

GREED 62

Chapter 62 Two Heads Are Only Better Than One If They Are Both Good.

Magic is a complicated thing that involved the active usage of latent mana using the divine sense to weave intricate spell structures that then unleash the magic. Ghoto wasn't sure something like that can be achieved by kids their age but he was not going to underestimate them. Kids with awakened royal bloodlines could not be underestimated in their capabilities. He forced himself to smile and promised to get back at the boy. "You didn't have to do that. I have already gotten help," he said while pointing to Kayla, "I'm sure we can figure something out on our own."

"It was no problem on my side. It was in fact, a pleasure, and I was hoping to see if you will revisit my Shackling idea. Would you finally bend your moral backbone or give each of us our rooms?" Ghoto could see the glee in his son's eyes as he spoke, "Either way I get finally get my room."

Still, Ghoto refused to snap. Instead, he continued to smile and he chose to change the subject.

"Her name is Kayla and she is going to be staying with us for a while."

Right on cue, Kayla greeted them. "Nice to meet you, everybody. I'll try my best to cater to your needs."

The two younger ones didn't seem to be interested in whatever was going on in the room. They were at an arm's race. The first person to develop noteworthy skills of significant damage output will get to rail on the other so they didn't want to be the loser. That means not paying attention to their so-called father and some lady of the archaic variant chatting and slacking off with their weird eldest. Soverick was the only one interested in this "New plaything" enough to examine her. And he did it critically.

"Not bad for a non-bloodliner." His first comment stung Kayla. His reference to her lack of a bloodline made her especially sensitive to criticism. She had realized she couldn't compare herself to them in talent anyway, only her strength could offer her some reprieve, but the way the small boy held himself with confidence made her even more timid and afraid of reprove.

Soverick continued with his appraisal seemingly oblivious to her discomfort. Kayla may not be bad for her background, she wasn't good enough either. He was currently an origin god with the pride of one, anything beneath his level is equal to mediocrity. So his caretakers ought to be the very best of that large pool of mediocrity that could be offered. He was a baby, it wasn't his place to ask for the best, it should have been offered to him without his request. So yes, saying she was lacking was an

understatement but he was also "matured" enough to not say that. Soverick decided to take the high road and keep his displeasure to himself. He encouraged himself with the fact that she was temporary and she would probably die trying to break through to transcendent.

Instead, he said "Not bad indeed. But you know, two heads are better than one, only if they are both good."

"What do you mean?" Kayla asked.

"I meant that your predecessor was lacking, scathing on the edge as it was. Is your addition a good idea?"

Ghoto's face darkened. It was one thing to talk down on him in the presence of an outsider, it was another to add the outsider to the degradation. It was a deadly double combo. Sadly, there was nothing he could do, for now. He would read up and get back at the boy. Besides Kayla is now part of the family, she should learn to handle her share of the burden, that's what she came for anyways. The earlier she can adapt the better for her.

"I'll be off. Why don't you guys get to know each other." Ghoto said hurriedly before walking away.

'This thing must be expensive. Why would she pick out something like this?'

He thought as he left the children's room to read the book. Hard books were almost extinct nowadays, only wealthy people with a massive amount of time granted by the elevation of their life's order read them. Information transmission from mind to mind has long been achieved, so such modes of information storage had become all but obsolete.

While Ghoto was about to help himself to the book, Kayla had to deal with the caretaker interview currently being held in the children's room. The audible slam of the door closing ushered in a period of silence that Soverick was more than comfortable with breaking.

"So what do you say. Are you a good addition or not?" He folded his arms while his eyes resumed their scrutiny. The multicolored eyes squinting at her made Kayla uneasy. "In simpler terms what can you do?"

Kayla tried to smile to ease some tension before replying. "I can cook. I mean I can prepare medicinal food that will enhance your growth. I can sing, I have a nice voice, so I will sing you to sleep. I can also tell you stories. Interesting bedtime stories. My younger brothers and sisters enjoyed it when they were younger." Kayla had been watching the boy's face to gauge his emotions and feelings as she spoke but she got nothing. The boy was like an insurmountable glacier and she lost confidence until she couldn't speak. Only then did Soverick nod before passing judgment. "Barely adequate. We can make use of your first skill, we will have to pass on the rest. We don't need to waste our time on nonsense such as singing and bedtime stories. Unlike other impaired offsprings that you are used to, we don't need sleep."

"Are you sure you can make decisions for everyone, why don't you ask for their opinions?" Kayla asked in indignation. She had a soft spot for her singing which Soverick had labeled as nonsense. Children loved her singing, the boy may be the odd one out but his siblings might appreciate her singing.

"I make the decisions," Soverick announced solemnly. He decided to teach the girl a lesson, he could recognize someone trying to sow the seeds of discord at a glance.

"You know what? You will be also useful for target practice. Your body seems sturdy enough and we will try not to break you physically so that you can always cook for us. I'm sure your pleasant voice will go well with screams of pain."

Kayla tried to keep her face together. "You can't hurt me anyways, you're too weak." She said back. If there was one thing she had confidence in, it was her strength. She felt there's no way children less than a year old can ever compare to her mana body that took centuries to acquire, no matter how talented the children are.

'I can do much more than hurt you. I can break you.' Soverick thought to himself in amusement but he decided to keep the naive girl in the dark, for her sanity. And people say he doesn't care.

"I can try, you know what they say, practice makes perfect. I bet practice with a singing target will be better." Soverick mocked.

"I'll be back," Kayla said before she walked out. She decided not to bicker with a child. She would rather show him up with her actions. She decided to visit a store and purchase some of the things she needed to cook a meal. She could order them but she wanted to examine and pick the ingredients herself. Kayla was willing to put in the extra effort to ensure maximum satisfaction. Taking care of the kids is her main

objective here and their opinion of her will affect the success of her side objectives. A favorable opinion of her will go a long way in securing assistance for her progress in refinement. And she had some confidence in her cooking.

"I bet he will bite his tongue when he tastes my food and realize how good it is." She thought to herself.

She also began planning retribution. She wanted the children to like her but that didn't mean she would allow them to walk over her. Her experience with raising kids had taught her that she had to be soft at times and hard at other times. Only then will they respect her and appreciate her.

In a bid to achieve that she will also get a mana lock formation along with cooking materials. A mana lock formation is an array that would lock down the mana in the area under its influence and prevent its active usage. It may be a little extreme but it would prevent them from using mana.

"I can't wait to see their face when they realize they can't practice. Then they will have to beg me."

It was a perfect plan. She didn't need to spend her money on it. She would tell their father that it is for their protection so that they wouldn't be able to hurt themselves or be hurt by others accidentally or in her case, not so accidentally.