

R. Garden 16

Vol. 4 Chapter 1.3 - Hey, you, beautiful Count. What's your name? What's your number?

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On their way to the exhibition, Kloff met the eyes of every passing person and sprinkled them with eye smiles. No one disliked a handsome, well-built young alpha greeting them. No, except for one person.

Every time he saw that honest smile, Aeroc got mad. Honest? The great Kloff Bendyke is honest? And he even claimed to have imprinted! Did the effect of imprinting disappear if you hit your head? The doctor said that wasn't possible. He explained that due to Kloff imprinting on Aeroc, it was impossible for him to turn his attention to someone else. He also warned that even if Kloff's head was hurt, it would still elicit a physiological rejection response, so Aeroc should always watch over him to prevent any undue strain. Not knowing how Aeroc felt while watching over him, the foolish alpha leered at a street vendor selling flowers.

"Hello, beautiful lady."

"Oh my."

With a grand attitude and courteous smile, the alpha made her blush with his greeting. She was petite and had faded blonde hair. She wasn't young, but she was an omega, and she had a sweetness about her. For a moment, his heart sank.

Don't look at others' alphas. He's mine.

With clenched fists, Aeroc stood beside Kloff. She smiled towards him as well, but her gaze remained fixated on Kloff.

“Are you selling this?”

“Yes! I’ll give you a good deal.”

She held the least withered bouquet from a bunch of flowers that weren’t selling well and smiled brightly. Kloff pondered for a moment, but still accepted it. Then, he casually rummaged through his pockets. However...

“Ah, I’m sorry.”

There’s no way he would have any money. He couldn’t remember the passcode to the safe. Because of that, apart from a few silver coins that Aeroc had secretly hid before, they were penniless. The expenses for the mansion were all calculated with promissory notes and processed at certain intervals, so there wouldn’t be any immediate problems. Hugo managed the smaller expenses. However, if Kloff couldn’t find his memories, Aeroc might have to crack open the safe someday.

When Aeroc snickered after becoming a pauper because of someone, Kloff looked at him with an embarrassed expression. Aeroc could give him one silver coin. But he didn’t want to.

“I don’t have it. I don’t even have enough to get a carriage when we return home.”

In truth, the Count's carriage was supposed to come to pick them up, but he purposely retorted curtly.

"Ah, I see."

Disappointed, Kloff handed the bouquet of flowers back to the street vendor. Watching the situation, she sighed as if she regretted it.

"I'll visit again next time. Have a good day."

With a polite farewell, Kloff turned around to leave, but she stopped him.

"Just a moment, please take this at least. It's a gift for the handsome gentleman."

"Is this alright? Thank you very much."

Kloff smiled brightly as if pleased. The street vendor gazed at him with a dreamy expression.

Even though Kloff used to say that flowers were just trash when thrown away. His eyes really went crazy for blonde, small-bodied omegas. Aeroc was not even small as an alpha, so Kloff must have been playing with him. This must be the case. What a bad guy. The imprinting must be a lie too.

“I’m going ahead.”

Aeroc’s mood had soured considerably. Just because he had hurt his head a little, how could he do this to Aeroc? He’s a bad guy. A real bad guy. Was Aeroc just an already-caught fish to him? Since Kloff had impregnated him, he must be so sure that Aeroc wouldn’t leave him! There was no such thing as imprinting from the beginning. He’s a mean person. He must have been aiming for my property. This evil person. Aeroc was so angry that he stomped angrily. If Hugo had seen him, he would have gotten severe scolding.

He hadn’t walked a few steps when suddenly his stomach twisted and tugged. The third presence inside his belly seemed to be annoyed by his sudden commotion.

“Ugh.”

Without realizing, he embraced his stomach and bent over. Cold sweat formed on his forehead. He might end up falling on the street if he wasn’t careful.

“Are you okay?”

The distracted playboy, who had seemed to not care and was busy flirting with someone else, came up to him and gave him a concerned look.

“Your complexion looks pale.”

He had an extremely serious expression. Yeah. He should be worrying like that. Don't smile at others. Only look at me. Your child wants your attention as the father. We need your attention.

"My stomach hurts."

With a slight grimace, he showed his tightly held belly. He was five months pregnant now, but no one would notice he was pregnant with his only slightly protruding belly, unless they touched his belly.

"What should we do? Is it better to call the carriage?"

"That's not it. Please caress my belly."

"Yes?"

When Aeroc's belly was in pain, Kloff would usually rub it with his large hands. Both the baby and Aeroc would quickly calm down with his warm touch. Kloff was really surprised by his demand. Aeroc felt somehow upset.

"Caress it."

Aeroc grabbed Kloff's slightly awkward wrist and pulled it towards his belly. Then Kloff said with a serious expression, "May I?" and carefully covered the back of Aeroc's hand. Why is he being careful here? Aeroc brought his hand and tucked it into his jacket. Aeroc could feel his large hand stiffening.

“Rub it. Like drawing a circle.”

One fortunate thing was that this idiot could follow orders quite well. The tugging feeling quickly eased. Rubbing it back and forth on his own, he said, “Your stomach...” opening his mouth. Yeah, this is caused by you. Do you remember? Is this it? An alpha’s instinct was indeed strong towards a child. But well, Kloff really liked making babies. Aeroc was a little jealous, but he also felt relieved.

“This.”

“Did you remember something?”

“Hmmm.”

Deep in thought, Kloff suddenly placed both hands lightly on Aeroc’s shoulders and smiled.

“Contrary to your appearance, there’s pot belly here. Has the meal we had earlier already been digested? If you need the bathroom urgently, let’s go back home. You’re getting all red like that. You’re so cute and charming... Kek.”

Aeroc kicked Kloff’s shin painfully, imbuing his anger. Kloff jumped on one foot and exclaimed, “Why all of a sudden?” with a sense of injustice.

“You go back!”

After shouting abruptly, he continued to stomp away toward the nearby art gallery. The tall limping man who followed him was still holding the red rose he had received earlier. Aeroc’s eyes felt sour.

His mood hit rock bottom. To soothe his low spirits, overspending was the perfect solution. He didn’t really think it was overspending, but at least enjoying the reaction that couldn’t be suppressed from beside him was enjoyable.

“I’ll buy this.”

“As expected of the Count. Your taste is impeccable.”

The manager, who was facing a highly important customer who had appeared after a long time, played along while glancing at Kloff. Even though their reasons were different, both Aeroc and the manager observed Kloff’s reaction discreetly. However, Kloff didn’t get angry. Even more than that.

“It’s a beautiful painting. I feel a sense of peace in my heart as I look at it.”

He showed an incredibly normal, and therefore quite abnormal, reaction. The manager was also taken aback.

“Does it look like it’s worth much or is it going to become more expensive in the future or something like that?”

“It’s not right to impose a trivial value on artwork.”

At this point, they were bewildered. Kloff Bendyke called money a trivial value! He had gone completely mad! The curator couldn’t even get his mouth closed. The perplexed curator lost his words, and instead, Aeroc restarted shopping recklessly.

“I like this too. And this. This too. I’ll buy everything on this wall.”

“Wow.”

At first, the curator transcribed the orders with pleasure, but then he dropped his pen. The initially indifferent fool’s complexion also slowly turned sour. Aeroc selected the most expensive-looking pieces and bought a bunch of outrageously priced paintings and sculptures. If all those things were moved to the mansion, the art gallery might have to close for a while. They couldn’t possibly receive visitors with empty walls.

“It’s not my money, however, those don’t look like they are worth those prices at all. Maybe, it’s better to restrain...”

“It’s not your money, so don’t concern yourself!”

Kloff was a cobbler who would always go crazy about money. Even Aeroc's allowance was only a few silver coins. Moreover, he had to fulfill many humiliating demands to even get that. It was lucky that Aeroc hadn't gotten his heat, he was scared that he would lose his waist conceiving twins to satisfy Kloff. But with the words 'don't concern yourself', Kloff truly shut his mouth. The curator even tried to stop Aeroc, but he didn't care.