

Mia is Not 321

Chapter 321: You 'll Be Unlucky If You Swear Randomly

Amelia was as happy as a happy bird as she busied herself happily between the desks. She still remembered what she had said about cleaning the office.

Victor shrank his neck and looked around before saying, "Miss Amelia, leave it. I'll do it..."

Amelia looked at Victor and said, "Uncle Duncan, I don't think you can." His stomach was too big to squat.

Victor: "...". He really couldn't squat down, but... his stomach was elastic. He could try his best! In the end, when he exerted strength, a button flew out of his stomach and bounced on Parrot Seven.

Seven shouted, "Bird killer! Bird killer! Help!" As he shouted, he flew towards the corridor. Grandpa Turtle had just crawled to the entrance of the corridor when Seven stepped on his head.

Grandpa Turtle: "...". Why? Are you bullying me because I can't speak?

In a certain secondary school dormitory in North City. It was the Dragon Boat Festival today, and the school was on holiday. The students were like birds out of their cages, cheering and going home. Only a few students who did not go home were still in school.

At around 10 p.m., the school was dead silent. After the lights were turned off, the few students who stayed in the school had already gone to bed and were preparing to sleep. The school fell into darkness. The school police patrolled twice as usual. Then, when it was almost 12 p.m., they went back to change shifts.

At this moment, a dim red light suddenly lit up in one of the dormitory rooms on the fourth floor. It should be candles or a flashlight. A girl was sitting in front of a desk. There was a mirror on the desk, and two candles were lit on both sides of the mirror. She was wearing a red short-sleeved shirt and a red skirt. She chuckled at the mirror. "It's time..."

At midnight, a boy found it hot and moved a stool to the dormitory balcony to play games. He unintentionally looked up and happened to see a girl dressed in red climbing onto the balcony opposite the female dormitory. The boy's pupils constricted and the cell phone in his hand fell.

In the quiet night, the clang was very obvious. The girl in the red dress looked up and looked over faintly. Then, she smiled strangely and jumped off the balcony.

"Ah!" The boy was terrified. His scream cut through the night.

The Walton family was also very lively during the Dragon Boat Festival holiday. Eric and Dylan would definitely be home on time, Andrew was still on duty at the hospital and would only be back at night. George, on the other hand, went home to work. Chris was also at home. Henry would not be back

until the next day. Sixth Brother Milo and Seventh Brother Quinn, one was from the national scientific research department, and the other's job was special in nature. They could not go home during the holidays.

Actually, Amelia did not know what Sixth Uncle Milo and Seventh Uncle Quinn were doing. She only knew that she had seen them once in Bradford City before and had never seen them again.

In the kitchen, Alex was chopping up the minced meat. The servants moved the ingredients for the zong zi to the cafeteria. Amelia and Emma were sitting on small chairs, each holding a small zong zi in their arms and tying it tightly.

Mrs. Walton said, "Mia, Emma, be careful. This bamboo strip is very sharp..." They used bamboo leaves to wrap the zong zi. The zong zi fillings included meat, red dates, and bean paste...

Amelia said, "Grandma, don't worry. Mia has to wrap a lot of zong zi. Eldest

Uncle said that he wants to eat two. Second Uncle and Fifth Uncle want eight, Third Uncle wants two, Fourth Uncle wants eleven..." There were also Brother

William, Sister Emma, Brother Lucas, and Brother Harper... There were also Grandpa, Grandma, Mom, Dad, and Grandpa Turtle... Wow, she had to wrap a lot of zong zi!

Mrs. Walton was helpless. "What about Mia? How many do you want to eat?"

Amelia exclaimed, "Aiyoo, Mia forgot to count myself in! Then Mia has to eat seven or eight!"

Mrs. Walton said happily, "Then let Mrs. Taylor help. It's too much."

Amelia: "Mia wants to wrap too!"

Emma held a zong zi and wrapped four to five layers of bamboo leaves. In the end, there was still rice leaking out. She scratched her head anxiously. "Can't we cook this together? Anyway, we have to eat it in the end." Why did she have to wrap a layer of bamboo leaves! She had to peel it when she ate it. It was too troublesome!

Amelia acted like a little adult. "Sister Emma, you don't understand. This is called a sense of ritual.." Her mother had said that in life, a sense of ritual could not be lacking!

Chapter 322: I Didn't Want to Be Better Than Others

Emma had no patience. She failed to wrap two zong zi. She was so angry that she threw them away. "I don't want to vvvffap them anymore! I'm a dog if I wrap more!" It was useless even if Mia was here!

Emma looked depressed. She had come because she saw Amelia wrapping zong zi here!

Amelia giggled. "Sister Emma, you'll be unlucky if you swear recklessly."

Mrs Taylor also smiled and said, "If you don't want to wrap it, so be it. I'll do it...'

Emma dropped her things and ran to the living room. She picked up her phone and wanted to play. At this moment, Dylan had just come downstairs with two math books in his hands.

Emma's expression changed at once. She immediately said, "Daddy, I'll help wrap the zong zi!"

Amelia looked up. "Sister Emma, you can't! You'll become a puppy!"

Emma didn't care. Even if she became a dog, she didn't want to learn!

Unexpectedly, Dylan stopped her. "Stop!"

Emma looked like she was about to cry. "Daddy, it's the day off. Can't we not study?"

Dylan said, "No."

Emma had no choice but to brace herself and sit down. She looked at her textbooks helplessly. The sound of Dylan teaching Emma to read came from the living room intermittently.

The Walton family's atmosphere was calm and warm. It had not been like this for many years.

However, the warm atmosphere did not last long before it was broken by

Dylan's exasperated voice. "You don't even know this? I just taught you!"

Emma looked like she was daydreaming. "Remember, study hard so that your head can fall to the ground in the future..."

William, who was eavesdropping at the side, burst out laughing.

Dylan was about to explode from anger. "What do you mean by your head will fall to the ground? It's to make a name for yourself! Study hard so that you can make a name for yourself in the future!"

Emma said, "Aiyah, it doesn't matter. It means the same thing anyway."

Dylan was speechless. He had always been taciturn, honest, and wooden, but during the time he was teaching Emma, he felt that he was about to become as hot-tempered as Eric!

Lucas couldn't take it anymore and explained expressionlessly, "Beheading means that someone is killed or executed. Standing out means being superior to others. It's used to describe someone who is outstanding or better than others.'

Emma asked curiously, "I didn't want to be better than others!"

Dylan was so angry that his face turned red. "But you don't have to lose your head!"

Emma: "...That's true. I haven't lived enough."

Dylan: "... He was about to die of anger!

Amelia stuck out her tongue and smiled. "Sister Emma is a bad student."

Mrs. Walton's eyes were filled with smiles. "Then Mia will work hard in the future and bring your Sister Emma along."

Amelia's small head shook like a rattle drum. "No, no. I can't carry Sister Emma." Last time, Brother Lucas, who was so powerful, taught her, slammed the door and left in anger. Sister Emma couldn't do anything except sleep...

The more Dylan thought about it, the angrier he became, especially when he saw Harper, who had been forced out of the room and was not allowed to play games in the room, lying weakly on the sofa. He was even angrier.

Dylan: "Harper! Have you finished your math homework? Learn more from your brother William!" Of the five children in the family, Lucas and William were both star students. Even Amelia often received little red flowers from the teachers in kindergarten. Only his two children were bottom-feeders!

Harper sat up with a whoosh and said impatiently, "You're so long-winded. If I don't want to do my homework, I won't do it. What do you care?" He snorted and stood up. Without a word, he took out his phone and wanted to continue playing with it. Why couldn't he play games? He liked playing games. So what!

Harper took out his phone, but he wasn't careful enough and clicked into a video posted in the game group chat. In the video, a girl in red looked over from afar and smiled strangely. Then, she jumped down the building. Right on the heels of that, the girl's head hit the ground, and her brain matter popped out in a terrifying manner...

Harper was so frightened that his hands trembled and he subconsciously threw the phone away. William was sitting at the bar and doing his best to calculate something when Harper's phone flew over and hit his head...

William looked down and saw the terrifying appearance of the girl who had died tragically. He was so frightened that his hair stood on end. "F*ck!"

Mr. Walton, who had been reading the newspaper and waiting to eat the zong zi, frowned when he heard this. He criticized sternly, "You curse at the drop of a hat. Where's your upbringing?"

William was so frightened that he pushed the phone away and stammered,

"Grandpa, 1... I was frightened, alright? Boohoo..."

Chapter 323: Get Lost

Mr. Walton's expression was serious, and his voice was stern. "How can a man be frightened by a cell phone?"

William: "... This cell phone is different."

Mr. Walton held out his hand. "Give it to me. I'll see what's different."

William handed the phone to Mr. Walton. Mr. Walton glanced at it and shivered. He handed the phone back to Harper.

Harper: His cell phone was back? He thought that it would not come back if it fell into Grandpa's hands!

William asked, 'Grandpa, how is it?'

Mr. Walton said coldly, "Isn't it just a video? Is it worth making a fuss about?" William: "... Grandpa, I saw your hands shaking just now!"

Harper took the cell phone and wanted to go upstairs, but Dylan wouldn't let him. Harper gritted his teeth and laughed disdainfully. "Alright, I won't go upstairs. You're amazing, alright!" With that, he took the phone and went to the garden to play games!

Dylan said helplessly, "Mom, control him."

Mrs. Walton rolled her eyes. "You're the one who gave birth to the son. Deal with it." To be honest, she couldn't control Harper either. Emma still knew fear, but Harper wasn't afraid of anything. He wouldn't listen to a scolding or a beating. He was fearless.

Amelia suddenly said, "Grandma, leave it to me!" She put down the zong zi, washed her hands, and pulled William out.

William asked, "What? I don't want to look at Harper."

Amelia: "Let's go take a look." She was actually curious about the video. A video that could make William so afraid was definitely not a simple video.

William immediately understood. The brother and sister held hands and quietly approached Harper.

At this moment, Harper was not playing games. Instead, he was looking at the messages in the group. At this moment, the messages in the group were all about the incident of someone jumping off a building in North City No.3 Secondary School.

"How terrifying. I heard that when that girl died, she even lit red candles in the dormitory. It was like some strange ritual..."

"I think I know that girl. I think her name is Yonah..."

"Boohoo, I'm in the same dormitory as her. Previously, I felt that Yonah's mental state was abnormal. As expected! This time, we don't even dare to return to the dormitory!"

Most of the people in Harper's gaming group were students. There were students from all over the world. This time, the matter of North City No. 3 Secondary School had blown up too much. Coupled with the fact that the Internet was developed now, a little news could be spread to everyone, let alone such a student jumping off a building to commit suicide. Almost every social platform could see netizens discussing this matter.

Harper casually asked in the group, "Then why did Yonah jump off the building?"

There were all kinds of replies in the group. Some said that she had been ostracized, and some said that her boyfriend had been snatched away by another woman and she jumped off a building... Harper was

speechless. What was there to be depressed about? Besides, what was so good about dating? Was it because the game was not fun?

Harper didn't want to pay attention to this matter anymore. However, there were too many messages in the group, and there were all kinds of photos. Just as he was about to log out, he wasn't careful and saw a photo of Yonah's tragic death. Seeing those wide eyes, Harper didn't know why, but his heart skipped a beat.

At that moment, a hand slapped Harper's shoulder.

Harper instantly jumped up! He hugged the pillar of the pavilion in shock and turned around. Only then did he see that it was Amelia. He instantly said angrily, "What are you doing!"

Amelia retracted her hand in a daze. "I'm sorry, Brother..."

William immediately explained, "It's not Mia's fault. I told her not to make a sound."

Harper cursed him for being crazy before sitting down again. Amelia sat beside him and asked obediently, "Brother, can you show me the video just

Harper didn't even look up. He said impatiently, "Get lost!" Why should he show her his phone? Who did she think she was!

Amelia pursed her lips. "Then what can I do for Brother Harper to let me take a look?"

Harper felt that his sister was really annoying. Emma was the same when she was two or three years old. She pestered him every day and asked for his things. She even broke his things. Now, Amelia!

Harper rolled her eyes. "No, no way! Didn't you hear me tell you to get lost? Do you want me to send you on your way?"

Amelia suddenly said, "Then, Brother Harper, if you see anything unclean, remember to look for me..

Chapter 324: Ghost!

Harper glared at her. "I told you to get lost. Can't you hear me?" What unclean thing? What, was she scaring him?

William was angry at Harper's attitude. He held Amelia's hand. "Let's go, Mia. Let's ignore him. I'll help you look for that video online. I'm sure we can find it."

Amelia was led away by William. She kept looking back as she walked.

After a while, Alex walked over. He twisted his wrist and looked down at Harper, who was immersed in the game. Hehe, how dare he scold his daughter? Did he really think that no one in the Walton family could deal with him?

"Come on, play a few rounds." Alex tapped the table.

Harper didn't look up. Clearly, he didn't think much of Alex, who had just arrived at the Walton household.

Alex said coldly, "Aren't you very good at playing games? If you can beat me, I'll make the decision to send you to the eSports team."

Harper's fingers paused.

Alex sneered. "why? You don't dare?"

Harper was instantly angry! He was a gaming god! He was regarded as a legendary youth by the people in the gaming group, an undefeated legend!

“Fine!” Harper said indignantly.

When Alex entered the game, Harper realized that Alex was actually a new account. He had never played the game before, yet he still dared to talk nonsense with him?!

Half an hour later, Harper cried. Alex had killed him a hundred times in the game! He had killed him until he doubted his life. For the first time, he never wanted to touch his cell phone again!

Alex put away his cell phone and looked at Harper coldly. “Remember, the next time you see Mia, be more polite. Otherwise, I’ll kill you every time I see you!”

Harper: “...”

Alex left after saying that. Harper was so depressed that he vomited blood! He opened the game again and beat people up as if he was venting his anger. Only when he saw his teammates shouting for the Almighty did his mood improve a little.

Turning off his cell phone, Harper realized that it had unknowingly turned dark. He stretched and was about to return to the house when he realized that there seemed to be a person standing by the flowerbed. He turned around and saw that person standing in the garden. She was dressed in red and had long hair. Her eyes met his gaze.

Harper had just finished playing the game and was still in a daze. He stared at the female ghost for a full half a minute... As he watched, Harper suddenly sneered and rolled his eyes in disdain. Boring, actually pretending to be a ghost to scare him. It seemed that his family could not think of a way to deal with him. They even used the trick of pretending to be a ghost. They thought that he would piss his pants in fear, break down, and cry, then obediently listen to them? Dream on!

Harper spat and was about to turn around and return to the house when he suddenly realized that the female ghost who had been in front of him a moment ago had disappeared!

Harper: "... No way? Was he seeing things?

Harper rubbed his eyes, wondering if he was hallucinating, or if he had really bumped into a ghost?! Thinking of this, Harper's heart tightened, and he subconsciously quickened his pace. He had the illusion that a ghost was chasing him!

Suddenly, a strange laugh sounded in Harper's ear. "Hehe..."

Harper broke into a run, shouting, "Mother of God! Help!"

At this moment, the Walton family was sitting at the dining table. They were almost done eating. No one spoiled Harper, so naturally, no one left food for him or called him to eat. In the end, just as they finished eating, they saw Harper run in with a whoosh, shouting for help.

Mr. Walton's mouth tightened as he snapped, "What are you screaming for!"

Warm light enveloped his body. Harper felt the suffocating feeling disappear. Only then did he summon the courage to look back. Nothing. The space behind him was empty... Could he really be seeing things?

Harper couldn't help but glare at Alex. It was all his fault! If he hadn't bullied him in the game, would he have hallucinated?

"Grandma, is there anything else to eat?" Harper wanted to go upstairs, but for some reason, he walked to the dining table because there were many people here...

Mrs. Walton kept a straight face and didn't really want to talk to Harper. "No, if you don't eat when it's time, then don't eat."

Harper pursed his lips. "Old woman, who are you trying to scare!"

Dylan put down his chopsticks heavily and said coldly, "Harper, what are you calling Grandma! Call her that again!"

Harper picked up her chopsticks and said nonchalantly, "Aiyo, I'm so scared. Grandma, I'll call you Grandma, okay?"

Seeing Harper's carelessness, Dylan was so angry that he wanted to flip his bowl!

Harper glanced at the dishes on the table and her gaze landed on the eggplant at the side. "Isn't there still food? Meat minced eggplant? I like it! There's also white cut chicken. The food today is not bad.."

Chapter 325: Is There Really No Hope?

Everyone suddenly stopped talking.

Alex raised his eyebrows, crossed his arms, and looked at Harper.

Harper picked up a piece of food with his chopsticks and looked around strangely. "What are you looking at? What's there to see?" None of them wanted him to eat, right? All of them were threatening him with sullen faces? But he refused to accept threats! He picked up a piece of eggplant with his chopsticks and put it in his mouth. He even chewed twice smugly.

In the next second, he tilted his head and spat out the eggplant in his mouth. "What is this!" The eggplant looked shiny, but it was actually not cooked?! It was fine if it was not cooked, but why was it so salty?! He felt like he had eaten a large mouthful of salt!

Harper gulped down two glasses of water and barely came back to his senses. "Damn it, who made this? It tastes terrible! Even dogs won't eat it!"

No one spoke.

Amelia looked at everyone, then at Harper. Okay, no one was talking, so she wouldn't say anything either. In fact, she wanted to tell Brother Harper that the chicken was saltier than eggplant...

Harper had not eaten for the entire day and had eaten such a salty eggplant.

At this moment, his stomach felt even worse. His gaze landed on the white cut chicken on the dining table. The chicken was oily and looked delicious. He was about to drool. He picked up a large piece of chicken and placed it in his mouth. The next second, he spat it out!

"Ptui!" Harper spat and drank two large glasses of water. "How is this saltier

than eggplant! Who made it! Is it for people to eat?!"

Alex crossed his arms and said slowly, "I made it."

Harper's words trailed off.

Alex looked at Harper coldly. "I don't like people saying that my dishes aren't delicious. These two dishes are specially reserved for you. Eat them all." Harper: "..."

Alex: "Oh, right, the vegetables are salty, right? Mrs Taylor, bring a bowl of water."

Harper's throat tightened. "What what do you need fresh water for?"

Alex smiled considerately. "For you to dip it."

Harper was speechless. He sneered. What? Alex was an outsider and wanted to punish him? Since when was it an outsider's turn to speak in their Walton family?! His father and his grandparents didn't say anything. Who was he?!

Harper turned to leave. At this moment, Alex suddenly took out his phone and opened the game software. The familiar game sound effects came out.

Harper: "...” The scene of being abused in the garden surfaced in his mind. He gritted his teeth and sat down again. Seeing that Mrs Taylor really brought a bowl of clear water, he was even angrier!

Harper glared at Mrs Taylor, then picked up the chicken and placed it in the bowl to rinse it a few times. When he felt that the salty taste was almost washed away, he carefully took a bite. In the end...

Harper was furious. "This chicken is so salty! Meat that has been cured for years is less salty than this! It's so salty!"

Alex didn't care if Harper was angry or not. He continued playing the game.

Harper's eyes widened, and he looked like he was about to slap the table and stand up in the next second. With his previous temper, he would indeed slap the table and stand up. However, strangely, he actually swallowed his anger and sat down. He held his chopsticks and rinsed the chicken resentfully. After rinsing it, he stuffed it into his mouth. He frowned at the saltiness, felt salty and aggrieved, and tears fell.

Mrs. Walton was speechless. She looked at Alex in surprise. That worked? He could subdue Harper just by playing games?

Harper ate a few pieces of chicken and drank countless cups of water. In the end, he couldn't eat anymore. At this moment, Alex's game came to an end.

Harper was so angry that he cried. How could anyone bully a child like this?!

"I'm not eating anymore!" Harper really couldn't take it anymore this time. He took his phone and left angrily! Fine, Alex was ruthless! Didn't he just defeat him in games? He would win it back sooner or later! No one in this world could control him!

Dylan looked at Harper, who was thumping up the stairs. He was so angry that he was about to have a heart attack.

Mrs. Walton sighed. "Forget it. This child is considered useless." When Sarah was still around, no one was allowed to interfere with Harper. Every time they interfered with her education, Sarah would strongly object. She would say that she would take care of her child herself and that it would be fine as long as Harper grew up! But children didn't learn well when they were young. How could they suddenly be obedient when they grew up?

Amelia interrupted like a little adult. "Is it really hopeless?"

Eric curled his lips. "When I was the angriest, I hit Harper with a stick. In the end, Harper was playing with his phone on the hospital bed and playing games. He even provoked me and said that I could beat him to death if I had the ability.."

Chapter 326: Brother Harper Is Very Powerful

Andrew sighed as well. "That's right. Harper is impervious to both persuasion and force. He's completely unreasonable. No matter what method we use, it's useless against him."

Chris also added casually, "Economic sanctions won't work either. If we stop his pocket money, he can earn money by playing games. It's more than a thousand yuan a day." In a month, there was at least 30,000 yuan, which was enough for him to spend.

Amelia: "Wow, then Brother Harper is very powerful!"

The Waltons:

For a big family like the Walton family, the cost of buying groceries was 30,000 yuan a day. A child like Harper was useless.

But Amelia really thought that Brother Harper was amazing. At least he wouldn't starve to death. He was also very smart. But why did he have such a strained relationship with his family? Why did he reject his family so much? Amelia couldn't understand.

Mrs. Walton said to Alex, "You don't have to care about him. It's useless. All these years, we've used all kinds of methods, but as soon as Harper comes back, he locks himself in his room and isolates himself. As elders, we can't smash his door, right?" No matter how disobedient Harper was, he was still a descendant of the Walton family. They couldn't chase him out heartlessly, so they could only stay in a stalemate.

Alex glanced at his cell phone. The reason why Harper was eating so obediently just now was because he had been bullying his account in the game. At this moment, his account had already been killed to the lowest level. There was no room for him to drop levels.

Alex didn't agree with Mrs. Walton. Of course, there was a way to treat Harper. Take him to the battlefield and train him for three to five years. He would definitely be reborn. But Harper was too young to go to the battlefield... Besides, Alex didn't want to deal with Harper in such an extreme way. He didn't want others to experience the hardship he had suffered as a child again.

"We'll see," Alex said, ending the conversation.

Amelia leaned over the table, lost in thought.

After the meal, Amelia stood in the doorway of Harper's room with a picture book and William with an arithmetic book.

William: "Mia, why are you accompanying him? Let him fend for himself."

Amelia shook her head. "But I think Brother Harper is lonely." It was as if no one believed him or acknowledged his achievements...

William didn't think so.

Amelia tiptoed and knocked on the door. There was no response. Amelia pushed open the door a crack and stuck her head in. "Brother Harper, I'm coming in..."

Harper was working hard to build a new account when he saw Amelia poke her head in. He was shocked! What was going on? His door was clearly locked! "You..." Harper pointed at the door. "Get out. Close the door."

Amelia blinked and looked at the door frame. She was in a dilemma. "Brother,

I'm sorry. The door might not be able to close. I think I took this door down..."

Harper sneered. "You? Dismantling the door..." He walked over and wanted to close the door, but then realized that the door had really been taken down! Because Amelia was not tall enough, she could reach the door handle when she reached out, so he did not notice that she was holding the door up just now.

Harper was shocked. "How... how did you open it?!"

William was also dumbfounded. His brain could not help but calculate. If his sister weighed 18 kilograms and the door weighed 40 kilograms... How much force would it take to lift the door...

"Forget it... forget it, it doesn't matter..." Harper recovered from his shock and pointed at Amelia. "Anyway, put the door down and get lost. Don't disturb me!"

Amelia obediently placed the door on the wall at the side. Then, she raised the sketchbook and said obediently, "Brother Harper, I'll draw beside you, okay? I promise I won't make a sound."

Harper pushed her impatiently. "Don't you have a room of your own?"

Amelia was pushed back two steps and out the door. She pouted and looked at Harper pitifully.

Harper was annoyed for no reason. Out of habit, he grabbed the doorknob and wanted to slam the door shut. However, he forgot that the door had been torn down, and he did not have the strength to support the door. At the critical moment, Amelia pounced on him. She raised the door with one hand and gently pushed it against the wall again.

Harper: "...” He was numb. What kind of sister was this!

At this moment, Sister Hercules was looking at him eagerly. “Brother, let me go to your room to draw.”

Harper said, “No way!” He hated it when people bothered him..

Chapter 327: Nightmare

William was furious as he watched from the side. Mia had clearly come because she was concerned about Harper, but in the end, Harper’s appearance was too annoying! Such a person was not worthy of others’ concern!

William said, “Mia, let’s go!” He went to take Amelia’s hand.

Harper snorted and looked down at Amelia’s hand. Unexpectedly, Amelia turned around and hugged him. She raised her head and said in a childish voice, “Brother Harper, please. Just five minutes. Just five minutes, okay?” Harper:

Just as William thought that Harper still wouldn’t agree, he saw Harper turn around and go in, cursing, “Annoying girl!”

Amelia whooped. “So did Brother agree? Brother William, come quickly!” She pulled William in with a whoosh and occupied Harper’s desk.

Harper didn’t care. He lay on the sofa by the window and continued playing on his alternate account.

Suddenly, there was a clatter outside the window. Harper turned instinctively and saw a girl in red with long hair leaning against the window, staring straight at him.

The sofa was by the window. The female ghost was lying very close to Harper. Human and ghost, eyeball to eyeball. Harper could clearly see the skin texture of the female ghost's face.

Harper was stunned for a moment. He looked at the female ghost in a daze. What was going on? Was he hallucinating again? Moreover, why did this female ghost's face look a little familiar? The tragic death of the girl who jumped off the building flashed through his mind...

Harper shuddered and finally remembered. Wasn't this girl the girl he had seen commit suicide in the game group, Yonah?!

Just as she thought this, the female ghost's head outside the window tilted as if it could fall at any moment. Her neck was bent at an unbelievable angle, an angle that could only be made by a broken neck! She grinned and smiled silently at Harper.

Harper's reflex arc finally returned to normal. He exclaimed belatedly, "Holy shit!" He shot up from the sofa and scrambled to William and Amelia. He was still in shock. "She, she, she..."

Amelia and William looked over with puzzled expressions. There was nothing outside the window.

Harper: "Can't you see? Her! She's right there!"

Amelia shook her head. "I didn't see it, but Brother Harper, your forehead is dark..."

Harper's scalp went numb. How could they not have seen it? He had seen the ghost videos William had filmed and knew that Amelia could see ghosts. At first, he had thought that whatever William had filmed was fake and had disdained it. But now... if the ghost videos they had filmed were real, why couldn't they see ghosts!

Harper felt a chill run from his feet to his head, and his scalp went numb! He watched helplessly as the female ghost climbed in through the window and floated towards him.

Harper's legs went weak. How could he still remember his arrogant appearance just now? He shouted in panic, "Mia! Mia!" The female ghost giggled and stretched out her long red nails to dig a piece of flesh off his body!

"Ah!" Harper shouted at the top of his lungs. At this moment, he felt like he had been slapped hard! Slap!

Harper looked ahead in a daze and saw Amelia climbing onto the sofa and stepping on him. She slapped him from left to right. "Brother! Brother, wake up! If you don't wake up, I'll beat you up!"

Harper said, "You..." Before he could recover, he felt something in his mouth. He subconsciously spat it out, then realized that it was a sock...

Amelia looked worried. "Is it a nightmare?"

William nodded. "I think so. He actually fell asleep while playing games..."

It turned out that Harper had fallen asleep for some reason. Then, he quickly struggled on the sofa and shouted for Mia...

Amelia went forward and couldn't wake him up no matter how hard she tried. Harper's voice became more and more tragic, and he was about to bite his tongue to commit suicide. Amelia and William were so frightened that they hurriedly went forward to break his chin. In a moment of desperation, William picked up the socks on the sofa and stopped Harper from biting his tongue to commit suicide. Harper still wouldn't wake up no matter how hard they tried. He was even twitching... Amelia had no choice but to hit him.

Seeing that Amelia was still going to hit him, Harper said angrily, "Why did you hit me?!"

Amelia was overjoyed. "Brother, you're awake?"

William said angrily, "She wasn't hitting you. You didn't see how terrifying you were when you had a nightmare. You looked like you were possessed by a ghost.."

Chapter 328: Can't Take It Anymore

Harper gritted his teeth. "But you can't slap my face!"

William sneered. "If we don't hit your face, where do we hit? Your butt?"

Amelia explained, slapped your arm just now, but you didn't wake up. You didn't wake up even when I tickled you. In the end, I had no choice but to slap your face."

Harper glared. "You definitely have a personal grudge!"

Amelia blinked innocently. "No, not really."

Harper touched his swollen face and was on the brink of tears. Amelia was definitely taking the opportunity to take revenge! Only then did he remember the thing in his mouth. He looked down and saw that it was his smelly socks...

William explained, "You can't blame me for this. The situation was urgent at that time. Who asked you to throw the smelly socks on the sofa..."

Harper was trembling with anger.

Amelia looked at him worriedly. "Brother Harper, are you alright? Do you want Mia to apply medicine for you?"

Harper pointed at the door. "Get lost! Get out, all of you! Who wants you to care? You're hypocritical. Aren't you disgusting! Don't think I don't know what you're thinking. Are you pretending to be pitiful? Do you think the entire

family has to dote on you just because you're pitiful? Get lost! This trick doesn't work on me. I'm disgusted when I see you!

Amelia: "... " She was stunned by the scolding and could not react at all. She just wanted to apply medicine for Brother Harper... The last hit made the red string on her wrist light up, so Amelia felt that she was in the wrong. She should take off the red string before she slapped her brother's face.

"I'm sorry..." Amelia's eyes were red.

William was angry with Harper's attitude. He held Amelia's hand and left. "Mia, let's go. He will regret it in the future!"

Amelia looked back three times at a time, In the end, William dragged her away.

Harper was in a bad mood. The dream was too real, and there had been no warning. In the dream, a large chunk of his flesh had been dug out by the female ghost. His chest still hurt. He hated Amelia's sudden concern for him. He was used to being alone, used to not being cared for. This sudden concern only made him feel they were hypocritical, like bubbles in the sun that would shatter with a poke. So he might as well not have had it in the first place.

Outside the door, the rest of the Walton family rushed over when they heard the commotion and asked what was going on. Amelia was about to speak when she heard Harper shout angrily, "You're so noisy!" His face darkened. He habitually wanted to slam the door shut, but he realized that his door was still leaning against the side. He had no choice but to roar, "Stay away from here! What are you looking at!"

Dylan frowned. "Harper..."

Harper: "Yes, my attitude is bad. Then I'll say it again. Please get lost and stay away from me, okay? You're really annoying! Very annoying!"

Everyone: "...” Their fists were hard!

Alex clenched his fists. "Go ahead. If one round doesn't work, then two!"

Eric pulled a stick from behind his back. "I think it'll work."

George did not speak. His expression was cold.

Mrs. Walton was so angry that her entire body was trembling. Why? Did the entire family have to give in to a child who was rebellious? So what if he was a child! She was an old woman!

Mrs. Walton was furious. She stood up and snatched the wooden stick from

Eric's hand. "You don't dare to hit him, right? I'll hit him!"

It had been a long time since Harper was beaten up. Last time, Harper was beaten until he was hospitalized, but he still acted like a bastard, so everyone stopped hitting him! Why didn't they hit him? In the end, it was because the adults were afraid that their methods of discipline would be too intense and cause Harper to bounce back even more. But now, they really couldn't take it anymore!

Mrs. Walton grabbed the stick and stormed over to Harper. There was a thud

as the stick hit him in the leg.

Harper looked at Mrs. Walton in shock. Horrified! His Grandma, who had been paralyzed for four years, had actually stood up because of him?!

The rest of the Walton family were also dumbfounded and shocked. The old lady was so angry that she stood up from her wheelchair! A medical miracle!

Dylan stammered, "Mom, you..."

As Mrs. Walton beat him up, she said fiercely, "Don't stop me! No one can stop me from beating him up today! It's useless even if the King of Hell comes!"

Amelia's mouth formed an O in shock. Her grandmother had actually stood up and could beat someone up?

William sighed in a daze. "Awesome..."

In the room, Harper was beaten up until he cried out. Mrs. Walton's combat power was off the charts.. "Rebellious, right? Only you can be rebellious! I can be rebellious too! I'll beat you to death today! I'll let you know why the flowers are so red! I'll let you be rude! I'll let you curse! I'll let you roar!"

Chapter 329: Brother Will Hurt

Harper was speechless. His eyes were red. He didn't say a word, didn't resist, didn't say a word. He endured the pain of being hit by the wooden stick.

The others wanted to say something, but in the end, they closed their mouths.

Just hit him. Perhaps a beating would be enough. Only Amelia's eyes were red. She ran in and hugged Mrs. Walton. "Grandma, stop hitting him..." She choked. "Brother will hurt..."

Mrs. Walton's heart trembled.

Harper stubbornly turned his face away. Perhaps it was because of the pain, but his voice was a little hoarse. "Get lost! I don't need your concern!"

Mrs. Walton put down the wooden stick dejectedly and returned to the wheelchair in a daze. For a moment, everyone did not know if they should pay attention to Harper, who had been beaten, or to Mrs. Walton, who could stand

up...

In the end, it was George who broke the silence first. "Mrs Taylor, go get the first aid kit. Second Brother, Fifth Brother, bring Mom back to her room." George glanced at the stunned Mr. Walton. "Fourth Brother, bring Old Master back."

Mrs. Walton was pushed away. When she returned to her room, she lowered her head and did not speak. Harper was also her grandson. Her heart ached. In fact, she regretted it after hitting him. However, there was no turning back. She could not say anything or persuade him. What else could she do?

Mrs. Walton was disappointed. Suddenly, she thought of something and her expression froze.

Eric persuaded, "Mom, it's not your fault this time. Under such circumstances, no one can help but beat someone up."

Dylan also nodded woodenly. "Yes."

At this moment, Mrs. Walton looked up in surprise. "Second Brother, Fifth Brother, did I stand up just now?"

Eric and Dylan: "... " Not only did you stand up, but you also beat someone up! You're so fierce!

Mrs Taylor brought the first aid kit over with a hesitant expression.

George: "Give it to me."

Mrs Taylor sighed. "It's useless. Young Master Harper won't let anyone apply medicine unless they forcefully send him to the hospital like last time..." In the Walton family, Harper was a little ancestor that no one could handle, not even George.

Alex said, "Let me do it.'

Alex came in with the first aid kit in Harper's room, Amelia behind him. Alex had sent George and the others away. At this moment, it was better for an outsider like him to come, At least he could steel his heart.

Harper leaned back on the sofa and raised his hand expressionlessly. "Get out. "

Amelia glanced at Alex. Alex wasn't listening to Harper at all. He sat down, opened the first aid kit, took out the potion, and moved directly.

Harper sat up abruptly in pain. "I told you to get lost, didn't you hear me? Who asked you to care!" With that, he stood up and started to leave, but Alex grabbed him and pressed him against the sofa.

Alex: "I don't need anyone's permission to do anything. I only care about whether I want to do it.'

Harper:

Amelia said, "Wow!" She'd learned again!

Alex's method of applying the ointment was very gentle. In addition, it was an ointment for injuries. It needed to be rubbed in hard to be most effective, so Harper was in so much pain that he was about to cry. He cried and shouted,

"Who asked you to help me apply the ointment! Who asked you to care! I,

Harper, don't need anyone's heartache. I can live well alone!"

Amelia watched from the side and felt depressed. Her grandmother had said that after beating Brother Harper until he was hospitalized, everyone regretted it. During that period of time, they had been concerned about Brother Harper and spoke to him softly. However, he was disgusted and resistant. Perhaps others could only see the arrogant side of Harper, but she always felt that Brother Harper needed someone to care about him.

Amelia took out a hidden candy from her pocket, peeled it off, and fed it to Harper's mouth when she saw him grimace in pain and cry.

Harper: "Get lost! I'm not eating!"

Amelia suddenly stuffed the candy into Harper's mouth and imitated Alex. She said fiercely, "I'll give it to you. I don't need your permission. I only care about whether I want to give it or not!"

Alex: "... " His daughter was really good at learning.

Harper was speechless. He was so angry that he wanted to spit out the candy, but Amelia covered his mouth. "You're not allowed to spit it out!"

Harper: "... " Where did this bandit father and daughter come from!

Finally, Harper was pressed down and finished applying the medicine. He finished the candy in his mouth. He lay quietly on the bed and did not say a word.

Alex carried the first aid kit. "Mia, let's go."

Amelia patted Harper's head. "Brother, if you see anything dirty, remember to tell me..

Chapter 330: Dream or Reality

Harper could not be bothered to resist. He let Amelia pat his head as if she was patting a dog's head. Dirty thing, what dirty thing could there be here... At the thought of something, Harper suddenly paused. Just then, Amelia said, "Brother, I see your forehead turning black..."

Harper was speechless. This was exactly what Amelia had said in his dream! A chill inexplicably shot through him. The thought of that overly realistic dream made Harper shiver.

Amelia could tell that Harper was afraid. She suggested considerately, "Brother, if you're afraid, why don't you sleep in my room?"

Harper was stubborn. "No need!" He wanted to say fuck off, but when he met Alex's eyes, he didn't.

Amelia could only say, "Alright then. If Brother needs anything, remember to call me."

Harper watched as Alex and Amelia, the bandit father and daughter, went out. He wanted to close the door, but the door had been removed by the servants at some point. Now, in his room, the door was wide open and anyone could enter. He pursed his lips and couldn't be bothered. Hadn't those people wanted to tear down his door for a long time? Now, were they satisfied?

Harper lay on the bed. In the past, at this time, he would be playing games. Others thought that he was wasting his time playing games. In fact, he was earning money. The tuition fees for kindergarten and primary school were earned by him as a game sparring partner. He did not want to spend a single cent from the Walton family. That way, no one owed anyone anything. But today, he was not in the mood to play games.

Harper tossed and turned, his thoughts wandering. In a daze, he didn't know when he would fall asleep. The wind was blowing at the door. As he slept, Harper had a strange feeling. He seemed to be able to sense his room. It was as if his soul had left his body and he could look down on his room.

Someone seemed to have entered. There was the sound of clothes rustling. A figure appeared at the door. The dim light outside stretched her shadow.

Harper felt this "person". He tried his best to open his eyes. but he couldn't!

The “person” was getting closer and closer. Standing beside him, Harper could not help but think: Ghosts pressing against the bed! He tried his best to wake up, but he could not wake up no matter what! Didn’t he just see a photo of the girl called Yonah jumping off a building in the game group? Did she have to do this to him?!

Harper roared, “Get lost! All of you get lost!”

This roar woke Harper up with a start. His back was drenched in cold sweat. He subconsciously looked at the empty door. The lights in the corridor outside were dim. He did not know when the lights in his room had been turned off. At this moment, he was in the darkness, his heart filled with fear. For no reason, he felt that someone was coming from outside. They were getting closer and closer, as if they would appear at the door in the next second.

Harper jumped up, gritted his teeth and turned on the light. Taking advantage of the fact that his courage was still intact, he ran to the door in one breath and stuck his head out!

Outside the door, a female ghost in red was bending over as if she were going to peep. Harper happened to poke his head out and press his face against hers.

Harper was speechless. His breath caught in his throat and he jumped up. Then he realized that this was still a dream!

Harper was afraid. He was in the darkness now. The corridor was dim, and there seemed to be rustling sounds outside the door. He could not even tell if he was in a dream or reality! No matter who had a few dreams in a row, the dreams were incomparably real. There were even dreams in dreams that could not be distinguished from reality!

Harper couldn’t hold it in any longer. Instead of turning on the lights and looking out the door as he had in his dream, he picked up the bedside phone and made a call.

Amelia was sleeping soundly when her phone and watch rang. She picked it up sleepily. “Hello, who is it?”

Amelia didn't have Harper's number.

Harper's voice was a little low. "Um... can you come to my room for a moment?"

Amelia: "Huh?" She gradually woke up and recognized Harper's voice. As she climbed out of bed, she said, "Brother Harper, I'm here. I'm coming soon. I'm out of the room and in the corridor... I'm about to reach your door..."

Harper listened to the phone in a daze. Amelia did not lose her temper when she was woken up. Her voice was soft, as if she was afraid that he would be afraid. She held her phone and watch as she walked, reporting her location...

Harper suddenly closed his eyes and covered them with his hand. In a daze, he saw a little person running towards him. Amelia ran very quickly and got into bed with a grunt. She sat beside Harper.. "Brother, did you have a nightmare again?"