

## The Princess to Eight Uncles Chapter 38

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#### Chapter 38 Hannah's Change Of Heart

Winona kept checking her phone and waited till it was nearly 11.

Hannah should be awake by now.

Helen didn't seem worried. "Wait and see! Someone will call in ten minutes and ask you to return."

"What if they don't?"

The elderly woman shook her head. "That's not possible. They will, at most, try to act as if nothing is wrong. There's no doubt that they will call."

Winona waited until noon, and yet there was still no news from the Crawfords.

She couldn't stay and do nothing anymore. "No, I have to go check on her!"

Helen tried to stop her to no avail. Why is my daughter so impatient?!

What child could bear to leave her mother's side? What was the hurry?

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Back at the Crawford manor.

Lilly was drawing with Hannah.

"For you." Lilly handed Hannah a piece of paper.

Hannah harrumphed. "I don't want yours."

Despite her barbed words, she still accepted the paper.

Lilly was confused. "I thought you didn't want it."

Hannah stiffly muttered, "Mine isn't white enough. I'll use yours instead!"

"..."

Both of them drew something. "I'm going to show everyone my art!"

She then went searching for Hugh.

Hugh took off his reading glasses and asked, "What did you draw today?"

Lilly showed it off. "Look, Grandpa! It's an egg."

The elderly man couldn't help but laugh. "And you, Hannah?"

Hannah felt depressed at the sight of her cousin and her grandfather getting along so well. Does Grandpa not like me?

Her eyes couldn't help but light up when he asked.

Hannah cheerfully answered, "It's a hen!"

He raised a brow as he studied her artwork. Her art skills weren't bad in the slightest.

It might not be as dynamic as Lilly's artwork, but it was filled with childlike wonder.

Lilly used her grandfather's phone and took a picture of both hers and Hannah's drawings before sending it to Lawrence Lambert.

She hit the voice record button and started, "My cousin and I drew these, old friend."

Lawrence was quick to send a voice message in response. "You two draw well! Do you mind if I post these on Twitter?"

Lilly turned to ask Hannah and joyfully gave him the go-ahead after getting Hannah's consent.

Lawrence soon had both photos posted on his social media.

Hannah couldn't read well, but the light in her eyes grew brighter when she was shown the post.

Is this what being praised is like?

Only Mommy praises me and tells me I do a good job.

I can still get attention even if I don't cry...

Hannah looked at Lilly as she thought about it.

Grandma and Mommy say Lilly is a bad girl who schemes and is here to rob me of my things.

But, she's not like that at all...

Without her mother's company and no one willing to play with her that afternoon, she went seeking out Lilly.

Both girls were now armed with small buckets and catching fish in a shallow pond in the garden.

Winona had returned earlier but was once again turned away before she had even set foot inside.

There was no way she was willing to leave without seeing her daughter. That was why she blindly wandered about outside the Crawford manor.

The manor wasn't completely enclosed. Certain areas were surrounded by high walls while others were surrounded by the lake as its natural barrier.

The manor and the back mountain were only separated by iron railings that integrated themselves with the very earth.

It was through the iron railing that Winona noticed her daughter from a distance, and found her playing with Lilly!

The sight left her discomfited. My daughter is a good girl. What if she becomes a rebellious child after hanging around Lilly?!

“Hannah!” Winona called out from the top of her lungs. “Over here, sweetheart!”

Lilly was catching fish with Hannah when she suddenly heard Winona’s voice.

She looked up to see the woman on the other side of the iron railings.

Hannah began to look around. “Huh? Is that Mommy’s voice...?”

Lilly immediately covered her ears. “No, you didn’t hear a thing.”

She took Hannah’s hand and ran back inside with the buckets. “Hurry up, there’s a monster behind you.”

Hannah immediately called to mind the image of the ‘person’ from the night before.

She sprinted off into the safety of the manor without looking back.

Winona was at a loss for words.

Of course, it’s because of Lilly!

Ever since she entered the Crawford household, Hannah had been constantly criticized by everyone around her.

Here she was leading Hannah astray!

She was livid. As her aunt, she absolutely despised the child!

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Zachary, Drake, and Josh returned from their remedial lessons that evening.

All eight Crawford sons were present as it was a weekend.

Grandpa Hugh nudged Lilly, “Isn’t it boring being home all day? Let’s go camping at the wetlands park tomorrow.”

Lilly tilted her questioningly as she bit down on her fork. "What is camping, Grandpa?"

She wasn't quite sure what the term 'camping' meant as she had never been exposed to it.

Gilbert grinned and explained, "Camping means going out into the wild and living outside."

Lilly was confused. "But we have a house? Is it no good?"

Zachary snickered. "You bumpkin!"

He tossed his cutleries aside and walked away with his hands in his pockets. "I'm done! I'm not going camping tomorrow either."

What's so great about camping?

I could just be playing games at home instead!

Hugh grew stern. "What nonsense? Sit down!"

Zachary pulled a face. "Oh, the king speaks! Time to run!"

Anthony slammed down his utensils. "Zachary Crawford!"

Zachary fell silent. He was more than a little scared of his uncle but remained uncooperative.

He turned and fled up the stairs.

The event left Hugh with a massive headache.

Neither of Liam's children was easy to deal with.

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Tina, meanwhile, noticed Mr. Lambert had posted on Twitter.

This time, both Lilly's and Hannah's artworks were present.

She felt dissatisfied with it. Lilly's artwork was average at best and was barely comparable to Cheryl's own.

And, what was Hannah trying to draw? Is that supposed to be a hen? It looks nothing like it!

It was simply a bunch of messy lines with no aesthetic to be found.

She was indignant. "What the hell is this?! The Crawfords are crazy. Sure they can spend all they want to promote Lilly. But, Hannah? How do you even promote that?"

"Selfish! Their artwork is so painfully average. What's the point?"

Cheryl murmured dejectedly, "Was it because I said something bad, Mommy...?"

She was still haunted by the memory of having her lies exposed.

The derisive and skeptical looks had thoroughly traumatized her.

Lilly had also robbed her of her rightful place. Even the two women who drove past said she wasn't qualified to be Mr. Lambert's student.

Cheryl never let it go and only grew increasingly resentful over time...

Tina could only attempt to console her daughter. "Don't think too much about it. It's not your fault."

Seeing her daughter so dejected, she began to think about activities they could do together. "You don't have to attend extracurriculars tomorrow. You can come camping with Mommy!"

The young girl's dour mood was gone in an instant. "Really?"

Tina was an extremely strict mother that had started her daughter in classes from the moment she turned two.

Her schedule was full every weekend. She would instill a habit in her daughter to read even during her free time.

Cheryl's entire life revolved around going to school and then to remedial classes and reading.

The thought of camping perked her up!

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