

Garden 104

Vol. 4 Chapter 2.10 - My honowable defianse toward confronting the disrespekful illllegal inhabitant

When I opened my eyes later in the evening, I was lying on the bed in my room. Even my clothes had changed into pajamas. I rubbed my eyes and got up, but Eurea was nowhere to be seen. Yawning, I wanted to go to the bathroom and left the room. The hallway was well-lit, so the time must have been not too late.

“Are you up?”

I went to the study where my family often gathered and found my mother sitting on the couch. Normally, I would have given a polite greeting, but I was currently sleepy and didn’t feel like it. I walked over and put my arms around him. He smelled good.

“Mom. I love you. I missed you.”

I soon heard my mother laugh.

“You’ve suddenly become a baby. I love you too, Lenoc. I missed you too.”

He pulled me into his arms and patted me, then asked, “Aren’t you hungry?” I thought about it, and yes, I was hungry. I nodded, and he stood up. He took my hand and we left the study. As I followed him barefoot, I kept rubbing my eyes. Soon, I was fully awake.

We had arrived at Martha's small kitchen. This was where that guy used to cook for his mother. Eurea was already sitting at the small kitchen table, and across from her was Jester in a baby carrier.

"Lenoc."

That guy was cooking, wearing an apron. When Jester was still in Mother's womb, that guy would always cook something every morning and give it to Mother. Sometimes he gave it to me and Eurea, too, and honestly, it tasted fine.

We sat down at the table and Mother soon brought out plates and glasses. Mother took out a bottle of milk and poured it into my glass and Eurea's glass, while that guy put the egg dish on our plates. The steaming yellow mass looked very tasty.

"Mom. Please give me a spoon."

"Here. Lenoc, too."

"Thank you."

On my mother's plate and his, too, there were other sautéed vegetables along with the egg dish. I didn't really like vegetables, but I'd be scolded if I didn't eat healthily, so I did what I could, starting with the carrots and green beans.

“This smells good.”

“It’ll taste good too.”

My mother picked up a knife and fork.

I don’t know if other families are like this, but my mother and that guy enjoyed this small-town atmosphere from time to time. The alpha would cook and the Omega would set the table.

I’d seen it occasionally in storybooks, but I learnt from Lord that it was rare in aristocratic families. Perhaps it was my mother’s way of compensating for that guy’s rural upbringing. Alas, I didn’t interfere much, as Mother was very fond of that guy’s crude cooking, and besides, this was the only table I could sit at in my pajamas and unwashed face.

Mother cut off some of the egg dish and put it in his mouth, then chewed. The demon waited for his reaction. I, who had already eaten three or four bites, thought the egg dish was delicious. Eurea, who was bent on eating without speaking, would probably agree. I knew my mother would say it was delicious.

“Ouch!”

Suddenly, my mother made a face, covered his mouth with a napkin, and jumped to his feet. Eurea and I were shocked, and the demon was even more surprised as he followed him out the door. As I slid down from my chair, he looked back and said quickly.

“Watch over your siblings.”

Worried about what was happening, Eurea and I remained frozen. Eurea, who had just finished scooping up her eggs, let go of her spoon and I did the same.

Suddenly, the quiet estate became bustling. Martha appeared and entered the room where my mother was, and she told Grandfather Hugo that they needed a doctor. Eurea, hearing that, grabbed my hand. Normally, she would never have done that, but she seemed scared, so I didn't pull away. Because, honestly, I wanted to do so too.

“Father.”

“Lenoc. Eurea. Where's Jester? Oh, no.”

He hurried back into the kitchen and came out carrying Jester. My baby sibling, who had just been taken away from his bottle, grimaced and almost cried.

“It's okay, it's okay, just hold on. Lenoc, take Eurea back to your room.”

“What about Mother?”

“He’s fine.”

I went to fetch the doctor, and he said it was no big deal. And the look on the demon’s face when he said it was serious. I started to question him, but Eurea stopped me.

“Oppa. Let’s go to your room.”

Worried that Eurea might cry, I nodded. That guy picked up Jester and brought us to our room, and then he put Jester into my arms.

“Wait here for a little while. Here’s a bottle. You know how to feed him, right?”

“Yes.”

“I’ll be right back. Don’t go anywhere else, wait here.”

His tone and expression were so serious that I became frightened. I hope it was really nothing. Eurea climbed into my bed, and I couldn’t tell her to come back.

As I held Jester on my lap and fed him milk, I was overcome with anxiety. I held the baby’s hand without saying a word, wondering if Eurea felt the same way.

I remembered my mother's horrific scream on the day my youngest sibling was born.

Soon after, I heard another flurry of activity outside. I wanted to run out immediately, but I couldn't because of my younger siblings. As the oldest son and alpha, I had a duty to protect them.

After finishing his milk, Jester coughed loudly. I was surprised and picked him up, patting him on the back. Mother had once told me that if I didn't do this, the baby would throw up. However, Jester hiccupped and threw up.

"Yuck. Oppa!"

Something hot trickled down my shoulder as my sister screamed. Jester hiccupped once more, then threw up again. Eurea screamed, "Is Jester going to die too?!" and screamed.

"He's not dying, he just threw up. Calm down and go to the bathroom over there to get a towel."

"Mom. Dad. Martha. Hugo."

Shaking her head, Eurea looked like she was going to run out of the room at any moment. At any other time, I would have told her to go get someone, but not now.

“Eurea, calm down!”

I shouted, and she jerked away.

“Go soak a towel in water and bring it here.”

“Y-Yeah.”

Eurea, who looked like she was going to cry, quickly ran over and did as I asked, while I laid the vomited-up Jester on the clean floor. He wasn’t dirty except around his mouth. The problem was my clothes and my bed sheets.

“Here, Oppa.”

Eurea held out a wet towel and I wiped Jester down. I picked him up again, this time carrying him to Eurea’s bed. Then I stripped off my clothes, found a fresh pair of pajamas in my drawer, and pulled them on. I pulled my soiled bed sheets off and bunched them up at the foot of the bed.

“Are you okay?”

“I’m fine, they said that babies throw up a lot. He’s breathing fine, right?”

Eurea glanced at Jester and soon nodded.

“Then there’s no problem. Let’s all sleep in your bed tonight.”

“What about Mom?”

“She’ll be fine when we wake up.”

I lay down, even though I couldn’t sleep. I lay down with Jester in the middle and pulled the covers over me, and after a moment, Eurea spoke up.

“Can I hold your hand?”

“Okay.”

I continued to hold her hand until Jester fell asleep, followed by Eurea. But I couldn’t sleep all night. I was very worried about Mother.

It wasn’t until much later that someone opened the door. I looked up quickly and realised it was that guy. Instantly, tears welled up in my eyes and I called out, “Dad.” He came over.

“Is everyone okay?”

“Jester threw up, and I didn’t get him to burp quickly enough. Once he was cleaned up, he seemed fine, so I put him to bed.”

“Really? Good job.”

A big hand stroked his hair.

“What about Mom?”

“He’s fine, as I told you earlier.”

The demon’s expression was better than it had been earlier. Maybe it really was nothing. He picked up Jester and stayed with me until I fell asleep. I held Eurea’s hand with one hand and held that guy’s hand with my other. I didn’t feel resentful of him. I was just relieved. Like I had become a baby, I wanted him to stay with me. It was unfortunate that I was still too young and needed him.