

# Eight Kickass Uncles’ Sweet Spoil by Amber Arnold

## Chapter 14 Can’t Handle Things

Susie silently withdrew the painting from her hand.

Craig suppressed his anger and educated, “Lulu, my sister gave you a gift because she wants to be friends with you. It’s not right for you to push people.” He looked at the broken doll on the floor and couldn’t help but frown.

Lulu was particularly petulant, and she cried every time he said something serious. Sure enough, she immediately burst into tears, stomping her feet and shouting, “I don’t want it.”

Susie gathered her courage and handed the painting to Lulu, “Don’t cry, sister. This is my gift to you.”

Lulu looked at the painting in her hand and pushed her away, “Who wants this? Get out of here.”

When David’s wife, Mara, heard the talk, she came up and said, “Lulu, be good.” Then, she turned to Craig, “Dad, Lulu is still a child.”

Craig reprimanded, “You have to teach her when she is young. I have said this more than once, how do you teach her? How can she live in a society when she grows up if she was so rude at such a young age?”

Mara bowed her head, “I got it, Dad.”

Craig angrily led Susie away.

When Lulu saw that her grandfather ignored her and left, she cried even more and ran into her room and dropped everything on the table.

Mara was not happy, thinking that the old man spoke too heavily. She could teach her children, so why should others tell her what to do? Even if this was the child’s grandfather, not.

Craig and Alana were nice enough to respect her and hardly ever interfere with her chores, but she was usually very filial to them. There should not be a better daughter-in-law than her, right?

She just insisted on the issue of children. So what’s wrong with her concept?

Lulu was the Murray family’s youngest daughter. Even if she did not work in the future, she would also live very well.

Mara walked into the room and coaxed Lulu nicely, “Okay, Lulu is a good girl. Don’t cry.”

Lulu cried even harder, “I won’t. I won’t.”

Mara appeased. “Mommy knows. My little girl.”

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Craig took Susie back to his room. When the parrot saw Susie coming back, it fluttered its wings and tried to fly over, but it was pulled by the anklet.

Susie said comfortingly, “Alex after uncle makes a good room for you, he will let you out.”

Since Susie’s room was set up while she was in the hospital, the uncles didn’t know she had a parrot. A lot of things in a house that had not been specially furnished could be fatal for parrots, such as the fact that Alex was used to being in the wild, and if living in the house, he would hit the glass.

So Alex was tethered to Susie’s room for the time being and would be released when Alex got used to it.

Craig watched Susie whisper to comfort the parrot, heartbroken. The little one must be very sad.

“Susie, Lulu is usually like this, not very good temper. You do not feel bad.”

But Susie smiled, “It’s okay, Grandpa.”

Looking at Craig’s complicated expression, Susie reassured him in turn, “It’s really okay Grandpa. I did also not like to give my stuff away either.”

Susie didn’t know why adults had to ask their children to be polite. Maybe adults think it’s polite, but their children didn’t think so. What own was your own, so why should you give something you like to someone else just to look polite?

Craig froze. Susie was so small, yet she seemed to know everything.

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Craig became even more heartbroken, and with a gentle face, he stroked her head and said, “Susie, did you draw all these pictures?”

When it came to painting, Susie’s little face immediately became focused, “I like to draw. In the past at Daddy’s house, I drew a lot of pictures.”

But a lot of them were torn out by the aunt, but she forgot to take some that she hid inside the book when she left.

Craig pointed to one of the paintings, “What is this?”

Susie, in the guise of a little narrator, happily introduced, “This is two kids going to play in the strange forest. Grandpa, look, there’s a flowering vine here, a necklace made by Miss Spring. Uncle Stone fell in half when he rolled down from the mountain, but lucky grass grew out of the cracks, it’s lucky uncle. Look at this flower lady. She tilted her chin up and said ‘Hmph, none of you are as pretty as me’. She is a very proud flower lady.”

With Susie’s introduction, Alex all quieted down, tilting his head now and then to look at Susie’s painting.

Craig was surprised to find himself in the world of Hayao Miyazaki’s

animation.

Susie’s paintings were bright and colorful, and a flower and a stone had their lives. Look at this, people could not help but calm down, warm and healing.

He couldn’t resist taking a picture of all of Susie’s words, thought about it, and sent it to an old friend.

The old friend was a veteran in the field of painting, and Craig thought that Susie liked to paint, so he could see if his friend could accept Susie as his disciple.

While they were enjoying looking at the paintings, there was a

commotion from downstairs and the maid came up and said, “Sir, the lady

is back.”

Craig took Susie by the hand and said, “Come on, Susie. Grandma’s back.”

Downstairs, David pushed his wheelchair, and Alana, who was sitting in it, said in a shaky voice, “Where’s Susie.”

When she finished and looked up, she saw a baby being held by Craig, coming down from upstairs.

Alana instantly felt like she was strangled, so she could not let out any voice. But her eyes were full of tears. That was Clara’s child, looking the same as Clara when she was a child. But her girl Clara would never come back.

“Susie.” Alana choked out.

Susie broke away from Craig’s hand and ran to Alana and shouted, “Grandma.”

She hesitated for a moment, then reached out her small hand and firmly took Alana’s hand.

Susie promised her mother that she would take good care of her grandma

and be filial to her.

So she will do it right.

Alana sobbed and held Susie in her arms as she listened to the sound of her grandmother.

“Susie. Grandma’s little Susie.”

The old man was crying so hard that Susie didn’t know how to comfort her grandmother, so she reached out and gently patted Alana’s back.

“Do not cry, do not cry. Grandma is a good baby.”

On the upstairs.

Mara coaxed Lulu to come out of the door, only to see Alana and Susie hugging each other downstairs.

Craig whispered ‘Okay, okay, don’t cry’, and David was silent, getting tissues and water.

Lulu hugged the doll and got angry again. Why did her grandma turn into a nasty grandma?

Susie stole her toys and her grandparents.

Lulu lost her temper, turned her head, and ran upstairs. When she passed by Susie’s room, she heard a rattling sound.

She was momentarily attracted and pushed open the door to Susie’s room directly, seeing a bright green bird standing on a shelf.