## **Chapter 5**

Mia's stomach roiled at the thought of what would happen on that bed in a while. Still, she controlled herself and turned to head into the walk-in closet to pack her things. It didn't take long to put everything into her suitcase.

"Kaleb, that suitcase seems to be branded. Get her a recyclable bag for her to put her stuff," Maya said.

Soon, Kaleb brought over a dirty recyclable bag. He flung it at Mia's feet and said, "Use this."

Mia bent down to open up her suitcase. Behind her, Maya said, "Remember to check her things later. We don't want her to take anything that doesn't belong to her."

At her words, Mia recalled what Timothy had said about getting rid of the baby. He was only in the bathroom; if he were to find out about the pregnancy test, there was no way she could keep the baby.

Kaleb and Maya were standing guard outside the walk-in closet. Mia looked at the pregnancy test that she'd buried with her stuff, then came to a decision.

She turned around and secretly ripped the pregnancy test to shreds, stuffing them into her mouth and swallowing them. As she stared at Timothy's clothes in the closet, her heart

slowly died.

From today onward, her child would have nothing to do with the Barrett family. Mia turned to leave the closet with her recyclable bag. "Do you want to check this?"

Maya covered her mouth, looking disgusted. "God, get out of here before checking those things. That bag stinks!"

Once Timothy was out of the shower, she wouldn't be able to drive Mia away. She couldn't allow Mia to linger.

Kaleb stepped forward to shove Mia. "Are you deaf? Get out of here!"

Mia walked out of the villa alone. It was a short distance, but it felt like it took her a century to get there.

Kaleb snatched the recyclable bag from her and poured its contents out on the ground as if wanting to search for something. It was too bad Mia had already swallowed the pregnancy test.

Mia crouched on the ground, wanting to pick her things up.

At that moment, her phone rang. When she answered it and heard Patricia's voice, the tears started rolling down her face.

She'd made it through being humiliated by Maya and misunderstood by Timothy without shedding a tear, but she could no longer hold herself back upon hearing Patricia's voice. She was choked up as she said, "Aunt Patricia."

"Mia, why are you crying?"

"I'm getting a divorce, Aunt Patricia. I'm losing my family again."

"Oh, you silly thing. Whoever said anything about you not having a family? That's what I'm

calling you about—your family tracked me down. You have three older brothers who are from the Lane family in Nord City.

"You also have three older male cousins, which means you have six older men to watch over you. They're here for you, and they're your family," Patricia said.

Mia faltered. "My family?"

She'd long since known she was an orphan, but she'd never thought about searching for her biological family. Since her parents hadn't wanted her, she didn't need to seek them out.

"Don't cry, Mia, and hurry home. We don't need those rich people! Or maybe I can have your brother—"

Before Mia could say anything, the line cut off because her phone had run out of battery.

Her heart was in a mess, though. Had her family really found her?

"What are you up to now, Mia?"

At this moment, Timothy stepped out of the villa in a loose bathrobe. He'd been kind enough to let her stay for a few more days so she could process everything. Yet she'd already packed her things to leave while he'd been in the shower.