

R. Garden 15

Vol. 4 Chapter 1.2 - Hey, you, beautiful Count. What's your name? What's your number?

Buy Me a Coffee at ko-fi.com

A few moments later, a butler named Hugo appeared. Seeing Kloff giving him a greeting in a humble manner, Hugo's eyes widened in surprise. The stern-looking old butler looked him up and down with a fierce gaze, sending a shiver down his spine. Even without that, the throbbing back of his head hurt like a sledgehammer. Instinctively, a sense of rejection arose inside him. But this capable-looking butler didn't seem to have any reason to be rude. As he could discern from the conversation between the doctor and the angel earlier, this individual named Kloff seemed to have some issues. If that's the case, he should be making a proper apology.

"I shall apologize if I have done something wrong."

"Pfft."

The corner of the stern butler's mouth trembled slightly as he put on a grave expression. Instead of being surprised like the Count, his downturned eyes seemed to be smiling. The pale-faced and blonde angel grabbed Kloff's slouched shoulders and shook him.

"Snap out of it! You shouldn't be apologizing here. You should have growled like a dog whose food was taken away!"

"A stallion in heat, then a dog whose food was taken away. Was I not a person, but a beast?"

"Pfffffft!"

The butler, who had been tending to the bandages behind him, couldn't help but burst into laughter. He tried to lower his voice, but the blonde angel glared at him, as if reprimanding him with his eyes.

"Ahem, didn't the doctor tell you that we should watch him for a while first? His memories will come back soon. Besides, I prefer Sir Bendyke this way. He's such a well-mannered gentleman."

"Hugo."

"Count, you don't need to be so worried, Sir Bendyke is fine. In fact, he's become even more charming."

The man addressed as the Count wrinkled his face as if displeased. He thought to himself for a while, and then his eyes twinkled.

"What if he gets another shock to the head?"

"...I would appreciate it if you refrained from doing that."

"Even if it's Mr. Bendyke, a second blow might result in him being in a coffin lid instead of fine silk sheets."

As the two replied, the Count let out a soft groan. He had a more intense temperament than Kloff initially thought. That was even more appealing, indeed.

* * *

“Kloff Bendyke has lost his mind.”

Rumors spread like wildfire. People who had seen the man, usually fierce and intimidating like a wild beast, now greeting others with hearts flowing from him, were left stunned and took steps back in shock.

He had no intention of surprising people. He was just simply greeting them with a smile, but they were startled as if they had witnessed a corpse rising from the grave to waltz around in lingerie. The innocent Kloff was very confused.

“Have I done anything wrong?”

You have. You were being polite. You were a man who exuded confidence and arrogance that pierced the heavens. However, Aeroc couldn't say that honestly as it would be discouraging Kloff, so he sighed. It was awkward to see him from the sidelines too. It felt strange, but Kloff was still Kloff. He was maintaining his composure despite his disoriented state of having no memories. That alone was impressive. If Aeroc had been the one with memory loss, he would have been constantly on edge and restless. Kloff was resilient, living his days eating, sleeping, and wandering around. He was still confined to the mansion, but he took every opportunity to flirt with Aeroc.

“Beautiful angel, please tell me your name.”

“What do you mean by angel?! Stop calling me with that spine-chilling nickname!”

“Then please just tell me your name.”

Aside from that cringy attitude, Aeroc didn’t want to tell Kloff so easily. Why did you forget me then? He had remembered Kloff even after dying and coming back alive. Everything was his fault. Aeroc was not going to teach him until he remembered it for himself.

In this situation, Hugo was almost dying of laughter. No, this is not funny! Kloff had been stumblingly nervous around Hugo. It was understandable. He must have been tormented many times. What a poor guy. He had only done several dirty stuff with Aeroc, and Hugo would call him arrogant and torment him. Like waking him up early to tend the garden, or repeating his boring moral lessons verbatim.

Whenever he voiced his complaints, Hugo would glare at him prickly, with his violet eyes, and there was no one to stop him. Kloff had to endure on his own.

– This kind of thing is nothing at all.

Hugo, who had let the perfectly fine gardener go on vacation and then thrown a pair of pruning shears to Kloff while complaining about the messy garden, had looked at him with a smug expression. While baring his teeth towards Hugo, Kloff didn’t give in.

– You don’t have to do this. No matter what others say, you’re my spouse, even if it’s still unofficial.

– If I step back from here, it feels like I won't be able to be with you for the rest of my life. Hugo might come up with some excuse to drive me away. He's such a stubborn old guy. He should just retire quickly.

Although Kloff occasionally grumbled, he was persevering well.

"To be honest, I'm a little scared of the butler. When he appears, my heart races, and I break into a cold sweat. Haha. I must have done a lot of wrong things."

He laughed calmly and showed his sweaty palms. To think that he was under so much stress. Poor Kloff. Unknowingly himself, Aeroc held his hand and blew softly to cool down the sweat.

"The angel is very kind to me."

"Of course, I am..."

Because you're my alpha. Aeroc was about to say that, but he closed his mouth. He didn't want to explain everything easily. He didn't want to forgive this person who took him forcibly, even after he refused twice, and then forgot everything. Even if he lost everything about himself, how could he lose Aeroc too?

Five months ago, Kloff had been stubborn to create a puppy in his belly, but now, how could he forget the omega he impregnated with his child? Moreover, Kloff seemed to be confused whether Aeroc was

an omega or an alpha. He had imprinted too. It was all a lie! How could the imprinted alpha forget the omega he impregnated with his first child? This bad guy!

“Angel, will you not be telling me your name again today?”

“Remember it yourself!”

“Well... I couldn’t even remember my own name.”

“Forgetting my name is a greater sin than that.”

“Hmm, that’s troublesome.”

Aeroc, who was immersed in reading books related to memory loss in his study, approached Kloff, who had his bandages removed already. He rarely left the inside of the mansion. He explored himself slowly and carefully, not engaging in unnecessary activities until his memory returned. He was currently flipping through the handwritten titles of the law books with an uncharacteristic glance.

Was his identity as a lawyer coming back to him? Aeroc observed quietly. However, Kloff soon said, “Whoever this person is, they seem to have studied a lot. These books seem quite old.” Then he lost interest and moved to another bookshelf. It was somewhat disappointing but also a bit pleasing. It would be disappointing if he remembered the law books first. He should have remembered Aeroc first.

After browsing through a few books on psychology in the large study, Aeroc found a hint. He read the passage several times that said that engaging in familiar activities and work would aid memory recovery more than causing a big shock.

Familiar activities. Mostly, it would be them doing stuff that involved their clothes off. In fact, that activity wasn't too bad, but this foolish guy wasn't to Aeroc's taste. Moreover, doing that with this Kloff, who had a polite, cultured demeanor instead of being a cocky alpha who was overconfident and arrogant, somehow felt like cheating, so Aeroc had only held hands with him, he didn't want to attempt even a light kiss. Besides, he couldn't always rely on physical interactions.

Actually, he might end up in despair if Kloff couldn't remember him even after they did that activity, so Aeroc decided to save that for last. Instead, he decided to spend the most common daily time they used to spend together. Aeroc put down the book, stood up, and approached Kloff, who was still flipping through the list of books in bewilderment.

"Why, Angel?"

"I'm going out. Suddenly, I feel like buying something."

"I see."

Kloff gave no particular reaction to his impulse spending. Hmm, maybe that was not enough.

"I'm going to buy the new paintings and sculptures that just came out."

He rolled his eyes a little and added. Kloff smiled kindly.

“Well, paintings and sculptures. It’s an aristocratic hobby that suits you, angel.”

He’s being nice? This is really not it! Even if Kloff didn’t care about paintings, he couldn’t stand statues, considering them utterly useless. He even muttered that if there was one more piece of junk, he wouldn’t stand still. He also added that, if Aeroc was that bored, then he could make him not bored, evading Hugo’s gaze. He then proceeded to shove Aeroc into a corner and took his pants off first.

“Do you have nothing else to say other than that?”

“Can I come along with you?”

This beast used to nag a lot and even wanted to make Aeroc pregnant with twins, why was he saying he wanted to come along so innocently now? Given this situation, even Aeroc was stressed. He passed the risky first trimester now, so it wasn’t very dangerous now, but still, this was his first pregnancy! How can that guy who calls himself the baby’s dad walk around smiling so idiotically?!