

Mia is Not a Trouble-Maker!

Chapter 3: Can You Pick Me Up?

The little girl's voice was extremely weak and carried a trace of imperceptible numbness, like a puppet.

The expressions of the Walton family members changed drastically!

With a bang, the teacup in Old Master Walton's hand fell. Everyone's throat seemed to be choked, and for a moment, no one could make a sound. The tender voice on the other end of the phone continued, like the last words of a dying person. "Little Uncle, Mia is so cold, so hungry... Mia didn't push anyone, but they didn't believe me and didn't listen to Mia... Dad asked Mia to kneel outside and apologize, but Mia didn't do anything wrong. Little Uncle, Mia is so cold. Can you pick me up?" At the end of the sentence, the little girl's voice became weaker and weaker, almost like a murmur. The wind and snow on the other end of the phone were still whistling, but the girl's tender voice suddenly stopped.

Andrew finally reacted. He grabbed his phone and wished he could crawl into the device. "Hello? Mia! Mia, where are you? Tell Little Uncle where you are!"

There was no response on the other end of the line for a long time. Old Master Walton stood up in a panic, and his stern expression disappeared. He shouted anxiously, "Quick, get someone to check the location of this phone number!"

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Before she could finish, she fainted, and the phone fell on the snow. After a long time, Jonathan came to find his phone. Seeing that she was

lying in the snow motionlessly, he raised his foot and kicked her. Seeing that there was no reaction from Amelia, he said in annoyance: “Dead? You’re better off dead!”

Four years ago, Jonathan picked up a woman. The woman’s clothes were in tatters, and he took her back to the apartment out of kindness, and the woman was quite pretty after washing up. When he asked, she didn’t remember anything. He thought she was cute, so he coaxed her for a long time like a young man in love. He said that he wouldn’t force her to be with him, and he took care of everything for her. Thinking of those things now, Jonathan felt disgusted. She was a wandering beggar, and she might have slept with someone when she was wandering. Otherwise, why didn’t Amelia look like him at all? However, although Jonathan was suspicious, he never did a paternity test, because if he found out that she wasn’t his biological daughter, he would become a joke and the most embarrassing man in Bradford City!

Jonathan took his phone and left. He kept making calls in the warm study. “Hello, President Wilson, it’s Jonathan Miller. Do you know anyone from the Walton family in Buffalo?”

“Hello, President O’Brian! Happy New Year, President O’Brian. I heard that you have some contact with the Walton family in Buffalo, right? My company ran into some trouble recently. Can I trouble you...”

The wind and snow outside were getting stronger and stronger, and Amelia lay on the ground. Time passed by slowly, and it was going to be dark soon. Amelia was dizzy and there was still a sliver of consciousness left, but she couldn’t open her eyes no matter what. Ever since her mother died, she hadn’t cried. No matter how much her father beat her, or how much her new mother bullied her, she didn’t cry, but she suddenly felt like crying. She called her little uncle, but there was no sound on the other side of the phone, so her little uncle didn’t want her, right? No one liked her in this world. What about her mother? After she died, would her mother hate her and not want her either?

Amelia's lips were blue, her small hands gripping at the snow. "Mom, Mia won't cry. Mia is a good girl, so please don't abandon Mia..."

At this moment, the ground shook and rumbling sounds could be heard. Seven to eight black cars rushed over from outside the Miller family's villa. The door of the first car opened and a man in a black coat got out. He kicked open the Miller family's door!

The snowstorm was very strong, and the white snow covered Amelia's young body. Andrew looked around anxiously. He remembered that Mia said on the phone that she was kneeling outside! Suddenly, his expression changed, and he saw an inconspicuous snow pile in the snow!

Andrew rushed over and swept the snow away in a panic. He saw the small figure buried in the snow.

"Mia?" Andrew hurriedly picked her up. After seeing Amelia's appearance, he was positive that this was their Walton family's child! Because this face was exactly the same as when his little sister was young! Mia really was the child of their most cherished younger sister!

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