

Garden 103

Vol. 4 Chapter 2.9 - My honowable defianse toward confronting the disrespekful illllegal inhabitant

By afternoon, the cheerful mood had cooled a bit. Even as my mother was upset, the evil demon seemed to revel in his pain. He was a real mean guy. However, I was too distracted by the tender feeling on my lips to focus on anything else.

After a quiet evening, when everyone else went to bed early out of exhaustion, I woke up again in the middle of the night with the need to pee, and after feeling around the walls, I remembered that the cottage had a toilet outside my room. Rubbing my sleepy eyes, I went to the bathroom and saw a light shining from the far end. I couldn't see much, but it was probably my mother in his nightwear. I stood there dazed, and he was standing in front of that man's room, knocking.

"It's me."

The door opened slightly, but I couldn't see him from this side. More light leaked in and my mother said something, half hidden by the door. I don't remember exactly, but I think it was something about how good it felt to have a lover come directly to Alpha's room like a concubine.

With a low, evil laugh, long arms wrapped around Mother's waist, and with little resistance, he was carried away. I was sleepy and hadn't realised what a concubine was, so I went back to my room after my mother had gone into his room.

"Oh, right. I have to keep an eye on him so he doesn't torment....."

I couldn't beat my drowsiness. My dreams were a mess of my mother crying sadly, the demon bullying him, and Sioux and a rabbit or something pecking at my lips.

It was not easy to protect someone without their knowledge. Especially if you were an aristocrat with a delicate ego like my mother, the very fact that he was being protected by someone could be problematic. So sometimes I observed that man's side. Like now.

"Jester is frowning."

"I see he has made a mess."

He stood up from his papers. His eyes still on the papers, he rushed over to Jester before he could cry, scooped him out of the crib, set him on the small baby table beside him, and changed his nappy with dexterity. I grimaced and took a few steps back when I caught a whiff of the human's nature smell, but that guy didn't bat an eye.

My mother wasn't home today. He was off to his regular recital as a member of the Royal Society of Music. He would probably be back late. In his place, the Demon had been home all day today.

Ever since Jester was born, he had been staying at home from time to time to take care of him so that Mother wouldn't get too frustrated. Of course, he was supposed to be teaching me and Eura in our studies at the same time, but for me, he was just a nuisance. There was no reason to stay with him except to keep an eye on him. I needed to know as much as I could about him to find his weaknesses, so I used my spelling lessons as an excuse to stay with him.

Jester, who was always with my mother, must have been pleased with that guy's touch and smiled. The man who looked just like the baby also laughed foolishly, and soon Martha appeared and gave that guy a baby bottle.

"I have an emergency right now."

"I've told you before, don't lean on me for childcare. I'm going to get some rest today after all this hard work."

With that, Martha walked away, and he gave a short sigh before picking up Jester and beginning to feed him milk. The mostly silent little brother lay in the lap of the adult male, who looked exactly like him, and looked up at him, stirring his little hands. The demon would then take those hands and rock them like a very doting father.

No matter how I thought about it, Jester seemed to be on the Demon's side. I couldn't let this go on. I already had Eura as an enemy, losing Jester to him would put me at a disadvantage. I stood up from my painting.

"Dad, I want to feed him milk."

"Really? You can try."

He beamed at my offer and sat me down on the floor, placing Jester on top of me. Lying on my folded legs, Jester grimaced in discomfort, but when I supported his head, he sucked vigorously on the bottle

again. All the while, his eyes kept rolling over to look at that guy. Sitting at the table on the other side, he glanced over, smirked, and went back to his papers.

My baby brother soon rolled his blue eyes and looked at me. Then he also peeked at Eurea over there, who was drawing a picture. He looked curious. When he was full and no longer trying to latch on to the bottle, I called that guy here, and he sat Jester upright and patted him on the back. Soon there was a loud, unbaby-like burp. From the other side, Eurea giggled.

“What are you drawing, Eurea?”

“Please guess it.”

At that guy’s question, Eurea held up the drawing she’d just finished. Three brown circles, two yellow circles, and a few jagged black sticks, I realised it was a new species of ghost clown mushroom. I’d seen them in the books.

I kept my mouth shut, inwardly anticipating what the man would say about it, after calling my Golden Lion a hairy potato. At the very least, his answer might be a caterpillar squashed by the rain.

“This is me, this is your Mother, and this is Jester, Lenoc, and you.”

“Wow, that’s right!”

Ergh. How are those things us? And why did he manage to guess it at once?!

Feeling unnecessarily resentful, I grabbed my drawing book and a pencil. I could draw my family members easily too. I quickly showed him what I had drawn, painstakingly and with quick, deep strokes, like a master's touch.

"So you like plants, Lenoc."

"No! This is Father, this is Mother, and these are my younger siblings."

"Ah, is that so? I thought they were trees and wilted flowers..... I'm sorry for not recognising them."

Aaah, you wicked demon, you must have done it on purpose! Mother had guessed them correctly right away.

When Eurea came closer and saw my drawing, she chattered happily.

"Mom told me once that I have a talent for drawing, but I guess Oppa doesn't."

I was already feeling discouraged, but her words hit me like a ton of bricks. It couldn't be true. Every time Mother looked at my drawings, he would stare at them for a long time.

“You’re lying.”

“No. Ask Mom later when he comes back.”

Eurea let out a wicked laugh. I looked around in despair, until the demon walked up and tapped me on the shoulder.

“It’s because you’re just like me.”

Is this the Demon’s fault, too, that I have no talent for art because of his curse running through my body? Just what do I have? If I can’t even draw a single picture, I am worthless as an educated person. I will forever be an aristocrat who draws hairy potatoes.

“Instead, you excel at languages and maths, which are also talents.”

“Really.....?”

“Of course. Especially maths, which your mother wasn’t skilled at, so don’t be disappointed if you can’t draw.”

I wanted to scream at him that I didn't want to hear that, but somehow I couldn't help but feel comforted.

Disappointed, I decided not to draw. Instead, I read a children's book and secretly wrote in my journal. I lay down on my belly, stuck my paws in the air, and scribbled all about that guy's behaviour today. Even though we had a rug, playing on the floor was a privilege that could only be enjoyed in that guy's presence. Mother hated lying on the floor.

After playing for a while and having some snacks, I felt sleepy. Jester was already sleeping soundly in a nearby crib, and Eura was sprawled out on her stomach somewhere. I could no longer hold my pencil and drifted off to sleep as I listened to the constant sound of paper being turned over.

I felt myself floating through the air in my sleep, and I smelled books and ink. I couldn't identify where the familiar smell was coming from because I was in a dream, defeating the painted monster using numbers.