

R. Garden 28

Vol. 4 Chapter 2.6 - My honowable defianse toward confronting the disrespekful illllegal inhabitant

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The picnic spot was a cottage not far away. Of course, we don't play in the cottage, we really take a picnic basket and a rug and go to a small forest nearby. Not long after arriving at the cottage with Martha, who helped Mother everywhere, another carriage pulled in. As soon as Eurea saw it from the window, she ran outside.

"Sioux!"

"Eurea."

The carriage door opened and Sioux jumped out. Even though he was obviously a boy, Sioux had black hair down to his waist and wore two red bows to hold it in place as it flowed freely. To top it all off, he wore a bright silver dress that came to his knees, lace socks, and the kind of laced shoes that girls wore. No matter how you looked at him, he looked like a girl. I know he's an Omega, but he really dressed like a girl!

The first time I met him when we were small, I didn't know anything and thought he was a girl. As an alpha male, I was always running away out of people's eyes, especially Eurea, to play football and climb trees. I remember being annoyed when Sioux, who was an omega, a few months older than me, and a little taller, followed me around asking to play with me.

I didn't mind playing inside the house with Sioux, but it would be troublesome if he fell and scratched himself while playing in the garden. To be more precise, I was worried about Sioux's father more than Sioux himself. I'd rather play alone than get in trouble, so I tried to run away, but he kept following me with his skirt up to his knees.

“You don’t have a wee-wee, so stop following me!”

I think that’s what I yelled. The surprise came later.

In a fit of frustration, Sioux lifted up his skirt, pulled down his underwear, and said, “I have one,” and showed it to me. Shocked, I dropped the ball in my hand. After he showed it to me, Sioux burst into tears and ran away without pulling up his underwear, and his father saw this happening.

I shall not go into details, but that day I learned the identity of his father, Linus Wolflake. And that in exchange for my life, I would have to be his underling for the rest of my life. And that I would never be able to defy Sioux ever again.

Haaa, my life is a tiny boat in a storm.

Eurea and Sioux had been on good terms and they were happy to see each other. They came over toward this side, hand in hand, but the booming voice that had called out to Eurea just a moment ago had disappeared, and he could barely look up.

“Oh, hi. Lenoc.”

“Hi, Sioux.”

I greeted him as usual. Sioux was annoying, but it's not that I disliked him.

Two more kids appeared behind Sioux. Two annoying kids, one blonde, one black-haired. Sylas and Atlas. They were still looking like babies before, but it had been a while since I'd seen them, and they seemed to have grown quite tall. They looked like most boys, and their personalities were unusually busy, but they were alright. It was just that unlike Sioux, who had blue eyes, it was a little creepy to have four glowing silver eyes pointing in this direction at the same time.

"Lenoc hyung!"

"Hyung!"

They both shouted excitedly as they rushed towards me. I thought my ears were falling off. And my arms, which they both grabbed at the same time. But I held on. They were useful tools to defeat the witch Eurea. Besides, with the twins around, Sioux wouldn't bother me. These kids were Alphas, so a few scrapes and bruises wouldn't make the 'Lord' mad. It's a good thing for omegas to play with omegas, and alphas to play with alphas.

"Hey, Lenoc. I see you're having quite a hard time."

"Hello, Uncle Rapiel."

"You guys, don't bother Lenoc hyung too much. Listen well to him."

“Yes, Mom.”

After giving a warning to the twins, he soon went inside. Before, I called him ‘Mister’ and then Uncle Rapiel said, with tears in his eyes, “Am I that old?” After that, I chose an age-independent title and called him uncle. I had called him Marquise, but he said he didn’t like it because it felt distant. I wondered why adults are so sensitive to how they are called. This was something I’d have to research someday.

After a while, he appeared. Marquis Linus Wolflake, the man who had given me the twins’ brilliant silver eyes, my other opponent, and sometimes, a comrade who could hold my hand.

“I see you’re alive and well, you must haven’t done anything stupid.”

“Thank you for your concern. Marquis Linus Wolfrake.”

“I wasn’t concerned.”

“I didn’t mean it when I thanked you, so don’t make such a serious face.”

“What a hateful guy.”

“Thank you. Oh, I meant it this time.”

I glared at him, undeterred. It happened that all my enemies were so tall that it hurt my neck to look up. He looked down at me with his truly eerie silver eyes, qualitatively different from the twins', and then held out his hand, which I gladly accepted for a handshake.

"I don't have any special orders for you today, so I'll spare your life as long as you don't lay a hand on Sioux."

"In my case, I hope for you to be responsible for making sure Sioux doesn't get on me, Lord. I don't want to have to be responsible for Omega already at my age."

His grip on my hand tightened. It hurt, but I smiled through it.

"There's nothing bad in my son, you damn kid."

"I'm not interested in him."

"He's so pretty and cute, why aren't you interested?"

"Because I like blondes, and I also don't like boys wearing skirts."

“You little redhead. Real beauties have black hair. Black hair is the best. Besides, he looks cuter in a skirt.”

“Are you saying that without seeing yourself? Don’t put your son in skirts or ribbons on him because he’s cute! Besides, Lord, you married a blonde.”

As the two of us were having a spirited fight, Uncle Rapiel and Mother came out from the other side and called out to us.

“What are you two doing there? Really, this is interesting. You two are getting on quite well.”

“It’s because Lenoc has a bit of silliness in him.”

I scowled and withdrew my hand, and Lord immediately brushed it off too, gave me a sour look, and stalked away.

Once inside the house, the Lord and that man exchanged a polite handshake, then Lord took off his jacket and together we began to move Martha’s picnic set. Martha only followed us to the cottage. She had packed his lunch and other supplies and liked to spend the rest of the day relaxing in the house. The picnic grounds were not far from the cottage. It was a beautiful day and everyone was getting stuffy about taking the carriage, so we decided to walk.

Jester was carried by his mother or Uncle Rapiel, and the two adult alphas walked, each carrying a heavy picnic basket. I was in charge of the rug. Eura and Sioux, the oldest by birthday, only had to walk because they were Omegas. No matter how much of a distinguished Alpha I was, I couldn’t handle two rugs just yet, so I handed one over to the twins. They were almost half dragging it.

“Wow, this place has always been nice.”

Uncle Rapiel had just handed Jester to Mother and looked around at the landscape. This was the site of an old castle, long since fallen. Now covered in green grass, it was gently rolling hills that were a bit strenuous to climb, but from the highest point, you could see our cottage in the distance, as well as other brick buildings, woods, and paths. I loved climbing up here too. It felt as if I was taller. When I spread my arms and closed my eyes in the cool breeze, it made me feel like I was flying.

“Lenoc, what are you doing up there? Please get the rug.”

“Yes, Father.”

I was just developing my sensitivity and yet, he interrupted me again. But I made nothing of it, smiling and grabbing the rug.

I quickly unrolled it and opened the picnic basket. Martha was so skillful that we all took out all the items from the basket.

“So that’s why it’s heavy.”

“This is heavy?”

“.....”

Hoho, the Demon made the first punch today. I don't know how he is in other things, but I do know about his stamina. He could work all day on little sleep and never get sick, and still have the strength to torture Mother at night. By comparison, the Lord looked a little shabby. That's not to say he's weak. It's just that an elk and a wolf are different in physiques.