

## **GREED 72**

Chapter 72 Mr. Know-It-All.

Mihila called to the retreating boy. "Stop right there." Soverick stopped and turned to her.

"I can tell that you do not agree with us and you still plan to run away. Isn't that so?" Soverick continued to look at her. His silence was enough of an answer on its own.

Mihila smiled at him. "You must think you are tough. Most people think that before they go through actual pain. Then they change their mind." She waved her hand and created a thin sturdy stick for blunt damage out of her psychic energy. It is a trick that transcendent use against those below them. The liberation of the mind will allow for the solidification of soul power when it reacts with the world. She waved the stick around.

"Nice stick uh. Good for beating. What if I use this stick on you? Will you remain strong? Don't worry it won't damage your nice fur too much. You might be bruised here and there but I'll try not to do permanent damage." She said, then she started to approach him in slow steady steps in hopes of intimidating him.

Ghoto decided not to interfere, for now. He would like to step in and stop the disaster that was about to happen but a quick discreet communication with Mihila assured him otherwise. He wasn't in agreement with the use of violence to teach children and even if he were in support he didn't think it would work with Soverick. He thought about the reasons why he chose to become a father. He wanted to create something of his to leave behind as a sort of legacy in hopes that he would be remembered. He had notable achievements that would ensure he would not be soon forgotten but his endeavor into parenthood would help him patch his psyche and grow spiritually by doing better than his father.

Mihila grinned at him. Her grin and the cane she was holding made her look like a predator. "Small guy, do you still think you are tough?"

Most children would cave in at this point. Soverick spoke. "I must admit that I didn't expect this from you, but you must know. The threat of violence will not dissuade me, I will only bow to actual violence."

"Is that so? How about now?" She froze his body with her mind and manipulated his limbs to spread out. She was hoping the feeling of losing total control of his body would be enough to break his spirit but when he remained unperturbed she raised her stick threateningly before giving up.

She sighed and said. "You can have the control key to your room."

Soverick dusted his shirt and corrected the creases made in them when Mihila froze his body.

"When?" He asked unperturbed.

Mihila shook her head at the sight. "Tomorrow morning." She replied.

"Why not now?"

"Don't push me, young man."

Soverick was in thought for a while before replying. It was as if he was contemplating the effect of pressing her on the issue. When he saw her hand tighten on the stick he gave up.

"I have waited this long I'm sure I can wait till tomorrow morning."

Ghoto walked up to Mihila after Soverick left. "Isn't he frustrating?"

"It is the way his eyes remain emotionless that ticks me off. But I like him even more even though I feel like beating him up." Mihila replied.

"Haha, that reminds me of how a certain couple met."

"That's different."

"Is it? You are both stubborn. Let's hope he isn't as quick to use violence as you."

Mihila tried to grab him but he evaded her. "I made a record of everything that happened when you were away, do want to check it out now?"

"No, I don't. You know what I want." She said as she stalked him.

"Right." Ghoto grinned.

The following morning.

Six people inside a bubble that was made of incredibly powerful soul force were speeding high above the buildings. They could see the houses built atop tall and big trees. These trees are only present in the inner city. It is a vestige of a tradition from the ancient days of the species of battle sage monkey. Back then, it was considered a remarkable thing to have a personal tree to live on. Battle sage monkeys were very territorial about their trees and would fight to keep them. It was a sign of adulthood to possess a tree and you would gain the respect of your peers. It was only later that they evolved and their focus changed to securing territory around Origin waters. It has been many years after that and the focus has changed to territory on the ancient battlefield. This city was built to simulate living conditions on the ancient battlefield and this simulation is expensive to carry out.

Soverick saw some other people flash by in a bubble of their own. There are walkways by the roadside that allow for movement by foot but people hardly use them. The people that live here in the inner city are all people with significant influence in the family or possess notable strength. To such people walking is just too slow. Since most people communicate with their divine sense there is almost no noise or chatter. This makes for a quiet and peaceful environment.

"Mother, what is that in that lady's hand?" Litori asked Mihila. Everyone looked over to find out what the object of inquisition is. The lady in question was holding a thin rectangular unassuming tablet with runes on it.

"Isn't that a simple Rune reinforced brick," Ghaster said quickly, he then glanced at Soverick with a smug smile of triumph. Ghaster had yet to admit defeat, he had yet to give up on challenging his eldest and was always looking for ways to prove he had an advantage over the other.

At first glance, the brick looked like a thin brick the likes that are used in constructing shock-absorbing structures, albeit too thin. Soverick ignored the stupid and ignorant boy.

'What an airhead.' Soverick thought in ridicule. He knew with utmost certainty that Ghaster was wrong.

Ghoto smiled before ruffling Ghaster's head. "Nice try but you're wrong." He glanced between Soverick and Litori with an encouraging look. "Anyone wants to give it another try?" He asked.

Soverick rolled his eyes and ignored him too. Kayla then said, "Why don't you answer the question Soverick. Aren't you Mr. Know-it-all. I bet you don't know what it is." She also brought out a similar object from a small bag she was holding and shook it in front of his face.

Soverick knew what the object was and he knew what Kayla wanted to achieve. Unlike Ghoto that was being subtle, Kayla was taunting him in hopes that he would humiliate himself.

"How much for this bet? I want you to carry me around for a year if I get it right." Soverick said without much expression on his face. Kayla's confidence crumbled, and she began to hesitate.

"No bets." Mihila cut in before Kayla could reply.

"It is a Communication and Entertainment Tablet. It is used to transmit messages quickly from one person to another and to ease boredom."

"Like a communication node and hub?" Litori asked in confusion, she knew a device that performed communication functions but it didn't look like a thin brick.

"Yes, like that. But this is more sophisticated and it has the video call option. The communication node only has the audio option and the contact list. This new device has features for keeping track of call history, saving messages for you, recording, saving, and transmission of events in video format. It is a pretty nifty achievement by the Realm lord in his youth."

"That sounds impressive. The Realm lord is an unprecedented genius." Litori was enlightened. Litori, like all children born with an awakened bloodline, are naturally knowledgeable about a lot of things in different fields because of their ancestral memories. But there are also a lot of things they don't know about, one of which is current affairs. The ancestral memories only contain knowledge from the source of the bloodline, so it doesn't contain relatively current information. It becomes a weakness in certain situations, it will lead them to make wrong decisions confidently and in ignorance.

For example, identification of the communication tablet. Let's say someone with an archaic knowledge of communication is committing a crime and someone holds up a brick. He or she wouldn't consider that the brick is recording and broadcasting the event for proof. Such a person will not realize that there is a network consisting of several more people bearing witness to his or her crime in real-time. Crime used to be easy to perform in the past but the advent of high-speed telecommunication made it difficult to get away with. Everyone with that small brick is a surveillance camera. What's worse is that once something has been recorded and uploaded it is near impossible to remove.