

## **R. Garden 11.1**

Vol. 3 Chapter 11.1 - The little sunshine clears away dark cloud

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The eventful heat had passed. Fully certain of Aeroc's pregnancy, Kloff immediately moved into the estate. It was only expected. There was no way an alpha would leave a pregnant omega alone in a distant place.

There were plenty of unused rooms in the estate, so there was no inconvenience in using them right away. However, a few servants who weren't aware yet of the situation were summoned by the butlers and given various instructions. No one questioned Kloff's frequent visits to Aeroc's room or his sharing the same bed with the Count. Instead, Martha was surprised to hear that the omega that her owner had brought in before was the famous Count.

"So, that person is Master's..?"

"That's right. Only his direct servants know that he's an omega, so please make sure it doesn't leak out elsewhere."

"No, what's the use of keeping my mouth shut? You said he's pregnant. People would notice that."

"That's a problem for another time. For now, I want Martha to take care of him. There aren't many people I can trust."

"Is that why I'm on my way to the Count now?"

“Well, there used to be a housekeeper at the Count’s estate, but since she retired two years ago, he hasn’t been able to find a suitable replacement, so the butler has been managing everything. However, an alpha butler can’t take care of a pregnant omega. I also have work to do. And since Aeroc is a special case of an alpha turned omega, he himself doesn’t have much experience, so I hope Martha will help him well.”

Kloff made the request as they rode the carriage. Martha chuckled with her hand covering her mouth.

“Don’t worry. It has been my dream to serve a beauty with such a high status as the wife of the house. Hoho. I wonder how beautiful the baby will be. I’m already excited.”

“Don’t get too excited. Aeroc is easily startled and cries easily. He eats everything, but he’ll absolutely never eat raisins or any dried fruit that looks like them or tastes like them. He enjoys reading books and has a deep interest in music and art. He has a strong sense of pride. However, he’s not rude. I hope you two get along well.”

Martha nodded her head.

In fact, she wasn’t the problem. When the discussion came up about entering the estate for the first time, Aeroc replied, “Isn’t that determined already? You’ll see me every day. Don’t bother going back and forth. Just use the adjacent room or the one across. I’ll talk to Hugo about it.”

“...Not the same room, but the adjacent room?”

Kloff turned around after tying his tie. He looked at Aeroc, who is sitting on the bed, sipping juice, with his face slightly flushed.

“We’re supposed to use separate rooms.”

“Is that a tradition in the Count’s estate?”

“All aristocrats do it.”

“Well, I’m not particularly fond of it.”

“Anyway, we’ll be sleeping together at night anyway, so it doesn’t matter if we have our own rooms during the day.”

“Can we really sleep together at night?”

As Kloff put on his vest and jacket, his gaze met Aeroc’s reflection in the mirror. He gave a small nod.

“But only in my room.”

“Are you saying you won’t come to my room?”

“Sneaking into a taken alpha’s room is something only a mistress would do. And I’m not a mistress.”

“Of course, that’s true.”

“You can come to my room anytime you want, so you should be the one to come.”

It was quite amusing that he was adhering to traditions and etiquette. After all, he was breaking all the established traditions and laws to pretend to be an alpha while being pregnant with what was essentially an illegitimate child. As his accomplice, Kloff didn’t tease him about it and found his confident and upright demeanor to be too cute. Instead, he planted a quick kiss on his red lips and asked.

“Well then, I guess I need to pack up my house. It shouldn’t be too hard since Martha is my only employee.”

“Regarding Martha, what will happen to her?”

“I was going to ask you about that. There’s no experienced omega here to help you through your pregnancy. There’s no housekeeper in the estate either. Can I bring her along?”

Aeroc remained silent for a moment as he looked at Kloff, contemplating, before asking, “Do you want her here?”

"I think it would be good to have her. Despite her nagging, she's attentive and comforting. Honestly, there's no one on my side in this estate. But since you're the owner of the estate, I'll follow your decision."

He had no intention to force anything. Although parting with Martha would be a bit regretful, she wasn't more important than Aeroc. However, Aeroc soon agreed.

"...Alright. As you said, there's no housekeeper in the estate, and we'll need a nanny to take care of the children to be born in the future. She will definitely raise our children well. They'll grow up beautifully, without any wrinkles. So that the children wouldn't be daunted by you and stay confident even when you get angry at them."

Sitting on the edge of the bed, Kloff stared intently at Aeroc, who was wearing only silk pajamas.

"Did you hear Martha nagging me the other day when you came to my place?"

"No, but just assuming from her appearance."

"Still, we're going to be the ones raising the children. Martha has high expectations for a blond-haired, blue-eyed young master. She had nagged and lectured me to win over a beauty. But she's a nanny, and we're the parents. Especially since you're the mother, don't think about letting others take care of our children."

Kloff took the hand splayed out on the bed sheet and kissed the end of it, and Aeroc nodded as if realizing the obvious fact for the first time. After kissing his golden hair that flowed down softly, Kloff quickly got up. Today, he had an appointment with the Finance Minister, and he couldn't afford to be late. After making sure there were no issues with his attire, Kloff drank the lukewarm tea and was about to leave when Aeroc called out from behind.

"Oh, you should tell Hugo in advance."

"I'll have to leave that to you."

"What will you do if you leave such a difficult task to me?"

"Hugo is within your responsibility. I just... can't. You know, right?"

Without even hearing Aeroc calling from behind, Kloff hurriedly left. Before a piercing gaze could strike him from somewhere, he left the estate.

When Kloff finished all the necessary business tasks, it was still early evening. He went home and explained the situation to Martha and immediately instructed her to pack her necessary items. They were on the journey to the estate together, but he still felt uncomfortable in his seat.

"Martha. There's someone other than Aeroc that you need to be cautious of."

Already excited, Martha blinked her round eyes and asked in a slightly raised voice, “Who?”

“It’s Hugo. He’s a butler who has been serving the mansion for 30 years. He’s a meticulous and devoted old man, as if he was born for this butler job.”

“You must be disliked by him, right? Calling you a bastard who touched his esteemed master.”

Martha was quick-witted, as expected. When Kloff confirmed that, she laughed again in a loud voice.

“Don’t worry. I will not just get trampled on wherever I go. The successive Count will be your child, so why would I be afraid? Don’t worry about such unnecessary concerns and establish your mark. My master needs to do well, so I can also live comfortably.”

He was already so spent out to the point he couldn’t afford to work harder, but when Martha said so, Kloff felt somehow relieved. Indeed, Martha was the only person he could trust.

As soon as they got off the carriage, the doors of the estate swung open, and the usual stoic butler came out to greet them. He glanced at Martha getting off the carriage with Kloff and slightly narrowed his eyes, the corners of his lips twitching slightly, but he didn’t say anything. It seemed that Aeroc had somehow managed to inform him well during the day. Under the butler’s direction, the footmen carried Kloff and Martha’s luggage inside.

Following the butler who silently took the lead, Martha whispered softly.

“He doesn’t seem very strict.”

“I mean it, Martha, you have to survive here. If something happens to you, I’ll have to live alone in this house forever.”

“You’re going to be a father soon, don’t act so dramatic. But I’ll do my best.”

As if hearing their whispers, the butler cleared his throat. The two were soon led separately to different parts of the estate. Admiring the luxurious hallway with curious eyes, Martha followed a maid who guided her. Kloff was guided by the butler to a room quite far from Aeroc’s room.

“...What about the adjacent room or the room opposite Aeroc’s?”

“For generations, the Countess has used this room.”

Kloff thought an icy storm was blowing from the butler’s mouth.

“I am not the Countess.”

“Of course, it’s preposterous to call someone like you, who has a hulking physique and displays behavior as outrageous as a pirate, the Countess. I am acting according to the Count’s orders to treat you in a manner befitting the genetic provider of the future second generation. Since the Count has the Count’s private bedroom, naturally I have brought Sir Bendyke to this room.”



Caught in the icy storm, Kloff stood there dumbfounded. He gritted his teeth, saying, "Butler, if you recklessly throw punches in front of a criminal who roams the mountains and seas, then something goes wrong, Aeroc will get sad," but the butler didn't even pretend to hear and just pulled back the curtains.

"The beautiful nature is still the best to polish up your sinister behavior. From this room, you can see the rose garden that the previous Countess cherished. Please purify your mind and body while looking at the garden."

Even at night, the faint light illuminating the garden outside the window felt very familiar. It was similar to the room Kloff had used when he visited the estate as a guest, but with a better view. Near the window, there was a comfortable-looking armchair that seemed to have a deep history.

As Kloff stood by the window, silently gazing outside, the butler had already disappeared. It seemed that he was still lacking something to beat that cunning fox. Kloff tapped his fingers against his forehead and sat back in his armchair. Purify his mind and body, he said. It was ridiculous, but somehow, watching the garden did make him feel genuinely at ease.