

Garden 72

Vol. 3 Chapter 10.4 - The bitter with the sweet

He nodded his head slowly. Kloff was in disbelief. Was he being sarcastic by asking how well he had lived after Aeroc's death? It was cute and touching at the same time. Kloff gently lifted the crying omega and placed him on his lap. He held Aeroc's head, bringing it close to his own neck, while his other hand stroked Aeroc's back. He blamed himself more in order to soothe Aeroc.

"There's no way that I was happy. Even when I tormented you, it felt terrible, but after you died, it was the worst."

"...Why?"

Aeroc asked as if he knew nothing about it, and Kloff smiled in response. Did Aeroc really want to know why? He didn't want to expose his vulnerabilities, but since he was guilty of it, he had no choice but to explain it again and again.

"I killed the omega that I imprinted on with my own hands, living alone after that is just hellish. I swear to you, if it were real and not a dream, I would have already committed suicide."

While being embraced, Aeroc swallowed his tears and jerked his head, looking at Kloff with a shocked expression, as if struck by lightning. It seemed that he couldn't believe it, so Kloff immediately licked the tears streaming down the corner of his eyes, reassuring him once again.

"In the dream, I couldn't die because of the children you gave birth to. But that's not the case now, so if anything wrong happens to you, I'll die too. So please, live a long and healthy life. I want to live a long life."

Kloff smiled and tried to kiss Aeroc's cheek, but Aeroc pulled his head back, avoiding him. Then, with a trembling voice, he questioned.

"...Imprinted? You didn't say such a thing."

"In the dream, we continued to deeply hurt each other. By the time I realized it, it was already too late. But now..."

In truth, he hadn't wanted to confess about the imprinting now. He might completely become a slave to Aeroc as he was inferior to him in many aspects, so he deliberately postponed it. He had planned to confess later when he was more qualified, while evasively saying, "If you hadn't thrown that huge feast, I was going to confess during that meal with a ring." Of course, he had already bought the ring.

Come to think of it, there were quite a few things that got skipped because Kloff got angry and dragged Aeroc straight to the bedroom. To top it off, he even mentioned that he cursed Aeroc in his dream. To say the least, he must have lost his sanity a little. He might have gotten too ecstatic to finally have his omega and had lost his senses in the process.

Kloff had confessed already, but Aeroc didn't believe him. He kept saying it was all lies. Given his constant anxiety, it might be expected for him not to believe it. Kloff had a feeling that if he couldn't convince Aeroc here, it would always stay like this in the future. Unlike Aeroc, who constantly left room for doubt, Kloff had no desire to do so.

"If you can't believe me, just wait a moment."

Kloff wanted to bring his evidence and tried to get out of bed, but suddenly Aeroc urgently shouted, "Don't go!" and clung to him. Kloff was taken aback, and when he looked at Aeroc, tears were flowing down his cheeks as he desperately held onto Kloff's arm.

"I'll believe you, so don't go!"

"...The ring is in my pocket over there..."

"I don't need things like a ring. So please, don't go."

He had prepared the ring in earnest so he was honestly disappointed to hear that Aeroc didn't need it. However, seeing how desperate Aeroc looked, he could only hug him tightly. Aeroc clung to him as if he were drowning in the waters. Their bare chests pressed against each other, and it felt so warm and comforting. Worried that his exposed back in the air would get cold, he pulled the sheet over him, covering up to his shoulders. Meanwhile, Aeroc, hanging onto Kloff's sturdy and muscular body like a cedar tree, took slow breaths. His damp breath tickled Kloff's collarbone.

"Since when was it?"

Even though he asked curtly, Kloff could understand what he meant. He pulled Aeroc's waist and calmly answered. He wanted to kiss him, but Aeroc had lowered his head, making it difficult.

"I don't know exactly."

“How did you know?”

Aeroc lifted his head up. Kloff wiped his thumb across the corner of the asking person’s wet eyes before sliding it into Aeroc’s mouth. Aeroc furrowed his eyebrows at Kloff’s sudden action.

“How does it taste?”

“Are you teasing me?”

“Is it sweet?”

His tears were just about to fall, but now Aeroc was looking at the other person with angry, watery eyes. But even so, his clinging hand tightened around Kloff’s arm, refusing to let go. Kloff smiled and lowered his head, licking away the tears. Aeroc’s shoulders were hunched and he pushed the Alpha who kept picking out the oddest things to do. Aeroc glared at him in disbelief, then questioned him again.

“How can tears be sweet?”

“To me, they are. Insanely. That’s how I knew.”

Aeroc kept questioning him, still finding it hard to believe. He asked again and again if he really tasted the tears or if it was like that in his dream too. Kloff didn't want to think about the dream and didn't want to say anything about it, but Aeroc kept pressing and he was a guilty man, so he had no choice but to answer honestly. Kloff answered yes again and again as Aeroc repeatedly asked him, and eventually, Aeroc cursed in a low, angry voice.

"You bastard."

He didn't think that he had done something so wrong, but Aeroc was so agitated to the point his face was fuming and his teeth were grinding. Wondering what this was all about, Kloff remained silent, and then a barrage of curses came flying.

"You damned demon. You cursed bastard. No wonder you've been living in hell all your life! Because of you, I..... I....."

As Aeroc poured out severe criticism that would be considered extremely serious by aristocratic standards, Kloff turned the conversation around because he seemed so enraged that he might end up suffocating.

"You were also a bad guy. You killed Rapiel and purposely died in a gruesome way, making my life a living hell."

In his defense, Aeroc vigorously shook his head.

"I never did that on purpose. It was all because you chose to say all those cruel things....."

Aeroc was treating him as a real lout because he hid the truth about the imprint, so Kloff rested his elbows on his knees, rested his chin on his hand, and quietly observed Aeroc. Both the enraged Aeroc and Kloff, who had been startled by his tears, now had dried tears. Far from being pleased when Kloff confessed that he had imprinted him, Aeroc was very annoyed that he hadn't told him before, and he blurted out.

"It's as if you already know my dreams."

Upon hearing that, Aeroc literally jumped as if his butt had been pricked by thorns. Then, with a slightly stiff expression, he looked at the person who was looking down at him and smiled awkwardly.

"Well, I just had a feeling that it was like that."

"It wasn't on purpose, but you had the meaning to do so? Why?"

Aeroc's persistent act of pretending not to know wasn't unique to him. Although Kloff knew he would appear condescending, he still raised the corners of his mouth. Aeroc turned his head, feigning ignorance. Seeing his white complexion contrasting with his trembling red lips, it was clear that he was vacillating. Kloff deliberately asked in a colder tone.

"Speaking of my dream. As an alpha, why did you have hostility towards someone else's wife, huh?"

"Didn't you know from the dream?"

“Well, I don’t remember.”

The truth was, Kloff had a very vivid recollection of a ridiculously cute scene at a party where Aeroc had asked him to fuck him straight up, with his trembling hands clasped behind his back and a fake faint smile on his face, but Kloff pretended not to remember it. He was sure that Aeroc would label him as a perverted demon if he told him of that dream.