

## **GREED 64**

Chapter 64 A Very Very Short Glorious And Honourable Battle.

Ghaster was determined to find out what the eldest was truly capable of. There was only one way to find out. So despite his fear for the eldest, he stood up and started approaching the eldest. He was only 10 meters away when he heard the eldest speak. "What do you want pipsqueak?"

The simple question made his spine tingle. He had been sneaking up to the eldest, he had made sure not to make any sound just like his instincts instructed him on hunting. So how did the eldest know he was coming? He wasn't even looking at them. The eldest had his back to them, did he have eyes at the back of his head?

His instincts told him it could be a bluff but the chances of that are just too low considering the threat level of the target. It's not like the eldest was fond of talking out loud to himself, he knew that much about the eldest. The eldest usually sits by the window and does nothing, so he decided to give up on his ambush.

"I challenge you to an honorable duel," Ghaster said. His sentence made the eldest give him a side glance. "Is that so?" The eldest said. "About time. I honestly thought you would be smarter and take your time. You must have felt it, right?"

The question made Ghaster gulp. Yes, he had felt it. There was no chance of victory, but that didn't mean he would concede defeat before even fighting. 'What did the eldest mean by smarter and taking his time? Was there another option?' His mind was in confusion a little because of what the eldest said but his body was on high alert and filled with adrenaline. He was pumped up and ready to do battle right now but he couldn't muster the will to talk. His body wasn't listening to him, it wanted to run. His mind might be slow but his body was quicker in understanding what he was in. It was thanks to his body that he began to understand that this might have been a foolish endeavor.

"For honor." He managed to squeeze out.

"What honor is there in losing?" The eldest asked in return. But he couldn't answer, he was spent saying that one short sentence.

"You are either brave or foolish or both. But you are not ready. Don't disturb me. Go away." The eldest said and with that, he turned away from looking at Ghaster. His body was telling him to take the pardon,

and go, but his instincts were also telling him to fight, that he shouldn't stand being ignored even if he was weak. Weakness is for a while but the will to fight is forever. So he rushed forward to do a glorious and honorable battle. And he blacked out.

Soverick looked at the boy that lay sprawled all over the ground and smirked. He was beginning to like the runts. He appreciated the bravery but the boy was stupid. 'Something must be done about that.' He thought to himself.

Like wild beasts in a region, the level of superiority must be determined. The social structure must be determined, the weak separated and eliminated, it is the order of the world. The methods used to determine social standing could be violent like fighting or deterrence like the aura of danger. The three of them are battle sage monkey babies locked in a single room. Battle sage monkeys are inherently violent so no matter how spacious the room is, they were going to fight. It was not a matter of room size, the strongest had to be determined. He had been projecting an aura of danger to them to ward them off. It was not for their protection but he didn't want to deal with them. He was too lazy for it and frankly, he considers himself too big to come so low as to fight a child. But the boy couldn't keep it in. Ghaster was too stupid for his own good, so he made the boy experience more of his aura. He couldn't handle it and he blackout. It was a defense mechanism to protect his mind from damage. There are some things that one shouldn't know, they can drive people mad.

'No rush though. It is not my job after all.' He thought unconcerned. They weren't his kids. He had done enough for them when he made them practice their magic skills. It was mainly to pressure the old man but also to make his siblings utilize their talent. Hard work and talent will bring about extraordinary excellence. While he is far beyond extraordinary excellence already, it would not be a bad thing for them to achieve it. It would help to boost his identity, he didn't want to be associated with mediocre people. Even so, he wouldn't put in too much effort, being a brother is a side mission after all.

He turned to ask the petrified girl at the other end of the room, "What about you?"

The stricken girl shook her head furiously. "Good, don't bother me," Soverick said before turning back to the window, it was not yet time for his daily physical workout so he was trying to hasten the development of his body to the next stage with his mind. It would be soon now. Unlike his siblings, his soul was strong enough to influence the rate at which he would grow. It was just a little, but it would go a long way.

Ghaster did not wake up until Kayla returned later. She woke him up and nursed him back to health. The poor boy didn't remember what happened to him and Lolita refused to talk about the event.

Litori pleaded to give the eldest his personal room, he deserved it was the only reason she was willing to provide. Their lives as children continued like so, but the two children focused on their training more than anything else. They also grew to love Kayla and her singing, all except for Soverick who found her mediocre and her singing tedious. It was nothing like what he had experienced growing up as a High Elf. Her singing ability is enough to get you shunned among high elves. He decided to tolerate her existence only because she allowed them to go for walks outside the house, with constant supervision of course.

Things didn't change until after their first year. It has been 9 months since Kayla joined the family. Ghoto was happy and being a nuisance about it. It was like he wanted everyone to know that he was happy. To top it off, he wanted others to be happy for him and do some stuff. Soverick decided to put his feet down and be the voice of reasoning in this lawless house.

"I am not going." He proclaimed lazily. He was about to have his afternoon nap, a habit he very much enjoyed from his weak baby days. At least that was the plan, before Ghoto barged into his room unannounced, again. It was a violation of his privacy which he had made mention several times but Ghoto just wouldn't listen. He would say something along the lines of 'It is my house.'

"Why?" Ghoto asked calmly. Ghoto had learned that special kids can be opinionated a lot. They can also be adamant and refuse to change their stance. It is his job as a good parent to offer them a new correct and better perspective, it had to be done slowly and with sound argument. When enough irrefutable evidence has been provided, they will change their mind.

"Because I don't want to," Soverick answered.

That approach most often doesn't work on Soverick. He was like an obstinate old man, or a dog with a bone, he just won't let go of his stance.

"But your mom is coming."

"So?"

"You should welcome her."

"I should. It is not a must, so I won't. Who made that rule anyway?"

"Come on. Don't be like that. It will show her how much you care and how much you missed her."

"But I don't care. Why should I care? I didn't marry her." Soverick really didn't. He had already gotten his own room, so he didn't need the head of the caretaker to come and authorize this privilege. What he needed to work on right now is enforcing the rules of his privacy, or society will collapse. It is a slippery slope after all.

"But she is your mother." Ghoto insisted.

"I don't care and I don't miss her. I just want to sleep. She has legs and can come here on her own. There's no need for all of us to go and bring her. If someone must go, then it should be you. I am not like some weak man pining after a woman. And yes, I am referring to you."

Ghoto's face fell. Maybe he was simply bad at convincing people but this part didn't work at all with Soverick.