

R. Garden 6.1

Vol. 2 Chapter 6.1 - The right one runs away

Buy Me a Coffee at ko-fi.com

His warning to Aelock that he would terminate their contract if he held another soirée seemed to have worked, Aelock had been quiet so far. As his relationship with Rayfiel was over and his troublesome client calmed down, Klopp became more dedicated to his work than ever before. He lost track of time and dates. Even though Viscount Derbyshire felt very bad for Klopp and brought new marriage prospects for him, but Klopp pretended to still be struggling with his breakup and made a distant face, so Viscount Derbyshire went easy with him. That nagging aristocrat quickly gave up, thinking that Klopp was still romanticising.

As Klopp only focused on his work, his wealth increased rapidly. Before the year ended, he was able to purchase a better house, silencing Martha's naggings. Although she felt very sorry about the breakup, she was too absorbed in renovating the new home to care about Klopp.

Klopp's wealth was steadily accumulating thanks to the efficient and thrifty housekeeper. It seemed like soon he could afford to buy a grand estate. Moreover, this was also due to the Count who had no sense of currency, who had just barged through the office door as if he was about to break it down. He demanded, "Is it true that you called off your engagement?!" as if Klopp had made a terribly huge mistake.

"Why do you always barge in late at night without any appointments?"

Aelock was more agitated than ever, almost ready to jump over the desk, not hearing Klopp's complaint as he sat at the desk, reviewing documents. Aelock was leaning so close to the desk, causing some file documents to shake. Worried that the inkwell might spill, Klopp quickly closed and locked the lid, while Aelock seemed ready to grab his collar and interrogate him.

“Is it true that you called off your engagement?”

“It’s true that our engagement got called off, but why are you the one making such a fuss?”

Klopp retorted coldly, displeased with such an intrusive question when he wanted to keep things quiet. And he hates it more because it’s coming from Aelock Teiwind. Yet, Aelock, seemingly unaware of Klopp’s dismissive tone, screamed with a pale and tired face as if the world was about to crumble.

“But you loved Rayfiel! Enough to devote your whole life to him!”

Now Klopp was taken aback. Even the person who had gone through the breakup didn’t have such intense emotions, so he couldn’t understand why Aelock was acting this way. He couldn’t find the right words to say and simply stared blankly at Aelock.

Awkward silence continued, and Aelock, realizing that he had become overly agitated, suddenly closed his mouth and took a hurried step back from the desk. However, his pale and tired expression didn’t change. Looking at Klopp with anxious eyes, like a lost child in an unfamiliar place, there was no trace of a smile on his face. Worried that the silence would only deepen and become irreparable, Klopp deliberately asked in a light tone.

“I don’t recall any memories of loving him so much. Who told you that?”

“Of course, it’s obvious!”

Aelock couldn't find the words to argue. He blinked a few times, opened and closed his mouth, then eventually dropped his head. His shoulders shook slightly, and he clenched his fist tightly as if trying to control something internally. Klopp really had no idea what he was trying to accomplish. Even if his workaholic days were boring, it was still a peaceful daily routine. Klopp knew that Aelock would mess up this routine again. If it was like before, he would have gotten angry and kicked Aelock out. But now he had half given up. He also felt a desire to see to what extent Aelock would go.

Perhaps Aelock noticed that Klopp was observing him, he lifted his gaze from the ground, straightened his posture, raised his head high with his shoulders back, and even formed his faint smile again. It was as if he never shouted, he was pretending to be nonchalant. It had become something he could do without any trouble. However, the way Aelock tried to wrap up his agitation that had not yet calmed down was almost cute to Klopp. Klopp wondered how urgently Aelock had rushed here that he didn't even have time to put on gloves, and as he brushed his fallen hair with his bare hands, Aelock apologized in a calm voice.

"I apologize for my sudden rudeness."

Then he lightly nodded his head. It was so absurd that it made Klopp chuckle.

Now Klopp couldn't bear it any longer. When Klopp's tall figure stood up from the desk, Aelock was surprised and tried to leave as quickly as he had entered here. But Klopp couldn't let him go that easily. There were consequences in disturbing someone who was quietly minding their own business.

With quick steps, past the office, when Aelock had just tugged at the doorknob, Klopp fully displayed the advantage of his long legs and slammed the half-open door shut with a bang using his hand. Trapped between the door and Klopp, Aelock continued to turn the doorknob without turning back. Klopp whispered with a hint of sarcasm.

“Why are you leaving in such a hurry? Let’s have a talk while you’re here.”

“Let’s do that next time, come to my estate.”

“Now.”

Klopp noticed the trembling voice of the man who replied in a nervous manner, and his attention was drawn to the fair nape of his neck. His neatly arranged hair looked incredibly soft. Using his other hand that wasn’t gripping the door, Klopp grabbed Aelock’s waist and made him turn toward himself. As Aelock’s stiff body was half-forcibly turned, he looked up at Klopp with a frightened expression. At that moment, his blue eyes trembled, and his scent wafted through the air. It was a mixed scent of the sharpness of an alpha and the sweetness of an omega, it smelled vulgar unlike an elegant aristocrat’s... yet it was also very arousing.

At that moment, Klopp made a really big, emphasizing again, tremendous effort, to avoid succumbing to his secretive and persistent lust towards this man; wanting to mess him up right then and there. Setting aside that he was lusting for an alpha, he knew it was really necessary to talk to him first.

Klopp had always found this noble count’s behavior perplexing to the point of being incomprehensible. From suddenly inviting Rayfiel despite having almost no contact with the Westport family, to unreasonably organizing an extravagant soirée that he enjoyed. Aelock seemed to know too much about Klopp and his relationship. He had cried during his marriage proposal as if he had gone through a heartbreak, and he was more concerned about the broken engagement than the parties involved.

Perhaps Aelock engaging in a physical relationship with someone to the extent of having omega pheromones was a way to vent his jealousy. It was understandable given he’s an alpha at his prime age. The fact that he even picked up someone else’s engagement ring shows that he was trying to be polite.

But if he intended to be polite, he shouldn't provoke an alpha who was not feeling well with a broken engagement, right?

Aelock stiffened slightly and glanced at Klopp, but quickly averted his gaze. His head was held high, and he stood confidently without a trace of tremor. However, his hand gripping the doorknob trembled futilely. Klopp chuckled and asked.

"Did you have feelings for Rayfiel?"

The person trapped within the boundaries of intimacy met his gaze and let out a short breath as if dismissing it. Narrowing his eyes and staring fiercely, he seemed to look at him like he was a pathetic person. So maybe that wasn't... the correct conclusion?

"No."

As expected, Aelock responded coldly.

"Then how would you explain all your incomprehensible actions up until this point?"

"What's wrong with my actions?"

Now that his trembling had subsided, Aelock was radiating with a small amount of anger, so Klopp was pushing against him slowly. He had to keep his voice as calm as possible to avoid showing that he was

worked up. Being in such close proximity, his words would likely be heard loud enough. He could hear the sound of their hurried breaths. Aelock's complexion grew paler as Klopp spoke with a slightly scratchy voice.

"Rushing over to confirm the news of someone else's broken engagement is unlike an ordinary person's reaction."

Hearing his sarcastic remark, Aelock glared sharply at Klopp again. But, somewhere in his expression, he looked as if he was about to cry. Just like when he ranted at him under the cedar tree before.

"Is it a problem to be unordinary?"

"I expect my customers to have the most common sense."

"I don't remember the words 'ordinary' or 'common sense' were in the contract, but if you don't like it, we can terminate it."

Klopp couldn't understand why Aelock suddenly veered in that direction. The Count's already limited patience was quickly running out. As Aelock kept answering nonsensically, Klopp grabbed Aelock's arm and growled.

"Don't change the topic. Just what are you hiding?"

“I’m not hiding anything. And even if I were... It’s none of your business.”

Now he was on the verge of getting angry, but Aelock pushed away Klopp’s arm that was grabbing his wrist.