

R. Garden 27

Vol. 4 Chapter 2.4 - My honowable defianse toward confronting the disrespekful illllegal inhabitant

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The Count's daily life revolves mostly in a regular routine.

On weekdays, that man went to work at the government office, usually returning before dinner, but a couple of times a week he would return in the afternoon. When he returned, the first thing he would do was to check on Mother and my youngest sibling to make sure they were okay, then he would turn to me and Eurea and give greetings.

"Did everything go well today?"

"Yes, Dad! I missed you."

Eurea hugged him, as if she'd been depressed all day without him, when she'd been playing enthusiastically with her dolls without saying a word just moments before. With an abominable smile on her face.

Foolish as he was, he fell for the witch's lies and swept her up in a hug, kissing her on both cheeks. Then he opened one hand and held it out to me.

In the past, I would have run to him without delay and demanded his trust and affection, but not now. Nevertheless, I approached him without rejection and hugged him once, but only to hide my feelings. I clung to his legs as a large hand stroked my hair and then patted my back.

“You’ve done a good job of keeping the family together in my absence.”

“Of course, I’m an Alpha.”

“Excellent, my son.”

Well, even without you, I’m already a 7 year-old alpha male, so I can take care of my mother and siblings. It’s true that I’ve even spread marmalade on Eurea’s bread at lunchtime for my mother and Martha are still busy with baby Jester. Give me more pats in the head and more compliments.

“I hear you’ve been doing some new research lately.”

At that, I glared at Eurea, who smiled as she removed her mouth from that man’s ear while being held in strong arms. Such a light-mouthed minion. There was no way in hell I was going to spill the beans, so I replied with an amused grin that was second to none for the blonde-haired wicked witch.

“It’s my own secret research.”

“You’re not going to tell your father about it this time?”

“It’s a secret.”

He looked disappointed, but I insisted on keeping it a secret to the end. Of course, I will let you know one day, and by then you will be on your knees before me, apologising, and begging my forgiveness with tears for tormenting the Teiwind Count, and then I will punish you. What punishment should I give him? I have not yet thought of it. I will have to write an entry about it in my journal tonight.

“Dada.”

Getting his turn now, Jester held out his short arm. My brother, who is still more of an animal that eats, sleeps, and excretes, rather than a human being, looks exactly like the illegal tyrant. Which means that he also looks like me.

Even though I had dark hair and brown eyes, my nose, the shape of my face, and the size of my mouth were similar to my mother’s. The butler, Martha, and even that man and my mother acknowledged that.

But not Jester. He was a clone of Viscount Bendyke in every way, except for his blue eyes. Even as a baby, I could already see the resemblance to him. With the traitorous Eurea already born, I had hoped for a loving Omega sibling who would be like Mother, and as cute as he was, it was hard to hide my disappointment.

Ah. I’m sad. Why is it that the Count’s blood runs in the wrong direction? I’d rather have a pretty, cute Omega with blonde hair and blue eyes like Rapiel of Viscount Derbyshire, as my younger sibling.

After dropping Eurea off and picking up Jester, that man walked over to Mother, who was standing there with a smile on his face, pulled him into a hug with his other hand and kissed him lightly on the head. Mother had always looked elegant, but he turned into a shy omega when he stood next to that

man. He smiled silently, leaned his face against the broad shoulder, and whispered something to him in a low voice. He, too, whispered something softly to Mother, and kissed his forehead again.

Feeling a lump in our throats and finding it hard to keep our hands and feet still, Eurea and I exchanged glances and quickly moved away. I didn't get far, of course, because I had to keep an eye on him to make sure he didn't harass and make Mother cry, so I waited in the next room. Only Jester remained, still unable to walk on his own. Poor Jester.

Why was it that standing next to that man made Mother look so weak? Of course, he was graceful and strong. But he was a refined and delicate aristocrat, like a fairy of the forest, compared to that man who would be wielding an axe and carrying an unsophisticated bat, like the embodiment of an enormous Elk. Their height didn't seem to have that much of a difference, so why did they look so different... Was it simply a difference in body size, or a difference in aura?

"Oh ho ho. You'll find out why the Count looks so small and delicate, and why the Viscount looks so big and strong, when you grow up and do this thing called dating. Alphas want to look strong in front of their omegas, and Omegas want to look adorable in front of their alphas. With how things are, they don't usually get to do what they want as an alpha or an omega, so when they're alone, they try to do their best to be aware of the other person."

There was some time left after dinner, so I sat in the living room, writing in my journal the questions that had just arisen in my head. And Martha appeared, giggling. I felt strangely embarrassed, my face burning.

"Don't look! It's a secret research!"

Martha, who had brought me warm milk in response to my anger, handed it to me and gave me a wry wink.

"If you start fancying an omega later, please let me know. Don't be like the Viscount and sulk around because you can't tell if the other person is an Alpha or Omega."

"What do you mean by that?"

I asked her as I quickly closed my journal and carefully picked up the milk with both hands and drank half of it before offering it to Eurea, who was drawing and playing on the side.

"There was a time when they were just starting out. Your father, Sir Kloff, was in despair by himself, not realizing that your mother was an Omega. Being the clueless fool that he is, he fell head over heels for him, not knowing what to do because he thought your mother was an Alpha. Later on, he went half-crazy and caught him alive."

I was stunned by that statement.

"He..... caught my mother alive? How? How is that so?"

I asked urgently, this was very important. If Martha could give a statement, my research could be completed in one fell swoop. To secure a witness, I rushed over and grabbed her by the hem of her skirt.

"Oh, my. That is too early for you to know, but you'll learn when you become a real alpha, ho-ho-ho-ho. Have your milk and put your glass on the tray here."

Cunningly, Martha held out the empty tray to me, and as soon as I reflexively grabbed it, she scurried away.

“Martha!”

“I can hear Young Master Jester crying, and I need to change his nappy.”

Not hearing me call after her, she quickly disappeared into Mother’s room. Sneaky old witch.

To think that what I saw wasn’t that man’s first time doing it. He must have bothered Mother even before that. Perhaps even before I was born. Seven years, seven years of such horrors, what an evil demon.

But now that I knew this truth, I could tolerate it no longer. This circle of evil must be broken by me, Lenoc Ellim Teiwind, in the name of my ancestors. Therefore, I boldly decided to rebel from this day forward. I decided to take mental revenge on this crude and unscrupulous man by retorting his every word.

Before going to bed, I would lie in bed with him and listen to him read to me, asking everything, part by part.

“Why did the golden lion cry here?”

“I think he was sad because he lost his friend.”

“Why would he be sad to lose a friend?”

“... Maybe because he won’t be able to see his friend anymore.”

“Why won’t they see each other?”

“That’s because..... When you lose a friend, it means you won’t be able to see them anymore. And it’s very sad not to see someone you want to see.”

The demon’s expression seemed a little darker than usual as he said that. My heart sank, and I wondered if my intentions had been discovered. After a moment of silence, he smiled kindly and began to read the next sentence. But I didn’t hear that at all and blurted out another question.

“Father, did you have someone that you lost and feel sad about?”