

R. Garden 10.5

Vol. 3 Chapter 10.5 - The bitter with the sweet

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“Stop! I’ll talk, so stop!”

The declaration of surrender came instantly. Although Kloff was a bit disappointed that he didn’t get to properly taste the mind-numbing sweetness, he restrained himself for now, as he had another purpose. And after all, Aeroc wouldn’t be able to go anywhere.

“Alright, go ahead and speak.”

With a sinister smirk that others would deem menacing, Kloff supported his upper body with both arms and looked down at the stubborn omega lying underneath him. Aeroc stole a glance at him from the corner of his eye and chewed on his lips.

“I really don’t know what it was.”

“So you still haven’t gotten enough harassment.”

Kloff grabbed his ankle again and stroked it, and Aeroc hurriedly interjected.

“I’m serious! I really don’t know what it was.”

The expression on Aeroc's face seemed genuinely flustered, but it really was baffling. Kloff wondered if he was seriously being like this. Were all those books filling his study just mere decoration?

His intellect seemed sharp, and Kloff assumed Aeroc was well-versed in literature. He even seemed to have mastered philosophy, judging by the fact that he assigned homework to Kloff and meticulously checked it. Although it was only from a dream and not his real experience, it was baffling that Aeroc couldn't explain it properly after getting worked up about it earlier. Even if he seemed sane, Kloff wondered if Aeroc was mentally paralyzed due to his heat.

Of course, Kloff himself wasn't in perfect condition either, as he woke up with tears welling up in his eyes. But he didn't bother to dwell on it further. There was nothing more boring than engaging in a serious argument in the bedroom. Instead, Kloff calmly offered a suggestion.

"If you don't know what it was, try explaining it. I'll figure it out for you."

Upon hearing that, Aeroc hesitated for a moment, but then he truly started to explain. His face turned slightly flushed, but there was no hint of mischief or sarcasm. He looked up at Kloff, then spoke earnestly with a slightly trembling voice.

"So, when I first saw you by chance in the garden, everything in the world except for you became blurry. The usual sounds of birds and rustling of the wind disappeared, and only your voice resounded in my head. Even when there were countless people around, you stood out among them, and even if I spilled perfume, your bittersweet scent was stronger. When I closed my eyes, I could only see you, and as long as you were there, it didn't matter if I had nothing else. I would forgive whatever you've done to me. No matter how painful and hard it was, I couldn't give up my life because of you. And when you were in pain and suffering, I felt like I would die. It felt like my sole purpose for being born was just for you..."

The bluntness of Aeroc's words almost made Kloff faint. Even though the words were spoken as dry as a dissertation without any metaphors, it felt as if all the light in the world was pouring out from between his pale lips. So far from a recitation of poetry, his thin and trembling voice resonated more brilliantly than any heavenly sound.

Kloff's face grew increasingly hot, and at the same time, he sighed helplessly heavily at the absurdity of it all. What did Aeroc mean by all of these? He could easily summarize everything in one simple phrase, but why did he have to explain in such a turnabout manner? Of course, Kloff was dying of joy right now.

"Then?"

Suppressing the palpitating heartbeat that felt like it would shatter his ribcage, Kloff deliberately urged impatiently. Aeroc swallowed his saliva with a somewhat perplexed expression and continued speaking.

"I wish you would only see me and kiss me. But you didn't even look at me and were with someone else. I was fuming with anger. No matter what I said or did, you didn't even pretend to look at me. That's why I started doing even more extreme things, and eventually, I resorted to doing something so vile... Maybe that's why I was like that. In your dream."

The end of his words had almost no strength, barely audible. Ah, how should he deal with this unbelievably adorable person?

"While I appreciate your verbose confession, it's a bit embarrassing to listen to such dry, cliché-filled lines that aren't even poetic. Can't you just simply tell me that you love me?"

Kloff found this charming temptress extremely beautiful as he made an innocent confession, like a young poet falling in love for the first time. So when Kloff asked him with some teasing, Aeroc frowned and stared at Kloff. He seemed to have a lot to say but hesitated to say it. His lips stayed open in pause for a while, and he finally uttered a word.

“He said this is not love.”

“Who said such a thing?”

“...Someone.”

“It looks like you were deceived by a fraud again.”

Kloff was just slightly teasing him, but the words startled Aeroc. He glared at Kloff and angrily struck his chest. Kloff winced and said, “That hurts,” but Aeroc roared in frustration. He was so infuriated that Kloff couldn’t even stop him.

“You deserve to get hurt a little!”

After allowing himself to be hit a few more times, Kloff soon embraced Aeroc to prevent him from hitting further. Before Aeroc could continue his barrage of profanity, Kloff silenced him with a kiss. Whenever he tried to mumble profanities, Kloff kissed him over and over to stop it. Soon, Aeroc calmed down.

A moment later, when the long, lingering kiss came to a halt, Aeroc pointed his finger furiously at Kloff, either out of anger or due to shortness of breath, or perhaps both.

"I was a bad guy for sure, but you're truly a demon. Why did I fall for someone like you...?"

Laughing softly, Kloff retorted, "It's useless to realize that now. You're now already mine."

Seemingly genuinely angry, Aeroc became irritated and pushed Kloff away before turning around and lying down. Kloff insisted on embracing him, turning him back to face him. He gently caressed the Aeroc's tousled hair, who was still grumbling.

"So, you're not going to say it?"

"Not until you say it first."

It was really commendable that he continued to play hard to get until the end. Kloff chuckled and, in a light tone, yielded to Aeroc's demand.

"I love you."

Although it was an easy phrase to say, once he said it, it felt a bit awkward, making his ears burn. It was a combination of words that he had heard several times before, but it was the first time he had spoken them out loud. It felt ticklish and awkward. Once again, he stammered out those words like a

demonstration. Aeroc stayed there stunned as if he had just heard the most unexpected words in the world.

“I love you.”

This time, Kloff said it clearly while looking straight at Aeroc. Still, there was no response. Kloff continued headstrong.

“I love you, I really love you. I do love you. I love you. I am in love with you.”*

Persistently repeating the words while changing formalities and tenses, Kloff tried to elicit a reaction from Aeroc. However, Aeroc suddenly got up. The luxurious bed was quite high, and Aeroc rolled off from it, almost tumbling to the far floor, leaving Kloff flustered.

“Aeroc?”

Kloff quickly threw off the sheets and went down to help Aeroc who fell down to the floor. Standing up with wobbly helpless legs and not listening to Kloff’s call, Aeroc quickly put on the pants and shirt that he had thrown on the sofa a little distance away, without even looking back.

As Aeroc slipped one leg into his pants, a small trail of fluid ran down inside his thigh, which made Kloff’s member spring back with energy. Aeroc didn’t bother to wipe it, and he just pulled his pants on and put on his shirt. Hastily buttoning his pants and turning to leave, Kloff rushed over to stop him.

“Where are you going in that state?!”

Before Kloff could even reach out his hand, Aeroc swiftly moved, opened the door, and disappeared. His face was white as he left through the door. Worried that Aeroc might do something reckless, Kloff quickly put on only his pants and immediately rushed out. As he looked around the long corridor outside the door, he heard the sound of bare feet running down the other end of the hall.

Maybe he really needed to chain Aeroc to the bedpost so he would realize how scary the imprinted alpha was.

Angered by Aeroc’s incomprehensible behavior, Kloff chased after the fleeing omega, fully intending to capture him.

Turning the corner in search of his vanished mate, Kloff found Aeroc running towards the butler who was supervising the servants, instructing them to serve the guests with the last round of tea and snacks. Aeroc was snatching a hot teapot from the tray.

Without heeding the butler’s warning, “Careful, it’s boiling water,” Aeroc took a fine teacup from a maid’s tray and immediately poured in the rich tea. Kloff felt terrified as he saw Aeroc about to drink it all in one gulp, rushing over to him. The butler, equally shocked, quickly caught the half-dropped teapot with both hands.

“I told you that tea is not good during pregnancy!”

In his haste to snatch the teacup away, the hot liquid spilled over and scalded Kloff’s hand.

“Ouch!”

NOTE

*: in this passage, Kloff said I love you to Aeroc in different formalities. From informal casual to formal declarative.