

DARK KING

2 GARDENER

The other children were sensitive to this change. An eight or nine-year-old petite little girl immediately said, "He is Dean. His brain is always in a daze and he cannot speak. Please do not take offense."

She was young, but the brutal living environment forced her to quickly mature into a clever and crafty individual. She did not show a hint of jealousy, only pointing out Dudian's defect as if helping. In a sense, it was the smartest move for her.

"Yeah, yeah!"

"Uncle and Aunts, he really can't talk!"

The other children quickly echoed her response.

Barton and the several deformed children living with

Dudian were shocked upon hearing the little girl's words. No one expected her to say such a thing. An ugly look flashed across Barton's face upon hearing the other normal children point out Dudian's defect. Nonetheless, he would not dare speak up for Dudian for fear of leaving a bad impression on the Aunts and Uncles.

Dudian also glanced at the little girl. He was slightly surprised in his heart. She left a very positive impression on him during his past three months in the orphanage. She was one of the few in the normal children faction that seemed to possess a good character and a kind heart. Out of all of them, this girl in particular was very gentle. Even Barton and the other deformed children showered her with mouthfuls of praise in private.

Because Dudian originally had a good impression of her, he remembered that her name seemed to be....

Lisa?

Sure enough, he understood that he was still too naive.

At this time, as if enlightened by Lisa's words, the eyes of the adults revealed a trace of 'understanding'. With such a figure and skin so clean and delicate, who could bear to abandon such a child? Many of them looked at Durian with pity.

Lisa and the rest of the children were relieved upon seeing the adult's reactions.

"Aunts and Uncles."

Without any warning, a tender voice sounded from the crowd. The voice caused both the children and the grown-ups to be surprised. Suddenly, all the children's' mouths gaped as if they had just seen a

ghost. Those words were spoken by Dudian!

These three months in the orphanage, Dudian stayed silent every day in order to listen and observe, learning simple words and pronunciations.

Pronunciation and language class was mandatory even in this old and rusty orphanage due to the many children who were not even one year old. Although he did not join in their conversations, he learned much by eavesdropping.

The people around him assumed he was just dumb. They would even attempt to communicate with him using hand signals and gestures. Nobody took the initiative to find him for a chat so he simply did not bother to speak to anyone; happily silent.

"I do not have any problems," Durian said quietly in an immature voice.

He did not directly accuse Lisa of lying in order to get revenge. There was no need to be so superfluous.

The adults who were a little surprised seemed to understand something as they pointed wistful gazes to Lisa. Unexpectedly, they found similarly surprised looks on the faces of the children and staff.

For a time, many of the adults frowned.

One of the sturdy, middle-aged men said, "Look at their faces. It seems none of them knew you could speak. Can you tell me why you would want to hide that?"

One of the taboos of adoption was a lack of sense of security with a child. Nobody would want to adopt a child whose mind was filled with crafty thoughts and unwilling cleverness.

Dudian knew that he finally had the attention of these people and calmly said, "I did not deliberately hide anything, but my character is naturally introverted. I did not speak so they labeled me as dumb."

Hearing his words, the coldness in their eyes gradually melted. They understood that most orphans in such circumstances would develop an introverted personality.

"Even if you are introverted, your voice is not quiet. Nobody ever heard you say a word?" A woman in the crowd questioned with a suspicious look on her face.

Aunt Dai interrupted without giving Dudian a chance to respond. "In this child's case, he loves to clean. We specifically assigned him to a separate room. There was no chance for him to communicate with the other children."

Hearing these words, Barton and the other children were all slightly confused. They could not figure out why Aunt Dai would lie. There was no orphanage where a child enjoyed a room to himself.

Dudian immediately understood. In this point, today's orphanages and the orphanages of his past were similar. They would cover up the flaws of the children as much as possible in order to increase their chances of being adopted. If these adults knew that Dudian was admitted only three months ago, no one would be willing to adopt him even if he was in perfect condition.

Every seven-year-old child would have memories and would certainly remember their biological parents. Nobody could guarantee that he would not leave to find his real parents once he became an adult.

Understanding things to this point, Dudian's mind

slightly sank as he noticed Lisa and the other children of the normal faction seemingly ready to speak out at any time. Aunt Dai also noticed this and severely glared at Lisa and the few children that were ready to speak, terrifying them into silence.

In this orphanage, Aunt Dai controlled their life and death. As long as she got involved, their chances of being adopted could turn to zero.

Dudian knew he had no special charisma. The reason Aunt Dai helped him was so that he would be adopted and be one less expense for the orphanage.

"So that's the way it is..." The fat woman looked at Dudians pale, snow white skin with a sympathetic and puzzled face. "Son, I will pick you up and you will be my child."

At her words, Barton and several other children were

pleasantly surprised. They looked so happy as if it was them that were getting adopted.

As Dudian heard this, he looked at the fat woman's face and hands. He noticed her rough fingers and could not help but frown slightly. Just as he was about to refuse, another person suddenly laughed. "I find this child quite pleasing to the eye. I think, with my status, I would be more suitable to be this child's parent."

Everyone looked at this mediocre middle-aged man and the faint smile on his face.

The fat faced woman frowned and spoke in a cold voice. "I'd like to hear who you are, big man!?"

The middle-aged man smiled faintly and said, "I am just a small family gardener for the Mel family."

The children did not show much of a reaction, but the surrounding people could not help but change color as they whispered. "Mel family? Is it that Mel family?"

"Aside from the Mel family, which other Mel needs a gardener?"

For a time, all eyes were focused on the middle-aged man with a tinge of awe.

The fat woman immediately paled, bowing her head in silence.

"How about it, boy?" The middle-aged man was very satisfied with the response and smiled at Dudian as he asked.

With this, Lisa and the other children started to pick up on the clues. One by one, intense gazes of jealousy and envy were directed at Dudian. To be

adopted with such good conditions, how could they not be jealous?

Dudian frowned slightly. After thinking a little, he shook his head and responded. "I am sorry, Uncle. Thank you for considering me, but I hope that my parents could be doctors so that there is sense of security.

He was refused!

The middle-aged man was immediately stunned. He did not think Dudian would refuse! He visited a lot of orphanages looking for children. Those children would become excited as soon as it was mentioned that they were being adopted by the Mel family gardener. None were able to stay as calm as Dudian or speak in such an orderly manner.

Soon, the man woke up from his trance.

Dudian, of course, also picked up on the clues and was able to discern the status of this gardener from the expression of the other adults. He knew that the "Mel family" must be an influential force.

Dudian, on the other hand, did not want to be stuck in a manor.

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