

## Garden 54

### Vol. 2 Chapter 6.3 - The right one runs away

It was a dark and chilly room. The bed was extremely hard and covered with slightly rough sheets. However, that didn't matter at all. On the hard bed, a person with an overwhelmingly fragrant scent was lying down, gasping for breath. He struggled on the bed, clutching the sheets with his skinny hands and clinging to a worn-out pillow. Every now and then he made a small sound. Part cry, part moan, the voice was thin and dry, but just hearing it stirred him.

His loose pajamas had ridden up, exposing half of his chest. It was clearly evident that he was a man, but his chest had slightly swelled. He reached out his hand to touch the rounded nipple with his palm while looking at the man's chest. The man's moans grew louder. He tightly closed his eyes and bit his lip. Occasionally, he flailed as if in agony. Blue bruises adorned his protruding skinny shoulder through the loose pajamas, and bite marks were clearly visible on his withered neck.

The man was so pitiful that he felt compassion for him, but instead of comforting him, his hand lifted one of his skinny legs and plunged deeper and harder. His neck, rattling helplessly, seemed like it would break at any moment.

He despised him greatly. he couldn't quite remember the reason. As it was a dream. Clearly, it was just a dream. He simply acted violently and roughly because he wanted him to suffer. The leg hanging over his shoulder was so blue and black with bruises that it was barely visible. There were old bruises discoloring his tightly closed eyes. He felt the impulse to leave another red mark there. The man, noticing my intention, looked at him with fearful eyes.

Blue eyes. I know those eyes. The pale blond hair, the blotched face, the bloodied lips. I laughed cruelly as he was trembling in fear. And I whispered sweetly like a demon.

'I hope you suffer as much as I do. I hope you face such a miserable death just like he did.'

The man's blue eyes trembled. He thought those blue eyes would burst outward, but they imploded inside like a jade crystal. His pupils gaped like cavities in the ocean, sucking all the moisture out of her eyeballs. As the moisture of the watery cornea drained, it became hazy like that of a dying fish.

His spine tingled. His breath became shallow and rough as if his diaphragm had been torn apart. He couldn't understand why he was the one to suffer from the cruel words he had thrown at the person he hated. Something was wrong. The incomprehensible pain only fueled his sadistic urges.

He violated him even more. The man went down without a single struggle. It was as if he had to be that way. As if he had no worth to be respected. He was completely different from the man he knew.

Darkness filled the surroundings, and the only thing that filled the room inside was the climax full of hatred and pain. Embracing the man's frail body, he filled him with his marks. Breathing heavily, he collapsed onto the man. The man then spoke, his unfocused gaze cast into the air, having endured the violence the entire time.

'You're pressing the child.'

Upon hearing those words, he shifted slightly, not surprised to learn that the Alpha was pregnant. He touched the man's exposed belly with his hand. The man's body was so skinny that the joints were visible, but his belly, differently, was swelling. He smiled with satisfaction.

'Don't worry, you're fine.'

His lifeless, glass-like eyes still stared into the empty space.

'Look at me, see how I'm turning into a demon because of you. Are you happy now that you're having my child?'

'Huh? Aelock.'

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His eyes flashed open and he jumped to his feet. Taking a deep breath, he felt around with his hand. It wasn't a hard bed or rough sheets. And he was alone on the bed. Looking around, he realized it was his room in the new house he'd just moved into.

"What the hell, another dream? This is really driving me crazy."

Klopp rubbed his face with both hands. It took a while for his startled heart to calm down. He had gotten up so abruptly that his neck muscles were stiff and knotted. He massaged his neck and shoulders with his hands and stood up from the bed. Looking out the window, he saw that it was still early in the morning, far from sunrise. Klopp poured himself a glass of water from the table and sat back down on the bed.

"Why do I keep having these crazy dreams?"

The dream was truly killing him. Dreams were said to be the result of the unconscious mind, but to hate Aelock so much, to trample him until he was broken, and then to fantasize about impregnating him? He was definitely going insane. However, it wasn't that he couldn't understand those feelings either. His hatred for Aelock was growing in reality, and in proportion to that, his desire for him was steadily growing too.

The problem was that the dream went far beyond his psychological welfare and unconscious desires. They were brutal and horrifying enough to be called nightmares. It felt like he had developed a mental disorder. The parts that he couldn't bear the most were the curses that he spoke as if his heart had frozen up and Aelock's swollen belly.

He hadn't had an easy life so far, but it hadn't been such a hard life that he could dream of such brutal violence. Although he occasionally vented his frustrations through trivial outbursts, there was no reason to hate Aelock so much, who hadn't caused him any harm.

Moreover, wasn't Aelock an alpha? To dream of impregnating an alpha, Klopp was worried that he might truly go crazy at this rate. As he thought so, Klopp pondered deeply. It would be a big problem if he turned back halfway and did something foolish. One incident was enough.

As soon as the sun rose, let's go to the estate. Let's get this settled.

With that determination, he lay back on the bed, but the bed that had been comfortable just a moment ago felt uncomfortable. It was the same no matter what position he took. He started memorizing legislation laws silently in his mind while cursing internally. It was because he felt ashamed to think about Aelock and masturbate again this late at night. After a while, his mind started to drift away, and Klopp was finally able to fall asleep in a comfortable position.

Contrary to his determination, due to his restless sleep, he woke up much later than usual. He had an appointment with another client in the morning, so he had no choice but to head there. By the time he returned to the office and hastily finished the paperwork, it was already late afternoon. Klopp ticked off the things that needed to be taken care of and then went through the filing cabinet for Teiwind.

Lately, Aelock's overspending had decreased, which resulted in a significant decrease in his work. However, he still received substantial financial agent fees regularly, which made him feel a bit guilty. In fact, regular visits and discussions were mandatory, even if they weren't personal. Before, he had tried to avoid visiting the estate by all means, but today he voluntarily left his office.

When he arrived at the estate, the butler, who always treated him with his usual snarky demeanor, opened the door for him.

"Where is Aelock?"

"Count Teiwind is currently busy."

"We need to discuss the financial issues. Even if he's busy, tell him to make time."

The butler frowned slightly at the curt response, but he soon bowed and turned away. Klopp was guided to the study. He placed the documents on the desk and stared intently at Early Summer, a part of the painting series that he had seen before.

Since their first kiss, Klopp had made numerous efforts to meet Aelock. However, every time he came, Aelock was absent. He even claimed to have traveled somewhere outside the city. At first, Klopp thought it was just a coincidence, but later he became convinced. Aelock was clearly avoiding him.

When he first realized that, he thought, 'He could be doing that.' He had agonized over it for a long time before admitting it to himself. He denied it dozens of times. It's never easy to give in to a persistent desire, therefore Klopp could understand Aelock's reluctance as an alpha. However, understanding was one thing, and avoiding him like this was a separate issue.

Their relationship had already past that of an employer and an employee. Being fearful about it and pretending that nothing had happened wasn't going to change anything. Avoiding it wouldn't solve anything. Eventually, no matter which way things went, the two of them needed to have a conversation. Only then could Klopp have at least a chance.

Regardless of what Aelock was thinking, there was a need to appeal to him and let him know how much Klopp was attracted to him. In other words, he wanted a chance to pursue him. Klopp had already let him burst into his office, and Aelock had given him an opportunity. They even kissed, so at the very least, it would be only fair to let Klopp have a chance.

After waiting for a long time, Klopp no longer had a painting to look at, so he took out a book. By the time he turned over a few pages, Aelock belatedly appeared. Now, no longer in the mood to be angry, Klopp stared at him intently. Aelock glanced briefly in his direction and then sat in an armchair far away from the sofa where Klopp was sitting.

"...What are you doing there?"

"I said I was busy. Why did you come?"

"I won't bite you, so come sit closer."

"I can hear you loud and clear even from there. And why would I be avoiding you? I just really like this chair."

Aelock stubbornly persisted while glaring at Klopp. It was unbelievable, what was wrong with him.' Klopp closed the book, placed it on the table, and stood up from his seat. If the other person was avoiding him, then he should be the one to approach the other person. As he did so, Aelock was startled and quickly moved to a different spot.

"So, you are avoiding me."

"W-Well, I just suddenly remembered a book I have to read."

Aelock nervously rummaged through the nearby bookshelf. Klopp smiled as he saw Aelock pretending to act naturally while continuing to keep his attention on Klopp. Knowing that Aelock was paying attention to him like that gave him confidence. Before Aelock's hand could randomly pick up any book, Klopp got behind the golden-haired Count's back. And his hand overlapped the lithe hand reaching towards a book.

"Hmm, 'A Guide to Childcare.' Let me know if you have a secret child. Because they need to be included in the inheritance."

"Ah, it's not that book. It's the one next to it!"

“‘Prenatal Education for Aristocrats.’? Are you pregnant?”

As Klopp glanced downward, Aelock’s expression froze, and he mumbled in disbelief.

“D-don’t joke around! It was just out of curiosity because a relative of mine is pregnant! And back off! You perverted jerk!”

“But I don’t want to.”

Klopp’s provocation intensified when he was directly confronted with the issue he had been contemplating himself. So he strongly pulled Aelock closer, seizing his wrists as Aelock defiantly resisted. Using his advantageous position, Klopp confined Aelock between himself and the bookshelf. His sapphire-like eyes were avoiding him. Aelock’s golden eyelashes trembled slightly.

At that moment, the dream from last night came to his mind. Klopp didn’t want his unconsciousness to seep in like this. In fact, he wanted to leave it as a dream forever. He didn’t like the fact that the man, who usually gave him a straight gaze, was unable to meet his eyes out of fear. He didn’t want to force anything towards him. He desired a partner who had free will, not someone who succumbed to his power or fears. It was enough to see the other person being deprived of freedom, constrained, and withering away in his dreams.

Aelock furrowed his brow and bit his lip but couldn’t ask Klopp to let him go. All the teasing and somewhat playful feelings that had been there vanished completely. Klopp released his grip on Aelock’s wrists and took a few steps back.

“I’m sorry.”



“You ignorant tyrant.”

“I’ll admit that.”

Since he had never shown such a gentle side before, so Klopp had to accept that criticism. Aelock, who seemed a little surprised at his admittance, once again directed his gaze at Klopp. The blue eyes stared at him in distrust, so Klopp tried his best to display a genuine smile to show his pure intentions that held no ulterior motives. However, the skepticism in the other’s eyes only deepened. With a short sigh, Klopp spoke.

“I wish you would at least tell me the reason you’re avoiding me.”

“Do I have to tell you for you to know? A top graduate isn’t that smart after all.”

“Well, I didn’t major in dating at university.”

At the mention of the word “dating”, Aelock widened his eyes again in disbelief. Klopp didn’t realize Aelock was so easy to get surprised and teased. Klopp found it puzzling why Aelock always concealed himself behind the same mask-like smile when his expressive face was so much more natural and charming.

“What do you mean by dating?! You just broke off your engagement not too long ago. And your eyes must be blind! I’m an Alpha!”

“What’s important is that my engagement was called off, it’s not relevant how long ago it was. And my eyes are perfectly fine. You are undoubtedly an Alpha.”

“Then why are you doing this to me?”

Honestly, it was Klopp himself who wanted to know the answer to that. He had lived as a perfectly healthy alpha for over 20 years with outstanding abilities, but he had never considered himself to deviate significantly from average in terms of other physical conditions. It wasn’t uncommon for Alphas to be this tall and well-built.

Until now, Klopp had never felt any attraction towards other alphas, and all the people he had dated were omegas, regardless of their height, appearance, or gender. That’s why he was rather taken aback and confused by the sexual urge he felt towards Aelock now. This urge of wanting to be all-naked and intimate with him. However, answering this way to that question wouldn’t help much in this situation.

“My vision is fine, but my sense of smell is a bit off. And also, my brain is a little affected. Strangely, I keep perceiving you as an Omega.”

Although it was a self-deprecating remark, Aelock froze completely, as if he had seen a ghost. He stumbled a little, leaning against the bookshelf for support.

“Aelock?”

As Klopp furrowed his brows and called out to him, Aelock's face grimaced as if he were about to cry. Then, with a suppressed voice that barely came out, he spoke.

"I... I can't do this for a second time, I... don't want to go through... that again."