

Mia is Not a Trouble-Maker!

Chapter 7: Picking You Up to Go Home

Andrew was the first to realize that Amelia was awake. He said in excitement: “Mia, you’re awake? I’m your little uncle...” The others from the Walton family did not dare to breathe too loudly and looked at Amelia nervously.

Amelia’s brain was blank: “Little Uncle?” Her pale face was expressionless like a fragile porcelain doll. Although when she said ‘Little Uncle’ as a question, it was more like a repetition of his words than an actual question.

Old Master Walton pressed his lips into a straight line. Amelia was too thin, laying on the hospital bed, she was only a small bundle. Old Master Walton’s heart ached so much he couldn’t breathe. His baby...

Andrew softened his voice and said slowly, “Yes, Mia, I’m your mother’s older brother. I’m Andrew. You called me before. Do you remember?”

Amelia’s eyelashes trembled, and she finally made a sound. She remembered that she made a call. She called her little uncle, but didn’t they ignore her and not want her?

It took Amelia a while to process the situation, and she finally slowly lifted her head. “Are you guys... here to pick me up?”

The men from the Walton family all nodded furiously, and Henry stepped forward and said to Amelia: “Mia, I’m your third uncle, Henry. We’re here to take you home.”

Old Master Walton's throat seemed to be blocked. He was afraid that he would choke the moment he opened his mouth. He took a while to recover before saying, "Yes, we're here to bring Mia home. No one can bully you in the future. By the way, I'm your grandfather, your mother's father."

Amelia's eyes moved. Go home? Did she still have a home? Would these people abandon her after taking her home? Would they beat her and scold her and not give her food?

The men of the Walton family were anxious seeing that Amelia remained silent. They had no experience with raising children, so they looked at George and Dylan. The eldest son, George, was 40 years old and had two children. The second son, Dylan, was 38 years old and also had two children.

However, George did not have much experience in coaxing children. After observing Amelia for a while, he finally spoke: "Mia, what are you worried about?" His voice was cold as usual, even though he purposefully tried to soften his tone, it still sounded cold and serious. The other people from the Walton family glared at him fiercely, afraid he would scare Amelia.

Dylan coughed. He was a quiet person and wanted to say something, but he could not say a word for a long time. He was so anxious that he scratched his ears and cheeks.

Andrew sighed, it was still up to him! He bent down and leaned closer to Amelia, stroking her head lovingly: "Mia, tell Little Uncle what you're thinking."

Amelia moved her eyes and raised her head with difficulty to look at the man who called himself her little uncle. That day, she thought that she was going to die. The darkness was slowly swallowing her. It was this man's voice that split the darkness and gave her a ray of redemption.

She pursed her lips and asked hesitantly, “Little Uncle, if Mia goes home... can I eat?”

Hearing that, everyone was struck dumb for a second. Can she eat? What kind of question was this? Before the Walton family could react, they heard Amelia ask softly: “Will people hit me?”

These two short sentences made Old Master Walton’s eyes sting and he almost cried! His precious granddaughter was actually afraid that she would not be able to eat and would be beaten! What kind of life had she been living in the Miller family all these years? She did not have enough to eat, clothes to wear, and was even being abused?!

Old Master Walton could not help but turn around, his lips trembling as he tried to hold back his tears, and his eyes were red. The other brothers of the Walton family clenched their fists in anger, but were afraid their twisted expressions would scare Amelia, all of them forcefully suppressing their anger.

Andrew held Amelia’s hand and gently put it on his face, saying in a hoarse voice: “Mia, you can eat whatever you want when we get home. No one will hit you. Look, this is Eldest Uncle, Second Uncle, Third Uncle... They’re all very powerful. We will protect Mia. No one can hurt Mia again.”

Amelia’s small hands clutched the blanket tightly. She didn’t speak for a long time. Just as the members of the Walton family thought she wouldn’t speak again, she suddenly opened her mouth: “Little Uncle, Mia didn’t push anyone. Daddy and Grandpa told me to admit my mistake but I refused. I didn’t push anyone,” she repeated stubbornly. Her pale face had a hint of stubbornness, and her eyes were dark. She didn’t know if her uncles really liked her, or if they would be disappointed when they found out that she refused to admit her mistake and decided to not bring her home. But she didn’t do anything, and she would not admit to something she didn’t do, even if they abandoned her because of this and not bring her home...

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