

## **GREED 59**

### Chapter 59 Negotiations With A Baby.

Their father tried to set them on the right path and he brought Soverick into it in a bid to achieve this.

"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." That was what Ghoto got for his effort. Soverick had no intention of helping out.

"Why are you like this? Why don't you want to help your siblings?" Ghoto almost pleaded for support but his eldest was as stone-cold as ever. His eldest son had always been detached from responsibility. There was this one time when he watched his siblings playing with a very sharp object that escaped his search. He had reprimanded the boy but he had said, "how will they learn if they don't get hurt? Experience is the best teacher old man."

Ghoto was looking forward to his excuse this time.

"Because that's your job, not mine. As if my life isn't as difficult as it is. I am just a baby you know. You were the one that came up with the stupid idea to have kids. Decisions like that come with fire consequences. You better own up to your wrongs."

Ghoto calmed down. It was as the boy said, it was his job, and he was failing at it. But nothing had prepared him for this arduous task. That didn't mean he would relent though.

"Could you at least talk them out of fighting? You are the eldest, you're supposed to be their role model."

"I tried to 2 months ago when they started talking but they didn't listen. So I stopped bothering myself with them."

His answer didn't satisfy Ghoto. "That isn't enough. You haven't tried enough."

"For what? They don't listen to you so why would they listen to me." It was Soverick's turn to be exasperated, and it showed in his voice. "Why do you even bother yourself. I don't even care about their names. I call them the blue thing and red thing. That's to show just how much emotion I have invested in their existence. I wouldn't even miss them if they die."

"Don't say that. That's just wrong." Ghoto was aghast, it was only now that he knew that his eldest wasn't so normal either. None of his kids are normal.

"Whatever. Just do your thing" Soverick said with his voice dripping with derision and his finger pointing at the rascals ready to go at it. "And live me to do mine."

"Mother high heavens above, when will your mother return. I have never needed her presence like so much right now." Ghoto was just about to snap. Here he was trying to stop them from fighting but it is a waste of his efforts. The kids seem to have gotten bolder. They will usually wait for him to leave before resuming their fight. He was not being afforded that respect anymore.

Ghoto's outburst got Soverick thinking. Where was his so-called mother? He hadn't seen her since their day of birth. "It wouldn't change much even if she were here. Only violence can quench the violence in these two rascals." Then he turned his attention inwards, in his body. He examined the flow of energy through every cell. This miraculous scene didn't faze him much. He had experienced something like this as a High Elf. The high affinity to mana and nature will lead to the unconscious imbibing of energy by elf babies and children of high-level organisms. It is also a common sight in children with royal bloodlines of sufficient purity. The bloodline can be described as a mold constructed by fragments and strings of laws, it aims to replicate the origin of the bloodline in more places than one. Those with the bloodline will find themselves developing in the image of their ancestors both physically, mentally, and emotionally.

Adults that awaken to their bloodline will not feel much of a difference in their conduct apart from the few emotional outburst. They will experience functional and cosmetic mutations but that is the end of it. The debut release happened at N0v3lBiiin.

Babies on the other hand are especially susceptible to such manipulations. The bloodline awakened in the womb and its impact couldn't be resisted at that stage of their life. It is why his younger siblings are so violent.

Ghaster awakened the bloodline of an ancestor with a lightning affinity. It makes him always active and full of energy. Even titans of law will become emotionally unstable and physically destructive with such an element, not to talk of a mere baby, one that is being constantly infuriated by a sister that is innately arrogant and fearless because of the fire in her blood. It doesn't help that they belong to the battle sage race, odds are the ancestors that the bloodline originated from are battle junkies.

So it couldn't be helped, they had to fight, one plus one must make two. The effect of their bloodline, their elemental affinities, and their race culminated in energy that can only be expended through long bouts of fighting. Ghoto's efforts will go to waste. If their bloodline has anything to do with it, his efforts must go to waste.

As for him, he chose to channel his surplus energy into refining and training himself. The royal bloodline has an almost magical effect in refining the person it awakened within to achieve greatness. But its effect can be amplified through targeted training. That is why he put a lot of effort into physical exercise, even as a baby. His plan for omnipotence does not end with becoming a baby. He plans to become an origin god again and then tackle the next obstruction on his path to power. It will only happen if he takes things one baby step at a time, he wouldn't rest on his laurels.

But just for kicks, he decided to throw the poor man a bone for his effort. He planned to get something useful out of it too.

"I have a solution." He said to his father who immediately teared up.

"I knew you cared. You aren't heartless after all. You can still change."

Soverick's eye twitched, but he smiled and continued "No I don't care. But we could have a deal."

The sight of his pearly white baby teeth did not put his father at ease. "A child should not be so calculating," he thought and voiced his concerns "Where did you learn to make deals?"

"That's none of your business, old man. Are you in or out?" He asked impatiently.

Ghoto almost sighed but he stopped himself. It would become a bad habit if he indulged himself. He thought back to his childhood. His father hadn't cared enough to stick around. He had to struggle with

his mother to live and pay for his training. But here he was, a father with all the care in the world, but his children didn't need him. They didn't need his money to eat or pay for their training expenses. They were growing every day, all on their own, without him. He could have dropped them off in a forest filled with wild animals and they were likely to survive. Their instincts and ancestral memories will protect them.

"Maybe that's what is giving this boy the cheek to bargain with me." He complained but he would listen to the boy first, who knows, he might have a solution.

"I am in. What do you want?" Ghoto said through the gaps in his teeth.

"I want my room," Soverick said unconcerned. As if he didn't notice the twisted look his father was giving him. So he continued. "I want it to be secured and private. I don't want you spying on me or barging into my room unannounced."

His son's flippant attitude was the straw that broke his back. He unleashed his aura and stood straight "You will tell me the solution or else" he replied while his eyes gave assurance of threats unsaid. While the two runts cowered in the background because their bloodline was alarming them with feelings of danger, Soverick didn't look one bit fazed.

"Is that all?" He asked, unamused.

"Something doesn't go your way and you resort to violence. Disappointing. Is that what you want to teach your children? How to behave like thugs. I can see where the two rascals got their violence streak from."

Ghoto deflated with every word. He felt ashamed of his outburst.

"I am sorry." He apologized.

"Good. Good that you know your place. You are our caretaker. You are supposed to take care of us. If you wouldn't care for me, you should at least care for the other two. I am only asking these so that I won't strangle them. I am not asking for too much, am I?"

"I take it all back. He doesn't care at all." Ghoto lamented mentally.