

Chapter 2

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?"