

The Princess to Eight Uncles Chapter 39

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Chapter 39 Love For Hammers

That weekend at the Stonethorn Wetland Park.

Stonethorn Wetland Park was located on the outskirts of Shercaster City and roughly took a five-hour drive, but the Crawfords decided to fly there by helicopter, shortening their travel time to an hour.

The wetland park overlooked a lush forest landscape. Their chosen campsite was the meadow right by the turquoise lake.

“Wow! It’s so pretty!” Lilly marveled.

Polly was perched on her shoulder and shrieking, “Wowow! So pretty!”

Hugh and Anthony were greatly amused.

Bettany watched all eight of her sons pitching tents and fetching water. It was an inexplicably warm and beautiful sight.

She couldn’t help sighing. If it weren’t for Lilly’s return, the Crawfords might never have been able to reunite.

She smiled contentedly at Lilly from her wheelchair.

Lilly was chasing after a butterfly with the parrot following close behind her on its feet and squawking.

Hannah wasn’t quite willing to follow along at first, but her laughter grew louder the longer she chased after Lilly. Their laughter reverberated throughout the grassy plains.

Lilly suddenly ran back with a purple clover in her hand.

“For you, Grandma! It’s a flower that grants wishes!”

Drake and Josh, the two little boys weren't very close to Lilly and Hannah. Zachary, meanwhile, was slacking off on the air mattress with his legs crossed and scoffed. "Childish."

Edward and Liam, meanwhile, were putting down the tent stakes. Said stakes were hard to hold despite having been already inserted into the ground.

"Where's my hammer?" Edward asked.

Liam was taken aback. "You're probably the only person I've met who carries a toolbox around for a camping trip."

That was when Lilly darted over with a toolbox. "Hammers are right here!"

Edward's toolbox was far from small. It was half the girl's size.

The child was desperately trying to keep the toolbox high in the air to not drag it across the ground.

Her actions seemed strenuous, but she remained highly energetic.

Edward was quick to speak up. "Give it to me. I can do it myself."

Lilly waved him off. "It's okay. I can do it!"

She opened the toolbox and her eyes lit up at the row of hammers.

Edward bent down. "What do you think? My set of hammers are pretty cool, aren't they?"

The girl nodded vigorously. "Yeah! It's super cool!"

The man was happy to hear. "Do you like it?"

She bobbed her head up and down. "Yeah! I like it!"

Gilbert, who stood a short distance away, twitched. My adorable niece has been led astray!

Such a petite girl liked hammers?

Liam didn't hesitate to kick Edward.

Lilly had long since picked up a mallet and asked, "What needs hammering? I'll help you, Uncle Liam!"

The frank Liam answered her, "Here. Just hammer down the stake."

"Okay!"

The child swung down the mallet far thicker than her arm. The stake was hammered halfway into the ground with a resounding thwack.

"Bash! Bash!"

Lilly shouted as she struck the stakes.

She was like a happy little carpenter who was quick on her feet, speeding from one end to the next.

All four corners of the tent were quickly hammered firmly into the ground with her battle cries.

The Crawfords were greatly amused by the sight.

Just as Lilly was putting away the hammer, a car drove up and stopped in front of their campsite.

Tina alighted from the vehicle and exclaimed with pleasant surprise. "You're here too, Mr. Anthony!"

Cheryl poked her head and noticed Drake, who was quietly reading by the lake. Her eyes lit up.

She lifted her skirt and got out of the car in a very ladylike manner and spoke innocently, "Mommy, can we camp here? I want to play with Lilly!"

The girl's mother was stopped before she could even speak.

Anthony spoke in an aloof manner, "There's a lot of us here."

It means you're not welcome.

Tina was left awkwardly hanging but smiled warmly when she found an open space a short distance away. "That's alright. We'll be over there."

They were in the same area anyway. It was simply more convenient for them.

Thomas, Cheryl's father, chuckled, "I'll set up our tent then."

Cheryl pretended not to see the way the adults were looking at her and bounded over to Lilly. "What are you doing, Lilly?"

She was a child five to six years of age yet her staged cuteness felt rather unbearable.

Lilly didn't quite understand her intentions but had a feeling Cheryl was just like her stepmother, Debbie.

Without saying a word, she fiddled with the hammer and shut the toolbox.

Cheryl was stealing glances at Drake by the lake. "Can we go there to play? Let's go."

Lilly took a step back and pouted. "I don't want to play with you."

She then ran away.

Cheryl was shocked and felt resentful!

She was already acting so generously and wasn't even on Lilly's case for robbing her of her spot!

What's wrong with her?!

Cheryl turned her attention to Hannah instead. "Why don't you play with me instead? There are pine trees over there. We might see squirrels!"

Her only impression of Hannah was of the night when she stole Lilly's dress.

This led to her assumption that Hannah hated Lilly. Having Hannah by her side would isolate Lilly!

Let's see what she's going to do this time!

Hannah acting contemptuously toward her, however, was unexpected. "Who said I wanted to play with you? Go away!"

With that, she ran after Lilly.

Cheryl's eyes reddened.

She rubbed her eyes as she approached the riverbank and sat next to Drake.

"Drake..." She started. "I don't know what I did wrong. Lilly and Hannah won't play with me."

The subject of her affections didn't look up. "Stay away from me and don't talk to me."

The girl was rendered speechless.

She was still a young girl who couldn't reign in her temper.

There was no hesitation as she asked, "Did Lilly tell you bad things about me? I didn't do it..."

Her tears fell in rivulets as she spoke.

This was a skill that her mother taught her. Girls had to act weak for others to show mercy.

Drake frowned and put away his book. "If you want to cry so badly, be my guest."

How annoying. He lost interest and left with his book.

Drake had left for the path that Lilly had traveled down.

She bit her lip. Why was everyone being so unfair toward her?

Why won't anyone play with her?!

Cheryl had no choice but to head back.

Just as she stepped away from the meadow, Cheryl suddenly found a person hiding in the dense trees and shrieked in terror!

Winona hurriedly gestured for the child to be quiet. "Can you come here for a second, Cheryl?"

Cheryl looked around in apprehension before approaching the woman.

She recognized Winona. Tina had made sure to have the girl get on her good side while at Lilly's birthday bash.

Winona smiled gently. "I've got into a fight with Mrs. Crawford, Cheryl. Can I trouble you to ask Hannah to come here? It'll be like a spy mission."

Cheryl nodded. "Okay!"

She immediately went searching for Hannah.

Hannah was a short distance away from Lilly and was "sparring" with Polly.

Cheryl rushed over to whisper words into her ear. Hannah looked around to see that her mother was indeed in the woods waving at her.

Hannah tossed aside her tree branch and rushed over.

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