

Garden 106

Vol. 4 Chapter 2.12 - My honorable defiance toward confronting the disrespectful illegal inhabitant

“Look, they sell both ice cream and sweets. Let’s go there, Oppa!”

“Where? Oh, I found it!”

We ran, making sure our mother followed behind. The owner of the sweet shop was a middle-aged woman, an Omega. She looked a little younger than Martha, and her body reeked of sweet sweets.

“Welcome, my dear. What can I get you?”

“Chocolate ice cream! And strawberry ice cream too.”

“Me too, and hot chocolate too, please!”

We said as soon as we were seated at an empty table, and Mother, who was seated next, laughed and ordered black tea.

“Your teeth will rot if you eat that many sweets.”

“But you’ll let us off the hook today, won’t you?”

“But only if you don’t boast to Kloff about your new clothes, okay?”

“Yes!”

We exchanged glances and giggled as if we were conspiring to commit a crime. While we ate our sweet ice cream and hot chocolate, Mother ordered a couple of more cakes and we reveled in the good fortune of filling our bellies with a snack rather than a meal.

After eating until we were full, there was still time before we needed to go back. After some deliberation, my mother said to himself, “It’s not too late yet, so we can go to the gallery.” Eurea and I, not wanting to go home yet, nodded in unison.

“I wonder if Jester will cry.”

“I’m sure he’s eating well and sleeping well.”

“That’s right, Mother. Jester is a good baby.”

“Then shall we go?”

With the enthusiastic approval of his accomplices, my mother, who was no longer in the least bit worried, took the two of us to the Royal Gallery of Fine Arts, near the Royal Palace. Unlike our earlier visit to the sweet shop, my mother was the most excited person in the carriage.

“There’s an exhibition of a famous painter this time. Do you remember the landscape painting in the study?”

“Yes, I know. It was Father’s favourite painting because it sparkled and shone, wasn’t it?”

“Yes. The painter is coming, and I hope we can meet him today.”

Mother hummed with delight. We were very excited about the idea of sneaking away.

In front of the gallery, my mother gave us a firm warning. He insisted that we stay quiet and unobtrusive, no shouting, no jumping, and no running, because children don’t usually come here. Eurea, unrivaled in pretense and reservedness, and I, too, knew what was proper behaviour as the prestige son of the Count. We walked lightly, with heads held high and shoulders squared.

The gallery’s caretaker saw Mother and bowed stiffly to him, then to the rest of us. Eurea and I bowed politely and followed our mother into the gallery.

There were quite a few people inside the gallery. The famous artist must be very popular. Most of the paintings on display were landscapes. I’ve been told many times that I have no talent for art, but it’s

pathetic that I don't even have a good eye for it, so I followed my mother around and admired the paintings.

Unlike my adult mother, Eurea and I had to stand a few feet behind to get a good look at the tall paintings. As much as I hate it, I'm Eurea's guardian in these cases, so I hold her hand. Eurea naturally took my hand as she had always been strictly taught. My mother looked at a painting for a long time because he liked it very much. The Royal Gallery is not open to the public and there are guards everywhere, so we didn't have to worry about getting lost. We were soon off to see other paintings.

In addition to landscapes, there were portraits, still lifes, and bizarre paintings. Eurea and I had a small argument about which paintings we liked and which we thought were weird, and when we came out of the huge gallery, my mother was still standing in front of that painting, and next to him was an Alpha I had never seen before.

At first I thought it was just an acquaintance. My mother was talking to someone else, so we didn't interrupt him, so we looked at the painting again from a little distance away and had a small argument about how I could never draw something like that.

"Oppa, you could never draw that."

"Neither can you, you mushroom spore."

"Did you just swear? I'm going to tell Mom."

"That's not a swear word, you single-celled animal."

“That’s definitely a swear word, and I remembered all the times Dad told you not to call me that.”

Ouch. I’m going to get in trouble for this. I threw my hands up and quickly grabbed Eurea, who was about to go to Mother.

“Mom!”

“Shhh, we’re in an art gallery,” I cautioned, quickly covering her mouth. Luckily, Mother wasn’t looking this way.

“Ugh!”

Eurea pointed with her hand. I looked too.

My mother was talking to an alpha standing next to him, looking very happy, and the alpha casually put his hand on my mother’s shoulder. Whether he realised it or not, he took a step back to look at the painting, and it fell away, but the Alpha quickly narrowed the gap and placed his hand on my mother’s back. That’s my mother, where is he touching him?!

Eurea’s eyes and mine lit up, then we rushed over.

“Uh..... Dad, aren’t we getting late?”

“Ah..... Mom will be waiting for you at home, and so will the baby.”

I squeezed in between him and my mother as Eurea took Mother’s hand and led him to the door.

“You guys. What’s with the sudden rudeness?”

My mother’s words stung, but I didn’t back down. I glared at the alpha with a very hostile gaze. He was ugly, swarthy, sandy-haired, and dirty. It was beyond me that he dared to flirt with the Teiwind Count when he wasn’t even worth the demon’s fist if he was here.

“I beg your pardon, Mr Bült. These are my children.”

“Ah, I have heard that you have three children, Count. Hello, my name is Bült.”

“Bült?”

“Lenoc, you’re being rude!”

Mother scolded me, and I quickly apologised. I could see why Mother was so amused. Bült was the painter who was opening the exhibition. I was in trouble. My mother, who has an infinite love for art, had let his guard down simply because he was his favourite painter. A rude hand brushed against his shoulder and touched his arm, yet he didn't stop him. I was in a panic. I squirmed in my seat and thought maybe I should even cry. I exchanged a quick glance with Eurea.

"I'm sleepy, I want to go home."

Eurea, who was a master at using her pouts to her advantage, stood up.

"Suddenly?"

"Yeah, I want to sleep. I'm sleepy."

Rubbing her eyes and squatting down in her seat, Eurea buried her head down. Well done, my sister! That's how you do it.

"This is awkward."

Mother laughed embarrassedly, then gave his greetings to Bült. Then she scooped Eurea up off the ground and carried her. Now that I'm all grown up, I was jealous of getting carried by my mother, but I held it in. I grabbed Mother by the hem of his jacket and followed him out the door. I looked back and saw Bült looking here wistfully. Too bad for him.

Just as I reached the estate and changed into my indoor clothes, that guy arrived home. I rushed out.

“Father!”

“Oh, Lenoc. This is unlike you. Why are you so excited to see me?”

“Why are you home so late?”

“Hmm? I think I’m a little earlier than usual.”

The demon said as he handed his hat to the butler. I was about to tell him what had happened earlier, but I didn’t get the chance because Mother appeared and greeted him. When asked if everything was okay, my mother said that nothing happened. Gosh, Mother was lying. Something happened, something that the devil would be up in arms about if he knew. Mother glanced at me as he kissed his husband lightly on the lips when he returned. I didn’t expect this. Mother was deliberately trying to hide it.

Why, why? Did Mother hate the Demon now because he tormented him?

As I stood there in shock, Eurea appeared and was picked up by the stupid demon, who was oblivious and enjoying himself. Then, without a word, Mother took my hand and brought me to the dining room for dinner. That day, all of my favourite dishes were on the table, but I couldn’t tell if the food was going into my mouth or my nose.

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