

Eight Kickass Uncles’ Sweet Spoil by Amber Arnold

Chapter 4 Will She Be Abandoned Again?

Andrew asked around, but none of the hospital staff seemed to know what was going on.

The Bishops were shivering in the cold, and the Murray family refused to see them. They felt extremely affronted.

Christine was the first to slip away. “I’m going to go visit Stacy…”

Stacy was also at this hospital, but in a separate wing for obstetric care.

Andrew and Jay couldn’t stand the cold either, but they didn’t dare to leave, so they could only stand in the hallway and wait…

Internally, both of them were complaining endlessly. Little did they know that this was only the beginning of their punishment!

Susie’s ears rang with the sound of machines beeping intermittently. She could distantly hear someone speaking, as if she were underwater.

But there was one voice she could hear very clearly-

[Susie, Susie… Hey, Susie!]

[Wake up, huh? If you don’t wake up, I’ll…]

This voice made a buzzing sensation in her ears as it spoke, and Susie felt like a swarm of bees was bustling around inside her eardrums. The noise was a little overwhelming.

Who was this strange voice?

Susie’s eyelashes fluttered, and she gradually opened her eyes. The first thing she saw was the blank white wall of the hospital room.

The second thing she saw was a group of people gathered around her bed. Susie pursed her lips and looked around slowly.

Ryan was the most excited, and he was the first to speak. “Susie, you’re awake! It’s me, your uncle Ryan…”

The rest of the Murray family didn’t dare to breathe. They all looked at Susie anxiously.

Susie’s head was spinning. “U- Uncle?”

There was no expression on her delicate little face. She looked numb, like a fragile porcelain doll. She sounded more like a parrot repeating back a phrase than a young girl reuniting with her long-lost uncle.

Craig’s mouth flattened into a straight line. Susie was very thin, and she looked tiny lying there in the big hospital bed.

Looking at her was so painful, he could hardly breathe.

Ryan forced himself to lower his voice and slow down. He said softly, “Susie, I’m your mom’s big brother. My name is Ryan Murray. You called me on the phone before, remember?”

Susie’s eyelashes trembled. After a long time, she finally hummed and

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nodded slightly

She remembered…

She had called and called her uncle. But he had ignored her.

Didn’t he want her?

“Are you… Are you here to pick me up?” Susie asked quietly.

The big, burly men surrounding her hospital bed all nodded eagerly. Paul said, “Susie, I’m your second uncle, and we’re here to take you home.”

Craig had a lump in his throat. He took a deep breath before saying, “Yes, take Susie home. In the future, we won’t let anyone bully you,

Susie. Anyone who lays a finger on you will have to answer to me.”

Susie looked around in confusion.

Home?

Susie wasn’t sure if she could trust them. Would these men just abandon her after taking her home?

Would they beat her? Would they starve her?

Seeing Susie’s quiet response, her uncles were worried. Most of them didn’t have any experience with children, so they all looked to Martin

and David, the oldest and second-oldest brothers. Martin was 40 years old and David was 38, and they each had two children.

But although he was a father, Martin wasn’t sure how to deal with a situation like this. He hesitated and said, “Susie, do you have a problem with this arrangement?”

His voice was as curt and businesslike as usual, and the other brothers glared at him after he had finished speaking.

David coughed awkwardly. He was the strong and silent type, and he had no idea how to talk to kids, either. He was so anxious, he almost spun around and left the room.

Finally, Ryan sighed, rolling his eyes at his brothers. He leaned in close to the hospital bed, placing a hand gently on Susie’s forehead. He said in a soft voice, “Susie, tell your uncle. What’s your last name?”

Susie stared at the ceiling. She was silent for a while before saying, don’t have a last name. My name is Susie.”

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Her dad said he was too lazy to name her, and maybe they would pick a last name after her stepmother gave birth to her younger brother. So she had no last name, and the name ‘Susie’ had been chosen by her mother.

Ryan’s heart ached. A child who didn’t even have a last name… What kind of life for a little girl was that, living with a family who clearly didn’t care about her?

He pressed down the anger in his heart and asked, “Then Susie, tell me, what are you thinking?”

Susie finally turned her eyes back to Ryan. She tilted her head with some difficulty and looked up at the man in front of her, who was claiming to be her uncle.

That day, her world had been frozen and dark, and the person in front of her broke through the darkness like a bright ray of sunshine.

Susie scrunched up her little face thoughtfully and asked, “Uncle Ryan. if I go home… Will I get something to eat?”

When she said that, everyone in the room was stunned.

Did she not get anything to eat at the Bishops’ home?

Before Ryan could answer, Susie added, “Will you hit me?”

Just those two sentences were almost enough to make Craig start to cry. This little girl, his granddaughter, was actually afraid of starving and being beaten.

How long had the Bishop family been abusing her like this?

Not enough food to eat, not enough warm clothes in winter…

There was no one around to comfort her when her nightmares kept her up in the middle of the night, and no one cared if she sweated through her clothes in the summer.

Craig had to turn away from the hospital bed. His lips trembled, and his face flushed as he tried to hold back his tears.

All eight of his sons were clenching their fists at their sides, trying to conceal their rage to avoid scaring Susie.

Ryan grabbed Susie’s small hand and pressed it to his cheek. He said in a hoarse voice. “Just remember to behave yourself, Susie. When we get home you can eat whatever you want, and no one will hit you ever again. Look, this is your oldest Uncle Martin, your Uncle Paul… All

your uncles are very strong. We’ll all protect you, and no one will ever be able to hurt you.”

Susie clutched the quilt of the hospital bed tightly with her small hands and didn’t say anything for a long time.

Just when everyone in the Murray family thought she had gone mute, she suddenly said, “Uncle Ryan, I didn’t push anyone. Dad and

Grandpa told me I had to confess what I did, but I didn’t do anything, so I didn’t confess.” Her voice was stubborn, and her face was set with

determination.

Susie wasn’t sure if her uncles really liked her or not. Would they still want to take her home with them if they knew she was a disobedient little girl who refused to admit to her mistakes?

Ryan felt like he had swallowed a ball of cotton, and his eyes turned red. Craig also couldn’t help wiping the corners of his eyes as he listened to Susie’s story.

Martin said calmly, “Your uncles believe it wasn’t you. You were right to not confess.”

Ryan nodded his agreement. “They were the ones who were wrong. You were right, Susie. You did a good job”

When Susie heard this, her mouth flattened into a line, and tears

started to flow down her face. It was like she had been holding back all these tears for a long, long time, and now they finally escaped her eyes and ran uncontrollably down her cheeks.

Susie’s face was still stubborn, but her voice was choked with sobs as she said, “But Daddy doesn’t trust me. Daddy said I killed my brother. And Grandpa said if I didn’t confess, I had to stay in the snow.”

Now that she finally had someone to tell her grievances, the words spilled out of Susie in a rush. After all, she was a three-and-a-half- year-old child. No matter how strong-willed she was, she still had a sense of injustice at what had happened.

Ryan said, with barely-contained anger. “He doesn’t deserve to be your father!”

Martin said sharply, “Ryan!”

Ryan shut up out of respect for his older brother, but his heart was twisted into a knot. The knowledge that Andrew was waiting outside the VIP floor at this very moment was almost too much for him, and he could barely resist the urge to tear apart the iron hospital bed and use one of its legs to beat Andrew up.

It seemed like speaking had taken up a lot of Susie’s strength, and she soon drifted off to sleep again, her cheeks still wet with tears.

The brothers reconvened outside her door to avoid disturbing her sleep. Ryan could no longer resist saying, “Martin, aren’t we going to give the Bishop family what they deserve?”

Just bankruptcy wasn’t enough for that horrible family!

Martin slowly unbuttoned his cuffs and rolled up his sleeves, revealing muscular arms. He said lightly, “Eight against one, how does that sound?”

Eight against one!