

Mia is Not a Trouble-Maker!

Chapter 2: Pick Up, Put It on speaker!

As Jonathan spoke, he thought of Rebecca, who was still in the hospital. Rebecca had lost a lot of blood, and the doctor had already given her two critical notices, but she didn't forget to tell him not to blame Amelia. She said Amelia had lost her mother at a young age and did not feel safe so she felt that after her younger brother was born, he would steal her father away. That was why she had accidentally done the wrong thing.

The more Jonathan thought about it, the angrier he got. He hit her as he shouted: "Lie! Keep lying!" Each time he spoke, the stick landed on Amelia's body. His beating was ruthless and crazy, not noticing that his phone had fallen into the snow. He didn't stop until Amelia stopped screaming or struggling, just lying in the snow like a broken doll.

"Kneel here, and you can get up when Rebecca is safe!" Jonathan said and kicked her again, then turned around to leave. He had been annoyed enough recently. There was a financial loophole in the company, and he had been begging someone for help for half a month, but didn't even get to see the person. Today, Rebecca fell down the stairs again, and the son he had been looking forward to for a long time was gone. The repeated setbacks built up, and Amelia just so happened to run into the barrel of his gun. He released all his anger on Amelia.

The kitten doll that Amelia was hugging had already been beaten to shreds. She struggled to get up, but the moment she moved, she fell on the snow again. She felt like she was about to die. If she died, could she see her mom again?

At this time, a muffled voice sounded next to Amelia's ear: "Mia, call your little uncle, his number is 299*****, and his name is Andrew Walton."

"Call..." Amelia opened her eyes with difficulty and saw a black phone in the snow. Her survival instinct made her crawl over desperately. Her stiff fingers trembled as she pressed the number: 299...

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At the same time, in an ancient courtyard house in Buffalo, Old Master Walton was teaching someone a lesson. "A year has passed. Andrew, you said that you can pass the chief physician examination this year. Where is it? Where's the certificate?!"

The eight brothers of the Walton family stood in unison. All of them lowered their heads and remained silent. Andrew looked left and right. Just as he was about to explain, he heard Old Master Walton change his tone and suddenly ask, "Also, four years have passed. Where's your sister? Have you not found her yet?! You bunch of trash!"

The expressions of the eight brothers of the Walton family changed. They lowered their heads and did not speak. The eight brothers, who had been indifferent just now, had a hint of sadness on their faces. Their sister, Helena Walton, had been in poor health since she was young. The family had carefully protected her for twenty years, but four years ago, she suddenly disappeared.

Andrew was the attending physician. Andrew had always been in charge of Helena's health. That day, he had to save a seriously ill patient. Just because of that one time, Helena got lost. For the past four years, self-blame and regret had been tormenting Andrew. He had medical talent that no one could compare to, but because of guilt, he could not take another step forward for the past four years.

The Walton Family had eight sons and Helena was the only daughter. After her daughter disappeared, Old Madam Walton fell seriously ill. Old Master Walton's temper became more and more violent and strange. Every member of the Walton Family felt a rock pressing down on their hearts, making them unable to breathe.

The eldest son of the Walton family, George Walton, was the head of the Walton family's business empire. Ever since his younger sister, Helena, went missing, he had been expanding the Walton Corporation's business map. He worked overtime non-stop, causing his health to deteriorate. He relied on medicine to nourish himself every day.

The second son of the Walton family, Henry Walton, was the most outstanding pilot in the capital. After Helena went missing, he did not pass the psychological examination, causing him to stop flying and stay at home to adjust.

The third son of the Walton family...

The atmosphere in the study gradually fell silent. At this moment, Andrew's phone suddenly rang. Old Master Walton had rules. Phones could not be on during meetings. Andrew hurriedly picked up his phone and wanted to hang up, but Old Master Walton snorted. "Answer it!"

Andrew coughed and wanted to explain, "Dad, it's an unknown number. I..."

Old Master Walton put down his teacup with a bang and said coldly, "Answer it! Put it on speaker!"

The other seven sons of the Walton family looked at Andrew sympathetically. Andrew had no choice but to pick up the phone and press the speaker button. A small voice suddenly burst into their ears. "Hello, is this Little Uncle? I'm Mia... My mother's name is Helena Walton... Are you my Little Uncle Andrew Walton?"

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