

Mia is Not 521

Chapter 521: Lend Me Seven Years

Amelia sat in the front. Alex helped her buckle her seatbelt and tied her to him with a special safety buckle. Amelia was nervous and excited. "Daddy, whose motorcycle is this?"

Alex's eyes were smiling. "There's no boss in the shop. Dad stole it. Let's go, let's go. It won't be good if someone finds out." With that, he twisted the accelerator and the motorcycle shot out.

Amelia could vaguely see someone chasing after her. Her eyes widened. "Daddy! It's wrong to steal!" She was about to cry. "Let's go back and give the money..."

"My dear daughter, you don't have to shout so loudly. Daddy can hear you." Alex's tone was doting. "Don't worry, Daddy is teasing you. This motorcycle belongs to Daddy."

Amelia was stunned and asked in confusion, "But that shop isn't ours."

Alex: "He's one of my men."

Amelia: "... Daddy is a big liar and a big bad person. He bullies children every day!

Amelia was furious. She thought that her father had really stolen the motorcycle and was about to cry from anxiety!

The motorcycle rumbled. After a while, Amelia became cheerful. She had never been on a motorcycle before and was amazed.

In the middle of the night, there were not many cars on the road. Alex naturally would not go through the city to disturb the people. Instead, he chose the road in the outer ring. "Daughter, where is that sister's house?"

Amelia hugged the motorcycle tank with one hand and reached out with the other. "Let me calculate... Yes, this way. this way!" She suddenly pointed in a direction. She seemed to have just casually pointed out to somewhere. However, Alex did not doubt it at all. He twisted the accelerator and rushed out arrogantly.

After walking for about ten kilometers, Alex followed Amelia's direction and arrived in front of a slightly old neighborhood. At this moment, the girl was still lying in bed and looking at her cell phone. From time to time, she would cackle. She had long forgotten what she had said in the morning. She had said that she would sleep early at night and not play with her cell phone. In the end, when she looked at her cell phone, she saw that it was past three in the morning...

The girl unintentionally looked at the time. Damn, it was already three in the morning? She immediately regretted it! She had stayed up late again today! She was about to put down her phone and sleep when she saw a very funny video. She wanted to watch this video before sleeping, but she didn't expect it to drag on!

The girl was on the brink of tears. She realized that the more she wanted to sleep, the more she liked to stay up late. Why was this happening?! She held the cell phone and wrapped herself in the blanket. From time to time, she would laugh. The more she looked at the cell phone, the more energetic she became!

The female ghost standing behind the girl also grinned and laughed from time to time. Slowly, she was no longer satisfied with standing by the bed. She quietly climbed onto the bed and lay behind the girl. She imitated her and curled up her body. Her hands were curled into a ball as she held the cell phone. When the girl smiled, she smiled too. She leaned closer and closer. She whispered in the girl's ear, "Sister..."

The girl's eyelids were so tired that she could not open them, but she still could not bear to put down her phone. She did not know if she was too tired or if she was already half-awake. She felt inexplicably cold beside her. There was a commotion in her ears, as if a voice was saying something in her ear.

She could hear it clearly, but she did not understand what that person meant. That person seemed to have just learned how to speak and was working very hard. At first, she said in a monosyllabic manner, "Sis... ter... I... Sev... en..."

As she listened, the girl realized in fear that she could not move! The short video on her cell phone was still playing. She could even hear what was said in the video, but she could not move! The girl felt that there was someone behind her. That person was trying their best to talk to her!

The girl was extremely afraid and could only pretend to be asleep. However, the voice kept chattering and refused to stop. The girl finally heard it clearly. The person said: Sister, lend me seven years! Lend me seven years... Lend me seven years!

Her voice became more urgent and hysterical.

The girl's scalp went numb. She could not move and could only pretend not to hear. She wanted to close her eyes, but for some reason, she could not close them. She could only stare at the cell phone and watch the short video play over and over again.

Help... The girl was so frightened that she was about to cry. The voice was already stuck to her ear.. She even felt a chill on her shoulder, as if someone had placed their hand on her...

Chapter 522: Handprint on the Shoulder

At this moment, the door opened with a bang. Dong, dong, dong! It seemed like a child had run over.

The girl's scalp was about to explode. She felt that she was going to die today. At this moment, the voice in her ear disappeared, and the cold feeling dissipated. The girl's stiff fingers trembled, and she felt like she was alive again, but she did not dare to look back.

"Miss." A young voice said, "It's me..." Right on the heels of that, a small hand reached out to the girl. The girl couldn't hold it in anymore and screamed in horror. She jumped off the bed and fell to the foot of the wall with the blanket. "No, don't come over..." Her eyes were filled with fear, and her face was pale.

Amelia took out a Requiem Talisman and stuck it to the girl's forehead. She even blew on it. "Little Miss, don't be afraid. I'll blow for you..."

For some reason, the girl suddenly calmed down and looked at Amelia in a daze. Wasn't this little girl the one she accidentally bumped into this morning?

"It's you?" The girl grabbed the blanket tightly, her voice still carrying a trace of fear.

Amelia: "Yes, yes! It's okay. Sister, get up."

The girl's legs went weak. She held onto the bedside table and slowly stood up.

First, she looked around quickly. There was nothing. The room was silent. There was only herself, Amelia, and a very tall man. Perhaps to avoid suspicion, the man leaned against the door and she could only see his back. "Little kid, you... how did you..." The girl was shocked and afraid. Her fingers that were holding the blanket were white.

Amelia blinked and looked at Alex. She said what he had taught her on the way. "Dad and I were just... passing by... Then we heard you shouting. We were afraid of an accident, so we kicked the door open and came in."

The girl: "... Really? Did she shout just now? She didn't remember at all. She only remembered that there seemed to be someone pressing against her back. She was so frightened that she didn't dare to make a sound...

The girl looked at Amelia and saw her squatting on the ground as if she was picking up something. She was even muttering. No matter how she looked at it, this scene was very strange. At around four in the morning, a little girl and a man passed by her house...

The girl was about to speak when she suddenly saw her shoulder in the reflection of the mirror. She saw a handprint on her shoulder! That's right, it was a handprint! It was a mud-like handprint on her shoulder!

The girl's face stiffened and she was dumbfounded. She looked at the ground and saw wet marks around her bed, as if someone had just been walking around her bed.

The girl's legs went weak and she fell to the ground with a plop.

Amelia looked up. "Miss, what's wrong?" Only then did she notice the handprint on one of the girl's shoulders. It was mainly because she was too short. From her angle, it was difficult to see the girl's shoulder.

Amelia stepped forward and patted the girl's shoulder. The handprint quietly dissipated.

The girl's back stiffened as she tried to divert her attention. She asked, "Little kid, what's your name?"

Amelia dusted off the handprint on the girl's shoulder and returned to where she had been. As she picked up things on the ground, she replied, "My name is Amelia. You can call me Mia. Sister, what about you?"

The girl stared at Amelia's actions and said, "My name is Gyala, Gyala Tait. Mia, what are you picking up?"

Amelia looked up and smiled innocently. "Sister Gyala, I'm picking up... hair..." She wanted to say that she was picking up the female ghost's limbs. When she came in just now, she saw that the female ghost was about to squeeze into Gyala's body. In a moment of desperation, she slashed with a peach wood sword and the female ghost was scattered. However, when she saw Alex glancing at her, she quickly changed her words.

Alex's mouth twitched. Picking up hair... This reason was really...

Gyala was also stunned. She had no idea what was going on. She stood up and hesitated for a few seconds before saying, "Mia, sit for a while. There's milk and fruit juice in the fridge. What do you want to drink? I'll get it..." Initially, she was just being polite. After all, it was four or five in the morning. Who would be a guest in someone else's house in the middle of the night?

Amelia, however, nodded happily. "Okay, I want juice. Thank you, Sister

Gyala!’

Gyala: “... Okay.”

Gyala lived in a single apartment. The kitchen was an open kitchen, and outside the kitchen was the living room sofa. There was a small coffee table in front of the sofa. It was not big, but it was very warm. It could be seen that Gyala usually cleaned up very diligently..

Chapter 523: Half a Criminal Police Officer

Amelia sat on the sofa and gulped down a glass of fruit juice. She even let out a soft sigh. “Ah ‘

Gyala poured Amelia another glass. After a moment of hesitation, she asked, “Mia, why are you and your father here in the middle of the night...” From the million-dollar car she had hit during the day, the father and daughter should be financially well off. It was impossible for them to live here.

Amelia held the juice and was thinking about how to lie. No, Dad said this wasn’t a lie, it was a white lie, but... how to tell a white lie?

At this moment, Alex said indifferently, “My job is half a criminal police officer. I’ve been investigating a case recently. Coincidentally, there are clues here, so I came over.’

Gyala wasn’t convinced. ‘What do you mean, half a criminal police officer? Can a criminal police officer have half a criminal police officer? Besides, what criminal police officer takes his daughter with him when he’s working?’

Alex crossed his arms and lied. “I worked too late today. My daughter’s tutoring class has been waiting for me in the office after class. She’s been waiting until now.”

Gyala and Amelia thought at the same time: Is is that what happened?

Gyala didn’t believe it, but seeing Alex’s solemn and dignified expression, it couldn’t be fake, right?

Gyala asked, "What case... does it have anything to do with me?" She immediately became nervous and tried her best to recall. Other than loving to stay up late and play with her phone, she had never done anything wrong! The rest was that she was too sleepy during the day and accidentally bumped into his car...

Alex didn't waste any time and said, "A girl was killed some time ago. Her body is missing."

Gyala was speechless. Suddenly, she was afraid again. The corpse... the corpse was gone?! She stammered, "But... I haven't... I haven't seen a corpse... No, it can't be with me, right?"

Alex looked around the house. Who knew if it was here? He had only heard Amelia say that there was a female ghost trapped here. She had also said that some people died accidentally and could not leave their place of death. He had just made it up based on this. He had not had time to communicate with Amelia about the rest. That was all he could do for now.

"Have you seen any abnormalities recently? Or heard or seen anything?" Alex pursed his lips. When he pulled a face, he looked quite serious.

Gyala subconsciously said, "No..."

Amelia suddenly grabbed Alex's hand and whispered, "Daddy, the closet..."

Alex stood up and took out a pair of gloves from his pocket. As he slowly put them on, he asked indifferently, "No? Think about it carefully."

Amelia said, "Wow!" Although she didn't know what her father was doing, he looked so professional! This was probably what her grandmother often said, spouting nonsense with a straight face? How impressive! She had learned it again!

Gyala was forced by Alex's aura, and her brain worked nervously. Suddenly, she thought of something and quickly said, "Yes!" She stood up in a panic. "I've been smelling dead rats recently. I don't know where it came from."

At this point, Gyala's scalp went numb. Could the smell of the dead rat be the stench of the corpse?! Didn't that mean that the corpse was very close to her rented room and might even be in her room?!

Gyala's hair stood on end and she was so frightened that she almost cried!

Alex wore gloves and pretended to look around. He even asked, "When did you smell it? Where did you smell it? Where is the strongest smell?"

Gyala was completely led by Alex's thoughts. Her entire body stiffened as she said, "In... in my room... in the closet, the smell is the strongest..." Her entire body turned cold as she thought of the strange scene just now. A voice tried hard to say by her ear, 'Lend me seven years,' and the handprint on her shoulder...

Gyala trembled as she followed Alex and Amelia. She watched them enter the room and opened the closet. Alex's gaze swept around and finally landed on the closet at the bottom. This closet should be a drawer-type. It was 60 by 60 centimeters in length and width. Such a closet did look inconspicuous, but it was still possible for a corpse to enter...

Now, the cracks around the closet were tightly taped shut.. Alex asked, "What's

in here?"

Chapter 524: You 're Really Trusting

Gyala quickly shook her head. "I don't know. It's not my stuff in here. It's the landlord's. He said it was some computer accessories and some junk. He told me not to move it. Just leave it like this."

Alex scoffed. "Are you that assured? Are you going to leave it just because he told you to?"

Gyala was speechless and said resentfully, “There won’t be anything in such a drawer, right...” This kind of situation was quite common. The landlord rented out the house, but he couldn’t bear to lose some of his old items. He didn’t have anywhere to move them, so he would leave them in the original house and remind the tenants not to touch these things, or simply let the tenants use them.

Alex scoffed. ‘You’re quite trusting.’

Amelia shook her head and added, “Sister Gyala, you’re so trusting.”

Alex: ‘

Gyala: ‘

Alex wore gloves and tore off the transparent tape that was sealed on the drawer. Gyala said, “This is the smell of dead rats that I smelled this morning.

It was really too smelly, so I sealed it...”

Amelia was puzzled. “Sister, it stinks in here. Don’t you find it strange?”

Gyala shook her head. “I thought the rats were dead in there. I even called the landlord.’

Alex paused and was speechless. Some young people who had just entered society were indeed innocent, but someone as innocent as Gyala was really... One day, when they were sold, they would even help count the money.

The moment the transparent tape was torn off, a stench assaulted Amelia’s face. She hurriedly covered her nose! At this moment, the female ghost that she had pieced together slowly woke up. Seeing this, she was confused for a moment. “Who are you?”

Amelia didn't answer. Her father had told her not to talk to ghosts when they were outside, in case they thought she was crazy. Although Amelia didn't think so, her father must have had a point, so she was obedient enough not to talk to ghosts.

Seeing that no one was paying attention to her, the female ghost was used to it. After all, ordinary people couldn't see ghosts. Those who could see ghosts were the anomalies. However, she glanced at Amelia suspiciously. Just now, she only heard the sound of the door being kicked open. Right on the heels of that, a peach wood sword smashed straight at her... Then, she shattered! The female ghost wasn't sure if the person who threw the peach wood sword at her was Amelia or... She turned her gaze and looked straight at Alex. Then, she floated over faintly, her mouth stretching to her ears. She suddenly leaned closer to Alex. "Is that you? You can see me, right?"

Alex's expression did not change. He was unmoved.

Amelia was confused. What was this female ghost doing?

Seeing that Alex didn't even blink, the female ghost was puzzled. Could she have made a mistake? The man in front of her looked like a Daoist priest. It couldn't be that this immature child was a Daoist priest who collected ghosts, right?

The female ghost saw Alex's actions and squatted at the side. She said bitterly, "Someone finally found me..." She had been lying inside for a long time. She couldn't remember how long it had been. She only knew that it had been a long time...

Alex pulled hard on the cabinet door. It was locked and wouldn't open. He crouched in front of the cabinet and asked without looking up, "Do you have a screwdriver?"

Gyala hurriedly got up. "Yes, I'll get it..."

Amelia imitated Alex and squatted in front of the cabinet. "Dad, it's locked.

Can you open it with a screwdriver? Don't you have to use a key?"

Alex reached out and touched the lock. Gyala happened to bring in a screwdriver. He took it. "Daughter, watch carefully. Daddy will teach you how to pick a lock today."

Amelia nodded. "Yes, yes!"

Alex really explained seriously, "Look, touch it first to confirm the approximate location of the lock core..."

Amelia held out her hand. "Touch it. Where's the lock core... Alex said, "Then stick the screwdriver in this spot..."

Amelia said, "And then stick the screwdriver in this spot..."

Alex said, "Then this way first, then this..." He held the screwdriver in one hand and exerted strength in his palm. With a bang, it hit the top of the screwdriver handle. The lock clicked open.

Amelia seemed to say, "Understood!" Wasn't this just physical work! She knew how to do it too! She would give it a try when she got back!

Alex didn't know that Amelia was thinking about this. He pulled open the drawer. He didn't expect it to be quite deep. It was up to the bed and hadn't been completely pulled out..

Chapter 525: Pickled Corpse

"I know what to do with that!" Amelia said as she reached out and pushed the bed against the foot of the wall.

Alex reacted quickly. He placed his palm on the bed and pushed it away, pretending that he was the one who pushed the bed away.

Gyala was stunned and looked at Alex in surprise. This man... was too strong!

The female ghost at the side said, "This little girl is quite strong."

Amelia only reacted when she heard the female ghost say that. She had accidentally exposed herself again...

Alex didn't say anything. He opened the drawer halfway and closed it after a glance. He said, "Call the police."

Gyala's mind buzzed. She took a few steps back and fell onto the bed. "No... No way..." She said in horror, "That corpse is really in my closet?!" Amelia comforted her. "It's okay, Sister Gyala. Isn't it found now?"

Gyala: "... Thank you. I wasn't comforted.

Alex saw that Gyala couldn't make a call anymore, so he took out his phone and made a call. In less than five minutes, a few people in plain clothes rushed over and the closet was opened again.

The so-called closet was actually a closet embedded in the wall. This was the real closet in front of them. When they opened it, it was about 1.56 meters! Gyala did not know that this closet that looked no different from a drawer was actually so deep! After all, her closet looked no different from an ordinary closet when she opened it!

After the drawer was pulled open, the stench of dead rats became even stronger. There were indeed some miscellaneous items on the closet. There was an empty cotton blanket bag, a black plastic bag, and a few old clothes. However, after prying open this layer of miscellaneous items, they saw a long object curled up under the cabinet. It was wrapped tightly in a black plastic bag, and they could tell at a glance that it was a human shape.

Gyala's eyes rolled back in her head. Unable to withstand the stimulation anymore, she fainted! The police officer beside her quickly supported her and called the emergency number.

Amelia shook her head. "That's why I said not to stay up late. Your immunity is much worse than others.'

Alex corrected her. "It's the ability to withstand pressure."

Amelia corrected herself. "Yes, yes! Her resistance to pressure is worse than others!"

Alex nodded and looked at the time. When he did, his heart tightened. It was past five! The journey back would take about an hour. Mrs. Walton usually woke up around six. Wouldn't they be caught on the way back?

But on second thought, Alex wasn't nervous anymore. Wasn't there George?

Alex was relieved. He hugged Amelia unhurriedly and even had the time to watch the police surround the event location, take photos, and collect evidence...

The female ghost sat at the side with her hair hanging down. She watched bitterly as the busy crowd carried out the black plastic bag that wrapped her and cut it open... Her terrifying appearance before she died was immediately revealed, especially her face. She had been slashed and her flesh had been flipped out...

The medical examiner put on gloves and picked up the white object next to the corpse. He looked at it carefully and his expression changed. "It's salt! The corpse has actually been marinated by a lot of salt!"

Everyone:

Alex asked Amelia in a low voice, "Did you get it out of her? What did the female ghost say?"

Amelia shook her head. "She doesn't seem to remember anything." She thought for a moment and told him everything Elmer had taught her. "Master said that people who die unexpectedly are in too much

pain before they die, or they're frightened. At the moment of death, they forget what happened when they were alive. She doesn't know who she is or where she came from. She can only wander around the place of death and subconsciously follow the first person she sees after death. Then, she imitates everything about the other party and slowly replaces that person..." This was also why after some people killed, the deceased's vengeful spirit would follow them. This was because the first person the deceased saw after turning into a ghost was the murderer. However, for some reason, the female ghost in front of her was indeed the first person she saw after turning into a ghost. She didn't remember anything. She only subconsciously imitated and wanted to replace Gyala...

Alex looked at the female corpse in front of him. The entire body had been cut open from the middle. The internal organs had been dug out and marinated with salt. At least a sack of salt had been used, so that the corpse was covered in a layer of sticky white.

Amelia had never seen anything like it. She hugged Alex tightly and pressed her face against his neck.. "Daddy," she whispered, "What are these?"

Chapter 526: Discovered

Alex pursed his lips and asked, "Do you know about cured meat?"

Amelia shook her head.

Alex said, "Cured meat is also called salted meat. It's mostly seen in the south of our country. People like to marinate it after winter or before the Spring Festival. They use a large amount of salt to marinate the meat and hang it under the eaves to dry for a period of time. In winter, the cured meat won't go bad easily. If it's preserved well, it can be kept for about three years.

Therefore, it's very popular in some areas."

Amelia: n ???" The meat could still be stored for three years?

Alex continued, "This murderer must have used cured meat as a reference. He marinated the female corpse with a large amount of salt and wrapped it in a plastic bag to seal it for safekeeping."

Unfortunately, she was human, not cured meat. They could not hang the corpse under the roof to dry, so no matter how well they handled it, it still emitted a stench.

Alex: "Actually, it's very good. I estimate that the female corpse died about two months ago." It took so long for the stench to come out. He had to admit that the murderer's curing skills were very good!

There was a young intern forensic doctor at the side who was helping the forensic doctor do a simple autopsy. When he heard Alex's words, he felt terrible. From then on, he had a psychological trauma towards food like cured meat...

Alex watched for a while longer. He raised his hand and looked at the time. It was half past five in the morning. He picked Amelia up and strode out. "Let's go home." The traffic commander would be at work at about seven or eight. If he didn't leave soon, he would be caught riding a motorcycle with Amelia.

The sky had just lit up when Alex's motorcycle rumbled on the road, attracting many people to turn around. In front of the motorcycle was a small figure wearing a pink helmet, forming a strong contrast with the cool style.

The motorcycle stopped at a shop not far from the Walton residence. Alex casually threw the car key to his subordinate and quickly walked towards the Walton residence with Amelia.

His subordinate: "... He was just an emotionless tool.

Alex found a random wall and was about to bring Amelia over the wall when his phone rang. George's irritated voice came through. "You're not back yet?" Alex: I'm already sitting on the wall."

George:

Alex said, "Tell the old lady that you just saw me take Mia out."

George:

Mrs. Walton realized early in the morning that Amelia was not in the room again. She looked around but could not find her. She walked towards George with a murderous expression. George lowered his voice and said to Alex on the other end of the cell phone, "The old lady is here." With that, he hung up.

Alex lowered his eyes and looked at Amelia, who was sitting on the wall. The little girl sighed excitedly. "Wow, it's really tall!"

Alex put away his phone and shushed her. He whispered, "Lower your voice." He carried Amelia and jumped down the high wall. Then, he instructed, "Daughter, let's walk backward later."

Amelia was puzzled. "Why?"

Alex said, "You'll know in a while. If Grandma asks, don't say anything. Just watch Daddy."

Amelia: Although she didn't quite understand, she still nodded obediently. Seeing Alex walk backward, she followed suit, but she wasn't very familiar with walking. She had to look back a few times and almost fell. At this moment, an angry voice sounded. "Alex!"

Alex picked Amelia up. "Let's go!" He hugged Amelia and ran a few steps forward pretentiously.

Mrs. Walton went out to look around and saw Alex's back with Amelia. How could she have known that the two of them were walking backward? It looked like she thought they were going to sneak out. Hearing her voice, Alex even ran forward with Amelia in his arms.

Mrs. Walton caught up with him with a broom. "Stop right there!"

Alex turned around and touched his nose. "I was discovered."

Mrs. Walton's eyebrows twitched. She gritted her teeth and asked, "Where are you going so early in the morning?"

Alex was about to speak when Mrs. Walton interrupted angrily. "I didn't ask you. Mia, tell me."

Amelia blinked innocently and looked at Alex. Her father had said not to say anything, but... She lowered her head and said obediently, "Grandma, don't be angry..."

When Mrs. Walton saw Amelia like this, she couldn't bear to scold her. She looked at Alex again. Alex touched his nose. "It's nothing. I'm just taking Mia out for a walk..

Chapter 527: No Buns to Eat Today

Mrs. Walton scoffed. "Can't you go out through the front door for a walk?"

Alex: "Ah... I forgot."

Mrs. Walton was speechless. Do you think I believe you? She pointed at the lawn by the door. "Go, two thousand push-ups."

Alex: "... " Although it was easy for him to do a thousand push-ups, it was a little tiring to do two thousand. The old lady was really ruthless!

Alex looked at Amelia and winked, telling her not to worry. He went over to do push-ups.

Mrs. Walton brought Amelia into the dining room and asked seriously, "Mia, tell me the truth. Where is your father going to take you? Are you going to climb over the wall?" She would get the servants to sprinkle glass shards on the wall another day, but on second thought, what if Alex still climbed over the wall? Would he get injured? She was too worried!

Amelia pursed her lips and said, "Grandma, when Dad and I went to see Sister

Moon yesterday, we were hit by a young lady riding a bicycle.”

When Mrs. Walton heard this, she quickly asked, “Are you alright? How did you get hit? Why didn’t you tell Grandma yesterday!”

Amelia said obediently, “I really forgot about this!”

Mrs. Walton was speechless. “And then? That young lady asked your father to compensate?”

Amelia shook her head. “No. She bumped into us. Dad didn’t pursue the matter.”

Mrs Walton snorted softly.

Amelia said, “The point is that there are ghosts around this young lady who want to harm her, so I asked Dad to take me out.” She was not afraid of her grandmother being angry, but although she was young, she knew that her grandmother was worried about her, so she told her everything honestly.

Mrs. Walton was speechless for a moment, but she didn’t continue asking. She said helplessly, “Alright, let’s eat.”

Amelia was about to continue, but her grandmother stopped asking. She opened her mouth. George walked over and picked her up. “Go back to your room and brush your teeth and wash your face. Then eat.”

Amelia nodded. “Yes, yes!”

Mrs. Walton: “But you still have to be punished for doing something wrong. Last night, you actually thought of sneaking out yourself. You won’t have steamed buns to eat today.”

Amelia looked pitiful. “Grandma...”

Mrs. Walton paused for a moment. "It's settled. It's useless to call me Grandma."

Amelia leaned on George's shoulder. "What about soy milk?"

Mrs. Walton pulled a face. "No."

Amelia said, "Cupcake?"

Mrs. Walton said, "No."

Amelia: ' Boohoo, there's nothing to eat in the morning!

Looking at the pitiful Amelia, Mrs. Walton almost wavered, but she held back. During this period of time, Amelia liked to eat milk-flavored steamed buns the most. She would feel uncomfortable if she did not eat steamed buns for a meal, but... her principles could not be shaken.

Mrs. Walton looked up and instructed, "Mrs. Taylor, make Mia flower rolls today."

Mrs. Taylor:

Mrs Walton explained, "Flower rolls aren't steamed buns."

Mrs. Taylor: "... Alright, Old Madam, if you say so.

In the room.

George asked, "Mia, how did it go?"

Amelia answered truthfully, "I found the sister, and then I found a body in the sister's room. The body was marinated, and now it stinks. The sister smelled it recently. After the body was found, the sister fainted, and the body was taken away by the police."

George understood the full story from Amelia's incoherent logic. He nodded and said, "Your father took you there in a taxi?"

Amelia shook her head and said excitedly, "No, Daddy brought me on a big motorcycle! He's super handsome!"

George was speechless. A murderous look flashed across his eyes. Mia was so young, but Alex, that unreliable person, actually brought her to ride a motorcycle?

George suppressed his anger and asked again, "You have to understand that some of the crooked logic your father taught you is wrong..." He wanted to say something else, but on second thought, wasn't that right? Compared to sticking to logic and not knowing how to be flexible, Alex's teachings were more suitable for complicated people. After all, when Mia grew up, adult society would be unreasonable. At that time, it would be too late to learn to be George massaged his temples. "Mia..."

Amelia nodded and said, "Yes, yes. Sometimes, Daddy is wrong, but it's harmless."

George was speechless. It seemed that he was overthinking. Mia was still the same as before. She was innocent and cute. Even though Alex had brought her to do many unreliable things, she was still the same as before. She had even become stronger and more agile. Mia was still a child. It was fine for children to be naughty. In short, as long as her values were right, everything else was fine..

Chapter 528: Can't Argue Or Beat Her

George stroked Amelia's head gently. "In the future, no matter what happens, you can look for Eldest Uncle. Eldest Uncle will always be Mia's strongest support." Whatever she did, he hoped that she would look for him immediately, not change and not tell him anything as she grew up.

Amelia: “Yes, yes!” She stretched out her hand and hugged George. She whispered, “Eldest Uncle, I brought that female ghost sister back.”

George’s back stiffened. “Where?”

Amelia raised her chin. “It’s right behind Eldest Uncle.”

The female ghost had just been released and was staring at George with a sinister expression. George felt a chill on the back of his neck and the gentle expression on his face froze.

Amelia continued, “But the female ghost didn’t remember anything. The murderer clearly killed her, but the first person she saw was Sister Gyala.” How strange. Could it be that when the murderer killed the female ghost, the murderer had already left, and Sister Gyala was still at the event location? Amelia couldn’t understand. The ghost couldn’t remember the past. She had to return to the first event location where she was killed and find the murderer to help her find her previous memories.

George’s mouth twitched. “Let’s eat first.” With that, he quietly moved away.

Amelia nodded and ran in to brush her teeth. She did not forget to greet Seven. “Hello, Seven. I’m back!”

Seven tilted his head. “Hey, have you eaten?”

Amelia was stunned for a moment before she suddenly felt discouraged. “No, Mia doesn’t have breakfast today!”

Seven’s face was filled with shock. “How tragic!”

Amelia: “That’s right!!

George was amused. Did Mia really think that there was nothing to eat? The old lady only said that there were no steamed buns and soy milk, but he was sure that there would definitely be something else.

George: "If your grandmother doesn't make steamed buns for you, she might make an extra bowl of duck noodles. Go brush your teeth."

Amelia rekindled her motivation and quickly brushed her teeth.

Seven flapped its wings and pecked at its feathers. It saw Alex doing push-ups outside along the balcony and curiously stuck its head out of the fence.

Alex: "999..."

Seven immediately perked up. It knew how to do this too!

Seven: "999! 100! 101, 102..."

Alex was speechless. He ignored the noisy Seven and counted in a low voice. "One thousand and four, one thousand and five... Seven: "One hundred and six, one hundred and seven..."

Alex: "108... Ptui! It's 1,080!"

Alex had been doing push-ups very quickly. Now, with a troublesome parrot, he had to be distracted by counting. Amelia had come down for breakfast, and he had only done twelve hundred.

Eric yawned as he came down. He perked up when he saw Alex doing push-ups.

"How long has he been doing this?" Eric asked, grabbing one of the maids. The servant: "... It seems to have been done since around six, right?"

Eric looked at the time. It was seven o'clock. A thousand done in less than half an hour? Fake! It had to be fake! The last time they did push-ups, a thousand took more than two hours!

"Did anyone see that? This person is definitely faking it," Eric said as he squatted beside Alex.

Alex raised his eyebrows. "You think others are trash just because you're trash?"

Eric was speechless. He was agitated immediately. Recalling Alex's arrogant gaze the last time he did push-ups, he said, "If you have the ability, do it in front of me. I'll count. If you can't do a thousand in half an hour, I'll... I'll tell my mother!"

Alex sneered. "How old are you? You're still complaining to your mother!" Eric: "...". He couldn't win an argument, and he couldn't win a fight either. He was so angry!

Eric sneered. "Then do it. What's the use of just being eloquent?"

Alex said, "Then count it." As soon as he finished speaking, he began to do push-ups. He had been exercising all year round and had high-intensity team training. Doing push-ups was really nothing to Alex. He had already rested while chatting with Eric. If he started again, the speed would be similar to the one per second.

Eric's eyes widened in disbelief.

Sixteen minutes passed. Alex had finished the remaining thousand.

In war, there were soldiers with good physical fitness and soldiers with poor physical fitness. The survival rate could be 30% different..

Chapter 529: Stimulated

When Alex was training soldiers in the team, they could complete more than 1,900 sit-ups or 1,600 push-ups in half an hour. Training that was impossible for ordinary people was the norm in their daily training. After all, war was cruel. Only by saving their lives could they talk about other things.

Alex clapped his hands and stood up. "Sixteen minutes, a thousand." He looked at Eric disdainfully and patted his shoulder. He didn't say anything, but it was as if he had said everything. Eric was left squatting on the spot. He didn't believe it! Alex was definitely acting like he was fine! He wanted to see if his hands would tremble when they ate later!

At the dining table, Amelia was eating happily with a bowl of duck noodles. Beside her was a bowl that had been prepared for her mother in the past. Now that her mother was no longer around, this bowl still had half of the noodles she had distributed. When she saw Alex enter, she brought the half bowl of soup noodles to Alex. "Daddy, eat the noodles."

Alex had no qualms about it. He picked up the bowl and was about to eat when he saw that Amelia's face was stained with green onions. He picked up a tissue and wiped her face.

Eric was staring from opposite. Seeing that Alex was about to pick up his chopsticks again, he paused and stood up to get Amelia a flower roll. Eric's gaze followed Alex's hand. Alex sat down again and thought of something. He went out to make a call. He returned after a while and peeled another egg for Amelia.

Eric sneered. Eat, I dare you to eat. You're afraid that your hands will tremble and you'll be laughed at, right?

Finally, Alex picked up the bowl and chopsticks. He ate slowly, taking mouthfuls of noodles and soup. His hand holding the chopsticks was very stable, not trembling at all!

Eric: Impossible! Absolutely impossible! How could they not tremble! Last time, the brothers, including him, kept trembling!

Eric was speechless. Through this push-up, he could tell the difference between him and Alex. He recalled the humiliation of being subdued by Alex in one move during the kindergarten explosion drill.

"I'm not eating anymore!" Eric threw down the bowl angrily and stood up to leave with a dark expression. He was so angry! In the future, he would rather eat instant noodles outside than eat at the same table as Alex!

Mrs. Walton raised her eyelids and said coldly, "Sit down!"

Eric turned around instinctively and pulled out a chair. He sat down on the chair and picked up his chopsticks in one go.

Mrs. Walton sneered. "Why? Is my cooking not to your liking?" From the moment he sat down, Eric had been flipping the food in his bowl with his chopsticks. He flipped here and there, but not only did he not eat the last bite, but he also smashed the bowl with a dark expression! What kind of bad habit was this? She had heard of rebellious people in their teens, but she had never seen anyone who was almost 30 years old!

Eric smiled. "No, no. It suits my taste. It suits my taste very much!"

Mrs. Walton said, "Then why did you throw down the bowl?"

Eric: "I..." He couldn't say that he was angry with Alex and was unhappy that he could see the difference between the two of them...

Amelia tilted her head and thought for a moment. "Fifth Uncle must have been agitated!"

Eric nodded subconsciously. "Yes, yes, yes. I was agitated..." No, what was he agitated about?

William exposed him mercilessly. "Fifth Uncle must have seen that it only took Uncle Alex 40 minutes to do 2,000 push-ups. He took more than two hours to do it last time. He must be indignant."

Emma shook her head. "Accept your fate. What's wrong with that? Fifth Uncle, look at me. When I was beaten up by my father, I obediently stuck out my

butt. ”

Amelia nodded. “So, Fifth Uncle, you can’t afford to play?”

Eric: . ‘ He was numb. These children really didn’t give him any face. He picked up the bowl resentfully and ate silently.

Mrs. Walton was speechless. “You’re already so old, but you’re still so childish.” After a pause, she said, “Why would you compete with Alex? Compared to doing push-ups, you might as well compete with him in swinging a sledgehammer.”

Emma interrupted, “Even if you swing a sledgehammer, Uncle Alex will win!”

William: “Fifth Uncle, you’re too weak.”

Eric: “!!!”

Alex’s eyes held a hint of a smile. “Eat.”

The children buried their heads in their food happily.

Harper suddenly looked up. “What? Uncle Alex only took forty minutes to do 2,000 push-ups?”

Everyone:

Mrs. Walton looked worriedly at Harper..

Chapter 530: All the Red Envelopes Are Gone

Mrs. Walton had heard Amelia talk about Harper falling from the balcony on the second floor when he was two or three years old. With such a reaction speed, there was no way not to make her wonder if Harper's brain had been damaged when he fell or if he had left any problems. When she had time, she'd better take him to check his brain.

After dinner, Amelia went to her room and slept until noon. Mrs. Walton didn't say anything, but at lunch, she added an extra dumpling with fresh shrimp filling. She didn't know when Amelia woke up, but it wasn't until there was a clicking sound upstairs that Mrs. Walton felt that something was wrong.

Upstairs, Amelia was tiptoeing and leaning against the door with a screwdriver in her hand. "Find the lock core first... the screwdriver is here... With a click, the lock was successfully unlocked.

Amelia: "Wow! The screwdriver is amazing!"

Seven flapped his wings at the side and cheered Amelia on.

As soon as Mrs. Walton came up, she saw Amelia and Seven singing happily. Seven was standing on Amelia's shoulder. Amelia was holding a screwdriver and singing as she removed the lock. Several of the locks had been pried open, and the handles had fallen off.

Amelia picked the locks one by one, her movements becoming more and more practiced. Mrs. Walton's temples throbbed. "Amelia!"

Amelia was happily picking the lock when she felt a chill on her back. Her grandmother's voice followed. She had never been so afraid when she saw a ghost! She turned around carefully and saw Mrs. Walton standing at the top of the stairs with a dark expression. Amelia blossomed into a huge smile. "Grandma!" She ran over with her hands open and hugged Mrs. Walton. First, she hugged her grandmother's arms tightly. Her father said that her grandmother knew how to split people with her bare hands. It was especially scary.

Mrs. Walton couldn't break free for a moment. With a headache and amusement, she asked, "What are you doing?"

Amelia blinked innocently. "Grandma, I'm picking the lock."

Mrs. Walton suppressed her emotions and asked very "calmly", "Who taught

Amelia's eyes began to wander. She bit her lip and said weakly, "Grandma, can

I pay? I still have a big red packet that I haven't opened. I can pay..."

Mrs. Walton couldn't hold it in anymore. Her head was buzzing. Could she afford it?! All the doors and locks of the Walton residence... ten of her red packets wouldn't be enough!

With a straight face, Mrs. Walton held out her hand. "Sure. Give it to me."

Amelia went to her small backpack pitifully and took out her precious red packet. It was such a thick red packet. She had hidden it for a long time. Previously, she had been using small red packets and could not bear to use this big one.

Mrs. Walton took it and flipped it open. She said, "It's not enough. It's only one red packet, but you pried open three doors."

Amelia was speechless. Her heart ached so much that it bled. She took out two more red packets.

Mrs. Walton shook her head. "A door lock costs 10,000 yuan. Look at your big red packet. It's barely enough for a door lock, but these two thin ones are obviously not enough."

Amelia: ‘

In the end, all the red packets in Amelia's backpack were taken away by Mrs Walton. Looking at the empty backpack, Amelia couldn't help but cry. Boohoo, so the consequences of doing something wrong were so serious. The red packets she had hidden for more than half a year were all gone in an instant. The price was too high. She would never pick the lock again.

Seven stood on Amelia's shoulder and stuck his head out. He tilted his head. "Wow, there's nothing! There's nothing! Your wallet is empty!"

Amelia burst into tears. Money! Her money!

Mrs. Walton heard Amelia crying and resisted the urge to return the money to her. One had to have a bottom line. One had to have a bottom line in education. One could not turn back. One could never turn back... It was just that her heart ached so much...

Seven moved his claws closer and pressed them against Amelia's face, trying to comfort her. "It's okay to be poor, it's okay to lose money, but if you don't have money, you'll starve. If you're hungry, you'll feel uncomfortable. If you feel uncomfortable, you'll want to cry..."

Amelia cried even louder.

Lucas's mouth twitched when he heard the voice. He said coldly to Seven, "If you don't know how to comfort people, don't comfort them."

William also came over. After asking for the reason, he quickly said, "Don't cry. I'll give you all my pocket money now!" He ran back to his room and took out a few savings cans to smash. He grabbed handfuls of money and stuffed them into Amelia's backpack.

Emma said, "Isn't it just money? I have it. I'll give it all to you!" She took out her phone and transferred all the money to Amelia in one go. She didn't even save the last two decimal places for herself..