

## **GREED 60**

Chapter 60 Father = Baby Caretaker.

Ghoto lamented mentally but he continued to entertain the boy. "No, you aren't asking for too much. You refraining from killing your siblings is already magnanimous."

Soverick ignored his sarcastic tone and continued.

"It is nice that you understand. I am a reasonable person and I like talking to reasonable people," he said with a look of approval on his face.

"Moving on let's get something straight, I don't succumb to the threat of violence. I will only succumb to violence, not the threat of it." Then he turned to his siblings that had sobered up. "But those two will succumb to the threat of violence."

"Now on to our deal. When will I get the room?"

Ghoto sighed out loud, he couldn't help himself this time.

"How about you tell me first. If it is good then we can talk about the room."

"Oh, smart." Soverick sneered. "Very smart of you. You want to outsmart a baby. Shame on you."

Ghoto flushed red, his blue fur did nothing to hide his embarrassment. "Ok, I give you my word that I will talk to your mother about it."

"It seems you're not the one in charge here, but fair enough. I will see your superior when she returns."

"Get to the point."

"Why don't you shackle them with chains and weights. They will tire themselves out trying to fight."

Ghoto was shocked. " You want me to shackle my children like criminals?" It was one thing to be a useless dad, a dad that negotiates with his 5 months old child even, but a jailer dad. That's just absurd, absurd to the highest degree.

"What are you shouting for? Look at us, we wear matching outfits, you don't feed us well, we are locked into the room without freedom and we even sleep in reinforced cells. So how are we different from inmates." Soverick said while pointing at their crib. Everything he said was technically right apart from one. "You don't eat well because you refuse to eat the food I prepared," Ghoto said in his defense.

"What you prepared cannot be called food. Even criminals will have better options than what you offered." Soverick maintained. "Alright. Calm down. How about this, I'll do you a favor and shackle them for you. So you can escape your guilt that way."

"No."

"How about manacles?"

Ghoto took in a deep breath before saying "I can't believe I have to say this. No shackles, no chained weights, and no manacles."

"Alright then. Your loss. It's your choice. Either way, I get my room." But he got a glare from Ghoto in response.

"What? My idea was good. They wouldn't fight and they get to exercise. They have too much energy for their own good. It was a good idea, and I even offered to do your dirty work for you. It's not my fault that you chickened out because of a tiny little moral dilemma."

Ghoto decided to put an end to the discussion about shackles. "You have made your point. I will talk to your mother when she returns. You might get your room."

"Good. Good. When will your superior return anyway?" Soverick asked half interested in the answer. He wasn't interested in her before but that had upgraded to half interest since her arrival will determine how soon he gets his room.

"Very soon I'm sure. Practically anytime now." Ghoto answered amidst his effort to clean the room or at least restore it to a semblance of decorum while his two youngest kids remain content with watching them talk. Thankfully it doesn't take much of an effort to move objects around with his mind so he was able to notice the ability to assimilate knowledge of his children. They were watching him and learning fast, they even had the occasional looks of contemplation on their faces. If they find something previously unknown they would try to locate information about it through their ancestral memories. They didn't need him to teach them, as long as they can retrieve the information they need, they will become knowledgeable. The only thing that they will lack is hands-on experience but they will make do with their instincts. Given enough time the kids will get better than adults with years of training. Ghoto knew this much about children with bloodlines because he always lost to them as a child.

"I just hope they don't learn their elder brother's brand of bad behavior." He thought to himself, but his eldest son was not done with his shenanigans.

"She better get here fast. I have so much to tell her about your performance."

"I'm sure you do." Ghoto was resigned to his position of caretaker.

"I'll tell you beforehand so you can avoid being anxious. Your performance as a caretaker is subpar."

"Oh, is that so?" His voice dripped with sarcasm, but soverick didn't mind. He was in a good mood so he would allow the poor man some reprieve.

"It is. You do well enough obeying my every whim but there are some times that you decide to be unreasonable. Then there's that moral compass that is too good for a minion in your position. Given your desperation for a solution, can you afford to be so picky?"

"This again about the inmate thing? You know what, you might be right." Ghoto asked with a strange glee.

"Of course I am. It is good that you can finally see the light."

"It is not too late for me. I'll even take it further. I'll also add gagging to the list."

It was soverick's turn to be surprised, he didn't think his old man would change his opinion so quickly.

"I am honestly surprised and impressed. Well done. This might solve the noise issue but I still want my room."

"I am not done yet." Ghoto interrupted with barely suppressed sardonic joy. "I'll also have you gagged."

He finished, waiting to enjoy the look of horror when his son realises he wouldn't be able to spew anymore of his sadistic words.

A look of realization appeared on soverick's face. But it wasn't followed by horror or pleas, only pity. Ghoto had expected him to at least look unhappy but all he got from the boy was a condescending gaze of pity.

"Maybe you don't understand, I'll lock up your mouth, your hands and feet will be laden with weights like a yoked animal."

"I know what you meant. Unlike your other seeds, I am not stupid. I understand you are threatening me. Apart from the fact that threats don't work on me, I don't believe you can go through with it. You don't have the spine. Even if you went through with it, your plan won't work on me, I can break free remember. Unless you use some origin grade locks."

It was ghoto's turn to realize that his son was too smart. He had been able to break free from his crib, something a being lesser than a transcendent couldn't break into. So he decided to just give up and leave with what little honor he had left. He wouldn't entertain the Welp any longer, he would just complete his work and close the door behind him.

Soverick looked on as a grown man worked on cleaning the mess made by some babies before leaving dejectedly. He realized something some days after he was born. Children, especially babies have power over their parents. A crying baby means no sleep in the house for the parents. This is all because of parental bonds and the responsibility of parenthood. A man can choose not to accept becoming a father. It is not having children that makes someone a father, it is accepting the responsibility that comes with caring for a child that makes one a father. Accepting this responsibility can make a powerful

man lower his head. Things become even worse when your child is the miniature form of a powerful lifeform, complete with knowledge, wisdom, and skills in the form of bloodline instincts.

It is common for such babies to be highly intelligent. So Ghoto did not suspect the level of knowledge that Soverick, his first son possesses. It did not cross his mind that within the small child is the soul of an origin god, because what are babies with royal bloodlines if not low-powered miniature origin gods. Soverick did not need to hide his peculiar abilities and personality. In fact, his intelligence will set him aside and allow him to be better groomed. If not, then there was no reason to stick around. He could get his main body to send sovereign clones to him. He wanted an identity recognized by the racial council which could only be expedited by possessing a traceable family tree. Such an identity will make a lot of things easier for him in the future. So if he was going to stick around, why not make a good impression and create the best identity possible.