

## **GREED 65**

Chapter 65 Simply A Passer-By.

Reasoning with Soverick doesn't work. He is like an obstinate old man. Set in his ways and disdainful of new trends.

'Next step then. Threats and show of force.' He thought.

He doesn't feel comfortable using this approach on his children but it was written that some kids just won't bend to anything except strength and higher authority. He had to show them who was in control, only then will they listen to him.

"This is my house and you will follow my rules." He demanded.

"You don't follow my rules. Why should I follow yours? Respect goes both ways, old man." Soverick replied.

Ghoto face palmed in frustration before asking the inevitable.

"Is this about the privacy thing again?"

"So you know. I knew you were doing it on purpose. I knew you chose to be unreasonable to spite me. Forget it, I am not going. I'll let you see what it feels like to reason with a stubborn person who can easily agree but still decides to spite you." Soverick folded his arms and looked ready to sleep.

"Don't even bother to convince me. I am not going." He yawned and said.

Time was running out, Mihila will be here soon. She didn't ask for a welcome party but he wanted to do something for her no matter how little to show how welcomed she is, so Ghoto decided to move on to the step that worked with Soverick.

'Negotiate a deal.' Soverick likes to refer to himself as a reasonable person. He is open to an agreement of mutual benefits. He just had to be willing to make concessions to move Soverick.

"How about this. I promise to respect your privacy and will knock before entry. With your permission of course. Your room will become your territory."

Soverick shook his head. He was not some kid that can be easily pacified with some small advantage.

"No, that won't work anymore. You always say that but you always break your promise."

"Sorry, I was just excited." Ghoto tried to plead his case. His wife was returning after a year of her absence. He had expected her to be away for even longer so he was overwhelmed with joy when she sent him news of her return. Too bad, Soverick didn't care. He didn't care one bit and he was going to make him pay for his apparent "blunder", that he committed in his own house.

"It is still unacceptable. You have broken your promise several times and my trust in you. I want the control key for my room before we can renegotiate new terms." Soverick maintained his stance. He wanted the whole package of sovereignty over his room. He knew he could get it too since Ghoto is so desperate.

"What if something happens to you, how will we check on you?"

"I don't care enough to soothe your anxiety and your concerns of safety for me. That's your business. I just want total control over my room."

"Fine, but I can't give you the control key by myself. The keys to the house are in joint control of Mihila and me. So you will need to get her to give up her authority on this section of the house as well before you gain full control of your room."

"Is that so? I should have known to ask your superior for something like that. You should have mentioned this earlier too. It would have saved us all this time and I wouldn't have spent so much effort on a minion."

Ghoto was just happy that he could convince the boy. He chose to ignore the jabs at himself.

'Mihila is not so tolerant as me. Good luck trying to get her to agree.' He thought smugly to himself.

"So can we go now?" He asked Soverick impatiently.

"Not yet. I might care enough about your wife for now, but that still doesn't absolve you of your crimes. I won't make this difficult for you, but I have some demands."

Ghoto sighed, "But of course, you have some demands. Things just can't be easy with you. What demands do you have and be quick about it." He was losing his patience.

"I have a strict timetable. You can't just spring events on me. From now on you have to inform me beforehand. I expect at least a day before the event or I won't even consider your request. Some of us have a life after all. Do you agree?"

Ghoto gritted his teeth. "I agree."

Soverick raised his arms. "You have to carry me."

Ghoto sized up the body of his year-old son. Soverick wasn't the small bundle swaddled in thick fabric anymore. His son had grown taller over a single year with his height at about a meter tall. He was fast catching up to Kayla.

'Bloodlines are simply cheating.' Ghoto thought.

"Sure." He said before bending to carry the boy that was fast approaching 100kg in mass. He probed the boy's body with his spiritual sense.

"If not for the fact that you grow stronger faster than your siblings I'll be really worried about your laziness."

"I chose to think about the fact that you get to carry me as a privilege that I am bestowing on you, not me being lazy."

"Whatever, your mother will be here soon."

"Yes. Let's get this over with before you talk my ears off." Soverick said indifferently from the bumpy position on the back of Ghoto. The position was not comfortable but it was all he had, he couldn't ask for a better ride like a pet to ride. That would require that he ask for it to be procured for him, but he wasn't a spoilt child. He was capable of being content with what he had. Ghoto's back will do for now. He would buy a better ride in the future.

And so they went to welcome Ghoto's wife, the one he had been missing a for year long. Kayla, Ghaster, and Litori went with them. But they were late. They met with her a short distance from the house.

"Is that you Mihila?" Ghoto asked in shock. He couldn't ascertain her identity. It wasn't his fault, Mihila looked completely different. Ghoto stood still in shock with his mouth open, he had also dropped the package he was carrying. Ghoto could sense the familiarity beneath all the physical changes, it's just that the physical changes had him stumped.

Soverick raised his eyebrow in surprise at the sight of Mihila from his new position on the ground. He didn't raise a ruckus about the grievous crime of being dropped like a sack of unfeeling produce, for now. That will come later, but now he would give the old man some face and forego scolding him in front of his superior.

Speaking of the superior caretaker, she had changed. Her fur had changed into a literal coat of many colors, they resembled the colors present in Soverick's eyes. She had also become imposing, with a height of 2.5m. The family wasn't the only one gawking at her, passers-by were also looking at her with interest. She looked strange for a battle sage monkey and that's considering all the variations and mutations possible with bloodlines.

"So what do you think?" Mihila asked less than a meter from Ghoto.

"So beautiful. You look like a multicolored angel." He exclaimed. Soverick snickered behind him. What other answer do you expect from your husband? He thought. It was either a positive, negative, or evasive answer.

There was not much choice in the matter. It was a good thing his own opinion wasn't sought for. Maybe Ghoto truly thought she was beautiful. But unlike everyone else that saw beauty, he only saw chaos.

"Her path ends here. She will never reach immortality." He thought to himself. From his short observation, he could discern that she would never be able to break through to the sovereign of law level. She had been unlucky to acquire his bloodline. He was already daunted by the complexity of the law fragments much less her, and he was an origin god. It gets worse, the law fragments forcefully pushed her to this level and it derailed her from the path she had started with as a transcendent. The bloodline didn't finish its job either, it should have pushed her to the sovereign level, but it stopped midway. That's why she had multicolored fur instead of the golden one that he had. The law fragments had meshed together in his body in perfect harmony under his manipulation, while they were scattered in hers. She couldn't control the law fragments and is not destined for eternity anymore. She would die as a titan, so he wasn't going to grow attached to her. No use getting to know everyone you meet on your way to your destination. Mihila is now such a person, at least as far as Soverick is concerned. She is just a passer-by to him.