

Mia is Not a Trouble-Maker! - Chapter 1

Chapter 1: Mommy, I Miss You So Much

Bradford City, Deep Sea Villa, Miller Residence.

It was the Lunar New Year's Eve, a day of family reunion. The Miller family's servants had decorated the villa early in the morning. Amidst the festive atmosphere, a woman's scream cut through the air. "Ah—" Accompanied by the sound of the landing, a pregnant woman rolled down the stairs.

"Becky!" Jonathan Miller rushed up first and asked anxiously, "Becky, are you alright?"

Bright red blood flowed out from between Rebecca Pace's legs. She grabbed Jonathan's arm and said in fear, "It hurts. My stomach hurts. Hubby, our baby... quickly save our baby..."

Old Madam Miller, who was a step slower, panicked. As she asked the servant to call an ambulance, she asked sternly, "What happened?! Why did Madam fall down the stairs?!"

Tears streamed down Rebecca's pale face as she looked up the stairs. Everyone looked up and saw a three-year-old girl standing on the stairs. Facing everyone's gaze, she hugged the kitten doll in her hand tightly.

The old man was furious. "Amelia! Did you push Rebecca?"

Amelia Miller took a step backward: "It wasn't me... I didn't..."

Before Amelia could finish speaking, Rebecca cried and said to Old Master Miller: "Dad, don't blame Mia. She's still young and doesn't know anything. She didn't do it on purpose..."

Everyone's expressions changed, and Jonathan's expression was terrifying. "Someone, lock Amelia in the attic. I'll deal with her when I come back!"

While they were talking, the ambulance arrived, and they hurriedly sent Rebecca to the hospital. Amelia was roughly thrown into the attic by the servants. Her shoes had fallen, but her face was stubborn and she did not beg or cry.

The attic was dark and damp. There were no lights or windows. The darkness was like a huge monster that could swallow people at any time. Amelia curled up in a corner and hugged the kitten doll tightly. She didn't push Rebecca, but no one listened to her explanation, nor believed her.

As time went by, the noise outside gradually disappeared, as if she was the only one left in the world. Amelia was cold and hungry. No one knew that she had been punished by Rebecca the day before and hadn't eaten a single bite of food. Now she was already faint from hunger. Her father said that he wouldn't let her out unless she admitted her mistake, but she didn't do anything wrong.

"Mommy..." The winter months were cold, and it was windy and snowing outside. There was no heater in the attic. Amelia's entire body was ice cold and she couldn't help but shiver. She leaned against the wall and murmured, "Mommy... Mia didn't do anything wrong, Mia doesn't want to ask for forgiveness..."

Although Amelia was only three years old, she already knew many things. She knew that her mother had died a year ago from illness, and her father had found her a new mother. Her new mother had two faces and treated her very well in front of outsiders, but she would treat her very badly when no one was around. The servants even said that her new mother had a baby in her belly...

“Mommy, I miss you so much...” Amelia hugged the kitten doll tighter as she murmured and slowly passed out.

After a long time, the door of the attic was kicked open, and Jonathan walked in angrily. He dragged the unconscious Amelia down the stairs and threw her into the snow outside.

Amelia jolted at the cold air and opened her eyes with difficulty:
“Daddy...”

“You still have the cheek to call me your father?! You killed the child in Rebecca’s stomach. I don’t have a vicious daughter like you!” Jonathan sneered.

The light in Amelia’s eyes slowly disappeared, she no longer had any energy to explain. Jonathan was even angrier when he saw her like this. She did not admit to her wrongdoings and was even putting on an expression that looked half dead! If she was already this evil at such a young age, what would happen when she grew up?

Jonathan looked around, then grabbed the broom that was meant for sweeping snow in the corner and held it in his hand. The stick that was as thick as an arm landed on Amelia’s body with a thud, and Amelia immediately let out a cry.

Jonathan’s eyes widened in anger. “Tell me, are you admitting your mistake?”

“It wasn’t me, Daddy, it really wasn’t me...” Amelia bit her lip, her pale face stubborn. Jonathan was even angrier. “If it wasn’t you, who else could it be? There was only you and Rebecca on the stairs. Could Rebecca have fallen down the stairs herself? She’s six months pregnant, and she’s looking forward to meeting the baby in her belly. How could she frame you with her own child?”

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