

## **Mia is Not 451**

### **Chapter 451: Brother, There's a Ghost!**

Helena floated over and hooked her arm around Eric's shoulder. She smiled and said, "I'm not playing anymore. Fourth Brother is waiting on the roof."

Eric opened his mouth and stared at Helena intently. Helena... was back? Hadn't Mia taken her in? Was seeing her now in a dream? If so, please let him sleep a little longer and not wake up so quickly.

Helena saw that Eric was distracted and waved her hand. "Fifth Brother, why are you in a daze? Hurry up, I'll go find Eighth brother!" With that, she hurriedly floated towards Andrew's room.

Eric looked at Helena in a daze and quickly chased after her. Only then did he see George and Dylan in front of the door. He quickly said, "Eldest Brother, Second Brother, can you see Helena?"

George nodded. Dylan was silent.

George stopped Eric, who was about to chase after her, and said, "Dylan, go get something. Take everything Helena likes to eat."

Eric: "Fourth Brother hid a jar of wine. I secretly drank two mouthfuls last time. I'll go look for Fourth Brother." In order not to let Fourth Brother discover it, he secretly changed the jar of wine. Fourth Brother must be very irritable now.

In Andrew's room, he was sleeping when he suddenly opened his eyes as if he had sensed something. He saw a female ghost in white with drooping hair floating above him. Seeing that he was awake, the female ghost chuckled and said bitterly, "You... are awake... I've been waiting for you for a long time..."

Andrew's pupils constricted, and he was completely stunned! He saw the female ghost reach out her hand, and her long nails were bright red as she strangled his neck. "...Come down and accompany me... Hehe, I'm so bored down there alone..."

Andrew finally reacted and felt a lump in his throat. Although he didn't see the female ghost's face, he recognized her. It was his sister, Helena. Although he didn't know why he could suddenly see her now, she seemed to be having

fun...

Andrew cooperated and screamed. He fell off the bed, then suddenly opened the door and ran out. "Help! Ghost! There's a ghost!"

Helena was stunned. Eh? Eighth brother could actually be scared away? She immediately chased after him excitedly, making a gurgling sound in her throat!

George was about to go over and call Andrew when he saw the door of his room suddenly open. Andrew ran out with a terrified expression. "Help! There's a ghost!"

Helena floated behind and pinched her throat as she laughed. "I died so tragically... I'm so lonely down there... Brother, come down and accompany me..."

Andrew: "Ahhhhhh!"

George pinched the space between his eyebrows and stopped Helena. "Alright, don't wake Mom up." Then he played along. "Andrew, come back. It's Helena." Andrew stopped and said in panic, "Brother, there's a ghost!"

Helena lifted her hair and laughed. "Brother, it's me!" She leaned on George's shoulder and smiled happily. "Brother, did you see that? Finally, someone was scared away by me!"

Andrew looked at the grinning Helena. A hint of affection and heartache flashed across his eyes, but he opened his mouth cooperatively. "Helena?!"

Helena: "Yes, it's me!"

Andrew was speechless.

Eric and Chris came out of the wine cellar. Eric was holding a jar of wine, and Chris scolded him, "Alright, Eric. How dare you drink the wine I hid!"

Eric chuckled. "Just one sip. Is there a need!"

Chris made a soft sound through his nose. He was carrying peanuts, snacks, and cakes. Helena leaned over the railing and waved. "Fourth Brother, do you have mustard-flavored prawn sticks? I want to eat that!"

Chris looked up and saw Helena waving at him from upstairs, just like when she was a child. However, when she was young, she grabbed the railing with both hands and stuck her head out of the railing. Their parents were so frightened that they narrowed the gap in the railing overnight and changed it to a distance where her head couldn't reach out. Now that she was leaning on the railing and had grown up, she was still the same as when she was a child.

Chris's eyes darkened and he said gently, "Definitely!"

Helena was finally satisfied and could not wait to go to the top of the building. She floated beside her brothers and chattered. One moment, she said that she wanted to drink, and the next moment, she said that she would not return until she was drunk. Could ghosts get drunk? After a while, she chattered again.. "Eldest Brother, where's my sister-in-law? Fourth Brother, where's my sister-in-law? Eighth Brother, where's my sister-in-law?"

Chapter 452: Aren't You Afraid that I'll fall to my death?

The Walton brothers looked at Helena. This extravagant gathering made their hearts ache slightly.

The Walton family's main building had five floors. Usually, the entire family lived on the second floor. The third floor was a study, guest room, and so on. The big room on the fourth floor was a showroom for Mr. Walton's antiques. At the other end was a pool table, a home theater, and so on. Half of the fifth

floor was a sunroom and terrace, and the other half was a tower-shaped spire at the top of the ring-shaped house and the roof of the sunroom.

The roof Helena said she wanted to go to was not the terrace, but the roof of the sunroom. When she was young, Mrs. Walton often scolded her for not staying well on the terrace.

Looking at this scene now, the siblings sighed. They felt reluctant and depressed.

"I'll go up first," Eric said. The brothers looked up. Suddenly, a small shadow silently appeared at the top of the stairs. She was holding something round in her arms, and her hair was disheveled. "Mom... Mom..."

The siblings:

In the middle of the night, a child hugged a round thing and called her mother faintly... The siblings were really frightened this time. They were almost scared out of their wits!

Eric was the first to climb the stairs. When he looked up, he first saw a pair of small feet. When he looked up, he saw a child with disheveled hair.

"F\*ck!" Eric's legs went weak and he fell down the stairs. His pupils constricted, and then he saw Chris react quickly and pounce on him. Then... he caught the falling wine jar.

Eric's gratified expression froze and he fell to the ground with a thud.

Chris: "Phew... Thankfully, I caught it!"

Eric: "... Aren't you afraid that I'll fall to my death?!"

George looked at the small figure on the roof and said in surprise, "Mia?"

Helena was also stunned. Wasn't Mia asleep? She was sure that she had just coaxed Mia to sleep!

Helena quickly floated up and asked, "Mia? How did you get up? Did you bump or touch anything?"

Amelia shook her head. "I dreamed that my uncles and Mommy were secretly eating snacks, so I came up!" However, she did not see anyone when she came up. She thought that they had secretly finished eating. Just as she was about to go down, she heard a sound.

George climbed up and hugged Amelia. He reprimanded, "Next time, you're not allowed to climb up alone, understand?"

Andrew also came up. He felt a lingering fear. "Child, what if you fall? This is the fifth floor!"

Chris hugged the wine jar and followed closely behind. He scolded, "Mia, you're quite bold, just like your mother when she was young."

Dylan's expression was tense. There was a slightly raised fence on the roof of the sunroom that only reached Amelia's chest. If she lay on it and kicked her legs slightly, she would fall. It was really scary! Tomorrow, he would change this staircase to a folding staircase. Only adults could pull the ladder down. If they didn't use it usually, they would fold it. Otherwise, it would be too dangerous.

Dylan was thinking about changing the stairs. The others were concerned about Amelia. Only Eric was still lying on the patio floor. "Hey, hey, hey. Don't you care about me?"

Chris glanced at him. "You have thick skin. What do we need to care about?" Eric had only taken two steps up the stairs just now. It was equivalent to falling off a chair. Seeing that he could still shout, he was probably fine.

Eric was speechless. He rubbed his nose and got up. He muttered, "As expected, younger brothers are the least valuable." He patted his butt, ruffled his hair, climbed the stairs, sat down, and sat beside Amelia.

The sunroom was made of tempered glass, the kind that was bulletproof. A group of people sat on the roof. Their feet seemed to be in the air. Then, they looked at the sky. The moon and stars were sparse, and the sky was clean and quiet.

“Ah... I haven’t looked at the moon like that in a long time...” Helena leaned toward the roof and slumped against the glass to look at the moon, a smile on her lips.

Amelia also lay down and put the kitten doll aside. She shouted excitedly, “Lie flat, lie flat!”

Helena sniggered. “Who taught you the phrase lie flat?”

Amelia leaned into Helena’s arms and said, “Daddy taught me!”

Helena snickered. What was he teaching!

George followed Amelia’s example and raised a small altar at the side. He placed the mustard-flavored shrimp sticks Helena wanted and various other snacks. He poured another glass of wine and lit three incense sticks..

Chapter 453: Drunk

Helena smelled the wine and quickly got up. “Wow, what wine is this? It smells so good!”

Chris said, “The last time I went to film, I brought it back from the ancient city. It’s rose grape wine.” He watched Helena approach the wine glass with a curious expression and said slowly, “This was personally brewed by the grandmother of a guesthouse owner in the ancient city. It’s different from others who use baijiu. She brewed it using ancient methods and fermented it with roses and grapes. That’s how she brewed the rose grape wine.”

Helena sniffed it as if she was intoxicated and praised, “It’s delicious! Roses and grapes don’t sound very related, but when combined, it’s surprisingly delicious! ”

The Walton brothers also took a sip and savored it carefully. This way, they could taste what their sister could taste. Liberty Eric finished it in one gulp and even smacked his lips. "That's all. It's tasteless."

Chris didn't even look up. He kicked him. It didn't taste good. If it didn't taste good, why did he secretly drink his wine?

George said lightly, "Flower fruit wine. This wine is about seven or eight degrees. It has more fragrance of flowers and fruits and is suitable for girls to drink." He saw that Helena did not seem to be able to smell the wine and guessed that she had "drunked" a glass.

George picked up the glass of wine and took a sip. Realizing that it was really tasteless, he silently poured Helena another glass. He never expected that they would be able to meet again for a drink after his sister's death.

Everyone drank and talked while Amelia played.

Soon, George realized that something was wrong. Amelia grabbed the kitten doll and ran over from the side. She ran crookedly and fell into Dylan's arms.

Dylan said, "Mia?"

Eric was stunned for a moment. "Why is your walking crooked?"

Andrew's expression froze. "Her walking posture is wrong."

Amelia got up from Dylan's arms and raised a small hand with a wine glass in it. "Wow! Delicious!" Then she shook her head. "No, no, it's delicious!"

Everyone was stunned! What wine did Mia drink?!

Andrew quickly pinched Amelia's little mouth. "Mia, be good. Children can't drink! "

Amelia only felt that the rose grape wine just now was delicious. It was a little sweet and cold. Only now did she feel a little dizzy.

“Why can’t children drink?” Amelia burped. “Why can’t children do many things that adults can do? Why can’t children do this or that?”

Everyone:

Andrew pressed between his eyebrows and said, “Alcohol is not good for the development of the child’s brain. Children will become stupid if they drink.”

Amelia pouted. “Eighth Uncle, you’re lying. Mia drank just now, but Mia is still very smart! Very smart!” She spread her arms and gestured. “So smart, even smarter than Seven! Even smarter than Granny Moon in the sky!”

Everyone: “...” She was really drunk!

Helena only found it funny. She held up a finger. “Mia, how many is this?”

Amelia grabbed Helena’s finger. “Mom, you can’t stump me. This is one!” Helena raised her eyebrows. “What about this?” She held up two fingers. The fingers changed and became three again. Then, just as Amelia was about to answer, she quickly turned three fingers into two again.

Amelia was speechless. She looked at Helena suspiciously. “Mom, can’t you afford to play?”

Helena was stunned for a moment before she laughed out loud. She pinched

Amelia’s little nose. “You’re the smart one!”

Amelia put her hands on her hips and said proudly, “Of course!”



George smiled. The brothers looked at Helena and Amelia dotingly.

Amelia grabbed a handful of mustard-flavored shrimp strips and stuffed them into Helena's mouth. "Mommy eat!"

Helena: "Wait, Mia, I can't eat it like this... Eh?" She could eat it! It turned out that the prawns Amelia had grabbed would automatically transform, which was why she could eat them!

"Delicious!" Helena's eyes sparkled.

Amelia grabbed the cupcake again and shoved it into Helena's mouth. "Mommy eat cupcakes! "

Amelia didn't wait for Helena to finish eating. She scooped up another spoonful of peanuts. "Ah, Mommy open your mouth..." Just as she finished feeding the peanuts, Amelia picked up another fruit. Anyway, she was stuffing everything into her mother's mouth!

Helena: "Ahem!"

Chapter 454: May the Night Be Longer

Amelia saw her mother coughing and quickly picked up a glass of wine. "Mom, drink! "

Helena almost choked to death. When she finally swallowed it, she said speechlessly, "Mia, you..." However, Amelia tilted her head and fell asleep in George's arms. As usual, she fell asleep instantly with a wine glass in her soft hand.

Helena:

George looked at Amelia helplessly and laid her down.

Andrew took off his jacket and covered Amelia.

Eric asked worriedly, "Is it okay to sleep like this? It's a little foggy at night."

Dylan silently took the bamboo basket that was filled with snacks and covered Amelia's head. The bamboo basket was the flat kind. Because it had to contain a lot of snacks, Chris had specially brought a big one just now, so it could be called a bamboo basket. The bamboo basket was like a small umbrella that covered Amelia's head.

"That would be nice," Dylan said.

Everyone:

Dylan said, "Is something wrong?"

Helena looked at Amelia, whose head was covered by a bamboo basket, and her mouth twitched. "Second Brother, you should at least take something to support it."

Dylan said, "Ugh..."

Eric took off his slippers. "This!"

The Walton brothers glared. "Get lost!"

Helena smiled until her face froze. "Fifth Brother, you're too bad. What if that slipper can't stand and hits Mia's face? Your feet stink!"

Eric looked embarrassed. "My feet don't stink..."

George stretched out a leg and let Amelia lean against him. He propped the bamboo basket on his lap. "That's all for now. We'll go back later and carry her back."

Helena nodded and took another breath. "This wine smells so good!"

Amelia was not a good sleeper. She slammed the bamboo basket to the side with a clang, and George picked her up. After a while, Andrew took Amelia from George's arms. After a while, Amelia wanted to be in Dylan's arms again. The uncles carefully took turns carrying Amelia. In any case, they could not bear to go down. They would not stop until they finished the jar of wine. Who knew when they would be able to come again? They only wished that the night

would be long and the moon would hang in the sky for a longer time.

In the end, they finished the wine and snacks. The siblings lay on the roof reluctantly and made small talk.

Downstairs, a slender figure leaned against the dark corner of the stairs. Alex watched in silence. Helena's eyes curved into crescents as she talked about her childhood. She had a gentle face, but there was a mischievous glint in her eyes. It seemed that Amelia's personality mostly originated from Helena.

Alex glanced at Amelia, who had fallen asleep. In the end, he gave up on the idea of going up and carrying her away. He did not want to disturb the reunion of the Walton siblings. He quietly turned around and left.

Slowly, in the wee hours of the morning, everyone fell asleep unknowingly. Amelia, who was curled up in Andrew's arms, rolled over and spread her hands and feet flat, purring like a little pig. The bamboo basket slipped off George's lap and turned around, covering Amelia's head.

As the sky gradually brightened, Mrs Walton woke up. As people got older, they didn't sleep much.

Mrs. Walton looked at Mr. Walton, who was sleeping soundly beside her, muttered a curse, then reached out and kicked him.

Mr. Walton turned over and went back to sleep. He had always slept regularly.

He lay down at ten o'clock at night and fell asleep the moment he lay down.

When the alarm clock rang at six-thirty in the morning, he woke up without

Mrs. Walton looked at the time. It was only six o'clock. She got up and dressed. As was her habit, she went to Amelia's room first and quietly opened the door to take a look. Usually at this time, she had to see if the children had kicked off the blanket. The room was air-conditioned. It was still a little cold in the morning.

In the end, Amelia was gone!

Mrs. Walton's heart skipped a beat. She panicked. "Where's Mia?" She hurriedly went to open the door to Emma's room. Emma was also sleeping soundly. Amelia was not here. Could it be that she had gone to Harper and William's rooms? Mrs.. Walton searched all the children's rooms, but she still did not see Amelia! She hurriedly went to look for George, but George was also gone! After a few rooms, everyone disappeared?!

Chapter 455: Cheers!

Mrs. Walton was really flustered now. She returned to her room and hurriedly shook Mr. Walton awake. "Get up! Get up!"

Unmovable, Mr. Walton rolled over and continued to sleep.

Mrs. Walton scolded him angrily, "Sleep, sleep, sleep! All you know is sleep!"

Mia is missing, do you know?!”

Unexpectedly, Mr. Walton opened his eyes with a whoosh and got up. “What? Mia’s gone?”

Mrs. Walton was speechless. She cursed and went to various places to look for Amelia. There was no study on the third floor, no guest room, no home theater, no pool table, no under the table, no balcony on the fifth floor, no sunroom... Wait... Mrs. Walton suddenly looked up and saw five or six people lying on the roof. The smallest figure was Amelia. Who else could it be? She had a bamboo basket over her head!

Mrs. Walton was instantly furious. These people actually brought children to the roof for the night? The fog was so thick at night. What if they accidentally had a fever? What if they turned over and accidentally fell off the railing? Children were insensible, but were adults also fooling around?

Mrs. Walton was furious. As soon as Mr. Walton came over, he saw Mrs. Walton grabbing the stairs like a monkey. She took three steps at a time and quickly climbed to the roof.

Mr. Walton opened his mouth. Was... was this really his wife, who had been paralyzed for many years and had only recently stood up?

Mrs. Walton climbed to the top of the building and looked at Amelia. The bamboo basket was relatively large, and Amelia was lying flat on her back. One side of the bamboo basket covered her small head, and the other was resting on her small stomach. The little thing rolled over, her legs curling up, and she was caught in the bamboo basket.

Mrs. Walton carefully lifted the bamboo basket and touched Amelia’s forehead with heartache. She was relieved to make sure that she did not have a fever.

At this moment, George woke up. He sat up and pressed his aching eyebrows. “Mom?” He looked around and realized that Helena was gone.

After dawn, Helena returned to Amelia’s Soul Retrieving Gourd.

Eric got up and looked around in a panic. "Mom is here? Let's go!"

Mrs. Walton slapped Eric on the head. Eric instantly hugged his head and did not dare to move.

The others were also woken up. When they saw Mrs. Walton standing in front of them aggressively, they were stunned for a moment before hurriedly saying, "Mom, why are you up here?" Was it reasonable for an old lady to climb so high?

Mrs. Walton was so angry that she laughed. "You still have the cheek to ask?"

How old is Mia? How dare you bring her to the roof!"

Amelia was woken up by Mrs. Walton's voice, but she was not fully awake. It was only past six o'clock. In the past, she would still be asleep at this time, so she was in a daze now. She reached out her small hand and shouted softly, "Cheers! Eldest Uncle, Mia wants another glass of wine!" With that, she looked at Mrs. Walton in a daze. Eh? Was Grandma here too? She snuggled into Mrs. Walton's arms and muttered softly before falling asleep again.

Mrs Walton lowered her head, her expression unreadable.

The Walton brothers: ' It's over! This is completely over!

Eric tiptoed and was about to slip away with his slippers. George's expression did not change as he followed closely behind, pretending that nothing had happened.

Mrs. Walton said sinisterly, "Stop right there, all of you!"

The Walton brothers:

Ten minutes later, Amelia was carried back to her room and fell asleep in her comfortable little bed. The Walton brothers, however, stood in a line at the door with their heads down.

Mrs. Walton came out, closed the door, and looked at her troublesome sons with her hands behind her back. "Tell me, who led the way?"

All the brothers looked at George in unison.

George: "... " If he remembered correctly, the first person Helena looked for was Chris, right?

George coughed and said in a deep voice, "Mom, let me explain..."

Mrs. Walton glared. "I'm not listening!"

George was speechless. When women were unreasonable, age did not matter.

In the end, the Walton brothers were punished to do a thousand push ups at the door.

When Amelia got up, she saw her uncles lying on the lawn outside the door like dead fish. She was stunned. She grabbed the railing of the balcony and waved. "Eldest Uncle, Second Uncle, Fourth Uncle, Fifth Uncle, Eighth Uncle! What are you doing!"

In theory, 500 push-ups took more than an hour. The Walton brothers did it on and off for more than two hours! They had been traumatized by push-ups for their entire lives! Now that Amelia greeted them, they did not even have the strength to raise their arms..

Chapter 456: Too Weak

Seven stood on the railing of the balcony and shook his head as he counted.

"998! 999! 800!"

The Walton brothers: ‘

Amelia put on her shoes and clattered down to her uncles. George forced a smile. “Mia, why are you up so early?”

Amelia looked at the sky. “It’s getting late. The sun is shining on your butts! Eldest Uncle, are you exercising?”

Chris looked at the sky and didn’t even want to move a finger. He said, “Isn’t that so? High-intensity exercise...”

Eric scooped up his clothes and wiped his face. “My eight-pack is even sturdier.’

Andrew: “I won’t be able to go on the operating table for a few days.” Fortunately, he had taken his annual leave and made up for five days of leave. What else could he do?

Amelia heard that her uncles had woken up early for exercise and said excitedly, “Mia wants to do it too!” She waved her hand. “Eldest Uncle, Second Uncle, Fourth Uncle, Fifth Uncle, and Eighth Uncle, quickly do it with Mia!” The Walton brothers turned to stone on the spot.

Amelia was dancing the rabbit dance taught in kindergarten. When she turned around and saw that her uncles were still lying down, she immediately instructed in a childish voice, “Eldest Uncle, stand up quickly! Second Uncle, don’t be lazy! Fourth Uncle, Fifth Uncle, you can’t lie down anymore! Eighth Uncle, you’re wrong. Your butt has to be twisted like this!”

Alex returned from outside, looking refreshed. When he saw this scene, a smile appeared in his eyes. He scooped Amelia into his arms and asked, “Have you eaten?”

Amelia hugged Alex’s neck. “Daddy, we’re exercising. We can only eat breakfast after exercising!”

Alex glanced at George and the others and asked, “Does kindergarten eat first before doing morning exercises, or do morning exercises before eating?”



Amelia was stunned for a moment before saying, "Let's eat before we do the exercises."

Alex chuckled. "Right, let's go eat first."

Amelia was circled by Alex just like that. She nodded and said, "Then Eldest Uncle, Second Uncle, Fourth Uncle, Fifth Uncle, and Eighth Uncle, let's go eat first! "

The Walton brothers heaved a sigh of relief. It wasn't that they couldn't do it, but... a thousand push-ups wasn't something an ordinary person could do!

Mrs. Walton was really serious this time. She would punish them just like that.

Alex glanced over his shoulder, undisguised contempt in his eyes. "So weak."

Eric: "Holy shit!"

As they ate, the Walton brothers' hands trembled as they held their chopsticks. Eric was really hungry. Although his hands were trembling, it didn't stop him from eating. The chopsticks clinked against the bowl, leaving Amelia dumbfounded.

Amelia asked worriedly, "Fifth Uncle, are you alright?"

Eric: "It's fine..." The chopsticks continued to clink as he put food into his mouth.

Amelia looked sympathetic. Fifth Uncle had contracted an old man's illness at such a young age. She had only seen some old people and some old ghosts with trembling hands. Amelia picked up a piece of braised eggplant with her chopsticks. "Fifth Uncle, Mia will feed you. Don't worry, Mia will take good care of Fifth Uncle!"

Eric was extremely touched. He took a bite of Amelia's food and felt that it was especially fragrant! He glanced at his other brothers smugly, his eyes seeming to say, "I'm the winner in life."

At this moment, Amelia continued to nag, "Fifth Uncle, will you lie on the bed in the future and not be able to move?"

Eric wanted to tease her and asked, "That's right. If that's the case, will Mia still take care of Fifth Uncle?"

Amelia blinked blankly. "Then Fifth Uncle, do you drool too and wear diapers?" That was the same as the old man from Carl's family.

Chris gave a mischievous smile and answered first, "He will!"

Amelia patted Eric's head comfortingly. "Fifth Uncle, don't worry. Mia will change Fifth Uncle's diapers and raise you until he's old..."

Eric choked on the eggplant in his mouth and suddenly felt that the eggplant in his mouth was no longer fragrant... How did it reach the point where he wore diapers?

After dinner, the servant brought back the river prawns that Chris had instructed her to buy. There were two large basins. Mrs. Walton came over to take a look and asked, "What are you doing?"

Chris was picking prawn eggs and said casually, "Mia wants to eat prawn noodles."

Mrs. Walton was stunned. She looked at Chris suspiciously.. Are you sure you want to make prawn noodles? Such a difficult thing?

Chapter 457: Making Shrimp Noodles

Amelia lay on a small stool at the side and watched Chris make six shrimp noodles. Shrimp noodles was a dish that her mother had added last night. The first step of making six shrimp noodles was to pick out the river shrimp eggs. It was not difficult, but it was especially tedious.

Chris picked out prawn eggs for ten minutes. Now, everything looked like prawn eggs.

Amelia ran out and soon pulled George, Dylan, Eric, and Andrew, who had just finished a meeting, who were resting on the bed, and Alex, who was reading something in the room. Hence... the Walton brothers, who had just finished a thousand push-ups in the morning and whose hands were still trembling, were forced to start picking prawn eggs again.

In the kitchen, there was a clanging sound.

The selected prawn seeds were placed in bowls, basins, and fruit plates. Different people picked the prawn seeds in different positions. Different tools clanged. Amelia also began to help. In a moment, Emma, Harper, William, and Lucas also came down to help.

Alex was the only one in the group who had fast and steady hands. Amelia kept exclaiming, "Daddy is amazing!"

Amidst Eric and the others' resentment, Alex said, "Of course!"

Helena came out and saw this scene. The entire ghost was dumbfounded! The Walton brothers frowned and picked at the prawn eggs with pained expressions. Amelia, William, and the others were very happy. Children were more careful than adults when doing such things. As for Alex... Forget it, forget it. It was not worth mentioning.

There was strength in numbers. In about an hour, the prawn eggs were finished.

"Next, we'll peel the prawn shell..." Chris said as he watched the video. "Take out the meat."

The Walton brothers looked at the two pots of river prawns and estimated that there were thousands of them. They were speechless for a moment... Why did they have to do this?

Chris said quietly, "It's Helena who wants to eat."

The Walton brothers: ‘ ‘ So it was Helena who wanted to eat... They wanted to call the servants over to help, but they silently peeled the prawn shells.

Another hour passed, and the prawn meat was peeled.

Chris: “Next, dig out the shrimp brain...”

The Walton brothers leaned closer and looked at the tutorial in the video. Was this something a human could do?

After blanching the prawn heads, he began to dig up the prawn brains. After digging for more than an hour, they finally finished digging up the prawn brains of thousands of prawns.

Amelia raised her small hand. “Aiya, my fingers are wrinkled!”

Emma said, “That was fun!”

William and Lucas:

Chris picked out everything that needed to be picked. He picked up the pot and poured the prawn eggs into it. He stir-fried them until they were orange-red and when they turned dark brown, he scooped them out. The prawn eggs were ready.

Right on the heels of that, he put the peeled prawn meat into the boiling water and put in onions, ginger, and garlic to remove the fishy smell. After the prawns turned beautiful red, he fished them out. Then, he placed the remaining prawns into the oil pot and stir-fried them. He stir-fried the prawn oil, and the prawn oil in the prawn noodles was completed. Next, he poured water into the pot with the prawn heads and boiled the prawn soup. When the soup was ready, he scooped it out. The rest of the prawns were stir-fried dry. After they were completely dry, he used a machine to crush them into powder and sieve them. Together with the dough, he used the noodle machine to squeeze out the noodles.

At this point, the Walton brothers were dumbfounded. All of them had dull expressions and mechanical movements.

Chris said, "The next step is simple. Put the prawn oil in the pot and stir-fry the prawns, prawn brains, and prawn eggs evenly... After the prawn noodles are cooked, spread them in a bowl and drizzle them with prawn soup. Spread the stir-fried prawn meat, prawn brains, and prawn eggs on the prawn noodles. Sprinkle a little prawn oil and sprinkle some spring onions..."

Finally, the prawn noodles were ready!

The Walton brothers looked at the small bowls of prawn noodles and fell into deep thought. They had cooked for an entire day and only made seven small bowls of prawn noodles.

One bowl for Helena, one for Amelia, one for Emma, Harper, William, Lucas, and Mrs. Walton.

The children's eyes lit up. "Delicious! So delicious!"

Amelia: "Fourth Uncle, another bowl!"

Chris: "... " His hand hurt!

George glanced at the small bowl beside him and asked in a low voice, "Has your mother eaten?"

Amelia looked to the side. Helena smelled the six prawn noodles and looked intoxicated. "Yes! Mommy said it was delicious!" She waved her small hand so that George and the others could see Helena.

In the dining room, Amelia and the other children hugged their bowls and licked their lips. Helena was among them. She also held her bowl and licked her lips, looking like she wanted more.

Chris and the others had smiles in their eyes. They suddenly felt that everything they had spent today was worth it..

Chapter 458: Mom and Dad

Eric said silently, "More pots?"

Chris: "... " Actually, there was no difficulty with this side. It was just a waste of hands.

Chris stood up. "The salmon is here. I'll go take a look."

After 24 hours of rapid freezing, the high-quality salmon would first kill most of the parasites. The sliced salmon would be placed on the ice and then eliminated by infrared light. This way, the salmon could maintain the freshness of the sashimi and ensure the greatest degree of hygiene.

Mrs. Walton held the bowl and didn't say anything for once. She just watched silently as the Walton brothers busied themselves. They cooked delicacies for the entire day and prepared a table full of food. Although there were some hard dishes that Nanny Wu taught and made, the commendable thing was that everything was personally made by the Walton brothers. Almost all the food was Helena's favorite when she was alive...

Mrs Walton turned away, her eyes quietly reddening.

In the evening, Henry, Quinn, and Milo returned. The entire family was gathered.

On this day, Helena was satisfied. All the regrets she had when she was alive were made up for by her brothers and cute daughter. There were no more regrets.

"Tomorrow is the 14th of July. I'm leaving." Helena couldn't bear to look at the Walton family. The familiar staircase railing, the familiar living room on the first floor, the familiar flowers and plants, and her beloved daughter, her beloved brothers, and her beloved parents... She couldn't bear to part with them. She really couldn't...

After dinner, the children bounced around the living room. It was rare for the eight Walton brothers to be together. They were all chatting on the first floor as they watched Amelia play with Emma.

Mrs. Walton looked around and went upstairs silently. This year, the children were all there. There was no Helena, but there was Mia. It was as if nothing had changed. The Walton family had been dead for five years and had returned to their previous happy times. It was close to the 14th of July. Her Helena should have come up too. The children had been cooking delicious food for Helena all day. The table was filled with Helena's favorite dishes. George and the others would habitually light an incense stick before eating like Amelia. She wondered if she could see Helena again.

Mrs Walton went back to her room and stood in front of the window without a word, looking out at the night.

Mr. Walton put down his reading glasses and asked, "What's wrong?"

Mrs. Walton was silent. "Nothing."

Mr. Walton pursed his lips. He really could not understand this woman even when she was old. She was already sentimental when she was a girl. Why was she still like this when she was old?

At this moment, there was a light knock on the door. Mrs. Walton thought that it was one of George and the others, or Amelia, and so on. She tidied her expression and returned to the old woman who had been nagging.

"Who is it?" Mrs. Walton asked as she walked. "Aren't you playing downstairs?"

What's wrong? Did you get into trouble again?"

When the door of the room was pulled open, Mrs. Walton's pupils constricted and she was completely stunned!

Mr. Walton did not hear Mrs. Walton speak for a long time, He saw her standing at the door in a daze, as if she had lost her soul. He stood up and asked with a frown, "What's wrong? Lost your soul again?" Or did he see a ghost? Of course, he did not dare to say this.

When Mr. Walton walked out and saw the figure outside the door, he was also stunned. Helena?!

Mr. Walton stood rooted to the ground, his fingers stiff. He didn't even dare to move. He must be seeing things, but if he could see Helena, he would rather be seeing things.

Mrs. Walton's lips trembled, and tears floated out, blurring her eyes. She reached out shakily and really touched Helena's cheek.

Helena grabbed Mrs. Walton's hand and choked out, "Mom..."

Mrs. Walton couldn't hold it in any longer. A tear fell, as if afraid that if it fell, her eyes would blur and she wouldn't be able to see Helena. She quickly wiped it away.

"Helena... Helena... You're back?" Mrs. Walton touched Helena's cheek, but her trembling voice could not hide her concern. "Helena, have you eaten?"

Just like when she was alive, Mrs. Walton nagged at this and that. "Are you...

alright over there? What do you usually eat? Do you have clothes? Are you cold?"

Helena's eyes were filled with tears as she said softly, "Mom, I'm fine and eat very well. I've eaten all the dishes that Mia usually worships me. The Ghost Festival has opened these two days.. I just came up and also ate the prawn noodles and salmon that Fourth Brother and the others made...

Chapter 459: Final Farewell

Mrs. Walton cried and laughed. "What else do you want to eat? Mommy will make it for you..."



Helena wanted to say that there was no need. She was full, but after some thought, she said coquettishly, "Mommy, I want to eat your braised meatballs.

It has to be spicy! And pickled pepper chicken feet!"

Mrs. Walton wiped the tears from the corners of her eyes and said, "Alright, alright, alright. Mommy will make it for you now. I knew you wanted to eat spicy food, but you're not allowed to eat it for treatment. Are you hungry?"

Helena was like a little girl. She hugged Mrs. Walton's arm and refused to let go. She nodded obediently. "Yes, yes. I want to eat it even in my dreams. I'm so hungry!

Mrs. Walton's heart ached. She finally had the chance to cook a meal for her beloved youngest daughter. She did not dare to ask for anything else.

Mr. Walton remained where he was.

Helena turned around and waved. "Daddy, don't stay in the room! Come down quickly!"

Mr. Walton's lips parted, but in the end, he could only say a few words. "Okay...

okay..." He followed behind and looked at Helena without blinking. He never dreamed when he slept. For a moment, he could not tell if what he was seeing was reality or a dream. If it was a dream, he was afraid that he would wake up if he walked too quickly and his footsteps were too loud.

Helena hugged Mrs Walton's arm. Mr Walton followed. The three of them went downstairs together.

The originally lively first floor instantly became a little quiet.

George put down the tablet in his hand and stopped looking at the data and emails. Dylan was checking Emma's homework and closed it at once. None of the brothers who had met Helena last night had been as shocked as they had been at first, only reluctant. Yet the other three...

Henry was forking up a piece of fruit. His mouth opened in shock, and the fruit fell from his hand. Milo rubbed his eyes vigorously, and Quinn stood up abruptly and looked at Helena as if she had seen a ghost.

The adults suddenly fell silent. William couldn't help but look up. In the end, he saw Auntie, who could only be seen in photos, floating down from upstairs. He was so frightened that he sat on the ground. In the end, there was a building block on the ground. It hurt so much that he let out a cry and jumped up again.

Harper, on the other hand, looked at the white figure in a daze. She could not help but think, This person is so familiar, but who is it?

Emma and Lucas were confused. What's wrong? What's wrong with everyone? Why aren't they saying anything? Are they all stunned and motionless?

Amelia put down her toys and ran over. She asked happily, "Grandma, where are you going?"

Mrs. Walton held Amelia's hand. "Make your mother spicy meatballs and pickled pepper chicken feet."

Amelia raised her hand with sparkling eyes. "Mia wants to eat too!"

George walked over and lowered his eyes to ask, "You want to eat spicy food

Amelia: "Yes, I can!" She also wanted to try what her mother liked to eat. This way, she could help her mother eat many things she liked in the future!

Hence, the Walton brothers, who had just eaten, stood up again and walked towards the kitchen. One chopped meat stuffing, one dealt with the chicken feet, and one went to find pickled peppers. After the

chicken feet was cooked, they passed them through cold water and began to remove the bones with scissors.

Henry, Milo, and Quinn stood foolishly at the kitchen door. At this moment, thunder rumbled in their minds, as if they had opened the door to a new world. So there were really... ghosts in this world?

“Helena...” Henry muttered softly. If they could see their sister, so what if it overturned their previous understanding?

In the kitchen, Andrew took out a jar of pickled peppers from somewhere. “Mom, are these old pickled peppers edible? They’ve been soaked for a year or two, right?”

Dylan searched for the bamboo basket in the locker. “Mom, where’s the bamboo basket?”

Chris slapped onions, ginger, and garlic to make seasonings. Unable to find garlic, he spun around anxiously. “Mom, there’s no more garlic?”

Eric raised his voice and said irritably, “Mom, must we peel this chicken bone clean? This is too difficult to peel! Can I just bite it?”

Henry, Milo, and Quinn, who were outside the door, were speechless. However, they were not at home all year round either. They did not know where to put the things they were looking for.

Mrs. Walton glared at them. “Go, go, go. Get out! You only know how to call me Mom every day! ”

Helena laughed at the side. She took out a bamboo basket from the leftmost locker and garlic from the hanging cabinet above.. She said, “That jar of pickled peppers has been soaked for two years and can’t be eaten, but Mom made this pickled pepper two months ago...”

Chapter 460: No More Regrets

Mrs. Walton's back stiffened, and she instantly stopped cutting vegetables. Her eyes were red, and Amelia, who was hugging an onion, looked up and asked in confusion, "Grandma, what's wrong?"

Mrs. Walton smiled. "Nothing. Cutting onions is too spicy. It flushed my eyes."

Amelia picked at the onion curiously with her fingers. Was the onion spicy? It wasn't! Did onions make people cry? As a result, her nails dug into the onion, and a spicy feeling went straight to her eyes. Tears fell.

"Wu wu wu wu..." The onion really hit her eyes! Amelia held the onion far away with snot and tears.

Initially, everyone's hearts were a little heavy when they saw Mrs. Walton sad. Suddenly, they heard Amelia cry and complain about the onions in a childish voice. The atmosphere instantly became cheerful.

Mrs. Walton quickly took the onion. "Children shouldn't touch onions. You can't rub your eyes with your fingers later, understand?"

Amelia: "I've already rubbed it!" Her eyes were too hot just now, so she rubbed them with her hand. Now, she was crying!

Emma ran in with a tissue. "Coming, coming, I'll wipe it for you!"

William held the towel and frowned. "The tissue is dry. It's useless. It has to be a wet towel."

Helena was both angry and amused. She took Amelia's hand. "Let's go. Mommy will take you to wash your eyes."

Because of this interlude, Helena's sudden appearance was no longer shocking. After helping Amelia wash her eyes, the children went to the kitchen hand in hand to help... No, they caused trouble.

Helena stood outside the door and said softly, "Third Brother." That was great. Her daughter was the mini King of Hell. In the end, it still allowed her to reunite with her family for the last time.

Helena was worried that Elmer would be implicated, so she went straight to the old guys in Hell. Generally speaking, ghosts could not meet their families, but those old guys were annoyed by Helena and turned a blind eye because they did not see Helena completely. Emma and Lucas did not see her!

Henry pursed his lips for a moment and gently stroked Helena's head. He smiled and said, "Sister, long time no see."

Helena smiled. "Long time no see, Third Brother." With that, she looked to the other side. "Sixth Brother, have you made your photolithography machine? This is top secret! Seventh Brother, you have to be careful too. Agents in peacetime seem to be more dangerous, right?"

Quinn made a sound of agreement and smiled like a brother next door, harmless. "Does Helena remember what Seventh Brother did?"

Helena muttered, "Of course!"

Quinn stepped forward and hugged Helena tightly. "Seventh Brother thinks you've put on a little weight."

Helena raised her arm proudly. "Right, right? After I died, I worked very hard on my figure!"

Milo couldn't help but chuckle.

That night at the Walton residence, the supper before bed was meatballs, Malatang, cumin roasted lamb leg, and pickled pepper chicken feet.

Amelia ate until she was covered in sweat. She kept eating and drinking water.

Alex, who had almost turned into air and had a very weak presence, said speechlessly, "If you can't eat spicy food, don't eat it." He didn't want to disturb the Walton family's reunion. In this situation, his presence always seemed redundant, but Amelia pulled him back.

Amelia drank half a bottle of water and said with a strange expression, "Why is it so spicy that it hurts, but the more I eat, the better it tastes?"

Alex watered the pickled pepper chicken feet a few times before handing them to Amelia. He said, "Because spice is a feeling and not a taste. It's more addictive. Children can't eat too much."

Amelia nibbled on the chicken feet. "What's wrong with children?! Why can't children eat more?!"

Mrs. Walton said in amusement, "Because you've never eaten spicy food before. If you eat so much at once, your stomach might hurt."

Eric nibbled on the chicken feet at the side and added, "Not only does your stomach hurt, but your butt hurts when you poop tomorrow!"

Amelia was stunned! It was so scary! Not only did this chili pepper hurt her mouth, but her stomach and butt also hurt?! She quickly put down her chicken feet. "No! Mia won't eat anymore!" After a pause, she added, "I'll eat it tomorrow!" She wanted to help her mother eat what her mother liked in the future!

Everyone burst into laughter. It was already past one in the morning, but no one was willing to leave.

Helena had no more regrets after the last parting. It was the Ghost Festival after twelve o'clock. The ghosts had emerged, but she was going down..