

Eight Kickass Uncles’ Sweet Spoil by Amber Arnold

Chapter 3 Eight Uncles Come for Suse

It all happened so fast, no one in the Bishop family had time to react.

As he hurried downstairs, Andrew didn’t see Ryan carrying Susie away. He did see Martin in the courtyard, about to get in his car and leave, so he hurried up to him immediately.

“Oh. Mr. Murray!” Andrew smiled, and his eyes crinkled with delight. “What brings you to our humble home? It’s such an honor to have you here!”

While Andrew spoke, his parents, Jay and Christine Bishop, stepped in with the Bishop family servants, who were all greeting Martin with warm smiles. The group of servants bowed deferentially toward Martin, and Jay and Christine bowed along with them.

Martin Murray was the head of the Murray family’s business empire, the steely-eyed, cold-hearted president of the Murray Group. Everyone in the city knew his name. The Murray family was one of the four major families that controlled Los Angeles, so of course everyone wanted to court their approval.

But the less prominent members of this extremely wealthy, widespread family were not as recognizable as Martin. For the most part, the Murray family stayed out of the public eye, and their identities were shrouded in mystery. Most outsiders only knew that the Murray family had eight sons, but few people had ever seen them in person.

Martin frequently appeared on the covers of business magazines and in news headlines, so the Bishop family was able to recognize him.

“Mr. Murray, please come inside! It’s so cold inside, you’ll be more comfortable sitting in the house,” Jay invited warmly

“Yes, yes, why don’t you come inside and have a cup of hot tea?” Andrew smiled, gesturing Martin toward the front door.

Faced with such a well-known figure, the Bishops were reduced to licking at Martin’s boot heel. In their current position, with the company failing, the Bishops were headed for bankruptcy. But with a single word from Martin, the Bishop family could be brought back to life! Maybe they could even rise to become one of the most powerful families in the city, like the Murrays...

Martin’s face was expressionless, but his eyes were sharp as he surveyed Andrew.

Was this Susie’s father?

In a cold, flat voice, Martin said, “Very good, Bishop family.”

Without bothering to say another word, he got in his car and left.

Christine said, “Was Mr. Murray saying that our Bishop family is very good? Was he praising us? Does that mean he’s going to help us?”

Jay frowned. “Mr. Murray didn’t look like he was praising us.”

Andrew called over one of the other servants to ask what had happened in the courtyard before he arrived.

Apparently, the entire Murray family had been here, and they had

picked up Susie and taken her away! A man in black even took off his coat and bundled Susie in his arms, claiming to be his uncle...

On hearing this, Andrew looked like he had seen a ghost as the realization hit him. Everyone knew the Murray family had eight sons and one daughter. But the daughter had been sick since she was a child, and she’d always been hidden from the public eye.

In a flash, Andrew understood that the woman he picked up four years ago was the cherished only daughter of the Murray family.

He was overwhelmed by regret immediately, his mind filling with images of the way he had treated Susie.

Christine said, through quivering lips. “So that little girl was part of the Murray family... Quick, quick, we need to bring her back!”

Knowing that she was a member of the Murray family, they would

never have made Susie kneel in the snow.

Hell, they would’ve treated her better than an elder!

Andrew was horrified, remembering how he’d beaten Susie and yelled at her. He felt almost sick with remorse. He shouted irritably, “How can we bring her back? The Murrays have her! How are we supposed to get her back now?”

Jay furrowed his brows. After thinking for a while, he said, “We are still Susie’s family, at least on some level. No matter how angry the

Murray family is, they can’t deny that we raised her. Besides, she did push Stacy down the stairs, causing her to have a miscarriage. That’s also a fact...”

If you thought about it that way, they had really just been trying to educate Susie so she wouldn’t become an arrogant, rude child!

Maybe Andrew had lost his temper and beaten her a little too hard... But the Bishop family still thought the entire thing could be explained away as a misunderstanding. As long as their explanation was clear, they could win over the Murrays and earn the powerful status they had always dreamed of...

The Murray family didn’t return to their estate after rescuing Susie, but rushed immediately to the closest hospital.

It was the best hospital in Los Angeles, the same place where Clara had been treated before she disappeared. The Murrays, who were usually cool-headed VIPs and professionals, were whipped up into a rare frenzy.

Everyone kept their voices hushed in Susie’s treatment room.

Everything was completely silent except for the sound of machines, beeping intermittently and the footsteps of doctors and nurses walking, quickly back and forth, and the atmosphere was extremely tense.

Craig kept walking back and forth, his cane thumping loudly against the ground, asking, “Why isn’t she out yet?!”

Martin checked his watch and said in a low voice, “Dad, just be patient.”

Susie went straight into the operating room after they arrived at the hospital, followed directly by Ryan, and she still hadn’t come out.

In the operating room, Ryan stared down at the bruised, battered little girl in front of him. His hands were shaking.

With patients who suffered damage from severe freezing, the most important concern was always the fear of fractures. After examination, it was found that Susie had been beaten, and she had broken bones in her arms, legs, and even her ribcage. Countless places were frostbitten, all over her body, and some of her skin was so damaged, it had to be

removed.

To think that a toddler had to endure such an ordeal...

With red, grief-stricken eyes, Ryan approached Susie’s bedside and whispered, “Susie, it’s your uncle Ryan. Can you hear me? If you hear me, Susie, you have to stay strong. You can get through this...”

Susie squeezed her eyes shut tightly. To her surprise, her body felt light and warm. She hadn’t been so comfortable in a long time.

Her surroundings were very quiet. The only thing she could hear was a voice saying in her ear, “Susie... Susie... Susie... Can you see me? Can you hear me?”

Who was that?

Susie tried very hard to open her eyes, but she didn’t have the strength. She wanted to respond, to tell the whispering voice that she could hear it, but she couldn’t make a sound.

It took three tense hours of operating before Susie was out of danger. All the doctors thought it was a miracle!

Susie was wheeled to the patient ward, her small body almost surrounded by the mess of tubes and machines that were keeping her alive.

Ryan set his jaw and handed the patient file over to Martin. As the Murray family looked over the report, they all had to suppress their rising anger.

Craig gritted his teeth and said angrily. “That’s good! Good to know the Bishop family could do this to a three-and-a-half-year-old child!”

Martin had already run a background check on the Bishop family. He said in a cold voice, “The Bishop family business has been accused of smuggling and illegal business practices. They’re currently at risk of bankruptcy.”

Craig sneered in disdain. “If I don’t have them all killed, they should thank me! To think they still have the audacity to ask us for help!”

The old man was so angry, he was ready to tear the Bishop family to

pieces.

Martin said. “Don’t worry, the Bishop family will be destroyed soon enough.”

Craig pursed his lips thoughtfully. He was silent for a moment before asking, “What about Clara... Is there any news of her...?”

Martin was silent, and he turned his head away from his father.

Los Angeles and San Diego were more than a hundred miles apart. But four years ago, Clara had been seriously ill and lost her memory. Somehow she’d ended up in San Diego, where Andrew had picked her up and brought her home.

Afterward, Clara was still very sick when she gave birth to her baby. She almost didn’t survive labor. But maybe because the baby gave her a reason to live, she was miraculously able to hang on for another two years before she died, leaving Susie motherless.

Their precious, beloved younger sister, dying alone and anonymous in a faraway place, without even remembering her own name...

Martin couldn’t help but clench his fists as he thought about it. As he got angrier and angrier, his face shuttered over with a cold, icy expression.

Craig didn’t dare to ask any more questions, afraid his son wouldn’t be able to stand it.

Ryan changed the subject, asking, “Why did they hit Susie?”

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Martin gritted out, “Andrew Bishop’s wife Stacy fell down the stairs and had a miscarriage. Andrew and the family blamed it on Susie, saying she pushed Stacy down the stairs.”

Everyone in the Murray family frowned at that.

While they were talking, the Bishop family arrived at the hospital in search of Susie.

Martin’s assistant hurried into the treatment room and said in a hushed voice, “Mr. Murray, the Bishop family is here... They’re looking for their granddaughter...”

Martin sneered and said indifferently, “Turn off the heating in the waiting room, open the windows, and tell them to wait.”

Andrew Bishop, along with his parents, waited for quite a while on the bottom floor of the hospital building.

The VIP floor where Susie was being kept was restricted access, so the Bishops couldn’t get in.

Martin’s assistant appeared shortly to tell them they would have to wait, and then disappeared again.

Christine complained, “Why don’t they let us in?! After all, we’re Susie’s family. There’s no reason to turn away the girl’s father and grandparents...”

Andrew became distressed at that and said, “Just wait!”

He’d made the unfortunate mistake of beating Susie, so of course the Murray family would be angry.

Soon the Bishop family felt a subtle shift in the air around them. The waiting area was getting colder and colder, and they had been seated just beside an open window. The wind was blowing in, and they couldn’t help shrinking back away from the cold!

“What the hell is this weather? How does anyone live in this cold?” Christine, who was used to being pampered and waited on at every turn, was the first to complain about the cold.

“Andrew, find someone and ask what’s going on!” Jay said with a frown.

Maybe the Murray family was deliberately making them wait out of anger, but even so, this seemed a little excessive. It had been half an hour already. Who could stand waiting in such a freezing climate?