

# Eight Kickass Uncles’ Sweet Spoil by Amber Arnold

## Chapter 1

Seattle City, Royal No. 1. Mansion area, Bishop family.

It was Thanksgiving Day, and the Bishop family home was covered in extravagant lights and decorations, adding a touch of warmth to the Bishop family’s normally austere appearance.

Suddenly, a scream cut through the dusky air.

“Ahh!”

With a series of loud thuds, a pregnant woman rolled down the stairs of the house!

Everyone exclaimed in shock and hurried to check on her.

Andrew Bishop, Stacy’s husband, asked anxiously, “Stacy, are you okay?”

The woman’s legs were covered in scrapes and cuts. Her face was white and she said, “Andrew, it hurts... Our baby... You have to save our baby!”

Andrew panicked, asking in a loud voice, “What happened? What’s going on?!”

Stacy Bishop looked up the stairs with tears streaming down her face.

Everyone followed her gaze to find a little girl, about three and a half years old, standing at the top of the stairs. When everyone’s eyes landed on her, she squeezed the stuffed rabbit in her arms tightly to her chest.

Andrew was furious. “Did you push Stacy?”

The little girl pursed her lips. “It wasn’t me, I didn’t...”

Still crying, Stacy begged, “No... Dad, don’t blame Susie... She’s so young, she doesn’t understand, she didn’t do it on purpose...”

Those words were a direct confirmation of Susie’s ‘crime’.

Andrew’s eyes were cold and unforgiving. He said without hesitating, “Lock the girl in the attic. I’ll deal with her when I come back!”

With that, everyone rushed to take Stacy to the hospital.

Susie was dragged upstairs so roughly that she lost a shoe. But her little face remained stubbornly set, and she didn’t cry or beg for mercy.

There was no light or heating in the small, cramped attic. It was dark and cold. The shutters on the windows slammed and rattled in the wind, like a monster might jump out at any moment...

Susie hugged her little rabbit tightly and curled up in a corner.

It was so cold...

But she really hadn’t pushed anyone. Why did no one believe her?

The wind and snow outside pounded against the window, and eventually the snow began to seep through the cracks in the window frames, layer after layer piling up on Susie’s shivering body.

Soon, an entire day and night had passed while Susie was locked up in the attic.

All that time, the Bishop family ignored Susie. No one knew she had been punished by Stacy the day before and hadn’t eaten a single bite of food in two days, so by now, she was almost in a trance.

Jay Bishop, the patriarch of the Bishop family, threatened that she would not be allowed to leave the attic until she had admitted her mistake.

“Mommy...” Susie’s lips were purple from the cold, and her teeth chattered uncontrollably. She closed her eyes and murmured, “Mommy... I know I’m right, I won’t give in to them...”

She knew her mother had died of illness a year ago, but sometimes she still talked to her. Her dad had found another woman to marry, and soon her stepmother was pregnant...

This new wife was as double-sided as a snake. When someone else was around, she acted nice, but when Susie was alone with her, she was worse than the devil.

“Mom...” Susie whispered weakly before she gripped the ears of her stuffed bunny and lost consciousness.

After a long time, the attic door slammed open.

Andrew stormed inside, his face red with anger. He grabbed the unconscious Susie, dragged her down the stairs, and shoved her violently outside!

Susie shivered in the freezing cold. With some difficulty, she opened her bleary eyes. “Dad... I’m hungry...” she said instinctively when she saw her father standing over her.

Andrew sneered. “You killed your own younger brother, and you still dare to ask for food? How did I end up with such an ungrateful, selfish daughter?”

The light drained from Susie’s eyes as the heat drained out of her body, and she couldn’t answer.

The longer Andrew looked at her, the more annoyed he became. At such a young age, she must have such a vicious mind to be able to kill her own unborn brother with her actions!

“I didn’t raise you to behave like this! If you can kill your brother while you’re still a child, you’ll probably become a serial killer when you grow up. If I didn’t teach you a good lesson, I would be a bad father.”

After that, he looked around until he found a broom leaning against the side of the house. He reached for the handle.

A moment later, the thick broomstick came down on Susie with a thud, and Susie cried out in pain.

“Are you sure you don’t want to apologize?” Andrew demanded.

“It wasn’t me! Really, it wasn’t me!” Susie bit her lip, her small face full of stubbornness.

This only made Andrew even angrier. “If it wasn’t you, did your stepmother throw herself down the stairs? She’s six months pregnant, do you think she wanted to fall like that?”

He remembered the hospital, where he had watched Stacy bleed while doctors swarmed around her like flies. Even in her critical condition, Stacy had still told him not to blame Susie for what happened. She said that Susie was so young, and it would be hard for her to grow up without a mother. Stacy said Susie was probably just afraid that her parents wouldn’t love her anymore after her younger brother was born.

The more Andrew thought about it, the angrier he became. While beating Susie, he shouted, “You’re a bad girl, Susie! A very, very bad little girl!”

With each word he spoke, the stick came down hard across Susie’s back.

Andrew hit her so hard, he didn’t realize his cell phone had fallen out of his pocket. He didn’t stop until he had knocked Susie to the ground in the snow.

“You stay right here on your knees, and don’t move! When your aunt is out of the hospital, then you can get up!”

Andrew adjusted his tie, dropped the broom, and left.

Things were bad enough for him lately. His company was going through a rough patch, and after half a month of Andrew begging for help, things still hadn’t improved.

Today his wife had fallen down the stairs, and as a result, she had miscarried their unborn son. The Bishop family’s only hope for a legacy had died with him.

All of this was enough to push Andrew past his breaking point, and he took out his anger on Susie as he hit her.

After it was finished, Susie’s spirit had been completely broken. She struggled to get up, then sank back down into the snow.

She felt like she might be dying.

If she died, would she get to see her mother again?

Suddenly, Susie’s ears rang out with a muffled, distant voice.

[Susie, call your uncle right away!]

[Your uncle’s name is Ryan Murray, and his phone number is 001213-xxx...]

Susie opened her eyes and saw a small black cell phone lying near her in the snow. Only her survival instincts gave her the strength to crawl over and pick it up.

“001213...”

Susie shivered as she tried to dial the number, and her numb fingers jabbed at the phone screen for a long time before the phone finally started to ring...

\*\*\*

Meanwhile, in an old family mansion in Los Angeles, Craig Murray was lecturing his son. “Ryan, it’s already been another year, I thought you were supposed to be the head physician at the hospital by now!”

Ryan Murray’s seven brothers all turned to look at him, and Ryan scratched his nose sheepishly.

Suddenly the old man changed course and asked abruptly, “Also, after searching for four years, how have you still not found your sister?”

At that, the eight Murray brothers’ expressions changed, and they all pursed their lips and fell silent. A trace of sadness surfaced on the brothers’ faces.

Their younger sister, Clara Murray, had been diagnosed with leukemia when she was a child. She received blood transfusions, bone marrow transfusions, and chemotherapy, all in an effort to fight off the disease. The Murray family had been taking care of her and making sure she received the best possible treatment for twenty years. But as her condition deteriorated, it even began to affect her memory...

And four years ago, she suddenly disappeared.

Ryan was Clara’s doctor at the Provincial Cancer Hospital, and he was in charge of his sister’s treatment.

But one day, he was distracted while caring for another sick patient. While Ryan’s focus was pulled away for just a moment... Clara got lost.

For the past four years, Ryan had been tormented by self-blame and remorse. Although he had an unparalleled talent for medicine, he’d been unable to make any progress in his research throughout those four years. The Murray family had eight sons, but Clara was their only daughter.

After her daughter disappeared, Alana Murray developed a sudden, mysterious illness, and Craig Murray’s temper grew worse and worse. Everyone in the Murray family was weighed down by their grief and loss.

Martin Murray, the oldest son in the family and the head of the Murrays’ business empire, was working overtime. He worked day and night, such grueling hours that his health deteriorated and he had to start taking medication.

The second son of the family, Paul Murray, was formerly a star pilot at Boeing. But for the past four years, he’d been resting at home after failing the psychological examination.

And the third son...

A silence fell over the study.

Just then, Ryan’s cell phone started to ring.