

Eight Kickass Uncles’ Sweet Spoil by Amber Arnold

Chapter 2 Get Her Out of My House

Click... The pen Craig was holding fell to the floor.

Everyone’s throats seemed to close up, and none of them could make a sound for several long moments.

On the other end of the line, the young voice continued, “Uncle Ryan... I’m so cold and hungry... I didn’t push Stacy, but no one believed me. Daddy told me to kneel by the door... But I’m so cold... Uncle, won’t you come and pick me up...”

As she spoke, the girl’s voice became weaker and weaker. Through the phone, the Murrays could faintly hear the sound of whistling wind and snow, but the little girl’s voice had cut off.

Ryan finally came to his senses. He grabbed the phone and held it close to his mouth, shouting hurriedly, “Hey, Su-Susie? Where are you? Tell your uncle where you are!”

There was no response.

Craig stood up in a panic. His earlier stoic, gruff attitude vanished in an instant, as if all of a sudden he’d aged ten years.

“Come on, what are you waiting for? Somebody search this number! Check this number, check the location, quick!”

Susie passed out before finishing her call, and the phone fell from her hand into the snow. After a long time, Andrew came out to look for his

phone. When he saw Susie lying there motionless, he raised his foot and kicked her.

“You might as well be dead!” he exclaimed angrily.

Four years ago, Andrew had picked up a woman dressed in tattered

clothes from the side of the road. In a moment of kindness, he took her

back to his apartment and offered her a bath and a change of clothes. After she’d gotten cleaned up, he realized she was extremely beautiful.

She couldn’t remember how she had gotten there, and when he tried to question her, she seemed dazed and confused. Andrew thought she was cute, so he’d spent a long time trying to win her over. Like a lovesick idiot, he doted on her, pampering her and taking care of her at

every turn...

Now, he felt sick just thinking about it.

A woman wandering alone like that, who knew what could have happened to her? If she had been assaulted before he met her, that might explain why Susie seemed so unlike him.

But although he had his doubts about Susie’s parentage, he had never thought of doing a paternity test. If word got out that he was not Susie’s real father, it would be extremely humiliating, and Andrew would become the laughingstock of Los Angeles.

Andrew picked up his phone and headed for the warmth of his study, where he dialed a series of numbers. “Hey... Shawn, it’s Andrew Bishop. I’ve been meaning to ask, do you know anyone in the Murray

family of Los Angeles?”

“Hi, Adam, how have you been? Do you know the Murray family, by any chance? It’s just that the company’s been having some trouble...”

Outside the study, the wind and snow continued to pummel the house and the small figure lying outside it. Susie was crumpled into a ball in the snow, and the minutes crept by painfully slowly as the sun started

to set.

She still had some mental awareness, but she couldn’t open her eyes without a great deal of effort.

Susie hadn’t cried after her mother died. No matter what happened, even if her father beat her, she never cried.

But now she felt like crying.

After she called her uncle, there was no sound on the other end of the phone. It must mean even her uncle didn’t want her.

No one in the entire world cared about her.

What about Mom? After she died, when her mother saw her in such a state, would her mother even care about her anymore?

Susie’s frozen, purple lips twisted up in a grimace. She kept repeating in her mind, Mom... Susie won’t cry... Susie is very good...

Just then, she heard a loud roaring sound.

Seven or eight black cars screeched up to the curb all at once. A man wearing an expensive black coat jumped out of the first car and kicked open the front gate of the Bishop family mansion!

The wind and snow were so strong, Susie’s small frame was almost completely obscured.

Ryan looked around anxiously. On the phone, Susie had said she was kneeling at the door.

Suddenly his eyes widened as he spotted a small, barely noticeable snowdrift just beside the front doorsteps.

He rushed over and began to dig through the snow in a panic. His hands turned red quickly from the freezing cold, and finally he saw a small body lying beneath the snow.

“Susie?!”

Ryan quickly scooped Susie into his arms. The moment he got a clear

view of her face, he was sure it was their Susie-

Because her face looked almost exactly like his sister when she was

younger.

Susie had to be the child of their beloved, long-lost little sister Clara.

Susie felt herself being wrapped in a warm embrace, and Ryan took off

his coat to swaddle her up in it.

Susie had been freezing outside for a long time, and she was so numb, she could barely feel anything. Even with the added warmth, she was still chilled to the bone, and she shivered uncontrollably in Ryan’s

arms.

With some effort, Susie managed to open her eyes, and she finally saw the man in front of her. His face looked a lot like her mother’s, but a little different.

The corners of Susie’s lips twitched, and she murmured, “Are you... my uncle Ryan? Uncle, I... I didn’t push anyone...”

Susie’s voice was faint and weak, and she seemed almost unconscious.

In contrast with Ryan’s excitement at seeing his niece, Susie seemed like an emotionless little robot, frozen into a listless, exhausted state.

Ryan was on the verge of tears. The little girl in his arms was wearing only a thin nightgown, a flimsy cotton garment that could barely have protected her from a summer breeze. Her small face was blue from the cold, and her lips were chapped and turning black. Her body was

completely motionless, like a statue carved out of the ice. Ryan was

terrified as he carried her, afraid she might break if he wasn’t careful.

“Susie... It’s me, your uncle is here, your uncle will take you home.”

Ryan couldn’t help sobbing as he spoke. He couldn’t imagine how Susie had survived this. If he had arrived even a few minutes later, it might have been too late.

Ryan held Susie carefully, cradling her with extreme tenderness, and ran as fast as he could toward the car.

“Susie, just hold on a little longer,” Ryan said hoarsely. “Don’t go to sleep... Susie, can you answer me? Susie...”

Susie had slipped into unconsciousness.

Craig rushed over to them, trembling slightly. He looked at the motionless bundle in Ryan’s arms and asked anxiously. “How is she?”

Ryan shook his head in distress. “We have to get her to the hospital, right away!”

Everyone in the Murray family had their hearts in their throats at seeing Susie’s frozen, incapacitated state. They immediately jumped back into their cars and sped toward the hospital.

At the same time, Andrew hurried downstairs, his face full of barely-suppressed glee and excitement.

As it turned out, when the Murray family cars first entered the courtyard, they had been stopped by the guards. Martin had given them his name, and the guards immediately granted entry while rushing to inform Andrew.

Andrew had been racking his brain to try to make a connection with the all-powerful Murray family, and when he heard this news, he thought he was dreaming!

He couldn’t believe his luck at the Murray family’s arrival, but he intended to take advantage of the opportunity while he had it.

The Bishop family was saved!

Just then, Andrew remembered something. He turned to a nearby servant and said. “That damn little girl is still kneeling in the courtyard. isn’t she? Get her out of here right away!”

That little troublemaker had killed her baby brother, and now she was nothing but an extra expense while his company went bankrupt. Now that he had the rare chance to meet with the Murray family, Andrew wanted to make sure she couldn’t interfere.