

Garden 125

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Along with the rose garden, the Teiwind clan's prideful room was their library, a huge room with two floors connected by an open ceiling. One wall facing the garden was lined with huge glass windows, flooding the room with sunlight, while the other three sides, except around the doorway, were entirely bookcases. The edge of the upstairs wall was left as a passageway, and access to it was through a doorway leading directly upstairs or a staircase from the lower level. The extraordinary collection, which grew in number as it was passed down from generation to generation of counts, was comparable to the imperial library.

Standing in the centre of the downstairs shelves, one could slide certain books inwards in order, then flick an edge and a compartment would open like a secret door. Inside was a private vault that had been used by every successive Count of Teiwind. Aeroc placed the contract there.

Then came the notification of the contract's fulfilment. Inside the tightly sealed envelope was a report on how the contract had been settled, which had frustrated Aeroc. No matter how much of a financial expert he was, Aeroc had been prepared to incur some losses. But according to the report, to his surprise, most of his losses had been recovered. There were also adjustments to the business and projections of the income that could be expected as a result of Bendyke taking over the venture capital company as an agent of the owner, Teiwind, and the amount was substantial.

"I can't believe he actually did it."

Aeroc was amazed. As Aeroc flicked through the reports again, a small card slipped out of the envelope. There were no comments, no platitudes, just a date and time. The card had a familiar scent. His fingertips trembled.

Aeroc hastily folded the report and put it back in the envelope. He looked at the card twice before slipping it back into its place. He placed the envelope on top of the contract in the safe.

Creak.

Aeroc closed the secret door behind him and turned around, feeling a sticky aura clinging to his back. The huge library had suddenly become a suffocating prison. Despite the fact that he had closed the secret door properly, the source of his misfortune poured through the cracks. The black mist that billowed from it reeked of lust. Aeroc stumbled backwards, trying to get at least a little distance from it, but it was no use. Even the brilliant sunlight could not disinfect the thick lust. His skin prickled. Goosebumps rose on his inner thighs, and a shiver ran down his spine. Despite being alone and impeccably dressed, he felt naked and molested.

Thud.

Before he knew it, his heel touched the desk. Aeroc reached back with both hands and gripped the edge of the thick wood firmly. He leaned his hips against it and let out a series of small gasps. A dark regret washed over him. Fear welled up beneath his feet. But they weren't the ones paralysing Aeroc. Why did he grab that man's wrist? Aeroc's palm was tingling on the edge of the desk. The invisible burn from a moment ago gnawed at his nerves.

"This..... This is insane."

The nature of all things in the world was relative. Marble, in the same category as stone, was nothing more than a dull material compared to granite. And compared to diamond, granite became a lesser material. And so it was with alphas, Aeroc realised with a pang.

Never in his life had he doubted his alpha masculinity. He wasn't the most athletic of men, but he wasn't short either, and while he was a bit on the rugged side of the spectrum, he didn't consider himself to be too far out of the alpha male category. Of course, when he asked himself if he was the most alpha, he couldn't say that for sure.

Putting aside the philosophical and sociological considerations of what it means to be the most alpha – if you asked him if he fits the stereotypical ideal alpha, Aeroc would answer that psychologically he does. But physically, he was just a common alpha, not the most desirable, and yet Bendyke..... Oh gosh, he was the very physical ideology of alpha masculinity. It didn't matter how despicable he was psychologically, or how sleazy of a con artist he was, he never deviated from the norms that God had laid down for what an Alpha should be.

The face of a war god, chiselled from rough granite, the skin appropriately tanned by the sun, the hard body a miniature of the giant who carried the world, the dry body odour worthy of the name 'Alpha', the wrists a mingling of blood and sinew, and most of all, those eyes! Those two maddening eyes, crystals of darkness. The simple blueness of Aeroc's eyes was no match to him. Bendyke's eyes were a mixture of bronze strength, black determination, blue coolness, red passion, and an indescribable colour of rage. They burned like a crucible of fever. He didn't dare to call himself a fellow Alpha in front of him, and it didn't seem quite like it was against the laws of the gods that he wanted Aeroc.

Anguish had also taken over the world of his unconsciousness. While his conscious mind was engaged in existential contemplation, his unconscious mind was engaged in practical exploration. In his dreams, Bendyke easily neutralised all of his resistance. Running down a long corridor, Bendyke would cling to him like a shadow, restraining him. If he struggled, Bendyke grabbed his ankles with clawed hands, ripping his clothes to shreds. Now naked, Aeroc let out a new scream, but in the darkness, it was just him and Bendyke. He pressed down on him with his massive copper-glazed body. His gasping breath was lost in the hot breath. His whole body burned.

The most terrible thing was the thick pole that entered his body. The bulk of the member moulded by desire was shocking, and instead of bringing any pain, it awakened new sensations. In the moment of physical connection with the other, Aeroc could feel a void in his soul that he hadn't known existed. Positioning himself just right for it, Bendyke worked his body with passionate gestures. The inaudible

scream was no longer a scream, it was a sigh of ecstasy, a moan of pleasure. The hot body gesture became a white firework, burning Aeroc. His erect penis was caught in a tidal wave of pleasure, and he spurted his climax. At that moment, Aeroc's eyes fluttered open.

"Uhhhh, heh."

As soon as Aeroc opened his eyes, he found his heart with his hand. Luckily, it was still in his chest. With a ragged breath, Aeroc pushed himself up. It was still deep in the night, and he ran a trembling hand through his heavy hair. His palms quickly became sweaty. He hadn't had a lust-filled dream since he was a teenager. It was like a terrible nightmare, except that the other person was that man. Besides, why was he the one spreading his legs..... Aeroc might as well stop thinking about it.

His whole body was tingling. He kicked off the covers and moved his legs to get off the bed. In an instant, Aeroc realised that his underwear was wet. He let out a muffled scream. Covering his mouth with his hand, he ran to the bathroom and stripped off all of his pajamas and underwear. As he stood in the tub and splashed the cold water over him, the trace of desire ran down between his thighs.

"Damn it."

He hadn't been able to shake the nervousness he'd felt since then. The truth was, he hadn't had much experience.

His father had died at the age when Aeroc should be having his first love. Aeroc had been left to run the vast Teiwind Clan without much help. A clan with such a long and prestigious history had many obligations, many things to consider, and it would take time to get to grips with them all. Even when he had time, he was so deeply grieved that he could not afford the positive outlet for romance.

Aeroc always enjoyed reading on days when he didn't have a particular agenda, but one day he suddenly realised that his library was too big, and that it was a waste to have the luxurious rooms of a large estate to himself, no matter how many employees he had. The dining table was too vast. So was the bed. It would be nice to have someone to share it with. It was then that he discovered the need for a partner, but the ideal one wouldn't just suddenly appear. It was said that the patient ones would be blessed. Like his parents, Aeroc wanted to find love naturally, which was why he continued to put himself out there in social circles despite his reluctance. He hoped that one day he would find an Omega, someone lovely enough to spend the rest of his life with. But before he had a chance to do so, he was swept away by a strange man.