

GREED 58

Chapter 58 Baby Amateur Fighting.

"Being a baby is not what I thought it would be." Mused Soverick or the one known as legion two. There he was, sitting in a dipper and looking out the window. He had a scrunched-up face as if he were in deep thought, and he was. He was currently on the "Think about my life" part of the daily agenda, right after meditation.

"It is strangely pleasurable. That clumsy buffoon lives for my every whim and makes my life so much easier" he snickered to himself. He was having a nice time being a baby battle sage monkey. There were no rules and he could do whatever he wanted, whenever he wanted to. It was not as luxurious as being a high Elf baby but he was also without responsibility.

"The only thing ruining my experience is the presence of my unruly siblings. They cry too much, I think I should ask for a room of my own. I can't take much more of this. It is only a matter of time before I have to strangle them in their sleep."

The only downside to having free time is spending it with bad company. Bad company has a way of ruining the moment. He could only ignore them and allow his mind to wander, completely oblivious to the chaos in the background.

His siblings which he decided to call the blue thing and the red thing had trashed their room, again. They had been doing that recently but this time, the room was a big mess. Soverick chose to ignore that too.

At only 5 months, the red thing and blue thing had become a bundle of tumultuous energy. They were already capable of walking and simple communication. But unlike him, their model eldest who spends his time either in meditation, quiet contemplation, or light physical training, the blue, and red thing only know to fight. He was pulled back from his silent contemplation by a particularly nasty slap. The sound of it was simply jarring, he couldn't ignore it.

He turned to see the blue thing angered and ready to retaliate. He swung his arms in a wide arc that was too easy to evade but the red thing didn't dodge in time.

"Like some common thugs" he chided inwardly. They liked to fight but they were bad at it. This sort of behavior is beneath him so he didn't bother to talk to them or be mindful of the damage they might cause to the environment or each other.

The door of their room opened suddenly, and their father burst in. It seemed the sound had attracted the father figure, proof that the old man was listening in on them. Soverick prepared to watch a show.

He noticed that the old man was breathing heavily as he took in the sight of the room. "He must have been running," thought Soverick to himself. "I couldn't hear him coming because of the soundproofing. His labored breathing means he was far away maybe not even in the house. A king of law cannot be out of breath running the short distance within the house. He must have a portable spying device that he uses to keep track of us."

Their father photo turned to Soverick and eyed him before turning his attention to the other two, who in fact, were still fighting. He rubbed his eyelids with his right hand and sighed. He wasn't surprised by the sight. He had been alarmed by the snap he heard through the monitor so he rushed here, but it turns out he was worried for nothing. He walked forward to separate and examine the fighting babies.

"Can they even be called babies? More like portable trouble." He thought to himself as he felt the babies for injuries but they struggled to escape his grip.

"Stop it" he ordered loudly, enough to shake the room. His voice stunned the two amateur fighters and only then did he realize what he had done.

"Stop it." He said in a softer tone. He had to do another round of examination to make sure he had not hurt them with his earlier shout.

"Thank goodness," he muttered, then sighed at the tenacity of his children. Normal babies might have been seriously injured by that shout. Even though he had not channeled any intention to harm, the shout of a king is not easy to bear. But then again, his kids were far from normal.

Since their birth, they had not eaten anything or hardly slept. Their bodies did not require nourishment of any kind, they were born capable of sustaining themselves, and more than that. They were growing stronger every day. They appeared to be low maintenance at first glance but it wasn't so. They needed more of his time and effort to take care of them.

Mana from the environment is constantly being funneled into their bodies so they were always full of energy, energy which they expend through fighting. He had tried everything to stop them but they would start crying if he so much as to inhibit their freedom.

They had broken their first crib when he tried to lock them in. So he had replaced their crib with an enchanted crib capable of withstanding mana-infused attacks. That had stopped them for a while but then their eccentric older brother managed to hack the lock system and let himself out.

This caused the other two to grow frantic in their efforts to get out, so much that they were harming themselves in the process. But no matter how much they tried they could only watch their eldest leave his crib as he pleased. The two trouble makers had opted to cry their lungs out after their failed attempts.

He could only let them out because their emotions were stirring up the ambient mana into their various affinities which could very well lead to a disaster. They might not know how to control their abilities but their emotions can work up a storm.

Even though he didn't like them dueling each other with their fist it was much better than playing with fire and lightning in an enclosed space.

"So much talent." He thought in jealousy.

"I wish I had half as much talent as them. I would be stronger right now."

All the talent they had was being spent on figuring out how to fight. He did what he always did whenever they go off rails like this, he began to scold them.

Soverick watched from the side with much amusement. It was like watching a mother hen tutor her disobedient chicks. But the chicks think the hen is out of it.

"Stop fighting. Fighting isn't good." Ghoto said. "Fighting is bad. You're siblings, so you should care for each other."

Try as he might the chicks were not listening to mother hen's lecture. Ghoto noticed them giving him that vacant look as if they couldn't make sense of what he was saying.

"Why must you fight?" He asked in exasperation. His voice took on a steely tone when they didn't answer "Answer me Ghaster, and you too Litori."

"She looked at me funny." Ghaster the second eldest spoke. He pointed at his junior sister "She is disrespectful. She always laughs at me."

His sister Litori was quick to refute him.

"Stop saying that. You are not older than me. I laughed because you look funny."

Ghoto sighed again. It was the same old thing. Although their intelligence was astounding for "people" their age, they had a one-track mind. And as much as their learning capacity was high, there are just some things that they fail to grasp.

"How about reading? Reading is fun, trust me." He said in an attempt to turn their attention toward more fruitful things.

"But she always laughs at me," Ghaster complained.

It was the root of the problem but there was nothing Ghoto could do about that. It is true, Ghaster is funny looking. It is because of his awakening to lightning at such a young age. He couldn't control his bloodline ability so his charged hair makes him look like a puffed-up, fluffy animal.

"Don't bother with that Ghaster. You look handsome, it is a unique look. Very handsome." Ghoto tried to encourage Ghaster to take the high road but Ghaster didn't look like he would be doing so anytime soon, at least not with that sly grin that Litori was wearing. If he was so handsome, then what was making Litori laugh about his looks? She ought to be admiring him not sneering. It won't matter anymore, as long as he slugs her face and wipes that condescending smile off her pretty face.

"If only they were like their elder brother. Quiet and calm." Ghoto thought.

He continued to push the reading agenda. "Soverick likes reading. There must be something about it that has grabbed his attention." Ghoto said before turning to his eldest son, "Why don't you tell them what is so interesting about reading Soverick."

"Don't bring me into this, old man." Was what ghoto got for his effort.