

The Princess to Eight Uncles Chapter 36

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Chapter 36 Beg Me, Crawfords

Winona finally calmed down after venting her frustrations.

It was dark out by then and yet, no one had even contacted her, leaving her restless.

“I should go home! I... I’ll beg her. I’ll do anything for Hannah.”

Winona, after all, was still afraid of being driven away.

The elderly woman, Helen Jones, glared at her. “Why should you be the one to beg?! You’ve always been too kind. That’s why everyone picks on you!”

She pulled out her phone and finally contacted a servant from the Crawford manor after dallying around and inquiring about Hannah’s fit earlier in the day.

Hannah’s grandmother said as a matter of factly, “Look! Hannah’s crying because you aren’t there with her! Don’t worry, they won’t be able to handle her! You should wait for them to come and beg you!”

Winona hesitated. “That’s impossible...”

The elder folded her arms. “What is? What child can be away from their mother? You’ve never left Hannah’s side ever since she was born. She’s definitely going to cause trouble at bedtime tonight.”

They had no idea that even Winona cannot coax her daughter when she acted up.

Even the mother had a hard time. What more the Crawfords?

“Be good. Listen to me. Do you think they don’t know where you are?”

Winona couldn’t make up her mind, but Helen had a point.

It was true that no one could handle Hannah whenever she cried. The Crawfords wouldn't possibly allow her to cause a fuss at night, would they?

Even if she managed to fall asleep, what would happen the next day?

Hannah was also incredibly grumpy in the morning. Even the slightest disagreement would have her smashing everything in sight. No one but her knew how to coax the child.

Zachary was also there.

Zachary seemed easier to handle compared to Hannah at first glance, but he was the worst of the two. He loved to play games. Whoever tried to lecture him about it would get a phone angrily thrown at them. He was as stubborn as a mule.

Winona felt relieved after thinking about it.

She decided to take a gamble. Watch and see. They'll see that they can't do without me. They can't make me divorce Liam.

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Without her mother by her side, Hannah did get teary-eyed that night.

She, however, learned not to fuss after the incident with the unfillable bucket.

Margaret felt sorry for her. "Sleep, Little Miss! Tomorrow will be a better day."

The girl clutched at her quilt with tears streaming down her face...

"Get out! I don't want you!" She choked out.

"Little Miss..."

Hannah suddenly grabbed a pillow and threw it at the woman's face. "Go away!"

I don't want Margaret! I want Mommy!

Hannah wasn't outright wailing anymore but her bad temper remained. She haphazardly swept everything off the table with a resounding clatter.

Margaret had no choice but to leave. "Ring the bell if you need anything."

She ran into Bettany outside with Lilly by her side dressed in pajamas.

Bettany asked, "She's throwing a tantrum?"

"She's doing much better. Please don't be angry with her. She's just a child..."

Bettany hummed.

It was exactly because she was a child that she had to be disciplined.

Were they expecting her to suddenly come to understand how to be a sensible person when she reached adulthood?

Impossible.

Lilly hugged her rabbit toy and knocked on the door.

She started with a childish voice. "Hannah, are you scared to sleep alone at night?"

She poked her head in and whispered, "There are ghosts at night! Aren't you scared? Can I stay with you?"

Hannah glared at the younger girl as if she were an enemy.

She was definitely saying that on purpose.

"I don't want you here! Get out!" Hannah slammed the door.

Lilly blinked innocently.

She was telling the truth! There really was a ghost.

Perhaps slamming the door in her face hadn't been enough, she opened the door once more to smash a glass cup.

Bettany coldly ushered, "Come, Lilly. Don't bother with her."

She stank of a pampered brat.

Lilly had no choice but to return to her room with her rabbit toy in hand. "Good night, Grandma!"

Bettany nodded. "Good night."

Lilly was such a good girl... One worried others with her unruliness and the other so well-behaved.

How could she possibly choose one or the other when they were both precious to her? That sentiment fueled her hope to see Hannah better.

Bettany sighed. "Was I too strict with her?"

Lilly hesitated for a moment, then stood on her toes and patted the elder woman's head.

"Don't worry, Granny. Everything will get better!"

Her childish voice and serious expression were an attempt at play-acting an adult.

Bettany couldn't help but laugh as her turbulent emotions calmed.

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Back in Lilly's room.

Pablo Belmont started, "Come, Tulip, I'll teach you about spells. You know spells, don't you? The kind where you can throw out a fireball?"

Lilly looked skeptical. "I'm a kid, master. You shouldn't lie to a kid."

How can a human being possibly throw out fireballs?

She was three, nearly four, and already knew plenty!

His lips quirked up upon noticing her skepticism. "You don't believe me... Well, awakening one's third eye is one thing. There is no shortage of gifted individuals. After all, the third eye is something that everyone has."

"But spells are different. It requires theory to practice. Some practitioners cannot light a single spark and can only rely on charms for fire. It's only natural that you don't believe it can happen."

"Ah, you're definitely one of those who are going to fail to do it, Tulip!"

Lilly frowned. "If you're trying to egg me on, Master, it's not working."

"..."

She's obviously four. Why is she such a difficult child?

Lilly stared right through him. "Why don't you do it, Master? I'll believe you if you show me."

The corners of his lips twitched in response. "I might be good at what I do but this damn..."

The child finally understood what he meant. "Oh, so you're saying you can't do it either."

He massaged his forehead. "Hey now. What are you trying to imply here? You're saying I can't do it?"

He shot her a glare. "I'm just trying to look out for you in case you get scared. It's a powerful spell. What if I end up burning all your hair? You'll be bald."

Lilly continued, "But..."

"Enough! Stop asking so many questions, kid! Come, say the incantation with me. %\$^&#... Do you understand?"

"?"

Can you say it slower this time...?

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Hannah, on the other hand, hugged her quilt tightly as she secretly sobbed.

She was tired of crying after today but having calmed down, all she felt was aggravation.

She quickly got up to get a cup when she found tears running down her cheeks...

A sudden gust of wind suddenly threw open the window.

Hannah jumped from fright and turned to look.

She rubbed her eyes. There was a white shadow...?

Trembling, she tossed the cup aside and climbed back under the covers!

There was only the sound of her own breathing in the quilt, but for some reason, she felt as if someone was with her.

Something tugged at her foot.

With a scream, she got up and ran toward the door, wailing, "Mommy..."

Behind her, a white shadow slowly approached her...

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