

## Garden 79

Vol. 3 Chapter 11.4 - The little sunshine clears away dark cloud

“Are you really thinking of having six kids? It might be better for you to consider that.”

No matter how much Kloff thought about it, it would take 8 to 10 years for that long-term project to complete its final phase. Kloff tried to suggest making some adjustments considering his age and health, also Aeroc’s weight, but Aeroc drew a firm line, saying, “Six kids. No more compromises.”

Why was he so fixated on having six kids? He’d be likely to die giving birth to them all. Kloff wanted to argue, but in the brief moment that he left and came back with the duvet, he saw Aeroc, who was falling asleep, and couldn’t help but chuckle.

“Well, it’s not so bad if I can see such an adorable sight from you five more times.”

In that short time, Kloff gave a goodnight kiss on the unconscious Aeroc’s cheek, and he forgot about his premature worries.

As Aeroc’s belly became a little bigger, they could get away with hiding it under clothes, but after six months, it became hard to hide. They needed loose-fitting clothes. Still, the protruding belly couldn’t be hidden.

Although they reduced their public appearances, being too reclusive could also raise suspicions, so they ended up attending small gatherings with a select few. His face had become smoother and brighter, but due to the inexplicable fact that the originally slim Count now had a large belly, people began to worry about his health. Add to that the fact that he had recently been spotted being unusually affectionate

with the financial manager who had been residing in the estate, rumors naturally spread in that direction.

“Could it be that the Count...?”

“No way. He’s definitely an alpha. I’ve known him since he was young.”

“Well, if that’s the case, maybe.....”

“It does seem likely, doesn’t it? They do seem to suit each other.”

Whenever such rumors reached him, Kloff firmly denied it and pushed the idea that Aeroc had abdominal obesity. Except for the likes of Marquis Wolflake, most people initially believed it. But as the pregnancy passed seven months, even that became a stretch. Still, Kloff’s attitude remained unwavering.

“...Do you really think people believe that?”

When the other accomplice in the scheme asked, Kloff flashed a determined look and replied.

“So what if they don’t believe us? It’s not like they’re going to cut open your belly to check.”

No one dared to challenge them under Kloff's ferocity. Among the aristocrats, the talk eventually turned to, "Lord Teiwind has gained so much weight lately, hasn't he?" Later, everyone casually commented, "It's just plain old belly fat." Aeroc, the butler, and Martha were absolutely amazed at the absurdity. Meanwhile, Kloff left behind a memorable quote.

"Truth is created by willpower."

As childbirth approached and Aeroc grew anxious, they eventually left the estate and moved to a secluded villa not far from the city. It was the place where Aeroc used to spend his heat cycles. The butler couldn't come along as he had to manage the estate, so Martha accompanied them instead. However, she was already exhausted from the household chores, so it was up to Kloff to take care of Aeroc's every need.

Since Aeroc's pregnancy, Kloff had adopted the mindset that Aeroc's fortune was their own fortune. Apart from a few important clients, Kloff handed over all the work to his colleagues in the industry. Although he reduced his workload, the national fund he managed was becoming increasingly large-scale, leaving Kloff no time to rest. He took a long-term leave of absence for personal reasons, but financial matters never ceased, so he had to go to the city every few days.

Some days, Aeroc would be full of complaints, other days he would cry uncontrollably, and on some days, he seemed like he was about to fly away. Dealing with Aeroc in such a state was not an easy task. After tending to his every need and laying him on the bed, Kloff would continue to organize documents and write important sealed letters until late.

Kloff massaged his stiff neck, gently rubbing his hands on the bags under his eyes. After getting up and taking off his clothes, exhausted, Kloff climbed onto the bed. Watching Aeroc silently, who smelled of fragrant soap, Kloff kissed their forehead.

“Indeed, my wife is the prettiest when he’s asleep.”

As Kloff expected, the first thing Aeroc said when he opened his eyes in the morning was, “I’m hungry.” Exhausted from his mental labor until late at night, Kloff immediately jumped up like a private who heard an air raid siren and hurriedly put on his robe before leaving the room. He could now find the villa kitchen even with his eyes closed. Martha, who was already preparing breakfast, greeted Kloff and stepped aside.

With his eyes closed, Kloff found the potatoes and the knife. He had reached a level where he could skillfully peel the potatoes without cutting his fingers even when he was half-asleep. Kloff skillfully put the vegetables and potatoes in a pot and boiled them, adding a pinch of salt and pepper for seasoning. Meanwhile, Martha placed a hearty salad, two slices of toast, fruits, juice, three pieces of bacon, and a few sausages on the bedside table.

In the middle of it all, there was a warm pot that had been preheated. After pouring the boiling soup into a full bowl, Kloff covered it with a lid. Finally sobered up from his sleep, he lifted the sturdy tray and went upstairs to the second floor.

Struggling to open the door, Kloff entered to find Aeroc sparkling with anticipation. He placed the meal on the table and helped Aeroc get up. He supported him with a generous pillow and cushion on his back, and then placed the feast on the bed. Aeroc quickly picked up the spoon and started eating the soup. Kloff sat on the bed, holding a rustic mug filled with hot tea, and watched Aeroc eat the hot soup eagerly.

“Is it really that delicious?”

“Don’t engage me in a conversation.”

Out of curiosity, Kloff had tried it a few times. It wasn't entirely flavorful. It was just decently edible. Aeroc, who was accustomed to fine ingredients and exquisite dishes prepared by top chefs, shouldn't be going crazy over the taste of the soup.

Despite thinking that Aeroc would give up making him cook after the first painful attempt, he always sought out to request the crude soup that Kloff made. Moreover, he wouldn't eat anything else unless he had it. It wasn't just stubbornness, but a really bad case of morning sickness. Kloff had no choice but to make it for him. After about eight months of making the soup, Kloff had reached a level where he could make it even with his eyes closed.

While Kloff enjoyed a cup of tea, Aeroc finished all that food. Especially the soup, the bowl had been so clean that there was no need to wash it. Aeroc patted his inflated belly, seemingly satisfied. Then, he sipped on apple juice. Kloff pushed the much lighter bedside table aside and massaged Aeroc's swollen legs, as he had been lying on one side all night due to discomfort.

"A bit higher. There. Ah..."

Aeroc closed their eyes and made a contented sound. Even though he had already massaged his legs at night, they always had this ritual in the morning.

Drinking apple juice and receiving a massage, Aeroc closed their eyes and made contented throaty moans. But suddenly, he groaned and writhed in discomfort.

"Is that perhaps? Is that the signal already?"

“N-no way. It’s not time yet. Maybe the puppy’s awake.”

“Ah.”

Unlike the omega who was grimacing in pain, the alpha smiled and gently caressed Aeroc’s swollen belly with his large hand. In the midst of his caresses, he felt a tiny kick in the center of his palm.

“Ouch.”

“Oh my. That must hurt?”

“No, it really hurts bad.”

Aeroc frowned and grumbled. Kloff chuckled, patting his belly and landing a kiss on Aeroc’s lips.

“The baby must really be an alpha.”

“The baby is an omega. An omega son.”

For some reason, as if he had received a divine revelation, Aeroc always said his baby would be an omega. Martha, who had experienced childbirth before, thought the baby would be an alpha from the shape of his belly, but Aeroc's baseless belief didn't change at all. Consequently, all the baby items were prepared to suit an omega, although Kloff secretly bought and stocked up alpha-related items.

"If the baby is an omega, that's great too. Especially if he's blond with sky-blue eyes, he would be adorable."

In response to those words, Aeroc glanced at Kloff and then smiled thinly.

"Just as you wished, I hope the baby will be born with blond hair and sky-blue eyes, resembling your wife."

Kloff laughed at Aeroc's self-reference.

"Yes, a beautiful and lovely omega will be born, resembling my wife."

Finishing his words, Kloff kissed his beloved wife.