

Mia is Not 61

Chapter 61: Chased Out

Old Madam Walton was expressionless. Even if someone said that she was disrespectful for interfering in her son's family matters today, she would still chase Sarah out!

"Mother Taylor, call someone over and throw her things out!" Old Madam Walton said.

Mother Taylor hurriedly got someone to drag Sarah's things out and throw them outside the manor. Sarah was stunned. This old lady... was she serious? Sarah did not believe that Old Madam Walton would be so ruthless in front of the children. All along, Emma and Harper had been Sarah's shield. Every time there was an argument, she would just pull Emma out to cry.

"Mom, we're in front of the children. Calm down," Sarah said. "I know you..."

"Don't call me Mom! Get out!" Old Madam Walton interrupted her coldly. Sarah choked and felt a little embarrassed. There were so many servants and bodyguards around.

Old Madam Walton did not give Sarah any time to think and directly got someone to chase her out. Sarah was anxious and angry as she shouted,

"Emma! Emma! How dare you guys treat me like this! Emma, come with me!"

The bodyguard tugged at Sarah's arm. "I'm sorry, Second Madam. You can't take anything with you today." With that, he dragged her out of the manor and slammed the door. These bodyguards were left behind by George. They only listened to Old Madam Walton and Old Master Walton. As for the security officers who let Jonathan and Rebecca in, they had long been fired.

Sarah was so angry that she was about to vomit blood! Her arm hurt! Her heart hurt! Everything hurt! Damn it, did Amelia say something to Old Madam Walton when she was not at home?

In the manor, Emma was so frightened by this scene that she stopped crying.

Tears were hanging from the corners of her eyes, and she looked pitiful.

Old Madam Walton's temper flared up. She said coldly, "Don't you like to cry? Then continue crying and fill this basin! You're not allowed to stop until this basin is full!"

Emma was really scared this time. She burst into tears again. Previously, when she cried, it was 30% real and 70% fake, but this time, she cried for real. She held the basin with her small hand and kept crying. Her tears fell freely into the basin.

Old Madam Walton was also a stubborn person. She quietly watched her cry. The old and young were in a deadlock. In the end, Emma was tired of crying, but with Old Madam Walton watching, she did not dare to stop. She lowered her head again and saw that the bottom of the huge basin was not even filled. She immediately cried even harder. As she cried, she choked and said, "Grandma... I don't want to cry anymore. I'm so thirsty. I want to drink water. I can't fill the basin...'

Mother Taylor held back her laughter.

Old Madam Walton was both angry and amused. She asked her, "Are you really not crying anymore?"

Emma sniffled and shook her head with red eyes. "I won't cry anymore." Old Madam Walton snorted and returned to her room.

Mother Taylor hurriedly went forward and said to Emma, "Miss Emma, come in. Go in and drink a glass of water."

Emma's eyes were red. She had never been treated like this before. In the past, whenever she cried, her mother and Grandma would satisfy her requests. But these few days, she seemed to have slowly understood that crying was not always useful. At least, it was useless in front of Grandma now.

Emma was brought into the living room by Mother Taylor. She sat on the sofa and drank water while hiccupping. The rest of the Walton family had not returned, and Sarah had been chased away. The huge house was empty, as if she was alone. Emma suddenly felt a little afraid. She had never experienced such a thing before. She felt as if she had been abandoned by the entire world.

Just as Emma was feeling helpless and afraid, a small figure ran down the stairs. Amelia handed Emma a lollipop. "Sister, this is for you." She was still sleeping just now, but she was woken up by Emma's cries. She leaned on the balcony and saw Emma holding a basin and crying.

Emma sniffed and turned her head. "I don't want your candy."

Amelia immediately retracted her hand. "Alright, I won't give it to you." Emma:

Amelia sat on the sofa beside her and swayed her feet. She asked curiously, "Sister Emma, did you fill the basin with tears?"

It would have been better if she had not mentioned it. At the mention of it, Emma thought of that big washbasin. She felt that even if she cried until her eyes were blind, she would not fill that washbasin! Thinking of everything just now, the tears that she had just stopped fell uncontrollably again. Amelia hurriedly ran to the side and brought the washbasin over. She stretched it under Emma's chin.. "Sister Emma, you can do it! Cry more! You'll fill the washbasin eventually!"

Chapter 62: Change to a Smaller Basin

Emma cried as she said, "You... hold it steady. There aren't many tears in the basin to begin with. If you spill them..." The two little guys were sweating profusely. One cried, and the other raised the basin. After a while, the basin finally received a few tears. Emma blinked and couldn't cry anymore.

Seeing this, Amelia immediately went to get a glass of water. "Sister Emma, you have to drink water. There's no water in your eyes."

Emma immediately drank a large glass of water, but she still couldn't cry.

Amelia didn't give up and poured her another glass. "It's okay, drink more!"

In the end, Emma drank four cups of water in a row. Her stomach was about to burst, and her voice was hoarse from crying, but her basin was still not full.

Amelia looked sympathetic. "What should we do? If the washbasin can't be filled, will Grandma be angry and not give you food?"

Emma burst into tears! Amelia's eyes lit up and she hurriedly raised the basin.

When George brought Lucas and William back, he saw Emma crying and hiccupping in the living room, as well as Amelia holding a basin to help Emma collect her tears. Mia was still shouting, "Fighting! Fighting! Sister Emma, fighting!"

George frowned and asked, "What happened?"

Amelia turned around and quickly explained, "Eldest Uncle, Grandma asked Sister Emma to fill the basin with tears and to not stop until it's full. We're trying our best."

George:

Emma wanted to cry again when she saw George, but she really couldn't cry anymore. She was so tired, and her eyes hurt. She didn't want to cry anymore.

Emma looked at George pitifully. "Eldest Uncle, in the future, I won't cry anymore. Can you tell Grandma to change a smaller basin for me?"

Amelia shook her head from the side. “No, a basin is too big. Eldest Uncle, why don’t you tell Grandma and change to a cup?” She looked down at the tears in the basin and felt that it was quite difficult to fill a cup. Sister Emma usually loved to cry, but she couldn’t even fill a cup...

George:

William was good at math. He put his hands in his pockets and explained to his two sisters, “Normal people only cry about five milliliters of tears a time. A basin needs ten liters of water, which is 10,000 milliliters. If you cry once a day, you will need to cry for 2,000 days. Not counting the amount of evaporation, you won’t be able to cry enough to fill this basin even if you cry for five years.”

Emma pouted. “Then what should I do? I really can’t cry anymore.”

Amelia thought for a moment. “Then continue crying tomorrow.” Five years was not a long time. In the blink of an eye, it would have passed! She murmured and comforted Emma.

George could not help but smile. For the first time, he felt that it was quite fun for a child to be more innocent.

George said, “Mia, bring Emma out to play. Eldest Uncle will tell Grandma.”

Amelia hurriedly nodded and pulled Emma upstairs. “Sister Emma, leave quickly.” She was so fast, as if she was afraid that her grandmother would go back on her word.

Lucas and William were speechless. They only felt that Emma was stupid, and Amelia was also a little stupid. Grandma had asked them to cry a basin of tears, but they really went and tried to cry a basin of tears? It would be embarrassing if word got out about such stupid sisters. In the future, they must not admit to others that they were their sisters. The two boys each carried a school bag and returned to their rooms coolly.

On the other side, Sarah was angry and disheveled. She carried her suitcase back to her parents' house. When Emma's maternal grandmother opened the door and saw Sarah's bags, she asked in surprise, "What are you doing?"

Sarah pushed the door open and threw everything on the ground. She completely exploded. "That damn old woman from the Walton family actually chased me out!"

Emma's grandmother was stunned, and then she got angry right on the heels of that. "What right does she have to kick you out?"

Sarah: "What else could it be? She said that I don't know how to educate children and asked me to divorce Dylan!" She recounted what had happened in the Walton family's manor just now. When Emma's grandmother heard this, she was furious and immediately placed her hands on her hips and scolded, "What kind of person is this! As a mother, you don't know how to educate children. Could it be that as a grandmother, she knows how to educate children? She even asked you to get lost in front of the children. How much damage would this do to the children?! What exactly is that old woman trying to do?! Does she think this is ancient times where parents make the decisions for marriage?! It's a new era now! As a mother-in-law, she has to know to draw a line with her daughter-in-law. Your mother-in-law is such a sh*t stirrer!"

The mother-daughter pair criticized the Walton family endlessly. After scolding this and that, it seemed like the fault belonged to everyone else. It was everyone else who had let them down..

Chapter 63: Ghosts Appear at Night

After venting, Sarah calmed down. It was already dark outside, but no one called to ask her to go back. She felt a little uneasy. "Mom, why don't I go back? I'll go back and beg her. For Emma, I'll suffer a little." In the end, Sarah was still afraid of getting a divorce.

Emma's grandmother glared at her. "Why are you begging that old woman? It's always been because you're too easy to talk to that they bully you like this!" At this point, Emma's grandmother picked up her phone and made a few calls. Then, she said proudly to Sarah, "I just asked around. After you left, Emma cried very hard. Don't worry, they can't deal with Emma. They'll beg you to go back soon."

Sarah hesitated. "I don't think so..."

Emma's grandmother crossed her arms. "Why not? Which child can leave their mother? Ever since Emma was born, she hasn't left you for a day. Look, Emma will definitely make a fuss when she sleeps at night." They knew Emma's personality too well. When she made a fuss, even Sarah couldn't coax her, let alone the Walton family.

Emma's grandmother said, "Be good and listen to Mom. Will Mom harm you? Just wait. In two days at most, the Walton family will come to beg you to go back.

Sarah couldn't make up her mind, but she felt that what her mother said made sense. Indeed, no one could handle Emma when she cried. The Walton family wouldn't be so heartless as to let Emma cry forever, right? Moreover, Emma had a lot of morning temper and was impatient. She would look for trouble whenever she was unhappy. Other than her, no one could coax her. Besides Emma, there was also Harper. Harper looked more obedient than Emma, but he was even more difficult to deal with. He loved to play games and did not allow others to scold him for it. If someone said something, he would smash his cell phone. His personality was even more stubborn than an ox.

As she thought about it, Sarah was relieved. She actually felt stifled in her heart. She wanted to teach the Walton family a lesson and let them discover that they could not do without her. She wanted to see if they still dared to let her divorce Dylan.

At night, without her mother by her side, Emma's eyes were indeed red, but when she thought of the basin that couldn't be filled no matter how much she cried, she didn't dare to cry. Mother Taylor felt sorry for her and sighed. "Miss Emma, go to sleep. You'll be fine tomorrow."

Emma covered herself with the blanket and said with tears in her eyes, "Get out. I don't want you to accompany me."

Mother Taylor: "Miss Emma..."

Emma suddenly grabbed a pillow and smashed it into Mother Taylor's face. "Get out! Get out!" She didn't want Mother Taylor to coax her to sleep. She wanted her mother! Although Emma didn't cry anymore, her temper was still bad. She smashed everything at the head of the bed.

Seeing this, Mother Taylor could only leave. "Alright, I'll leave first. If there's anything, press the bell and call me." Just as she walked out of the door, she saw Old Madam Walton holding Amelia's hand and standing outside. Old Madam Walton asked, "Is Emma still throwing a tantrum?"

Mother Taylor smiled. "It's already much better. Old Madam, don't be angry. After all, she's a child..."

Old Madam Walton snorted coldly. It was because she was a child that she had to discipline her. If she didn't discipline her when she was young, did she expect her to become sensible when she grew up? That was impossible.

Emma hugged the kitten doll and thought for a moment before knocking on the door. "Sister Emma, are you afraid of staying alone at night?" She pulled open the door and stuck her head in. She said softly, "I heard that ghosts will come out to walk at night. Are you afraid? Why don't I sleep with you?"

Emma glared and felt that Amelia was deliberately scaring her! She threw a pillow. "No, I don't want you to accompany me! Get lost!"

Amelia blinked innocently. What she said was true. There was really a ghost at night! Emma did not know if it was because she was not appeased, but she smashed another glass of water in the room with a bang.

Old Madam Walton's face was cold. "Mia, let's go. Ignore her." She was so spoiled!

Amelia could only carry the kitten doll back to her room and wave at Old

Madam Walton at the door. "Goodnight, Grandma."

Old Madam Walton nodded. "Mia, good night too." Mia was still the obedient one. She was so obedient that it made one's heart ache. To Old Madam Walton, be it Emma or Amelia, they were both her granddaughters. How could she not hope for Emma to be better?

Old Madam Walton sighed. "Mia, do you think I'm being too strict with your Sister Emma?"

Amelia hesitated for a moment before holding Old Madam Walton's hand. "Grandma, don't worry. Everything will be fine.."

Chapter 64: There's Really a Ghost!

Amelia had a serious expression on her face. She was clearly a child, but she still had to imitate an adult to comfort others. Old Madam Walton could not help but laugh, and the worry in her heart faded a lot.

In Amelia's room, Elmer came out again. "Come, Mia, I'll teach you spells today. Do you know what spells are? The kind that can throw fireballs with a whoosh."

Amelia looked at him suspiciously. "Master, although I'm young, I'm not stupid." How could a person conjure a fireball out of thin air? She was no longer an insensible two or three-year-old child. She was already four years old and knew many things!

Seeing that Amelia did not believe him, Elmer curled his lips. "You don't believe me? That's true. Opening the Heavenly Eye is not considered a talent. It's just that your Heavenly Eye hasn't closed to begin with. However, spells are different. This requires a lot of talent. Some people can't produce a small flame even if they spend their entire lives and can only borrow the power of the talisman to light a fire. Therefore, it's normal that you can't."

Amelia was puzzled. "Master, is this the legendary goading method? Don't worry, Mia won't be angry."

Elmer: "... Is this really a four-year-old child? Are four-year-olds so hard to fool in modern society?"

Amelia was still staring at him. "Master, conjure a flame and I'll believe you."

Elmer's mouth twitched. "Mia, although I'm very powerful, your master is a ghost..."

Amelia nodded in realization. "Oh! So that means that you can't conjure it, right, Master?"

Elmer: "... " He knocked on Amelia. "Alright, alright. Children talk so much.

Come, repeat after me, &...%#. Have you learned it?"

Amelia. ??? " Master, do you want to hear what you're saying?

On the other side, Emma was hugging the blanket and crying secretly.

Although she was so tired from crine today and did not want to cry anymore

in the future, now that she had calmed down, her tears began to flow uncontrollably again. As she cried, she subconsciously searched for something to catch her tears. Suddenly, a gust of wind blew and the window banged. Emma was so frightened that she immediately looked up. What she saw frightened her so much that her hands trembled and she hurriedly hid under the blanket. Why did she just see a white shadow floating past the window?!

Emma curled up tightly under the blanket. She was the only one breathing under the blanket, but for some reason, she felt that there was someone else under the blanket.

Then... someone tugged at her foot. Emma instantly screamed, lifted the blanket, and ran out of the door. As she ran, she shouted, "Mommy, Mommy!" Behind her, a white shadow raised its hand and slowly walked towards her!

Emma did not dare to turn around. She leaned against the door and wanted to open it, but she could not open it no matter how hard she tried. There seemed to be cries coming from behind, but when she turned around, she could not see anything. Emma was frightened and only wanted to find a place to hide. She looked around and crawled under the bed.

It was quiet outside. Emma covered her mouth and suddenly saw a pair of feet appear in her line of sight. The feet were weighted, walking around by the window, and finally... stopped in front of her.

Emma held her breath and subconsciously wanted to scream. Fortunately, she had been covering her mouth, so she did not make a sound. However, that 'person' seemed to have sensed something. Its feet retreated, and it seemed to be bending over, emitting a creaking sound...

Just as the "person" was about to discover her, Amelia's voice suddenly sounded from the door.
"O/O...&. *"

Emma didn't understand what Amelia was saying. She only saw a fireball suddenly appear and hit the "person" with a bang! Right on the heels of a shrill cry, the "person" who was tiptoeing flew out of the window!

Amelia chased after her, her young face filled with seriousness. The fireballs in her hand seemed to be endless as she smashed them at the female ghost.

Elmer narrowed his eyes from behind. "A malicious ghost..."

As mentioned before, ghosts were also divided into levels. Those who could only wander in the dark and could do nothing except wait for their souls to dissipate were called wandering ghosts. Generally, ordinary people who died in car accidents and didn't reincarnate would end up like this. Right on the heels of that were ghosts who died abnormally. They died with resentment or unwillingness. This kind of ghost was called a malicious ghost. Resentful ghosts were very fierce. Not only could they be seen under certain circumstances, but they would also take people's lives. Above the malicious ghost was a malicious ghost..

Chapter 65: Someone Stole a Child

Malicious ghosts were the most ferocious type of ghosts that died abnormally tragically. They carried a stubborn obsession and could absorb evil aura to level up. They could also attach themselves to people, such as unlucky ghosts. Unlucky ghosts could attach themselves to people, making them inexplicably unlucky or even accidentally die.

The malicious ghost did not accept the fact that it was dead. It went around looking for a host that they could parasitize so that it could continue to “live”. Amelia was not able to subdue the malicious ghost and let it escape. Before the malicious ghost ran, it even gave Amelia a fierce look before disappearing into the night.

Amelia turned around and asked Elmer, “Master, was that a malicious ghost just now?”

Elmer nodded. “There are many types of malicious ghosts. At the end of the day, ghosts are condensed from human love, hate, greed, anger, and obsession. For example, there are crybaby ghosts, cowardly ghosts, petty ghosts, and old pervert ghosts...”

Amelia pointed out of the window. “Then what ghost was that just now?”

Elmer: “Crybaby ghost.”

Amelia blinked and suddenly turned to look at Emma. She seemed to understand!

Amelia: “Because Sister Emma likes to cry, she attracted a crybaby?!”

Elmer praised, “That’s right. For example, people who overeat will easily attract gluttonous ghosts, and people who cry will easily be targeted by crybaby ghosts.”

Amelia nodded repeatedly, as if she had learned something. Indeed, children should not cry!

Emma was completely stunned! Seeing Amelia muttering by the window alone, she got up trembling and walked towards Amelia.

Amelia comforted her. “Alright, don’t be afraid. Mia has already chased away the ghosts.”

Emma cried out loud and pounced on Amelia. She was really frightened! When she hid under the bed and saw Amelia walking over with a fireball, she felt that she had seen Ultraman on television. It was the kind of Ultraman who specialized in beating up small monsters to protect humans!

Emma cried until she was out of breath. She hugged Amelia tightly and did not let go. Amelia patted her back comfortingly. "Be good, be good. Don't be afraid, don't be afraid." She was clearly still a child, but she started to coax her like an adult.

Suddenly, Amelia seemed to have thought of something and hurriedly said, "Sister Emma, bear with it for a while. Don't cry. I'll get a glass." She hadn't forgotten to collect her tears!

Amelia strode over with her short legs to get the glass of water. Emma sobbed and shouted, "You... Hurry up. I can't hold it in anymore." However, when the glass was handed to Emma, only two drops of tears fell.

Amelia: She and Emma looked at each other and fell silent.

After a while, Amelia suggested hesitantly, "Why don't... you try your best to cry again?"

Emma pursed her lips and tried her best to squeeze out tears while she was still in the mood. Elmer watched from the side and rolled his eyes speechlessly. In the end, Emma was tired of crying and Amelia yawned. The two of them were sleepy.

Amelia said in a daze, "Sister Emma, cry on the bed. You won't be tired this way."

Emma: "Boohoo..."

The two children lay on the bed together. Amelia fell asleep as soon as she touched the bed. She did not forget to raise the cup in her hand. As for Emma, after being frightened and crying, wasted a lot of energy and fell asleep as soon as she touched the bed as well.

The next morning, Old Madam Walton said to Mother Taylor, "Go up and wake Emma up later. From today onwards, she will stay in bed until nine at most." Emma had always slept until around eleven o'clock before waking up.

Mother Taylor was a little worried. “Old Madam, Miss Emma gets very angry when she wakes up. Should we call Second Madam back?” They could coax Emma when she cried, but only Sarah could deal with her anger when she woke up.

Old Madam Walton said calmly, “She has a morning temper, well, my temper is pretty big too.”

With that, Mother Taylor stopped persuading her.

Old Madam Walton controlled the electric wheelchair to enter the elevator and knocked on Amelia’s door. “Mia, are you awake?” After a few days of interaction, Old Madam Walton had also figured out Amelia’s schedule. Mia would usually wake up at nine.

Old Madam Walton pushed open the door with a smile on her face. She wanted to see Amelia’s sleeping face. Suddenly, her expression changed. “Help! Help! Mia is missing!”

The drowsy parrot, Seven, heard the shout and squawked, “Help! Someone stole a child! Someone stole a child!”

Chapter 66: The Walton Family Is Anxious

Today was Saturday, and George was in the study dealing with some matters. Old Master Walton was also there, talking to him about something. Suddenly, they heard Old Madam Walton’s shout, and the two of them immediately went out. Old Madam Walton controlled the wheelchair with an anxious expression. “Mia is missing. Her parrot said that someone stole a child.”

In the room, Seven tilted its head. When did it say that?

George walked into Amelia’s room and realized that there was indeed no one inside. He immediately instructed, “Uncle Smith, go and check the surveillance cameras. Send a few more people to the manor to look for her. Also, Mother Taylor, go and ask if the servants on duty heard anything.”

After George finished giving his instructions, he took out his phone and was about to call the police when a soft voice sounded from behind. "Eldest Uncle, what are you looking for?"

Amelia hugged the kitten doll with one hand and rubbed her eyes with the other. She yawned loudly. Beside her was the sleepy Emma. Emma's eyes were swollen, and she looked like she was still in a daze.

The Walton Family: Why was Amelia in Emma's room? Also, why was Emma up? She actually got up without throwing a tantrum?

At the same time, on the other side, Sarah was having breakfast with her mother. Sarah would glance at her cell phone from time to time and calculate how long it would be before Emma woke up. When she woke up, she would definitely smash things and cry. The Walton Family must have been exhausted from coaxing Emma last night. This time, they would probably call her to go back, right?

Sarah kept looking at her cell phone. It was finally almost eleven o'clock. It was time for Emma to wake up. Emma's grandmother said, "Don't worry. In less than ten minutes, the Walton Family will call and beg you to go back"

Sarah: "What if they don't call?"

Emma's grandmother shook her head. "That's impossible. At most, when they call, they'll be prideful and order that you go back. If you say that you don't want to go back, they might be stubborn and say they won't care, but they would definitely call. It's impossible for them to not call!"

Sarah was relieved and continued to wait. However, as she waited, the Walton Family still did not call at noon. Sarah could not sit still anymore. "No, I have to go back and take a look."

Emma's grandmother tugged at Sarah a few times, but she could not hold her back. She felt that Sarah was too impatient. Which child could leave their mother? The ones who should be anxious were the Walton Family!

In the Walton Family, Amelia was painting with Emma. She handed Emma a piece of white paper. "Here."

Emma turned her head. “Hmph, I don’t want anything from you.” Although she said that, her hand took it honestly.

Amelia asked curiously, “I thought you didn’t want it?”

Emma raised her chin. “My paper isn’t white enough. Since you gave me yours, I’ll reluctantly use it.”

Amelia

After a while, Amelia and Emma both drew a painting. Amelia said, “Wait, I’ll send it to my old friend.” With that, she ran out to look for Old Master Walton and pulled him over.

Old Master Walton took off his reading glasses. “What did Mia draw today?”

Amelia took her painting. “Grandpa, look. It’s a portrait of eggs today!”

Old Master Walton couldn’t help but laugh. “What about Emma?”

Emma was originally a little down when she saw Old Master Walton smiling at Amelia’s painting and ignoring her. Now that Old Master Walton asked her, her eyes lit up and she said happily, “Mine is a portrait of a hen.”

Old Master Walton’s eyebrows twitched. He looked at Emma’s painting and realized that it was not bad. Although it was not as lively as Amelia’s, it was still filled with childish wonder.

Amelia picked up Old Master Walton’s phone and took a photo of her painting. Then, she took a photo of Emma’s painting and sent it to Hubert. After sending it, she even sent a voice message. “Teacher Lawrence, these are Sister Emma and I’s painting.”

Soon, Hubert replied, "Both of you draw very well. Do you mind if I post on Twitter to show off?"

Amelia turned around and asked Emma. Seeing that she agreed, she happily replied to Hubert that she didn't mind.

After a while, Hubert posted the painting on Twitter. This time, not only was there Amelia's, but there was also Emma's. Although Emma couldn't read, her eyes lit up when she saw that Twitter post. So this was how it felt to be praised?! Although her mother had always said things like 'Emma is great' and 'Emma is the best', no one had praised her except her mother.. It turned out that she didn't have to cry to be praised or noticed by others...

Chapter 67: Go Camping

Emma looked at Amelia and thought about a question by herself for the first time. Her mother and grandmother both said that Amelia was a bad person and was scheming. She would snatch things from her, but she now felt that that was not the case.

In the afternoon, without her mother's company, the servants did not dare to play with Emma. Emma went to look for Amelia again. The two little girls held a small bucket and caught fish to play in the shallow pool in the garden.

Sarah had long arrived at the Walton family's residence, but unfortunately, she was chased out before she could even enter. She was depressed to death and circled around the Walton family's manor unwillingly. The Walton family's manor was not completely sealed off. Some parts were surrounded by high walls, some were natural barriers formed by lakes, and in order to fuse with nature, the manor and the back mountains were only separated by an iron railing.

Sarah looked through the iron railing and saw Emma from afar. She even saw her playing with that jinx, Amelia! She immediately felt upset. Her Emma was such a good child. If she stayed with Amelia, wouldn't she be led astray? "Emma!" Sarah shouted, 'Emma! Mommy is here!'

Amelia and Emma were catching fish when they heard Sarah's voice. They looked up and happened to see Sarah outside the iron railing.

Emma also heard the sound and turned her head to look around. "Eh? I think I heard Mommy's voice. Mommy is calling me."

Amelia immediately covered her ears. "No, you didn't hear it. You heard wrong." With that, she threw the bucket away and pulled Emma into the house.

"Let's go. There's a big monster chasing after us."

When Emma heard this, she immediately thought of the 'person' from last night. She immediately ran away with Amelia without looking back, even faster than Amelia.

Sarah: She was about to die of anger! Amelia, that little b*tch! Ever since she came to the Walton family, she had been snatching Emma's things, causing Emma to be criticized in public. Now, she had even led Emma astray! Sarah was too angry. She hated Amelia very much, very much!

At night, Harper, Lucas, and William came back from their extracurricular classes. Because it was the weekend, the everyone was present. The eight sons of the Walton family were all back.

()ld Master Walton suggested, "It's boring for Mia to stay at home all day. We can take some time tomorrow to camp in the wetland park."

Amelia bit her meat. "Grandpa, what is camping?" Amelia could quickly understand everything that she had come into contact with, but she was not too sure about those that she had not come into contact with

Andrew explained with a smile, "Camping is to play in the wilderness. Living in the wilderness, you can make your own food."

Amelia asked curiously, "But we have a home. Why are we living outside?"

Harper sneered. "Country bumpkin!" After saying that, he threw his chopsticks aside and walked out with his hands in his pockets. "I'm not eating anymore. I'm not going to camp tomorrow. You guys go if you want." What was so fun about camping? It was better to play games at home!

Old Master Walton said with a straight face, "Come back! I'

Harper made a face. "Blah blah blah, Grandpa only knows how to pretend to be fierce. I'm not afraid!"

George put down his chopsticks and looked at Harper coldly. "Harper!"

Harper instantly fell silent. He was still afraid of George, his cold-faced uncle, but he was still unconvinced. He ran upstairs.

Old Master Walton had a headache. None of Dylan's two children were good.

On the other side, Evelyn's mother, who had been paying attention to Hubert's Twitter account, realized that Hubert had posted on Twitter again. This time, not only did he post Amelia's painting, but he also posted Emma's painting. Evelyn's mother felt that it was very unfair. Amelia's drawing was only so-so and could barely compare to her Evelyn's. But what the hell was Emma's painting? Was that a hen? It didn't look like it at all! The lines were messy and not good at all!

Evelyn's mother was indignant. "What is this?! Isn't the Walton family just a little rich? It's not enough that they spent money to make Amelia Hubert's disciple, but now they want to push Emma over? The Walton family is really scheming. The two children's paintings are average, but they still dare to let Hubert take them as disciples! Aren't they afraid of being mocked?!"

Evelyn sat quietly at the side with a calm expression. "Mom, did I do something wrong that day... She was still brooding over the fact that she had been exposed in public for lying that day. Thinking of those mocking and suspicious gazes, she felt even worse. Also, Amelia had snatched her spot, and there were people passing by who said that she was not qualified to be Fellow Lawrence's student... As time passed, not only did Evelyn not move on, but she also hated Amelia even more..

Chapter 68: Let Me Smash It!

Evelyn's mother comforted her, "Don't think too much. It's not your fault."

Seeing that Evelyn was still depressed, Evelyn's mother thought for a moment and said, "Don't go to the interest class tomorrow. Mommy will take you out to camp and relax."

Evelyn was pleasantly surprised. "Really?" Evelyn's mother was a strict mother. Since she was two years old, she had made Evelyn attend all kinds of interest classes. Every weekend, she would be fully booked. Even if she occasionally took a break, she still had to read and cultivate the habit of reading. Therefore, Evelyn's life was very boring. She either went to school, attended tutoring classes, interest classes, or read at home. Now that she heard that she could go camping, she was really happy!

On the weekend, in Wetland Park. This Wetland Park was not in the city, but five to six hours away by car. The Walton family directly flew over in a private plane and arrived in less than an hour.

This wetland park was a natural forest landscape. The camping location was on the field around the lake. One could see the emerald green natural lake when they raised their eyes.

As soon as they arrived, Amelia exclaimed, "So beautiful!" Seven stood on her shoulder and cawed, "Wow, wow, beautiful, so beautiful!"

Old Master Walton, George, and the others were all amused. Old Madam Walton looked around and saw that her eight sons were all here. Everyone was setting up tents, fetching water, and doing their own jobs. It was very heartwarming. She sighed softly. If Mia had not been found, the Walton family would not have been so relaxed and reunited.

Old Madam Walton sat in a wheelchair and smiled at Amelia. Amelia was chasing after a butterfly, and Seven was following behind her, shouting and cheering. Emma was originally unwilling to play crazily with Amelia, but as she watched from behind, she was tempted. She ran with Amelia, and the grass was filled with the cheerful laughter of two little girls.

Suddenly, Amelia ran over with a small purple flower in her hand. ‘Grandma, this is a wishing flower. You can make a wish!’

Lucas and William ignored Amelia and Emma as usual. Harper had also been forced to come over. He was lying on the air mattress and sneered. “Childish!”

()n the other side, Dylan and Eric were setting up a tent and piling up. There might be stones underground here, and the pile could not be pressed down halfway.

Eric looked up. “Where’s my hammer?”

Dylan was speechless. “You even brought a hammer with you when you came camping?”

Before Eric could reply, he saw Amelia running over with a toolbox. “Coming, coming. The hammer is here!”

Eric’s toolbox was very big, almost half the height of Amelia. She tried her best to hold the suitcase with her two small hands to prevent it from dragging on the ground. It looked quite strenuous, but in fact, she ran very quickly.

Eric hurriedly stood up. “Aiyo, my Mia, quickly give it to Fifth Uncle. Fifth Uncle will help you.”

Amelia shook her head. “No need, no need. Mia can do it!” She opened the toolbox and looked at the rows of hammers. Her eyes lit up.

Eric squatted down and asked excitedly, “How is it? Are Fifth Uncle’s hammers very cool?”

Amelia nodded vigorously. “Yes, yes, yes! Super cool!”

Eric was even happier. “Then, does Mia like it?”

Amelia nodded again. "Yes, I like it very much!"

Not far away, the corners of Andrew's mouth twitched. He felt that his adorable niece might have been led astray by Eric! A girl actually liked hammers! Dylan even gave Eric a kick!

Amelia picked up a hammer and asked, "Where do you want to hammer? Mia can help!"

The honest Dylan subconsciously said, "We have to hammer this stake in here."

Amelia: "Alright!" She held a hammer that was thicker than her arm. With a bang, half of the stake was smashed in.

Amelia was like a happy hammersmith. As she shouted, she smashed the stakes. "Hey! Hey! Fighting! Fighting!" Amidst the shouts, the stakes at the four corners of the tent were solidified.

The corners of the Walton family's mouths twitched.

Just as Amelia was about to put the hammer back, she saw a car from afar. The car stopped in front of the campground chosen by the Walton family. Evelyn's mother got out of the car and shouted in surprise, "Aiyo, President Walton?"

You're here too."

Evelyn stuck her head out and saw Lucas reading quietly by the lake. Her eyes lit up. She lifted the hem of her dress and got out of the car in a very ladylike manner. "Mom, can we camp here? Evelyn wants to play with Amelia and Emma.."

Chapter 69: I'm Not Playing With You

Evelyn's mother was about to speak when George said coldly, "We have enough people here." He meant that they should not come.

Evelyn's mother was a little embarrassed. She looked at another empty space in the distance and smiled gently. "It's okay. We'll be fine over there." Since they were nearby, it was convenient for them to come over.

Evelyn's father chuckled. "Then I'll go set up the tent first."

Evelyn pretended not to notice the adults' expressions and skipped over. She squatted in front of Amelia and tilted her head to ask innocently, "Mia, what are you playing?" Although Evelyn was not old and was a five or six-year-old girl, she did not look innocent at all when she pretended to act that way.

Amelia did not quite understand what this feeling was, but her intuition told her that Evelyn was very similar to her stepmother, Rebecca. She did not like her stepmother, so she naturally did not like Evelyn. She lowered her head and put away the hammer without a word before closing the toolbox.

Evelyn stole a glance at Lucas by the lake and said in a low voice, "Mia, let's go over there to play. Let's go, I'll take you to play!"

Amelia took a step back and pouted. "I don't want to play with you." With that, she turned around and ran away.

Evelyn's expression froze, and she felt very aggrieved. She was already so magnanimous and didn't argue with Amelia about the disciple issue. Why was Amelia still like this?! Evelyn could only look at Emma and reach out to her. "Then let us two play together. There are pine trees over there. There might be little squirrels." Her impression of Emma was still the scene of Emma and Amelia snatching the dress on the night of the birthday banquet. She thought that Emma still didn't like Amelia, so she would pull Emma into her camp and isolate Amelia together! Let's see what Amelia would do then!

However, unexpectedly, Emma also looked at her with disdain. "Who wants to play with you!" With that, Emma ran after Amelia.

Evelyn's eyes immediately turned red. She rubbed her eyes and walked to the lake aggrievedly. She sat beside Lucas. "Brother Lucas... I don't know what I did wrong. Sister Mia and Sister Emma won't play with me."

Lucas didn't even look up. "Go away and don't disturb me."

Evelyn was speechless. After all, she was a five or six-year-old child. She couldn't hold it in anymore and shouted, "Did Amelia say bad things about me to Brother Lucas? Evelyn didn't... didn't do those things..." As she spoke, tears fell. This was what her mother had taught her. Girls had to know how to show weakness. This way, others would pity and forgive them.

Lucas put down the book and frowned. "If you want to cry, go cry somewhere further away." His interest in reading was completely ruined. He put away the book and Lucas stood up, and the direction just so happened to be where Amelia was.

Evelyn bit her lip and felt even more aggrieved. Why did they all go to play with Amelia and not her! Helpless, Evelyn could only go back to find her mother first. Just as she walked out of the lawn, Evelyn suddenly realized that there was someone hiding behind the forest. She was so frightened that she almost screamed.

Sarah made a shushing gesture and waved at Evelyn. "Eve, can you come over for a while?"

Evelyn hesitated for a moment, looked around, and slowly walked over. She knew Sarah. On the day of Amelia's birthday party, her mother had told her that she had to find an opportunity to get to know Auntie Sarah and please her.

Sarah smiled warmly and said, "Eve, Auntie and Grandma Walton have quarreled. Can you help me call Emma over? You have to do it secretly and not tell anyone."

Evelyn nodded. "Sure!" After saying that, she ran over to look for Emma. Emma was sitting not far from Amelia, holding a branch and 'fighting' with Seven.

Evelyn ran over and whispered into Emma's ear. Emma looked over in confusion. Sure enough, she saw her mother waving at her from the forest. Emma instantly threw down the branch and ran over.

Sarah looked at Emma, who was running over, and her eyes turned red. She went to the Walton residence again today and wanted to beg Old Madam Walton to let her take a look at Emma. She did not expect the entire Walton family to go camping together. Sarah recalled that before Amelia came, the members of the Walton family were nowhere to be seen. Now, not only was the entire family reunited, but they even came out to play together. If they had been like this in the past, would she and Dylan have become colder and colder until they reached the point of divorce?

"Mommy!" Emma's voice brought Sarah back to her senses. She hurriedly reached out her hand.
"Baby!"

Emma had been following Sarah since she was young, so she happily threw herself into her arms. Sarah's eyes immediately turned red. Her poor child. She had not seen her mother for two days. She would definitely miss her..

Chapter 70: Never Let Go

Sarah: "Emma, have you eaten well and slept well these two days?"

Emma thought for a moment and shook her head. "Grandpa and Grandma said that if I don't eat during mealtime, then I can't eat after mealtime has passed."

Sarah was in disbelief. "Even if you're hungry, they won't let you eat?"

Emma shook her head. Her grandparents were so strict. If she didn't eat obediently during mealtimes, she would go hungry, so she had learned to eat obediently now.

Sarah's heart ached. "How can your Grandmother be so ruthless? How can she treat a child like this? You're still growing. How can you not eat? How can they do this?! Emma, let's go! Mom will bring you back to your maternal Grandma's house!"

Sarah felt sad and angry. She had only left for two days, but the Walton family was bullying Emma like this! However, she did not expect Emma to refuse to leave with her. Emma turned around and shook her head. "Mom, I'm not leaving. I want to play here."

Sarah's expression turned ugly. She couldn't understand why Emma still couldn't bear to leave when the Walton family had already treated like this.

Sarah took a deep breath and pretended to be pitiful as she sobbed, "Don't tell me Emma doesn't want Mommy anymore?" To a child, this sentence was very lethal. Emma immediately shook her head. "No, no."

Sarah: "That's right. Mommy will bring you back and take you to the amusement park."

Emma refused again. "No!" She wanted to play here! Why didn't her mother let her choose what she wanted every time?

Sarah persuaded, "Emma, be good. Mommy can bring you here to play in two days. Let's go back first." When she saw Dylan walking over, she became even more anxious. Emma who had just gotten better, was provoked by her and started crying again. "No, I don't want to. I'll play here!"

Dylan shouted coldly, "Sarah, are you done?!" She refused to sign the divorce agreement and refused to go to the Civil Affairs Bureau. Dylan could only sue for divorce. Now, the court was going through the procedure. It would take at least three months for the divorce to be completed.

Seeing that she had been discovered, Sarah decided not to hide anymore. "What's wrong with what I'm doing? As the child's mother, can't I come and see the child?" She held Emma's hand. "Emma, let's go. Don't you want to play here? Mommy will accompany you!"

Emma could not break free from Sarah's hand no matter what. She cried anxiously, "I don't want to play with Mommy! I want to play with Mia!"

Sarah was even angrier. She pulled Emma towards the lake! Why was she playing with Amelia?! A scheming child like Amelia would only lead her Emma astray! She had only interacted with Amelia for

two days, but Emma already did not like her mother. It must be that jinx, Amelia, who was talking nonsense behind her back! Other than Amelia, the Walton family must have said a lot of bad things about her!

Sarah: "Emma, remember this. Amelia is a bad child. She deliberately ruined the relationship between Mom and Dad. You're not allowed to play with her, understand? Originally, if Amelia didn't come back, you would be the only little princess of the Walton family. You know Auntie Helena, right? She was the only girl in the Walton family in the past. The entire family doted on her and gave her whatever she wanted! Think about your grandparents' attitude towards you in the past and look at their current attitude. They don't even give you food! That's abuse! When you grow up in the future, you don't have to care about your Grandma! Only Mom will always love you and treat you well. When you grow up, you only have to treat Mom well."

Emma was so frightened by Sarah's words that she cried. At that moment, her other hand was grabbed. Dylan was not good with words, so he simply snatched her away.

One pulled to the left, and the other pulled to the right. Emma felt like she was about to be torn apart. She cried heart-wrenchingly, "Boohoo, it hurts... It hurts so much..."

Sarah roared, "Dylan, let go! You're hurting Emma!" Although she said that, she pulled Emma with all her might. Dylan's heart ached for the child, so he let go first.

Sarah staggered and fell to the ground.

The commotion here was quite loud. The Walton brothers had also arrived. Old Master Walton pushed Old Madam Walton and frowned at Sarah. Why was this woman here?

Old Master Walton scolded coldly, 'What are you waiting for? Hurry up and bring Emma over!

Dylan immediately went forward, but Sarah hugged Emma tightly and refused to let go. "No, don't snatch my Emma away. I've already given in to this point.. What else do you want me to do? Must you force us to our deaths?"