

The Princess to Eight Uncles Chapter 14

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Chapter 14 An Unsolvable Problem

Lilly quietly withdrew the hand holding the drawing.

Hugh suppressed his anger and said in an edifying manner, “Hannah, Lilly is giving you a present because she wanted to be friends with you. It was wrong of you to push her away.”

He couldn't help but frown as he looked at the broken doll on the ground.

Liam's daughter was extremely demanding. She would break down in tears whenever someone addressed her sharply.

Sure enough, Hannah started crying right away and shouted, “I don't want!” while stamping her feet.

Lilly summoned her courage and offered Hannah the painting, saying, “Hannah, please don't cry. I'm giving you this as a gift...”

After looking at the painting she was holding, Hannah pushed her away and exclaimed, “Nobody wants your garbage. Go away!”

After hearing the commotion, Liam's wife, Winona, went upstairs. “Hannah, stop throwing tantrums!” she exclaimed quickly.

After that, she turned to Hugh and said, “Dad, Hannah is still young...”

Hugh scolded, “You must teach them while they are still young. I've already addressed this issue several times. How do you raise your kids? Even at such a young age, they are already so insolent. How will they fare in society when they reach adulthood?”

Winona bowed her head and stated, “Yes, Dad. I see what you're saying.”

Hugh led Lilly away in a furious manner.

Hannah cried even harder when she saw her grandfather ignoring her and leaving. Then she dashed into her room, sweeping everything off the table and onto the floor.

Winona felt bitter in her heart because she thought the old man had spoken too harshly.

She would raise her child in any way she saw fit. Who had the right to tell her how to raise her children?

It would be a no even if that person were her children's grandfather!

Hugh and Bettany had treated her well and respected her. They rarely interfere with her family's affairs.

She was also constantly filial to them. She would look after their needs and even get them gifts during the holidays. She ought to be the best daughter-in-law there could be, right?

She only insisted on one thing—to bring up boys the hard way and girls to be princesses. What was the problem with her ideal?

Hannah was the Crawford family's favorite child, and she could live comfortably even if she didn't work in the future. Why should she follow society's rules at such a young age? Wouldn't it be better if she just lived as she pleased?

Winona entered the room and softly coaxed Hannah. "All right, Hannah. My sweet child. Baby, stop crying..."

Hannah cried even harder. "I don't want! I don't want to!"

Winona remarked, "Okay. Okay. Okay..."

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Hugh led Lilly back to her room. The parrot flailed its wings and attempted to fly over when it saw Lilly returning, but the foot chain prevented it from doing so.

Lilly quietly withdrew the hand holding the drawing.

Hugh suppressed his anger and said in an edifying manner, "Hannah, Lilly is giving you a present because she wanted to be friends with you. It was wrong of you to push her away."

Lilly comforted the perrot, saying, "Polly, good Polly. I'll let you out once Uncle has prepared your room."

Lilly's uncles were unaware she had the perrot since her room was furnished when she was hospitalized.

A house that was not designed explicitly with perrots in mind would be extremely harmful to them. Polly, for example, was accustomed to being in the wild, and if kept in the house, it would fly into a glass.

Polly was temporarily confined to Lilly's room, and it would be released only after it had gotten used to living in the house.

Hugh's heart ached as he saw Lilly comforting the perrot in hushed tones.

It must be very upsetting for Sweet Pee.

"Lilly, Hannah is always like this. She has the bad temper, so don't be sad..."

Lilly unexpectedly smiled and said, "It's all right, Grandpa."

Lilly turned to comfort Hugh when she noticed his confused expression. "It's all right, Grandpa. I, too, dislike giving away my possessions to others."

Lilly was perplexed as to why the adults insisted on their children being more tolerant and generous to others. The adults may have thought it was courteous, but the children did not.

Whatever one owns, one owns it. Why should you give your prized possessions to others just to appear cordial?

Hugh was taken aback.

Lilly was so young, but she appeared to have a lot of knowledge...

Hugh became even sadder. Then, with a tender look on his face, he touched her head and asked, "Lilly, are you the one who drew these drawings?"

At the mention of drawings, Lilly's expression instantly changed to one of focus. She said with a nod, "Yes, I enjoy drawing. When I was living with Daddy, I used to draw a lot."

However, her stepmother ripped the majority of them. She'd hidden some in books and forgotten to bring them with her when she left...

Hugh pointed to one of the drawings and asked, "What is this?"

Lilly transformed into a presenter, proudly introducing her drawing. "This is a drawing of two children playing in a strange forest."

"Look, Grendel. There is a floral wreath here! Lady Spring made this necklace."

"A four-leaf clover sprouted from the crack where Uncle Stone split in two when he tumbled down the mountain, turning him into Uncle Lucky!"

"Take a look at this one. That is Miss Flore. She said snobbishly, 'Hmmph! None of you are as lovely as I am!' Miss Flore is very proud of herself!"

Polly quieted down after Lilly introduced her drawing, but it would tilt its head from time to time to look at Lilly's drawing.

Hugh was amazed. He had the impression that he was in Jey Loenzon's animation world.

Lilly's drawings were vibrantly colored. A flower and a stone each had their own life story to tell. Those who looked at it couldn't help but feel at ease. Warmth and healing energy permeated the drawing.

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Hugh was amazed. He had the impression that he was in Jay Loanzon's animation world.

Lilly's drawings were vibrantly colored. A flower and a stone each had their own life story to tell. Those who looked at it couldn't help but feel at ease. Warmth and healing energy permeated the drawing.

He couldn't stop himself from filming Lilly as she talked about her drawing. He decided to send the video to an old friend after some thought.

That old friend was a well-known name in the art world. Hugh wanted to see if Lilly's artwork could catch his old friend's eye, so his old friend would want to take Lilly as his mentee since Lilly loved to draw.

There was a commotion downstairs as the grandfather and grandchild were both enjoying the artwork, and the servant came up and said, "Old Mr. Crawford, Old Mrs. Crawford is back."

Hugh took Lilly by the hand and said, "Let's go. Grandma is back."

Downstairs, Liam was pushing a wheelchair, and Bettany, who was sitting in it, asked tremblingly, "Where is Lilly..."

She looked up after she finished speaking to see Hugh leading a fair-looking child down the stairs.

For a brief moment, Bettany appeared to be choked by someone. She couldn't make a sound, and her eyes welled up with tears. She couldn't hold back her tears and sobbed quietly.

That is Jean's child...

She looks exactly like Jean did when she was a child...

However, her Jean was gone, and she would never return...

"Lilly..." Bettany choked back tears.

"Grandma!" Lilly yelled as she escaped Hugh's grasp and ran to Bettany.

She hesitated for a second before reaching out and firmly holding Bettany's hand.

Lilly had vowed to her mother that she would be a devoted granddaughter and take good care of her grandmother.

Therefore, she would undoubtedly take care to succeed!

When Bettany heard Lilly calling her grandma, she burst into tears and drew Lilly into her embrace!

"Lilly, my dear little Lilly!"

Bettany was sobbing uncontrollably. Lilly didn't know how to comfort Bettany, so she reached out and gently patted her on the back.

"Grandma, please don't cry. Don't cry, please!"

Meanwhile, after much coaxing upstairs, Winona finally managed to coax Hannah to leave the room when she saw Bettany and Lilly huddled together downstairs.

Hugh said quietly, "Okay, that's enough. Stop crying." Liam, who was busy in the background, remained silent as he took tissue paper and water.

Hannah was hugging the doll when she got angry again.

Why did her grandmother become that pesky pest's grandmother?

That pesky pest stole her toys and was now stealing her grandparents!

After losing her cool, Hannah turned around and sprinted upstairs. She heard some squawking sounds as she passed by Lilly's room.

"Uh-oh. I couldn't help myself, I'm almost at your house again, again!"

When Hannah opened Lilly's room door after being briefly drawn to it, she was surprised to see a green bird perched on a bird perch.

Her eyes lit up, and she dashed inside right away!

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