

Chapter 6

Timothy saw the things that were strewn over the ground. They were all regular clothing. Mia hadn't taken a single branded item with her.

Hadn't she married him because she wanted those things? He couldn't believe she hadn't taken any of it.

Timothy's gaze landed on the dirty recyclable bag, and he frowned. "Are you playing hard to get again? Whose pity are you trying to win again? It's not like Grandma's here!"

He hadn't let her down in any way throughout their three-year marriage, aside from not having feelings for her. He'd never been stingy with her.

Even with the divorce, he was going to compensate her a huge sum. It was more than enough for her to live a comfortable life.

Did she really want to leave, or was she just putting on an act?

Mia held her phone tightly, still processing the news of her family having found her. In the past, she'd dreamed of her family finding her one day so she wouldn't be alone anymore.

She was distracted by these thoughts, but in Timothy's eyes, this was a silent admission.

Maya pretended to limp as she approached them. "Tim, she packed her things to leave but went to the kitchen to get that dirty recyclable bag to put her stuff in. She refused to listen to me no matter what I said."

Kaleb chimed in, "I wanted to tell Mrs. Barrett not to use that bag, sir, but she refused to listen. She even threw the clothes all over the ground.

"Honestly, she has a branded suitcase, yet she's using that recyclable bag to garner pity. If people were to hear about this, they'd think the Barrett family was mistreating her."

A poignant silence filled the air. Mia stood there motionlessly as she listened to Maya and Kaleb frame her. She fixed her gaze on Timothy, wanting to know what he would say.

He gave her a sharp look and asked coldly, "Don't you have anything to say?"

It was as she'd expected. A trace of mockery flashed in her eyes. "They've already said everything there is to say. I've got nothing."

Timothy wouldn't believe her regardless of what she said, anyway. There was no point in wasting her breath.

"Haven't you learned to be content with what you've got, Mia? What else do you want?" In Timothy's eyes, Mia was nothing but a woman who'd married him for his money.

Mia gave up. She said bluntly, "All I want is to be a trophy wife that spends all your money. Look at those other trophy wives—they either go shopping or have high tea and spa days.

"After marrying you, the kitchen is where I've spent most of my time, and the furthest I've gone is the market. I've spent three years as your wife, yet getting kicked to the curb is all I've gotten. You've wasted three years of my life!

"Now that I've signed the divorce papers, I don't wanna be your slave anymore. What's so wrong about that?"

Mia felt like a weight had been lifted off her chest now that she'd vented her frustrations in one go. As expected, life was much better when one chose to be rude.

"Are you done?" Timothy asked.

There was a trace of confusion in his eyes. He'd given her a credit card that was specifically meant to pay for their household costs, and she had a million dollars as her monthly allowance.

Every season, he would also have Kaleb bring Mia the latest clothing items from all the biggest fashion brands. He'd even paid for her uncle's hospital bills.

Now that they were divorced, he'd compensated her a huge sum, which was enough for her to live out the rest of her life without having to worry about money.

Timothy felt like he didn't owe her anything. But why did she still think it wasn't enough?

"Nope. I have plenty more to say."

"Go on, then!"

"I can, but you'll need to pay me."

Timothy pursed his lips. "Are you that much of a gold digger, Mia? Being too greedy isn't gonna get you anywhere."

It seemed that everything boiled down to her thinking she'd gotten the short end of the stick and hadn't been compensated enough.

Timothy was rather disappointed as he met Mia's stubborn gaze. Her eyes were clear and bright. He honestly couldn't understand why such a greedy, materialistic liar had such clear eyes!