

## 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."