

Mia is Not 301

Chapter 301: Karma Cycle

In the parking lot.

As the living soul of Shawn, who had been extracted, floated towards Amelia, he understood something. He was terrified and indignant. "No, I don't want to die. I haven't made a lot of money yet..." He floated out desperately. This time he would make money. He would be careful not to let anyone find him!

Elmer wrote a few words in the booklet and said coldly, "You're already possessed. Although you're a human, you've long become a ghost. I can't keep you."

Shawn shouted, "What right do you have to arrest me? What right do you have to judge me?! You have no right!"

Elmer closed the booklet. "I'm an Infernal Judge. Tell me if I'm qualified."

Shawn: "... An Infernal Judge? He was filled with regret and indignation. There were so many people in the world who wanted to freeload and earn money. Why was he the only one targeted by an Infernal Judge?! Why was he so unlucky?!

At this moment, Shawn still did not feel that he had done anything wrong. Everyone liked money. What was wrong with him wanting to earn money? He had not stolen or robbed. He had earned money with his own ability. What was wrong with that!

Elmer waved his hand, and Shawn's soul howled indignantly. It turned into a murderous aura and was absorbed by the Soul Retrieving Gourd.

Amelia stared at the Soul Retrieving Gourd and could clearly feel the changes in it. Her master said that the Soul Retrieving Gourd was to collect souls and calculate merit, but she felt that the Soul Retrieving Gourd was powerful and seemed to have a life of its own. For example, she could feel the joy of the Soul Retrieving Gourd now. The entire gourd was stretched.

Amelia put down the Soul Retrieving Gourd and looked at Shawn's parents as they walked away. She asked Alex, "Daddy, Uncle and Aunt will be tired from taking care of such a big child, right?"

Alex drove out, saying, "It's just a cycle of cause and effect." If they had educated Shawn well from a young age, they wouldn't have ended up like this. There was a saying that the unfortunate circumstances faced by some seemingly pitiable individuals are often the result of their past wrongdoings or self-inflicted misfortunes. The mistakes of their youth would sooner or later be retaliated against them.

May passed in the blink of an eye. It was almost the Dragon Boat Festival. On this day, Amelia lay on the sofa on the first floor after eating and called her uncles. "Hello, Third Uncle... Are you still flying in the sky? Oh, you're just about to fly. Can you still come back to eat zongzi during the Dragon Boat Festival?"

Henry finally returned to his captain's position after a few months of observation. At this moment, he was wearing his uniform and preparing for the next mission. When he heard Amelia's soft voice on the phone, he smiled and said, "Yes.'

Amelia was instantly happy. "Alright! Then I'll leave some zongzi for Third Uncle. Grandma and I made them ourselves. Is ten enough?"

Henry laughed. "Ten? That's too much. Two is enough." In fact, he didn't really eat zongzi, but Mia had personally made them, so he would eat two.

After hanging up the phone, Amelia made a tick on her notebook. There were eight small figures drawn on the notebook, and little checks from the first to the third. Amelia made another call. "Hello, Fourth Uncle. Are you coming back to eat zongzi during the Dragon Boat Festival? Mia will wrap ten for you, okay?"

Chris had just finished filming today's scenes and went to the bathroom to wash off his fatigue. When he received Amelia's call, he raised his eyebrows. "Ten? Not enough, at least eleven." As he spoke, his white bathrobe opened slightly, revealing his firm chest.

Amelia wrote it down in her notebook. "Okay, Fourth Uncle wants eleven zongzi!"

Chris chuckled. "Have you remembered it?"

Amelia: "Yes, yes!"

Just as Chris was about to hang up, Amelia suddenly asked, "Fourth Uncle, where are you now?"

Chris sat down on the sofa and took out his tablet to watch the news. As he answered Amelia's question, he said, "At the hotel."

Amelia said, "Then when Fourth Uncle sleeps at night, remember to sleep in the middle of the bed."

Chris looked puzzled. "Why?"

Amelia: "Because there will be unclean aunties sleeping next to Fourth Uncle." Chris was speechless. What kind of person did Mia take him for? Although he had acted with many good-looking actresses, he had always kept his life clean. He wouldn't go so far as to look for some unclean "auntie", right?

Chris: "You're so young. What's going on in your head? Who taught you?"

Amelia's voice was childish. "Master taught me. Master said that when you're on a business trip and staying in a hotel, you have to sleep on the bed, and not leave too much space.. Otherwise, there will be ghosts sleeping with you in the middle of the night!"

Chapter 302: A Ghost Sleeps With You

Chris was stunned for a moment before he realized that Amelia was referring to the female ghost. He couldn't help but laugh out loud. His laughter was extremely pleasant. "Not bad. My Mia even knows how to tell Uncle bedtime ghost stories? It's a good story, but don't tell it next time."

Amelia panicked. "Fourth Uncle, I'm telling the truth!"

Hearing Amelia's words, Chris immediately said, "Okay, Fourth Uncle understands. Thank you, Mia."

Amelia reminded him a few more times worriedly before hanging up. Chris found it interesting and kept a smile on his lips. As he thought about it, he thought of what Amelia had said. What if the bed was too big to sleep in? Then if he slept in the middle, there would be a lot of space on both sides. Wouldn't that mean there would be two female ghosts? In that case, he might as well sleep on one side. At least there would be one female ghost.

Of course, Chris was just thinking about it and didn't take Amelia's words to heart. In the hotel room, the clock on the wall ticked softly. After a while, it was twelve o'clock. Chris put down the tablet, pulled on his robe, and went to bed to rest. He was used to sleeping on the side because it was convenient to take his cell phone and turn off the lights. At this moment, he didn't think too much about it. After lying down, he moved slightly to the middle, but only a little. In the middle of the bed.. Who would sleep in the center nowadays...

In the dead of the night, soft snores came from the room not long after. Chris turned over in a daze and happened to face the empty side of the bed. In his sleep, he suddenly felt a little cold. He didn't know what was playing with his face. He frowned slightly and opened his eyes in a daze...

Chris opened his eyes, and his pupils constricted! There was a woman lying beside his bed at some point in time. The woman's face was pale, so pale that it was abnormal. Her eyes were also fixed on him, and she was still sliding the ends of her hair on his face. Seeing that he had woken up, she smiled gently.

"You're awake?"

Chris sprang up from the bed. He had never moved so quickly before. He looked at the woman and shouted sternly, "Who are you!?"

Although Chris was shocked, he didn't think in the direction of a female ghost. He had too many fans, including crazy fanatic fans. Sometimes, when he stayed in a hotel, he could still hear the sound of the fanatics trying to pick the lock. However, this was the first fan like this woman who came into the room silently! Just thinking about it made Chris's scalp tingle!

The female ghost slowly got up and sat on the bed. She tugged at her clothes, revealing half of her shoulder. Her face was filled with shyness. "Brother..."

Every moment of the night is worth a thousand gold. Tonight... I'm yours..."

Chris was speechless. He held back his disgust and pointed coldly at the door.

"Get out!"

The female ghost stood un resentfully with an aggrieved expression. "Brother.

what did I do wrong? For you, I'm already dead. Can't you feel sorry for me?

I'm pitiful enough..."

Dead? Chris frowned and felt that there was something wrong with this fan's brain. As the female ghost was wearing a long dress, Chris didn't see anything abnormal for the time being until the female ghost floated straight in front of him from the bed. Her feet didn't touch the ground, and her toes were hanging...

Chris: Ghost?! It was a ghost!

Chris instantly thought of the bedtime ghost story Amelia had told him. It turned out that if he didn't sleep well in bed, he would really attract ghosts!

The female ghost raised her head faintly and looked at Chris infatuatedly.

"Brother, why aren't you saying anything? I've liked Brother for a long time.

Brother, don't you remember me?"

Chris panicked. What could he remember? Or rather, there was nothing worth remembering at all! Although many people said that Chris was a refined gentleman, he never interacted much with his fans, nor did he contact his fans in private...

Chris was only wearing a thin sleeping robe at this moment. He resisted the urge to rush out of the door, grabbed his cell phone and car keys in a panic, and ran out of the room in a sorry state.

Chris's footsteps were hurried. The hotel's privacy was very good. The corridor was quiet, and one could hear the echo of Chris running quickly. However, no matter how fast he ran, the female ghost was still floating beside him. "Brother, why are you running? Brother, are you afraid of me?"

At this point, the female ghost became even more resentful.

Chris pressed the elevator button and went straight to the first floor. The hotel's lobby manager only saw a person in a sleeping robe rush out of the elevator. Just as he was about to speak, he saw that the person was already

gone..

Chapter 303: You Can Stand Up

The lobby manager:

Chris's filming location this time was not in Buffalo, but thousands of miles south. He took a plane back to the Walton family overnight.

Early in the morning, just as the sky lit up, a thin fog enveloped the city. Chris's eyes were bloodshot. This female ghost had actually followed him all the way! He thought that the female ghost would disappear after the sun came out, but he didn't expect her to still be around during the day! Ghosts nowadays could even appear during the day?! Chris felt that he had watched all the movies and television dramas about ghosts for nothing. They were all

When he finally returned to Walton's house, Chris couldn't care less about his image. He ran towards the main building, shouting, "Mia!"

Mrs. Walton controlled the wheelchair and had just come down from the second floor when she saw a man with disheveled hair and wearing a dressing gown that fluttered. She could see half of his butt as he ran in.

Mrs. Walton: "...” She didn't recognize Chris. After all, Chris wasn't usually like this. She thought that a pervert had entered her house and shivered in fear. She subconsciously stood up. "Someone! Someone!"

Chris was stunned for a moment before he quickly reacted. His mother had actually stood up?! He stopped in his tracks and looked at Mrs. Walton in shock. "Mom, you..."

Mrs. Walton: " . . . Chris?"

Chris was speechless. "...You didn't just recognize me, did you?"

Mrs. Walton was speechless. Indeed, she had just recognized him.

Mrs. Walton rolled her eyes and habitually sat back in the wheelchair. She heaved a sigh of relief. "How did you end up like this? Are there ferocious beasts chasing you behind?"

Chris temporarily forgot about the female ghost. He pointed at Mrs. Walton's leg and opened his mouth. "Mom, you just stood up."

As Mrs. Walton controlled the wheelchair to walk out, she nagged, "What's the fuss about? Isn't it normal for me to stand up?" Wait, stand up? Mrs. Walton was stunned.

Mrs. Walton had been able to stand for most of her life, unlike some disabled people who hadn't stood up for more than ten or twenty years. Therefore, sometimes, she didn't think there was anything wrong with Chris's words. Now that she reacted, she was dumbfounded. "I just stood up?"

Mrs. Walton pushed herself up in the wheelchair and tried to stand up shakily, but for some psychological reason or other, she didn't succeed. Chris hurriedly went over to help her. Mrs. Walton was a little discouraged, thinking that it might be the potential that had erupted when she had just been in danger.

However, Chris didn't think so. "Since you could stand up just now, you can definitely stand up in the future. Mom, you might even be able to dance in the square with other old ladies in the future."

Hope lit up in Mrs. Walton's eyes. She suddenly remembered that she seemed

to have kicked Mr. Walton two days ago. She quickly controlled the wheelchair to walk to the elevator. "No, I have to find your father..."

Chris heaved a sigh of relief. Suddenly, he heard a shy voice beside his ear. "So

Brother has such a gentle side. I really love Brother more and more..."

Chris was speechless. Damn it! He had actually forgotten about the female ghost just now! He put on his robe and ran upstairs again. "Mia!"

The female ghost was about to follow when she suddenly felt that something was wrong. Her expression changed and she hurriedly flew out, quickly disappearing.

George walked out with the coffee and frowned. "Mia isn't up yet. What a_re you screaming for?"

Chris: "Of course it's something urgent!"

Eric carried his bag and sized up Chris with a bun in his mouth. "Why are you like this? Did you see a ghost?" Chris: He did see a ghost!

Upstairs.

Amelia opened her eyes and saw Fourth Uncle standing in front of her. She was puzzled. "Eh, Fourth Uncle, why are you back so quickly? The zongzi aren't wrapped yet..."

Chris subconsciously added, "Mia, your Fourth Uncle seems to have encountered a zongzi...!"

Amelia, who was still in a daze, also said, "Really? What filling does the zongzi have?"

Chris: '

Chris rubbed his brow. "It's not a zongzi. It's a ghost. A female ghost. After you told me the ghost story last night, I really bumped into a ghost."

Amelia looked behind Chris in confusion. "There's no female ghost." However, it was true that Fourth Uncle had dark energy.

Chris immediately said, "It's normal that you can't see the female ghost. She's just..." He was about to point to his side when he suddenly realized that the female ghost was gone. He looked around in shock. The female ghost was really gone.. Where did she go?!

Chapter 304: Patting the Dog's Head

Elmer went out to check. After a while, he came in and said, "She should have run away. She ran quite fast." With that, he looked at Chris again. "He was contaminated by the evil aura. He should have encountered an evil ghost."

Amelia asked, "So what now?"

Elmer's eyes flashed. What should he do? Since the evil ghost had pestered Chris, of course, he should let Chris go out and lure the evil ghost out.

Amelia crawled to the bed and waved at Chris. "Fourth Uncle, lower your head..."

Chris subconsciously bent down. Amelia patted his head and said eloquently, "Pat the dogs head. You don't have to worry about anything..." Then, her small hand slid to his shoulder and thigh. "Pat the dogs leg. Life is smooth..."

Chris:

In a place where Chris couldn't see, the dark energy was dispersed. Chris felt his entire body lighten and his emotions gradually stabilized. The corners of his mouth twitched as he asked, "Who taught you?"

Amelia pointed at Elmer obediently. "My master."

Chris: "... " George had told him about this before. He said that Amelia had a master by her side. Perhaps Amelia had been abused when she was young and imagined someone to protect her. However, there was also a possibility that this master really existed. Otherwise, how would Amelia know Andrew's phone number back then? However, Chris didn't think much of it at that time. He was more inclined to believe that Amelia had psychological problems. He even quarreled with George because he didn't send Amelia to a psychiatrist...

But now, Chris subconsciously wanted to push the frame of his glasses, but he realized that he had run too quickly and didn't wear his glasses.

At this moment, George came in with a tablet and said calmly, "Are you still not awake? Then let's watch the entertainment news this morning to wake up."

Chris subconsciously took the tablet and saw a huge headline on it: Best Actor Chris's persona has collapsed.

The accompanying photo on the news was of him running out of the hotel in his sleeping robe. His actions were like a monkey escaping from the zoo... The entire Internet was shocked and guessed that something had happened to Chris, making him run out of the hotel without caring about his image. He didn't even have time to put on his clothes.

Some of the comments below speculated that Chris was sleepwalking, some said that he was drunk, and some fans said that Chris was too immersed in the role because the character he was filming now was a crazy person. They said that he was too dedicated! Of course, there were also people who retorted that Chris didn't seem to be too immersed in the role. Instead, he looked like he had seen a ghost.

Seeing this comment, Chris wanted to reply: You guessed right.

Due to his identity, after Chris communicated with his manager, he posted on Twitter to clarify, "I'm sorry, my mother has been in poor health. Something happened yesterday, and I was in a hurry to go home."

Thinking of what had happened this morning, Chris felt that he wasn't lying.

His mother had been in a wheelchair for so many years and could stand up. Something big had happened.

The fans echoed, "So that's how it is. Brother, you're so filial!"

"Brother is such a steady person, but he actually ran out of the hotel in his sleeping robe. I guess Brother's mother's condition isn't too good, right?" "Wuwuvvu, how could this be? Will Brother not be able to withstand it?"

Right on the heels of that, the fans spontaneously commented on Twitter: “Have a safe journey, Auntie. I hope there’s no illness in heaven. Brother, my condolences.’

Nirs. Walton had just finished telling Nir. Walton that she could stand up, and Mr. Walton immediately said that she needed to go to the hospital for a checkup. Then, Mrs. Walton picked up her phone and was about to leave when she saw a news notification: Best Actor Chris’s mother is suspected to have passed away last night...

Then, the comments below were all wishing Mrs. Walton a safe journey and offering condolences!

Mrs. Walton: “???” She wasn’t dead yet! Looking at Chris’s Twitter post, fine, he was really her good son!

After Chris posted on Twitter, he did not pay attention to the movements on the Internet. Instead, he said to Amelia sincerely, “Mia, Fourth Uncle is wrong.

Fourth Uncle shouldn’t have not believed you.”

Amelia smiled smugly and cutely. “Right? If you don’t listen to Mia, you’ll suffer!”

Chris: ‘

During breakfast, Chris was pressed down and beaten up by Mrs. Walton. Only then did he realize the misunderstanding online. He immediately posted another Twitter post to explain that his mother was fine and that they shouldn’t talk nonsense. However, his fans thought that Chris was pretending to be strong and commented to comfort him.

Chris: ‘

Chapter 305: Someone Is Causing Trouble

After dinner, George took Mrs. Walton and Mr. Walton to the hospital. Alex sent Amelia and Emma to kindergarten. Chris's heart tightened. What about him? The thought of the female ghost who had pestered him all night made his hair stand on end.

Chris: "Mia, Fourth Uncle will teach you to skip class today, right? Do you want to learn?"

Alex. "... Leading his daughter astray in front of him?! He immediately looked at Chris with an unfriendly expression.

Amelia pointed at the door of the main building and comforted him. "Fourth Uncle, don't be nervous. As long as you don't step out of the house, it's fine. Be good and wait for me to finish school." With that, she patted Chris's head.

Chris: "... He felt like he was being treated like an insensible child.

This time, Chris was very obedient. Amelia said he shouldn't leave the main building, so he didn't even leave his room. However, at this moment, Uncle Smith rushed in. "Fourth Young Master, there are a few people who claim to be the family members of one your fans outside. That fan jumped off a building yesterday and passed away. They want you to give them an explanation. I don't know how they found their way here..."

Chris's heart sank. Thinking of the ghost from last night, he asked, "Where did they jump off the building?"

Uncle Smith: "At midnight yesterday, at the Munster Hotel, on the forty-fourth floor."

The Munster Hotel happened to be the hotel where Chris was staying yesterday.

Uncle Smith: "But there seems to be something wrong with this fan. When she committed suicide, she was wearing a red dress. There was a pair of red high heels left behind, and they were the kind of bright red wedding shoes people wear when they get married. There were also red candles on both sides of the dressing mirror. Last night, before she committed suicide, she even posted on Twitter..." He found an account and opened it for Chris to see. He saw the content of the Twitter post: "Tonight, I'm going to

marry Brother.” The accompanying photo was of a girl with bridal makeup. Beside the girl was a photo of Chris. It must’ve been photoshopped.

Chris narrowed his eyes and stared at the girl in the photo. This girl seemed to look different from the female ghost last night? Could it be that there was more than one female ghost sleeping beside him yesterday?

Uncle Smith asked, “Fourth Young Master, are you going out to take a look?” Chris refused without thinking. “You can settle it.” Mia had already reminded him not to leave the main building. It was often done in television dramas and movies. The main character had instructed the supporting actors not to go out, but the supporting actors were disobedient and insisted on going out. In the end, they died, so he would never go out. Even if he starved to death, he would never step out of the main building! He wanted to be a supporting actor with brains and intelligence!

Outside the Walton family’s manor, the girl’s parents were crying and rolling on the ground. “My child! You have to compensate my child! Is this how rich people bully the poor?”

In addition to the girl’s parents, there were also her relatives. All of them were shouting as if Chris was a murderer.

Uncle Smith walked out and frowned. sympathize with your child’s death, but this has nothing to do with our Walton family. Please leave.”

The girl’s parents were stunned. “What do you mean? Your family killed my daughter. Are you going to ignore it?”

The other relatives also denounced, “Listen to what you’re saying. What do you mean by it has nothing to do with you? You’re too heartless!”

Uncle Smith asked very calmly, “Then may I ask, has your daughter contacted anyone in our family?”

The girl’s parents: “...” There was definitely no contact. They searched their daughter’s phone, diary, and Twitter, but they didn’t see Chris’s reply. Even Chris’s official support team didn’t contact their daughter. Chris was a big star after all. How could he contact his little fans?”

“But my daughter did die because of Chris! Chris is the fourth young master of your Walton family!” The girl’s father looked indignant.

Uncle Smith looked at him, still rational and calm. “Then may I ask if our Fourth Young Master instigated your child to jump off the building? Before she jumped off the building, did she call our Fourth Young Master or contact him?”

The girl’s parents: “...” They didn’t even have a way to contact him. How could they contact him? Wasn’t this bullying?

Uncle Smith asked again, “Since there’s no phone contact or other contact information, I’ll ask again. Did she meet our Fourth Young Master and interact with him?”

The girl’s parents still could not answer..

Chapter 306:Let Chris Out

Uncle Smith sneered. “They’ve never contacted each other on the Internet, nor do they know each other in real life. They’ve never met or interacted with each other. Then, your child jumped off a building, but you’re clamoring for our Fourth Young Master to take responsibility? Where does this logic come from?” According to them, was it someone who choked on rice one day and had to blame the farmer who grew rice? If they went to the river to play with water and drowned, they had to blame the river for flowing?

Although Uncle Smith’s words were a little cold, he had to be firm when dealing with these shameless people. Otherwise, if he hesitated or gave in at all, they would bite him even harder.

The girl’s father smashed the mineral water bottle in his hand on the ground and shouted, “What’s the use of saying so much! My child is already dead! It’s not your child who died. Don’t you know how to feel sorry for her?”

Uncle Smith's eyes turned cold.

The relatives of the girl's family were still denouncing him. "You guys don't want to take responsibility?"

"If our child didn't chase after celebrities, would she have jumped off a building?"

"It's all your Fourth Young Master's fault. It's Chris's fault for posting photos on Twitter every day and acting. If it weren't for him, would our child have jumped off the building?"

"That's right, that's right. Anyway, it's your responsibility!"

"Let Chris out! Why? You dare to attract bees and butterflies outside and seduce people, but you don't dare to face it after something happens?"

Coward!"

The more the girl's relatives spoke, the angrier they became. They began to smash things. The flower pot and decorations in front of Walton's house were shattered by them.

In the room, Chris looked at the situation at the door through the surveillance cameras and slowly frowned. How did their home address get leaked? How did these people find the Walton family's manor? He pressed his temples with one hand and couldn't figure it out no matter how hard he tried. He was sure that he had never said his home address. Even the contract with the film company only contained the address of an independent apartment he owned outside. Chris had no choice. In the end, he called George, but George only said, "I understand," and hung up.

Chris: '

At the entrance of the Walton family's manor, Uncle Smith called the police. "Hello, is this the police station? A group of people came to our house to cause trouble and smashed a flower pot worth six million yuan, an antique flower rack worth five million yuan, and a Juliet rose bush worth four million yuan..." The group of people immediately fell silent.

Uncle Smith took a look and continued, "There's also a pot of cactus flowers worth ten million that they're preparing to smash..."

The man holding the cactus wanted to smash it, but when he heard this, he subconsciously put it down. His face was filled with disbelief. Just this cactus? Ten million? It was something that could be seen everywhere in the farmer's market. One hundred yuan could buy a lot of it. Why was it worth ten million here?!

However, even if they didn't believe it, they really didn't dare to smash it. What was this, bullying the poor? Fine, they would expose their home address now. Didn't Chris have a lot of fans? Let's see what he would do then!

Uncle Smith hung up the call and made another call. "Hello, is this Lawyer Tong? Someone leaked our family's address. Now, 17 people know. If I remember correctly, this is already a crime of infringing on personal information, right? Well, then help me sue them and make sure they receive the greatest punishment under the law, our family doesn't lack money. Did it cause economic losses? It did. The antique flower rack of five million yuan shattered, the flower pot of six million yuan was destroyed, and roses worth four million yuan were destroyed. We lost a total of 15 million yuan. This number cause them to be sentenced, right? More than three years and less than seven years? Alright, we still have five underage children in our family. They have already seriously threatened the safety of our family. The children don't even dare to go to school, so please sue them for more than seven years!" The troublemakers: "... Which child of theirs didn't dare to go to school?!

"You!" The girl's father was so angry that his face turned red. "This is a blatant threat! "

Uncle Smith hung up the phone and said expressionlessly, "There's no threat. I'm just telling the truth. Do you have anything else to add?"

As the butler of the Walton family's manor, Uncle Smith's position as the butler was not for nothing. If he did not have any means, how could he manage such a huge manor? He looked coldly at the group of scoundrels in front of him.

The troublemakers: ‘

Chapter 307: Who Released the Address

The girl’s mother fainted on the spot. She clutched her chest and shouted, “My daughter! My Hazel! My Hazel died so pitifully! God, you’re so unfair. Why are you treating my Hazel like this? Why are you treating me like this...” Their daughter was already dead. It was fine if the Walton family didn’t care, but they actually wanted to call the police and sue them. There was no justice!

While shouting, the police arrived. “Who called the police? Who’s causing trouble?”

When the relatives of the girl who jumped off the building saw this, they retreated.

The girl’s father was inconsolable, “The officials protect each other! The rich can cover the sky with one hand! You don’t care that they killed my daughter. How much money did you collect from them in private?!”

The police: They had just arrived and were already accused of accepting bribes? A police officer’s face darkened as he said, “A gathering of more than three people can be considered a crowd causing trouble. Now that they’ve called the police, are you leaving?”

Unexpectedly, the troublemakers straightened their necks. “No! If they don’t give us an explanation today, we definitely won’t leave!” There were so many of them. Could the police arrest them all? One had to know that there was a saying that the law couldn’t punish the masses!

Unexpectedly, the police officer waved his hand. “Alright, take them all away!”

The few police officers behind him immediately came up and controlled them one by one. They directly pressed down the heads of the troublemakers and took them away.

The troublemakers: “...” They felt like they were in a dream. When they reacted, they all cried. The girl’s mother cried even harder. “Someone hit someone! The police hit someone! Help!”

After a while, the girl’s mother could not make a sound. She must have been gagged by the police.

Uncle Smith watched the police car leave. He tidied his tuxedo and walked back to the manor with steady steps, as elegant as if nothing had happened.

At this moment, Uncle Smith's phone rang. He picked it up and said in surprise, "It's her?"

On the phone, George said, "I've sent you the information."

Uncle Smith nodded. "Okay, I'll take care of it."

After hanging up, Uncle Smith looked at his cell phone and was a little speechless. He did not expect Walton's address to be leaked from that woman. It was too easy on her to chase her away back then. The person who leaked

Walton's address was none other than Megan! Amelia's former kindergarten teacher.

Uncle Smith made a call. "Hello, help me deal with someone. I've sent the address and photo to your phone. What do you mean kill? What nonsense. Our Walton family is clean. How can we do such a lawless thing!" After hanging up, Uncle Smith muttered, "How can this Megan still jump around!" He thought that she had gone offline long ago!

After the female ghost left Walton's house, she stood on the overpass and looked at the cars coming and going on the road. Her eyes were red. "I like Brother Chris so much. I like him so much that I can die for him. Why won't he look at me still?" Just as she was feeling sorry for herself, a woman walked past her. The woman was holding a huge black plastic bag with a lot of vegetables in it. She must be someone from a restaurant going out to buy ingredients.

The woman carried the black plastic bag and walked less than half a meter.

Suddenly, she placed the plastic bag on the ground and cried. "It's so heavy... I'm so tired... Boohoo..." Megan felt that she was too pitiful. After being chased out of the house by her ex-boyfriends, she could

only go to the hotel to be an attendant. She thought that if she worked as an attendant in the hotel, she would be able to see many rich handsome men. Unexpectedly, she did not see any handsome men. Instead, she was bullied badly. For example, today, the kitchen was missing a type of vegetable, so she was given a hundred yuan to buy it. What could a hundred yuan do? It was not even enough to take a taxi!

Megan's heart was filled with resentment. She wiped her tears and sweat and tried her best to cheer herself on. "Go! Mango! Don't be discouraged! You can do it! Go, go, go!"

The female ghost at the side: "... " What a disgusting woman! However... this woman's undereyes were dark and her soul was weak. No matter how one looked at it, she was a good person to possess... Although the female ghost was an evil ghost and could come out during the day, all ghosts were afraid of the light. She had been under the sun for so long and felt a little uncomfortable, so she reluctantly possessed Megan.

At this moment, the female ghost did not expect how regretful this decision would make her in the future!

Chapter 308: Swallow Her First

After Megan cheered herself on, she carried the plastic bag down the overpass. When she returned to the hotel, she bumped into the hotel manager. Megan quickly greeted him shyly. "Hello, Manager Wang."

Manager Wang nodded lightly and asked, "Megan, what have you done recently?"

Megan was stunned. "I haven't done anything recently. I've been very diligent. Manager Wang, you don't have to call me by my name. Just call me Mango,"

Manager Wang took out his phone and said without looking up, "There's no need."

A trace of sadness flashed across Megan's eyes. She smiled dejectedly. "I thought Manager Wang also... I didn't expect that I was imagining things..." With that, Megan quickly covered her mouth as if she had let it slip. Her eyes avoided his. "I'm sorry, Manager Wang. Just pretend that I didn't say anything."

Manager Wang: He made a call. In less than two minutes, two men in black came in.

The man in black came over and asked, "Megan?"

Megan: "Yes, it's me. What's wrong?" She looked at the man in black and then at Manager Wang. Could it be that it was inconvenient for Manager Wang to care about her in public, so he got someone to take her away? He wanted to imprison her so that she could only see him and smile at him in the future?

The female ghost sitting on Megan's head: "???" What was going on? Why did she suddenly have a bad feeling?

Megan looked at Manager Wang stubbornly. "Manager Wang, if you do this...

even if you get my body, you won't be able to get my heart!"

Unexpectedly, as soon as Megan finished speaking, the man in black grabbed her arm without a word. The other went forward and grabbed her hair, forcefully taking her away.

Manager Wang: "... He glanced at the employees watching the show at the side and said coldly, "Did you see that? You can't do anything illegal. You have to be upright!"

The employees: No way? Megan broke the law? That's why she was captured by the men in black?

An employee said softly, "It's good to take her away. Megan looks very innocent every day, but she always does awkward things and makes the work atmosphere strange."

Someone added, "What innocence? Can't you see that her eyes light up when she sees a man? When she sees a man, she wants to stick to him. She thinks that all men are interested in her and likes her. It's disgusting."

Someone nodded in agreement. "That's right. I feel annoyed every day when I see her. The three to four catties of vegetables are not heavy. Every time she brings them back, her eyes will turn red, then she will bite her lips and look aggrieved, as if someone bullied her."

On the other side, Megan was forcefully brought into a black car. She quickly said, "Brothers, are you mistaken? Why did you arrest me? I didn't do anything."

The man in black flashed a document. "You're suspected of selling other people's private information. The impact is bad and the situation is serious.

The victims are suing you according to the law."

Megan was dumbfounded... No, the prosecution process wasn't like this, right?

The man in black did not give Megan time to react. He brought her straight to the police station and then to the detention center. From beginning to end, everything was orderly.

Before Megan could react, she heard that she had been sentenced to seven years in prison. She was stunned. No, what had she done? She hadn't done anything. How could this be... In her mind, she couldn't help but think of the television drama plot she had seen. She was the domineering President's substitute lover. Now that the first love was coming back, the President heartlessly sent her to prison. Later, the President regretted it...

The female ghost who was possessing Megan: "???" She felt her intelligence slowly being devoured, and the murderous aura on her body could not help but surge out. Like a balloon deflating, they all ran towards Megan.

The female ghost suddenly woke up and wanted to leave Megan immediately. Unexpectedly, she was sucked so tightly by Megan that she could not break free! The female ghost regretted it. What kind of thing had she possessed! In her panic, she opened her bloody mouth and bit Megan's neck! If she dared to swallow her, she would swallow her first!

Megan instantly screamed and fell to the ground with a thud. Her eyes rolled back in her head and she lost consciousness.

When the people in the detention center saw that Megan had suddenly fainted and was foaming at the mouth, they hurriedly called the prison doctor over. After working for a while, they did all the tests. The prison doctor pulled his hair and looked puzzled. "There's nothing wrong. Her heart is normal, the CT scan of her brain is normal, and the blood test is normal... All the indicators are normal..

Chapter 309: Is It Wrong to Be Kind?

Moreover, Megan's stats were healthier than ordinary people! Since she didn't have any illness, why did she suddenly faint, roll her eyes, and foam at the mouth?

The prison guards looked at each other and understood. One of them sneered and said, "Another one pretending to be crazy to avoid responsibility? The one I caught last time pretended to have amnesia on the spot."

The prison doctor nodded. After a rigorous discussion by the person in charge, it was finally determined that Megan was deliberately pretending to be sick to avoid the punishment of the law.

The prison doctor woke Megan up and pulled her back to continue locking her up. Megan felt very bitter, but she could not say it because her mouth and eyes were crooked now, but these prison guards actually thought that she was pretending! Why was she so pitiful!

No one saw a female ghost lying on Megan's body. The ghost bit Megan's body and cursed. "Damn it! What is this? It tastes terrible!" She must have had eight lifetimes of bad luck to meet Megan!

The female ghost suppressed her disgust and ate the baleful aura on Megan's body. Only then could she leave Megan's body. The moment she left, she vomited the baleful aura she had eaten! She found it dirty!

The female ghost left with an unlucky expression. Megan was locked up in the detention center just like that. Her seven-year sentence was confirmed, and the detention center was separated between men and women. There were no men for her to seduce.

Megan looked at the sky outside the metal window and cried silently. She felt that fate was so unfair. She should have been the female lead of the world, but unfortunately, she did not meet the right person. She had not met the domineering President who truly loved her, doted on her, and was willing to sacrifice his life for her...

As for selling the Walton family's address, Megan did not have the money to pay the rent some time ago. She happened to hear a few people say that they were looking for the Walton family, so she sold the Walton family's address and collected some money. She did not really want to sell the Walton family's address! Moreover, her actions could be considered helping others, right? Why did she end up breaking the law and being detained? Boohoo, she was so indignant. Was it wrong to be kind?

On the other side, the family of the girl who jumped off the building returned to their place. All of them were furious. "If you ask me, why are you afraid of the Walton family?! Post their address online and let the netizens scold them to death! Throw rotten eggs at their door every day! No matter what, we're not in the wrong this time! Our child committed suicide because she chased after celebrities! Could Chris escape responsibility?"

The girl's father nodded and felt that this made sense. However, when it came to who would post the Walton family's address online, everyone hesitated.

In the end, the girl's father stood up with red eyes. "I'll send it!" He held his phone with a determined expression. What was he afraid of? His daughter was gone, and he was the real pitiful person. As for Chris? He had lost nothing! Could rich people bully poor people like them?

Just then, someone ran in. "Wait, wait, don't be rash!" He panted. "I just asked around. Do you still remember the woman who sold us the Walton family's address a few days ago?"

The girl's father nodded. He remembered. Of course he remembered. That woman didn't seem to be very smart.

The guy said, "I just heard that the woman was sued by the Waltons. She's in detention. Says at least seven years in prison."

As soon as he said this, the girl's father retracted his hand in embarrassment, but the expression on his face became even more indignant. "The Walton family is blatantly bullying us!"

Everyone joined in cursing the Walton family, but no one dared to post the Walton family's address online again. What a joke. That was a seven-year prison sentence! How many seven years could a person have!

After someone finished scolding, he said awkwardly, "Um... It's not that I don't want to help you, but my son is going to take the civil servant examination today. I'm not afraid myself, but I can't affect my child's future..."

One of them spoke, and the others also expressed that they wanted to help, but because of this and that, they could not continue to help.

Actually, the reason why these people helped Hazel's parents seek justice from the Walton family was because they wanted money. The Walton family was so rich that any bit of money they threw out was enough for them to not worry in their next life. But now, the Walton family did not give them money and used the law to punish them... They could not get the money in the end, and they would still be imprisoned..

Chapter 310: Control the Ghost

Hazel's mother's eyes were swollen from crying. "Are we just going to let it go?"

What about my Hazel? Is she going to die in vain?" She refused to admit that she had not taken good care of her daughter. As parents, who wanted their children to be in trouble? She and Hazel's father were very busy with work and did not have time to take care of Hazel, but they were busy because they wanted their daughter to have a better life.

In short, it was all those celebrities' fault. They would take selfies online at the drop of a hat. They even had a celebrity fan club to make their daughter obsessed with it. She remembered Chris's birthday, height, weight, and even cared about Chris's emotions. Their daughter had never cared about them so much! They worked hard to earn money to give their daughter living expenses and tuition, but their daughter lived frugally and spent all her money on Chris. She had to spend a few thousand yuan every month. Was this money wasted?!

Hazel's father slammed the table and said as if he had gone crazy, "I don't know anything about chasing celebrities or celebrity supporters! I only know that my daughter died because of that Chris! We can't let this matter rest!"

After everyone agreed, they finally decided to go to Chris's company to cause trouble! They didn't dare to provoke the Walton family, but a film company had to pay attention to its influence, right?

Amelia came back from school and found out that the family of the girl who jumped off the building had come to cause trouble. Elmer shook his head from the side. "People nowadays always blame others for their mistakes. They're poor, they're reasonable, they're weak, they're reasonable. They think that since their daughter is dead, others should sympathize with them, help them, and even compensate them..." In this world, many people felt that they were poor, so they worked hard to climb up and have a better life. These people were respectable, but there was always a small group of people who thought that they were already so pitiful when something happened to them. They had already worked hard. Others should sympathize with them, help them, and give them a hand...

Elmer sighed. "What's even more terrifying is that they don't think their thoughts are wrong."

Amelia asked, "Master, what should we do?"

Elmer said, "We can't interfere in human matters, and it's none of your business. You're a child now. We just have to take care of the ghosts."

Amelia was puzzled. "So?"

Elmer: "So, take your fourth uncle and let's go out and catch ghosts."

The girl in red clothes who lit red candles and jumped off the building, and the evil ghost... There must be some connection between the two of them. Ghosts needed at least ten years to level up to evil ghosts. Many ghosts could not accept the process of dying repeatedly even if they wanted to become evil ghosts. During this period, they would be tortured until they disappeared. Anyone who could become an evil ghost had a huge obsession.

Amelia nodded and understood. She ran upstairs. "Fourth Uncle, Mia will take you fishing!"

Chris: Fishing? Why was he fishing for no reason?

Chris's film company was Glory Entertainment. It was a cloudy day, and dark clouds were gathering outside, as if they wanted to shroud the entire building. Victor sat in his chair and looked at the summary of Chris's incident with a headache. It said something about Chris's image collapsing, saying that he was acting like a big shot and left the production team without permission, and so on...

"These people are really..." Victor sighed. What did it mean by taking advantage of their weakness to take their life? He had finally seen it today. Chris's status in the entertainment industry was very high. His acting skills, looks, and business ability were publicly acknowledged. This also meant that all the resources were leaning towards him. Once he fell, wouldn't the resources behind him flow to others? Therefore, many people wanted to grab hold of Chris's weakness and get rid of him! However, Chris had always kept himself clean and acted seriously. There were no scandals, so they couldn't find any mistakes. Now that they had finally been given something to use against him, of course, these people had to grab hold of it. It was best to kill Chris directly so that he couldn't make a comeback!

"Sigh..." Victor sighed.

At this moment, an old lady in a green Tang suit silently appeared by the window. Victor was so frightened that his mouth was agape. His sigh turned into a scream. "Ahhh!" He fell to the ground!

The old lady in the Tang suit glared.. "What are you screaming for?"