

## **Weak B 83**

### Chapter 83: Little Boy Min Rui Understands His Sister...

Min Rui actually didn't know what to say about his younger sister's childish behavior, but he could understand the plan she was about to carry out.

From a young age, he and his siblings had never seen their mother, never met their biological mother, so they longed for a mother's presence, yearning for maternal affection.

As for him... although that person had been with him as a mother for over three years, she... she didn't like him at all.

Don't ask him why he knew his mother didn't like him—it was simple, he had an early memory, what the adults call precociousness.

In short, ever since he could remember, that person... his mother spent every day focusing on wearing pretty clothes, hoping for dad to come home often.

But dad didn't come back often; sometimes he would be gone for very, very long periods.

His mother got angry, and then she would take it out on him, not bothering to make him proper meals, let alone... let alone play with him and tell him stories like other kids' mothers did.

He was very sad about this, but he couldn't show it in front of his mother.

The reason?

Once his mother saw it, she wouldn't just scold him but also pinch and twist him.

At that time, he couldn't help thinking, maybe his mother wasn't his biological mother after all. Otherwise, why wouldn't she like him and treat him so badly?

So, like a naughty child, after being pinched and twisted by his mother more than once, he couldn't help thinking how nice it would be if his mother just disappeared so that no one would scold, pinch, or twist him.

Unbelievably... unbelievably, one day his mother was really gone, and at that moment, he couldn't help feeling joy, but he knew... deep down, he felt more unease.

His father was busy with work and couldn't take care of him and his younger siblings at home, so he hired someone to help look after them.

At first, the auntie who came to look after him and his siblings was very good to them, always smiling when she spoke, her voice gentle. She washed their clothes, cooked for him, mixed formula for his younger siblings, and kept the house clean.

But as time passed, he realized that the auntie looking after them would often stealthily take things from their home, hiding them in her bag to take out. He was not mistaken.

There were rice, flour, cooking oil, his siblings' formula, and other food and necessities.

He saw it all, but he was too young to know what to do. Instead, the auntie realized that he knew her secret, and threatened him that if he dared to tell anyone, she would stop washing their clothes and cooking for them, and let them starve at home.

Without their father coming home for long stretches, he was very scared. Every day he ate vegetables boiled in water, watched the auntie often eat meat and fried eggs, and saw his siblings' milk becoming more and more diluted.

Hearing his siblings crying from hunger, one day when the auntie wasn't looking, he sneaked out the door to call his dad from a neighbor's house, begging his dad to come back and save him and his siblings.

And so, the auntie who had taken care of him and his siblings for almost a year disappeared from their home, but it wasn't his dad who showed up to care and stay with them—it was a grandma with some white hair, Grandma Cui.

His dad said that from now on, Grandma Cui would take care of him and his siblings.

Like the previous auntie who had taken care of him and his siblings, Grandma Cui was very diligent and kind.

Her cooking was delicious, and she was very good to him and his siblings. However, as time passed, Grandma Cui, just like the previous caretaker, would stealthily take things from their home,

