

The Princess to Eight Uncles Chapter 35

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Chapter 35 The Crawfords Owe It To Her

Hannah, meanwhile, was so frightened that she stopped crying. Her cries tapered off into hiccups and soft sobs.

Bettany's temper flared. Her countenance took on an arctic chill. "You like crying, don't you? Do as you like! You're not allowed to stop until you fill this bucket!"

The girl, sure enough, burst into full-blown wailing after receiving the scare.

She had cried at first to cause a scene, but now she was downright howling.

Her tears were genuine this time.

The child held the bucket in her hands and kept crying. Each tear fell into the container.

Mrs. Bettany Levine, the Madam of the Crawford household, was, however, an obstinate woman. She silently watched on as the younger cried.

The elder had a childish streak to her. You want to act out? So can I. Both were now stuck in a stalemate until Hannah grew exhausted from her endless whines.

Hannah was too afraid to stop. She proceeded to cry even harder when she finally noticed her tears wouldn't even fill half a cup.

She choked up as she continued sobbing, "I can't anymore, Granny. I'm thirsty... I want water..."

Margaret could barely hold in her laughter.

Bettany was as angry as she was amused. "Are you going to keep crying?"

Hannah sniffled and shook her head. Her eyes were bloodshot.

Bettany grunted and went back inside.

Margaret hurriedly approached the child. "Let's go back inside, Little Miss! Have a glass of water."

Hannah had cried her eyes red. No one had ever treated her this way.

Her mother would always meet her demands whenever she turned on the waterworks.

She was slowly coming to understand her tears weren't everything. They meant nothing before her grandmother.

Margaret guided the child to the first floor and sat her down to get her to drink water.

No one else had come home. Her mother had also been driven away. It seemed she was the only one left in the huge manor. Hannah suddenly felt fearful, flustered, and confused.

It was as if the world had left her behind...

Just as she grew helpless, a small figure sprinted down the stairs.

Lilly Hatcher handed her a lollipop. "For you, Hannah."

She took notice of Hannah crying into a bucket out in the garden after she had woken up.

Hannah sniffled and turned her face away. "I don't want your candy!"

Lilly didn't hesitate to stuff the lollipop back into her pocket. "Okay. If you say so."

"..."

Lilly asked out of curiosity, "Is your bucket full now, Hannah?"

The moment she was reminded of the matter at hand, she had the feeling she wouldn't be able to fill the bucket even if she were to cry herself blind. She pinched her lips tight as fresh tears began to fall.

Lilly hurried away to fetch the bucket.

“You can do it, Hannah! There’s still so much of the bucket left to fill!”

Hannah protested as she continued to cry. “H-Hold it better! Don’t let my tears fall to the floor...”

Both were sweating profusely. The bucket was only so slightly wet yet Hannah had no more tears to cry.

Lilly immediately brought the cup of water on the table over. “There’s no more water in your eyes, Hannah! Drink more.”

The girl gulped down the cup and tried again but no more tears formed.

Lilly poured her another glass. “Here’s more.”

Hannah ended up drinking four whole cups of water, leaving her bloated.

She tried for a long while. Her voice grew hoarse but the bucket was yet to fill.

Lilly was sympathetic to her plight. “What to do? It’s still not full. Is Granny not gonna give you supper...?”

“Uwahh...”

Lilly’s eyes glinted in the light as she held up the bucket once more.

That was when Anthony returned with Drake and Josh. The absurd sight of Hannah crying with Lilly holding up a basin was what greeted them.

Lilly was still cheering Hannah on. “You can do it! Believe in yourself!”

Anthony frowned and asked, “What’s going on here?”

Lilly immediately explained, “Granny made Hannah cry a bucket full, Uncle Anthony. She’s not allowed to stop until it’s filled. We’re working hard!”

“...”

Hannah looked at Anthony but found herself with no tears left to squeeze out.

She was tired. This was her first time experiencing just how tiring crying could be. I won't cry again.

Hannah asked pitifully, "I won't cry again, Uncle. Please ask Granny to allow me to change to a smaller bucket."

Lilly vigorously shook her head. "No buckets. Ask Granny for a cup instead, Uncle Anthony..."

The child shook the basin. She had a feeling even a cup wouldn't work.

Hannah always cried, and yet even she couldn't fill the bucket.

"..."

Josh, who was good at Math, stuffed his hands into his pockets and spoke up.

"A normal person only produces five ounces of tears when they cry. A washbasin can fill about a quart. You would be spending the next 2,000 days crying. These are the numbers without factoring in the rate of evaporation. Even five years' worth of your tears wouldn't be near enough to fill that."

Hannah wept. "What should I do? I can't cry anymore!"

Lilly thought about it. "Try again when you wake up tomorrow."

Five years didn't seem like a long time!

It would go by in a jiffy.

Lilly tried to comfort Hannah.

Anthony pursed his lips. There was an unconscious tinge of laughter in his features. Children were so naive and laughable.

"Go and play. I'll speak to Granny."

Lilly nodded and dragged Hannah upstairs. "Let's go."

She was afraid their grandmother would insist.

Both Drake and Josh were rendered speechless. Hannah was an idiot, and so was Lilly.

Granny demanded her cry a bucket, and she listened?

How were they supposed to declare to outsiders that she was their sister?

Both boys, one with a bag in hand and the other with his hands stuck in his pockets, calmly returned to their rooms.

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Winona, meanwhile, was furiously lugging her suitcase back to her family home.

Hannah's grandmother was astonished to see her with multiple bags. "What's going on?"

Winona pushed the door open, threw everything on the ground, and finally exploded.

She began to shriek. "That damn hag kicked me out!"

The old woman was taken aback by the news and gasped, "Why did she kick you out?"

"Why else do you think? She accuses me of not knowing how to care for children and insists on having Liam divorce me."

She vented about everything that had happened.

The elderly woman was livid. She began her own spat with arms akimbo, "What is wrong with that woman? So what if you don't know how to do it? Does she know just because she's a grandmother?!"

"She even kicked you out right in front of your own daughter. What kind of lasting harm will that cause?! She's crazy!"

"Relationships in the modern world are no longer hedged on the affinity between mother and daughter-in-law! That's a bygone era! A mother-in-law must know how to set

boundaries with her son and daughter-in-law! She's just a shit-stirrer if she interferes in domestic affairs that are not of her concern!"

Both mother and daughter went back and forth.

It was as if the Crawfords owed them something...

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