Chapter 7

Timothy had never thought about marrying Mia. But since he'd already had, he could've put her upbringing and poor background behind him as long as she knew her place. He had more than enough money to support her, anyway.

Yet she'd caused trouble time and time again. Now, she couldn't even be bothered to put up an act anymore. She'd revealed her true colors!

Timothy should've felt like a weight had been lifted from his shoulders, but when he saw the divorce agreement that she'd signed, he couldn't help feeling powerless.

There was deep sorrow hidden in Mia's eyes. She pretended she didn't care because she didn't want Timothy to trample on her dignity even as she was leaving.

When Maya saw that things were getting out of hand, she quickly said, "Mia, were you so quick to sign the divorce agreement because you already found someone new?"

Timothy's expression turned cold. He watched Mia like a hawk, his gaze appraising.

Mia took in the mistrust on his face and said, "Yeah, of course. As long as my new man is good enough, why would I be hung up on an ex?"

Anger filled Timothy's gaze. "Have you been cheating on me while taking my money?"

Mia glanced at the clothes strewn on the ground. "I'll return those to you, then."

She'd only taken the few pieces that didn't stand out so much. She hadn't even touched the branded bags and accessories.

Timothy didn't even spare them a glance. His gaze was fixed on her as he said, "I also bought those clothes that you're currently wearing."

"I'll return them to you, too."

Timothy stared at her with a cold gaze. Meanwhile, Maya's eyes lit up. She sneakily took out her phone, wanting to record such an exciting scene.

Mia stood there and decided to risk everything. She slowly undid the buttons on her shirt, revealing her delicate collarbones. Her cleavage was also vaguely in view.

Timothy's pupils constricted. He hadn't expected her to really try to take her shirt off.

His expression was steely as he snarled, "That's enough! You're the most shameless woman I've ever met, Mia Bowen. Get the fuck out of here. I don't want to see you ever again!"

With that, he turned and stormed back into the villa. Even from behind, he was as icy as always.

Mia stopped. A trace of mockery flashed in her eyes. Hadn't he been the one to tell her to strip?

Her palms were clammy with sweat. She'd really been ready to risk everything.

Maya lowered her phone, feeling rather disappointed. Then, she said haughtily, "You might be cheap enough to strip, but think about whether there are any rich men who are willing to watch. Otherwise, you'd be stripping for nothing.

"It's all your fault for having such a shitty upbringing. Just live out the rest of your life as a regular peasant, and stop dreaming about rising through the ranks by marrying upward."

Mia clutched the recyclable bag and sniffled. Sometimes, she genuinely envied people who'd been born into good families.

Whenever she was bullied, she would imagine her family descending from the heavens and getting revenge for her.

But she knew things like that only existed in TV shows. Even if her family had found her now, there was no way something like that could happen.

At this moment, they heard a buzzing sound as a helicopter landed on the grass not too far from them.

Several tall, burly bodyguards got out and marched toward Mia, looking menacing.

When Timothy heard the noise from inside the villa, he stood at the door to see what was happening. He watched as the bodyguards stood before Mia.

They said respectfully, "Ms. Bowen, we're here to pick you up!"