

Eight Kickass Uncles’ Sweet Spoil by Amber Arnold

Chapter 5 She Has a Family Now

At Martin’s words, his brothers’ eyes all lit up, and their faces were transformed by hardened, ruthless expressions.

Ryan pounded a fist into his palm and started cracking his knuckles.

The fifth child, Michael Murray, worked in engineering and construction. He had a violent personality, and he sneered and said, “Where can I get a steel bar?”

The gentle leader of the group, Paul, cautioned his brother, “In a lawful society, we can’t just blatantly go around beating people up.”

He glanced around the hall and stopped a nurse who was walking past. “Hi, do you have any cloth bags in your department?”

The nurse was confused for a moment and stammered, “Y-yes, we have plenty of bags in the storage room, but we also have cardboard boxes...”

She assumed they were trying to pack and transport something, and cardboard boxes would work better than bags.

Paul smiled. “Thanks, the bags will be fine.”

In order to fight, of course they would need a way to remain anonymous.

The Murray brothers: “..

At the end of the corridor outside the VIP area, the cold wind whistled against the white interior of the hospital.

Andrew felt like he was about to freeze to death, and his mind was full

of complaints. He had been waiting all night, and now it was dawn. The Murray family still hadn’t come out, and they hadn’t allowed him to see Susie!

Jay left about halfway through the night. Before he left, he told Andrew to keep waiting until someone from the Murray family appeared.

In the cold spring weather, the nights were even colder than they were during the winter. Andrew was freezing, exhausted, and hungry as he waited there in the hall. He wanted to go home, take a hot bath, and go directly to bed.

As soon as the thought crossed his mind, Andrew felt like he couldn’t stay on his feet for another second. But he forced himself to wait another hour before he finally made up his mind to return home.

As Andrew walked through the parking lot of the hospital, he made a phone call. “Remember to keep watch, and notify me immediately as soon as they come out...”

Before he could finish his instructions, Andrew’s vision went dark. Someone had thrown a sack over his head!

Several fists came down on him at once, and Andrew shouted in a panic, “What are you doing? Who are you? Help!”

The eight Murray brothers kicked Andrew to the ground and started to beat him mercilessly!

With their status, they didn’t need to get their hands dirty like this, and they normally wouldn’t have bothered. But when they thought of the injuries and frostbite all over Susie’s body, and the way she had cautiously asked if she would be beaten when she returned to their home...

It was impossible for them to resist their desire for revenge!

Andrew was powerless to fight back as their blows rained down on him, and he screamed out in terror.

“Stop! Do you guys know who I am? I’m Andrew Bishop, president of Bishop Group! How dare you offend me... You’re going to pay for this...”

Martin sneered, loosened his tie, and raised a single hand, gesturing to his brothers to stop.

The Murray brothers backed off immediately. Michael walked up, holding a steel bar in his hand and glaring down at Andrew

Andrew immediately assumed that his threats had scared the attackers away.

But just when he thought he was safe, a steel bar slammed down into his leg!

“Ah!!”

The empty parking lot rang out with Andrew’s miserable screams...

Andrew was beaten so badly, he had to go to the hospital. He had barely stepped out the hospital’s front doors before he was sent directly back, this time as a patient.

He was covered with injuries all over his body, but the worst part was that he still didn’t know who did it!

It was impossible to find the attackers. They had given no indication of their identities while they pounded Andrew into a pulp. He was so enraged by the whole affair, he could have vomited blood.

Stacy stood by Andrew’s bedside, her eyes full of tears. “Andrew, are you feeling better?”

If Andrew could have moved, he would have been able to see through her affectation of concern. Stacy was still in her own hospital gown, pretending to be worried about her husband like a good wife.

But in her heart, she was filled with both anger and confusion. How had Susie, that good-for-nothing bastard child, suddenly become the only daughter of the powerful Murray family?

When Christine told her the news yesterday, her heart jumped into her throat. Of course her miscarriage hadn’t really been caused by Susie, but by herself.

The Bishop family was in a state of financial crisis. Andrew was not only going bankrupt, but he had also taken out a series of extravagant loans to try to make up for it.

Stacy didn’t want the child she was carrying to tie her to the Bishop family. She was still young and beautiful, and she might be able to find a new husband who was much richer than Andrew. But if she had a

child, it would ruin her prospects.

She had to get rid of the child she was carrying, but she didn’t want to take the blame for it. That was how she came up with the scheme to make it look like Susie had pushed her.

Originally, Stacy thought Susie was a doomed, insignificant orphan. The Bishop family had never treated her kindly. When he was drunk, Andrew often admitted that he was ashamed of Susie and wished she had never been born. So Stacy assumed there would be no risk in letting Susie take the blame for her fall.

But who could have guessed that Susie was actually a child of the Murray family! One of the four strongest, most famous families in Los Angeles!

Now Stacy was terrified, afraid of being found out. What could she do?

She had to figure out a way to stop the girl from tattling on her...

Back in the VIP ward, Susie’s eyes fluttered open again. The room was quiet and empty.

Her face crumpled and she lowered her eyes sadly, assuming everyone had abandoned her. She looked so sad and pathetic, her little face full of loneliness as she lay alone in her hospital bed...

Then the door creaked softly, and Ryan walked in. Susie perked up immediately, and the light returned to her eyes. As it turned out, Craig was worried the family was crowding her, so he was just outside in the hallway, resting his eyes.

Ryan said quietly, “Are you feeling any better, Susie? I prepared breakfast for you, are you hungry?”

Susie nodded.

Ryan called a hospital staff member to bring in the food. The commotion alerted the rest of the Murray family, who all came pouring back into the room.

Craig asked cautiously. “What would you like to eat, Susie? We have dumplings, sausage, oat porridge, and pizza...”

Michael squeezed in impatiently and exclaimed, “Stir-fried beef noodles! Stir-fried noodles are delicious!”

Craig hit him on the ankle with his cane and reprimanded, “Beef noodles, beef noodles, the girl just woke up! She’s not going to want beef noodles!”

He picked up a sausage and handed it over. “Susie, why don’t you eat some sausage first? This is steamed very tender and soft, you’ll like it.”

Paul picked up a bowl of porridge and smiled warmly down at her. “It’s okay to eat the porridge first, if you want.”

Susie pursed her lips and looked around at all the eager faces, wondering why her nose was tingling and her eyes felt itchy.

She was so overwhelmed, she wanted to cry. Did... Did this count as having a family?

Susie sniffed and said hesitantly, “G-Grandpa... I want to eat noodles...”

Craig’s eyes turned red, too, and he nodded fiercely. “Hey! Hey, that’s okay, that’s good! Noodles, great, have some noodles!”

The Murray family felt like they were seeing Clara as a child again. But their Clara had been energetic and rambunctious, while the little girl in front of them was timid and meek when she called Craig ‘Grandpa,’ like she was afraid he would be annoyed.

A child only three-and-a-half years old shouldn’t have to worry so much about upsetting other people. The Murray family was even more distressed by her attitude. They watched Susie eat her breakfast and go back to sleep, and only then did they quietly leave the room.

Susie closed her eyes and tried to fall asleep for a while, but then she heard that strange voice in her ears again.

[Juicy, Juicy...!]

Susie opened her eyes and looked around. There was no one there.

At first she thought she was dreaming, but when she closed her eyes, she heard the voice again.

[Susie, Susie, Susie!]

Susie’s hands gripped the sheets fearfully, and she looked around, trying to figure out where the voice was coming from.