

INTO THE ROSE GARDEN

Vol. 1 Chapter 5.1 - Love again

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Note: This chapter continues from Chapter 9 (V1C4)

read the nsfw content here

Aelock rose up and stretched his arms out to pick up some clothes. The wide-open maternity dress was mostly fine, but the shoulder part was very narrow, so he had no choice but to rip it off and sew it with another piece of cloth. His sewing skills were clearly very clumsy, thus the messy wrinkles looked like a clown's frill.

"To think that you're showing your face around in that attire as a noble. If it were me, I would die of shame."

That was Klopp's impression when he saw this before. Of course, he didn't actually mean to die. He was just returning what Aelock might have said

somewhere before. It wasn't even that shameful. Too much had happened to Aelock to make him blush over an outfit. Klopp, who remembered every small thing like that, and Aelock himself, who understood his intentions completely, laughed for a little.

Wrapped up in ridiculous clothes, Aelock ate some meat that he had baked yesterday with boiled eggs and raw carrots. The boiled eggs had cracked somewhere making the yolk pale. He originally liked soft-boiled eggs, but such delicate dishes were still difficult for him to cook. For Aelock, who still had a small scar from getting hit by exploding eggshell on his forehead when he put a raw egg in a heated oven, boiling an egg was a great improvement for him.

But it was a pity when the cracked egg would break out. However, with his weak fingers, peeling hard-boiled eggs was more convenient, so Aelock always preferred it that way. However, only over-easy eggs were left today. He wanted to eat the smooth whites, but the eggs in the corner of the table were soon crushed into a mess.

Aelock licked the yolk on his hands and used his fingertips to eat the whites sticking to the shells. The whole table was a mess. His clothes were stained with a few drops of juice falling from the half-burned meat. As he patted his clothes, he saw the bed. The sheets with all kinds of body fluids mixed together looked dirty. Wearing clean clown clothes was better than that. A

dirty bed and clothes wouldn't be very good for the baby. Aelock thought about doing his laundry today.

His pregnant belly had become quite heavy, but it wasn't interfering with his movements yet. After Aelock had a good breakfast, he raised his arms and took off the sheets, pillows, and his clothes. He held them all together and put them under the manual water pump. Aelock did his best to wash them. It was a much better situation compared to the river before, but Aelock was still struggling because he didn't know how to wash them properly. Aelock tried hard to rub the soap with his hands. Aelock got his hands and feet soaked in cold water all day to wash them.

At one point, Aelock's clothes were soaking wet and he got very hungry. After crouching down for so long, when he lifted his body, he felt dizzy. After wringing the sheets that he washed with difficulty using his flushed hands, he laid the damp heavy sheets out on a low shrub growing nearby, and wiped the sweat from his forehead.

It was already afternoon. Aelock decided to eat boiled potatoes and vegetables before continuing his laundry. He looked at the bed and suddenly realized something. He washed all the blankets, so what would he sleep with tonight?

Aelock tried to be positive and thought that the blankets would dry up before sunset, but the water was still dripping down even after sunset. The other clothes that he had laid out as he was washing the blanket were still wet too and he didn't have anything to wear. Why did he wash the cover and the rug at the same time like a fool? Stupid. The feeling of regret was now friends with Aelock. He thought that it was amazing that even little things were making him regretful, and he rolled up his body as close as possible and went to sleep rubbing his cold hands and feet.

He didn't know when he fell asleep, but when he woke up, it was already late at night. He was sure he slept without a blanket, but his body felt hot enough to sweat, and his head was hurting painfully. On the contrary, his hands and feet were so cold that he trembled. It seemed like he was having a cold. This was expected as he was soaked in cold water doing heavy labor during the day and slept on a cold night without a blanket.

His knees, which were clattering against the wooden bed, even made rattling sounds. It had been a long time since Aelock had been this sick. He couldn't afford to be sick when he was outside. The fear of not knowing where and what would happen if he lost consciousness drove away the pain. So he kept walking around even if his body was bloodied. Compared to back then, he could fall sick in this place. Also, the man who came through that door would give Aelock everything. There was no need to be vigilant. He let out his hot breath and looked at the door that could not be distinguished in this darkness.

That man hadn't come yet today. Aelock wondered what happened. Beyond being an outstanding investor, he was now a trusted business bureaucrat, so he must be busy. As he already had two children, the third child who came out of nowhere from this bad relationship might not mean anything to him. Nevertheless, waiting for him was inevitable.

Aelock listened quietly, for it made no difference whether his eyes were open or closed. The sound of the wind sweeping through the rose garden, the sound of a distant cedar branch bumping, and the sad whistle of a cypress tree. While hoping that he would hear footsteps in between those sounds.

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"Hey, wake up."

The nudge shook Aelock's body. Aelock barely lifted his heavy eyelids as if it was under a huge statue, and he could see a blurred silhouette. Oh, it's you.

"Don't exaggerate it."

The cold words lowered his body temperature by another degree. Even as Aelock fought to stay awake, his eyes closed and sank back into the darkness, and a cold sigh could be heard in his dazed ears. That man clicked his tongue as he let out a hot breath through his slightly parted lips.

“Are you being on purpose with washing all the blankets when the temperature has dropped or are you just stupid? Are you being arrogant because you got pregnant? The fireplace is not a decoration.”

Aelock wanted to say that he tried to light it, but his words couldn't come out properly. As he heard a murmur of curses, he felt a heavy thing covering his body. It was a men's coat with a chilly, smooth texture and it was a little heavy. It was also very large. Like a blanket, the high-end clothing wrapped around Aelock's whole body smelled bitter.

Aelock instinctively curled up more and breathed in the fabric full of that man's body scent. The scent that filled his lungs at once calmed down his feverish stomach. Was it because he was the father of the child in his belly? Maybe it was simply because he was an alpha who Aelock had his heat with. Either way, the Alpha's body scent gave warm protection to the emotional pregnant Omega with the high fever.

Klopp didn't leave right away after throwing off his coat. He was touching here and there from over the table. He was probably looking at the fireplace. There was a hollow sound of something falling on the floor, and Aelock heard a fierce condemnation.

“You can't even make a fire without a house servant. What a useless fellow.”

Being half asleep, Aelock curled up a little more, wrapping his arms around his body. He knew how to light a fire in the oven, so he thought he would be able to make a fire in the fireplace soon. He moved his body, which was heating up, brought three or four heavy pieces of firewood from outside, and tried to light the fireplace several times. However, no matter how many

matches and flints he struck, the hard log wouldn't catch fire, and even when it was barely lit, only a little smoke rose and it would soon go out. He quit because he felt suffocated by the smoke.

He could hear a thud of footsteps and the sound of the door being opened and closed. And the steps sounded further and further away. It seemed like that man had left.

Aelock pulled up the coat to cover more of his body, and buried his nose in the collar, the scent coming out deeply. He slightly rubbed his cheeks against it like a baby. There was no such thing as pride. He was just relieved by his own alpha body scent. It was a relief that the man gave his coat to him.

Even if Klopp was spouting harsh words, he couldn't pretend not to see Aelock for the sake of the baby fetus. Klopp was that kind of person.

Klopp wanted a child. No matter what would happen to Aelock, the child would always be cared for. This time too, it was clear that as soon as Aelock gave birth, Klopp would take the baby away before Aelock's dirty hands even managed to reach for the baby. When Aelock thought of that day that would come, he felt like a wind drilled a hole in his heart. Aelock wished Klopp would at least show him the baby's face.

Ah. As the fever rose, it made him think of impossible things. Regardless of the situation, it would be better for the baby to grow up as a fine aristocrat in a warm and clean mansion than to grow up as a criminal's child in this cold cottage.

Even though it was only a coat, Aelock felt warm and fell asleep. Later, he sweated a little because it was too warm, so he tossed his body around and slightly lowered his coat. He was sure that he felt the cold night air was warm.

This couldn't be happening. It was always cold in this windy cottage. What was going on?

There was a pleasant sound of burning dry oak and a bitter scent. Aelock forced his eyes open. The dusty fireplace was burning red.

Who did it?

The door opened and a familiar man came in. He walked with his arms wide, took the damp blanket that Aelock had hung outside, and hung it in front of the fireplace. The man went to the kitchen next door without realizing that Aelock was awake. Soon, Aelock could hear the sound of things being moved. It was such a small and quiet cottage that Aelock could even hear a low curse muttered by the man. Aelock couldn't hear it properly, but he thought he heard the man saying that dog food would be better than this.

Aelock suddenly felt ashamed. Perhaps this was not much different from what Rayfiel had felt before. Unlike that innocent and gentle man, no one would kiss Aelock's blistered fingers. His neck suddenly cowered. At times like this, he should just be more confident, but now he just wanted to hide in the cozy coat.

After the sound of clattering in the kitchen continued for a while, Klopp came out with a cleaned dirty pot. Instead of the chair near the bedside, Klopp pulled out the other chair next to the table, which had always been unused in

that place, and sat down near the fireplace. He took a small lump out of the pot that he put on the floor and began to cut it with the knife in his hand. It was a potato.

Unlike Aelock, who would scathe his fingers every time he cut a potato, Klopp skillfully cut it well with his big hands. The pretty, shiny potatoes looked very appetizing in the red glow of the fireplace. He quickly cut off one and took another. The movement of his long fingers touching the light orange-colored potato was like a craftsman working with pumpkins. It was extremely delicate and elegant.

So his strong and fierce hands could move like that.

Aelock took a peek mesmerizingly at the man through the gap in the collar of his coat.

Soon, Klopp had finished peeling all the potatoes and took the pot back to the kitchen. It was a shame as Aelock wanted to see more of his fingers. After a while, Klopp hung a pot filled with potatoes and other things over the fireplace. Aelock didn't know what Klopp made, but soon, the soup boiled with a delicious smell that made his mouth water. Stirring skillfully with a paddle spoon, Klopp placed the cooked soup down on the table.

Surprisingly, there was no burnt smell at all. If Aelock was the one who did it, part of the food would be half-burnt and the other part would be half-cooked. Whenever he tried to cook some soup, for some reason, all the vegetables were likely to become mushy.

Klopp went out, got some more firewood, and put it near the fireplace. He took the blanket and walked towards the bed. Aelock quickly closed his eyes and pretended to be asleep. Soon, the warm coat was raised up. Aelock shivered at the sudden coldness, and a blanket covered him. He had washed it, but the blanket was so dirty that there was still a faint scent of soap on the stains. The blanket was bigger and thicker than the coat, covering his cold toes, but somehow, he felt that the coat was warmer.

Having finished all his business, Klopp left the cottage. Aelock thought that he might be coming back, but the door didn't open even after a long time. Feeling disappointed with the reality that Klopp would no longer see him today, Aelock lowered his blanket and rose to his feet.

To think that he was feeling disappointed. Aelock didn't know why he was being so fussy today. Perhaps it was because he was hungry. Holding his hungry stomach, he lifted himself up and walked to the table. When Klopp opened the lid of the pot, steam came out and it smelled very appetizing. Aelock had calmed down a little while he was covered with the coat, but he still had a slight fever and a cold back, so Aelock went to the kitchen wearing the blanket to bring a spoon. After contemplating for a moment whether to use his usual chair, Aelock carefully climbed onto the chair where Klopp had been sitting earlier. And he brought the hot pot closer and ate the soup that was still hot.

"This is delicious."

It was so delicious that Aelock blurted out the compliment without realizing it. He looked closely into the soup, but there wasn't any special ingredient in it. How did it become so different? Aelock began to eat the soup in gulps. He had always eaten a small portion, but maybe because he had skipped his meal as he was sick, Aelock ate the soup, sticking his nose into the pot, and devoured every drop until the bottom was exposed.

As far as Aelock could remember, he hadn't heard of Klopp being a good cook. He used to be in a boarding school, and even after he graduated and had a bit of a rough time, he still had lodging. He might have learned it when he was wandering after losing his wife and child.

Just what had happened to him. However, there was no way for the current Aelock to know. Even if he recalled his old memories of eating many rare and precious meals, he was so preoccupied with eating the very delicious soup that he definitely would give a thumbs up. Soon, he quickly forgot about all the other thoughts.

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When Aelock first became pregnant with his first child, he wasn't surprised. His once-proud family had already fallen on hard times and had to sell their estate, the epitome of Teiwind's pride, after barely enduring a few years on their own. When he found out that the buyer was none other than Klopp, he didn't feel shocked or surprised; in fact, he thought his pregnancy was a good thing. After all, the father of his child was none other than Klopp Bandyke.

It was quite unexpected, in a way. Even if he put aside his alpha status, he never imagined that Klopp would extend a hand to him, who had lost everything due to foolish judgment. While all his former 'friends' and 'relatives' ignored Aelock's desperate letters, Klopp came to him when he had nowhere to go after selling his estate to pay off his debts. He offered to let Aelock stay in the mansion.

"Is there anything that you're good at?"

“I’m good at things involving literature, music, or art.”

“That means you’re good at nothing.”

Klopp had never looked at Aelock warmly, but that time, his eyes had looked very eerie, like a truly bloodthirsty predator. It was as if he knew something.

“It doesn’t matter if you can’t do anything useful. I have something else to do for you.”

“What’s that?”

“When the time comes, I’ll let you know. Also, now that I’m the owner of this house, and you’re a guest of mine, please be careful with your words.”

It was a fair demand, but it wasn’t easy to be formal towards him immediately. After some hesitation, he replied, “I understand that well.”

Klopp really didn’t ask him to do anything specific. Klopp was busy with various things, so he rarely stayed in the mansion. Klopp would leave early in the morning and return late at night, when Aelock occasionally encountered him in the hallway, Klopp would walk past him making a small sneer but still treating him with impeccable manners.

At first, Aelock was very nervous and awkward facing Klopp. He wondered if Klopp might know something. However, Klopp only mocked the fall of the Teiwind family and didn't indicate any other motives. Considering his naturally aristocratic demeanor and the fact that everyone had a certain amount of pretense for the sake of maintaining their status, it was possible that he had no ulterior motives. Aelock, whose life was in utter despair, was so desperate that he could hardly suspect anyone. The days passed without anything happening.

One day, Klopp who returned early, found Aelock in his study, lost in thought, reading his favorite classic. He held out a rather full paper envelope.

"What is this item?"

"From now on, three times a day, two pills each. Take three capsules before bed."

"Pills? But I've not hurt anywhere."

He looked up at him in wonder. His eyes were cold, and he hadn't even removed his coat yet. He took off his gloves one by one before he turned to Aelock and mocked him.

"You fully know that you're in no position to say that, Count. Just eat them as I say."

Aelock frowned at the sarcasm and opened the envelope, finding the pile of white pills.

“Why, do they look like poison pills?”

“Do I have to answer that?”

He laughed lightly. But his deep eyes still glowed with a fierce intensity that still gave him an eerie feeling. Seeing Aelock smile reflexively, Klopp explained in a light voice.

“It’s a new drug from a pharmaceutical company I recently invested in. They say it’s amazing at enhancing pheromones.”

“So I’m the test subject.”

“Do you not want to?”

Even if he didn’t want to, he couldn’t say yes to that. The pheromone pills sounded like some kind of tacky potion or erectile dysfunction treatment. Aelock would have preferred to test poison pills, but it was clear that Klopp had chosen these drugs on purpose. Human testing of such a crude drug could be done on anyone wandering around looking for a mate, like a dog in

heat. Perhaps Klopp wanted to humiliate Aelock. Still holding the open book in his lap and the bag of pills, Aelock looked up at Klopp.

Aelock tried to read if Klopp had any ulterior motives, but his expression remained unchanged. No one knew what had happened. Unless Aelock spoke anything about it, it would just be remembered as an unfortunate accident. In all honesty, that was the truth too.

“I understand. I will make sure to take them on time.”

“I’m thankful for that, and please keep me posted on the progress. Information is important for investment.”

With a satisfied smile, Klopp left the study. Aelock grimaced at the mysterious pills before pushing them aside and browsing through the rest of the bookshelf.

A few months later, Aelock realized that the pills were extremely dangerous. Every night, his stomach hurt so much as if it were tearing apart, and his brain was spinning so much, making him dizzy. Even just taking the pills made him constantly nauseous, unable to swallow food, and later, he was even unable to properly vomit bile. He would get a fever, and he would groan and toss around all night. He would barely recover in the early morning hours, with a soaked body from sweat that required washing. Strong black tea was all he could force down his throat during breakfast, brought to him by the old butler, who was the only remaining Count’s servant and still served Aelock. He was losing weight rapidly.

“You don’t look well, my Count.”

“It’s because I haven’t slept well. It’s nothing to worry about,” Aelock replied to the concerned butler. He was a loyal servant, but he was also old and about to retire. Aelock didn’t want to make him worry when he couldn’t even provide him with a generous retirement.

Another person who knew about Aelock’s condition naturally inquired about him.

“My stomach hurts so much at night that I can’t even sleep, and my head is dizzy. I also feel nauseous. Investing in such pills seems like a big loss in the future.”

Aelock was almost sarcastic because of the irritation caused by his body aches and lack of sleep. As if waiting for that response, Klopp lightly replied, “It’s absurd to get a lecture from the Count on investments. At least I haven’t lost my home.”

Unlike other things, talking about his estate made him feel offended. As Aelock’s brow furrowed and stayed silent, Klopp chuckled lightly and added, “Don’t worry about it, those symptoms were expected. You’re adjusting well, so I think it’s better for you to increase your dosage. Take three pills at a time and five before bed.”

After giving that “order”, Klopp left again. He said it wasn’t poison, but maybe it was. Maybe he intended to slowly dry him up and kill him. Perhaps he might even know the truth. Aelock held his aching head and sighed. Later, he took three pills and had to lie in bed from the dizziness that made his vision spin since broad daylight.

A few days into the dosage increase, he groaned and clutched his hurting lower abdomen as usual. When the sweat started to flow too much and soak the sheets, he had no choice but to get up despite his heavy body. He would have called for the maid in the past, but he couldn't now. Besides the butler, all the other employees were Klopp's men. He didn't want to entrust his body to strangers. Instead, he took the wet towel that the butler had brought into the room and wiped himself off.

As he struggled to control his pounding head and lowered his legs under the bed to stand up, something hot trickled between his legs. He looked down in horror at the strange sensation of something unrecognizable running down his thighs and felt shivers down his spine. His light silk pajama pants were starting to get soaked red from top to bottom.

"What, what is this?"

As Aelock trembled in shock and reached out to touch the bloody fluid, something surged out from his opening along with stabbing pain, and it flowed down to soak his ankles and the carpet below. It was full of blood.

"It's okay. Don't worry. Count, you will be fine soon."

"I have served the Count since he was born. Sir Aelock has never bled before. We need to call a doctor."

"Don't do anything unnecessary, Butler. In my house, you follow my orders."

“I am the Count’s butler.”

“This place isn’t owned by the Count anymore. Don’t be mistaken.”

Aelock was still feeling too disoriented to open his eyes properly. The usually calm butler, in a rare burst of agitation, protested against the new owner of the house and was eventually dismissed. A few moments later, Aelock could barely open his eyes and saw Klopp with a faint smile.

“You’ve gained consciousness.”

“What was that drug?”

“Don’t worry. You don’t have to take them anymore in the future. I actually didn’t expect you to listen to me so well. Is it because of your constitution?”

Although Aelock wanted to retort, he didn’t have the energy, so he closed his eyes again and held it in. It was a clear sign that he didn’t want any more confrontation. But Klopp continued to pace around the bed, seemingly unwilling to leave. His sensitive nerves were getting irritated, thus Aelock opened his eyes again and glared at Klopp with all the strength he could muster.

“I’d like for you to leave.”

“I’ll leave for today. There will be a lot for you to do in the future, so you can rest for now.”

Klopp told him to rest with a smirk on his face, but it was annoying that he was actually interrupting his rest. Aelock furrowed his brow, closed his eyes again, and turned his body away. However, Klopp stayed there for a while longer before finally leaving the room when Aelock’s exhausted mind began to blur.

The next morning, Aelock still had a mild fever and painful bloody discharge, but he was in much better condition. He sat on the bed and waited for breakfast. Unlike usual, the breakfast was brought by a housekeeper he wasn’t familiar with. She said her name was Martha.

When Klopp entered the estate, he brought in a middle-aged female omega who greeted Aelock dryly and put the breakfast tray on the table instead of the bed. Aelock asked her to bring it over, but she ignored him. He was infuriated by her rude behavior, given their clear status difference even if she was a maid who served a separate master. It was not right to vent his anger on someone else’s poorly-educated servant. He would clearly convey her rudeness to her owner.

Aelock got up from the bed and carefully moved his wobbly legs to sit on the chair. She didn’t even bother to make tea and was about to leave. He wondered where the butler was and why he had to be treated like this.

“Where is the butler?”

“He has been dismissed early this dawn.”

“What?”

Aelock was surprised and inadvertently raised his voice. Martha, who was about to leave the place, was filled with a strong sense of disgust as she glared at Aelock and said, “That was expected. The master has no wage to give to the servant.”

As soon as the long black skirt went through the door, it was immediately closed. Aelock silently looked down at the cold teacup. He had just truly become an orphan.

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His body recovered quickly after he stopped taking the drug, but he still had fevers every night, which might be due to stress too. Aelock was frantic, and his pajamas were uncomfortably wet when he woke up in the morning. He didn't know what that drug was, but it had a very unpleasant after-effect. As the fever subsided and the sweating decreased, a slippery substance was constantly secreted from his anus. It was like Omega's slick.

Aelock had to bite his lip in embarrassment when he looked at his wet pajama pants every morning, it was as if he had a leak. Especially when Martha, with her white and round face, sneered as she picked up the pajamas. It was unbearable, but he pretended not to notice.

When he protested against the unilateral dismissal of the butler, Klopp said, “I don’t need a uselessly expensive butler in my house.” That was all he said.

“Couldn’t you at least have waited until you notify me first to let me write him a recommendation?”

“A recommendation from a fallen family would only be a hindrance.”

That was Klopp’s reply when Aelock staggered to find him in the study. He found him sitting behind a desk that was like an heirloom passed down from generation to generation by the Count of Teiwind. His attitude had now completely changed to arrogant. Aelock didn’t know what was making Klopp like this. However, every time he faced Klopp’s domineering posture and entrapping gaze, his heartbeat and breathing became faster. Along with that, the after-effects also became even worse. Tired of the feeling of wetness in his pants, Aelock couldn’t protest anymore and turned away.

“How is your body recently? Are you still having fevers?”

“There is no problem.”

As he hurriedly walked away, the heat continued to leak out of him. It was very unpleasant and embarrassing at the same time. He didn’t want anyone else to find out, and even if anyone did, he hoped it wasn’t this guy.

Just as he was about to turn the doorknob, Klopp suddenly stood right behind him and put his hand on Aelock’s shoulder. Surprised, he turned his body and

violently swatted his hand away. The swinging hand accidentally grazed Klopp's firm jaw. Klopp also looked surprised and stared at Aelock, eyes wide.

"...I apologize. I didn't mean to do that on purpose."

"You're very sensitive these days. Like an omega in heat. I've felt it before, but even your scent seems to have changed."

Already in a state of sensitive nerves due to his abnormal body, Aelock could only retaliate with sarcasm, giving him a fierce glare.

"It's such a delusion to think I resemble him. It's so pathetic that it makes me tear up."

At that moment, a large hand twisted Aelock's neck. His blue eyes, shaking from earlier, relaxed their tension in shock. Into the dilating pupils, there was the piercing razor-sharp gaze of an enraged alpha, ready to kill at a moment's notice.

"If you dare to speak recklessly with your mouth, I'll have to sew your pretty lips using a needle stitch by stitch. It's better for you to be careful."

"I don't know why you hate me so much, but if you're being like this, it might be better for you to kick me out of here."

“I won’t let you go away that easily, Aelock Teiwind. There’s a price that you need to pay for me.”

His heart sank. It was clear that Klopp knew about it. But how?

“I would kill you right now, but then it would only give you a peaceful rest. You have to suffer like me too. Don’t you think so?”

A voice as cold as a winter snowstorm struck Aelock’s ears. He felt his blood freeze. When he looked up at the man with horror in his eyes, the man added emotionlessly with a laugh, as if he were a reaper holding a giant scythe to harvest his life, “I was going to give you a few more days off, but now I won’t. You should learn to keep your mouth shut in the future.”

He let go of Aelock’s neck and pushed him away. As Aelock hit the door from the gust of wind, he watched the man’s back as he walked back to his desk, saying, “I’ll come to find you tonight.” Aelock couldn’t help but wonder why tonight, as slick from his anus trickled down to his ankles.

Aelock left the study, then he clutched his numb head in his hands. Something had gone terribly wrong. His body felt strangely aroused, and Klopp’s voice echoed in his ears. This couldn’t be happening. There couldn’t be such a drug. It must be just the nasty side effects of some crude drugs. There was just no way. And more than anything, Klopp, of all people? He was thinking too much. Maybe he would come to give him another drug or to mock him. After how he had been treated earlier, Klopp might even try to hit him. Yes, that’s it. That’s probably what he’ll do.

Aelock clutched his stomach, feeling sleepy, and headed for his room.

Aelock's expectations were half correct and half wrong. When Klopp showed up late at night and saw Aelock, who couldn't sleep from being nervous, he violently pushed him onto the bed. When Aelock tried to resist, Klopp slapped him. Aelock's pale-white noble skin, which had never been touched by any bruises before, was now marked with a hand-shaped bruise from just one slap.

Horried, Aelock stared blankly at the man who was climbing on top of him, one hand holding his burning cheek. Klopp's cold, rake-like hands had already ripped off Aelock's half-soaked pajama pants as if to tear them off. Repeatedly surprised, Aelock stammered, "What are you doing?", like a fool. Klopp deftly spread Aelock's pale legs, which he was trying to close. Klopp was holding them down with his knees and easily grabbed the two arms that were trying to push him away. His large hands grabbed both wrists at once and pinned them above Aelock's head. Then he began to untie the waistband with his other hand. Aelock couldn't stay silent.

"I-I'm an alpha."

"Didn't you say this is the trend?"

"B-but, you refused me then."

"At that time, I had a family to protect, and now that I don't have a wife, there's no need for me to maintain fidelity."

“Then find another omega!”

“That’s why I came to you.”

The moment Aelock looked at him, who had a sneer on his face, his mind went dark.

“You said... it was a drug for... pheromone enhancement...”

“That’s right. It’s for pheromone enhancement. But, only for omega pheromones.”

“That’s impossible. There’s no way that could happen.”

Klopp knew that if Aelock was too surprised, he would lose his will to resist. Aelock’s body went limp, unable to even scream, and only mumbled quietly. Klopp’s response was a cold sneer.

“You shouldn’t have just focused on noble hobbies like literature or art, you should have also paid attention to the latest scientific advances. Living like an outdated person, you’ll eventually become a fossil, Count.”

“Why on earth would you do that to me...?”

As Klopp was done undoing his belt and pants, he abruptly stopped and looked down at the person lying beneath him, who used to be an alpha and was now an omega. Then he grasped Aelock's neck with a powerful grip like he could tear it straight away.

"You took my wife and child away from me. You should return them to me, shouldn't you?"

The extremely painful voice weakened enough to the point where he had to pause once in the middle. At the same time, Aelock's heart also sank deep.

He knew it. He knew everything. And he intended to take revenge on Aelock. In the most pitiful and miserable way. In the cruelest way possible for Aelock, who had only looked at Klopp until now.

[read the nsfw content here](#)

After all the things he had been through, it wasn't such a surprise when he found out about he was pregnant. He calmly accepted the fact. Atoning for an irreversible sin is not easy. Aelock was grateful for the opportunity that Klopp had given him. It also gave Arok hope of regaining what he had lost.

If the child was born safely, he would be Klopp's eldest child. If he was born as an alpha, he would become the heir to the rising noble family of Bandyke. Currently, Bandyke had absorbed almost all of Teiwind's wealth. In a way, Teiwind had now belonged to Bandyke. And the rightful heir of Teiwind is also

the rightful heir of Bandyke. Although the surname would change, considering all the things that Aelock had done, it would be fortunate if Teiwind became a middle name.

After giving birth, he wanted to bring back the butler who was kicked out without saying goodbye. The Teiwind bloodline needed a butler who understood their elegant traditions, not a crude and ignorant housekeeper. Sitting at a table in the garden where the rich scent of the flowers wafted through the tattered petals, enjoying the sunshine, he touched his yet-to-be-bloated belly and smiled a little.

No matter how many children he had, the opportunity to find the butler would never come. It was too late now, and he was in no situation to find him. Seeing the skinny Aelock, making a dry smile while dressed in rags that were a constant reminder of his sins, would only give a big shock to the housekeeper who practically raised him.

Sometimes, he thought of the butler because he wanted to show him the angels he had given birth to. But there was no point in showing off his children to the butler when Aelock himself couldn't even see their faces. Aelock stroked his belly, obscurely believing that his third child was doing well inside.

Vol. 1 Chapter 7.1 - I know and, I know

Regardless of the situation, Aelock was currently raising Klopp's first child in his belly. It wasn't something to go out and brag about, but he also didn't think he needed to cower and hide about it. He also didn't have any acquaintances who would reach out to him to socialize now.

The alpha's attitude changed a bit now that he knew his omega was pregnant. He didn't hit Aelock and checked once a day to make sure he was safe.

"You're a little late today."

"Ah, there were a lot of people rushing to me. There are quite a few people these days who are losing money on foolish investments," Klopp said as he handed his coat, hat, and gloves to Martha.

Aelock was sitting in the living room, reading a book with a blanket on his lap. He didn't have anything else to do, so he decided that he wanted to do a bit of prenatal care for the child. Right now, he was engrossed in reading the works of ancient philosophers. Getting immersed in the classics that required a few minutes per line to ponder, time passed quickly, and above all, his heart felt at ease.

At first, he would play the piano or violin at the music hall, but now his belly had grown too big, and he couldn't sit at the piano or stand for too long because his legs hurt. There was a piece that he wanted to hear, but it didn't seem like Klopp would allow him to go out, and Klopp didn't seem willing to invite a performer too, so Aelock just held it back.

"How was your day?"

Just as Aelock wanted to speak up after flipping his book, Martha, who was putting away Klopp's coat, spoke first.

“He had been eating well and exercising. The baby is growing well. Other than that, he spent the whole day sitting and reading.”

“The baby must be smart.”

As they exchanged conversation as if gossiping about themselves, Aelock glanced at them with a stern expression before returning his gaze to his book. Aelock thought Klopp would leave soon, but instead, he sat down on the couch across from him.

“What are you reading?”

“<Forms of Crimes>.”

Of all books, why did he pick this one today? And why did Klopp ask something he usually wouldn't? Aelock didn't deliberately avoid eye contact, but he didn't think he needed to see the other man's sneer. As he was in the middle of reading a book.

“What does the book say? What form of sin is it when a pervert who lusts after the same alpha instigates a pregnant omega to his death?”

The fingers gripping the book became white with tension. The pages he was about to turn creaked.

“The crimes discussed in this book are not related to actual criminal law, but rather philosophical and moral sins that should not be committed as social leaders.”

“I see. That’s why you could commit such a sin without a conscience. You’ve never been taught about it. Wouldn’t it be better for you to read <Human Justice> before reading that? It would teach you the basics that you need to have as a human being.”

Hearing those words, Aelock raised his eyes and looked at Klopp. His tone was sarcastic, but his expression was serious. He was tired of the hatred and condemnation pouring out without the slightest pretense. Aelock sighed softly and closed his book.

“I’ll take note of that.”

He stood up, leaving to sleep first. And Klopp did not stop him.

The usual bedtime routine done by the butler was now taken over by Martha, who had a displeased face. She was Klopp’s right-hand woman, in charge of everything in the estate, where there was no butler.

“I wish I could have some warm tea before bed.”

“Tea is not good for the baby.”

“It is not good for the baby either if the expecting mother is unhappy.”

At those words, Martha, who was tidying the bed, glared at him fiercely. She quickly approached and roughly took off Aelock's clothes and dressed him in a white nightgown. Her hands were rough like a stern nanny dealing with a naughty child. She forcibly pushed Aelock onto the bed. Being forcefully pushed to the bed, he tried to reach for a book that he hadn't finished reading on the table, but Martha hit the back of his hand painfully.

“What do you think you're doing?!”

“I can't allow you to stay up any later than this. Sleep is essential for the baby's growth.”

He was an adult and of higher status than her, and on top of that, he was pregnant with her master's child. He felt offended by her harsh words.

“Even as Klopp's housekeeper, you're being out of line. Is your master aware of your rudeness?”

He didn't like to directly say he dislike a servant, but he had no choice since Martha was unmanageable. Despite Aelock's scolding, she continued to spit harsh words.

“My master is probably unaware of it, as he is rotting in the ground with his unborn child. So don’t try to act like you’re my master under the excuse of your petty pregnancy.”

Oh. Martha was probably Rayfiel’s servant. Now he understood why the middle-aged omega was so ferocious. She would probably be this mean to Aelock for the rest of her life. Martha turned off the light and left without asked.

He couldn’t sleep, so he lay in the dark room and stared blankly at the dark ceiling. Aelock decided that he would have to send her away when he gave birth. No matter what, the servant of his deceased ex-wife would not be good for the baby’s emotional development. He wrapped his round belly and closed his eyes, thinking about how to persuade Klopp for the baby.

Martha, who had revealed her true colors, often made Aelock miserable. At first, he wanted to let it go, but later, she crossed the line too much. She made him eat all the leftover meal that didn’t suit Aelock’s taste.

“Some people can’t eat this, even if they want to. If you don’t finish everything, I will inform the master.”

“I don’t like fish. Give it to someone else who wants to eat it.”

“I’m telling you to eat it for the child, not for yourself. It’s a generational tradition from the paternal side of the family to have the pregnant woman eat fish.”

As soon as he heard the word “you,” Aelock raised his head and glared at Martha. He couldn’t hear the rest of her words because of the shocking vocabulary. No matter how low he had fallen, a commoner shouldn’t use such language toward a noble. Aelock couldn’t bear the rising anger and shame, and he spoke in a stern voice with a slightly reddened face.

“Once I give birth to my child, I’ll kick you out.”

Martha snorted at those words.

“Who’s talking about whom?”

“As the biological mother of the child who will inherit the Viscount estate, I can no longer tolerate your rudeness.”

“Then do you think one can tolerate a pathetic, selfish person who killed a kind master and his baby, yet still complains about food?”

The frank reproach stung him. Aelock’s mouth hung open. For a moment, he was stunned by her unsophisticated and crude language. Aelock let out his anger which rarely happened.

“Get out right away. Your vulgar language is rotting my ears!”

“I don’t want to breathe the same air as something who’s not even human too.”

She cursed until the end, and Aelock’s hands on the chair trembled due to the shock. He couldn’t bear the sudden rush of fatigue and went to bed early. Late at night, he heard the voices of Klopp and Martha through the crack of the door. Aelock covered his ears with his hands.

From the next day on, fish was added to all his meals.

“Oh no, it’s fish.”

A piece of smoked red-fleshed fish fillet came in the grocery basket in front of the cabin today. It was nicely trimmed for eating, seasoned with bay leaves and whole peppercorns, and wrapped in clean paper. Judging by the skillful work, it was probably done by Martha.

Fish was always the hardest food to get on the street. Even though he had eaten fish countless times before, he couldn’t remember what it tasted like. He thought for a moment about what to do with it, then he unwrapped it and put it in a rustic pot, then he threw it into the fire pit, which was still burning. It was fish, so he figured he could just roast it.

Soon a delicious aroma wafted through the air, and without realizing it, his mouth watered. He opened the hot pot to reveal juicy and delicious roasted

meat. Aelock picked up his fork and took a piece of perfectly cooked meat. Carefully putting it in his mouth, the meat melted on the tip of his tongue. Suddenly, he was overwhelmed with hunger.

“It’s delicious. Don’t you think so too?”

As if answering his question, the baby in his stomach gave a weak kick in response. Laughter burst out of him. It seemed like the father’s love for fish was genetically passed to the baby. Yielding to the baby’s urging a few more times, Aelock happily tore into the hot flesh, blowing on it to cool it down.

After eating fish for the first time in a long time, he felt drowsy after the full meal. The baby seemed satisfied and slept without any more movements. He hadn’t seen Klopp yet today, so he tried to wait it out, but his heavy eyelids kept closing, and darkness crept in. Unable to hold out any longer, Aelock ended up sitting at the foot of the bed, only his upper body resting on the bed, and fell deeply asleep.

Vol. 1 Chapter 7.2 - I know and, I know

The first labor was full of dread. Aelock couldn’t lie in bed and clung to the couch cushion like a castaway clinging to a single rotting plank in the open sea. He buried his face in the fluffy cotton, screaming his whole life’s portion of screams.

“Endure it! Just what is so painful!”

He couldn't even hear the harsh voice. Aelock's mind was hazy, he felt like his lower body was being ripped apart, and he wished someone would cut him open with a knife right away. Soon, the doctor came in. Tears pooled in his eyes, but he didn't shed any. Instead, his cold sweat, runny nose, and drool made a mess on his face.

"The cervix is still far from opening."

"It hurts so much. Please...please save me."

Aelock didn't care about his pride and begged the doctor. The doctor raised his damp sleeves and awkwardly laughed.

"Huh, you can't be acting like you're dying when it's only this much. It will hurt many times worse when the pelvis starts to contract properly later."

"Please."

"Please endure it. As it's your first labor, it's going to take a lot of time. Take deep breaths. Inhale and exhale like this. It'll be tough because your pelvis is small."

The doctor's deep breathing method helped a little but then came the intense pain, and Aelock screamed at the top of his lungs, tearing at the cushion, not even able to breathe.

He couldn't understand why he had to suffer such pain. He was an alpha. He used to be an alpha. Why did he have to become an omega and writhe in pain like his body was torn in half?

Guilt and atonement were nothing in the face of excruciating pain. He just felt resentful. He was extremely resentful of the man outside the door who was watching this way and having a serious conversation with the doctor. He knew exactly what Klopp's intentions of impregnating him were.

Upon seeing the fake worried expression on his face that he put on in front of the doctor, Aelock gritted his teeth so hard that his jaw trembled. He didn't want to show tears here. Enduring this much pain was enough. He didn't want to increase the other person's satisfaction by shedding useless and sentimental tears.

"Aaaack. Ugh. Uh."

He exhaled deeply, burying his face in the already damp cushion.

Aelock had been in labor all morning and had finally given birth to a baby boy at sunset. He was so exhausted that he couldn't even blink, holding onto the torn cushion while breathing shallowly. In the midst of that, he heard Klopp's voice in his ringing ears.

"The baby boy is an omega with blonde hair."

"Congratulations, Viscount."

“Martha, take the baby to the room.”

Where are they taking him? Show him to me. I spent nine months growing and giving birth to the baby while breaking my pelvis.

Aelock screamed, but no one seemed to hear him.

In his blurred vision, a tall man appeared.

“He’s not dead, right?”

“He was just exhausted. He did lose a lot of blood, but it’s nothing dangerous. However, since his body went through a lot of stress, I would recommend that you use contraception in the future.”

“That’s none of your business.”

The doctor didn’t argue anymore after he was cut off.

Other people soon came and lifted the collapsed Aelock and took him somewhere. He couldn’t remember much because he passed out on the way. But when he opened his eyes again, feeling like his body was going to break

apart, he was in a shabby cabin that he had never seen before. Aelock couldn't understand what was going on and thought it was a dream. Then he lost consciousness again. The beginning of a brutal reality set in as he fell into a deep sleep, true vengeance awaited him.

At first, he couldn't believe it. How could they confine an omega who had just given birth to his child in such a filthy, barren place? It was a dusty room full of dirty wooden beds, where no light could even enter.

Aelock, still unable to walk properly, dragged his aching body out of the cabin. He could see the estate in the distance. He walked, wrapping his still-strong belly with one hand and supporting himself with a tree branch or anything he could grab with the other. Occasionally, something hot trickled between his legs, and he knew it was blood without looking at it. He walked barefoot without shoes, stepping on the thorny, painful gravel until he reached the rose garden. From here, he thought Klopp would be able to see him.

In the distance, through the bright window, he could see Martha holding a baby wrapped in a long lace. Her face was beaming with joy as if the baby were her own grandson. Next to her, Klopp smiled softly while looking down at the newborn baby. Then, he looked up and met Aelock's eyes. His gentle smile disappeared, and a cold sneer appeared on his face. He opened the large window that also served as a balcony and stepped, soon facing Aelock.

"Can you walk already? Oh my, you're bleeding."

"It hurts. And I'm cold."

“Of course, that’s because you’re walking around in those thin clothes. If you’re cold, go back and light a fire. If it hurts, take the painkillers I brought.”

Even a stranger wouldn’t act so indifferent. Unable to support his trembling knees, Aelock grabbed Klopp’s arm wrapped in an expensive shirt. He grunted a little, but instead of pushing him away, Klopp supported his elbow with his hand.

“Why do I have to be there? What about the baby?”

“Don’t worry about the baby. And now, that place is yours. If you don’t like it, you can leave.”

He couldn’t understand what Klopp was saying. No, he didn’t want to understand. Aelock held onto the shirt he had in his hand.

“I’ve given birth to your child.”

“You returned one of the things you took from me. Still, my first child that I lost won’t come back.”

“You asked to have your wife and child returned to you. So…”

The dark brown eyes looked down at Aelock with an emotionless gaze.

“So what? Are you saying you want to play the role of my wife now that you’ve given birth to my child?”

Ah. At that moment, Aelock didn’t know how to react. He wasn’t offering to become a replacement for Rayfiel. He simply thought that, as the biological mother of the child, he had the responsibility and authority to take care of the child.

“I’ll raise the child well on my own, so don’t worry. I don’t plan on raising him to be a criminal who would shamelessly walk around even after committing crimes.”

“But...”

“I’ve told you that you can leave if you don’t like it. I hope you don’t show up in front of the estate in that filthy state again in the future. What was it again? Ah, it damages the reputation of a nobleman to have neglected acquaintances. I have to be more careful of my reputation now, so will you help me with that? I’ll send the fish prepared for you so you won’t hurt your fingers.”

Looking at the cruel man who only chose the most hurtful words even without any profanities, Aelock felt the world plunge into darkness. And everything sank down, and further down.

Was this revenge? Had he been keeping his head down and waiting for this opportunity all this time? So that he would wander forever in this dark abyss.

He lost his property, his family, his people, and his child too. He was only left with himself. If he had his everything taken away, he would have rather lived in eternal oblivion. Because Aelock didn't receive that final thing, it was even more cruel revenge. Lying on the hard bed that only hurt his body, Aelock decided to give up on his final moments.

He ate nothing and drank nothing. He didn't have the strength nor the will to do so. No one came to visit him in this quiet cabin. It would be a lonely death. But the silence even masked that loneliness. As there was truly nothing left, peace came easily. Besides, his body, which had lost all its will to live, quickly withered.

A day, two days. Although it didn't seem like much time had passed, he could feel his breathing becoming weaker and his heartbeat slowing down. He had already given up on his sight, but his hearing, which was functioning on its own, gradually lost strength and brought silence. To just disappear like this felt like the most appropriate ending.

Aelock felt his life evaporating until the last drop dried up, and then he felt his body rising up. He read before in the testimony of a certain preacher, called <Paradise>, that death was comparable to a gust of wind. People would float like bubbles, pushed by the breath of God, through bright skies or deep underground, until they reach their final destination, be it a shining sky or a dark underground. That's right, he was floating right now. But why was it so warm? The preacher did not leave any record of death being warm.

In his blurry vision, he saw a grim reaper carrying dearly the dirty soul with his two arms. He had dark auburn hair and a tough-looking face, with unwavering eyes that could pierce through a person. Some called the grim reaper a terrifying god, but at least to Aelock, he was a very kind and gentle god. That's why the god appeared in that guy's appearance at the end. If he was indeed the grim reaper, Aelock could tell him all the things that he wanted to say. Aelock moved his arm, which he couldn't feel properly, and embraced the

grim reaper's neck. Then he buried his nose in his strong shoulder and smelled his scent.

Klopp.

I've always thought of you as my alpha. I had been through a lot of pain and suffering, but I was glad to be your omega. You wouldn't like for me to end it like this. There was no helping it since it was the price I had to pay for my foolishness. If there was a next time, then that time, I would...

"There won't be a next time. Your sin is too great to just die like this."

The grim reaper's voice was so cold that it could freeze the air. Even until the very end, his heart remained cold.

"Ugh."

Aelock gasped for breath and opened his eyes. Just moments ago, he was dying alone after giving birth to a child. He quickly put his hand on his belly. He felt something large and taut. As he looked up through the open window, he saw a sliver of blue sky. It was still a bright afternoon.

Ah, it seemed like he had been dreaming. He had probably dreamed such a nightmare because of his lying position on the bed. Aelock gathered his cramped joints and lightly patted them with his fist.

Every time he gave birth, he would remember the pain of the first time. At that time, he was healthier than now, but his belly had ached more. And the despair was greater because he had hope. Enough that he even attempted suicide. He feared most of what would happen after that. Klopp never forgave him for trying to die so easily. Even after that, he tried to die once again but he was always saved by Klopp. It would be useless to try again now, and he didn't even want to die anymore.

If he continued to sit on the floor like this, it might make his water break at the wrong time. To change his mood, he got up and went out of the cabin. He could see the rose garden and the mansion. Aelock smiled and was thankful for the unchanging scenery.

He recalled the last words of the preacher, who said that only by abandoning many things can one find the way to paradise. This place was no longer the abyss. The person currently here was not Count Teiwind, but Aelock. Klopp's omega. With his light body that didn't have anything, he was already carried by the breeze to paradise. The time he spent with his baby waiting for his alpha to come was full of delight.

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Vol. 1 Chapter 8.1 - Blue blooded

This time, Aelock would really have nowhere to go if he got abandoned again. He tried not to be arrogant like he was during his second pregnancy. He didn't lash out at the servants who brought him meals, nor did he starve himself. He tried to live quietly and obediently as much as he could.

But it wasn't easy at all to do things he had never done before in his life. He cut his fingers too many times while peeling potatoes, so the soup ended up boiling with his blood. He tore his clothes to shreds while doing laundry. It took him all day to light the fire pit in the kitchen, and sometimes he bumped his head while cleaning and got a bruise. Nevertheless, he still managed to do it.

Klopp came once a day. He looked around the cabin without saying any words and checked if Aelock was okay. While Klopp was checking if the omega he owned stayed safe overnight, Aelock was too nervous to say anything and just stood there observing Klopp too.

Klopp always looked like a hero from Northern mythology. He looked like an intellect in his reserved clothing but still looked strong like an alpha, and he could embrace him passionately when he went into heat. After everything that happened, sometimes Aelock would get scared and sad, but he was still happy. Sometimes when their eyes met, Aelock awkwardly smiled. Then Klopp frowned as if he was offended and glared at him.

"You really have no self-esteem...."

Aelock already knew what Klopp was going to call him without hearing it. There was a time when Aelock was full of jealousy that he outrightly insulted Klopp, saying that if he had no self-esteem, he was not human but a bug. There was the time when Aelock had tried to berate his beloved wife, and Klopp, who was his fiancé then, had stepped in, so Aelock had berated him instead.

Klopp remembered all of that. He must have a really good memory.

Aelock just smiled.

[read the nsfw content here](#)

Aelock woke up late the next day and looked at his unsurprising empty side. He had opened his eyes a while ago but hadn't gotten up, so he brushed off the crumpled sheet under his heavy weight. Pregnancy was not bad. In fact, it was good because Klopp would come often. But on the other hand, he was afraid. Giving birth always hurt, and he had to let go of the baby without even saying goodbye. He tightly hugged the blanket, which still had the alpha's residual scent, and took a deep breath.

After a while, he got up from the bed. He was so hungry that the baby was probably upset and kicked his belly loudly.

"Wait a little bit. You need to have some patience."

There would probably be two roasted potatoes left from last night. He should eat them before they go bad.

As he tried to stand up with both legs, he fell back down under the bed. His legs gave out, there wasn't any strength left in them. He landed on his

buttocks painfully, and his belly hurt too. The baby must have been surprised too, the kicking stopped. Aelock groaned and stood up again.

At that moment, something hot ran between his thighs. His face became red at the sight of the slightly bloody, sticky substance. He could smell the alpha's scent mixed with his own scent through the pungent smell. He wiped between his legs with an old cloth that served as a towel, rubbing his suddenly flushed face. Then he started eating the potatoes he took out of the fire pit.

"They taste really good today. Don't you think so?"

The child moved in a hectic as if responding to the question. Aelock laughed out loud without realizing it.

He washed with water drawn from the manual pump. It was regretful to lose Klopp's scent, but if he didn't wash up, his stomach would hurt later. After washing, he suddenly felt tired and feverish from the remaining effects of his heat, so he climbed into the bed and lay down. Klopp's scent still lingered on the sheets. Aelock felt lucky. With his cheek lightly resting on the sheet, he closed his eyes and fell asleep. As the pregnancy progressed, he only felt an increase in fatigue and sleepiness.

When Klopp dropped by unannounced, Aelock mentioned this fact to him. That his body felt strangely heavy and he kept falling asleep. Even when he had been through enough pregnancies previously, this time felt a bit abnormal, he said with a slight laugh. It was just something he said to dispel the awkward atmosphere that had arisen from their previous intercourse, but it didn't seem to work. Klopp looked at him with a twisted voice, and Aelock felt embarrassed. Klopp looked his way without much response.

“What do you want this time, Count?”

Klopp asked with a twisted voice, making Aelock feel embarrassed. He felt like he was acting out again. He quickly shook his head, fearing that he would receive another chastise that began with ‘You really dare to not know your place.’

“I don’t want anything. I just wanted to mention it. I’m satisfied now as it is.”

His dark auburn eyes flickered with interest, but when Aelock smiled, they quickly turned into displeasure. He despised Aelock’s smile so much. But Aelock always unconsciously smiled, and the air always became cold. It just couldn’t be helped.

Occasionally, Klopp would stare at him absentmindedly. But he didn’t say anything. When he looked at him like that, Aelock didn’t know how he should respond, so he just sat still with a thin smile, staring back at him.

Sometimes, almost imperceptible, Klopp would return a momentary smile. When that happened, Aelock felt his heart pounding. His fingertips trembled, so he deliberately grabbed the hem of his shirt and crumpled it. He wanted to keep looking at that smile, but he didn’t want Klopp to notice his blushing cheeks, so he deliberately turned his head away.

“I am the one who feels uncomfortable.”

Klopp stood up, leaving incomprehensible words behind, and left without further actions. He could have stayed a little longer.

Left alone, Aelock found himself wondering what to do in the center of the cabin that had suddenly turned into winter. He wiggled his frozen toes for a bit, then stood up and walked aimlessly around the empty space. He grabbed a potato on the table and put it down, then wiped the back of an empty chair that Klopp had forgotten to push back in place. And he caught a glimpse of himself in the dusty mirror hanging on the wall.

His unruly hair had grown quite long. The hair that he had cut short when he last came back to the cabin was now long enough to reach his shoulders. His once golden and lustrous hair was now dull and ugly. As he glanced at his face, he noticed that his cheeks had sunken in, and his eyes had lost their sparkle. Aelock smiled faintly without any hint of arrogance. He felt awkward looking at his own reflection, but he also felt somewhat familiar with it. After a while, he realized who the person in the mirror looked like.

Ah. That smile Klopp made wasn't directed at me.

His chest ached.

Vol. 1 Chapter 8.2 - Blue blooded

Time passed and it was time to give birth to his third child. The midwife who had helped with the previous labors came. Unlike the first two, this baby was delivered in the cabin. The pain was so unbearable, it made him feel like he was going to die. The midwife immediately cut the umbilical cord and wrapped the baby in a soft cloth even before the baby could let out the first cry.

Aelock had gotten used to it by now in his third pregnancy, he just watched the baby with his tired body. The midwife handed the baby to his father who was waiting outside.

This was their third child and the second omega child. The baby was also Klopp's first daughter. Klopp was ecstatic and smiled in joy. Aelock looked at the baby with his numb body and found himself smiling unconsciously looking at the scene. Klopp, who had left a soft kiss on the small, round, and red baby head, turned his head towards Aelock. Klopp smiled a little wider when he saw Aelock's crinkled smile, which was now familiar to him that it felt almost welcoming.

"Good work."

Aelock's eyes blinked. The greeting was so unexpected that he wanted to react more enthusiastically, but his body wouldn't listen. In the blink of an eye, Klopp's eyes darted in Aelock's direction before he turned back and took the baby away.

Aelock hadn't expected to be able to see the baby anyway, but he still felt sad every time he watched Klopp's back walking away. Omega son, Alpha son, and Omega daughter. Aelock already had three children, but he never knew their names.

Even if it's a fallen family, it would be nice to give at least one of them the middle name of "Teiwind." But that probably wouldn't happen.

Aelock closed his eyes, fatigued.

Unlike before, the midwife at least showed some sincerity this time by changing the dirty sheets. With the help of the rather not-gentle midwife, Aelock had a wash and lay down in bed. Painkillers and water were placed next to his bedside. It wasn't like this before, but now, he couldn't endure the pain without taking the medicine.

The midwife roughly cleared the messy floor and left without saying any greeting. After that, Aelock was left alone, overwhelmed and trembling with anxiety. He was afraid that when he opened his eyes again, he would see the cold stone floor. His eyelids were dropping, but he couldn't stop himself from opening his eyes again and again.

Grunting, Aelock soon lost his focus and passed out. After some time, when he realized that he was sleeping, he was startled and opened his eyes in surprise. He let out a deep relief when he saw the familiar cabin ceiling. For a moment, he felt he was about to cry, but it only reached his throat and subsided. Something hot burned and kept flowing down his throat.

Klopp's visits abruptly stopped the day after he gave birth.

He must be busy raising the baby. He would also have a lot of work as a promising economic bureaucrat. There was no need for him to come here.

Aelock brainwashed himself to avoid feeling disappointed and immersed himself in various chores in the cabin.

He was now quite skilled at peeling potatoes. He also became better at sewing. He learned how to tend the flower garden in front of the cabin and how to clean the fireplace. It was better to be caught up in various tasks so that he didn't have to think about anything else.

He cleaned the soot-covered fireplace and scraped off all the ashes, dumping them in the flower garden. He fetched water from the well and scrubbed the dusty cabin clean. This time, he was even skilled enough to wash the quilt separately. While mending his torn clothes, Aelock looked out the window. Sometimes, when it rained, listening to the beautiful sound of raindrops falling made the day go by quickly.

As he became more proficient at housework, he had more time to spare. He was too free. He thought it would be nice if he had books or instruments, but then he realized he had a lot of time on his hands, so he could try making them himself. At the thought of producing something, his gloomy mood suddenly became lifted.

"Let's see. With what I have now, I can't make a violin or an oboe. A piano is impossible. Hmmm. If I had a pen and paper, I could at least write something. Using blood as ink on bed sheets is too much. I guess, there's only that one possible option. It's difficult to do it alone, but not impossible."

He went outside and picked several pebbles of similar size. He carefully marked the patterns on them with charcoal from the firepit, then drew a grid on the tabletop. He created a somewhat lacking, but still well-formed chessboard.

"It's simple, isn't it?"

Unconsciously, he spoke to the baby while stroking his belly with his hand. But his belly was now flat, all belly fat had already disappeared for some time. He put his hands on the table in disappointment. But that didn't continue for long, Aelock was soon lost in the game of chess.

Playing shadow chess against his own self was quite a difficult game. He had to concentrate hard, and he could be immersed in it all day. It was purely a delight that he hadn't felt in a long time. Aelock was quite skilled at chess. It was a little painful to use his head, which had been unused for a while, but it had been so long since he last enjoyed playing games, it made him hum songs. Occasionally, he would gesture the violin fingerings in the air while thinking about his next move.

"Aelock Tewind, you're quite strong. You can't get defeated easily. That's as expected. However, don't forget that I received lessons from a chess champion."

Out of habit, he continued to talk to himself. There was no one listening so he didn't feel embarrassed.

After giving birth to three children, his facial skin felt thicker, but it didn't matter. He had no appearance or obligation to maintain anymore. So this would be fine.

Then he boldly lay face-down on the table. It was an act of rebellion he had never done before, as he always kept his back and shoulders straight with his head high. He laughed heartily even though the chess pieces were disrupted. He buried his face in his arms and laughed. When he looked up, he met Klopp's eyes looking at him from across the room. He looked at Aelock, who was frozen, still with a bright expression, his haphazard chessboard and pebble pieces next to him. Klopp uttered something at him.

“Do you even have a heart? When and what do you have to experience so that you get hurt and cry miserably?”

Aelock was very puzzled. And he didn't understand. What do you have to experience to get hurt? Wasn't that something Klopp himself knew best? He had been reduced to rags in every way imaginable, physically and mentally, even spiritually. He almost thought he had paid all the price of his previous sins.

When his family fell apart and he became pregnant as an omega, he had already lost his pride. Many times, he had felt so miserable and hurt that he couldn't even believe his reality. He sold himself for a piece of bread and felt he was so miserable that he almost went crazy. There was also a time when he even thought of giving up everything as there was no hope. Seeing Klopp who was showing frustration, Aelock collected his smile and spoke up.

“I've been hurt too.”

“How? When you are just laughing with so much joy? My wife was crying in despair, he is slowly rotting away in the ground, but why are you having fun laughing and playing?”

Aelock was even more bewildered by his words. Did Klopp want him to just stare blankly into the air? He didn't know what to say, so he just looked around the room and lightly clenched his hands.

“If you don’t want me to play chess, I won’t play it.”

“It’s not about playing chess! Do you even have a heart? Do you even have a beating heart inside your chest? How can you laugh like that even when you live such a miserable life after getting your children taken away? Were you just tricking me into sympathy when you jumped into the river?

Aelock froze up. In a flash, Klopp closed the distance between them and grabbed Aelock’s neck, growling. Aelock was at a loss for words.

“I wasn’t tricking you. I really wanted to die at that moment...”

No matter what he said, Klopp didn’t listen. Aelock could see himself stunned in Klopp’s eyes which were blazing with intense anger. Aelock unconsciously relaxed his face. At that moment, Klopp sneered with disgust.

“You always look down on people with that arrogant smile of yours. You’re such a noble aristocrat. You’re just like a blue-blooded demon who doesn’t shed any tears at any moment.”

He wasn’t smiling because he wanted to. It was just an unconscious act as a way to suppress his emotions which he couldn’t control. But Klopp didn’t see it that way.

As the successor to a prestigious count, Aelock was trained from a very young age to embody the nobility to his very bones. He always held his head high, never displayed excessive emotions, and always wore a faint smile.

Crying was also strictly forbidden. It was as natural as breathing, eating, and sleeping. It didn't carry any significant meaning; it was simply tradition and manners. Because of that, the nobles were sometimes called emotionless, cold-blooded demons among the commoners. But Aelock hadn't thought that Klopp, who was also a noble, would criticize him for it.

He and Rayfiel faithfully expressed their emotions to each other, unlike nobles. Instead of being sophisticated and indirect, no matter what others said, they confessed their honest love straightforwardly. Even when people were watching, the lovers often whispered to each other as commoners do. It made the two lovers look very adorable, and they made the nobles who had unrequited love jealous.

Even when Aelock swallowed his pride and used the alpha-alpha and omega-omega trend as an excuse to ask Klopp to sleep with him for just one night, Klopp didn't respond like a noble would. Instead, Klopp was baffled and became serious.

– Save your decadent and corrupted behavior in your scents-mingled estate that makes one's nose rotten. You're just like a pig in heat.

After throwing that insult, he went to find Rayfiel. There were other nobles watching them, and Aelock's dignity fell to the ground. But even then, Aelock just smiled faintly and left the room with a pale face.

Even now, he could do nothing but laugh. However, Klopp's expression became increasingly hostile, and it seemed like he would lash out at him soon. Unable to make any resistance while being grabbed by the neck, Aelock asked in a weak voice, trembling slightly.

“Do you want me to cry?”

“What?”

“If I cry and show my tears, will you realize that I’m in pain too?”

When Aelock asked that, Klopp laughed out loud, showing his teeth. He sneered at Aelock, saying ‘How dare you speak of pain from your own mouth’, and eventually let out a cold chuckle and sarcasm.

“You can try it. When you didn’t even cry while giving birth.”

Just looking at Klopp made Aelock’s heart ache so much that he felt something rising in his throat. His eyes became hot, but no matter how long he waited, tears did not come. Instead, his face contorted, and he tried to make a sobbing sound, but in the end, no tears came out. He was in despair.

“You’re really toying with people until the end. You fucking demon.”

Leaving those harsh words, Klopp shrugged off Aelock’s neck and swept away the pebbles Aelock had collected. He turned away and left with a cold glare.

For the rest of the afternoon, Aelock didn't pick up the scattered pebbles. He only tried to shed a tear. Strangely, no tears came out. *Why don't tears flow when my heart was in so much pain?* Later, he poked his own eyes to force out his physiological tears before a few drops could finally fall. He didn't know what was wrong with himself.

Why didn't tears come out?

If someone felt sad or hurt, tears should have fallen naturally. Until now, he thought he was holding his tears back. Even when his eyes became hot, he thought he was forcibly swallowing them back down his throat. Now he realized he wasn't holding his tears back, but he lost his ability to tear up altogether. Perhaps his tear ducts had broken down due to neglect. Even when he was in so much despair that he wanted to die, he didn't shed any tears. Just as Klopp had said, for someone who didn't cry even when he was in the excruciating pain of giving birth like his bones were being stretched alive, how would he be able to cry now? He tried his best, but he ultimately failed.

Was this a sign that he was becoming a blue-blooded demon? He couldn't know for sure.

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