

R. Garden 42

Vol. 4.5 Chapter 1.2 - One fine evening

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"I finally feel like I'm alive now, without those children. Every time I work, I'm afraid they'll cause an accident, so I have to put my ears open wide to their playroom."

"The playroom is a long way from the study, but you can still hear them?"

"Of course."

The way he said it, with no particular tone, seemed to be honest. It was clear that he heard what he wanted to hear, as he was able to tune out the children on the other side of the house. He must have naturally occurring earplugs in his ears.

Bad guy.

Something had to be done. As much as Kloff had adapted to being a wealthy count, Aeroc had adapted to the habits of a cobbler. Aeroc had to learn how to get exactly what he wanted, and the special 'pestering' move was the best and most efficient tool he had at his disposal. He couldn't devalue that action by using it too often. He needed to invent new methods.

In the past, Aeroc would have been completely against sending Lenoc and Eurea to Wolflake Villa, claiming that he could never be away from them. But not this time. He had been waiting for an opportunity to take advantage of the situation, and Kloff also knew that.

When Kloff's eyes met Aeroc's as he looked up from his tea, he smirked. But he didn't let go of his pen. Nor did he lean in and attempt a light kiss. Kloff was more patient than Aeroc thought. It was more like foolish stubbornness at times like this.

"I'm glad you didn't object to sending the kids away. What made you decide so?"

"Because sometimes you need a break, too."

There were other reasons as well. Rapiel also loved music, so Aeroc was planning to give him a simple soirée to thank him. The guests would be as limited as possible, about thirty people. There were plenty of flowers in the garden, so Aeroc could decorate the table with them, and for champagne..... There were some at the warehouse, but he'd have to woo the cobbler again, and he'd need candles for the late night. Aeroc used up the last of his candles the other day. If he asked Kloff to buy a new box of one hundred..... that cobbler would go on a rampage. What should he do.....

Setting the second cup of tea on the table, which had cooled in his contemplation, Aeroc glanced towards the desk.

Kloff, who had been so intently engrossed in his calculations a moment ago, was now leaning back in his chair, sound asleep.

"You were talking to me fine until just now."

The large leather chair leaned back a little under his weight. The corners of the backrest, which generously supported his large frame, were slightly curved forward to make it easier to rest his head. Kloff rested his forehead against it and breathed regularly.

“Kloff?”

Aeroc called softly. Kloff said he was sensitive to the sound of the distant playroom, but the current man made no response. His eyes were closed and his complexion was unusually pale. It must be because he hadn’t slept much lately. With children and other household work, his days were already short, and when he had to juggle finances, he naturally got less sleep. At one point, Aeroc asked him if he could take a break from finances.

“I don’t want to be just a countess.”

Kloff stubbornly insisted. Aeroc asked why he needed to be on equal standing to his spouse.

“I hate the attitude of taking your superiority for granted.”

The grumbling was quite sincere. Aeroc suspected he had something else up his sleeve, but he didn’t say anything. Aeroc wondered why he suddenly felt the need for a title. It didn’t feel like it was just a desire for status. It was his gut feeling, albeit without any base.

In any case, it was a choice Kloff had made himself for secret reasons, and he rarely complained about it. Even now that he had a family, he tried to take care of things himself. Kloff Bendyke was an independent alpha. But it would be nice if he sometimes leaned on the Teiwind Count.

Aeroc rose from his seat and approached the desk. Kloff, frowning and deeply asleep, looked oddly vulnerable. Aeroc felt very weak at this rare sight of him. His heart tightened. He wanted to reach out and touch him, to feel everything about him, and he couldn't help but feel the pity in the normally confident man's tired expression.

Aeroc loosened Kloff's black tie a little and unbuttoned his collar. His well-combed hair was slightly disheveled. Normally, when Kloff worked, he rolled up his sleeves to avoid getting ink on them. His arms resting on the armrests revealed well-developed muscles. Suddenly, the scene before him turned lustful.

Even Aeroc, who was originally an alpha, didn't have such a fluffy body. After getting a hobby of gardening, his body now had some muscle. But it was qualitatively different from Kloff's. His slightly tanned muscles were like those of a mythical hero. His thigh muscles, especially those that showed through his well-tailored trousers, were like those of a stallion. Stallion..... Aeroc licked his lips with his tongue as he mulled over the word he had come up with. This defenseless man belonged to him. Aeroc took pleasure in making sure of that, whenever he could. Now was no exception.

Aeroc went quietly and locked the study door. It was unlikely anyone would stop by the study this afternoon, but just in case. Returning, Aeroc carefully crawled onto his alpha. Spreading his legs, he sat down on the firm muscles of Kloff's thighs. The chair creaked under their weight. Feeling the adult Alpha's weight on his leg, the other slowly lifted his eyelids. The moment his sleepy, languid eyes met Aeroc's, Aeroc felt a shiver run down his spine. So this was the pleasure of corrupting an innocent soul, though in reality, it was more like holding the leash of a ferocious beast.

"What....."

Still dazed, Kloff croaked in a hoarse voice. His lips, usually curled into a wicked smile, were adorable at the moment. Aeroc stole a kiss on those lips, cupping his hand around Kloff's angular jaw.

“Sleep more. We’ve got plenty of time.”

“Mmm.....”

Continuing to plant small kisses on the alpha as he closed his eyes again, Aeroc undid his shirt buttons a little more, revealing a strong neck. Supported by massive pectoral muscles that swelled and sank with each breath, the neck writhed with life. Aeroc bit down lightly on the vampirically thick neck, and his opponent’s hand on the armrest of the chair twitched slightly, a warm palm brushing against Aeroc’s thigh. Kloff seemed to wake for a moment, then settled back down.

Between the extra kisses, Aeroc undid Kloff’s vest and waistband, and pulled his shirt out of his trousers. Aeroc ran his fingers along Kloff’s abs, which had a more familiar curve than his own. At the tickle, Kloff flinched a little, but didn’t wake up. He must have been very tired, and Aeroc felt a little sympathy for him, but Aeroc also wondered how he could be so unresponsive to his flirting. But Aeroc wasn’t angry. Up until now, it had always been Kloff who had taken the initiative for sex. His lover’s passionate acts always brought Aeroc to a satisfying climax. Sometimes, though, he wanted to explore his mate on his own. He wanted to stroke him, to bring him to climax with a look of distress, and this was his chance to do just that. The corners of Aeroc’s lips raised up and he whispered in his lover’s ear.

“Stay still, I’ll make sure you get plenty of love.”

“Mmm.....”

Aeroc licked and nibbled at Kloff’s ear, moving his hands more boldly. Aeroc started to caress his lower abs, then slipped his hands underneath. It was a little uncomfortable as his arms were slightly twisted,

but Aeroc continued to kiss Kloff's jaw, his hand sliding down to stroke the thick, long, and almost as handsome part as the owner's face. Lush pubic hair tickled his wrist.

Even when he groped in earnest at the vital nub, Kloff only frowned more, stubbornly refusing to wake up. Aeroc licked the corner of Kloff's lips with the tip of his tongue. A moan escaped Aeroc's lips as the thing in his hand grew harder and larger.

"Hmmm."

Aeroc had originally wanted to disarm the highly effective and terrifying weapon of 'Abacus flick' at the sleepy Kloff, to somehow get a bottle of champagne out of him. However, that original purpose was long gone. The pleasure of initiating it himself had lost its light. All he wanted to do now was swallow Kloff and move his hips until his head was a mess. Soon, his ass was getting damp.

The truth was, when Kloff was tired and busy, they were less likely to be available for a proper sexual relationship. When he was busy, Aeroc had to look after the children. Then, at night, he was all exhausted and knocked out. Aside from his boundless love for his children, it was physically draining.

Sex was always satisfying, but the problem was the frequency. Aeroc couldn't even remember the last time they had good sex recently. As if being an imprinted Alpha and Omega weren't enough to keep them busy all day, they were overwhelmed with kids and chores, unable to fulfill their obligations as lovers. Aeroc wasn't the only one with an unsatisfied desire. Without proper stroking, the Alpha's towering penis had already stood out like a sore thumb. A few strokes and he was fully erect. Aeroc licked his lips with his tongue as he stared at the bulge that threatened to rip his trousers off at any moment.

Kloff's brow furrowed a little deeper. It must be hard for him to get an erection in his sleep, and even if it wasn't, it would be very uncomfortable to have that huge thing crushed by his trousers. Aeroc had to quickly make him comfortable. It was his duty as a spouse. Aeroc swiftly slid down the chair.

He felt strangely guilty. He wondered if he was doing something immoral. However, unlike his mind, his trembling hands refused to back down. His fingertips, cold with nervousness, gingerly withdrew the thick, veined pole. Aeroc swallowed hard at the sight of the red tip of the monstrous penis towering above him, which seemed to have been waiting to be released. Aeroc hesitated, wondering if he should use his hand, his mouth, or..... when was his heat cycle again?

As he hesitated, the scent of an erect Alpha grew stronger and stronger. The familiar heat of his scent sent a shiver down his spine. Aeroc's downside was soaking wet, and he was painfully erect.

"It can't be helped, I swear to God, I can't help it. It's not my fault I can't remember when my heat cycle is, it's all the fault of a cobbler who didn't do his best as a lover."

With no one listening, Aeroc muttered a futile excuse, shucking off his shoes and socks, then his trousers and underwear, and crawling back on top of the appetising alpha.