

## Garden 57

Vol. 2 Chapter 7.2 - Mad dog hunt and finally mine

The alley was very dark, but the outlines were still barely distinguishable. Someone dashed towards a dead-end wall in the distance. The men were too focused on pestering the fleeing guy from behind, unaware of the figure appearing behind them. The hooded person in a cloak reached the dead end and looked back.

“Hey, you omega. Let me fuck you once for three silver coins, huh? This body will become your lover.”

The three men exchanged vulgar remarks and laughed. The person they referred to as an omega stood silently, unmoving.

“You’re emitting such a sweet scent, you must be on your heat. Don’t consume those drugs and just spend a good time with me. Me fucking you once will be enough to end your heat.”

“They say aristocratic omegas are a delicacy because they’re soft. Why don’t you show some kindness to these poor bottom place dwellers?”

As the alphas closed in, the omega suddenly rushed forward. It seemed like an attempt to push them away and escape, but to Klopp’s eyes, it was futile. The omega, now caught in the clutches of the alphas, couldn’t even scream. The alphas covered the omega’s mouth and tried to force that person down to the ground.

“Let go of that person.”

At the chilling warning from behind, the startled alphas jumped up from their positions. Meanwhile, the omega managed to stand up and attempted to flee. Startled and unable to see this side properly, the omega pulled down their hood tighter and glanced back at the alphas standing behind. Running with increasing speed, the omega collided with Klopp in the end. The omega was staggering backward, so Klopp reflexively supported that person by the waist. A sweet scent permeated through the fluttering cloak.

The feeling of the omega's waist against his arm was surprisingly familiar. Moreover, this scent.

This couldn't be possible. He had clearly stated that he was at his countryside villa. There was no reason for him to be chased by those kinds of people in such a dangerous place. But his instinct told him otherwise. The person who was captured and stiffened in his grip was none other than that guy.

Klopp quickly removed the hood. And he met those blue eyes, as shocked as his eyes.

"Aelock?"

Klopp was too shocked to comprehend the situation. Even though Aelock was standing right in front of him, Klopp couldn't believe it. He couldn't speak. And Aelock seemed so terrified looking at Klopp. He looked at the dazed person who was holding him and then regained his senses. He tried to push away the arms wrapped around his waist. In the midst of Aelock struggling to escape, Klopp also quickly regained his senses. He held onto Aelock's waist firmly so he couldn't escape.

"Let go of me."

“You’ll die if you run away.”

The warning was so cold that even his own lips froze as he spoke it. His hands clenched at his waist, and Aelock shuddered, then fell silent. He relaxed his body and leaned slightly against Klopp. The sweet scent became even stronger. He felt a surge of anger that Aelock had such a sweet scent that he was mistaken for an Omega, and he wanted to rip his throat out right now.

Meanwhile, the thugs approached them.

“What’s this? That omega is my wife. Give me 5 silver coins since you touched him.”

They sneered, drawing their daggers. Without a word, Klopp took out the pouch of silver coins he always carried and threw it on the ground. With a thud, the pouch burst open and the silver coins spilled over. There were at least 30 of them.

With greedy eyes, they licked their lips and said, “Have fun with him.” and turned to leave. One of them, with a peculiar expression, whispered something to the bakery owner as if he knew Klopp. They exchanged meaningful glances and were just about to pass by.

“Wait. I need to ask you something.”

Moving the foolish count who was wandering alone in the streets to his back, Klopp fixed his cane and held it tightly. The men who were about to pass by after picking up the pouch, turned around with fierce expressions and asked, “What?” Klopp smiled politely and asked.

“Did you say this person is your wife?”

“He’s my wife, but I haven’t fucked him many times, so his hole is still tight. You’ll have some fun with him. Kek—”

Before he could finish his sentence, he looked wide-eyed at the blade that was embedded in his abdomen. Then he looked at the cane handle connected to the bloodied blade, and the gloved hand that was twisting it little by little, and finally raised his head slowly to see Klopp smiling at him.

“Say it again. Who is whose wife?”

“Urgh...”

Silver coins fell from his trembling hand.

One of the men fell to the ground and writhed, causing the other two to panic.

“It’s murder!”

They pulled out their daggers and swung them wildly. Pushing Aelock back into the alley, Klopp raised his sword. No matter how thick their bones were from living in the bottom place, they were no match

for the formally-trained swordsmanship. One of them swung his dagger but ended up getting stabbed in the arm. Losing his balance, he stumbled backward and fell over the corpse of his dead comrade. Before he could even scream, his throat was pierced.

Seeing this, the bakery owner turned white and fled toward the entrance of the alley. Just as Klopp was about to chase after him, the bakery owner was struck in the back of the head by a heavy weapon that appeared out of nowhere. The servant of the Marquis revealed himself and expressionlessly gestured toward the other corpses.

Klopp walked over to Aelock, who was standing on the other side of the alley. Shocked and unable to take his eyes off the dead bodies the Marquis' servant was dragging, he took two steps back as Klopp stepped within arm's reach. His blue eyes were filled with terror.

At that moment, Klopp felt as if his stomach, which had been calm for the past few days, was being turned upside down again. The taste of iron seeped into his throat. He tried to smile, barely swallowing the lump in his throat, but it didn't work. Hot blood continued to drip from the cane blade in his hand. It was only natural for Aelock to be afraid of him. However, he couldn't stay like this here forever.

Klopp reached out his hand. His suppressed, chilling voice and rigid tone had long gone beyond his control. But if he didn't force himself to do so, he felt like Aelock would collapse right there.

"Come here."

White as a sheet, Aelock looked at the outstretched hand, then stared back up at Klopp. His expression was extremely complex. Fear, pain, sadness. The arrogance and sneering attitude he had seen before had disappeared, replaced by an overwhelming sorrow that was too deep to even look into. Each moment of facing Aelock was a pain that burned Klopp alive.

Why... Why... do I have to feel these emotions for him? Why do I reach out to him, knowing that I will be rejected yet again? Just like his previous lover, he was certain that Aelock would turn away from his violent and cruel nature. He hadn't even tried to reflect on himself before coincidentally meeting Aelock today. The blood that had trickled down his spine pooled in his gut. His head was spinning and his body was weak, unable to support his outstretched arm.

As his arm slowly began to slide down, Aelock took a step forward. While still staring at Klopp, he took another step, reaching out his hand and grabbing the dangling arm. Then he came closer and stood beside Klopp.

Klopp didn't make a single move, afraid that if he did, Aelock would escape. In the darkness, the sapphire eyes, shining like jewels, came right up to his face and soon disappeared behind his eyelids. Instead, soft blond hair touched his chin. Taking in the scent that he had missed so much, Klopp embraced the person who had willingly fallen into his arms.

Having been shocked in various ways, Aelock's steps were entangled. And Klopp himself was having a hard time walking, as he was in an aroused state because of the murder, the relief of finally having Aelock, and the scent of Aelock's body that gave him a hard-on. Before they could exit the bottom place and make it to the main street below, the Marquis's servant ushered them 'outside'.

"Don't worry about the aftermath. We'll take care of it from this side."

Despite his blunt words, he was kind enough to hold the carriage for them. When Klopp thanked him, his reply was, "Please thank the Lord, not me." It was clear that the Lord he referred to was Marquis Wolflake.

Klopp never imagined he would find himself in debt to him, relying on someone he once thought of as a strange guy who ignited enmity for no reason. But he also hadn't expected to find Aelock, who was impossible to find, to be wandering the bottom place, nor had he expected to stumble upon him and save him from the brink of rape. Another unexpected thing was how Aelock was now sitting next to him, leaning wearily on his shoulder.

As the word "rape" crossed his mind, Klopp felt a chill down his spine. His hands and feet trembled, and he didn't quite feel satisfied with killing those three bastards easily. He should have torn their flesh one by one and poured acid onto their exposed organs, melting them away. If it weren't for Aelock being there, he might have actually done that.

Klopp closed his eyes in exhaustion and embraced the person leaning on his shoulder, burying his nose in the soft blond hair.

The carriage soon arrived in front of his house. Careful not to wake the person in his arms, Klopp gently pulled the cloak he was wearing over him and cautiously carried him out of the carriage. He moved as gently as possible, but before he knew it, he heard a sleepy voice.

"Where are we? This isn't my estate."

"It's my house."

"What?"

Suddenly, Aelock started to panic. Klopp set him down before he could fall down, and Aelock ran his hand through his hair in a dejected manner.

“Call me a carriage. I need to go home.”

Klopp had no intention of letting him do so. He firmly grabbed Aelock’s wrist, who tried to escape, as he knocked on the front door and called for Martha.