

Eight Kickass Uncles' Sweet Spoil by Amber Arnold

Chapter 9 Little Parol

Meanwhile, after driving Stacy away, Ryan went with Susie to try to coax the bird.

Ryan was a little exhausted with Susie's rules. They couldn't catch the bird, only convince him to come with them. But the parrot wasn't human, how was he supposed to convince him?

"Little parrot, please come down. If you do, I'll give you some meat?" Ryan offered unconvincingly

The parrot stared at Ryan, then shook his head back and forth like a swinging pendulum. "Don't eat meat, don't eat meat!"

He just wouldn't come down.

Ryan took a deep breath and decided to play his trump card. "Susie, let's just go, we don't have time for this."

Susie was immediately terrified, grasping at Ryan's clothes and pleading. "No, no, Uncle, we can't leave Alex..."

She was so anxious, tears started to form in her eyes, but she didn't

dare cry

Ryan's heart ached, and he immediately regretted the suggestion. He quickly apologized, "I'm sorry. I'm sorry, that was a bad idea. I shouldn't have said that."

In a child's world, rejecting her little pet was the same thing as

rejecting her. Ryan wanted to slap himself when he realized the problem

Susie froze for a moment. It was the first time anyone had ever

apologized to her...

A smile crept over her small face, and she patted Ryan on the shoulder, saying. "It's okay, Uncle Ryan!"

Usually, when Susie apologized, no one ever told her it was okay. So when Ryan apologized to her, she immediately forgave him, knowing how sad it would make her if she was in his position.

After that, the uncle and nephew continued trying to coax the bird.

Susie said, "Alex, be good and come down here. Uncle Ryan was lying just now, we're not going to leave. He's a good person, really."

Ryan said. "Alex, I'm sorry! Now please just come down! We'll go back to Los Angeles... Our house there is huge, and I'm sure there will be lots of nice lady parrots for you to meet..."

Since Susie had been gone for a while, Michael, Paul, and Jonathan headed out to the backyard to look for her. When they reached the orchard, they found an adorable scene of one tall figure and one short figure, both trying to coax a parrot down from a branch.

After a brief explanation from Ryan, they finally understood that this parrot was the reason Susie had insisted on coming with them to the Bishop family house.

The parrot was a very common little budgie, his body covered in bright green feathers. His eyes were rolling all around as he hopped slightly on the branch, looking at them.

The irritable contractor Michael was the first to lose his temper, and he snapped. "Wow, great job, Ryan, very impressive. You can't even get a parrot to like you! Useless."

Paul and Jonathan didn't say anything, and all of them tried to coax the parrot for a long time. But no matter what, the bird still refused to come down. He was an extremely stubborn little animal.

From its perch on the tree branch, the parrot sang, "Old MacDonald had a farm. E-I-E-I-O! E-I-E-I. fee fi fo fum!"

Ryan: "...? What the hell?"

"You guys do whatever you want," he said dejectedly.

Michael laughed. He lifted his arms high in the air and said, "Watch this!"

"Cluck-cluck-cluck! Here, birdy-birdy-birdy!" Michael yelled while patting his arms, signaling the parrot to come and land on his outstretched hands.

Susie's eyes widened. Her fifth uncle looked like a gorilla.

The corners of Paul's mouth twitched.

Jonathan crossed his arms and rolled his eyes. "Pshaw... It's just coaxing a parrot, you don't have to yell loud enough to raise the dead."

The parrot was squawking wildly in response, shouting. "Stupid! Stupid!"

At that, Michael was enraged. He pointed forcefully at the parrot. "Get the fuck down!"

The parrot fluttered its wings tauntingly, remaining perched in the tree. "No, no, you can't trick Alex!"

Michael was starting to question every decision he had ever made to lead him to this point. How could this parrot be so smart? Susie covered her mouth and giggled as she looked curiously at her Uncle Michael. Uncle Michael seemed fierce at first, but it seemed like the parrot was winning this battle... The little girl quietly assessed each of her uncles. The youngest and third uncles were the gentlest. One was soft-spoken and elegant, and the other was as warm as the sun. Her fourth uncle looked gentle at first, but he could be aggressive sometimes... But the fifth uncle was almost like a vicious beast, the kind of hot-tempered dragon that explodes when you poke at him. These were her mother's brothers. Susie felt like she was starting to like these new uncles. They were different from any of the other relatives she had known... Suddenly, Susie realized Jonathan was staring back at her as she watched him. She turned her head away hurriedly, pretending nothing happened. The corners of Jonathan's lips hooked upward. What a timid little girl. He said, "Michael, don't waste your time. Susie's the only one who can coax down this parrot." Michael wasn't convinced. "And how do you know that?" Jonathan snickered. "Is there a brain in that thick head of yours?" Michael was about to lose his temper when Paul stopped him. "Jonathan is right, we should all stand back" Ryan put Susie down, and they all took a few steps back. Susie hugged her stuffed rabbit and looked up at the parrot. "Come on, Alex, we're leaving! We have to go with my uncles, they're all very nice!" Jonathan and the others watched their little nephew. The girl stretched out her small hands to the parrot, beckoning him in her direction. The uncles had never seen such an adorable sight. Besides that, the girl seemed much more confident when she was interacting with her pet. Even the tough, irritable Michael felt his heart soften a little at the sight. Susie was just as cute as their sister when she was a child! The parrot cocked his head at Susie, as if he was convinced. He flapped his wings and flew toward Susie. Just when he was about to land on Susie's shoulder...

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Christine's voice rang out suddenly. "Oh, there you are!"

Alex was startled by the noise and immediately flew back up into the treetops

Michael and the others: "

Susie frowned, her relaxed expression disappearing in an instant. She instinctively hid behind Ryan's legs.

Christine didn't realize that she was interrupting, and she said with a smile. "What, are you trying to catch that parrot? Leave it to me! I'll get someone to catch it right away."

She could tell the Murray family was giving the Bishops the cold shoulder, and she wanted to win them over. But this parrot was just a common budgie, not a very impressive pet...

Christine pulled out her cell phone and started talking into it, apparently calling someone to help catch the parrot.

Michael said irritably, "You're the only reason we couldn't catch it! Why don't you get the hell out of here?"

Christine was so scared, her hand shook, and the phone fell to the

ground.

How could the Murrays be so rude? Did they not know to respect their elders?

All the commotion outside led Craig and Martin and a few others to come outside. Jay and Andrew followed behind, latching onto the Murrays like a pair of leeches.

Without anyone explaining the situation to him, Craig assessed the scene and came to a rapid conclusion. He said, "This parrot is too smart. We need to trap it!"

Andrew said, "You don't need to be too polite to that bird. It won't be easy to trick it. Animal shelters have nets they can use to catch it, or if that doesn't work, we can knock it out with a tranquilizer dart."

The parrot almost seemed to understand what Andrew was saying, and he flapped his wings and flew a little further away.

Susie was very anxious by now. "Don't hurt Alex... Alex is a very good bird..."

Ryan said coldly, "Did you hear that? We don't need your help here. Please leave."

Andrew dialed a number into his phone and said with a patronizing smile, "Children don't understand this kind of thing. Susie misunderstood. We're not going to hurt the parrot, just anesthetize it..."

This was the general style of the Bishop family, refusing to listen to other people and insisting on doing things their way.