patricia's empathy. Intrigued, she asked, "How's Uncle James doing in the hospital?" "It's been the usual routine, but his condition is deteriorating day by day. The doctors are advising us to prepare ourselves emotionally." "Honestly, if it weren't for Dominic covering his medical expenses, Uncle James wouldn't have made it this far. But at times, I can't help but feel that his continued existence only serves to prolong his suffering." "Aunt Patricia, please don't say that. What if Uncle James wakes up? Grandma Laura recovered, so there's still hope." "Unfortunately, it's not quite the same. I appreciate your efforts to comfort me, but I've come to terms with the reality. My main concern now is for you." "I'm fortunate to have the support of my brothers, and I'm financially stable. Frankly, I'm in a much better position than many others."

Meet My Brothers by Red Thirteen chapter 1152-Soon after, Mia and Patricia arrived home with the children, ready to freshen up and get ready for bed.

As Mia settled onto the plush mattress, she took a quiet moment to observe Sage and Ginger, peacefully asleep beside her. Gazing out the window, she found herself absorbed in the vibrant cityscape outside the constant motion of cars and people. After all these years, returning to such tranquility was beyond anything Mia could have imagined.

With Sage and Ginger snugly tucked in beside her, Mia's heart brimmed with gratitude for the happiness she now embraced.

The next day, Mia prepared to take Sage and Ginger to the hospital to visit Laura, feeling hopeful that today might be the day Laura finally woke up.

Shortly after they finished breakfast, a knock echoed through the house.

Curious, Patricia headed to the door. “Who’s there?” she called out.

To Mia’s surprise, their neighbor from the previous day stood outside, holding a generous array of fruits.

“Hello, Aunt Patricia. I spoke to a friend yesterday about our conversation. When his son saw a photo of Ms. Lane, he was genuinely impressed. He’s willing to meet her and is completely accepting of her having children.”

Patricia’s expression darkened instantly. “Please, take your things and leave. Mia isn’t interested in a blind date.”

Despite Patricia’s clear dismissal, the neighbor set the fruits down and hurried away.

Fuming with indignation, Patricia exclaimed, “Who does that?”

Stepping forward, Mia gently grasped Patricia’s arm. “Don’t worry. We’ll ask the property management to handle this. I’m taking Sage and Ginger to the hospital now. Call me if anything comes up.” “Okay, go ahead.”

Patricia’s irritation deepened as her eyes lingered on the neglected fruits.

Meanwhile, Mia brushed off the incident and proceeded to take Sage and Ginger to the hospital.

Curious, Ginger looked up at Mia and asked, “Mommy, are you going to meet someone?”

“Don’t worry about what the adults say. Mommy isn’t going on any blind dates.” Mia reassured her.

With Sage and Ginger in tow, she made her way upstairs to the intensive care unit.

Outside, Mia spotted Timothy sitting on a bench, his laptop perched on his thighs, with a pile of files scattered around him.

It was evident that he had spent the entire night there.

Mia certainly empathized with the demands of Timothy’s job. She knew them all too well herself.

Without hesitation, Ginger dashed over and settled into the chair beside Timothy. "Is Great-Grandma Laura awake?" She bubbled with excitement.

Timothy's demeanor softened at

Ginger's presence. "She briefly regained consciousness, which is a positive sign. The doctors are optimistic that she'll awaken again later. Fortunately, her condition seems to have stabilized," he reassured.

Mia nodded in relief. "That's good to hear."

Observing the dark circles under Timothy's eyes, Mia wondered if he had slept at all in the past few days.

She wrestled with the urge to broach the topic but ultimately decided against it.

Turning to Heath, Mia asked, "Has he had anything to eat?"

Heath seized the opportunity to voice his concerns. "Ms. Lane, I'll be honest. Since Mr. Barrett's return, he hasn't rested at all. He's constantly

in

Meetings with hospital staff or

buried in work. He's hardly touched his meals. Could you perhaps talk to him?"

Mia's expression shifted uncomfortably. "I might not be able to convince him, but go ahead and bring the food over. Maybe someone else could persuade him to eat."

With Ginger's innate empathy in

mind, Mia hoped she could make a difference in this situation. After all, Ginger had a knack for showing

kindness even to strangers on the

street.

Recognizing Mia's intention, Heath quickly organized for food to be delivered.

Ten minutes later, a cart arrived, filled not only with meals for adults but also with sweets and snacks that children adore.

Ginger's eyes gleamed with excitement as she took in the spread before her, her enthusiasm palpable. Meanwhile, Timothy gave Heath a look of approval, expressing his gratitude for his consideration. Turning to Ginger, he said, "Feel free to grab whatever you want. I need to attend a video conference."

With that, Timothy efficiently opened his laptop and began organizing the meeting.

In the midst of this, Ginger reached for a piece of fried chicken and offered it to Timothy, her voice soft and innocent as she suggested, "You should try some of this."

Watching this scene unfold, the executives in the video conference were collectively taken aback, their astonishment apparent in their reactions

Meet My Brothers by Red Thirteen chapter 1153-Caught off guard by Ginger's unexpected act of kindness, Timothy hesitated for a moment.

Should he accept the food graciously or politely decline?

However, when he saw the genuine concern in Ginger's eyes, he found himself unable to refuse.

Reluctantly, he lowered his head and took a bite of the chicken she offered.

Ginger's face lit up with a radiant smile. "Uncle Heath mentioned you haven't eaten yet. Skipping meals isn't good, you know. Here, take the pasta, and I'll have this."

With a determined effort, Ginger reached out, offering the bowl of spaghetti to Timothy.

Timothy let out a sigh, a hint of resignation evident in his voice. "I'll grab something to eat after the meeting," he conceded.

"Mommy says that work is never-ending, but meals are important," Ginger interjected.

Drawing closer to the screen, she cast a glance at the executives on the other end of the video call. "He needs to eat now, so please bear with us for a

moment, alright?" she added in her sweet, childlike voice. The executives were taken aback by the unexpected appearance of this adorable little girl with her hair tied up in sky-high pigtails.

Who was she?

Could she possibly be Timothy's daughter, a secret kept hidden until now?

Nonetheless, they had never heard any mention of Timothy having a child before.

Still, the way Timothy doted on her just moments ago hinted at a special bond between them.

The executives found themselves in an awkward silence, unsure how to react to Ginger's unexpected involvement. Sensing their hesitation, Ginger began to feel a bit impatient.

Timothy promptly directed his attention to the executives, his tone firm. "She's addressing all of you."

One of the executives, who was also a parent, promptly replied, "Of course, we can wait for him to finish his meal before we continue with the meeting."

A smile of joy spread across Ginger's face at the accommodating response. "Thank you, big brother," she chirped sweetly.

The executive couldn't resist returning Ginger's bright smile after her endearing address. "You're welcome," he replied warmly.

However, his smile faded into a nervous grimace as he caught sight of Timothy's intense glare.

Out of the blue, Timothy opted to end the video call. He didn't want Ginger to inadvertently get caught up in adult matters.

Reluctantly, Timothy picked up his

plate of food, Despite his initial lack

of appetite, he eventually

succumbed to Ginger's attentive gaze. Slowly but surely, he reached

for the utensils and began to enjoy the meal.

Observing the scene, Mia couldn't help but smile knowingly. She had predicted this very outcome.

After all, Timothy was easily swayed by Ginger's requests.

Meanwhile, Sage couldn't resist stealing a glance at Timothy and Ginger. Meeting Mia's gaze, he asked, "Mommy, did you instruct Ginger to do that?"

In a low voice, Mia confided, "No, Sage. You understand Ginger's character better than anyone. She's always caring, even toward strangers on the street.

"Mr. Barrett hasn't had a break for

days because of Great-Grandma Laura, and he's been carrying all the

continueses at work. If he

to neglect eating, his

health will decline."

"Mommy, you seem really concerned about him," Sage observed.

Mia's expression shifted slightly, betraying a hint of unease. "I'm not particularly worried about him. It's just that, currently, Mrs. Barrett Senior depends on him a lot for support. If anything were to happen to him, Mrs. Barrett Senior would be greatly affected."

Despite Mia's attempt to deflect, Sage seemed to understand her underlying concern. "Mommy, what about you and Uncle Nicholas? What did you talk about that day?"

Mia hesitated for a moment before replying, "That's grown-up business. You don't need to worry about it."

Seated nearby, Mia closely watched Ginger as she supervised Timothy's meal.

Before long, Laura finally regained consciousness.

Without hesitation, Mia and her children swiftly changed into sterile gowns before entering the ward.

Upon seeing the silver-haired Laura, Mia approached and gently took her hand. "Grandma Laura," she called out, her voice trembling with emotion.

Laura looked at Mia, then at Sage and Ginger, tears streaming down her cheeks.

Gently wiping away Laura's tears, Mia whispered, "I kept the truth from you before. The children have always been here."

At that moment, Ginger and Sage stepped forward. "Hello, Great-Grandma Laura," they greeted her respectfully.

Meet My Brothers by Red Thirteen chapter 1154-At that instant, Ginger presented a bouquet of fresh peonies. "Great-Grandma Laura, these flowers will surely help you feel better," she said sincerely. Laura regarded the sweet, sincere Ginger with a weak nod. Then, her gaze shifted to Mia, as if she had something on her mind that she wanted to express. Leaning in closer to Laura, Mia asked softly, "What is it you want to say?"

"I-I'm just glad you're okay," Laura murmured.

Hearing Laura's words, Mia's eyes instantly filled with tears.

To her surprise, Laura still remembered what had happened five years ago. It seemed she understood it had been a calculated move directed at her.

Mia held Laura's hand tightly as she spoke, "Grandma Laura, you must recover quickly. Sage and Ginger are growing up so fast and becoming increasingly mischievous. They need your guidance." Laura managed a gentle smile and nodded in response, acknowledging Mia's words.

For Sage, witnessing his cherished family member in such a vulnerable state was a deeply moving moment.

With determination evident on his face, Sage stepped forward and urged, "Great-Grandma Laura, you have to stay strong."

As Sage stood before her, Laura was deeply moved by his resemblance to Timothy, which caused a lump to form in her throat.

Finding comfort in the knowledge that Timothy now had children of his own, Laura felt reassured, knowing that even if she were to pass away, Timothy wouldn't be left alone.

Nonetheless, their visiting time was restricted as Laura needed to rest.

Shortly after, Mia escorted Sage and Ginger out of the hospital room, with Timothy quietly trailing behind.

Though his face remained stoic, his eyes betrayed a depth of emotion.

Addressing Timothy, Mia reassured him, "I'm confident Grandma Laura will get better. During her recovery, the children will stay by her side until she's well enough to leave the hospital." After so many years, the intricacies of Mia's relationship with Timothy remained obscure.

Despite this, Mia understood that the bond between Laura and her children was not one she could simply sever.

Ginger's expression turned solemn as she held Timothy's hand, softly urging him, "Don't forget to eat on time, okay?"

Timothy managed a strained smile in response. "I'll make sure to do that."

With a nod Mia prepared to leave

with Sage and Ginger. Just as they were about to depart, Heath approached Timothy, his voice barely audible as he spoke, "We've located Luna."

Upon hearing this, Timothy's expression hardened. "Where is she?"

"She's managed to infiltrate the cleaning staff, likely aiming to get close to Mrs. Barrett Senior," Heath informed him.

Exhaling sharply, Mia remarked, "After all this time, we finally have a lead."

Timothy's lips formed a tight line as he commanded, "Apprehend her."

"We can't do that. To hold Luna accountable, we must have concrete evidence," Heath countered.

"But I can't jeopardize Grandma's well-being," Timothy insisted firmly.

“No one said Grandma Laura had to be in danger. We can have someone impersonate her. But we must proceed with caution. If it’s too obvious, Luna will detect the trap,” Heath suggested.

After a moment of consideration, Mia decided to play along with Luna’s charade.

With everything arranged, Mia left the hospital with Sage and Ginger as usual.

Nonetheless, an unsettling sensation gnawed at her, as if someone’s gaze lingered on her from behind.

It unmistakably felt like Luna.

However, unbeknownst to Luna, a trap awaited her at the hospital.

As Mia led her children back to Patricia’s house, she felt Sage’s questioning gaze upon her.

“Do you think this plan will really catch the bad person? Is there anything we can do to help?” Sage’s curiosity surfaced.

“We won’t need to intervene. He’s got it all under control.” Mia reassured Sage.

However, despite Mia’s trust in

Timothy’s ability to manage this trivial

Matter, she still harbored

concerns about his potential lack of restraint.

Arriving home with Sage and Ginger, Mia noticed the door was slightly ajar, and voices could be heard coming from inside.

As she pushed open the door, she saw their nosy neighbor, Diane Hemingway, chatting with a middle-aged woman and an unfamiliar man.

Meet My Brothers by Red Thirteen chapter 1155-Upon laying eyes on Diane, Mia swiftly discerned the motive behind her visit.

Despite Patricia's clear refusal earlier that morning, why did she still decide to show up in the evening?

Diane was in the company of two others, one of whom was a man.

The way he gazed at Mia left no doubt as to his identity.

Still, Mia couldn't help but ponder Diane's apparent lack of discretion in this situation.

"Ah, Ms. Lane, welcome home. We've been anticipating your return for quite a while," Diane greeted warmly as she stood up.

"This is the friend I was telling you about, along with her son. Isn't he quite dashing? I assure you, I have nothing but good intentions; Aunt Patricia and I are quite close, after all."

Mia remained unfazed, her eyes fixed on Sage and Ginger. "Both of you, go back to your rooms."

"Oh, that won't be necessary," Diane interjected. "They've brought gifts for the children-luxurious chocolates, the kind favored by the affluent."

Meeting Diane's gaze, the middle-aged woman, Pamela Baker, assumed a touch of superiority. "Certainly, feel free to help yourselves. After all, you probably haven't tasted such delicacies before. They're quite expensive."

Mia glanced disinterestedly at the candies arranged neatly on the table. Despite their fruit-flavored labels, she doubted their exorbitant cost.

After all, Sage and Ginger were accustomed to Eva's homemade candies, crafted from only the finest ingredients.

Unperturbed, Mia calmly declined, "No, thank you. These sweets aren't exactly nutritious. I'd rather the children not indulge in such snacks."

With a touch of innocence, Ginger gazed up at Mia and added, "Mommy, Uncle says we shouldn't eat these unhealthy candies. They'll damage our teeth."

Meanwhile, Sage maintained a serious demeanor as he quipped, "Candies of this quality wouldn't even be considered at our home."

With each comment from Sage and Ginger, Diane and Pamela's expressions grew increasingly uncomfortable.

Displeased, Pamela snapped, "Noah, why are you still seated there?"

It was evident that someone as temperamental as Pamela might not fit well into their family dynamic.

In the next moment, Noah Young, the man in question, approached Mia, extending his hand eagerly.. "Ms. Lane, it's a pleasure to meet you must say, I have a very

positive first impression of you.

"I believe there's much to gain from us getting acquainted. You'll find that despite your ex-husband, there are still good men in this world."

Noah's words sent a wave of discomfort through Mia. She had never encountered such shameless audacity in a man before.

She withheld her hand, giving Noah only a fleeting glance. "I'm sorry, but I'm not interested in pursuing a relationship or participating in a blind date."

Unfazed, Noah continued, "Even if it's not a blind date, we can still get acquainted. It won't do any harm."

Mia decided to be direct to convey her stance. "I'm not interested in getting to know you. It's late, so I kindly ask that you leave now."

Pamela's anger surged upon hearing Mia's response. "Ms. Lane, why the arrogance? Remember, you're divorced with two children! How do you expect to compete with a younger woman?"

"Just because your ex-husband was wealthy, do you think you can still attract another rich man? Sadly, you may have already passed your prime."

Mia responded bluntly, her expression unyielding, "If that's the logic you're using, then by your son's age, you should be considered worthless by now."

"What's with the attitude?" Pamela snapped.

"I've already rejected your

matchmaking attempts, yet here you are shamelessly intruding without invitation. What kind of attitude do you seriously expect from me?" Mia shot back.

Following Mia's assertive reply, Diane quickly interjected, "Ms. Lane, please don't say that. I'm just worried about you."

"And you," Mia addressed Diane.

"You're precisely what I'd anticipate from being her friend. It's evident you both follow the same script, completely unable to grasp a straightforward refusal." S