

R. Garden 35

Vol. 4 Chapter 2.13 - My honorable defiance toward confronting the disrespectful illegal inhabitant

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Aaah, this family is having a crisis. How could this have happened?

Even with that guy's heavy surveillance, Mother was doing stuff beyond comprehension. First, as soon as the demon went out, Mother would put Jester to bed early and then he'd use all kinds of excuses to go out on his own. Hugo and Martha, who had no idea what had happened on the last outing, assumed that Mother was just simply frustrated or bored. But I knew it was different.

While remembering his slimy gaze and disrespectful touch, and seeing Jester putting on a grunting expression, I decided to not stay still in the room. I ran out of the room.

"Mother, Jester's nappy needs to be changed!"

"I can hear you without yelling."

Mother came over from looking at Eurea's drawings in the next room. He expertly changed Jester's nappy, then picked him up in his arms, caressed him, and gave him a bottle. Swaddled and fed, Jester would soon fall asleep. Then Mother's outing would begin, and this time I would have to intervene first.

"Please help me with my studies this afternoon."

“I’m sorry, I have to go out for an appointment.”

What appointment? I desperately clung to him. I ranted and raved about what a life loser I would be if I didn’t finish my schoolwork by the end of the day, following Kloff Bendyke’s view of education, but Mother gave me a dark look and placed his hands on my shoulders.

“I’m not going to let you go to the slums because you can’t spell twenty words today, so never, never! Don’t you ever say that again.”

It was the first time Mother had ever given me such a stern look and tone of caution, so I was stunned, and for a moment tears welled up in my eyes. Soon I was in his warm embrace, but my frightened heart could not be calmed.

“You don’t have to worry about your studies so much. You will be a Count in the future, and no one can hold you back even if you don’t go to university, so don’t worry, my dear son.”

“Yes, Mother.”

I replied in a sobbing voice, and Mother immediately kissed my forehead and smiled.

“Shall we go out again today, to take revenge on the wicked viscount who tormented you with such homework?”

“Yes!”

I hadn't meant to, but I had gotten what I wanted most. Eurea, sleepy and nodding off, wanted to follow us, but we made do with bringing back chocolate cake and strawberry rolls for her.

Contrary to my expectations, Mother first went to the shop where he had ordered his clothes and tried the fit. I had tried the fit myself, but Eurea's clothes didn't need fitting, as it was made a little loose since she was still growing like a pig. We stopped by the shoe store and finally received the finished hats. A pink one with a pretty flower on it, and the owner packaged it in a pink box that matched the colour of the hat.

“Eurea will love it.”

We stopped at a sweet shop, buying chocolate cakes, strawberry rolls, and other not-so-sweet treats. Only the demon liked them. Normally, I would try to ruin those treats in some way, but today I decided to cut him some slack. When I thought we were going home, the carriage turned into the gallery again.

“Don't be as rude as you were last time.”

After a firm warning, my mother took my hand and we went inside. It was a little early, so the gallery was deserted, but that man, Bült, was there.

“Welcome here.”

“Good afternoon, Sir Bült.”

Mother took his hand, smiling a bright smile he had never shown anyone outside of his family. I wanted to knock his hand away right away, but I couldn't reach it with Mother's firm grip. I gritted my teeth and glared at him. Without alerting my mother, of course. I don't know why he was flirting with the supposed Alpha Count, but even if he knew that Mother was an Omega, I couldn't forgive him for being so disrespectful even when the Count's son's eyes were so clearly glaring at him.

When Mother deliberately asked me to see another painting, I followed with a frown, but at the same time, that person also followed her. The two of them talked about the paintings in great depth and enjoyed the conversation immensely. Then the conversation took a strange turn.

“Is the Count a bachelor?”

No. Two sons and a daughter. He has a spouse who is alive and well. I was about to shout that out loud when Mother beat me to it.

“For one, I don't have a wife.”

“Oh, is that so?”

Bült glanced at me and smiled. Even though he's a famous painter, he's slow on the high society gossip. To think that he's excited about the Teiwind Count not having a wife. Hasn't he heard that he has a husband instead of a wife?

“You’ve been painting landscapes all your life in the country, and now that you’re in the city, it must be quite chaotic.”

“Well, it’s noisy and crowded, but cities have their charms.”

“Yes, it certainly does.”

Bült looked at Mother and blushed. Mother was indeed one of the city’s great charms, but you didn’t have to like him too.

“I don’t paint portraits, but I’ve suddenly developed a bit of an interest in them lately.”

“Oh, that’s interesting, have you found any good subjects?”

“Yes. Perhaps so.”

I hoped it wasn’t my mother, but looking at this guy, it seemed unlikely to not be my mother. As a humble country painter, it’s natural to be swept away by someone as beautiful and sophisticated as my mother. Normally, I wouldn’t have worried. He had many admirers, but most of them never even became friends. He had his own standards. But not now. To be honest, I was beginning to worry that the Demon King’s position was shaking.

Lenoc Taywind's only real enemy is the Demon Lord Kloff Bendyke! I can't have Mother falling into the hands of a fool like that!

He seemed to be close to asking my mother to model for a painting, and if he asked for a nude, there would be a bloodbath. I decided to summon the demon at this point.

"Father, I need to go to the bathroom for a moment."

"Do you know where it is?"

"I'm not a child, I'll be right back."

Leaving him and my mother behind, who was somehow pleased, I pretended to go to the lavatory and soon made my way to the gallery's caretaker, where I borrowed a paper and pen and wrote a letter. Then I rushed out of the gallery to the waiting coachman, asking for it to be delivered to the Royal Palace for Viscount Bendyke, saying that it was urgently from the Teiwind Count.

After the carriage had driven away in a cloud of smoke and dust, I re-entered the gallery, where I found Mother and Bült, seated side by side in chairs on one side of the gallery, engaging in earnest conversation at a very intimate distance.

"The Count's aesthetic is remarkable."

“Haha, I wouldn’t go so far as to say that.”

The conversation was too harmonious. Just a moment ago, I would have squeezed between the two of them, even if it meant getting a scolding. But not now.

Slowly looking around the painting, I waited for the time to pass.

Just as I was getting a little bored, Mother stood up.

“I can’t believe the time is this late already.”

“Is that so?”

My mother wistfully shook hands with Bült. Judging by the time, he was planning to return before the demon’s curfew. Aaah, this would be troublesome. What is that Elk doing on its long legs right now, why is he not here yet? Should I be happy that the two of them are parting ways as they are, or regret that this couldn’t be rid of at once? While I was torn between my thoughts, the entrance to the gallery suddenly rumbled. Oh! Finally!

There were more people than when I first arrived at the gallery, and they were all whispering something at the entrance. And there he was, pushing through the crowd as if there was an invisible force.

Oh, my genetic provider, the most powerful man in the kingdom, and at the same time the partner of the beautiful man whose hand was being held by the clumsy painter who couldn't see past me, Kloff Bendyke strode over on his long legs. His whole body was a storm of fire and ice at the same time.

He looked over here, its eyes blazing as if it had a sulphurous fire inside its eyeballs. I felt a chill run down my spine. In response to his wordless questioning, I unknowingly raised my hand and pointed in the direction of my mother and the man. The demon's gaze snapped to them.

"Kloff?"

Mother's eyes widened in surprise belatedly. Bült, who knew nothing, stood by Mother's side.

Standing behind them, I could even feel the immense rage that the demon emanated, nothing more needed to be said of those in front of him. Bült was bleached white, his favorite colour in his paintings.

"What a coincidence, Aeroc. I never expected to meet you here."

The demon's voice was so cold that it sent a shiver down my spine. Perhaps I had overdone it in my letter, I thought with some regret. Bült's face and neck had turned white, and his fingertips were trembling slightly. He looked like he was really weak, as weak as an alpha could look. But my hands were shaking too, so I could forgive him.

"I would have thought you would be working by now, but it turns out you have time to come to an art gallery."

As expected of the Count of Teiwind. Only Mother could be so nonchalant when everyone else was avoiding this area. Contrary to my expectation that he'd beat Bült right away, the demon willingly closed the distance and approached Mother. Meanwhile, Bült slowly began to widen the distance. Is he trying to get away? Although I was scared, I quickly approached and spoke to him, feigning innocence. The demon said that a loose cannon must be stepped on at once.

"Mister Bült, have you finished talking to the Count? Does he really want to model for you?"

"Huuuuuh? W-What model?"

At that, the demon's eyes bore into him. Bült flinched as if his hand touched fire.

"I really am curious to what kind of model it is. Oh, I'm late to introduce myself. I'm Kloff Bendyke. An unimportant civil servant."

Not daring to resist the outstretched hand, Bült shook it and barely managed to introduce himself as a painter.

"I understand you are famous for your landscape paintings, Bült? I have purchased all the spring and winter paintings in your series of four seasons, and I understand that autumn is due out this year."

"Oh, don't tell me. You're Minister of Finance, Viscount Bendyke?"

Bült's face, as white as an old oil painting, was cracking. Apparently, the Demon's position was not good-for-nothing. With my hand, I covered the laughter that leaked out of my mouth.

"The autumns are already out there. I've made a reservation, and they will be delivered to the estate when the exhibition ends."

When Mother said so, the demon nodded silently. "I would like to hear the explanation for the autumn from the painter himself," he said to Bült. Bült nodded, keeping a safe distance from Mother.