

## Chapter 2 Alex's Gambling

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"He's going through a tough time lately. Why don't we let it be?"

Mom could not bear to trouble Mr. Warner.

As soon as she said that, Dad slapped her across the face.

He pinned her against the ground and kicked her a few times. Still, he was furious. He grabbed a steel pole from the corner of the room and began hitting her with it.

"shameless! You used my money to support another man! How dare you tell me to forget about it! Do you have a death wish?"

Mom was beaten black and blue, even missing two of her teeth. Finally, she caved in.

"I'll go! I'll go right now."

That was when Dad stopped.

He decided to go with her to prevent her from pulling any tricks.

As soon as they left, Alex, my brother, started cursing our mother out.

"Serves her right!"

He was another scumbag as well.

Still, there was no rush. I could take my time.

I will make them suffer the pain I suffered a hundredfold!

Half an hour later, they came back.

"Well? Did you get the money?" Alex hurriedly asked.

"No!"

Dad was pissed. "That coward ran off!"

Our neighbor wasn't a good man. In my last life, he took the money from Mom around this time with the excuse of starting a business when he actually went to a prostitute.

It just so happened that a police raid caught him. He was imprisoned for quite a few months.

Of course, they could not find him now.

The more Dad spoke, the angrier he got. Eventually, he dragged Mom into a corner and began to beat her up once more.

I did not plan to clear the air and stood in a corner with my face hidden from view as I was afraid of being seen grinning.

From that day onward, Mom never had a good day.

Dad spent every day in anger over the missing money and would beat her up every time he was reminded of that. He even forced her to sleep in the store room.

He claimed that a lowlife like Mom had no right to sleep in the same room as him.

That made life easier for me.

One evening, I sneaked into Dad's room with 2,000 in hand while everyone was in their rooms.

"This is all I have left. Take it," I said.

His eyes lit up with glee, and he eagerly counted the money.

"You're a good kid."

I gave him a shy smile. "It's my duty."

As I said that, I focused on a thought.

"The household is going through tough times, yet Alex has started gambling again. What do I do? Should I tell Dad?"

Alex was used to slacking off all the time. He used to gamble so much that he owed over 100,000 in debt.

That debt was just fully repaid.

For that, Alex suffered a terrible beating. A while ago, he told the family that he had found a job and was back to being a proper member of society.

With my thought, the glee on Dad's face instantly vanished.

'Forget it. Maybe I'm mistaken.'

In the end, I said nothing and just kept thinking about it.

Alex had work the next day. As usual, he left the home, claiming it was for work.

Dad secretly followed him.

After a while, Dad realized Alex was not going to work at all. Instead, Alex had made his way into a cardroom.

Dad flew into a fit of rage. He rushed in and punched Alex without saying a single word.

"Dad? Why are you here?" Alex was shocked.

"I told you to focus on your work, yet you dare to gamble again! Do you think I'm dead?"

In his fury, Dad ignored every word Alex said and just kept beating Alex up.

However, Alex was not our mother. After a few punches, Alex started to fight back.

The moment Alex fought back, Dad grew even angrier. He grabbed Alex's head and slammed it against the table.

Caught off guard, Alex hit his head on the corner of the table. Blood splattered everywhere.

The staff were terrified.

"Call the police! Now!"