

## **R. Garden 20**

Vol. 4 Chapter 1.7 - Hey, you, beautiful Count. What's your name? What's your number?

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"A... lout?"

Aeroc's eyes, filled with sorrowful emotion, became subtly twisted. Somewhere in between not fully acknowledging and yet not outright denying. Well, that wasn't a very wise response.

Although Kloff referred to him as an angel, he had already known his name. From the very first, a wealthy Count aristocrat who had so many employees was not only rare, but with just the slightest tilt of his ear towards someone, he could learn about his name and basic information.

Aeroc Teiwind.

The Count Teiwind. A bachelor alpha.

He might have no personal memories, but his knowledge hadn't disappeared. He dug a few more times into what little memory he had left. They had no previous rendezvous. Naturally, his curiosity arose. He began to take an interest and observe him.

After a while, he started to realize that they might have a surprisingly deep relationship. At that moment, in the art museum, the Count who bought all sorts of art pieces without a care, was conscious of Kloff before signing the purchase order. He could clearly feel Aeroc's desire to have the rose he held too.

Desiring a rose held by another alpha? No matter how he thought about it, it wasn't a simple relationship. The fact that it wasn't his misunderstanding was confirmed through various means afterward. The slightest glance and the way the Count treated him. And the breathtaking sexual tension building up as Aeroc acted freely in his private space. The Count's behavior was overly intimate. Even if he tried not to be conscious of it, his attention naturally shifted to that one side.

He kept such thoughts confined within himself. After all, it could be his completely unfounded delusions. He didn't want to create unnecessary awkwardness and spoil the atmosphere. But as time went on, his imagination grew increasingly more and more.

If the previous him, before losing his consciousness, hadn't possessed a completely different personality, he might have undoubtedly felt attracted to Aeroc Teiwind's exceptional looks. Despite being an alpha, he had the ideal appearance that Kloff envisioned. Slender limbs and well-proportioned shoulders. A slight hint of arrogance, but at the same time, a delicate appearance. With the blonde hair completing the aristocratic aura.

Moreover, Aeroc had an intriguing personality and intellect. He didn't understand half of the conversation Aeroc had with the curator at the museum. While confirming again that he, himself, wasn't interested in art, he also realized that the Count, even before signing the purchase order, had a higher level of knowledge to the point where the curator, a specialist himself, nodded in agreement. This was not unusual for a so-called aristocratic hobby. The point that was impressive was that, even though he was quite young, his understanding exceeded that of a middle-aged curator who used artwork for a living.

The Count wasn't someone who frequently went out. He spent most of his time at home, maybe that was because Kloff was there. He would wake up at a regular time and was impeccably dressed even when he did not go out. Meals were taken in the dining room, and tea was mainly taken in his study. Additionally, when they were invited to a simple and luxurious tea party, Kloff learned that the Count had more interest in literature than art.

—I see no reason to keep unread books in the study.

He had no memories and nothing to do. While flipping through books to see how damaged his memory was, the Count, just from hearing the titles, explained the content briefly. There was no hesitation in Aeroc's descriptions, no matter what book he picked. When Kloff expressed his surprise, that was the response he received from Aeroc. He wondered what kind of relationship he had with this beautiful, wealthy, genius Count. His curiosity only grew bigger.

Amidst his curiosity, the approaching Count took the heavy book in Kloff's hand and placed it back onto the shelf.

—Don't push yourself too hard. While I also wish for your memories to return quickly, it could worsen if you're not careful.

And then, Aeroc stroked his upper arm gently. It was such a natural gesture from him. Aeroc even chuckled without being conscious of it. Was this really the interaction between an accountant and a client? Even though he had lost his memories, he wasn't a fool. Eventually, his memories might return, or he could discover the truth through other means. Maybe one day, the Count would push him against the wall, press his hot lips against his own, and undress him while declaring that he couldn't hold back anymore. As vulgar as it was, he couldn't deny feeling somewhat elated by the thought of it.

He had felt so naive, only imagining fleeting secret encounters. Who would have dared to imagine that the Count would suddenly dive onto the bed without any forewarning? Well, up to that point, he could begrudgingly understand it. It was extremely surprising, but other than it being a little too fast, everything was fine. Even though they were both alphas, if the partner was this charming Count, he would have to quickly prepare his unready heart.

But, what? What was inside his plump belly? A puppy? A puppy in a man's belly, that is, in the belly of a count who is officially recognized as an alpha because the title is an alpha inheritance, and I, Kloff Bendyke, created it.....

Maybe he was hit in the head so hard that he had somehow arrived in the afterlife. This was a dream shown by God as he was dying. The person Kloff Bendyke had tried to live a fairly decent life, but he seemed to fall short of God's standards. Hence this crazy dream.

As he pondered what kind of person he had been and reflected on it, the Count spoke with a very bitter expression. He said that he was an alpha, but then he met Kloff and he turned out like this. It was clear that God had cursed him. No, wait. Was this a curse? Rather, it should be seen as a severe blessing. Whether this or that, he had impregnated a perfectly fine alpha. Just what was he?

"... Was I... a lout?"

The expression that had subtly twisted sank into a more bitter one. The angelic Count was clearly disappointed. What had he expected... Ah, he hoped Kloff's memories would return. Despite being an adult Alpha, the guy before him seemed a little wistful, even naive at times. Whether it was true or not, he confessed that he, as an alpha, even had another alpha's child. The Count must have loved him deeply. And he must have missed Kloff Bendyke terribly. The person before Aeroc's eyes was the angel's lover and yet not his lover. It felt like there was a knot in his stomach.

"You're not... Kloff wasn't a lout. I'll admit that he has a bad personality. I can't even call him a lout. That's not his original personality. He's actually full of kindness and consideration. He gets jealous badly, but that's because he loves me so much. I think he needs to fix his tendency to resort to violence without restraint."

“He resorts to violence? To you, angel? That’s impossible. If that’s the case, it’s much better if my memories never return.”

Maybe it’s better that way, just to ease the heavy stone that had settled in his chest. Envy of an unknown part of himself was a difficult emotion to tolerate.

“No, that’s not what I mean at all.”

The angel hurriedly added. Shaking his head vigorously, he reached out and grabbed Kloff’s arm. He tilted his body closer to meet his gaze even in the darkness. His breath brushed against Kloff’s cheeks. This is getting slightly dangerous.

“I had no choice. That was a consequence caused by me. Moreover, you’re currently recovering now. He has found stability, and as long as I’m by his side, there won’t be any problems. So don’t misunderstand. It’s not your fault.”

“Of course, I don’t think it’s my fault, nor do I feel guilty, considering I have no memories. But I wouldn’t have forcefully done anything to you in my previous self. Because if so, I can’t forgive the other me.”

Kloff tried to reassure him, but it seemed to backfire. Even in the darkness, the angel’s glowing blue eyes began to gleam.

“I... I made you that way. All the fault lies with me, so don’t resent yourself.”

“Of course, you made me that way. But in the end, it was Kloff himself who committed the sin.”

The only fault of such a charming person could not be anything other than catching the eye of a bad-tempered alpha. A bad-tempered lout like him would have acted according to his temper upon seeing Aeroc. Even now, that habit was still here. His cock was already beginning to harden just from the gentle touch of the angel’s soft hand. Really, was he such a lout?

“ ... ”

The angel couldn’t speak any further. Instead, he gazed at him for a long time with a profoundly sad expression. Tears seemed to well up in his eyes and about to fall at any moment. Kloff didn’t intend to make him cry. Was it really necessary to lash out at a man who had lost his lover, who was still alive, but had lost him anyway? Kloff regretted it belatedly. Aeroc said he gets jealous badly, that seemed to be true. Kloff didn’t have to be so resentful toward someone he didn’t even know. He could have just listened to the angel’s story.

The grip on his arm loosened a little. The angel straightened his body. The bed that had been warm until a while ago cooled down quickly. His heart felt heavy at the desolate look in the angel’s eyes.