

Mia is Not 421

Chapter 421: Reason for Being Unable to Leave

Helena didn't come back to her senses for a long time. "Why haven't I heard of such a big thing?"

Granny shook her head. "It's been too long. The matter has already been forgotten. Some of our juniors even suspect the authenticity of the matter. After all, 30 people died, not three." Later, the evil people were executed. The children of the evil people were still very angry. Not only did they not admit that their fathers had killed people, but they also said that the people in the neighborhood had framed their fathers.

Helena was silent. No wonder Block 7, Unit 1, Room 602 had been surrounded by red lines and covered in yellow talisman curses. In such a lively neighborhood, no one had thought it inappropriate. So that was the reason.

After figuring out the truth about Block 7, Unit 1, Room 602, Helena and Amelia went back to find Elmer.

When the sky turned dark, the granny bent down and called her grandson home. Someone asked her curiously why she had been muttering to the children for so long. The granny was stunned and was about to speak, but a young man ran over and happily told the granny that their hometown was going to be demolished. That's tens of millions at once! The granny instantly forgot about this and went home happily.

On the other side, Amelia asked, "Master, is this related to the prison?"

Elmer said, "The prison where Max is being held is the prison where the villains from 602 are being held." Max not being able to leave the prison has something to do with the villains.

Elmer: "The eight directions of the prison have been suppressed. It's probably to lock the ghosts of those evil people so that they can never reincarnate." This was why Max was trapped in the prison and could not leave.

Amelia was enlightened.

Elmer: "But there's Yin energy gathering in 602 now. We have to go over and find the reason.'

Amelia: "Master, didn't you go in and take a look?"

Elmer did not say anything. Instead, he looked down at Amelia and said, "There are some things you have to read yourself."

Amelia understood.

George came over because it was dark. When he heard Amelia say that she wanted to go to 602 to take a look, he accompanied her up without asking further.

Block Seven was located in the westernmost part of the neighborhood. There was a small playground in the middle of the six buildings closest to it. The small playground was filled with weeds, and it was obvious that very few people came here. In the dark building, there was only the sound of George, Amelia, and the others' footsteps. George took his phone and turned on his flashlight before walking upstairs.

With a creak, a door was blown open by the wind. In the silent night, it made one's scalp tingle.

William inadvertently looked up and his pupils constricted in fear. He screamed and hugged Amelia's arm. "Sister! Sister!"

Amelia patted William's arm. "Brother, don't worry. I'm here!"

Harper froze in the act of holding the camera. Only Emma, who had been outside the situation, was confused. What was wrong? What was wrong? Wasn't it just a door that had been blown open by the wind?

George frowned. He felt the air around him turn cold. "Mia?" he whispered.

Amelia said, "Eldest Uncle, don't worry. Master is here. Nothing will happen."

George was relieved to hear that Elmer was around. However, Harper suddenly threw the camera to him and stammered, "Eldest Uncle, Eldest Uncle, take it.'

George took the camera and let him take it. William's camera was indeed extraordinary. Harper was a child after all, so it was understandable for him to be afraid. As he was thinking, he glanced at the camera and saw that it was filled with people. Beside the door that had just been opened stood a family of old and young. Their faces were withered and pale. Their hands were by their sides, and their eyes were fixed on them.

George's fingers trembled imperceptibly...

Hence, it was Amelia who led everyone up. William's eyes were blank, and he turned into a cross-eyed person. Harper's walking posture was stiff, and he was a little on the same foot. George held the camera but did not look at the image. He looked straight ahead. Only Emma knew nothing and was still complaining, "Mia, how much longer are we going to climb? It's not fun at all here. There's nothing. I'm about to die of exhaustion. I can't crawl anymore..."

Amelia interrupted Emma. "We're here!" They came to the door of 602 again. The door of 602 had opened at some point, and the yellow paper hanging on the red string was rustling.

Suddenly William heard the familiar tinkle of bells, tinkle, tinkle...

Chapter 422: This Is a Dead Zone

Amelia said, "Let's go in."

William's face turned pale with fear. "I... I don't have to go in, right?"

Amelia nodded. "Sure. Brother, wait outside.'

William glanced out of the corner of his eye. There were a few figures floating in the corridor. For some reason, they all stared straight at him. There was also an old woman who shouted hoarsely, "Miss..."

William's scalp went numb. He quickly said, "Forget it, forget it. I'll go in too. Sister, I'll go wherever you go."

Beside him, Harper still didn't say a word. William saw it and felt some admiration. He didn't expect Harper to be really not afraid of ghosts! Usually, he underestimated him! Only Emma, who didn't know anything, was saying, "It's too dark inside. I'm afraid of rats.'

William shouted in his heart: Are rats the problem now?! According to the granny, the things in this house might be the ghosts of those evil people!

Amelia comforted her. "Don't worry. This place is dead ground. There won't be any rats."

Emma: 'Oh...' What did "dead" mean? Was land still divided into life and death?

After entering the house, George took out his phone and shone it around. He saw that the tables and chairs inside were dilapidated, as if someone had fought here. The tables, legs, chairs, and legs were all broken, and things were scattered on the ground. There was a table at the end of the living room that stood steadily without any damage. With the weak light of the cell phone, he could see four things standing on it, and there was a faint shadow in front.

William quickly looked around. Strangely, there were no ghosts in this room. The ghost-catching net he had just thrown in was not far from the door. From time to time, it would clang, but there was nothing inside. Perhaps his ghost-catching net was not good? Was there a problem during the production? In short, it was good that there were no ghosts inside. William heaved a sigh of relief.

At this moment, there was a sudden crash! The curtains were suddenly pulled open!

William jumped up in fear. “Ahhhh Daddy! Daddy!” He suddenly threw himself into George’s arms and hit his head hard on George’s crotch. George immediately groaned.

Harper froze in place. Emma was shocked too. She looked at the small figure by the window in horror.

Amelia blinked innocently. “It’s me.”

Everyone: “...” This was really scary!

The rotten curtains stirred up a large amount of dust. Everyone covered their mouths and noses. Then, the dim light outside finally saw what was standing on the table. It was four memorial tablets!

Under the dense moonlight, four memorial tablets stood quietly. In front of them was a fruit plate. The bright red apples made the black memorial tablets look even colder.

William was so frightened that his hair stood on end. Looking at the four tablets on the table, he was about to pee his pants!

William stammered and scolded, “Who, who is this? Who is so abnormal to place four memorial tablets here...”

Emma’s face gradually changed. A memorial tablet. Only dead people had memorial tablets... She finally reacted. Trembling, she took two steps forward and grabbed Harper’s arm, who was closest to her. “Brother, I’m afraid...” Harper’s voice trembled. “Don’t... Don’t pull me. I’m afraid too...”

Elmer floated to the side and said, “Mia, go and take down the four tablets.”

“Okay!” Amelia ran over and dragged a chair with a broken leg over. She stepped on the chair and swayed. This table was the kind of very heavy ebony offering table that Amelia could not get. George immediately went up and hugged Amelia with one hand, wanting to take down the tablets with the other. The flashlight in his hand flashed and shone on the ceiling. Four faces were stuck to the ceiling... Seeing that they were looking at him, the four faces revealed strange smiles and suddenly pounced on them!

This time, it wasn't just William. Harper and Emma screamed too!

Harper: "F*ck! F*ck ahhh!"

William: "Daddy, Daddy! Little sister, little sister, ahhh!"

Emma said, "Ahhh, save me. Mia, save me. Boohoo..."

Amelia seemed to be prepared. She raised her hand and waved. An Eight Trigrams Compass that was like a full moon flew out. At the same time, the Spirit Binding Net shot out. The Eight Trigrams Compass suppressed two faces. The Spirit Binding Net grabbed one of the faces that was running to the left. The remaining one sneaked out from the ground very cunningly and was about to rush to the door..

Chapter 423: Why Consecrate the Plate

"Where do you think you're going!" Amelia shouted in a childish voice. She rushed forward and stepped on the face.

"Squeak!" The face let out a scream and was instantly stomped flat!

Amelia snorted and placed her hands on her hips condescendingly. "Run.

Continue running if you dare! "

Emma, William, and Harper: "... Their sister was so brave!

William, Harper, and Emma looked at Amelia with admiration!

Amelia stepped on the face and could not break free no matter how hard she tried. She let out a shrill scream. Amelia pinched her fingers and shouted, "Fire! "

In the next second, a fireball flew out from Amelia's fingertips and burned the face to ashes. William: " !
" Harper:

Emma:

Emma was dumbfounded, but wait... She seemed to have seen this scene before... She remembered that on the night her mother was chased out by Grandma, she was crying alone in her room. Suddenly, a ghost crawled in from the window. She was so frightened that she hid under the blanket. The ghost even wanted to lift her blanket. At this moment, Amelia came. She muttered something and threw a fireball to chase after the ghost...

"Ghost, it's a ghost!" Emma's head seemed to have been struck by a bolt of lightning. She reacted in an instant. Previously, she was not dreaming or sleepwalking. She had really seen a ghost! This time, she had really seen a ghost!

Emma let out a cry and threw herself at Harper, straddling his neck.

Harper: "???" How did his sister jump up?

Harper swayed. Emma was choking her tongue out. "Let go. I'm going to... I'm going to be strangled by you..."

William turned around and saw Emma riding on Harper's neck. Harper stuck out his tongue and suddenly became even more terrifying. He grabbed George's belt and did not dare to let go.

The scene was chaotic.

Amelia threw out a few more fireballs, burning the remaining three faces to ashes. The three faces let out shrill and unwilling roars and completely disappeared.

“Alright!” Amelia clapped her hands, then stretched out her small hand and retracted the Eight Trigrams Compass and the Spirit Binding Net.

George caught Harper, who was about to fall, and pulled Emma down. Harper sat on the ground, and Emma’s legs went weak. William was still hanging from George. The three children looked shocked as they stared blankly at Amelia. Their sister was too fierce!

William asked worriedly, ‘Are they... are they all dead?’

Amelia said, “They’re long dead! These faces are the wraiths they gathered. If this tablet is worshipped for a few more years, they can gather it completely.” She placed the tablets neatly on the ground and asked, “Brother, how do you pronounce these words?”

William was very afraid, but his sister was asking him... He mustered his courage and went forward. He took a quick glance and grabbed George’s belt. “I think the surnames are Tian, Gu, and Song...”

George glanced at it and whispered the name.

Amelia curled her lips. “This person’s name doesn’t sound good. It doesn’t sound like a good person.” She went to the other rooms and looked around, but she didn’t find anything. In other words, there was nothing else in this house except the four memorial tablets in the living room.

Amelia asked Elmer in confusion, “Master, why are there memorial tablets here?”

Elmer prompted, “Why would ordinary people consecrate memorial tablets?” Amelia: “Consecrate the deceased and exorcise the dead?”

Elmer nodded. "The prison has set up a suppression in eight directions. Someone wants these four evil people to never reincarnate after death. We didn't see their souls in the prison, so their souls should have already perished. Perhaps only a trace of Yin energy is left in the human world. However, worshipping the memorial tablet here is to exorcise them and guide them back." Their souls were complete and they were reincarnated again.

Amelia understood. "In other words, someone is secretly consecrating the bad guys."

Elmer patted Amelia's head. "That's right." These four people were the enemies of everyone in the neighborhood. They had done all kinds of bad things and killed children and old people, but someone worshipped them. What was this person thinking?

Amelia asked, "Who is this person?"

Elmer pointed at the memorial tablet. "There's the name of the person worshipped on it... Good friend Emily.."

Chapter 424: Which Damn Thing Is It

Amelia's eyes widened. "It's the aunt?"

Elmer Stevens nodded.

Amelia was even more confused. This Aunt Emily was not their junior. They were not related. Helena thought of the money that had fallen out of Emily's bag and said, "It might be for the money."

They had to ask Emily herself about this.

Amelia raised her hand and broke the memorial tablets, completely destroying this sinister consecrator.

The corridor was filled with ghosts of men, women, and children. They all looked at Amelia in silence. They watched as she burned four faces and destroyed four memorial tablets. Someone's tears were muddy. "Die... Die..." Strong hatred burst out of their eyes.

Amelia waved at them. "Let's go. Have a safe trip!"

The ghosts left one after another. Perhaps they had finally seen their revenge, or perhaps they had finally resolved their worries and no longer had the reason to stay here.

Harper and the others' shouts still attracted the residents of Building Six not far away. The men were holding flashlights. The first thing they saw when they came up was Amelia and the other children. Their faces immediately darkened as they reprimanded, "Which family are you from? Stop fooling around! Why are you running around in the middle of the night? Where are the adults?"

George walked out of the house calmly. "I'm here."

When the men saw George walk out, they were first shocked, then speechless. "You're not from our neighborhood, are you? Don't you know what this place is?" Before they could finish speaking, George interrupted them. "I know what this place is. I'm here to look for something." He handed over one of the broken tablets. "Someone secretly worshipped those evil people here."

George made way for them to go in and take a look. The men were stunned and looked around skeptically. Immediately, anger burned in their eyes. The apples on the table were still fresh. It was obvious that they had been placed up for the past two days! Moreover, that person was quite diligent in exchanging tributes!

"Which damn thing is it!" One of the uncles was extremely angry and kicked the chair in front of him away! The other person even stepped on the memorial tablet fiercely and scolded, "Which shameless thing is it?! How dare you secretly set up an offering table here!" It was not an exaggeration to say that the four evil people should go to hell! They should never be reincarnated!

Everyone's anger was ignited. Someone took a photo of the broken memorial tablet and posted it in the neighborhood group. For a moment, everyone was looking for the person called Emily.

Suddenly, someone in the group said, "Wait, I'm quite familiar with this name.

It's my tenant!"

It was late at night, and everyone was rushing towards Block 3 aggressively! Emily was dead meat!

Emily lay on the bed and waited for the ambulance to arrive. The broken ankle was killing her, but why hadn't the ambulance arrived yet?

"Mom, my leg hurts..." Emily cried. "My head hurts too..."

Emily's mother touched her forehead. She had a fever! She hurriedly took a wet towel and placed it on her forehead. "Bear with it a little longer. Your father has already called the ambulance."

Outside the door, Emily's father was making a phone call in frustration. "What do you mean by not being able to dispatch? The ambulance has already gone to pick up the pregnant woman? What do you mean by letting us take a taxi to the hospital ourselves? Fractures are also illnesses. How is it not an urgent illness?" The other party said something and Emily's father hung up the phone angrily. He scolded softly, "These people must have seen that we're poor and don't have money to give them red packets, so they dawdled and didn't come to pick us up! They said that they couldn't dispatch here because there's a pregnant woman. Could it be that all the pregnant women are giving birth tonight?!"

Emily's tears welled up even more when she heard this. Why was she so unlucky? It was just an ambulance. How could she encounter a situation where she couldn't dispatch them?

"Mommy, I want to eat watermelon..." Emily cried.

Emily's mother quickly said, "Alright, alright, alright. Mommy will cut watermelons for you now..."

Emily's father sighed. "Don't be anxious. Daddy will go out and get a taxi now. We'll go to the hospital ourselves." If he had known earlier, he wouldn't have waited for an ambulance. He would have just taken a taxi to the hospital.

At this moment, the door was kicked open. It was really kicked open!

Emily's mother was scared silly. She was still holding a watermelon in her arms. Emily's father went out. "Who are you?"

A man sneered and said, "Yo, you're still preparing to eat watermelons? What are you eating! Eat sh*t!" He was so angry that he raised his leg and kicked the chair away.

Emily seemed to sense something and grabbed the blanket tightly in fear..

Chapter 425: You Are Bandits

Everyone looked around and their gazes landed on Emily. They asked fiercely, "You're Emily?! "

Emily nodded weakly.

A man sneered and took out the tablets. He threw them in Emily's face. "You worshiped these tablets, right?"

Emily's heart skipped a beat and she quickly shook her head. "No... What are you talking about? I don't understand what you're talking about!"

A granny leaned on her walking stick and poked the floor angrily, making a knocking sound. "You're still pretending! It's you who secretly worshipped the evil person who killed 30 of our compatriots back then in Block 7. Was it you?!"

Everyone's eyes widened in anger as they cursed.

Emilys parents took a while to react and hurriedly said, “There must be a misunderstanding. We’ve only moved here for a few months. We don’t even know who the people you’re talking about are... Our Emily is very timid. She’s afraid of cockroaches. It’s impossible for her to secretly set up a memorial tablet! ”

Unfortunately, no one listened to Emily’s parents. A middle-aged uncle went up and grabbed Emily’s arm, dragging her out of the room. “Your name is written on this memorial tablet, yet you still want to quibble!”

Emily’s mother immediately cried and shouted. These people were too evil. They were just bullying them for being poor and having no background. They were framing their daughter!

Emily’s mother shouted, “Is there any law?! You’re bandits! Bandits! What memorial tablet has Emily’s name written on it? There are many people called Emily in this world. How can you be sure that it’s our daughter?!”

Unfortunately, no one listened to Emily’s mother. After all, this matter was so infuriating that many people had already lost their minds. Someone went to rummage through the cabinets and insisted on finding evidence that Emily worshipped evil people. Someone argued with Emilys father and had a physical conflict.

The room was very chaotic. Someone took the opportunity to grab Emily’s hair and slap her a few times. Emily was stunned by the slap and kept crying. “It’s not me, it’s not me...” She raised her trembling hand and covered her face as she cried. “I’m a cancer patient. I don’t even know them or you. Why would I do such a thing...”

Emily’s mother also shouted with trembling hands, “You’re trespassing on private property. I’m going to sue you...”

Those people flipped through it and suddenly found a certificate. They opened their mouths and said, “That... Wait a minute...” He raised the certificate. It said that Emily had accepted a bone marrow donation. She was indeed a cancer patient... For a moment, everyone stopped and was suspicious. Was she really a cancer patient? If so, she really didn’t have any reason to do that... Could they have made a mistake?

Everyone hesitated, and Emily cried until she was out of breath. “I didn’t, it really wasn’t me... I went for treatment every month. Our family is so poor that we can’t even bear to throw away the leftovers. We have to eat leftovers for three days. My parents bought a pork rib and have to make it for me in three meals. They can’t even bear to eat it themselves... How can a family like ours have the money to worship others!”

Emily was in despair. Tears streamed down her face, and she couldn’t help but pity her. Emily’s mother hugged her and sobbed. “My poor daughter, what sins did we commit in our previous lives? Why is my daughter’s life so bitter!”

Emily’s father squatted at the side, hugging his head and not saying a word. He was worlds apart from his previous resistance.

Just as everyone was hesitating, a childish voice suddenly sounded. “Uncle,

Auntie, there are surveillance cameras here.” Amelia held a USB flash drive high.

William was holding George’s computer. He plugged in the USB drive and released the video. In the video, Emily was secretly carrying fruits, paper money, candles, and other things and sneaking into Block 7. The time was

very frequent. She had to go over every two to three days. It had been a few months since the beginning. The dates on the surveillance cameras were very clear. They had also captured Emily’s face. When she went and when she came out had been captured.

Emily’s parents were stunned.. When they were arguing just now, they said that they didn’t even know who those evil people were, but they lived here, so how could they not have heard of what had happened before? And their daughter secretly worshipped them even though she knew what those evil people had done?!

Chapter 426: Hypocrite! Disgusting!

“Impossible...” Emilys mother murmured. “My daughter is weak. It’s difficult for her to go downstairs...”

Emily’s father was also very confused. “My daughter is kind-hearted. She won’t do such a thing...”

They both looked at Emily. Emily had been stunned for a long time. She had thought that since no one lived in that building, there would be no surveillance cameras. Unexpectedly...

“I... I...” Emily stammered and could not speak. She could only shake her head. Tears fell as she moved. She looked miserable and helpless... Suddenly, she saw George outside the crowd. As if he had seen hope, he stumbled to his feet. “Brother George, it’s not me. I don’t know what’s going on either. Help me, help me, okay?”

Amelia looked at Emily sympathetically. Was this auntie sick for too long and had her brain damaged? She was Eldest Uncle’s obedient child. She was also the one who took out the USB drive. Eldest Uncle would definitely stand on her side! What was this auntie thinking? She actually asked Eldest Uncle to help her?

William sneered. “The evidence is right in front of you. Auntie, stop struggling. ”

Emma shouted at the top of her voice, “Hypocrite! Disgusting!”

Harper folded her arms and looked at Emily with disgust.

Emily’s tears were about to dry up. She only knew how to cry. Then, she shook her head vigorously. “It’s not me. It’s really not me...”

George watched coldly from the sidelines. He had no intention of helping at all. Emily’s heart ached. Didn’t he help her five years ago? Didn’t he give her money and couldn’t bear to see her die? Why didn’t he help her now? She was very pitiful now!

“Brother George...” Emily shouted indignantly.

“You deserve it for doing all kinds of bad things,” George said calmly. He could not blame anyone else for this matter. He could only blame Emily for courting death.

Emily instantly fell into despair. George’s words hurt her more than if others had said ten times about her. She remembered that when Helena was hospitalized, George would dote on Helena unconditionally no matter what she said. Even if Helena made a mistake, he would protect her domineeringly.

Why was he unwilling to give her a little of that love now? She was not greedy. She just wanted someone to protect her. Even a little was enough... Yes, she had done something wrong now, but there was a reason for her to do so! She had spent her youth in the ward. Now that she was slightly better, was it wrong to pursue the person she liked? She wanted to be worthy of George and dress up better, so she wanted to earn money. Was it wrong?

No one cared how pitiful Emily was crying. The evidence was right in front of them. It didn’t matter if you were a patient or a woman! Back then, when their wives, children, and children were tortured and killed by evil people, did anyone think that they were also old people, women, and children?

“Why did you do that!” The granny hit Emily angrily with her walking stick. Emily screamed as she was hit.

Emily’s mother tried to go over, but the others pulled her away. Emily could only bear it alone, calling out for her mother.

An uncle rushed forward and slapped Emily hard. His eyes were red. “Back then, those evil people killed my mother, my Grandma, and my two-year-old brother! I saw my brother being pierced through with a long knife with my own eyes. I saw my mother being humiliated by them. My Grandma rushed forward, but she was cruelly killed by them! Do you know how cruel they were? Do you know what they did? You dare to worship them!”

Emily’s face was swollen from the slap, so she could only cry and beg for mercy. Unfortunately, no one believed her now that she was pretending to be pitiful.

Emily: “No, I won’t go. I was wrong. I’m sorry... I apologize to all of you and beg for your forgiveness...”

Seeing Emily admit it, Emily's parents seemed to have lost all their strength. They looked at Emily in a daze. What had they done? It was fine if life was so difficult, but their daughter was so seriously ill. The money they had earned their entire lives had been used to treat their daughter, but in the end, they had received nothing...

The granny looked fiercely at Emily's dumbfounded parents and asked Emily,

"Why did you do this! Ah! Why!"

Emily seemed to have thought of something. She lowered her head and clenched the corner of her shirt tightly. She only knew how to cry.. Seeing that the uncles were about to come over and hit her again, she quickly said, "I'll

talk, I'll talk...

Chapter 427: Hungry

Emily opened her mouth and choked. "That was a night four months ago. Not long after we moved in, I was taking a walk in the district. I saw the faces of the few people on the publicity board in the corner and crossed them with big red ink. I chatted with them and asked them about what happened back then. That night, I had a nightmare... I dreamed that the four evil people killed many old people and children with knives and even humiliated and killed women... They were too fierce. Boohoo... I had a psychological trauma and had nightmares every night, so I wanted to worship them and escape the sea of suffering..."

Everyone was stunned. What kind of ridiculous reason was this? The evil people had killed thirty innocent old people, women, and children, turning innocent people into vengeful spirits. Emily felt uneasy in her dreams. Shouldn't she worship the people who were killed? Why did she worship the murderer?! They couldn't figure it out!

The people closest to Emily kicked her. By now, anger had overcome reason. They could no longer restrain themselves.

Amelia frowned deeply.

Helena shook her head and said, "That's definitely not the reason. She accepted the money on one hand, but other motives..." She thought for a moment and did not say anything in the end. Human nature was complicated. Who knew why Emily wanted to do this? Was it really just for money?

George took Amelia's hand and said, "Let's go."

Amelia, on the other hand, looked unconvinced. As soon as George said that he was leaving, she grabbed George's finger and left with him.

William quickly caught up and asked, "Dad, are we just going to let it go?" George grunted and asked, "What else do you think?" Someone would punish someone who had violated their moral bottom line. There were already a few police cars parked downstairs. The police were coming.

William was worried. "Will the police punish that stupid woman?"

George lowered his eyes and said firmly, "We will. Trust the police. All we can do is not do the same thing. We have to be vigilant. There are always some people in this world who have crossed the line. We don't hurt the people around us, but we have to be vigilant."

Amelia felt like she had completed something and said happily, "Eldest Uncle, I feel a little hungry!"

William looked at Amelia helplessly. He admired her too much. She could

actually eat. He didn't see Emily's ending and felt indignant.

George drove Amelia and the other children home for dinner.

Upstairs, Emily's eyes were filled with despair and unwillingness as she watched George leave without looking back. She did not know why Amelia did this. What she worshiped had nothing to do with her! Why did she specially find evidence to kill her? Yes, the person who asked her to worship the memorial tablet gave her money and promised her the status of a socialite in three years. He would give her a house, a higher status, and more money. From the beginning to the end, it was to be worthy of George because she really, really liked him! Moreover, she understood that the evil people those people spoke of only made those mistakes from her standpoint. Now that they were all dead, why could she not forgive them? They even used an array to suppress them and make them unable to reincarnate forever. It had been so many years. Even if they had any grudges, they should let it go, right?

Emily didn't think that what she was offering was a big deal. She was already dead, so why were those people still calculative?

In the dark night, Emily was lying on the bed with a swollen face. She had been beaten up by the people in the neighborhood. Later, the police came to mediate and took a few people away. The old lady who had beaten her with a walking stick was not taken away. Later, the police left and the people in the neighborhood returned. This time, several grannies came and kept hitting her arm and head with a walking stick! Before they left, they even said that they would come again tomorrow!

Emily had felt a little guilty about the offerings, but now she felt that the people in the neighborhood had gone too far. She had already admitted her mistake and said that she would never offer the memorial tablets again. What else did these people want her to do?!

As she was thinking, the curtains suddenly banged. The wind outside was very strong. Emily was about to call her mother over to help her close the window when she suddenly seemed to sense something and turned to look at the window.. What she saw frightened her so much that her hair stood on end!

Chapter 428: What Right Did She Have to Forgive For Them?

There were a few white figures floating outside the window. The slapping sound was not the sound of the curtains hitting the window, but they were kicking the window with their feet! Emily was so frightened that she screamed repeatedly. She hurriedly got up and wanted to open the door to go out, but her legs went limp and she knelt down. The fracture of her ankle made her scream!

In the next moment, the white figures outside the window came to her with a whoosh. Pairs of dead fish-like eyes stared at her. Emily shouted in fear, "Don't! Don't come over! Don't come over!"

Emily retreated desperately. Her hand suddenly touched something soft. When she turned her head, she saw a child standing in front of her.

"Hehe..." The child giggled. His head tilted and fell.

Emily: A stream of heat flowed down between her legs, and she peed her pants!

Emily's room seemed isolated now. She couldn't hear anything from outside, and her screams didn't travel. She was terrified. There were more and more ghosts around her. Faces emerged from behind the door panels, some hanging upside down from the roof, and others came in through the windows. Soon the room was filled with them. They were silent, except for the laughter of children. They slowly approached her with their hands raised, getting closer and closer...

"Ah!" Emily retreated in horror, her back hitting the bedside table hard. However, she ignored the pain and could only cry. "Don't come over, don't come over..."

An old woman made a gurgling sound from her throat and said intermittently, "You... aren't you... consecrating evil people? Come... consecrate us... We're the ones who died the most miserably... hehe..."

Emily's pupils constricted. She understood now. So many people were killed by those evil people?! So many?! Impossible, impossible. How could those evil people kill so many people... Not only were there old people in front of them, but there were also children and women...

Emily panicked. "I'm not... I didn't, no..."

A female ghost screamed and pounced on Emily. She glared at her, her eyes bulging. "It's you! It's you! We all saw it! We all saw it!" She pinched Emily hard, opened her mouth, and bit her face!

The ghosts around them pounced over, their mouths open, and bit Emily! They had died so tragically. They had only fought for their normal right to survive, but they had been tortured to death by evil people! And Emily worshipped those evil people and said that she would forgive them... What right did she have to forgive them on their behalf?! Was she worthy?!

Emily screamed repeatedly. The pain of being bitten was real. Her eyes widened in extreme fear... Unfortunately, no one could save her.

A few days later, Amelia heard that Emily had been hospitalized again. It seemed that her cancer had relapsed because of too many emotional fluctuations. This time, her illness was even worse than before. Her body had a rejection reaction and she had been resuscitated several times. However, because she could not fork out the medical fees, she could not undergo the next treatment. Her body was so infected that many places had festered.

Emily was hospitalized, so the people in the neighborhood did not disturb her anymore. However, they often went to the hospital to “visit” her and spread the news that she worshipped evil people. This time, no matter how pitiful she pretended to be and how badly she cried, no matter how pitiful her parents looked when they squatted at the wall without a word, no one helped her pay the medical fees.

Amelia asked William quietly, “Brother, if that auntie doesn’t have money for treatment, what will happen in the end?”

William thought for a moment and said, “She might die soon.” The last pain of cancer was unimaginable to ordinary people. Some people would even cut themselves with a knife to offset the pain.

It was conceivable that Emily would die slowly in pain and despair.

When Amelia seemed to be thinking about something, William asked, “Doesn’t Mia want her dead?”

Amelia shook her head. “No, Master said that life and death are predestined.

Karma..." Her mother also said that some people did not deserve sympathy. Her father also told her that people should be kind and compassionate, making them unable to be compassionate. Eldest Uncle also said that some people did not deserve sympathy, so Amelia felt that Emily's fate was all her own fault. People had to atone for their mistakes. Mrs.. Walton shouted from downstairs, "Dinner!"

Chapter 429: Butterfly Grave

Amelia ran quickly. "Let's go, let's eat!"

William: "... He felt that he had been eating at home and his mouth had never stopped.

In the dining room downstairs, there was another sumptuous meal. Amelia held a large bowl and scooped rice. She picked up a lot of food and stuck her chopsticks on the rice as usual. She lit another incense stick. Mrs. Walton was already used to it, so she picked up a drumstick and placed it in.

Nir. Walton: "It's going to be the Ghost Festival soon. When the time comes, prepare to go back and worship the ancestors and officially add Mia's name to the genealogy."

George nodded.

Alex: "Huh? My daughter needs to go back with me to worship the ancestors." He paused for a moment and said, "She also needs to go on the Burton family

"

tree.

Mrs. Walton ate and said nonchalantly, "You go on your side, and we go on ours. There's no conflict, and there's no rule that says a daughter can't be on both sides of the genealogy. In the Walton family, Mia is the young lady of the Walton family. In the Burton family, Mia is the young lady of the Burton family. It's perfect."

Alex: "...” Alright, it was indeed quite perfect.

Alex curled his lips. This was good too. No matter where his daughter went in the future, they would be her powerful backing. No one could bully her. Even if she got married in the future, the other party would have to consider if he could marry her.

Amelia asked curiously, "Grandma, where is our ancestral grave?"

Mrs. Walton said, "It's in Evergreen Cemetery." Cremation was popular nowadays. There was almost no such thing as an ancestral grave in the city.

Many people bought a piece of land in the cemetery and erected a monument. Some people went back to their hometown to be buried. However, in modern society, cemeteries were also developing. They would launch family tombs, such as Evergreen Cemetery. The price of family tombs was 15 million for the four spaces of the villa type and 18 million for the eight spaces, and so on.

That was why people were sighing now that they could not even afford to die.

For the first time, Amelia knew that there was such a thing. She thought that the ancestral graves were all on the mountain.

"What about our family?" Amelia was like a curious baby. She grabbed a question and kept asking. "How many spaces are in our family? Are the ancestors enough to live in? If not, should we squeeze together? Do the ancestors like the Evergreen Cemetery? Can Seven live in the cemetery in the future? And Grandpa Turtle? If Mia goes to live there in the future, can you please make my grave look like a bow?"

Everyone: "...” These questions were so difficult to answer!

Alex's mouth twitched. He picked up a pork trotter and stuffed it into Amelia's mouth. "Children should eat more and talk less."

Mrs. Walton muttered, "Children's words mean nothing, children's words mean nothing..."

Amelia: n ???” See, the adults were not answering her question again! The question she asked was not very difficult, right?

George’s eyes were filled with smiles as he said, “The Walton family’s family tomb isn’t counted by spaces. According to square meters, we currently have 100 square meters. Every tomb starts selling at least 3 square meters. The cemetery is about this size.” 100 square meters was already very big for the general area of the cemetery. There was also the front and back garden...

George: “The current area of the cemetery is enough for the ancestors to live in. For at least a hundred years, there’s no need to add...”

Nir. Walton choked on his rice. “Ahem!” Why was this topic so strange!

“I think the ancestors like Evergreen Cemetery.” George answered Amelia’s last question. “Mia likes bows?”

Amelia nodded. “Yes, yes! This will make my grave look different from other graves! ”

Everyone: “...” They had indeed never seen a bow-shaped tombstone...

This topic was getting harder and harder to talk about. The adults coughed, drank water, and pretended to talk about projects. They just wouldn’t look Amelia in the eye.

Amelia had no choice but to ask William, “Brother, what kind of grave do you

William was speechless. He was still young. There was no need to consider this problem, right?

Amelia said, “Brother Harper?”

Harper: “...” Deep in thought.

Amelia looked at Lucas again. "What about you, Lucas?"

Lucas:

Emma raised her hand innocently. "Me, me, me! I like the Peppa Pig shape!"

Everyone: "... " Was this really something that could be discussed? Children were children. Children's words carried no harm!

In the end, it was Mrs. Walton who ended the topic. "Alright, let's eat! If anyone doesn't eat properly, I'll check them one by one later!"

Amelia and the others immediately shrunk their necks and quickly ate!

Chapter 430: Strange Little Girl

Amelia suddenly thought of something and leaned closer to Alex. She asked softly, "Then Daddy, what about our family? Do our ancestors like their graves?"

Alex was speechless. The question was too difficult for him to answer.

Amelia said, "Can I make the shape I like?" Her grandmother and the others did not answer her. She could only ask her father. In Amelia's heart, her father was omnipotent. Her father was the real one.

Alex finally said, "We're implementing new funeral rules now. Compared to traditional tombstones, artistic tombstones are custom-made. They cause diversity and shapes..."

Amelia: "In other words, it's okay?" She got the answer she wanted and was satisfied. She took a big bite of the pig trotter and thought to herself that when she went to the family tomb, she must ask the ancestors if they liked their house. If they didn't, she could help the ancestors make the tombstones look like they liked!

Amelia began to prepare to meet her ancestors. Perhaps it was because she was different from ordinary people, but in Amelia's worldview, death and parting were slowly acceptable and could be treated calmly. She also optimistically believed that death was not a permanent parting. They would meet again one day, just in a different form.

Helena ate slowly and looked at Amelia with gentle eyes. She looked at the family. It was almost the 14th of July. It was almost the day she left. She really couldn't bear to...

Time always passed quietly when no one was paying attention. During this period of time, William had been improving his ghost-catching net. He was nervous and afraid and wanted to try this net on July 14th. Until now, he still did not understand why it would ring when he did not catch a ghost that night. Amelia checked it for him a few times but could not figure it out.

"Maybe he caught the ghost face?" Amelia said after a moment. "The ghost face was in there before we went in that day."

William thought of the four terrifying faces posted on the ceiling. He was still traumatized.

William: "Can't you catch the ghost face?"

Amelia pointed at the hole in the ghost-catching net. "Ghosts can become bigger and smaller. Brother, there's no spell on your ghost-catching net. The hole is too big. Maybe those faces are too small?" She raised her hand and gestured. "It changed like this, then it shrank and crawled out of the hole with a whoosh."

William pondered for a moment. "It's very likely." After all, the ghost-catching net he made was different from Amelia's Spirit Binding Net. After Mia's Spirit Binding Net caught a ghost, the ghost would scream and be unable to move. It was probably impossible to become bigger or smaller, so he still had to modify his ghost-catching net.

William immediately went to get a pen and began to draw geometric diagrams in his notebook. Amelia squatted beside him and watched for a while. She got bored and ran out to play.

Outside Walton's house, a little girl in a black short-sleeved shirt and sunblock passed by. She stood in front of Walton's house and looked up. Her eyes were a faint amber color, making her look a little cold. She raised her hand and looked at the compass in her hand. The needle spun quickly.

"Hmph." The little girl let out a light snort with some disdain. Then, she put the compass in her pocket and slowly walked away.

On the way back, George saw a little girl walking alone and looked at her strangely. Did this little girl live nearby? She looked to be six or seven years old, so he thought that the little girl was out to play on her own and did not pay much attention to it. It was summer vacation, and the children nearby played in groups. There were even children who came out alone to take a breather.

George had just returned home when he saw Amelia running out. "Eh, it's you, Eldest Uncle." She pinched her little fingers and calculated. Why did she predict that someone amazing had come?

"It's a little strange. Let's do it again." Amelia grabbed Grandpa Turtle and threw him. Grandpa Turtle immediately spun on the spot. It was very calm now. In ancient times, when one used the turtle shell to divine, they would throw the turtle into the fire and burn it to death. Then, after the fire was extinguished, they would see the shape of the turtle shell that had split open to make a divination. It could be said that every time there was a divination, a

little turtle would lose its life. Now, Amelia was just throwing it around. She did not burn it to death. It was a turtle that knew how to be content.

Grandpa Turtle stretched out his head and skillfully bit the nearest grass before turning over..