

## Garden 58

Vol. 2 Chapter 7.3 - Mad dog hunt and finally mine

Martha was about to scold her master for coming home late, but when she saw Aelock being dragged inside, the maid closed her mouth. She glanced at him and silently made way for Klopp to go upstairs.

“You’ll rest tomorrow, right?”

She asked him as they climbed the stairs, and Klopp nodded.

“Call the office and either reschedule or cancel all appointments for the next two days. And don’t come upstairs. If I need anything, I’ll come down.”

Martha nodded while covering her mouth. Being dragged by Klopp, Aelock shouted, “W-what are you trying to do!” and tried to pull his hand away, but Klopp wasn’t willing to let go.

“If you don’t want us to do it in the hallway like this, shut up and come with me.”

Dragging Aelock like livestock being led to the slaughterhouse, Klopp led him to the bedroom in the center of the second floor. Since he had already been called a crude savage, he decided to become a truly crude savage to the noble aristocrat. Klopp only took off Aelock’s cloak and threw him onto the large bed.

“Ngh, what the hell are you doing!”

No matter how Aelock resisted, Klopp didn't respond and simply locked the door. Without a key, the door couldn't be opened from the inside. Then he closed the window and drew the curtains. He put the key in his jacket pocket, took it off, and hung it on the chair. Then he walked over to the bed.

Seeing that, Aelock tried to escape away from the bed. He tried to run, but Klopp caught him and pushed him back onto the bed. Aelock fell backward and looked at Klopp with a terrified expression. There was nothing Klopp wanted to say. He sighed shortly and took off Aelock's jacket. He grabbed his flailing legs and pulled off his shoes, tossing them out of the bed.

"Klopp, Wait... just a moment."

"Shut up. Before I kill you."

He really meant it. If Aelock stopped him here, he felt like he would kill Aelock and then kill himself. Aelock, overwhelmed by a brutal force, turned pale. He tightly closed his mouth. He covered his face with his arms and bit his lip in a feeble act of defiance. Looking at his trembling body, Klopp felt like a cold wind was blowing through his chest, but he ignored it. If he didn't make Aelock his own right away, he might just die.

After taking off his vest and unbuttoning his shirt, a distinct scent filled the air. It was a mixture of alpha scent with a strong omega scent, a very lewd smell. It was a scent Klopp had smelled before, but this time, the concentration was different. It smelled more intense as if he had engaged in a messy affair. Klopp's hand trembled while gripping his white shirt. No matter how hard he tried to hold it back, he couldn't help the anger that burst out.

“Who were you fucking? Those guys from earlier?”

With a hoarse, snarling voice, Klopp questioned. Aelock, who had been covering his face with his arms and looking away desperately, jerked his head up to look at him.

“No.”

“Then did you get yourself a prostitute?”

“I’ve never done that.”

“Then why did you go there?! And what’s with this ragged whore scent?”

Aelock visibly flinched at Klopp’s shout. Fear crept into his eyes, and he couldn’t close his open mouth. He tried several times to say something, but in the end, he kept his mouth shut. Watching Aelock turn away from him, Klopp felt like he was going crazy. No, maybe he had already gone crazy.

“Fine. I don’t care who you were with or what you did. I’ll just make sure you never ever do that again.”

With those words, he completely stripped Aelock naked. He didn’t care if his clothes tore or the buttons flew off. He was so rough and brutal that Aelock was too scared to protest.

Aelock's naked body was strikingly different from what Klopp's subconscious had created. That was expected. Aelock was a well-fed and well-dressed aristocrat. His body was lean, but not quite small and lanky, and just like an alpha, he was nicely muscled and defined. On his faintly reddish skin, as smooth as silk, there was not a single blemish, as expected.

What stood out about his body were the pink nipples that were slightly erect in embarrassment and the terribly alluring colored penis nestled amongst pubic hair as soft as his hair. Sensing Klopp's scrutinizing gaze on his body, Aelock rolled over and curled into a ball, pulling the sheet over himself. It was a pointless act, but it was cute, so Klopp let him there.

Seemingly to still be anxious under the sheets, when Klopp began to undress, Aelock timidly moved toward the end of the bed. He kept looking back at Klopp and the door, terribly frightened. Klopp didn't know if Aelock still had some hope of escaping or if he deliberately did it to provoke him, but Klopp just chuckled.

Startled by the low chuckle, Aelock turned his head over his bare shoulder to see Klopp staring at him and flinched again. Unable to bear it any longer, Klopp took off all his clothes and approached Aelock, grabbing his legs that were wrapped in the sheet and pulling him closer.

"Please... Klopp... I..."