

# Eight Kickass Uncles' Sweet Spoil by Amber Arnold

## Chapter 6 The Master Who Appeared Out of Nowhere

In the empty hospital room, there was no one there to speak, and Susie didn't see any ghosts, either.

She gripped her bed sheets and asked, "Who are you?"

Her heart was gripped with fear.

The voice said confidently, "I'm your master. You can call me Master."

Susie's little face scrunched up in skepticism.

"I don't have a master-" she started to say, but then her throat seemed to

close up.

At that time, on the table beside the hospital bed, sat a ghost who was invisible to normal people. He was a young man in a white robe.

His face was pale, and his eyes were dark and deep. The bridge of his nose was high, his lips were bright crimson, and his eyebrows had a defined arch that gave him a demonic aura.

He stared at the little toddler in front of him, who couldn't even understand what he was saying.

Hmm, she might be harder to convince than he thought...

"Sweetie..." he tried again coaxingly.

Susie said flatly, "I'm Susie, not Sweetie."

The man:

He stroked his chin and said, "I really am your master. Your mother apprenticed you to me while she was still alive."

Susie was very resistant when she heard this.

"My mother wouldn't do that," she said.

Her mother wouldn't give her away to others. She knew her mother wouldn't abandon her like that.

The man was speechless for a moment.

When Clara saw him on her deathbed, she'd begged him to watch over Susie and the Murray family after her death.

Susie was only two years old at the time, and she wasn't able to see his spirit form. But he had received the appropriate payment, and he was indeed her master!

Two days ago, when Susie was on the verge of death, she heard his voice for the first time, but now she didn't believe him....

The man scratched his nose and tried coaxing her some more. "Your mother's name is Clara Murray, and your name is Susie Murray. See? I know all about you."

Susie frowned. "Everyone else knows, too."

Man:

Oh, right... He'd forgotten she was a little kid who would have been

taught to fear strangers. It wasn't easy to win her over at all.

If it weren't for her small, weak frame and her desire to be accepted into a home, he figured the Bishop family wouldn't have been able to bully her so easily.

The man smirked and said. "Don't think so much, kid. When you get better. give me an offering of three sticks of incense and a piece of pork, and our apprentice ceremony will be complete. Now, my name is Mitch Dubin, and trust me, I was a real big shot when I was alive."

Susie stared at the empty air beside her in amazement. Mitch? Why was the voice called Mitch?

Mitch had no idea what Susie was thinking, but he could see the confusion in her eyes. He said. "You haven't heard from me, since I'm not from your time period. But trust me, I'm very skilled. I can teach you a lot of things, and no one will be able to bully you anymore..."

Susie suddenly blurted out, "Are big shots easy to kill?"

Mitch: "

Not getting a response, Susie asked again, "If you're so powerful, why did you die?"

Mitch was speechless. He was starting to think this little toddler would

be a bit difficult to deal with.

Susie pulled the sheets up to her chin, and her eyelids drooped slightly. The corners of her lips turned down as she asked her last question: "If you're really my master, why didn't you talk to me before?"

After her mother died, no one had paid any attention to her for a long time. Even when she was crying or in pain, no one seemed to care.

Over the past year, she'd learned to read her father's face to avoid making him angry. But no matter how much she tried not to be annoying, she still never saw any love in her so-called family's faces.

She had also been secretly beaten by her stepmother, and no one came

to her rescue.

Mitch was taken aback for a moment, feeling a little uncomfortable with the way things had transpired. He didn't try to explain, but said. quietly, "You're a good girl, Susie. From now on. Master will protect

you."

Susie frowned, turned her face away, and stopped talking.

Mitch touched Susie's head gently and said, "You just get your rest. Master will come back later. Here, let me give you a gift."

He'd traveled up to the physical world too hastily, and he had to go back to the underworld to settle a few affairs before he would be able

to return to Susie.

Susie felt nothing but a slight warmth in her hand. When she looked down, she saw a red string tied around her wrist.

She didn't know how long it had been, but the hospital room fell back into silence. Susie opened her eyes and looked around. She still didn't see anyone. But somehow, she felt a mysterious warmth, and the pain in her body disappeared!

The next ten days flew past in the blink of an eye. By the end of that time. Susie's injuries were almost healed, and she was ready to be discharged to the Murray family household.

Outside the door, she could faintly hear the doctor's amazed voice. "She made an incredible recovery... Such serious injuries should have kept her bedridden for at least three months..."

Not long after that, Ryan entered the room. He saw Susie sitting on the bed, her eyes downcast as she quietly fiddled with the red string around her wrist.

She looked a little depressed sitting there by herself.

"Susie..." Ryan immediately walked over and put his hand on her head affectionately. "What's wrong?"

Seeing the red string on her hand, he couldn't help but ask, "What's this?"

Was his memory failing? The day he received Susie into the hospital, he couldn't recall seeing this red string tied around her wrist.

Susie looked up and asked, "Uncle, where's my bunny..."

Ryan's mouth opened and closed again. Susie had indeed been clutching a tattered stuffed bunny in her arms when he first found her unconscious in the snow. But at that time, he'd frantically brushed all the snow from her body and picked her up, tossing aside the stuffed toy in the process.

Ryan asked softly, "Susie, is the bunny important? It... It might have

gotten lost..."

He immediately added, "Is it okay if I buy you a new bunny? I'll buy it right away."

Susie's face fell. Her eyes glistened with tears, and her lips quivered as

she tried not to cry.

Her voice was very small when she said, "Mommy gave me that

bunny..."

Most of her mother's possessions had been tossed by her father. The only thing Susie had left of her mother was this little rabbit.

And now it was gone too...

Her mom was gone, her master was gone, and her bunny was gone.

Martin pushed the door open and saw Ryan sitting by Susie's bed while the little girl held back tears. He frowned and asked coldly, "What's going on?"

Ryan put his hands up. "It wasn't me, Martin! It's Susie's bunny, it got left behind at the Bishop house."

He didn't dare to say the bunny was gone, for fear of making Susie cry. He said it was left at the Bishop house, but by now, who knew what had happened to it?

Martin nodded in understanding. He said, "It's okay, Susie. Your uncle will buy you a new rabbit."

It was just a stuffed rabbit. If she wanted it, he would buy her all the stuffed rabbits in the world.

Ryan shook his head. "It was the only thing Clara left for her."

Martin's eyes widened. The only thing Clara left for Susie?

He said decisively, "We have to go get it."

He didn't know if the rabbit was still at the house. But if not, he would make sure he found that bunny, even if he had to dig through the dump for hours.

Susie suddenly thought of something and said, "Uncle Martin... Can I go with you?"

Besides her rabbit, there was something else she wanted to get from the Bishops' house.

\*\*\*

Andrew and his parents were sitting on the sofa in the living room on the first floor, disheveled and exhausted, clutching bundles of their remaining belongings. Their formerly glorious mansion had been trashed, and all the valuables had been removed.

Andrew hadn't shaved in days, and his eyes were lined with dark

circles.

Christine cried bitterly, "Son, why did you borrow so much money? What are we going to do now? Ahh..."

The same day Andrew was beaten until he was hospitalized, the Bishop family finally went completely bankrupt!

Not to mention that all their real estate had been mortgaged, and the mansion they were living in was being repossessed by the bank.

Where were they going to live?

Jay reprimanded his wife angrily, "Cry, cry, cry, what's the point of all this crying? You should have treated Susie better when you had the chance!"

Christine responded, "Why are you blaming it all on me? You're her grandfather, and I don't remember you being especially nice to her either!"

Andrew yelled in annoyance, "Stop it!"

He was too exhausted to deal with his parents' bickering. It was hard enough that his company had gone bankrupt overnight, the courts were investigating him for fraud, and he was likely to face a hefty jail sentence. What was he supposed to do about that?

Jay and Christine shut up, both of them overwhelmed by regret. If they had been nicer to Susie in the first place, they wouldn't be in this situation. Maybe she would have been able to use her connection to

the Murray family to make them all rich!

Christine said bitterly, "That damn girl! She thinks she's so high-and- mighty with her new family, she can't even come back to see the people who raised her?"

What an ungrateful little girl! After all, they were still her grandparents. They were old and deserved forgiveness for their mistakes.

Besides, she was the one who had pushed Stacy down the stairs and caused her to have a miscarriage. Really, their treatment of Susie hadn't been too unreasonable!

But just then, Stacy came downstairs. She said softly, "Christine, Jay, Andrew, don't worry. Susie will be back..."