

## Meet My Brothers by Red Thirteen

Meet My Brothers by Red Thirteen chapter 1161-Mia found herself questioning how Timothy had conveniently arrived at that pivotal moment, right after her return from the hospital with Ginger and Sage. Timothy paused briefly before explaining, "Since Ginger and Sage are finally here, I thought it would be a good time to bring them some gifts."

It became evident that Timothy's timely appearance was due to the gifts he had prepared, dispelling any initial suspicion Mia had of Luna's involvement. However, the timing appeared to align well, particularly in light of Luna's recent infiltration of the hospital. Given Luna's reputation for vigilance and caution, it seemed plausible that she would patiently await the perfect moment to act. Patricia swiftly stepped in, acknowledging, "Your kindness is greatly appreciated, Mr. Barrett. I haven't had the chance to get any gifts for Ginger and Sage since their arrival." "If you've already prepared something, please bring it in, and we'll ensure it's set aside for them." Had Timothy not arrived promptly, Patricia, Mia, Sage, and Ginger would have been at a significant disadvantage against Noah, Pamela, and Diane. Nevertheless, Patricia couldn't help but notice a slight easing of tension between Mia and Timothy. Was it possible that Laura's influence had played a role in improving their relationship? Mia refrained from intervening, acknowledging that Timothy's timely arrival had spared Patricia and the children from potential harm. This time, Mia admitted her own oversight, regretting the absence of any bodyguards with her. After all, she never anticipated such an incident occurring in this location. Shortly after, Heath and his team arrived with the gifts, swiftly occupying a substantial portion of the living room. A faint smile played on Mia's lips as she remarked, "Why did you purchase so many?" Timothy remained composed as he elaborated, "I wasn't certain about Ginger and Sage's preferences, so I picked up a variety of items. They can choose what appeals to them." Mia was utterly stunned. Timothy's extravagant gift-giving mirrored her brothers' lavishness perfectly. It was truly remarkable how her children hadn't been swayed by growing up in such opulence. Patricia, too, was surprised by Timothy's generosity. She paused briefly before commenting, "Mr. Barrett, you've bought quite an array of gifts. The children might not be able to appreciate all of them." With a hint of arrogance, Sage remarked, "I already have all these gifts. So, I'm not really interested in any of them." Timothy gestured toward a sizable box, remarking, "These are accessories for the telescope you received last time. I've heard they greatly enhance the viewing experience." Sage hesitated for a moment

before swiftly realizing the truth. "You're the one who bought that telescope?" he asked. Upon noticing Sage's reaction, Mia grinned sheepishly as she admitted, "Yes, he was the one who bought that telescope. He managed to sneak it past me last time." Sage's expression froze, torn between irritation and indifference. Patricia gently took Sage's hand and encouraged him, saying, "Feel free to take it. Since it was your father who bought it, it's only right to accept. You shouldn't hesitate." Despite Patricia's encouragement, Sage remained silent. On the contrary, Ginger appeared to be quite fond of Timothy's gifts. She picked up a doll's box and commented, "I like this one. We can do without the rest." Mia admired Ginger's considerate nature. Even in this situation, she chose to spare Timothy any embarrassment. Noticing Ginger's thoughtfulness, Patricia affectionately patted her head and said, "Oh, our sweet little angel! Just let me know what you'd like for dinner tonight, and I'll prepare it for you." With that, Patricia guided Ginger and Sage into the kitchen, providing an opportunity for Timothy and Mia to have some private time. Observing the heap of gifts on the floor, Mia remarked, "There's really no need for all these gifts. Our home is already overflowing, and Ginger and Sage have everything they need. Why go to such great lengths?" As Mia's words dwindled, Timothy's expression hardened. "Besides buying gifts; I'm at a loss for how else to reconcile with them. If the kids aren't keen on these presents, we could always consider donating them to charity."

Meet My Brothers by Red Thirteen chapter 1162-Mia gave a slight nod. "Very well," she replied, her voice casting a sudden calm over the living room.

Recalling the earlier exchange, Timothy couldn't suppress a frown. "If you're really into blind dates," he quipped. "Perhaps you should consider a guy who's at least on par with me." What a jerk.

Lifting her gaze, Mia fired back, "That could be quite the challenge, to be honest. After all, it's not easy to find someone beneath you, especially when you've set the bar so low as a despicable ex-husband. "But to find someone better than you? Well, that seems like it wouldn't take much effort at all."

Timothy lapsed into silence, feeling a sting in his chest.

Unfazed, Mia pressed on, "If you have no further business here, you're free to leave. Were you genuinely expecting an invitation to dinner?"

Before Timothy could respond, Ginger dashed out, her gaze fixed on Timothy. "Grand-Aunt Patricia wants to know if you'd like to stay for dinner?"

Mia quickly interjected, "That won't be necessary."

"I'd be happy to," Timothy chimed in.

Stunned, Mia turned to Timothy beside her and retorted, "What's the point of staying? Remember how a certain someone didn't even bother to come meet Aunt Patricia?"

"And now, here you are, eagerly wanting to stay. Don't you find that a bit hypocritical?"

As Mia's words faded, Timothy moved closer, bridging the gap between them.

Undeterred, Mia stood her ground, meeting his gaze earnestly.

"It's not just the pain. I also feel deeply regretful," Timothy whispered.

Mia remained silent, her lips pressed together. "Unfortunately, there's no quick fix for regret in this world."

"I understand, but despite the apparent hypocrisy, I've chosen to stay," Timothy affirmed.

"But don't you feel ashamed?" Mia questioned.

"You might see it as embarrassing. But truthfully, I'm completely okay with it," Timothy countered.

Observing Timothy's unabashed demeanor, Mia found herself momentarily speechless. In the past, Timothy would likely have left by now.

But now, regardless of what was said, Timothy remained as steadfast as a rock.

Taking a seat on the couch, Timothy turned to Ginger and asked, "Are you sure you don't want any of the other gifts?"

Ginger shook her head firmly. "I already have plenty. Let's donate them to other children."

Timothy paused briefly before continuing, "And what about your brother?"

However, Sage remained completely indifferent, paying him no attention at all.

After a brief contemplation, Ginger proposed, "Let's hold onto the telescope, but we can donate the rest. Sage isn't particularly

red in toys, anyway. Content

Addressing Heath, Timothy instructed, "Did you hear that? Please take care of the remaining items."

Heath promptly obeyed, efficiently clearing away the excess gifts.

However, Mia couldn't help but notice that there were still quite a few presents remaining. "What are these for?"

"These gifts are for Aunt Patricia. Should they be taken away as well?"

"If they're intended for Aunt Patricia, then they can stay."

Mia couldn't be bothered with all of this.

Before long, they found themselves seated around the dinner table, ready to eat.

A gentle smile graced Patricia's lips as she envisioned the bliss of having her entire family gathered together harmoniously.

After the meal, Patricia couldn't help

but notice the array of gifts Timothy

had brought. "Why did you buy so many things for me? I couldn't possibly eat all of this by myself."

Standing up from his seat, Timothy reassured her. "It's the least I could do."

"Mia, would you mind showing Mr. Barrett to the door?" Patricia requested.

"Aunt Patricia, please, just call me Timmo," Timothy interjected.

Mia was caught off guard by Timothy's words, feeling a slight twinge of discomfort.

As they walked outside, she turned to Timothy and quipped, "Timmo?"

It seemed that Timothy was quite the performer.

Previously addressing him as “Mr.

“Mr.

Barrett” would have drawn out his icy demeanor. Yet, to Mia’s surprise, he now preferred the informat “Timmo”.

With a composed demeanor, Timothy replied, “I’ll be heading out now. If there are any issues here, feel free to contact me.”

“It’s alright, I can handle these minor matters myself,” Mia responded confidently.

Timothy was suddenly overwhelmed by a sense of defeat, his confidence shaken, uncertain of his next move.

Noticing Timothy’s deflated expression, Mia couldn’t help but feel a slight sense of satisfaction.

However, just as Timothy started to walk away, he abruptly turned back.

Meet My Brothers by Red Thirteen chapter 1163-Mia cast a sidelong glance at Timothy as he turned back, raising an eyebrow in curiosity. What could he possibly be planning now? Timothy stood tall, his authoritative demeanor exuding an aura of intimidation that left Mia feeling somewhat uneasy.

He pressed his lips together nervously before softly saying, “Goodnight.” With that, Timothy turned on his heel and walked away. Mia remained rooted to the spot, completely baffled. Was this some peculiar display of heterosexual romance? As Mia turned around, her attention was caught by Ginger and Sage standing by the door, their small heads peeking out. Clearing her throat awkwardly, she stuttered, “W-Why are you both here?” Ginger’s hand flew to her mouth upon hearing Mia’s words. “Sage asked me to come along,” she blurted out nervously. Sage shot Ginger a disapproving glance, surprised by her quick admission. Stepping forward casually, he remarked, “I just wanted to get some fresh air.” Despite Sage’s nonchalant demeanor, Mia could easily sense his underlying motive. He clearly wanted to come out to keep an eye on things. As Mia approached Ginger and Sage, she clasped their hands gently. “Shall we make our way back? It’s time to get ready for bed,” she suggested. Sage glanced up at Mia with a curious expression. “Why didn’t you

tell me about the telescope?" If he had known it was a gift from Timothy, he certainly wouldn't have accepted it. Mia affectionately ruffled Sage's hair, transforming his tidy look into a playful mess. With a satisfied smile, she remarked, "Why are you being so uptight? He's simply trying to make things right, so it's only fair he showers you with gifts. If you like it, keep it. If not, consider passing it on to someone who will." Unmoved, Sage maintained his stoic demeanor. "But I don't want anything from him." "It seems like you care more than you're letting on," Mia teased. "Who said I care about him?" Sage shot back, his annoyance evident. Observing the same stubborn expression on Sage's face that Timothy often wore, Mia couldn't help but let out a chuckle. "If you nettruly didn't care, why are you s bothered by his gifts? Look at your sister. She's as cool as a cucumber." "I'm not as easy to please as she is," Sage retorted. Meeting Sage's gaze directly, Mia advised, "If there are issues between you and him, it's best to resolve them directly. Don't involve me in the middle." Sage lifted his head, visibly distressed. "Mommy, are you just going to forgive him like that? He caused you so much pain back then!" "To be fair, it wasn't solely his fault. We were both manipulated. As for our past, it's not something you need to worry about. Anyway, it's bedtime." Looking back on what had transpired, Mia realized that whether or not she forgave Timothy was no longer relevant. After all back then, Timothy was obligated to marry someone like her-an orphan. It seemed unlikely that a man of his pride would have embraced such a notion. S Nevertheless, Mia hadn't anticipated Timothy's persistent pursuit in the present, finding it somewhat bothersome. But should she consider rekindling this past romance? The next day, Mia accompanied Ginger and Sage to the hospital to visit Laura. To their delight, Laura's condition had improved, and her face beamed with happiness upon seeing them. Ginger had put together a special dance routine for Laura, which she executed with great enthusiasm. Despite Sage's initial hesitation, he eventually joined in to support Ginger during the performance. As Mia looked at Laura's emaciated form, she couldn't help but feel a surge of sympathy. If Luna hadn't orchestrated such malicious schemes, Laura could have had several more years of life ahead, free from the pain and suffering she was currently O enduring. Mia was determined to ensure Luna faced consequences for her actions. If it weren't for Luna's actions, Laura wouldn't have experienced the fall down the stairs, leading to years of being in a vegetative state. Furthermore, Mia wouldn't have almost lost her children prematurely, and Sage wouldn't have been born with such delicate health. Consequently, holding Luna accountable for her actions became a steadfast commitment for Mia. Glancing back, Mia couldn't help but notice Timothy diligently engrossed in his work outside, his meticulous demeanor unchanged from before.

Meet My Brothers by Red Thirteen chapter 1164-Summoning Heath over, Mia inquired, "Any signs of activity from Luna?"

"She's been extremely cautious, keeping a close watch. It seems she hasn't discovered any loopholes yet." At Heath's words, Mia couldn't help but ponder her next move. She needed to find a way to shake things up with Luna. After all, Luna was notorious for her hunger for wealth and power, often resorting to deceitful tactics despite her outward appearance of moral superiority. With Luna ousted by Timothy and facing potential murder accusations from Laura, her chances of redemption were slim. Therefore, Mia was confident that Luna would eventually change her tune. Casting a glance at Heath, Mia inquired, "How are we presenting Mrs. Barrett Senior's condition to the public?" "As agreed, we're stating that Mrs. Barrett Senior has regained consciousness. However, due to her prolonged coma, her memory is somewhat fragmented, and she is currently undergoing treatment." "Excellent. No wonder Luna has been quiet. She must have been clutching onto false hope." Turning her attention to Timothy, Mia noticed that he had just finished his meeting. Understanding the urgency of the situation, Mia recognized the necessity for decisive action. Without a moment's hesitation, she strode purposefully toward Timothy, her resolve evident in every step. Upon hearing her approach, Timothy looked up, his gaze penetrating. "Heading out already?" he spoke up. Having finished his urgent tasks, he had been eager for some extra time with her. Taking a seat beside him, Mia proposed, "Not exactly. I just had a sudden idea. How about we go for a walk in the garden?" Feeling Mia's presence next to him, Timothy's Adam's apple bobbed nervously. "So, what's on your mind?" Raising an eyebrow, she suggested, "Well, I was thinking we could shake things up with Luna. She'd detest nothing more than seeing us back together, right? If I happen to have everything she envies, do you think she'll be able to resist taking action?" Facing Mia, Timothy replied, "Alright, I'm all ears." With that, the duo headed toward the small garden, enjoying the warmth of the sunlight. Raising her eyes toward Laura's hospital room, Mia recounted, "During Ginger's performance, the sun streamed through the window, illuminating the ward beautifully and forming a natural spotlight." Recalling Ginger's dance routine, a subtle smile graced Timothy's lips. "Indeed, she's as lovely as a little angel," he remarked. "Perhaps you shouldn't forget whose daughter she is," Mia teased. As her words trailed off, Mia abruptly froze, a realization hitting her. She grew wary that her comment might be misconstrued as praise for Timothy. Meanwhile, Timothy couldn't help but let out a soft chuckle. "Well, she's certainly as beautiful as you," he remarked. Seated on the bench, Mia retorted, "Hey, don't assume a few compliments will patch things up. I can be

rather petty, you know."Undeterred, Timothy stood before Mia, one hand casually slipped into his pocket. As the sunlight filtered through the leaves, it highlighted his handsome features even more.

In a gentle tone, he reassured her, "I know, but I'll keep trying until the day you're not angry anymore." Mia instinctively averted her gaze, surprised by Timothy's persistence. She hadn't expected to witness this side of him. As she idly shuffled her foot, she suddenly noticed her untied shoelace. Just as Mia was about to bend down, Timothy gracefully crouched in front of her, his slender fingers deftly securing the loosened lace. Mia was momentarily taken aback, her eyes fixed on his profile. It was as if time had whisked them back to five years ago. Before long, Mia sensed an icy gaze piercing into her back, her instincts alerting her of the identity of the observer. It seemed Luna had taken the bait after all. After Timothy finished tying her shoelace, Mia's hand reached out to grab his tie, pulling him closer, Mr. Barrett, why are you kneeling on one knee?" Timothy's body inclined forward slightly, his hand steadying against the bench as his eyes met hers.