

Garden 78

Vol. 3 Chapter 11.3 - The little sunshine clears away dark cloud

Time passed smoothly, and fortunately, with no major problems. With his belly getting bigger, Aeroc refrained from going out unless absolutely necessary, and that was true of Kloff as well. They learned firsthand the chaos that would ensue when a fox and a raccoon were together inside the house.

“At the Count of Teiwind, it is a tradition that black tea is prepared in matching tea sets and served with the finest cream.”

“Oh my, you should add a tradition of having it in a mug and just putting sugar from now on.”

As Martha said that, she confidently stirred her mug with just two sugar cubes. The housekeeper couldn't tolerate it and trembled, while Martha casually commented, “It seems like you have senile dementia. It's because you're always getting angry.” and drank her tea, making a slurping sound. Passing by, Kloff saw the servants taking a break and had to hold back his laughter at the sight of the trembling butler.

Next was the incident that happened while walking in the garden with Aeroc. While engaging in a lighthearted debate about how many children they would have in the future, three or six, they noticed the butler and Martha picking flowers for decorations from the other side of the garden.

“The roses shouldn't be cut so carelessly. Hold it here and cut it diagonally, then remove the thorns and leaves underneath and put them in a basket. As a housekeeper, don't you know this?”

“In Bendyke, we don't grow such nasty flowers, only giant cedar trees.”

“...What do you mean by that?”

“Literally. Do you want me to snap it like this?”

Ignoring the butler’s words again, Martha half-twisted the half-bloomed rose with her hand. The butler hurriedly tried to say, “That’s not!” but soon stepped back a few paces.

Buzz, buzz, buzz.

Two bees suddenly flew out of the flower and darted toward Martha.

“Ah! Bees!”

As Martha threw her hands in the air in a panic, the butler smirked. He calmly said, “Those are bees cursing the mean flower,” and walked away with the rose basket into the house.

“I guess they don’t get along after all.”

“I think they might get along surprisingly well.”

At Aeroc's comment, Kloff looked at him in disbelief and said, "Why?" Aeroc smiled slightly.

"It's the first time Hugo has been so gentle with someone."

He had just abandoned the female omega who was attacked by the bees and went inside the house. And that was considered gentle? Indeed, the butler, who was the standard of tradition and principles in this mansion, was just as incomprehensible as his master.

Several months passed. While marveling at Aeroc's expanding belly, his astonishment was short-lived as the gaze of the guests who visited the estate was not at all pleasant. Especially the Wolflake Marquis, who appeared repeatedly for unknown reasons. He took one look at Aeroc's tautly pulled vest and jacket and said quietly, "This is a gift." He handed him a small box slightly larger than the palm of his hand.

"By the way, your belly is....."

"It's abdominal obesity."

Kloff, standing by the Count's side like a knight, answered coldly. Wolflake seemed to have sensed something and coughed a few times before asking again, "Is that true?"

"His appetite has increased lately, and he has suddenly gained weight."

“Do you expect people to believe that?”

“If they can’t accept the obvious truth, what can we do?”

Without batting an eye while spinning lies, Kloff exchanged glances with Wolflake. If interpreted, it would probably mean “Shut up, if you don’t want to die.” or “You shameless bastard, have you forgotten how I helped you?”.

“Do you have any company?”

“...No.”

Wolflake answered Aeroc’s question with a few cryptic nuances, then quickly left to join the others. Aeroc held up the gift and made a puzzled look.

“Why do you keep inviting him?”

“The Marquis of Wolflake and the Count of Teiwind have had a long-standing exchange, so it’s only natural.”

“Is it not possible to sever that relationship?”

“Of course not.”

Aeroc rebuked Kloff for spouting nonsense. At a loss for words, Kloff snatched the gift box from Aeroc and opened it. He was ready to use any excuse to throw it away if it was strange, but when he opened it, he found a piece of soft fabric the size of his palm.

“What is this?”

“Oh, it’s a baby hat. It’s a high-quality lace.”

“As expected, he knew it.”

Kloff swallowed his anger, and Aeroc looked at him wistfully.

“It would be stranger if he doesn’t know it. Speaking of which, is that really the only excuse you have, abdominal obesity?”

“Should I just say it’s a serious illness?”

“Enough! It’s my fault for trusting you.”

Aeroc irritably handed the baby hat to Kloff and ordered him, “Go to my room and put it in the second drawer. On your own.” Even if he gritted his teeth, Kloff was no match for the Count, who greeted the guests with a bright smile.

He knew that he would become a foot-washer for Aeroc. Kneeling in front of the Count, who sat arrogantly on the luxurious and soft sofa, Kloff held a basin filled with warm water and carefully dipped the Count’s fair foot, cupping it gently with both hands. After washing up to the ankle, he lathered his hands with fragrant soap and massaged the noble Count’s foot. He meticulously handled the instep, sole, and heels that had borne the weight of his body all day, then used his fingers to massage between the toes.

“It tickles.”

Even though arrogant complaints burst out, Kloff didn’t utter a word and dipped his hands into the warm water in the basin again, splashing water on Aeroc’s fair foot. Then he firmly massaged the foot with his large hands.

“Ah... Ah... A little more... There... Ngh...”

Because of those lewd moans, blood rushed to his core. Kloff adjusted his kneeling position slightly to take some pressure off, knowing that if he were caught, he’d be accused of being a foot-obsessed pervert again. Knowing Aeroc, even if Kloff said it was a response to his suggestive moans, it would still be useless. After finishing the massage, the Count let out a satisfied and languid sigh.

After drying his clean foot with a towel draped over his shoulders, the Count placed his foot on one of Kloff's shoulders. It was as light and arrogant as an ancient emperor using a slave's back as a footrest. Then he placed his other foot in Kloff's free hand. Kloff silently washed it, massaged it, and wiped it clean with a towel.

Though the continuous lewd moans had quite seriously made him have a hard-on, Kloff couldn't give it any care as he attended this noble Count. He pushed the basin aside and stood up from his kneeling position. Before the clean feet of the noble Count touched the ground, Kloff slid his arm beneath the Count's knee, firmly gripping his lower back, and the Count easily wrapped his arm around Kloff's shoulder.

"Eek."

Kloff gritted his teeth hard and tried his best not to drop the Count. His physique wasn't small as he was originally an alpha and with a balloon-like swollen belly, the Count was quite heavy. But Kloff smiled slightly, as if Aeroc was featherlight.

"Am I heavy?"

Kloff, endowed with wise and cautious wisdom to never answer the obvious answer when asked an obvious question, replied in a voice that trembled a little.

"No, not at all."

"But why are you clenching your teeth so hard?"

“Because I have a toothache. I have a cavity.”

“Hmm, that’s a bit different from what I personally confirmed earlier.”

“How can you check for cavities with your tongue?”

As Kloff replied, he took a step, then another step, and moved towards the bed. Just before the veins on his forehead were about to burst, he managed to lift the heavily pregnant omega onto the bed. The bed creaked as the weight settled, and Kloff let out a light sigh, trying to straighten his back.

At that moment, Aeroc grabbed his collar and pulled him down for a kiss. Instinctively closing his eyes, Kloff returned the sweet kiss before opening his eyes again to see Aeroc wearing a wicked smile, saying, “You really don’t have cavities after all.”

“...Humanely-“

“My pajamas.”

Before Kloff could finish his sentence, Aeroc ordered briskly. Kloff quickly fetched the pajamas and helped Aeroc change his clothes. Aeroc, now wearing a loose-fitting white nightgown, complained while handing his worn clothes to Kloff.

“How much longer do I have to wear these stupid clothes?”

Kloff smiled as he pretended to pull down the skirt of his nightgown, while secretly brushing against Aeroc’s smooth legs.

“It’s so round that it’s cute, don’t you look good wearing it?”

Actually, it was more the sight of his legs stretching out beneath his white one-piece nightgown that was so insanely sexy which made him couldn’t think of anything else. However, Kloff knew that if he said it out loud, he’d be scolded so he held it back. Aeroc, with a disapproving expression, finally lay down on the bed. Kloff propped his legs up on the pillows and placed several more pillows to support his upper body.

“When can I sleep lying down properly and see my feet again?”

“Just endure for two more months.”

“I can’t believe I have to do this five more times....”

As he was about to spread the sheets over him, Kloff stopped and looked at Aeroc, who was frowning deeply.