

## R. Garden 14

Vol. 4 Chapter 1.1 - Hey, you, beautiful Count. What's your name? What's your number?

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When Kloff opened his eyes, he saw an unfamiliar ceiling.

The back of his head throbbed as if it was cracked open. Instinctively, Kloff reached up to touch it. It wasn't just 'as if'; it was 'really true'. His fingers brushed against the bandages. His vision went black for a moment and then brightened again. Dizziness hit him, and Kloff even felt like vomiting. But Kloff didn't want to do that in an unfamiliar place, so he forced himself to sit up. As Kloff did, a concerned voice came from beside him.

"Are you alright?"

Kloff turned his head. The bright light dazzled his eyes. Soft light filtered through delicate lace curtains, carrying sunlight and a gentle breeze. It felt serene and pleasant. But that wasn't all.

There was a man with blonde hair by the bedside. His delicate, almost ethereal white face was filled with worry and concern, he was like someone out of a painting. His blue eyes, almost royal blue, were like gemstones. At a glance, he seemed light-hearted, yet there was a seriousness in his gaze that carried innocence and intellect. Judging from his chiseled shoulders and refined demeanor, he appeared to be a quite sophisticated aristocrat.

Is this person a woman or a man? An Alpha or Omega?

Judging from the attire, this person seemed to be a man, and obviously an Alpha.

Either what kind of person he was, Kloff didn't want to turn away from his attention. The elegant movements of his arms and hands, smoothly flowing from his chiseled shoulders, touched Kloff's bandaged forehead and cheek. It didn't really hurt, but this person bit his lip as if he were the one in pain. That sight made Kloff's heartbeat suddenly double.

Kloff grabbed the hand reaching out to him, and he didn't pull away. Instead, he held Kloff's hand tightly. He brought Kloff's hand to his lips and gently pressed a kiss onto the back of it. His smile unfurled, and in response, a jolt shot through the back of Kloff's head.

What had happened while I was out cold? To think such a beauty would appear and take care of me.

"Thank you for your concern."

The person slightly stiffened at his gratitude. He must have gotten worried because his voice cracked at the end. He cleared his throat a couple of times with a dry cough. Then Kloff made a composed expression again and said his gratitude with a polite tone.

"I didn't think I could meet such a beauty. It's quite good to have a head injury once in a while. I, I, huh? Hmm...."

He faltered for a moment. He couldn't remember his own name. Did he get temporarily confused due to his head injury? His confusion seemed to be transmitted to the other person, as his beautiful face quickly darkened.

“Kloff? Are you hurting a lot? I should call the doctor again.”

Ah, Kloff. My name is Kloff. It might sound a bit tacky and rough, but at least it’s not a ridiculously bad name. Now, he needed to find out this angel’s name. Kloff grabbed his hand as he tried to leave hastily, stopping him. Kloff smiled at him as he looked back.

“I’d rather be taken care of by you than a doctor.”

Kloff flirted with him like he had gone crazy. He was in pain, but not that much. It was better not to lose sight of the man in front of him. Kloff’s instinctive sense told him that if he let this person slip away now, he would regret it for the rest of his life. No matter how much he tried to rationalize it, it was only because his alpha instincts overrode his survival instincts. Well, that’s how Alphas act in their prime.

In response, he smiled somewhat vaguely. His concern, surprise, and a hint of shyness in his smile, all looked perfect. Although Kloff had lost his memory, his bodily functions seemed surprisingly intact. So, his heart must be racing like crazy in response to this beautiful angel’s charming reaction. His body seemed to be physically in good shape. Not only did it hold up pretty well against the beating heart that threatened to crush his ribs, but it also didn’t show outwardly. Judging by the lack of heat in his face, he must have been quite a brazen person himself.

“Are you sure you’re alright?”

“I’m alright. My head is pounding, but I’m sure it’ll get better soon. More than that, there’s something else that I’d like to know.”

“What is it?”

A little confused, he leaned in close. May I kiss you? But it's too much to ask that on their first meeting. First things first, introductions. Kloff kissed the back of his hand, soft as if he'd never known hardship.

“What's your name, beautiful?”

“What?”

The angel was shocked, and so was Kloff. When Kloff saw his widened blue eyes, he felt his stomach dropping down. To think that he had fallen in love at first sight after losing his memory. It was like a magical happening. Or perhaps a natural phenomenon like imprinting, as if he was a freshly hatched duckling. Anyway, it's fortunate that his mother duck is beautiful.

“What is your name, beautiful angel?”

“...If you're joking around, stop it. It's not very fun.”

“It's not a joke. I'm extremely happy to meet someone as beautiful as you. Someone who's nothing like me—oh, wait, nothing? Yes, that's right. Somehow, I feel that way in your presence. In any case, I'm curious about you. Will you please tell me your name again?”

“.....Aaaack!”

Once again, when asked for his name, he was so startled that he forgot to answer and hurriedly fled away. If Kloff hadn't been dizzy, he would have followed that lingering scent, which seemed to scatter like magic dust. But now, even sitting up was difficult. Instead, Kloff shouted several times, "Is anyone there?"

No one appeared. Instead, the door that had been ajar for a while suddenly clicked shut. Kloff was locked inside. It felt a bit lonely. The angel was gone too. His head also hurt. Should he sleep? A human like himself is remarkably composed, indeed.

In the short time he closed his eyes, a sudden commotion erupted. The door creaked open, and the blonde beauty reappeared. A doctor was with him. As Kloff tried to get up with a groan, the doctor shook his head to dissuade him. Instead, he took a stethoscope from his bag and put it in his ears. The sensation of the cold metal against his chest made him shiver.

"What's your name?"

"He said it's Kloff."

Other than memory loss, nothing else in his body was injured. And there was no need to worry too much about him. Kloff smiled as innocently as possible to convey that.

"It's really nice to meet a fine doctor like you. But I'm not in pain, really. My head was a little hurt, but I don't think it's a big concern."

At those words, the head doctor removed the stethoscope right away.

“For you to address me with such formality, this is quite severe.”

“The big shock could have caused him to lose his memory, but how could a person change so much? He even addressed me with full formality. Moreover, he kissed the back of my hand! Usually, he would rush at me like a stallion in heat. I’d still be exclaiming in surprise and he’d strip off all my clothes. He’d be making me do all sorts of embarrassing things in broad daylight!”

The beautiful angel by his side turned pale, as if he might faint any moment. At Aeroc’s vague explanation, which sounded almost like cursing the patient, the doctor groaned gravely, as if he was about to announce a terminal illness.

“Can he be fixed?”

“I’m not sure. But this won’t be permanent. He, what should I say? He’s just Sir Bendyke.”

“If it’s temporary, how long will it take for his memories to come back? It annoys me to see him being so polite.”

When he asked for a specific time frame, the doctor shook his head.

“No one can guarantee that.”

“Right now is an important time for him.”

“But delivering a shock to him isn’t all that good either. Let’s see how it goes. Many people get their memories back within a few days.”

Without further ado, the doctor disappeared with the usual prescription. Kloff just needed to get some rest. After that, the beauty stared at him from a distance, almost as if he’d seen a ghost.

“You’re not joking, right?”

“...No, I am not.”

“I’ll believe you for now. But if I find out that you’re just joking, I’ll scold you to the extremes!”

“Yes.”

“Don’t just answer obediently, you should answer fiercely. I mean...”

“Yes?”

“You should be rough, uncouth, ignorant, and arrogant, while also having an overbearing attitude! Instead of that innocent gaze in your eyes, you should have an insatiable possessiveness that makes my legs give out just from your look, and you should be shamelessly confident about it!”

Caught off guard by the urgent outcry, his tongue was tied up. What on earth was this person named Kloff? He was starting to feel a little strange.

“More importantly, will you not be telling me your name?”

“Even after I mocked you so much, you didn’t get angry. You’ve really become wrong in the head.”

“So, your name...”

“Is my name so important right now? Hugo!”

He shouted again and ran out. This person was quite tough even if he didn’t look so.