

Into The Rose Garden - Vol. 2 Chapter 1.1 - All again

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Part 2. Into the Brilliant Garden

Once he realized it, the dull tombstone had become surrounded by blooming and colorful flowers. The man would visit the grave from time to time, always wanting to say something, but in the end, he would leave without uttering a word.

This wasn't the ending that he had wanted. He wanted to hold onto the person who was becoming as light as a piece of paper and keep him by his side forever. Even if his end was inevitable, he wished to postpone it for as long as he could. But by the time he realized this, it was already too late. That pregnancy was supposed to be his last, but the person who couldn't bear it any longer without the white pills had already shattered off what little life he had left. Then, he had given those parts to his two children and left. If he hadn't had children, would he have lived longer? That probably wouldn't happen.

The two children, born after Aelock became addicted to drugs, were fragile and late in development. They cried incessantly and constantly sought attention. When he tried to soothe and hold them, they would hit and push him away. However, they would still cling to him with their small hands. As he held them, sobbing beyond belief, he knew he couldn't shorten their lives. It would take a long time for these children to stand on their own.

Because of the children, there was never a moment when he felt miserable or lonely. However, after each child grew older, they found their beloved person and left. The laughter and cries that once filled the grand estate disappeared. The man sat in his chair, his body aged and settled, only gazing out at the window. Beyond the glass of the large balcony that reached from the floor to the ceiling, he saw a glamorous rose garden, like colorful jewels sprinkling on the green lawn. And the cabin that was hidden between the walls of Cyprus trees. Along with his own sins.

The years passed uneventfully. The man always sat in that same place, gazing at the cabin. On a dark night with a raging snowstorm, the man, who

was staring out without any movement, stood up and rushed outside. He grabbed his coat and ran outside, not bothering to put it on. Despite nearly stumbling multiple times in the heavy snow, his gaze remained fixated on the desolate place hidden by darkness and the snowstorm.

The once dark brown hair was now covered with snow, making it impossible to discern its color. The man didn't even consider the fact that his expensive clothes and shoes were getting wet. He hastily reached the cabin, only to find dust and loneliness inside. He clearly saw a light. It was a faint but persistent light, never extinguishing even amidst the blizzard and darkness, just like his shine. However, the cabin remained engulfed in pitch-black darkness.

Unable to believe it, he called out the name he had repeated countless times in his mind again and again. However, even after shouting with all his might, nothing could push away the suffocating silence except for the deafening roar of the snowstorm.

Stepping out with heavy steps, the man buried himself in the snow and gazed at the cold stone visible only at the end of his sight.

Ah.

Realizing it belatedly, he brushed his cold, damp hair with his brash hands. He continued to stare at the tombstone until he lost all his senses up to the tips of his fingers, submerged in snow up to mid-calf.

That was the man's first delirium.

When he opened his eyes, he felt tears streaming down his cheeks. It felt like he had a tremendously agonizing dream. He dreamt of an unimaginably hellish place where he couldn't even struggle and gradually succumbed to insanity—a miserable and agonizing dream that made no sense.

“Damn. What the hell is this suddenly...”

With his hands still tingling, he roughly wiped his tear-streaked face and stood up. His eyes caught sight of an unfamiliar luxurious interior. He was in the Count estate's guest room.

Sitting on the edge of the bed, he wiped his moist face again. Maybe it was because he had slept in an unfamiliar place. He was usually not particularly sensitive, but his mood felt strange. Though no one else was in the room, the fact that an adult alpha had cried over a mere nightmare made him feel embarrassed, so he quickly straightened the sheets and got out of bed.

Taking a few deep breaths, he brushed his hair that fluttered in the early morning breeze and looked into the distance. From the second floor, he could see a rose garden not too far away.

The sun had yet to rise, so it still looked dark, but when he first entered this room, he couldn't help but be awestruck by how glamorous it was. It felt like he could already smell the roses all the way up here. He wasn't particularly interested in flowers, but he was slightly looking forward to this rose garden. This place would give him a new opportunity. Just as he gazed at it once again, he saw a shabby building far away through the rows of trees.

"Is it a barn? Or a gardener's cabin?"

Whatever it was, it didn't suit the extravagant rose garden at all. A count this wealthy would have had many employers, and it was natural to have accommodations and workplaces for them throughout the garden. But they weren't built in plain sight like that thing. Concealing for aesthetics is typical, but that was none of Klopp's business. This mansion belonged to Count Aelock Teiwind, so it was his problem to solve. Perhaps it was deliberately done like that due to the count's rumored peculiar taste.

A moment later, he could hear the sounds of servants waking up the dawn and bustling in the corridor outside the door. Klopp left the view of the rose garden and the particularly desolate-looking cabin behind and entered the room.

Count Tewind was a high-ranking aristocrat, famous for his long-standing tradition and immense wealth comparable to the royal family. Now that the world had changed, with the rise of the emerging affluent class and the slowly collapsing class system, even the advocates of egalitarianism, who shouted that there was no such thing as born-aristocrat people, kept their mouths shut in front of them.

The Tewind family was not simply a snobbish noble family, they were true "lords" in the sense of fulfilling their noble duties. Even now, when they had no direct obligations, they took the initiative in aiding the poor within their territory,

they wanted to give opportunities to many young people who could reach higher. That was precisely the reason why Klopp had come there.

The Count invited promising young individuals who were talented but lacked inherited titles or wealth, connecting them with sponsors. The sponsorship group, known as the “Tea Party in the Rose Garden,” was packed with aristocrats who enjoyed the noble hobby of nurturing talents and ambitious young people, who were determined to succeed through these aristocrats’ hobbies.

At the same time, it was also full of frightening parents, who came with the intention of disposing of their burdensome omega offspring. They pick out young alphas with their sharp gazes as if they were picking out horses in a stallion market.

Klopp, who majored in law and economics at the National Capital University and graduated with excellent grades, was of course invited. He was the second son of Baron Bandyke, but since his elder brother was an alpha, he wasn’t in line to inherit the family. Moreover, the family itself was located in a remote countryside that very few know of, and they were poor, so there was nothing remarkable about them.

The only thing his family could offer him was tuition fees. However, even with that, it was difficult to cover the expenses of studying abroad. Fortunately, Klopp was an exceptionally brilliant student. He was able to receive a state scholarship through a professor’s recommendation and also enjoyed a free dormitory in return for assisting the professor.

Although his school life wasn’t impoverished, he had no intention of continuing a difficult life. He aspired to become an economic lawyer or an expert in global investments, but at the moment, he had no reputation or connections, and he also had no immediate profits. That’s why today was very important for his future.

After washing himself with the water brought by the maid and putting on a new suit he had bought with his small savings, Klopp wore the cufflinks that his father had passed down to him. He had barely seen his father throughout his study abroad, but he was able to attend his graduation ceremony. They were plain and somewhat old-fashioned, but the aged shine added a little more sense of sophistication to the young man. Standing in front of the mirror, he adjusted his tie and brushed back a few stray strands of his hair.

“This should look fine.”

He had never thought of himself as handsome, but he didn't think he lacked charm either. After all, he had never lacked omega lovers since his university days, but he wasn't currently dating anyone. And he hadn't specifically come here to find himself an omega.

Some prideless aristocrats wanted to sell themselves as stallions to noble families that only had omegas, but Klopp wasn't such a lowly person. At the very least, he wanted to maintain his dignity as an individual and carve out his own life. Today, what he sought was not a decadent and low-minded relationship based on body and pheromones, but companionship with an individual who would recognize his expertise. And he was quite confident in it.

This is the start of Volume 2! Update will be every 3-4 days 😊

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