

## Mia is Not 461

### Chapter 461: Listen to Your Father

Helena stayed in Mrs. Walton's room and talked to her for a long time. When Mrs. Walton couldn't take it anymore and fell asleep, she quietly got up. "Mom, take care."

Helena whispered, "Helena will always love Mommy..." With that, she looked at Mr. Walton, who had long fallen asleep. "Dad, take care of yourself and make Mommy happy. Helena will always love Dad... It's time. I'm going to reincarnate. Mommy, Daddy, Goodbye."

Helena took one last look at Mr. and Mrs. Walton and turned resolutely to leave.

After Helena left, tears quietly fell from the corners of Mrs. Walton's eyes. At this moment, Mr. Walton reached over and wiped them away.

Mr. Walton murmured, "All good things must come to an end." They had thought that they would never meet again, but now they had a chance to say goodbye. It was already very good. How many people would be separated forever before they could say goodbye? When children grew up, they had to stay away. They would treat Helena as if she had just gone on a long journey...

Helena went out the door and saw her eight brothers sitting silently downstairs. Amelia was exhausted. She was squeezing two fingers and supporting her eyelids.

"Eldest Uncle... Nii wants adhesive tape..." Amelia's sleepy voice softened. She wanted to use adhesive tape to cover her eyelids so that they would not close on their own!

Amelia had just put her eyelids back on when she saw Helena coming down. Her eyes flew open and she threw herself into Helena's arms. "Mommy, are you leaving?"

Helena stroked Amelia's little head lovingly. "Yes, you have to listen to Grandma and your uncles in the future..." After a pause, she said, "Listen to your father."

Alex was leaning against the door of the room on the second floor. He pursed his lips when he heard that. He, who was not worth mentioning, was finally mentioned at the last moment before Helena left. He crossed his arms and shook his head helplessly with a smile as he watched Helena leave.

The Walton family fell into a dead silence. Such a huge manor seemed to have lost its liveliness all of a sudden. The liveliness just now faded, leaving only gloom on the ground.

Alex suddenly understood how devastated the Walton family had been when Helena disappeared five years ago...

Amelia lay in George's arms and stared unblinkingly at Helena until she finally disappeared from sight.

"Goodbye, Mommy... Have a safe trip..." As she spoke, Amelia gradually closed her eyes. In her dream, she sent her mother through the Yellow Springs Road and onto the Bridge of Helplessness. Meng PO brought a bowl of soup over. After her mother finished drinking it, she smacked her lips and said arrogantly, "Another bowl!" Then, her mother even gave a suggestion. She said that Meng PO's soup was too disgusting and suggested upgrading the formula so that Meng PO could improve her business ability. Meng PO's face darkened. Her master seemed to feel embarrassed and covered his face.

Amelia couldn't help but laugh in her sleep. In the end, the laughter grew louder.

George, who was hugging Amelia: "???"

When Amelia woke up the next day, the Waltons had prepared the sacrificial items. The sun had risen again, and life had to go on.

Mrs. Walton's smile was a little sad. Behind Mr. Walton's stern face, he was occasionally lost in thought. The eight Walton brothers were busy, trying not to remember that Helena had just left yesterday.

George was silent. Helena had only appeared for a day and the elders was already so disappointed. If they lived together for a period of time, they would probably be even more reluctant...

Amelia wore a small yellow hat and carried her pet bag as usual. No matter where she went, she brought Seven and Grandpa Turtle. Emma was the most carefree. Not only did she not have to do her homework today, but she could also go out to play. Even if she went out to visit the grave, it was worth being happy!

“Let’s go, let’s go!” Emma said excitedly. “Do you need to bring a few bottles of drinks for the ancestors?”

Mrs. Walton came back to her senses. She was angry and amused. “Did you bring it for the ancestors or for yourself?”

Emma said righteously, “Of course it’s for the ancestor! I don’t drink drinks!”

Amelia had an expression that said, “I’ve seen through you long ago.” She said, “Sister Emma, do you believe this yourself?”

Emma shook her head very honestly.

Everyone could not help but laugh. The children’s carefreeness dispelled the heaviness in their hearts.

Mrs. Walton took a car with Mr. Walton, Quinn, Dylan, and Emma. Amelia took a car with the other uncles. The car was an extended version, so two cars were enough..

Chapter 462: Tell Me

In the car, Andrew asked, “Mia, what’s Hell like? After death... how do people reincarnate?” He still couldn’t help but want to know what Helena had experienced after death. Now that she had reincarnated, where had she gone...

Amelia was holding Grandpa Turtle and shaking his hand. When she heard this, she tilted her head and said, "It's a long story, so I won't tell you!"

Everyone who was listening: "... " Where did Mia learn to be bad? Their gazes turned to Alex, who was driving.

Alex was speechless. He was originally going back to the Burton family's villa yesterday. When he woke up in the morning, he wanted to send Amelia off first before he went back. If he had known this would happen, he would have left in the morning!

Alex said calmly, "Mia, you can talk about this."

Amelia blinked. Was that so? She remembered everything her master said. She could say it!

"People walk thirteen stops after they die," Amelia said. "The first stop is to report to the Earth Temple and register."

Andrew's mouth twitched. This... You still had to register after becoming a ghost?

Amelia: "Then, the second stop is the Yellow Springs Road. The Yellow Springs Road can't see the sun and moon, and the dust can't be seen when you lower your head. You can't see the Yangguan Road ahead, and you can't see your family and friends in the future..."

The Walton brothers' hearts couldn't help but ache when they heard that they couldn't see their relatives and friends.

Amelia continued, "After the Yellow Springs Road, past the River of

Forgetfulness and the Bridge of Helplessness, we will reach the third stop, the Home Viewing Platform. We will stand on the Home Viewing Platform and watch our hometown from afar.'

Eric's eyes quietly turned red as he turned to look out of the window. He had an image in his mind. Helena standing on the Home Viewing Platform, alone. She couldn't see the brothers who loved her the most, couldn't see the parents who loved her the most. She could only turn around sadly and walk down alone...

"And then?" Henry's voice was also a little hoarse.

Amelia took Grandpa Turtle's hand and said carefreely, "The fourth stop is Evil Dog Ridge. The fifth stop is Golden Chicken Ridge. The evil dog is fierce. It won't stop until it tears off one of the ghosts' legs. Golden Chicken Ridge is very tall. You have to climb up from the ground and cross Golden Chicken Mountain to reach the Ghost City."

Alex couldn't bear it and said, "Why don't you guys stop listening?" Look, their expressions were ferocious.

Eric gritted his teeth. "What do you know..." Helena was most afraid of dogs. She actually had to pass through alone. Golden Chicken Ridge was actually a mountain. According to Amelia's description, how long would it take to climb? It turned out that after becoming a ghost, there were so many terrifying tribulations. No wonder others said that evil dogs dealt with evil ghosts. Ghosts were afraid of roosters and black dog blood!

Amelia continued, "The sixth stop is Wild Ghost Village. There are some ghosts whose limbs have been torn off by evil dogs here. They specially ambush new ghosts who have walked over with their limbs intact. They snatch their limbs and press them on themselves before continuing forward... The seventh stop is the Hall of Bewitchment. After drinking the Bewitching

Soup, they spit out the truth. The eighth stop is Ghost City. The ten Kings of Hell are interrogating here..." At this point, Amelia paused. For some reason, every time she said this, she felt very familiar.

Milo recorded something on his phone and asked, "What about the ninth

stop (

Amelia said, “The ninth stop is the eighteenth level of hell. Those who are guilty will go to the ninth stop, the eighteenth level of hell. Those who are innocent will go to the eleventh stop, the Ghost World Fort. The ghosts will all stay here. They can cultivate or earn merits. When their ghost life ends, they will go to the tenth hall to receive the judgment of reincarnation.”

Chris was stunned. “It can be cultivated?”

Amelia nodded. “Yes! Master said that I don’t know the details. Master said that the twelfth stop is the lotus platform. This is the place where Ksitigarbha Bodhisattva gives lectures in Hell. However, Master said that very few ghosts who can cultivate are there to accumulate merit.’

The Walton brothers: “...” This world was really different from what they had imagined.

Eric: “Mia, you didn’t say the tenth stop just now.”

Amelia: “The tenth stop is the Supply Pavilion. The paper money that the people of the living world burn for the ghosts, cars, cell phones, villas, and clothes will all come here.’

Alex raised his eyebrows. “Just like our post office?” The post office in the living realm helped the living send things, the supply pavilion in the Netherworld, and collected express delivery for the dead.

Amelia’s eyes lit up. “Daddy, you’re so smart!” This analogy was too right! She kicked her feet and said happily, “The last thirteenth stop is the Soul Return Cliff. In front of the Soul Return Cliff are the Three Lives Stone and the Gold and Silver Bridge. Granny Meng is sitting at the bridge. After drinking Granny Mengs soup, you can go reincarnate..”

Chapter 463: Embarrassing, Embarrassing

Eric couldn’t help but ask, “Then where... will your mother reincarnate to?”

Everyone in the car could not help but prick up their ears. George pretended to look at the report on his phone, but his fingertips did not move for a long time. He did not even notice that the phone screen on his face had gone out. Amelia shook her head. "I don't know. There are five reincarnations in front of the Soul Return Cliff. One is the Divine Path, the second is the Human Path, the third is the Beast Path, the fourth is the Hungry Ghost Path, and the fifth

is the Hell Path. Master said that Mommy will be very lucky. She should have a super good reincarnation."

George and the others were puzzled. Andrew asked, "Isn't it the Six Paths of

Reincarnation?"

Amelia imitated Elmer and wagged her finger seriously. "No, no. Daoism is the Five Paths Reincarnation. Buddhism is the Six Paths of Reincarnation.' The Waltons: "... They didn't understand.

Eric, who had many questions, began to ask again, "How can a ghost reincarnate as a ghost? Didn't they already go to hell previously? Why is there still the Path of Hell?"

Amelia looked at Eric again. "Fifth Uncle, you're very stupid. Is this a conflict?" Those who didn't behave well when they were alive would be reincarnated into the Evil Ghost Path. They would never be able to be human, and they wouldn't be as comfortable as the Ghost Realm Fort. If they had done all kinds of bad things when they were alive, they would go to the Path of Hell and suffer until their souls dissipated. Was that very difficult to understand?

Amelia looked at Eric in confusion.

Eric was speechless. Forget it. These things were not something he could figure out.

"Here we are." Alex glanced at his watch. "I'll pick Mia up later."

George nodded and got out first.

Amelia wrapped her arms around Alex's neck and kissed him. "Bye, Daddy!"

Alex rubbed her little head. "Yes, be careful."

Amelia: "Yes, yes!" As soon as she finished speaking, she jumped out of the car with her pet bag.

Alex:

George caught Amelia, who had jumped down, and said helplessly, "Be careful."

Amelia quickly ran to the front of the car to look for William and the others. As she ran, she said, "Eldest Uncle, don't worry. I won't fall!" As soon as she finished speaking, she fell and rolled around.

Everyone's hearts skipped a beat. Amelia got up unscathed, patted her butt, and continued to run forward.

Seven flew beside Amelia and cawed. "How embarrassing! How embarrassing!"

Amelia covered Seven's mouth anxiously.

Everyone watched and could not help but laugh.

Emma stood in front of the evergreen cemetery and read the words with difficulty. In the end, she read four of the four words wrong! Lucas couldn't take it anymore. "That's Evergreen Cemetery!"

Lucas's eyelids twitched. You're justified because you're uncultured? Just as he was about to explain the use of knowledge to Emma, Amelia ran over.



Emma saw Amelia and immediately went over to hold her hand. "Mia, why are you guys so late? Your father drives too slowly! Unlike my father, who dares to run red lights!"

Amelia was stunned. "What? Running red lights is wrong!"

Dylan carried his things and said in a muffled voice, "I was careless." He was thinking about Helena and was in a daze. He didn't notice and ran a red light.

Amelia's face was stiff as she lectured Mr. Walton, "Second Uncle, you're not allowed to do it again!"

Dylan nodded.

The cemetery was very big. Today, many people came to deliver flowers and burning paper money to their deceased relatives. At the same time, today was the best day for business in the cemetery. Not far from the cemetery, there was a large arrow that said: Sales Department.

Amelia pointed at the big arrow and asked Lucas, "Brother, what are these words?"

Lucas took a look and said calmly, "The sales department."

Emma and Amelia:     There was a sales department in the cemetery?!

Amelia looked up at Evergreen Cemetery, then stepped back and looked. She stood on the left and looked. As she looked, she stretched out her small hand and gestured, thinking. Finally, she concluded, "The feng Shui here is not good."

George had just arrived and stopped when he heard this. "Not good?"

Amelia nodded. "Yes, yes. Eldest Uncle, move house for the ancestors when you have time. Mia feels that the ancestors don't like to live here."

George nodded.

The Walton family had a large population. They walked majestically towards the family cemetery, causing countless people to turn around in surprise.

At the same time, at the sales office of the cemetery that Amelia had just asked about.

There was a sign at the entrance of the sales department: Stay away from the hustle and bustle of the city and showcase a peaceful life. Evergreen Cemetery, the most comfortable home of your family! Today is the Ghost Festival.. Buy a

plot with a 20% discount!

Chapter 464: Not Enough Money

There were quite a lot of people queuing up, and business was probably quite booming. At this moment, a salesperson was talking to a woman and recommending, "Miss Moh, I recommend you to buy a rich model. In the future, your family will live more comfortably. There's an event today. The rich model will give a 20% discount and even give you an exquisite urn. It's very, very worth it!"

Miss Moh: ‘

The salesperson continued to persuade her, "A small house is only 0.3 or 0.4 square meters, but a big house can reach one square meter. Calculating the average price, it's much more affordable than a small house. I think Miss Moh is a filial person. Why don't we settle it today?"

Miss Moh was wearing a solemn black dress. When she heard this, she pursed her lips. No one saw a trace of Yin energy on her head. Even the foundation could not hide the dark circles under her eyes.

“How much is this cemetery?” Miss Moh asked.

The salesperson replied quickly, “The original price is... There’s an event now.

It’s 560,000 yuan. It’s really worth it!”

Miss Moh was surprised. “So expensive?” 560,000 yuan per square meter?

The salesperson: “It’s not expensive. It’s really not expensive. We’ll even give you tombstones, cremation services, and urns. When the time comes, you’ll be very relieved. Just send your relatives over.”

Miss Moh: “...” She stood up and shook her head. “Let’s wait and see.”

The salesperson was immediately disappointed and changed her words. “Then you can ask for 0.4 square meters. This is only 250,000 yuan.” Her attitude was not as enthusiastic as before.

Miss Moh was about to speak when a man with a name tag marked as the sales manager walked out and smiled. “Miss Moh, if you like it, quickly settle it. After today, we might not be able to do any events.” He handed over a notebook with a luxurious family tomb on it. “Look, the Walton family, the richest family, has placed a family tomb here. This proves that the feng Shui of our cemetery can withstand the test. If we can live here, our descendants won’t be too bad. I heard that you chose a cemetery for your Father. At your father’s age, they won’t say what they want, but if they can live in such a place after death, I believe they will be very happy.”

After the Manager’s explanation, Miss Moh hesitated again. However, it was really expensive. 560,000 yuan per square meter. It was already very hard for people to live. They worked and earned money every day, but they couldn’t even afford a cemetery.

The salesperson pursed her lips and looked at Miss Moh and the man behind her who had been silent. Although she did not say anything, her gaze seemed to be saying that poor people should not come here to look at the cemetery.

The man in his mid-twenties beside Miss Moh was in an uncomfortable situation as he urged, "Sister, why don't we set it down? A square meter cemetery can be more generous. Don't you want Daddy to live a better life after he passes away?"

Miss Moh glanced at him. "There's not enough money. Why don't you add sixty thousand yuan?"

Miss Moh's brother opened his mouth. "I don't have money..." After saying that, he looked at Miss Moh unhappily. He felt that Miss Moh was doing it on purpose to embarrass him in public.

Miss Moh was actually very hesitant. She knew that her father was a prideful person, but this cemetery really exceeded her financial ability.

Miss Moh asked, "Can it be less? Can it be 490,000 yuan?"

The sales manager shook his head without thinking. "20% off today is already the best discount. There's no way to reduce it."

Miss Moh got up tiredly and said, "Then I'll think about it."

The sales manager was no longer as polite as before. He nodded perfunctorily. "Alright, come again when you've decided." With that, he and the salesperson walked to the side, their eyes filled with disdain. They thought that she was rich, but they didn't expect her to be poor. The Walton residence had set up a family tomb here. Countless people couldn't buy it even if they wanted to. Only today did they open a new batch of graves and even held an event. Usually, they couldn't even buy it at a higher price, let alone a 20% discount. Since they couldn't afford it, don't ask! What a waste of time!

At this moment, a man in a suit walked in. The sales manager hurriedly welcomed him warmly. "CEO Sylvan, you're here! Do you think we can decide on it today? Our place is definitely not bad. Look... This is the Walton family's tomb..." He took out the photos of the Walton family's tomb. Now that the Walton residence had become his publicity sign, he would take out the photos of the Walton family's tomb to show off..

Chapter 465: Luck Will Be Bad

The Sales Manager: "The Walton family has arranged a family tomb here. Think about it. The Walton family is so rich, and the Feng Shui master they hired is the best. They chose the right place for their ancestral tomb, and their descendants will also rise... Usually, after coming to our place to take a look, very few people find it expensive and decide on it directly. After all, the Feng Shui is here!"

As they spoke, the sales manager and salesperson even glanced at the Moh siblings, intentionally or unintentionally. Miss Moh's brother wished he could find a hole to hide in. With such a comparison, they were too embarrassed! Other people came here to pay directly, but his sister was still bargaining here! How embarrassing!

After leaving, Miss Moh's brother said angrily, "Can't you just settle it? You already have 500,000 yuan. Do you still lack the 60,000 yuan? Just borrow it from someone!"

Miss Moh sneered. "Why? Am I the only one paying? If you want to borrow money, go borrow it!"

Miss Moh's brother curled his lips. "My monthly salary is only 4,000 yuan. I have no choice."

Miss Moh: "Then buy one that's 0.4 square meters."

Miss Moh's brother turned around and seemed to be able to see the disdain in others' eyes. He felt very embarrassed and lowered his head without saying a word. After walking for a while, he suddenly said, "Sister, if you buy that 0.4 square meters, it'll be 250,000 yuan. You still have 250,000 yuan. Lend it to me to buy a car. I'm about to get married too. I won't lose face without a car..."

Miss Moh frowned. "You can take a loan to buy it."

Miss Moh's brother immediately said, "Then won't I have to return it?"

Miss Moh:

Miss Moh's brother continued, "What I mean is that the interest on the loan is too high. Moreover, we have to repay the interest and let the bank earn money for nothing."

Miss Moh pinched her eyebrows in frustration. "We'll see. Dad's health isn't good. He might have to undergo chemotherapy next and spend more money." With that, she strode forward as if she was escaping.

Miss Moh's younger brother was not very happy that he had not received a promise. The siblings walked to Evergreen Cemetery. Miss Moh walked in front and looked around. This cemetery was indeed very imposing. The people who came here were either rich or noble. She originally did not want to buy this place. One day, her father came back with a publicity flyer and said, intentionally or unintentionally, "It's not that I want to buy it. Someone

stuffed it to me on the way and I took it back."

Miss Moh knew that no one would pass flyers for a cemetery. This was the cemetery that her father had taken a fancy to. However, her father had cancer. All these years, she had paid for hospitalization surgery, chemotherapy, post-discharge nutrition, caretakers, and so on. Two-thirds of her income had been spent on her father. Her brother was getting married, and the down payment for buying a house was also paid by her. Because of this, her husband had quarreled with her a lot. She was already exhausted. If she really bought a cemetery here, she felt that her husband would divorce her directly... She was really tired and wanted to cry...

At this moment, a child ran over and accidentally bumped into Miss Moh. She hurriedly supported her. In front of her was a very delicate and cute little girl in a black gown. Miss Moh asked, "Did it hurt?"

Amelia tilted her head and looked at Miss Moh in front of her. Her eyes were dark, and there was Yin energy surrounding her. There were no ghosts on her body, but there was the aura of an evil ghost. There were ghosts on the people around her! And they seemed to have transferred to her...

Amelia counted with her fingers. "Auntie, are you usually very tired from work? Do you often stay up late?"

Miss Moh was stunned. She looked at the little girl pinching one hand with a serious expression. It was a strong contrast with her age. She could not help but laugh. "Eh, you even predicted this."

Miss Moh was not very surprised. The dark circles under her eyes were too serious. Almost everyone who saw her for the first time would ask this.

Amelia pinched her fingers again. "Auntie, you have to stay up less. If Yin and

Yang are reversed, your luck will be bad! You'll be easily targeted!"

The gloominess in Miss Moh's heart was swept away. She covered her mouth and smiled. "Okay, okay, okay. Thank you, little kid."

Amelia dug around in the outer layer of the pet bag and took out a small notebook and a fluorescent pen. "Auntie, can you leave your contact information?"

This was the first time Miss Moh had encountered a little girl hitting on her for her number. She couldn't help but burst out laughing. "Why do you need Auntie's number?" As she spoke, her hand involuntarily took the notebook and pen and wrote her name and number on it..

Chapter 466: Moving the Grave

Amelia blinked and blushed. "Because...because Mia likes Auntie." Because she had lied, her eyes couldn't help but flicker slightly, and her cheeks heated up. This made Miss Moh mistakenly think that she was shy, and her smile widened. She wanted to pinch Amelia's little face, but she felt that it wasn't polite, so she changed it to pinch her hair. "Thank you. Auntie likes you very much too."

Miss Moh returned the notebook to Amelia. Amelia looked at it and could only recognize the word "Moh."

Amelia also wrote and drew on her notebook before tearing it off. "Auntie, my name is Mia. This is my number."

Miss Moh took it and looked at it. She almost burst out laughing. There was a crooked drawing of a bird and a turtle, and several ones and several zeros. It was obvious that they were drawn blindly, but she put it away solemnly. "Thank you, Mia."

Before she left, Amelia suddenly said, "Auntie, you have to be a little muddle-headed when it's time to be muddle-headed, but when it's not time to be muddle-headed, you have to be clear about it." With that, she waved her hand and skipped away.

Two men walked over from afar and shouted, "Mia! Where did you go?"

Amelia quickly waved her hand. "I'm here! I'm here!"

Miss Moh watched Amelia walk away in a daze before lowering her head in silence and walking back. Her brother stood rooted to the ground, his eyes flickering. The family tomb in the distance was so luxurious, imposing, and a little familiar... Wasn't this the Walton family tomb that the sales manager had shown her just now?

Miss Moh's brother hurried forward, caught up with Miss Moh, and snatched the small card from her hand.

Miss Moh was thinking about something when the note in her hand was suddenly snatched away. She frowned. "What are you doing?"

Miss Moh's brother grinned. "I just want to take a look. Let's see what that little girl wrote for you." He couldn't wait to open the note. In the end, he saw a bird and a turtle drawn on it. There were also a few ones and a string of zeros. It didn't look like a phone number. He counted unwillingly. What if the Walton residence was rich and even specially bought a phone number! In the end, he was disappointed. The phone number was eleven digits, and there were only eight digits here. That little girl looked to be three or four years old, but she didn't even know how to write a phone number. How stupid!



Miss Moh e s brother asked, "Sister, do you think that young lady will call you?"

Miss Moh took back the note and said lightly, "A child's whim. Do you think she'll hit?"

Miss Moh's brother thought for a moment and curled his lips. "No." But the Walton family was really rich. If that young lady called his sister and casually gave her a few million yuan or something, he wouldn't have to work hard for the rest of his life! Sigh, why were rich people so rich, but ordinary people like them had to work hard for their lives? If only the Walton family could give him some money.

Evergreen Cemetery.

Chris picked Amelia up and asked, "What were you running around for?"

Amelia squeezed her fingers. feel the call!"

Chris: '

William: "Sister, you're so powerful! Is a ghost summoning you?"

Amelia nodded seriously. "Yes!"

Chris was amused. What ghost summoning?

On the other side, George was discussing the relocation of the grave. The Walton brothers were very surprised, but when they heard Amelia say that, they agreed.

Mr. Walton was stunned and frowned. "Why did you move the grave for no reason? Stop fooling around!"

George said calmly, "Mia said that the feng Shui here is not good. The ancestors don't like it.'

Mr. Walton paused. Oh, Mia said it. Then it's fine. However, he still said stubbornly, "Even so, there's too much time. There's no time..."

George raised his hand and looked at the time. "When we came in just now, Mia said that she wanted to choose the southwest direction. There's only one cemetery in the southwest direction of Buffalo, the Peace Cemetery. I've just bought the cemetery over there. The relocated Feng Shui master and other things have been arranged. The car is waiting outside."

Mr. Walton:

George added, "Mia said today was a good day to move the grave."

Mr. Walton was completely speechless. It was a little unbelievable to move the grave on Ghost Festival, but if Mia said this, she must have her reasons!

Mr. Walton waved his hand. "Alright, you can arrange it."

Eric looked at the grave and sighed. "Poor me. I just dug up every blade of grass.. You should have said so earlier!"

Chapter 467: Ancestor

Eric picked up the mineral water and took a sip. He poured a little in his palm and rubbed it. He muttered softly, "Ancestor, don't blame me. Ancestor, don't blame me. Ancestor, give way. Don't let your grandson dig into your feet."

At this moment, there was really an ancestor squatting on the grave and watching the commotion. Then, he saw Eric dig into his grave with a shovel!

George shouted from afar, "Mia, come and pay your respects to your ancestors. We're moving the tomb later!"

Amelia ran over happily. "Ancestor, Mia is here!"

The ancestor floating on the grave: "Aiyo, this is our child. Why didn't I see you two years ago..."

Amelia looked at the ancestor in the Chinese tunic suit curiously and asked, "Ancestor, I only came this year! Are you the only one among so many graves?"

The old ancestor looked at Amelia in surprise. Aiyo, this junior could see him? He said happily, "Yes, I'm the only one left. Those old fellows have all gone to reincarnate."

Amelia counted with her fingers. Her master said that if a person's lifespan was fixed at 80 years old and he died accidentally at the age of 30, he would have to guard his Yin lifespan for 50 years when he went to the Underworld. Those who naturally died of old age could reincarnate after the first seven days. They could also choose to stay in the Ghost Realm Fort for a period of time and go to the Lotus Dais to listen to scriptures to accumulate blessings for the children of the Yang Realm. In addition, how much Yin lifespan they had to guard depended on the karma of the person when they were alive. Some people had to complete their karma in the Yin Realm before they could reincarnate even if they naturally died. There were also people like suicide who had very strong grievances and would extend their reincarnation time. In short, reincarnation was a very complicated system. Whether they could reincarnate depended on the judgment of the King of Hell. Of course, there was also room to operate...

"Ancestor, you're already so old. Why are you still here?" Amelia asked in confusion after pinching her fingers.

The old ancestor said faintly, "You have to leave an ancestor to protect you, right?"

Amelia exclaimed and gave him a thumbs up. "Ancestor, you're the best. Ancestor, you've worked hard!" Life in the Ghost Realm was not easy. Almost the moment they obtained the reincarnation quota, all the ghosts would reincarnate. Very few were willing to stay. Ancestor actually took the initiative to stay. What a good ancestor!

Amelia lay on the tombstone and massaged the ancestor's legs. The ancestor immediately smiled until his teeth could not be seen. He was so lonely in the ghost world. This was the first time a child had chatted with him like this. The old ancestor said excitedly, "Little girl, sing a song for me."

Amelia thought for a moment. What should she sing? Yes... After a while, Amelia's childish voice sounded.

The Walton family watched Amelia mutter to a grave. Right on the heels of that, she sang a song with a very familiar tone.

The Waltons' mouths twitched. Mrs. Walton was speechless.

After a while, the burial team George had found arrived. The Daoist priests clanged the bells and scattered paper money. After the ceremony, they could officially move the urns of the Walton family's ancestors.

In the sales department, the Sales Manager, who was spitting, was stunned when he suddenly heard that the Walton family was going to move the grave. What? The Walton family was going to move the grave? Why didn't they tell him about this in advance? The Sales Manager hurriedly put down what he was doing and rushed towards the Walton family's cemetery.

The sales manager went straight to the Walton family's tomb and realized that the grave demolition team was here. They were really going to move the grave! He hurriedly went to look for George and asked in fear, "President Walton, this..."

George glanced at him. So it was the sales manager of the cemetery. He said calmly, "Moving the grave."

The sales manager was sweating profusely. Wasn't this nonsense? He also saw that they were moving the grave!

The Sales Manager: "This... The ancestors are living well. Why did you suddenly move the tomb just like that? You didn't even greet us. I didn't even see the request to move the tomb..."

Amelia could not figure it out when she heard that others needed to agree to move the grave. “Why would we apply to you for our ancestor to move?”

The sales manager smiled obsequiously. “It’s like this. You definitely have to apply to move the tomb, and we have to agree...”

Amelia was even more puzzled. “Our ancestor is our ancestor. Why do we need your permission? You’re not the King of Hell...”

The sales manager’s face stiffened.

George handed over an application and said coldly, “We’ve already completed the process..”

Chapter 468: The Feng Shui Here Is Bad

Did he need the approval of a sales manager to make an application? George’s eyes gradually turned sharp. “Manager Moh, figure out your positions. The essence of a tomb relocation application is to let the people in the cemetery confirm that the person who moved the tomb is the family of the deceased. It’s to prevent others from impersonating and robbing the tomb, not to let you be high and mighty.”

George’s aura was oppressive and his expression was cold. At this moment, he was the President of Walton Corporation that everyone was afraid of.

The sales manager’s face instantly turned pale. He said repeatedly, “Yes, yes, yes. That’s not what I meant. What I meant was that we knew in advance so that we could help you prepare...” Ever since the Walton family had placed the family tomb in the Evergreen Cemetery, this place had become a treasure land. The supply could not meet the demand. There would be some spots inside to take care of some high-ranking officials and nobles. They could provide them in time when they needed them. Therefore, some people who knew about these internal operations would come to him and ask him to give them a

spot or a cemetery or something. Therefore, Manager Moh had always been flattered. He was used to being arrogant, so he did not confiscate it when he spoke just now. He had used the Walton family as his signboard for a long time and actually had the illusion of being above everyone.

George didn't even look at him. "No need."

Eric sneered. "What do I need you to prepare for our family's matters? Who are you to our family?" Didn't you see that their family had a lot of people? Each of them had a hoe. In less than half an hour, they could even dig through cement!

Manager Moh opened his mouth. The Walton family was the signature of their Evergreen Cemetery. If the Walton family left, their Cemetery's performance would drop by at least half, so how could he let the Walton family move the grave?

Manager Moh lowered his attitude and smiled apologetically. "President Walton, can I understand why you want to move the grave? Did we do something wrong? Can you give us a chance to salvage the situation?"

George did not want to waste time explaining to him. It was Emma who shouted kindly, "Our Mia said it! The feng Shui here is not good. Our ancestor doesn't like it!"

There were also some people around. When they heard this, they were all stunned. No way? The Walton family said that the feng Shui here was bad? That must mean that the feng Shui here was bad! Some rich people also began to consider moving the graves. Those who were not so rich regretted it. They spent a lot of money to buy a cemetery with bad feng Shui here?

Manager Moh felt a headache coming on. He panicked. "Aiya, this... Who said that our feng Shui here is bad? Kids, don't spout nonsense." If word got out, who would come here to buy a cemetery?! Those who had just bought would probably refund the cemetery! At that time, wouldn't the price of their cemetery fall? It wasn't easy for their cemetery to rise to 560,000 yuan per square meter. Wouldn't it fall to 200,000 yuan per square meter? At that time, everyone who came here would be poor.

Manager Moh felt a headache coming on. The more anxious he was, the more he couldn't think before he spoke. "President Walton, look. This child's words carry no harm. How can we listen to a child for

such a big matter? Can a child's words be counted?" He glanced at Amelia. This child's mouth was so foul. What nonsense was she talking about!

Unexpectedly, when Manager Moh said this, the Walton family looked at him in unison. Their gazes were very unfriendly. Eric held the shovel, as if he was going to come over and beat him up at any time!

"Get lost!" The hot-tempered Eric patted his palm with a shovel. Manager

Moh wanted to continue fighting, but at this moment, the Walton family's Old Master spoke and reprimanded with a straight face, "Who is your cemetery boss? Do you want to quit?"

Manager Moh choked and did not dare to speak. It was a small matter if he could not sell the cemetery. It was a big matter if he offended the Walton family. If he ruined his boss's business, he would suffer.

"I'm sorry, I'm sorry..." Manager Moh, who had been extremely arrogant in the sales department just now, bent down 90 degrees and apologized profusely. "I was insensible. I didn't mean anything else. Please forgive me..." With that, he quickly retreated to the side.

Manager Moh watched helplessly as the Walton family moved the grave. They got into the car and left. In the morning, there were special people in the cemetery to welcome the Walton family. In less than an hour, the Walton family said that they would move the grave. Manager Moh's heart turned cold.

The salesperson ran over in a hurry and said with a long face, "Manager, the orders we received this morning are all returned now..."

Chapter 469: Your Son Is Really Capable

Manager Moh had a headache and wanted to cry. He also had performance requirements today! Why did the Walton family have to leave at this time!

Manager Moh: "Call that Miss Way and tell her that we still have a few spots left. Give her a 30% discount. No! Give her a 40% discount! Let her sign the list! Also, give them a 40% discount for those who want to buy it in the morning but feel that it's expensive!"

The salesperson was shocked. That was a 40% discount! 560,000 yuan became 370,000 yuan!

Manager Moh was not in the mood to speak and left in a hurry. The salesperson could only start making calls one by one. The first person to call was Miss Way. After all, Miss Way had 500,000 yuan on hand. If she heard 370,000 yuan, she would definitely be able to settle it on the spot.

The salesperson: "Hello, Miss Way? I'm Hill. I begged the leader for a 40% discount on the cemetery you looked at this morning. It was 560,000 yuan this morning. Now, you only need 370,000 yuan to buy a huge one square meter model. Really, you really picked up a huge bargain. Can you come over now?"

Miss Way had just returned home when she received a call from the cemetery. She felt that it was strange. 560,000 yuan. In less than an hour, the price had suddenly dropped to 370,000 yuan? There must be something wrong!

The salesperson opposite her was still saying enthusiastically, "I begged for this all morning. Hurry over and settle it. There won't be any later. Let me tell you, you've really picked up a bargain with such a big discount! I'll help you settle it now and leave a spot for you."

Miss Way was speechless. She said cautiously, "I'll go over and take a look later." With that, she hung up.

Beside her, Miss Way's younger brother was extremely anxious. "Sister, why are you still looking? It'll be gone after you finish looking! Hurry up and settle down! There's almost 200,000 yuan saved all of a sudden. You don't have to borrow money anymore. You can even save a sum of money to buy me a car."

Miss Way got up tiredly. "I'll go myself. You don't have to go." But her brother stood up and said, "How can that do? This is a cemetery chosen for Dad. As his son, how can I not care?"



Miss Way didn't even want to talk to him and left. Downstairs, the siblings met Old Master and Old Madam, who were walking. Old Master asked, "Why are you going out again?"

Miss Way didn't say anything. Her brother said, "It's fine. You don't have to worry about it."

The old lady looked at Miss Way and asked, "Lull, what's wrong?"

Lull said, "Mom, it's fine. We'll come back later to buy groceries. You guys can go back first." With that, he left.

A few old men and women walking around said, "Your children are so filial.

Where did they go?"

Old Master Way shook his head and smiled. "Maybe they booked a place for me. I think it's at Evergreen Cemetery."

Everyone in the neighborhood knew about the Way family's Old Master's cancer and comforted him one by one. "Sigh, don't think too much. Look, you're sick and hospitalized now. Your son is busy. He spends money and accompanies you. It's rare to have such a filial son. Now, he's even going to book a place for you." A group of old ladies and old men were already calm about life and death and could even joke. "Evergreen Cemetery is good. That place is rich. You're really lucky to have such a son! Your son is capable!"

The Old Master of the Way family enjoyed the envy and admiration of others and was in a good mood. Of course, he would not say that his daughter was the one who paid for his hospitalization. The person who accompanied him at night was also his daughter. The old lady of the Way family beside him endured it and did not say anything in the end. She pulled the Old Master of the Way family away without a word.

When they reached home, the old lady of the Way family couldn't help but complain. "Lull has done so many things. Why don't you say something? All you care about is your son, and how your son does everything."

Old Master Way was instantly unhappy. "Could it be that Gran isn't good?" In any case, to him, what Lull had done was what she should do as a daughter. And just by coming over to take a look at him, he felt that this son was too good. One had to know that many people were sick and their sons couldn't come back even if they were overseas! Not only did his son go to the hospital to see him, but he also personally chose a cemetery for him. Many people can't compare to him!"

The old lady of the Way family frowned. "I didn't say that Gran wasn't good, but when you were hospitalized, it was Lull who took leave to busy you. She was also the one who stayed up all night to accompany you. She was also the one who had to deliver food to you while working during the day.."

Chapter 470: Muddled Ghost

Lull was filial. She was afraid that Mrs. Way would be too tired from accompanying through the night, so she did not let her go over at night. The original plan was for Lull and Gran to take turns keeping watch, but Gran said that he would be tired from working during the day, so he did not keep watch. He let her, an old woman, go. He said that it was fine to keep watch. She would just sleep in the hospital. Mr. Way had the same idea. Later, it was Lull who felt sorry for her mother and went to keep watch alone, staying up every day.

Mrs. Way: "If Lull heard what you said just now, wouldn't she be sad?" If not for the fact that Mr. Way had cancer and exposing his lies in public would make him unhappy and affect his condition, she would have explained to the old men and women below just now.

Mr. Way disagreed with Mrs. Way. "Isn't this what a daughter should do? What's there to say? I'm warning you, don't talk nonsense with those people in the neighborhood. When others find out that our Gran doesn't have much money, who will be willing to marry into our family?"

Mrs. Way's heart turned cold, but she didn't say anything in the end. She also knew that Gran wasn't married yet. He was lazy and useless. He wasn't even willing to take care of his terminally ill father. Who would be willing to marry their daughter into such a family? Hence, she could only suffer for the time

being. However... Mrs. Way couldn't help but nag again. "Then it's too tiring for Lull to take care of you alone. You're unwilling to hire a caretaker."

Unexpectedly, Mr. Way said, "Hire a caretaker? If others find out, they'll think that we don't have a daughter!"

Mrs. Way was speechless. She said angrily, "Muddle-headed!"

No one saw that there was really a ghost circling above Mr. Way's head. He chuckled. "That's right, it's a Muddled Ghost!" The entire family was muddle-headed. He liked it too much! His son was muddle-headed. He didn't know how to be filial to his parents and didn't know how to work hard. He wanted everything. The two elders were muddle-headed. They felt that their daughter was capable and living well. Their son was poor, so it was only right for their daughter to help their younger brother. Of course, Lull was the most muddle-headed. She knew what her parents and younger brother were like, but she felt that her parents were old, so she shouldn't argue with them. She felt that her younger brother was insensible, so she had no choice but to take care of him more. It was a mess both inside and outside the house. She was really muddle-headed. He liked this. When the Old Master died, he would move to Lull!

Muddled Ghost sighed comfortably and crossed his legs as he hummed a tune.

On the other side, Walton had already moved the tomb to Peace Cemetery. The sales manager of Peace Cemetery was dumbfounded. A few days ago, the sales manager of Evergreen Cemetery who was with him was still showing off to him, saying how good his performance was and how much his commission was. He bought a new car and went around saying that Walton was the living signboard of Evergreen Cemetery. As long as the Walton family tomb was there, the Evergreen Cemetery would not have to worry about performance. In the end... Walton suddenly moved the tomb to their cemetery.

The sales manager of the Peace Cemetery was surnamed Hedges. At this moment, he was extremely terrified. He invited the Waltons in carefully. It was already prepared inside. However, Walton's decision was too sudden. The tombstone was usually custom-made. Even if it was urgently processed, it would take a while to carve, so the tombstone was not ready yet.

Manager Hedges wiped his sweat. "President Walton, that tombstone... isn't ready yet..."

George: "It's fine. As long as you can do it before four in the afternoon." Manager Hedges nodded repeatedly. "Of course, of course..."

Amelia suddenly said, "Wait a minute..." She looked at the ancestor who had followed them. Those Daoists were unprofessional. She had held the ancestor's hand along the way. On the way, she asked the ancestor what kind of tombstone he wanted. The ancestor said that it had to be in the shape of an auspicious cloud. As for the tombstones of the other ancestors... He said more than ten different shapes in one breath, saying that they could not be made the same, so at least he could still admire them and kill time.

Amelia counted with her fingers. "Ancestor said that he wanted a tombstone in the shape of an auspicious cloud. He said that he was tired of looking at rectangular ones! He also said that Great-Great-Great-Great Grandpa wanted a bow- shaped tombstone, Great-Great-Great-Great Grandma wanted a flower- shaped tombstone, Great Great Grandma wanted a phoenix, Great Great Grandpa wanted a dragon..."

Evergreen Cemetery.

Manager Moh heard that Walton had already gone to the cemetery. His nemesis, Manager Hedges, ran up and down to custom-made tombstones for Walton. He heard that he had also made many styles, such as bows, auspicious clouds, longevity peaches... He was so angry that he kept scolding Manager Hedges for being a lapdog, but other than scolding him a few times, he could not do anything else..