

Garden 126

Vol. 5 ITRG Volume 5 Chapter 5.2

Kloff Bendyke. He would actually be Aeroc's first partner. Aeroc didn't attach much importance to chastity, but he never dreamed that he'd end up with an alpha first, and it was all because he was stupid and inadequate. Aeroc felt depressed. He tried to forget his anguish by reading, by going for a walk, by going out. He kept thinking until late into the night, wondering if there was another way. But the result was always the same. The world rolled on nonchalantly, with no regard for Aeroc's anguish and depression. As the date came closer, the existential anguish became even more useless. Now it was better to worry about things that would actually help.

If Aeroc caught a nasty disease while indulging in kinky behaviour with an unwanted partner, he might hang himself, unable to bear the infinite shame. Should he bathe? Hygiene was important, of course. Should he get the supplies ready here? It's embarrassing, but it's better than getting hurt later on. Not necessarily for sex, but for medical purposes. Now, how far should he go with the washing?

"Damn."

This felt like a once-in-a-lifetime problem. Aeroc never thought washing would bother him so much. It wasn't just a matter of not washing behind his ears like a dirty boy or neglecting to scrub between his toes. Aeroc had no problem washing other parts of his body. It's just a little embarrassing, but not difficult, to be hygienically prepared as an alpha for clean bodily sex. The problem was preparing for contingencies. He had already consulted books of various genres to get a general idea of the flow of alpha-alpha sex. Except, of course, for the grotesque clothing and the use of tools that he could only imagine to be horrific. If Kloff asked for them, Aeroc would break the man's nose with his fist. Or kick Kloff as hard as he could and turn him into an eunuch.

Even if they were having same-gendered sex, it was no different from having it with a male omega. The alpha male had a 'hole', albeit not a vagina, and all one had to do was accept the other man's manhood through it, in other words, play the role of omega. Of course, since he wasn't a real omega, there were individual differences in the level of pleasure from penetration. The question was who would be the omega.

Aeroc didn't have the confidence to treat Bendyke as an Omega. No one could accuse Aeroc of being weak in that regard. No one would want to flaunt their alpha masculinity in front of that man. Even from an aesthetic standpoint, Aeroc had no desire to have that man play the role of Omega. Here it was again, another existential anguish, this time with a bottle of oil in each hand.

"I'm going crazy."

As it turned out, the answer to his identity problem was at hand. Aeroc's subconscious had already drawn conclusions based on the relative definitions of alpha masculinity. He could still feel the fearsome bulk of the thick pole cutting through his body in the dreams of his inner desires.

The appointed hour had arrived. Aeroc had to hurry to be ready. Trying to calm his shaky knees, Aeroc picked up the bottle of medical oil. He unnervingly headed for the bathroom.

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He usually used the library when he met with Bendyke, but he didn't want to do it in the sacred library, so he prepared a room he rarely used. Called the 'Violet Room', it was a secret chamber created by the previous generations' countess for her lover, and it was both cosy and intimate. It had a good-sized bedroom and an attached bathroom. As it was a symbol of impure association, the door had been kept securely locked since his father's time, except for occasional cleaning. Aeroc opened that door.

"This is my first time here. Have you always had a room like this?"

The corners of Bendyke's mouth lifted slightly as he entered, a hint of excitement in his eyes. It was clear that he had noticed the special use of this room. Those slightly narrowed eyes fixed on Aeroc. He hadn't done anything wrong, and he wasn't obliged to answer, but somehow, like a boy confessing to a bad deed, Aeroc sounded unsure.

"You said the estate, but not a specific room. I just chose a place as far away from the limelight as possible."

"I see."

Bendyke didn't bother to talk more, instead finding a seat for himself that wasn't even offered. He turned to Aeroc, who was watching him warily from a distance, and opened his mouth brazenly.

"I don't intend to devour you, so you don't have to be so wary."

"You talk a lot for being a fraud."

Aeroc didn't trust those words at all. Bendyke was aware of his distrust. But it was also a matter of pride to act like a frightened kitten in his own home. Before taking his seat, Aeroc rang the bell.

It was late afternoon. A perfect time for tea. Hugo, the butler, appeared with a tray at the bell's signal. He wordlessly set the table to perfection.

“Is there anything else you need?”

“You’re welcome to join us.” Aeroc almost blurted out at the ritualistic question Hugo gave before leaving. The words were barely out of his mouth when Bendyke spoke up. He held up the bell Aeroc had used.

“We’ll call you back if we need anything.”

“All right, then.”

Hugo, not sensing anything ominous at all, left his desperate master behind.

The two were now alone in the secret boudoir. No one would enter until the bell was rung, and it was now in Bendyke’s hand. Aeroc chastised himself for his complacency in not taking it with him, and measured the distance to the door. There were certain things he should have done as the house owner, such as straightening the upturned teacup on the saucer, pouring hot tea, and offering sweets, but Aeroc could not afford to extend such courtesies to the merchant who had come to collect payment in an unsavoury manner. An awkward silence hung in the air.

“Are you going to keep standing like that?”

“I’m more comfortable standing.”

“Then I’ll go over to your side.”

Then Bendyke tried to stand up, which Aeroc hated even more.

“No, you don’t have to.”

Aeroc reluctantly swung his arse into place. Sitting across from him at a small table made for two, Bendyke touched the teapot to check the temperature. He moved with what could only be described as slowness.

Clank.

A moment later, a teacup was placed in front of Aeroc. The tea in the teacup was neither deep nor light, but it glistened. Bendyke filled his own teacup and sipped without comment. Aeroc, however, gripped the armrests tightly and stared at his teacup.

“One would think it was poisoned.”

Aeroc lifted his gaze and met the dark eyes watching him.

“How do I know it wasn’t?”

Maintaining eye contact, Bendyke held out his palms to assert his invulnerability.

“The hot water, tea leaves, and china were all brought by the Count’s butler. A butler who has served the Count for generations and raised the young master himself. His loyalty is to the Count, not to me. Believe it or not, I’m a horse’s bones who came out of nowhere, but I’m very.... interested in the Count, very deeply, so to speak, and I have no intention of harming him. I just want to be nice with you. Of course, I’m assuming that the Count wouldn’t do anything to it himself.”

An invisible smile tugged at the tight lips. He was enjoying this situation. Despicable bastard. Bendyke leaned his upper body against the backrest and enjoyed his tea. His broad shoulders stood out even more than they already did because the back of the chair was obscured. At the same time, he crossed his legs in slow motion. The table was too small to accommodate his long legs, so he had to angle them at an angle. It was clear that he knew how to make his perfectly silhouetted body look intimidating and attractive. It was an arrogant stance, but it suited him surprisingly well. He was only a couple of years older than Aeroc. Though young enough, he had the maturity of a middle-aged man, and that, coupled with his handsome features, gave him an uncanny dominance.

“How can I believe your words?”

“If I were to murder the Count, I would not do it so easily.”

Bendyke paused, tapping his teacup.

“For a long, long time, until my soul is crushed by a cursed agony, I will take revenge with a cruelty that even the devil himself would disagree too.”

The quietly spoken words pricked Aeroc's skin like icy needles. If the icy curse was directed at him, he might freeze to the bone.

"I don't have a grudge against the devil, you're just harassing me one-sidedly."

His large body stiffened as Aeroc countered. Straightening his upper body, Bendyke shot Aeroc a cold stare, trying to gauge whether he wanted to condemn him. The intimidation of the size difference could not be contained by the small tea table. A frightening hostility poured out of him.

"Am I wrong?"

Aeroc was innocent. Though he had disrespected and belittled Bendyke a bit, it was of his own consequences. And Bendyke had unnecessarily retaliated by putting him in this position. Besides that, there was no other enemy he had ever held a grudge against that deserved such brutal revenge that the devil would even disagree. Bendyke opened his mouth to speak, but frowned instead. As if he remembered something, he loosened his fists, clenching them so tightly that his knuckles turned white.

"Right, not yet..... Nothing has happened yet."