

Weak B 59

Chapter 59 Da Minghan (2)

He hadn't expected that after his death he could return to a day in his childhood, to the time before he and his sister Ming Wei were kidnapped.

At that moment, he was overjoyed, and to describe it as being so happy he could cry was no exaggeration.

He had it all planned out—he would protect his elder and younger siblings, protect his younger self, and protect their new mother who loved the three of them, ensuring that he and his five-year-old sister would not be kidnapped from the department store again, avoiding the fate of their previous life...

He didn't know where the kidnapper had taken his sister Vivi, but he remembered his past clearly, which arose in his mind at the moment he had fallen from the high scaffolding at the construction site.

The memories were vivid, with each frame and each person in those frames appearing clearly in his mind.

The kidnapper had lured him and his sister with brightly colored toys.

At that time, he and his sister were standing next to their mother, Kang Li, waiting for her to buy them toys when he forgot his mother's admonition and, holding his sister's hand,

was lured outside the department store doors by a kidnapper wielding a wooden gun and a cloth doll as big as an adult's palm... Then, the kidnapper and her accomplice picked him and his sister up and covered their mouths with damp handkerchiefs, quickly boarding a bus.

Before losing consciousness, he didn't even have time to scream...

When he woke up without seeing his sister, he wailed loudly. A couple, claiming to be his parents, tried their best to cheer him up, urging him to call them mom and dad.

He was reluctant, and although they were not angry, they insisted on treating him well, saying he was their son, and that they would raise him. When they grew old and infirm, he would have to take care of them, carry on the family line, and send them off when they passed away.

As days passed, he didn't find salvation from his father and new mother. Gradually, his memories started to blur, but just as he was coming to accept the couple as his parents, they had their own child and from then on, there were no more good days for him in that house.

Little him was tasked by his mother to do the laundry and cook; his father would yell at him to herd cattle and sheep and cut pig grass.

They didn't send him to school, calling him a bastard – it was enough that they fed him, and they wouldn't waste unjustified money on him.

He suffered through beatings and scoldings, unable to get enough food or warm clothing, which marked his life in that household for nearly ten years.

With the economic reforms, people from the village went out to work, and he was driven out to earn money for the weddings of his younger brothers.

Being allowed to leave the house undoubtedly made him happy, for he dimly remembered that he was not a child of that family. He needed to step out of the mountains, take advantage of working outside to find his own family.

But an accident occurred... while working at the construction site, a fellow villager around his age missed a step on the scaffolding and was about to fall when he quickly grabbed and saved him.

As a result, while the other was saved, he fell from the scaffolding, which was as high as a five-story building.

That year he was still a minor, and his life... his life came to an end.

He thought it might be a relief to just let go, but before he closed his eyes for the last time, memories from before he was kidnapped flashed through his mind.

The words now spoken to Xiao Ming Han by Da Minghan were sincere, for today he also realized, the current mother, Kang Li... seemed, perhaps not the same person as the new mother Kang Li in his memories.

The reason?

His new mother, Kang Li, truly wasn't good at cooking. Despite looking like a Fairy Girl, she could cook neither properly boiled rice nor half-done food,