

Mia is Not a Trouble-Maker!

Chapter 5: Must Wake Up

Old Madam Miller looked confused. “What does President Walton mean? He said ‘very well.’ Was he praising us? Will he help us?”

Old Master Miller frowned. “Looking at President Walton’s face, that doesn’t sound like a compliment.”

Jonathan was confused too, so he called a servant to ask about it. When he heard that the Walton family came to take Amelia away, and a man in black called himself Amelia’s little uncle, Jonathan suddenly understood something. The Walton family had eight sons, but they actually had a daughter, but the daughter had been in poor health since she was young and had never appeared in public. So... the homeless woman he picked up four years ago was the most precious and doted on daughter of the Walton family?

When Jonathan came back to his senses, he felt so regretful that he wanted to vomit blood. Old Madam Miller said with trembling lips, “Amelia... Amelia is actually a child of the Walton family. Hurry, hurry, hurry, we have to bring her back.” If they had known Amelia had such an identity, how would they throw Amelia in the snow without a care? They had to worship Amelia like she was their ancestor!

Jonathan felt a little uneasy. He regretted that he had hit her, and he also regretted that he didn’t treat her well before. He shouted like a trapped animal: “How can we bring her back? Do you think we can bring her back just because we want to? All the members of the Walton family came!”

Old Master Miller’s eyebrows furrowed. After contemplating for a while, he finally said: “No matter what, we’re all Mia’s relatives. We’re

her biological grandfather, grandmother, and father! No matter how angry the Walton family is, they can't change this fact. Besides, it's also a fact that Mia pushed Rebecca down the stairs and caused her miscarriage..." Amelia could do such an evil thing at such a young age, as family members, there was nothing wrong with them punishing her. It was just that Jonathan was too furious and hit a little too hard... The Miller family thought this could be completely cleared up, and believed that when the Walton family knew the truth, they wouldn't find them at fault. As long as the Walton family didn't dispute over it, then a life of wealth and fortune was awaiting them in the future.

On the other side, after picking up Amelia, the Walton family didn't go back to the capital, but went to the nearest hospital at once.

On the top floor of the best hospital in Bradford City, the VIP ward was busy, but strangely, there was no sound at all. There was only the sound of the machine beeping and the deliberately light footsteps of the doctors and nurses. The air was strange and tense.

Old Master Walton kept walking around with his walking stick. "What's going on? Why aren't they out yet?"

George looked at the time and said in a deep voice, "Dad, sit down first."

As soon as Amelia arrived at the hospital, she was sent to the emergency room. Andrew followed her in as a doctor, and has not come out either.

In the emergency room, Andrew was wearing a surgical gown. When he saw the bruises on her body, his normally steady hands started to tremble. Those were the hands of a doctor, the most stable hands in the world... Andrew suppressed the heat in his eyes and examined her body. Apart from frostbite, the most serious injuries on her body were bone fractures. Her arms, calves, and even her ribs were broken. There were countless frostbitten areas all over her body. Her flesh was covered in blood, and some areas of the skin were already numb and needed to be

removed. She was only three years old, but she had to suffer such torture...

The rims of Andrew's eyes were red, and he leaned in front of Amelia and said in a low voice: "Mia, I'm your little uncle. He's here to pick you up. Please wake up."

Amelia's eyes were closed, her body completely numb after anesthesia. However, she could feel that her body was very light. She felt warm and comfortable, and the surroundings were very quiet. There was only one voice that kept speaking beside her ear: "Mia, Mia... Mia can you hear me?"

Who? Who was speaking? Amelia tried hard to open her eyes, but couldn't. She anxiously wanted to say she could hear him, but she couldn't make a sound.

The operation lasted for three hours before Amelia just barely managed to escape critical condition. This operation could be said to be stealing someone from the hands of Hades! All the doctors felt that it was a miracle Amelia survived.

Amelia was pushed into the ICU, her body covered in tubes. Andrew walked out of the operating room and handed the report to George. When the Walton family finished reading it, they were all furious.

Old Master Walton gritted his teeth. "Very well, Miller family, very well! They can even bear to do this to a three-year-old child!"

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