

Billionaire's Wrong Bride By Stub

Chapter 1

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8 years ago...

Mia's pov.

Rain was pouring down outside and here my mother's eyes were flooding inside of our house.

It was past midnight and my father hadn't come yet . My mother was cleaning the kitchen about nth times just to kill the time while waiting for her husband and sobbing in her tears.

A sound of switching of a car's engine came and the doors of the car opened and closed with a thud and the sound of footsteps grew louder.

Door was jerked open and the huge frame of my father came into sight. He was holding a beautiful lady in his arms. I didn't like seeing her with my father. She was literally clinging on to him.

He entered the house and threw his gaze on my mother, full of disgust .

"Why are you still there? I don't want to see your face when I come home. Get lost and never come in front of my eyes. You spoiled my mood." He spat out with so much hatred in his voice.

"I was waiting for you. I was worried , it was raining heavily outside and you hadn't come home." My mother whispered in her dull voice.

"You bitch , you don't need to fake it to worry about me. I don't need your concern. Just get out of my way and get out of my life." My father kicked my mother so hard on her stomach, she fell on the ground clutching her stomach and cried in pain. I was so afraid to see my father hitting my mother. I wanted to run to her and comfort her but I kept hiding myself behind the door in fear, covering my mouth tightly with my palm.

"Come darling, we will go into my room and have fun." He said to that lady and took her towards his room.

My mum was crying, holding her stomach on the ground. When they were inside his room and the door was shut, I ran towards my mum and helped her to stand up.

"Are you ok , mum? I asked in concern , tears started running down my eyes seeing her so miserable lying there in pain.

"I am alright , my child. You go into your room and sleep." She said smiling in spite of pain in her stomach. She was such a strong lady. She always hid her pain from me and never said anything bad about my father, though he treated her as a junk.

"No mum, I won't leave you alone here. Where would you sleep? Dad has locked the room so you can't sleep in the room. you come with me and sleep in my room." I gripped her hand and took her into my room. I wiped her wet cheeks with my small hands.

I was only ten but I understood what was going into my house. My father hated my mother because my grandparents forced him to marry my mother who was from a poor family.

My father didn't consider my mother equal to his standard and so he hated me also. I never dared to speak in front of him. He had ordered me not to come in front of him . If it was not very important.

"Mum, why does dad hate me so much? Why can't he love me like other fathers love their child?" I asked in desperation.

"Princess, it's not your fault . It's my mistake. If I haven't married your father, you won't have to suffer like this." She said her tears started streaming down again.

"No mum, it's not your fault. You are so nice and you are a good mother. You are a good wife." I hugged her tightly hoping that it would reduce her pain.

She hugged me securely. I heard strange voices coming from my father's room. That lady was screaming in my father's name and my father was groaning . I couldn't figure out what's happening there in his room. But then I saw my mother cry harder this time. I wrapped my arms around my mother.

"Don't cry ,mum. Please . Nobody can hit you again. Please mum, just stay away from dad and now onwards you stay with me in my room. If you don't go in front of dad, we won't give them a chance to hurt you." I tried to pacify her.

Mum cuddled me on her chest and said, "Listen Mia ,I love you . Always remember that I will always be with you. No matter where I would be. Never lose faith in life. You will have a better life than me." She smiled looking at me cupping my face in her hand. "Mia, one day a prince will come and take you out of this miserable life and place."

"No Mum. I won't marry ever and I won't marry a rich man . They treat us like servants. I will be with you forever." I confessed to her the biggest fear of my life.

My mother giggled and kissed my forehead. " Ok, time to sleep, come. " She switched off the light and lay down on the bed, making me lie beside her on the bed. Soon we both fell asleep.

Slowly my mother's health started deteriorating and she got sick day by day. She hid the illness from me and she did not go for treatment. The desire to live in her had died a long time before and one day she left me alone in this cruel world. I was so angry with her. I didn't want to cry for her. But my heart was hurting so much ,I felt like dying with her.

'Why mum? Why did you leave me alone? Why couldn't you live for me? Was this so difficult to live that you preferred to die?' I asked her ,shouting looking up towards the sky. No answer came down for me.

Now I had to live alone in this cruel world waiting for me to be free from this miserable life of mine. My father got married to that beautiful lady and she became my stepmother.

Actually, the worst began after my father's remarriage. My stepmother hated me more than anything in this world and I didn't know the reason. She brought a daughter with her. My father loved her daughter more than me. Actually he also hated me and I was clueless of my fault.

My stepmother said that I should be grateful to them because they let me live in the house after what my mother had done to them and I was paying for my mothers deeds.

Now my position in that house was not more than a servant. Just like my mother, I had to do all the household chores. I was thankful to my father that he allowed me to attend the school. I waited to become eighteen so that I could get a job and leave his house. Maybe my bad luck would end when I would be an adult on my eighteenth birthday.

But I knew one thing for sure that I would never marry a rich man because they were heartless and treated us as trash.