

R. Garden 25

Vol. 4 Chapter 2.2 - My honowable defianse toward confronting the disrespekful illllegal inhabitant

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All my hopes were shattered. I was drowning in a flood of frustration. How could I walk away when I had a spellbook right in front of me that could drive this demon away? A great swamp of despair rose up below my knees. But this is not all. I still have countless hours left. A far longer time than the time granted to the aged demon. There are times when one must retreat for the glory of tomorrow. I must not let go of all hope already.

Also, this book is not yet decipherable; it may be a premature rush. Even if it was embarrassing, maybe I should have completed the punishment of and obtained the <Children's Dictionary>.

Tsk. I let out a low, serious swear word: "Idiot." Fortunately, he didn't seem to hear it. I had to turn around, leaving the book carrying the golden key right in front of me. Just before opening the door while carrying my paper and coloured pencils, I asked him, because at least I needed to know the reason for today's failure.

"But father, how did you know that book was there?"

Uuuuuk. My way of speech sounded full of sucking up. This must have been influenced by that man's henchwoman, Eurea. However, using this way of speech had a big effect on that man. He would always reply with full sincerity. I continued my miserable life of selling my pride to survive. He raised his head and smiled at me. He pointed the tip of his pen at the bookshelf.

"There's an empty space over there."

“How can you tell? There are so many books.”

“Because every book on that shelf is mine. I remember what goes where.”

Ah, no way. So that Classic is owned by that man? What a failure... While I stammered in shock, he smiled delightfully.

“I’m very glad you’re interested in the law. You’re my son, after all.”

“Ah..... ahahaha, of course, father.”

Despite my joyful exterior, I was weeping inside. I wanted that book because I had heard the old butler say that it contained all the laws of the world. Every injustice in matters between individuals is to be judged by the laws contained in that book, and I risked using an unauthorized ladder in the study to drive that man away.....

“This book is far too difficult for you to read when you haven’t even tackled the complete works of children’s literature yet, and you could drop that heavy book and hurt yourself badly, so don’t touch it in the future. As punishment for using the study ladder without permission, you will double your spelling memorization today.”

“.....Yes.”

Frustration. Despair. I have lost the will to live. Stupid, idiot me. Why didn't I realize that there were that man's books in this study? I walked with my shoulders slumped and my legs dragging, down a path that only hardship could make.

Double spelling. I have to memorize ten of them today before I go to sleep. He must have wanted to torture me instead of putting me to bed. Wicked demon. He was clearly wary of me growing to be as big as him. Petty. Devious. Unjust. I glared at him resentfully. He looked at me and laughed again. Was he going to make me more miserable here?

"Instead, if you memorize the whole thing, I'll read you five more pages of when you go to bed."

Tsk. Did he think I was going to fall for that kind of shallow temptation? I looked him straight in the eye, and he laughed in a puzzled way. Yes, don't look down on this Lenoc Teiwind. I'm Lenoc Teiwind, who reads and reads until his bookshelves are tattered just for the fun of it. Did he think reading more pages for me will...

"10 pages."

"Yes, father. I'll try my best to memorize those spellings, and I'm sorry for sneaking with the ladder."

"Yes, son."

Tskkk. It couldn't be helped. It's at the part where the golden lion fights a black dragon. If anyone had stopped just before that, they would have had no choice but to accept the deal. Besides, this man..... reads the story with liveliness, and as a demon, he knows everything, so he answers all my questions. Even my own father, the Teiwind Count, can't do that.

I closed the door to the study and stepped out. Although I hadn't started a revolution today, my exploration of the study hadn't gone too badly. I squared my shoulders and held my head upright as I headed for my room, for I needed to memorize my spellings quickly. Later, in my pajamas, I would find out how the Golden Lion's adventures had turned out in the warm embrace of that demon.

It was already a year ago that I learned the true identity of my father, Viscount Kloff Bendyke, husband of my dear mother.

It was about this time last year, when my youngest brother, Jester, now six months old, was still thriving in my mother's womb, that I witnessed the atrocious behaviour of the man I had until then revered as my father.

It was a night full of thunder and lightning. As my sister Eurea, insensitive just like a beautiful old tree in the vast northern country, snored softly and drifted off to sleep, the delicate me was startled awake by a bolt of lightning that crashed across the sky. And I had to go to the bathroom then. I didn't want to get out of bed because it was cold, but I couldn't leave a stain on the bedspread as the 6 year-old eldest alpha of the Count, so I got up and went to the bathroom in my room.

Thump, crank!

I was surprised as I was urinating. When I rushed to wash my hands and clambered back into bed, I heard shouting outside and saw lanterns peeking out from under the doorway. At first, I tried to ignore it – I'd be in trouble if anyone caught me wandering down a dark hallway on a stormy night.

But with thunder crashing outside and Eurea's snoring next to me, sleep was hard to come by. I grabbed the storybook I'd left on the table, hoping that my mother, or at least the man I sincerely thought of as my father at the time, was not yet asleep and would read me a story until I fell asleep again.

It was late at night, so the hallway was dark except for the dim tail light of the stairs. It was so quiet that even Grandpa Hugo might have fallen asleep. At this late hour, my mother was surely in his bedroom.

My mother, who finally had been expecting another sibling after Eurea, had been getting tired lately, so he went to bed early. Just as I was obliged to watch over Eurea at night, my father was obliged to watch over my pregnant mother and unborn brother, so they slept together. While my mother slept, my father stayed up late, so I thought he could read me a story. Naively, I ran to my mother's room, having no idea what that man was doing.

As if to foreshadow the day's disaster, the thunder and lightning never ceased, and, fed up with the howling and creepy sounds of the driving rain and wind, I forgot to knock and opened the door. The thunder rumbled so loudly that the click of the doorknob went unheard, even by me, standing so close.

It was dark in the large room. All the lights were out, and the huge glass windows rattled against the rain beyond the unclosed curtains. I took a step in, clutching the storybook tightly. I could see a not-so-bright yellow light at the far end of the fairly large room.

In the light of a small lantern on the bedside table, I could see my mother, with his large belly and legs spread wide, clinging limb from limb to the so-called my father, tearfully begging for forgiveness.

It was the first time I had ever seen my mother cry.

My mother is Aeroc Teiwind, the famous Count of Teiwind. Outwardly, he was an Alpha, but when he met my father, he had fallen in love and changed his body into an Omega. Always grand and graceful, my mother was a high-ranked aristocrat, respected by all, but he was also a person of great beauty and pride, never allowing his emotions to show.

And that Count was now sprawled under the big man, like a helpless teddy bear, his limbs barely covering his rounded, swollen belly, and sobbing frantically.

“Uhhh... Ngh... Kloff, no more. Aaaah. I can’t. I’m going, to die, ngh.”

“No. Keep holding on.”

“You demon.”

My mother pleaded, his eyes filled with tears, but that man had no mercy and bit him at the nape of the neck like an animal. My whole limbs trembled. Like a demon from a fairy tale, that man had not only bitten my mother’s throat, but he had also ripped through the buttons of his thin nightgown and swallowed his breasts, which held the milk for the unborn sibling, in one bite. I dropped the book as another scream burst from my mother’s throat.

That’s when he froze. My mother, who had been gasping in pain, also stopped at once, as if he had been cursed. The moment they both turned this way at the same time, I was so frightened that I started running like a coward.

Ah, unable to save my dear mother, I stumbled back to my room, tears streaming down my face, and hid in my bed, sobbing under my breath. No matter how much lightning crashed outside, and the subsequent thunder pounded my eardrums, all I could hear was my mother's screams.