

## Garden 82

Vol. 3 Chapter 11.7 - The little sunshine clears away dark cloud

She cheerfully spoke, before taking the baby from Kloff and then skillfully positioning the baby in the distraught Aeroc's arms. She grabbed Aeroc's limp arms and positioned them to hold the baby, then she brought the crying baby's head to Aeroc's breast. The child sobbed and whimpered with tears in his eyes, but then his baby instincts kicked in and he eagerly started sucking.

Martha's swift and unexpected yet simple action made Kloff's tears dry.

With a joyful expression, Martha placed her hands on her hips and looked at the new mother and the baby who had just been born into the world.

"How do you feel?"

Aeroc, eyes still fixated on his baby in astonishment, blinked dumbfoundedly as if he had seen an angel actualizing, and then spoke in a trembling voice.

"He's... not blonde."

"Resembling his father, he has deep brown hair."

"...He doesn't seem to be an omega."

“What? Did you not tell him that the baby was an alpha?”

Martha looked at Kloff incredulously. He was about to protest that Aeroc hadn’t even wanted to see the baby just now, but he wisely kept his mouth shut.

“Something is wrong.”

Martha was the one who answered his question.

“What do you mean? The baby’s fingers, toes, and birdie are all intact. Is the milk not coming out?”

“It’s not that...”

“If that side is all finished, embrace him towards the other side. One side should be enough for now since he’s still young, but if you don’t feed him vigorously, it’ll dry up quickly. And when that happens, even if you want to feed him, you won’t be able to. So don’t skip feeding the baby, it has to be on time. Don’t forget to burp the baby after you’re done feeding him. You’ve had a tough time tonight, so get a good sleep. You’ll wake up in a living hell soon enough.”

The words sounded somewhat frightening, making Aeroc almost on the verge of tears again.

“No, don’t cry.”

Aeroc had barely stopped crying and Kloff couldn’t afford to let him cry again, so he grabbed Martha, who was about to leave, and asked her instead of Aeroc, “Hell?!” In response, Martha looked at the two new parents and warned them with a terrifying glare.

“It’s the parenting hell where you have to breastfeed the baby every two hours, change diapers, and walk around holding him all night to put him to sleep. Don’t even think about relying on me. I need to sleep at night too.”

A chill ran down Kloff’s spine at Martha’s sharp voice. After Martha left, he looked blankly at Aeroc’s direction. With their son in his arms, tears were streaming down Aeroc’s face. He thought, ‘Ah, I’ve used up all my sleep now.’ It felt like the tears that had dried up earlier were about to come out again.

Forced to face the baby with Martha’s tyrannical help, to Kloff’s surprise, Aeroc obediently breastfed the baby. This time, he remained quiet. Kloff stayed even more focused, wanting to remember the indescribably beautiful sight of his omega holding their son and nursing him. While watching his son move his mouth sluggishly, Aeroc glanced briefly at Kloff, then lowered his eyes again and looked at the baby.

“I hadn’t thought of an alpha name...”

“You can take your time to think about that slowly.”

“I thought he would be an omega. A beautiful baby with blonde hair and blue eyes.”

It was quite cute that he was still stubborn about that. He really wanted to ask Aeroc what the hell was he thinking to push away the baby that he had been waiting for, but Kloff held it back.

“I do hope our second baby will look like you. Unless I go crazy because of your screams or parenting before then.”

“...Then Rapiel will become our second child. If it really happens that way.”

At those words, Kloff's face made a drastic expression.

“Why does Rapiel come into this conversation? And he'll become our second child? What do you mean by that?”

“If we have an Omega son, I want to name him Rapiel.”

With a slightly sad look in his eyes, Aeroc gently stroked his son's head with his hand and raised his head, gazing at Kloff. Kloff was so dumbfounded that he couldn't even snort at him. He didn't want to raise his voice at Aeroc, who had a long day, but that was completely unacceptable.

“You're making fun of me, right? You must be doing this to kill me because I made you have a hard time.”

“It’s not like that.”

“Not like that?! Not in my life there would ever be Rapiel! Whether it’s our second or third, or even ninth or tenth child! My child will never be named Rapiel! If you’re being obsessive like this because you haven’t gotten over him, you’ll be conceiving our second child during your prison visit.”

Kloff let out a threat and Aeroc was taken aback. In his still weak body, Aeroc lost his temper.

“Why would I be obsessed with Rapiel... Never mind that... Wait, why are you getting angry at me?!”

“Because my omega keeps talking about someone else! There wouldn’t be any alpha who isn’t angered”

Startled by his loud voice, Aeroc remained silent for a while, holding the sleeping baby tightly. He then spoke up.

“It’s different. Everything has changed.”

“What else?” echoed Kloff in a tired voice. His mind and soul were hazy due to the push-and-pull that Aeroc did to him several times in this one day.

“Everything is different from what I knew. You, the baby, this house, and this moment.”

The weary voice sounded somewhat melancholic. Kloff, who was thankful that the baby was safely born and that the mother had no major problems, felt genuine anger towards the truly outrageous omega who was causing trouble, but he didn't have the energy to be angry anymore. With a tired demeanor, he rubbed his face with his hands and asked.

“Do you dislike the change?”

At that, Aeroc looked at him for a while, then looked at the baby again. He remained silent for a long time until Kloff almost forgot the question itself, but then he smiled gently and said, “No.”

The baby, having finished nursing, no longer moved his adorable mouth. It seemed like he had fallen asleep.

“If you don't give him a burp, he'll throw up.”

Kloff approached Aeroc, who was still holding the baby, and pulled the baby closer. Aeroc squirmed a little, seeming not to want to let go.

“I want to burp him.”

He received Kloff's help and gently patted the baby's back as he held him. The baby soon let out a soft burp, and Aeroc smiled with joy. With Kloff's assistance, he carefully held the baby again and laid him down.

Kloff also lay beside him, watching the baby enveloped in Aeroc's arms. It had been an incredibly tiring day. The omega, holding the little baby, was once again embraced by the alpha. Kloff leaned in, burying his nose in the nape of Aeroc's sweaty and sweet-smelling head, and said,

"If you hold the baby like that, you might drop him when you fall asleep."

"I don't want to let go. I want to keep holding him."

"Earlier, you were trying not to even look at him at all."

Aeroc touched the baby's cheek with his hand. A whisper of admiration escaped him.

"He looks like you. His hair, nose, and lips. Probably his eyes too. He'll probably grow tall with broad shoulders. His hands and feet will be big. And he'll have a bad temper, nag a lot, and be greedy for money."

"Is that what a mother should say about his son?"

“He’ll be intelligent. He’ll probably graduate from school with excellent grades without needing private tutoring and pave his own path by receiving recommendations from professors. He’ll probably meet a pretty and kind omega and date her, but since he’ll be clueless about dating, he’ll need a lot of help from his surroundings.”

“...You could just badmouth me outright.”

“It would be nice if he could have aristocratic etiquette, but it’s alright if he couldn’t. Instead, I hope nothing dangerous will happen to the small heart nestled in this pretty and lovely chest.”

Aeroc’s frightening habit of making assumptions was now only a light-hearted retort. Kloff, who was stressed earlier because Aeroc rejected their baby, shrugged it off.

“My heart is beating just fine. If someone tries to put me in danger, he will be beheaded. You know that.”

Aeroc stiffened slightly.

“At times, you’re really like a devil. No, perhaps a demon king.”

Kloff chuckled, not knowing if it was a curse or an insult. He placed his hand lightly on Aeroc’s waist and kissed him on the nape of his neck, which was surrounded by his blond hair.

“You used to call me a dog, but now it seems I’ve been promoted to a king. I’ll take it as a compliment.”

“No more killing people. I can’t raise the child alone. Of course, I won’t instigate a murder ever again too.”

“I was just exercising my rightful self-defense against my imprinted omega. Those guys drew their weapons first. And...”

At that moment, Kloff sat up and pondered Aeroc’s words.

“Wait, you said ever again?”

“You were the only one with a sword back then.”

“No, not about that. Now you’ve got to come clean. Instigating a murder? Don’t tell me...”

Could it be that he instigated the murder of the unknown person that he had a broken heart with? That’s why he sometimes made incomprehensible remarks due to his trauma. Ah, Kloff thought he should have used any means necessary to figure it out and dealt with it before it came to this. Regretting belatedly, Kloff looked at Aeroc with solemn eyes, and Aeroc looked up at him, seemingly guilty and anxious, but then quickly averted his gaze.

“I’ve always thought that you were hiding something all along.”

"I'm not hiding anything."

"Then why can't you look me in the eye?"

"I have to look at the baby."

His awkward excuse was far from convincing.

"Aeroc."

Kloff reached out his hand and turned Aeroc's head to face him.

"I love you. I love you, the person who gave birth to my child. Whatever you've done, I'll forgive you. So, just come clean. Or else."

"Or else?"

"I'll make sure your belly stays big every day until your menopause comes."

He really meant it. And Kloff could tell that Aeroc understood.

“That’s alright.”

“What?”

It was actually Kloff who was surprised by the casual response.

“I said that’s alright.”

“I was threatening you just now. You should hate me for being an uncultured beast.”

“I know. But that’s still alright.”

Aeroc, with a faint smile, spoke calmly. Kloff didn’t know what else to say, so he asked with a hint of uncertainty, “Are you sure?” Aeroc gently patted the baby’s belly, full from nursing.

“When I’m pregnant, you’re always kind to me.”

“I’ve always been kind to you. Well, maybe not in the beginning. But I tried my best.”

“I know. So, I’ll give birth to as many as you want.”

“Two is enough.”

Honestly, after recalling today’s memories, Kloff would be satisfied with just one. But a blond omega baby that resembled Aeroc was a hope that neither Martha nor Kloff could give up on.

“Six is fine too. I think I can give birth to them all.”

“What six? A male omega? You’ll die from giving birth. Two is enough!”

As Aeroc continued to be stubborn, Kloff’s voice grew louder.

“Why are you angry?”

“When did I get angry? No, don’t change the subject. You instigated a murder? What is that about?!”

“I misspoke.”

Kloff firmly confronted him, not buying into the feeble excuse. If it were something else, on a day as tiring and difficult as today, he would let it slide without saying anything. But this was a very important issue.

“No, you didn’t. Who did you kill?”

“Even if I tell you, you won’t believe me.”

Kloff felt his blood run cold at the small voice. If Aeroc had done something, he would have undoubtedly handled it carelessly. There was a possibility that one day he would be on a wanted list, and they would have to hastily dispose of their assets, carry their child, and go into hiding while trying to soothe Aeroc, who would be pregnant again. That would be an unprecedented crisis.

Eventually, they would run out of money and end up living a miserable life in a shabby inn in the dead of winter. He would be unable to even properly feed the pregnant omega with a bowl of potato soup, crying tears of utter despair. I don’t want to pass on poverty to our children! I can’t do that!

“Confess right now. Who did you kill? How did you dispose of the body? I’m going to make sure that it’s all covered up, so you better come clean quickly.”

He gave him a warning in a stern voice, and Aeroc, slightly frightened, tightly sealed his lips and then finally spoke up.

“...It’s Rapiel Westport.”

“Huh?!”