

Into The Rose Garden - Chapter 5

Chapter 5

Aelock's legs trembled and his hands became tense as he passed the short corridor. The sound of shoe heels was much faster and louder than usual. Perhaps, if his father were still alive and had witnessed this scene, he would have dragged him to the study even now as an adult and swung at him with a cane.

The carriage was ready just in time. Aelock quickly jumped into the carriage with the coat put on his shoulders by the servant of Viscount Derbyshire. The carriage, which started right away, accelerated a little more when Aelock gave the signal. In the shaking carriage, Aelock was finally able to lower the corners of his twitching lips.

It occurred to him belatedly that this might be his own illusion. Aelock's pride was so hurt that he almost lost his reason.

Even when Klopp accepted the Count's invitation, he was with Rayfiel. Klopp wouldn't show up without Rayfiel, so he had to invite him. Seeing the two of them stroll together affectionately and hug each other, he couldn't come to his senses with jealousy. *How could this be?*

It was prevalent at the time, but under the pretext of a trend that he despised so much, Aelock made Klopp an offer that was worse than that of a pig in heat. Obviously, he expected to be rejected. However, he thought that if he appealed this far, Klopp would show some sympathy. He wanted him to the point he was complaisant with even his pride being shattered.

However, the merciless Klopp, without a doubt, trampled on the offer with cruel words, which led Aelock to experience the strange sensation of trembling and burning under and around his eyes. He thought he could humiliate him a little with his refined approach, but he never imagined that he would be criticized so starkly.

He didn't understand the situation at all and hated Klopp and his lover for making him feel this misery. Aelock decided never to act as if he knew them again. He walked along the cedar trail to control the jealousy that boiled even

if he stayed still, but it didn't help to stabilize his mind and body. Rather, it was painful because the bitter and cool scent resembled the body scent of someone he didn't want to think of.

For a while, he shut himself up at home, engrossing himself in music, reading, horseback riding, chess, and anything else that could distract him. In the library, he read classics over and over again with strong tea, and later even read gardening books that he rarely read. After spending a few months close to domiciliary confinement, the things he had forcibly filled his head with finally drove away the memories he didn't want to recall.

Aelock was able to smile smoothly again and held the tea party he had been putting off. It occurred to him that it would be better to do his duty as an aristocrat and have a good conversation with a comfortable group of people than be alone. As he exchanged casual greetings and talked about things in and out of the country, he felt like he was back to being the way he was before everything.

No, he was mistaken for that. An alpha who liked to spread nonsense around heard the news that Klopp and Rayfiel were engaged. The slightly hardened smile soon grew wider.

It should have stopped then. If it was difficult to pretend not to see them, he should have gone on a long cruise to avoid seeing them at all. But Aelock didn't. The ugly jealousy was not removed by months of confinement. On the contrary, it seemed that he was dissatisfied with what he was trying to suppress, and what seemed like a subtle lump of charcoal was engulfed in explosive flames and burned roaringly.

The young couple, who had got engaged and married before the end of the year, was called to many gatherings. Klopp, who had become in charge of the family, started a personal investment management business, so it was only natural for him to strengthen his connections. It was also because many people liked the newlywed couple very much. Aelock had to suffer the pain of his guts being burned as he watched the happy couple.

To begin with, he didn't have a bad appearance, but after getting married, Rayfiel shone more brightly than ever before. Even Aelock had to admit that. Seeing him naturally leaning in the arms of his husband, who embraced him very affectionately, with his cheeks flushed as if he were dreaming, people called him lovely rather than impudent. A terrible sense of defeat and

humiliation rose up. He knew all too well that even if he had been an omega and had become a couple with Klopp, he would never be able to do it like that.

Something he could never have.

It was the first setback he had suffered. It was disappointment and anger toward himself. The first time in anything was unfamiliar and hard to handle.

The vicious feeling, which was barely being controlled at a certain level, finally began to encroach on Aelock when he saw Rayfiel, with a large belly that could not be hidden, surrounded by everyone and receiving blessings at Viscount Derbyshire's tea party sometime later. It broke the dam of rationality that had barely been blocked and began to pour down fiercely.

The alpha, who was soon-to-be the father of the child, kissed the top of the omega's head, as he sat down exhausted as if he couldn't help himself any longer, then sneered at the man looking at them from a little distance, who probably had an extremely ugly complexion on. That act had gobbled up the Count, who was already deluged with overwhelming emotions, from head to toe.

When the person who firmly believed that he had never been hurt before found his torn heart for the first time, even more so when he had pride close to arrogance, the unfamiliar wound encouraged unintentional recklessness.

Whether by chance or unconsciously, Aelock found himself standing at the bottom where he had never set foot in his life, threw gold coins to a pack of dogs with servile eyes and strong fangs, and demanded them to bite the loveliest bride in the world.

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He was bitten by the harsh teeth of a pack of dogs, but not to the point of death. The next day, though his limbs were squeaky, Aelock was clearly alive. Is it because there was no dignity left to die? Or was it simply because the time to die had not come yet? He couldn't quite understand.

The men seemed to like Aelock. It wasn't short, but at intervals that couldn't be said to be a long time, they rushed in and had sex with him. As he rolled around at the bottom, fears that hadn't arisen since his first miscarriage returned. He didn't want to go through something like that again. Since he had

no pride to defend, Aelock tried to take it with his mouth so that they wouldn't ejaculate inside, but in the end, he had to take it down there a couple of times.

Aelock, tired and unable to fall asleep right away, stood up and staggered to find a place to wash himself. It has been a while since he started living in the bakery's shed, but he was still not allowed inside the house.

It was unavoidable. There was no one at the bottom who would welcome a male prostitute who had been rolling on the streets into their house. The shed was just a storage room full of dust and cobwebs, a place where old tools were stored, so there was no place to wash himself right away. Aelock limped and had to make it to the river, which was quite far away.

The huge black snake flowed as it flashed its shiny silver scales today. The cold tongue rose up the bony ankles, calves, knees, and thighs, washing away the filth that didn't belong to Aelock. After overcoming the risk of dying from hypothermia while washing late at night, he decided to wash only the necessary parts.

Aelock recoiled from the cold water digging into his body. He wanted to get out of the piercing cold water, but if he didn't wash thoroughly, something else might happen. He had no idea when his heat came and went, and repeated miscarriages didn't mean that he couldn't get pregnant. Aelock hoped that nothing would happen this time, and did not get out of the water until he almost lost all sensation in his lower body.

After a while, when he began shivering to the top of his head, he moved his numb feet and came out. He didn't even have to wipe it, so he shook off the water and put on his pants. His thin pants clung to his wet legs. Aelock rubbed his thighs with his hands, trying to suppress the persistent goosebumps, but to no avail. He wanted to go back to the shed and rest.

He turned around the alley, and couldn't quite see where he was going as he was trying to detach the cloth clinging to his legs, with his upper body bent down. When he looked up, he was on the wrong street again, and it was a strangely bright street corner. He blinked his eyes as he blocked the artificial light flying into his eyes with his hands. It seems that he came to the front of the night teahouse at some point.

Aelock was surprised by the gaze of the people who were staring at the suddenly appearing vagrant and quickly turned around. Beyond the bottom, he was nothing more than a bug. He would be beaten to death just for looking.

In the first year of being abandoned on these streets, it was something he learned deep within his bones.

Aelock ran towards the darkness, constantly checking to see if anyone was following him. The smell of the gutter guided him even without having to look ahead. But the smell was soon blocked by something else. The legs, which had been moving blindly, took a few more steps unconsciously, causing Aelock to bump into someone.

“Ugh.”

He quickly covered his mouth with both hands and crouched down. It was an instinctive act so that he would be beaten a little less. But no kicks or punches flew in. The person who bumped into Aelock only made a curt remark in a displeased voice.

“Watch where you are going.”

The tightly closed eyes flashed open. The cool hem of his clothes brushed against him as he crouched down. Like a wish carried away by the sun, Aelock unconsciously turned toward the hem of his clothes, stood up of his own accord, and followed him as if bewitched. Then he stretched out his rough fingers and grabbed the luxurious fabric that looked to be of a deep color even under dim streetlights. The other person stopped and looked back. Dark eyes and furrowed eyebrows. Tightly closed lips.

“What? Do you have something to say?”

Voice with a deep resonance. Aelock moved one step closer. His dull face, half-hidden by the darkness, was revealed under the orange-colored light. The other person who saw him frowned.

“Klopp.”

Only then did the other person open his eyes wide as if surprised by the call that came out unexpectedly easily.

“Aelock?”

Klopp stiffened a little as if he was shocked, then immediately raised the corners of his mouth. And he slapped Aelock’s hand, which was holding the

hem of his clothes, rather roughly. After patting the somewhat creased hem several times, he let out a familiar sneer.

"It appears that you have not died yet, have you?"

Oh. What are you hurting for? Aelock was a little surprised that his inner sense of pain was still functioning. He thought it was completely dead, but it seems that it wasn't. Instead, he was able to smile quite easily because he had lost the ability to leap out of control altogether. He had nothing to answer to the question of whether he was still alive, so he just replied with an ordinary greeting.

"It has been a while."

He was not flustered as he had peeled off another layer of his tattered heart when he happened to see him and the child. As if he had been waiting for this moment, Aelock naturally looked closely at Klopp. He had no idea how many years had passed, but at least it didn't seem to bring any change to this strong alpha. Klopp was still as strong and as beautiful as a mythical hero. Not to mention, the obvious sneer on the lips that he once believed to be emotionless.

"Right, as you said, it has been a while. I never expected to meet you in a place like this."

"It is a street that I happened to pass by."

"Oh, I see that you were out. I could not recognize you at all since you are so lightly dressed."

Klopp, with a deliberately exaggerated display of delight, blatantly looked down at Aelock's bare feet. Aelock looked down at the same time, moving his feet slightly with a flushed face. Then, he quietly hid his hands behind his back. Seeing that, Klopp smiled a little.

"Does Count Teiwind have a lot of worries these days? To the point you forgot your shoes and went out for a walk at night. As someone who was once treated to delicious tea and snacks, I apologize I could not reckon. I want to take off my shoes and clothes right away, but they will not fit, so it will only hurt the sophisticated Count."

"That."

He was going to refuse. It was because he was afraid of what would happen if he received clothes that were full of Klopp's body scent rather than the insults. The body that was born as an alpha was changed into an omega just for him. He didn't know what would happen to his body, even if it was broken and unable to experience heat properly, if he smelled a more enticing body scent after not being able to get close to him for a fairly long time. Just the thought of going through heat at the bottom was dreadful.

Klopp let out a small chuckle when his complexion, which was originally not so dark, turned pale. Then he took something from the inside of his coat and threw it at his dirty feet.

Clink.

It was a silver coin that gleamed terribly even in the dim light. When Aelock looked up at him in bewilderment, Klopp projected scorn with his eyes, with not even a hint of a smile in them.

"Go and buy some clothes. Only then would anyone believe that you were a Count."

Before he could say anything, he turned around and strode toward the light without the slightest hesitation. Aelock was nailed to the spot until the shadow of the elongated figure gradually faded and disappeared altogether.