

Mia is Not 181

Chapter 181: Unclean Thing

Alex pretended to be calm as if he already knew about this. His voice was cold but he could not hide his pride. "Yes, Mia, not bad. Practice a little more and try to chop the enemy's head with your bare hands."

Everyone was speechless. Miss Mia was a little girl! She was such a cute little girl. Master, could you teach her something normal? Chopping heads with her bare hands?! Can you not scare our daughter?!

Amelia's action of chopping bricks with one hand had completely captured the hearts of a group of rough men. All the hall masters loved Amelia and wanted to carry her to visit the villa.

Alex looked at the group of people who wanted to snatch his daughter and said coldly, "Is there nothing else to do?" He had not hugged his daughter enough.

What did it have to do with them?

Everyone could only leave reluctantly to do their work. Alex picked Amelia up and said, "Let's go. It's time to bring you back."

Amelia: "Yes, yes, yes!" She wanted to eat Grandma's cooking!

Alex habitually walked towards the SUV. Suddenly, he thought of something and frowned. "We won't take this car today."

Amelia looked at the female ghost who had been waiting in the backseat of the car and asked, "Why?"

Alex: "It's not clean."

Amelia didn't quite understand. Could it be that her father was saying that the car was dirty? But the car had been washed very clean! Perhaps her father was referring to the female ghost in the car? But her father couldn't see the female ghost, right?

Amelia was puzzled. She whispered into Alex's ear, "Daddy, can you see Auntie holding her head too?"

Alex was stunned. What auntie? He followed Amelia's gaze and looked at the back of the car. As the old saying goes, children's eyes are clean and can see things that adults can't. Did Mia see a ghost? No, no, no, that's impossible. After Alex reacted, he couldn't help but disdain himself. This was the era of science. How could there be ghosts!

"There's no head-hugging auntie. Mia, don't spout nonsense." Alex squeezed Amelia's small hand and brought her to the garage. He chose a clean army-green SUV that was rarely driven and drove towards the Walton residence.

Amelia leaned against the window and looked back. Behind the car, the female ghost hugged her head and quickly followed.

"To be able to walk in the day, it must be an evil spirit," Amelia muttered. "But what kind of ghost is it?"

The Walton family waited until noon before they saw an army-green off-road vehicle drive over arrogantly and stop at the entrance of the manor.

Amelia stuck her head out of the car window and shouted in a childish voice,

"Uncle Smith, open the door. Mia is back."

Mr. Smith hurriedly opened the door and said happily, "Young Miss, you're finally back. Your grandmother misses you very much." Then, he saw Amelia's forehead and was stunned. This... Didn't Young Master guarantee that the Little Miss would be unharmed?

Amelia got out of the car and ran quickly on her short legs. "Grandma, Mia is back!"

Mr. Smith wanted to take a closer look at Amelia's injuries, but he didn't expect to not be able to catch her at all. Alex was tall and slender, and he slowly followed behind Amelia. His long legs had the advantage, so no matter how fast Amelia ran, he could follow her slowly. At the back was the female ghost who was holding her head. She held her head and walked around in a daze. When she saw the luxurious Walton family manor, her eyes revealed a hint of excitement, and she let out a strange cry.

In the house, the Old Madam of the Walton family hurriedly controlled her wheelchair to go downstairs. William, who was sitting at the bar reading, also threw down his math book. The parrot, Seven, flew out from somewhere and flapped its wings to step on the handrail of the stairs. However, the handrail of the stairs was too slippery. It lost its footing and directly slid down the handrail.

George was working on the sofa on the first floor when he heard Amelia's voice. He stood up with one hand in his pocket and looked quite calm. He said calmly, "You should be relieved now, right?" In the next second, he saw Amelia run in. Her forehead was shockingly red. At first glance, she looked like she was bleeding.

Old Madam Walton exclaimed, "Mia!"

William hurried forward and asked, "Sister, what happened to your forehead? Are you alright? Does it hurt?"

Andrew asked Dylan to get the medicine box while he went up to check on Amelia's forehead. Eric's eyes were wide open, and even Chris put away his bored expression and frowned as he looked at the wound on Amelia's forehead.

Old Master Walton was angry and anxious. He flew into a rage at George. "Is this what you mean by unscathed?"

George, who was being glared at by a group of people, was speechless. He turned his gaze to Alex, who was a step slower..

Chapter 182: It Has Nothing to Do with Daddy

Alex was so tall that he almost hit the door frame. He stood there and blocked the door.

Following George's gaze, the entire Walton family looked over. As soon as Alex entered, he felt seven or eight gazes stabbing at him like knives. He had seen the Old Master of the Walton family before, and he was glaring at him with a straight face. He had also seen George before. He was expressionless and had sharp eyes. There were a few he had never seen before. One of them had dark skin and it was obvious that he had a bad temper. He had his hands on his hips and his eyes were wide open, as if he wanted to rush up and fight him at any time. A parrot was flapping around Mia and shouting, "The demon is here! The old demon is here!"

Alex looked around without changing his expression and asked calmly, "What's wrong?"

Old Madam Walton gritted her teeth. "Why are you still asking? What's wrong with Mia's forehead? You're already so old, can't you even raise a child well?"

Alex paused. Old Madam Walton was chattering non-stop. Even though this was the first time they met, she scolded him unceremoniously. Unexpectedly, this scolding made him feel like less of an outsider. This reminded Alex of his mother's nagging. It had been a long time. He didn't expect to hear such complaints again in this life.

Alex pursed his lips and said in a low voice, "Sorry."

Old Madam Walton snorted. Don't think that she would accept his apology. She wouldn't forgive him for hurting her precious granddaughter!

Seeing that everyone had misunderstood, Amelia quickly explained, "Grandma, it has nothing to do with Daddy."

When everyone heard this, their hearts ached. It had only been a night, and Mia was already calling him daddy so naturally? She was even speaking up for Alex! They were jealous!

Andrew checked carefully and realized that Amelia's forehead was only a little bruised and swollen. There was no big problem, but the ointment was really scary.

Andrew asked slowly, "Mia, tell Uncle, how did you hurt your forehead?"

Amelia said honestly, "Dad brought Mia to kowtow to great-grandpa and grandpa and grandma. Mia imitated Dad and kowtowed. I didn't expect to kowtow too hard."

Everyone:

Alex raised his eyebrows. "See, I really didn't do it."

Old Madam Walton glanced at Alex. This man who kidnapped her daughter and then her granddaughter was indeed a criminal like her old man said.

Andrew smiled and asked casually, "Mia, why are you back so late? Where did your father bring you to play?"

Amelia recalled seriously. "I didn't go anywhere to play. Dad brought me to kowtow to my great-grandpa and grandparents."

William didn't believe that kowtowing would take so long. Before Andrew could ask further, William asked, "And then? Didn't you do anything else?"

Amelia: "Then... then Daddy taught me how to strike the enemy's head."

Everyone from the Walton family:

Alex: ‘

The Walton family had just retracted their gaze, but now they immediately stabbed Alex like a knife. Alex's mouth twitched and he said helplessly, "Mia, you don't have to say that."

Seeing that Alex even admitted that he had taught Amelia how to chop off her head, Old Madam Walton was so angry that she wanted to hit him! What kind of lesson was this?! She suspected that the wound on Mia's forehead was not caused by kowtowing, but by Alex teaching her how to chop off a brick with her head!

Old Madam Walton sized Alex up. This "criminal leader" was too tall. He stood tall and straight, and his black hair was slightly curled. Against the light, she could only see his dark eyes, which were unfathomable. Old Madam Walton was so tired that she retracted her gaze. He was too tall, and her neck ached.

"Since you're back, sit," Old Madam Walton said as she pointed at the sofa.

Andrew ruffled Amelia's hair and coaxed her. "Mia, be good. We'll chat with your father for a while. Can you go upstairs and play with your brothers?"

William held Amelia's hand. "Let's go upstairs. I'll show you something especially powerful! "

Amelia nodded happily. "Alright!" With that, she went upstairs with William. In Amelia's heart, her grandparents and uncles were the best people. Her father was also a good person, so there was nothing to worry about when they chatted together.

Alex looked at Amelia, who was happily going upstairs, followed by a parrot that could fly but insisted on running with her.. So he was abandoned by his daughter just like that?

Chapter 183: There's No Ghost in Our Family

Alex looked around. The Walton family's Old Master, Old Madam, and George's

brothers sent Amelia away because they wanted to ask about what happened back then? He could understand. After all, Helena was their beloved daughter and sister. If he put himself in their shoes, if Mia was kidnapped by a man and there was no news for many years, he would be more extreme than the Walton family.

Alex sat down on the sofa and curled his lips slightly. He was sitting quite well, but he gave off an unruly feeling. He said, "Ask whatever you want to ask." He had experienced interrogation countless times and was not afraid.

Everyone in the Walton family:

William pulled Amelia to his room and introduced her to his inventions over the past few days. "Mia, look at this." He picked up a digital high-definition video recorder.

Amelia took it and flipped through it curiously. William introduced, "I've modified this video recorder and enhanced its infrared night vision function. Illuminate the target with an infrared searchlight and receive reflected infrared radiation to form an image..." Therefore, if there was a ghost, this video recorder might be able to capture it.

Amelia: "Oh..." She looked confused and did not understand.

William placed the video recorder on the table and took out a large and round thing that looked like an iron basin. This thing was covered with a cloth, and William loved it very much.

Amelia asked curiously, "Brother, what is this?"

William untied the black cloth on it, revealing a large and round iron basin. It was indeed an iron basin.

"After my tireless efforts and calculations, I realized that the magnetic field is the closest to seeing ghosts. I spent a few days before I finally figured out the closest formula and engraved this formula on this iron basin with a magnetic field," William explained. "This iron basin looks ordinary, but I placed two pieces under it..."

Amelia's head buzzed with a bunch of professional jargon. "Brother, what are you talking about?"

William paused for a moment and thought for a moment. "In layman's terms, I think ghosts are a specific substance that can interfere with the magnetic field. The magnetic field of my iron basin has a pattern. When a ghost approaches, the magnetic field will change. I placed a needle in the iron basin. The needle is very sensitive. As long as a ghost appears nearby, the needle will spin quickly until it determines a certain direction, which is where the ghost Amelia was silent. She thought for a while and tried her best to understand. "Brother, isn't your metal basin a compass?"

William: "... " He was dumbfounded. Impossible! Absolutely impossible! What he had spent a few days creating actually existed in the real world!

Amelia blinked. Seeing William's shocked expression, she comforted him.

"Brother, you can even make a compass. Impressive!"

William: "... " He didn't want to hear this perfunctory praise.

Amelia racked her brains and continued to praise him. "Brother, look at your iron basin. It's different from a compass. The compass is filled with words, and your iron basin is filled with formulas... The formulas must be better than the words!"

William's eyes lit up. "Yes!" The formula was the most accurate!

Amelia asked in confusion, "But Brother, why are you making these things?"

William snorted and pulled the computer over to open a website. "I created a website some time ago and published two articles, but the comments below were all mocking me." Ever since he told the ghost theory, this video had been uploaded to Weibo, attracting many netizens to watch. However, these

onlookers were not interested in ghosts at all. Instead, they looked at his face and called him so cute! William was very angry and insisted on proving that his ghost theory was correct!

Amelia:

William: "Alright, let's test it now." He walked around the house with the metal plate. "I've tested it. There's nothing abnormal here. There's no ghost in our house, right?"

William had a relaxed smile on his face. As he moved the iron basin, he said, "My instrument is very powerful. If there's a ghost, it will definitely be detected. Mia, verify if my instrument is useful." Amelia could see ghosts. She didn't say that there was a ghost in the house, so it was normal for his iron basin to not react. If there was a reaction and Amelia said that there was a ghost in the house, his iron basin could indeed detect ghosts!

Amelia looked out of the window. A headless female ghost was floating there, hugging her head and staring straight at William..

Chapter 184: Don 't Come Over

William realized that the iron basin's needle was spinning rapidly. He exclaimed, "Is my magnetism reversed?" He checked. "No. Strange, what's wrong?" Why did the iron basin react the moment his sister returned? Could it be that the magnetic field on his sister's body was different from others?

William immediately walked towards Amelia with the metal basin. Then, he realized that the needle had stopped moving again. William frowned. "Strange, is it broken?"

Amelia's face was filled with conflict. "Brother, why don't we forget it..."

William kept adjusting his direction according to the indicator. Finally, he walked towards the window step by step. He was immersed in the calculation of what was wrong with the iron basin and had completely forgotten what it was for. As he walked, he replied to Amelia, "No, I can't let it go. The last step of calculation is to verify... Wait, the indicator isn't moving. It's stopped!"

When the needle finally stopped, it pointed outside the window.

“This direction is...” William looked up, and the smile on his face froze. Outside the window, a pair of feet stood quietly in front of William. He looked up along the back of the greenish-black foot and saw a headless female ghost hugging her head. The eyes on the head in her arms rolled around and finally landed on William. She looked straight at him. The female ghost’s white dress seemed to be dyed red by blood. The closer she was to her neck, the redder the blood became. Below was an irregular shape of blood spray. With just a glance, one could imagine the scene before her death.

“Hehe...” The female ghost seemed to be trying her best to smile, but her head was cut off at the neck. Her face had turned pale from the loss of blood, and she tried her best to smile. It looked strange no matter how one looked at it.

“Ahhhh!” William jumped up in fright. His language system was in chaos, and the metal basin in his hand fell to the ground with a dull thud.

Before Amelia could react, William hid behind her and hugged her neck tightly from behind.

“Ahem, Brother, let go... Ah...” Amelia’s tongue was about to come out.

“Brother... You’re strangling me... You’re strangling me...”

However, William was too afraid. He didn’t let go at all and even hid behind Amelia. Amelia had no choice. She couldn’t be strangled to death by her brother, right? Hence, she exerted strength and with a bang, William was thrown over her shoulder. The direction was the window.

William felt the world spin before he fell to the ground. Fortunately, there was a carpet in the room, so he didn’t fall seriously. However, the serious thing was that when he looked up, he saw the female ghost holding her head in midair.

William: ” ! ! ! ” Why didn’t he just faint?! Why did he have to face all of this soberly?!

William trembled as he reached out to Amelia for help. "Mia, help me, help me up..." His legs and hands were weak. He couldn't get up from the ground by himself. If he couldn't get up, he couldn't stay away from the female ghost who was hugging his head!

Amelia hurriedly ran over and helped William up. "I'm sorry, Brother. I didn't do it on purpose..."

William: "It's fine. No, is this the time to talk about this?" His gaze didn't move.

He didn't dare to turn his head to look at the female ghost hugging her head. He asked Amelia, "When... when did that thing come?"

Amelia was puzzled. Why could her brother see ghosts again? She replied, "When your iron basin needle began to turn, the head-holding auntie was outside." Then, she added, "Brother, if you're so afraid of ghosts, why did you calculate a tool to detect ghosts?"

William: "... I'm sure there's no conflict between ghosts and me being afraid of ghosts."

Amelia thought of Harper, who loved to play games, and asked, "So this is what everyone means by being a noob and loving to play?"

William: "... Can you stop attacking me? Let's deal with the female ghost first! Boohoo, why is the female ghost beside me? Why can my sister discuss the problem with me so calmly? Isn't she afraid?"

William held back his trembling legs and asked, "W-What the hell is she..."

Amelia shook her head. "I don't know." Her master said that he was going down for a meeting and hadn't returned for two days.

Amelia looked at the female ghost who was hugging her head and asked, "Auntie, what the hell are you?"

The female ghost hugged her head: She rolled her eyes, her eyes strange, and a gurgling sound came from her throat. Right on the heels of that, she floated towards William.

William shouted in his heart, "No! Don't come over!"

Chapter 185: The Female Ghost Is Missing

Amelia instinctively felt danger and stood in front of William warily. "Speak if you want to. Don't touch."

The female ghost holding her head suddenly let out a roar and pounced fiercely at Amelia! Amelia did not have much combat experience. Without Elmer Stevens's guidance, she subconsciously raised her hand to block the attack.

The red string on Amelia's wrist emitted a ring of red light and bounced the female ghost who was hugging her head away! The female ghost who was hugging her head was caught off guard. The head in her hand fell off and she fell to the side in a sorry state. Her head rolled to William's feet. The female ghost who was hugging her head turned around clumsily and finally revealed her eyes. She stared straight at William and opened her bloody mouth..

William:

Amelia hurriedly said, "Brother, don't be afraid!" With that, she immediately ran over and shouted in a childish voice, "Female ghost, take this!" With that, she raised her leg and kicked the female ghost's head out of the window like a ball! The female ghost immediately floated out like a headless fly.

Before Amelia chased after him, she did not forget to remind him, "Brother, stay in your room."

William was still in shock. How could he dare to stay in the room alone? He hurriedly said, "Wait for me." Wherever his sister was, he would be there! He could only feel safe where his sister was!

The siblings ran out. No one picked up the metal basin on the ground, and they forgot to turn off the video recorder on the table. The indicator light of the video recorder flickered as it recorded the scene just now.

Amelia ran downstairs. The Old Master of the Walton family and Alex, who were talking, immediately stopped and turned around. Then, they saw Amelia running out without looking sideways.

“Mia? Where are you going?” Old Madam Walton controlled the wheelchair and followed. Alex immediately stood up and grabbed the armrest of the wheelchair, pushing Old Madam Walton out.

Old Madam Walton turned around in surprise and glanced at Alex. Alex pushed the wheelchair faster than Old Madam Walton controlled it. It had been a long time since Old Madam Walton had felt such speed. The few of them quickly caught up to Amelia.

Amelia ran to the back garden and looked at the sky, then at the flowerbed, as if she was looking for something.

Alex asked, “Mia, what are you looking for? Daddy can help you.”

Amelia shook her head. “Daddy won’t be able to find it.”

Alex’s dark eyes revealed strong confidence. “Mia, there’s nothing Daddy can’t find.” He guessed that Amelia had accidentally dropped the toy when she was playing upstairs. No matter what kind of toy it was, no matter how big or small it was, it was very easy for him.

Amelia shook her head and didn’t say anything. What if she scared her grandmother? Last time, her grandmother was frightened by Oliver, who was covered in blood.

William was a step slower. He looked around nervously, but he didn’t see the female ghost. Only then did he stabilize his emotions. He subconsciously calculated, “According to the parabola...” He visually estimated the distance between the window and the garden and the angle at which the female ghosts head had flown out. He said, “It should be here...” The parabola’s trajectory could be found unless the female ghost changed her direction halfway.

Amelia didn't know what a parabola was. She only had an inexplicable feeling that she could roughly sense where the female ghost's head was. However, she relied on her intuition to search around but couldn't find anything. Even the female ghost's body that had just flown out was gone.

Amelia frowned and muttered, "Strange, so strange."

Old Madam Walton: "Mia, what are you looking for? Grandma will help you look for it."

Amelia shook her head and could only give up for the time being. "It's nothing. Let's not look for it for now. Grandma, let's go back."

Old Madam Walton looked at William, who could only say, "Yes, it's nothing. I

was playing hide-and-seek with Mia. I said that I would throw something for her to find, but in fact, I didn't throw anything."

Everyone was speechless.

Old Madam Walton said, "Don't tease your sister all the time. She's still young and will believe anything you say."

William quickly said, "Got it!"

Alex narrowed his eyes and looked at Amelia, then at William. The two little fellows were not bad. They were quite calm when they lied, but they were still not enough in front of him.

"Let's go back," Old Madam Walton said. Everyone walked back, but they did not notice a woman standing upright behind the bushes in the flowerbed..

Chapter 186: Let Your Father Cook

In the garden, a maid moved her neck stiffly, but it was twisted strangely to the other side, as if she was not used to it. However, she quickly adjusted. Her head and body were in the same direction. Her hands made a hugging gesture, as if she was used to it. It took her a while to react and slowly put her hands down. Perhaps she was not used to it, but she picked up the flower basket beside her and revealed a satisfied smile.

Alex, who was walking at the back, seemed to have sensed something. He suddenly turned around and saw a maid in the garden holding a flower basket and a pair of scissors to trim the flowers. She lowered her eyes and left quietly with the flower basket.

Alex narrowed his eyes and felt that something was wrong. If he had seen a female ghost hugging her head before, he would definitely be able to tell that their actions were exactly the same from the maid's subtle movements.

Unfortunately, he had never seen a female ghost hugging her head.

It turned out that Amelia's kick had accidentally kicked the female ghost into the maid's body by a freak combination of factors.

Alex brought Amelia back to the living room and stopped talking.

Old Madam Walton said, "Mia, are you hungry? Grandma..." She was about to say that Grandma would cook for you, but her tone changed. 'Grandma will ask your father to cook for you.' A qualified father had to have superb culinary skills. Otherwise, how could he raise a child to be healthy and fat? They could not eat outside. The food outside was not healthy, and it was not possible to hire a cooking auntie. What if the auntie was lazy or had some illness? What if she infected Mia?

Alex raised his eyebrows. "Me? Cook? Are you sure?" When his hands held a knife, he only slashed at people.

As soon as Alex finished speaking, the Walton family looked over collectively, as if they had reached an invisible tacit understanding.

Alex: ‘

Amelia made a gesture of encouragement and said excitedly, “Daddy, you can do it!”

Alex smiled. “Alright.” Since his good daughter had spoken, he had to do it even if he couldn’t! It was just cooking. Wasn’t it just cooking the food and fishing it out? It wasn’t difficult.

Alex pulled his collar and unbuttoned a button.

Only then did George notice that Alex was wearing a shirt and suit pants today. He looked quite formal, which was different from the casual clothes he wore before. It was obvious that he took this meeting seriously. George silently added one point to Alex in his heart. At the same time, Old Master of the Walton family, who had noticed this detail, reluctantly added one point.

Old Madam Walton said, “There are three chickens in the kitchen. I got someone to buy them from the countryside. Kill one to make soup. Mia has to drink soup every day. Kill another to make braised chicken. Mia likes to eat braised chicken drumsticks. There’s also a chicken for white cut chicken. Do you know what white cut chicken is?”

Alex rolled up his sleeves and nodded. “Simple.” He knew how to kill people, so it was not difficult to kill chickens.

Old Madam Walton added, “Other than chicken, there are also other dishes. Make some minced meat eggplant. Mia likes it. This eggplant is very delicious when mixed with rice. It’s not easy to make eggplant. If you don’t understand, ask. You can make the other dishes. Make whatever is in the kitchen. There are more than ten people in a family. Just make about eighteen dishes. Oh right, make some egg foo young. Mia needs to eat eggs every day as she grows. The other children are the same. There are a total of five children in the family.

Make five portions.”

Alex. • “???” Did your family have to cook so many dishes at once? Thinking back to when he was at the Burton family’s villa, it was the rough men under him who cooked. One dish was cooked in a pot, and four dishes plus a soup were considered a feast!

Alex walked through the yard and strode to the kitchen.

William said softly, “Mia, let’s go up first.” He was uneasy as he did not find the female ghost.

Amelia was worried about Alex. She ran to the kitchen and said, “Brother, wait a moment. I’ll go see Dad first.”

In the kitchen, Nanny Wu handed an apron to Alex and asked, “Mr. Qi, kill the chicken first. Do you need my help? The rooster has been allowed to roam free.

It’s very fierce.”

When Alex saw Amelia running in, he changed the topic and shook his head. “No need to help.” His daughter was beside him. He had to show his dignified side as a father.

Alex picked up the chicken easily. As the saying goes, even if you haven’t eaten pork, haven’t you seen a pig run? He had traveled extensively for so many years and had seen others kill chickens..

Chapter 187: The Chicken Runs Away

Alex had a hard time when he was on the run. He was already very happy to be able to eat a full meal. Later on, he took in a few subordinates and became a spy for the Dark Corporation. Thinking about it carefully, he had never killed a chicken.

Alex held the kitchen knife and spun it around like a pen. Nanny Wu was so frightened that she hurriedly stood in front of Amelia, afraid that the kitchen knife would fall out of Alex's hand and hurt Amelia.

Nanny Wu reminded Alex, "Pluck the chicken feathers first."

Alex paused. Shouldn't he kill the chicken first before plucking the feathers?

Nanny Wu explained, "I'm saying that we have to pluck the feathers from the chicken's neck first before we can cut it."

Alex nodded and plucked the chicken feathers cleanly. Then, he turned his wrist and controlled the chicken to stop it from flapping. He really caught the chicken with one hand and held a knife with the other. Killing the chicken with one hand was so cool!

The rooster was pressed down by Alex. It couldn't move or scream. It could only struggle with all its might, but all its struggles were in vain.

Amelia clapped her hands at the side. "Daddy is so awesome!" With that said, she covered her eyes. "But Daddy, let's not kill the chickens ourselves in the future, okay?" The chickens that were killed were a little pitiful.

In the minds of children, chicken meat was chicken meat, and live chicken was live chicken. The two were different.

Alex found it funny. He nodded and said, "Okay." Then, seeing that Amelia was covering her eyes, he quickly moved. With a slash, chicken blood splattered. He held the chicken in one hand and squatted down. He brought the chicken neck close to the bowl and let the chicken blood out.

Old Madam Walton, who was watching from afar, pursed her lips. "I thought he didn't know how to do it. I didn't expect him to do it well."

George and Old Master Su also silently added one point to Alex. As for the others, they only added 0.5 points. After all, killing chickens was not a difficult move!

When the chicken blood stopped flowing out, Alex let go of the chicken. Then...

a dramatic scene happened. The chicken that was thrown out flapped twice and actually flew up in the next second. It raised its headless neck and ran around for its life.

The people from the Walton family were speechless. They were crazily deducting points for Alex!

Alex: How could this chicken run without its head? Was it slapping his face? A trace of killing intent flashed in his eyes. He turned his wrist and the kitchen knife flew out. It accurately stabbed into the chicken's neck. The chicken was nailed and couldn't run anymore. It twitched twice and fell to the ground completely.

At the same time, behind an old tree, a maid holding a flower basket seemed to be frightened by this scene. Her pupils constricted violently, and the flower basket in her hand fell.

Amelia's eyes widened. "This..." For a moment, she didn't know if she should say that the chick was so pitiful or that her father was amazing.

Nanny Wu's mouth had already formed an O shape. How could a chicken be killed like this?!

The corners of the Walton family's mouths twitched. They wondered if they should give Alex extra points this time...

William recovered from his shock and began to count on his fingers. Alex was Mia's father, which meant that he was his Auntie's husband. Therefore, he should call Alex uncle. The uncle in front of him was too fierce. He was so cool even when killing chickens!

"Mia, why don't we go upstairs first?" William ran to Amelia's side and whispered. Although it was cool for Uncle to kill chickens, he didn't want to see such a bloody scene again!

However, Amelia was looking at the other side. Behind the tree stood a maid with a pale face. The flower basket in her hand had fallen to the ground, and the flowers inside were scattered all over the ground.

Amelia said, "Brother, wait a moment." With that, she ran to the tree and reached out to pull out the kitchen knife effortlessly. Then, she looked up at the maid in front of her and asked with concern, "Auntie, are you alright?" The maid looked down and saw Amelia in front of her. Her face was soft and cute, and her eyes were big, black, and fair. However, she was holding a kitchen knife that was covered in blood...

"Ah!" The maid seemed to be frightened and quickly retreated. "Don't, don't chop off my head!"

Amelia was stunned. She put the kitchen knife behind her back. She didn't want to chop her head off. Was this auntie frightened by the scene just now? However, Amelia looked at the chicken in confusion and then at the maid. She felt that something was wrong.

Amelia asked, "Auntie, is your neck okay?"

It turned out that when the maid retreated, she tried her best to turn her face and escape. However, her limbs seemed to be a little uncoordinated. Her head was turned to the left, but her body was retreating. At a glance, it was as if her head had been twisted.

Alex had arrived at some point in time. He carefully took the kitchen knife from Amelia's hand. After making sure that he held the kitchen knife firmly,

he looked at the maid.. "What's your name?"

Chapter 188: Where Did The Ghost Go?

There was an oppressive aura around Alex. When he stared at someone, his eyes were cold. Coupled with the blood on the knife in his hand, there was an invisible murderous aura.

The maid seemed to be scared out of her wits. She stammered, "I, I . . .

Alex frowned.

Old Madam Walton came over in a wheelchair and asked) "Kate, what are you doing here?"

It turned out that the maid's name was Kate Collins. She was a gardener and flower artist who managed the Walton family's manor. The Walton family's manor was very big and had many flowers planted. It was April, the season for flowers to bloom. Peach blossoms, roses, lilies, and other flowers filled the manor. After the flowers bloomed, there would be a special flower artist who would cut the flowers and place them in vases in the various rooms of the Walton family.

Kate took a while to calm down. She lowered her eyes and said, "I'm cutting flowers...

Old Madam Walton did not think too much about it. After all, anyone would be shocked by the scene of such a huge kitchen knife flying over and nailing the little chicken to death. She waved at Kate. "Alright, go ahead."

Kate nodded. She picked up the flower basket on the ground in a panic and ran away with unsteady footsteps.

Old Madam Walton said strangely, "What's wrong with Kate today? She's acting so strange."

Alex's eyes were unreadable. He added, "Maybe she was frightened."

Old Madam Walton looked at him from the corner of her eyes. "You still have the cheek to say that? Everyone says that knives and guns are blind. What if you accidentally hurt Mia?"

Alex touched his nose. He didn't expect to be scolded one day. In his hands, knives and guns were not blind, but he didn't dare to refute Old Madam Walton.

Old Madam Walton pulled Amelia over and said, "Mia, be good and go upstairs with your brother to play."

Amelia nodded and looked at Alex. "Daddy, you can do it. When you kill the chicks later, you must be gentle."

Alex reached out to rub Amelia's head, but when he thought about how he had grabbed a chicken and killed it, he decided to forget it. He said, "Alright, go up."

Don't worry about Daddy. Daddy knows how to cook."

Amelia nodded in trust and went upstairs with William.

Old Madam Walton had no choice but to instruct Nanny Wu to cook other dishes. She was afraid that everyone would not be able to eat lunch later.

The kitchen was huge. Nanny Wu cooked other dishes at the side. Alex cooked the dishes that Old Madam Walton had ordered. He continued to kill the chicken. After that, he chopped off the chicken's head and bled it upside down.

After confirming that the chicken was dead, he let go and plucked its feathers. He plucked them piece by piece. The skin of the chicken was torn off. It was a tragic sight. When it was time to deal with the eggplant, Alex looked at it for a long time but didn't find that it was difficult to make the eggplant. He directly cut the eggplant in half with a kitchen knife.

Upstairs, Seven was squatting by the window with his eyes closed in a daze.

The parrot also needed to take an afternoon nap. At this moment, its beak was resting on the side of its wings. Its eyes were half-closed, and it nodded from time to time as if it was dozing off.

William took a careful look at the window and moved his feet. He reached out with a mirror in his hand. Seven opened her eyes and looked at him strangely before moving to the side.

After confirming that there were no ghosts outside the window, William poked his head out. "That's strange. Where could it have fallen to?" He craned his neck and took out a small notebook to calculate the parabolic trajectory. He drew the distance between the house and the flowerbed and the parabolic trajectory. "That's right. It's there. We didn't find the wrong place."

Amelia leaned against the window and leaned closer to Seven. She supported her chin with one hand and stroked Seven's feathers with the other, as if she did not care where the female ghost was.

William was stunned. He asked, "Mia, aren't you anxious?"

Amelia shook her head. "There's no hurry. There are many ghosts in this world. The ghost we're looking for will appear eventually."

William was puzzled. "Will it?" What if the ghost escapes? He still remembered that Amelia had said that she had to fill the Soul Retrieving Gourd. Otherwise, she might be forced to leave. Therefore, no matter how afraid he was of ghosts, he had to work hard to find the female ghost!

Amelia nodded affirmatively. "Yes! Perhaps the ghost will come out by itself when we sleep at night."

William was speechless. There was no need to tell him about this. The more he couldn't find the female ghost, the more worried William was. He couldn't sleep well. Thinking of the female ghost holding her head and opening her bloody mouth, he shivered.

William decisively went to the desk to write and draw. Then, he picked up the video recorder.. He had to hurry up and create a ghost alarm!

Chapter 189: Caught a Ghost

“Eh? The video recorder has been on the whole time?” William clicked to end the filming. Then, he flipped through the video he had just taken and said strangely, “When did I turn it on? Why don’t I remember? But I can clean up the memory...” As soon as he finished speaking, he saw a headless female ghost appear in the video. First, a shoulder popped out, right on the heels of the head she was holding, and then a pair of greenish-black feet! And in the video, he was fiddling with the metal basin!

William was so scared that he almost threw the video recorder out!

Amelia hurriedly asked, “What’s wrong, Brother?”

William calmed down and shook his head. “I’m fine, I’m fine...” After saying that, he became excited again. Didn’t those people on the Internet not believe him? He wanted to upload this video and scare them to death!

William did as he said and uploaded the video. He added a cool sentence, “The ghost is here. Be careful not to be scared out of your wits!”

After the video was uploaded, someone quickly commented, “This special effect is too fake!”

“There are no ghosts in this world. We’re already in modern society. Can you believe in science? You look quite young. You should study hard. Otherwise, you can only pick up trash after graduating from university!”

“It’s this kind of fake video again. Next time, please use a high-definition camera, okay? Don’t post these blurry images for views!”

William puffed up his cheeks in anger.

When Amelia saw William’s defeated expression, she patted his shoulder like an adult and encouraged him. “Brother, you can do it. Don’t be dejected!”

William nodded gloomily.

About an hour later, Old Madam Walton shouted from downstairs, "It's time to eat, Mia! Come down and eat quickly. Lucas, William, Harper, Emma! Come down and eat quickly!"

Old Madam Walton called out their names one by one. Not long after, the children's footsteps sounded from upstairs. Of course, there were also people who were dilly-dallying and unwilling to come down. Of course, it was Amelia who was running. As for those who were dilly-dallying and unwilling to come down, it was naturally Harper. Emma was still in the room, doing her homework. She looked up pitifully. "Daddy, I'm hungry. Can I go eat first?"

Dylan was silent and stubborn. He had just said that Emma was not allowed to play with Amelia or eat until she finished her homework, so he really did not let her play or eat. Previously, Emma had been indulged by Sarah and her studies were a mess. She was six years old this year and was about to go to primary school. With her grades, wouldn't she be at the bottom of the class if she went to primary school? When the time came, she might not even be able to graduate from primary school!

There were many children in the Walton family. George's two sons, Lucas and William, were both star students. Although Amelia had yet to go to school, he could tell that Amelia was very smart, so there was no need to worry about her studies. Only Dylan's two children were not smart. Emma only knew how to play when she was sleeping, while Harper only knew how to play games. As a father, Dylan would be so worried that he would lose his hair.

Emma cried and said, "Daddy, I'm only in kindergarten. Why should I do homework? Other children don't even need to do homework."

Dylan said expressionlessly, "You said it yourself. That's someone else's child." It was just a few simple Chinese characters, and Emma hadn't finished writing them all afternoon.

Emma: Wuwuwu, she really wanted to play with Mia and eat with her.

Dylan sat at the side with a firm attitude and starved with Emma. Emma had no choice but to cry and do her homework.

At this moment, Kate carried a large bouquet of flowers upstairs. Her footsteps were light like a ghost, and there was no sound as she walked. She passed by Emma's room and quietly approached it. Her eyes darted around as she observed the situation inside. After looking for a while, she felt that there was nothing to see. Then, she went to the room on the other side in satisfaction. She placed the flowers in each room and looked at every room.

Downstairs, the spacious cafeteria was bustling with noise and excitement.

Old Madam Walton asked the servants to leave some dishes for Dylan and Emma. The others looked at the dishes that Alex had served silently. The white-cut chicken was alright. After all) it was cooked in water and fished out. This was also Alex's most successful dish. Next was the steamed egg. Old Madam Walton picked up a spoon and touched it. It was like water and didn't seem to be cooked...

Old Madam Walton: "This...

Alex's expression didn't change. "I've tasted it. It's cooked, but it doesn't look good. It doesn't take shape.."

Chapter 190: No Chance to Know You

The corners of Old Madam Walton's mouth twitched. She picked up another piece of black stuff and asked, "Then this is?"

Alex: "Eggplant."

Old Madam Walton: "... " She didn't understand how good food would become like this.

George picked up a piece of black eggplant and put it in his mouth. Against his will, he said, "It tastes good."

Eric widened his eyes and muttered, "I have to leave more of such delicious eggplants for Dylan."

Andrew smiled. "It's a pity that the rest of the family aren't at home and missed out on such delicious eggplants. I hope Mr. Burton can make it for them personally next time."

Alex nodded. "Okay."

Amelia finished the bowl of steamed egg, and there was still a little bit of egg on the corner of her mouth. She smiled at Alex and gave him a thumbs up.

"Delicious!"

Alex's lips curled up. It was said that daughters were considerate little darlings. These words did not seem to be lying. The next second, he saw Amelia pick up another piece of eggplant and put it in her mouth. Amelia thought that since even Eldest Uncle and Youngest Uncle said that eggplant was delicious, it must be super delicious.

The Walton family was shocked. "Miao, don't eat..." Before they could finish speaking, Amelia spat out the eggplant. It tasted terrible!

Amelia looked at the eggplant on the plate. Why was the eggplant so unpalatable? Why were Eldest Uncle, Grandpa, and Grandma eating so happily and praising it? She looked up at Alex pitifully. "Daddy, I'm sorry. This eggplant is too disgusting. I really can't eat it."

Alex was speechless. It seemed like his little darling was not a little darling after all. Besides, was this eggplant that bad? Didn't George and the rest eat it?

Alex picked up the eggplant and took a bite. Then, he suddenly coughed. He tilted his head and spat out the eggplant. He grabbed a glass of water and gulped it down. He was silent for a moment before shaking his head at Amelia.

"It's okay. I can't eat this eggplant either."

Everyone had smiles in their eyes, and Harper laughed out loud. The old master of the Walton family's stern face gradually softened. He didn't care how many points he gave Alex. As long as Mia liked him and acknowledged Alex, they would acknowledge him and his identity.

Kate had gone downstairs after arranging the flowers. She secretly peeped at the cafeteria. The entire Walton family was resplendent. They sat in the dining room, laughing and chatting happily. Kate's eyes unconsciously revealed a trace of resentment. Why could they live so well? Why could they live happier than her?

Kate held the flower basket in her hand and clenched the scissors in her other hand. At this moment, Alex suddenly turned around, scaring Kate so much that her hand trembled and the scissors fell to the ground.

Hearing the commotion, the Walton family turned around.

Kate quickly picked up the scissors and apologized. "I'm sorry. I accidentally dropped the scissors." With that, she ran away in a panic.

Alex stared at Kate and frowned. "There's something wrong with this landscaper."

Old Madam Walton frowned. She also felt that Kate's behavior today was very strange. However, she had personally gone for an interview with this landscaper because her position was special. She had to take care of the entire garden of the manor and be in charge of changing the flowers in everyone's room in the Walton family. This was just like how you had to find someone you trusted to clean your room.

Old Madam Walton said, "Maybe Kate isn't feeling well today, or something happened. I'll talk to her later."

Alex didn't say anything else.

In the blink of an eye, it was night time. Alex stayed in the guest room. He looked around the room. The interior design of the room was mature. There was only a bed, a gray bedside table, and a closet. There was also an armchair and a small coffee table. There were no unnecessary decorations, which suited his personality. It could be seen that this room had been specially decorated by the Walton family.

Alex casually sat down on the sofa and turned on his cell phone. He clicked on Helena's photo and looked at it silently. After a long time, he said in a low voice, "I'm sorry that I didn't have the chance to get to know you." He heard that before she died, the person she was most worried about was Mia. No matter what, he would take good care of Mia.

At night, Emma, who had finally finished her homework and was released by Dylan to eat, ate heartily. She no longer had the bad habit of being picky.

After Emma finished eating, she threw the bowl into the dishwasher and ran upstairs while shouting, "Mia, Mia, come out and play!"