

R. Garden 9.2

Vol. 3 Chapter 9.2 - Taming the stallion

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Aeroc quickly stood up. The butler, who had been watching from a distance, obviously wondered why it ended earlier than expected. Kloff chuckled softly, and Aeroc stopped in his tracks as he walked out of the study. After thinking for a moment, he glanced back at Kloff and said to the butler.

“Find the next books on the list and tell him I’ll see him again in two days.”

“Understood.”

After he left, the butler handed Kloff four more books. Receiving the books, Kloff thought his eyes would pop out of his head.

“Do you really want me to read this?”

“Yes, is there a problem?”

“No, no. No problem at all.”

Even the butler clearly had never read these books before. As Kloff came out holding them and got on the carriage, he laughed hysterically. Then he had to forcefully suppress his rising desire. Among the

books he received, three were ordinary liberal arts books. However, one of them was the last volume of <The History of Suffering>.

Judging by the title, it seemed like an ordinary religious or historical book. In fact, it was. The problem was that was not published as a single volume. Usually, these books had a cover that said one thing and another inside, and most of them were blatantly explicit erotic books that were banned from publication for being too indecent, not because of political views. It was exactly the kind of book that was circulating among students back when he was in college. Opening the book, as expected...

"This is driving me crazy."

It was a story about an omega maiden from an aristocratic family who suddenly received a curse and had to survive through all kinds of alphas and sex to save her life. The content was too explicit for him to read. There were more moans than actual dialogue. Kloff couldn't believe that Aeroc gave him this smutty book after two weeks of absence. Such a cunning Omega. How could he wait for two days?

In the next two days, Kloff made continuous efforts to read the other three books and inevitably finished the last volume of <The History of Suffering>. Now, Kloff was eagerly waiting for the morning to come. Greeting Martha, who was preparing breakfast, he gulped down a cup of black tea that had been slightly cooled by pouring cold water, before leaving like the wind. Trying his best to disguise his excitement, he entered the estate and was greeted by a footman, not the butler.

"Where's the butler?"

"He's out at the Count's command. Please come this way."

At that, Kloff was quite surprised. Grumbling at the footman for not moving faster, Kloff followed him and reached not a study, but a boudoir favored by the owners. It wasn't a bedroom as he'd expected, but it was private enough that many aristocrats would use it for such purposes. Kloff sipped at the tea the footman brought him, unable to calm down.

At that moment, one of the doors opened, and Aeroc walked in. When he saw Kloff, he gave him a faint smile and greeted him with his eyes, before turning around and closing the door behind him. He even went to the door through which Kloff had entered and locked it too, then went to the window that lit up the boudoir and bent down to look out.

Kloff stared at his back. Aeroc's back and waist were covered in a thin indoor jacket, and his firm buttocks and thighs were clearly shaped in his well-tailored pants. Unable to say anything, he could only swallow his saliva, but Aeroc reached out and closed the heavy curtain. He closed everything. Before his eyes could adjust to the darkness, a sweet yet pungent scent reached his nose. Kloff blinked his eyes a few times, then he saw Aeroc approaching, dropping his jacket to the floor.

Damn it. He might just die here today.

"Did you read all the books I gave you?"

"Of course."

Aeroc approached him with a coy smile, his two arms reaching Kloff's neck and pulling closer. Kloff uncontrollably let out a low moan as his raging bulge from earlier pressed against Aeroc's body. Then he wrapped his arms around Aeroc's waist and hurriedly tried to kiss him, but Aeroc turned his head away and evaded it. While brushing his lips on Aeroc's neck and behind his ear, he parted Aeroc's legs with his knee.

Aeroc let out a soft sigh and whispered in a slightly husky voice, “Did you also read the last volume of <The History of Suffering>?” It was so insanely erotic that Kloff almost climaxed on that alone. Instead, he nibbled a little on Aeroc’s smooth neck, which was emitting a good scent, and endured himself.

“.....I’ve almost memorized it all.”

“Since you’ve done your assignments well, I should give you a reward.”

“Are you planning to kill me, or are you planning to get yourself killed?”

“I’ll see.”

Before Kloff could respond to that, Aeroc crashed his lips against his. Half-distracted by the daring and smooth flesh that invaded his mouth, Kloff focused on the kiss. As he did, he reached for the hem of Aeroc’s shirt. With one hand on his ass and the other caressing his back and waist, Kloff simultaneously rubbed against the bulging front of Aeroc’s pants.

Meanwhile, Aeroc unbuttoned Kloff’s jacket, then unfastened his vest and pulled off his tie. When Kloff tried to undress himself, Aeroc removed his hands. While the jacket that Martha had meticulously ironed lay crumpled on the floor, the two continued to kiss without breaking away. As their kiss deepened, producing sloppy sounds, Aeroc soon became irritated while unbuttoning Kloff’s shirt.

“Why are you wearing so many buttons?”

In response, Kloff once again occupied Aeroc's lips, releasing his cuffs and leaving the shirt unbuttoned as he slid it upwards. When Kloff's firm chest was exposed, Aeroc used his two hands to caress it and brought his lips to Kloff's neck. While Kloff was trying to remove his shirt, Aeroc pushed him down backward onto the long sofa.

"Uhh."